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The best of all tire improvements, added to the best of all tires—

Vacuum Cup Tires have now relieved the motor car owner of his three greatest tire troubles—the Slippery Pavement, the Endless Chain of Tire Replacements and the Oiled Road.

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2. By their consistent three years' record of giving service *in excess* of their mileage guarantee under all normal conditions, these tires have practically eliminated the continuous replacement abuse—and this in spite of the 500 extra miles guaranteed for them.
3. And now that the ever extending oiled road is proving increasingly disastrous to tire service, Vacuum Cup Tires are made absolutely Oil-Proof through and through—the crowning achievement of all.

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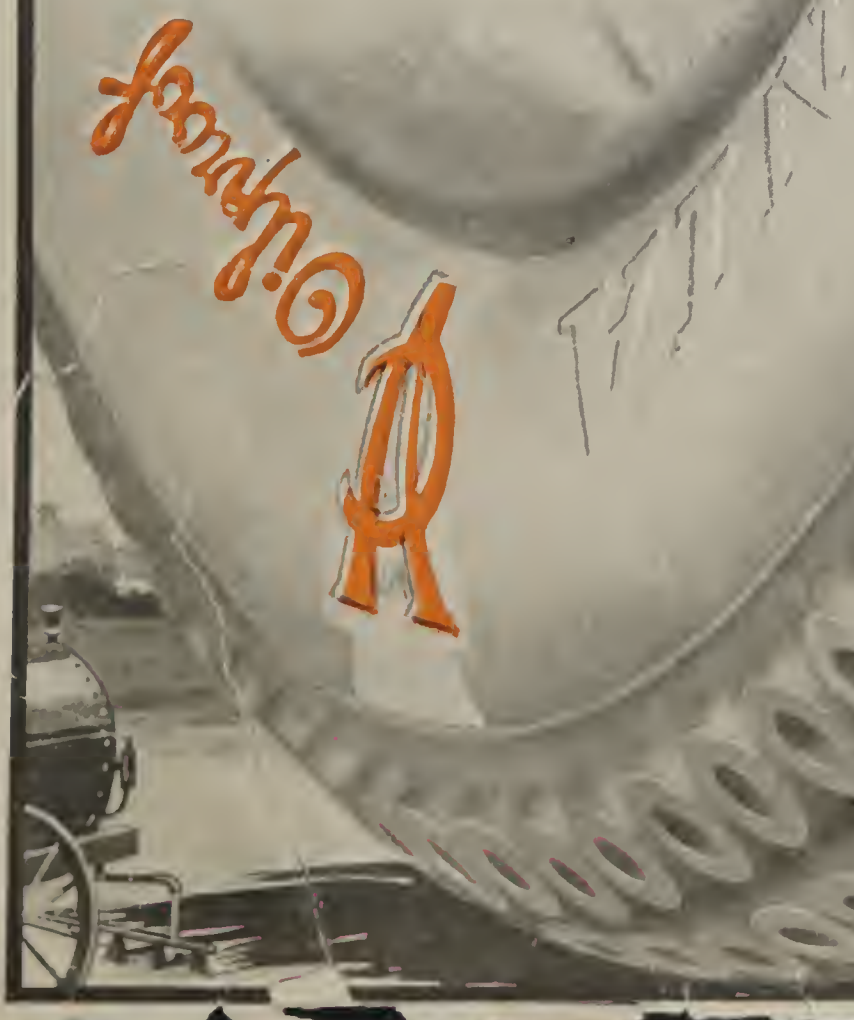

The Private Garage

A Discussion of Its Problems of Construction, Appearance, and Convenient Interior Arrangement

By MAY LOUISE COOPER

... architect's blue prints of the new ...te garage arrive and are examined by ...prospective owner, they may appear fine ...ell executed, and when the water-color ...a or perspective is submitted later, and ...e building itself is completed, it may be a ... eye. However, a number of architects ...st beautiful private repositories for cars ...d certain features which would be well ...pective builder to consider and talk over ...itect.

... that the exterior of the building, as shown by ...s satisfactory, and that there is enough room ...ouse the desired number of cars, one of the ...ns which come up is whether or not ar- ... have been made for sufficient illumination. ... to be a common fault with architects to be ...ith small windows in private garages,

...rge windows to admit plenty of light ...tely necessary if one expects to have ...ed properly or mechanical work done ... the building. It must be remembered ...all windows make work on the car ...ing when they cast a direct, strong ...e upper portion of the car, causing ...ws to result from the obstruction ... fenders and other parts. The dif- ...d advantage in having large windows ... everyone who has borne the incon- ...f small ones. Instead of having them ...he ceiling and but a couple of feet ...se windows are placed perhaps slightly ... floor so as to permit rays of light to ... der part of the car, and will be ... ore desirable. Architects may con- ... en the front door of a garage is open suffi- ... let in, but it must be borne in mind that ...sire to work on the car on a rainy or cold ...it is desirable to have the front door closed. ...r has just completed a new hollow tile and ...age to hold one car, and it was difficult to ...e importance of large windows upon the archi- ... preferred them smaller and more "artistic." ...eferable to have the interior of the garage ... a light color, tile or plaster being used in ... to wood paneling. White walls, as is well ...flect the light which enters through the win- ... assist in diffusing it.

... disposing of the problem of natural lighting, ...ificial lighting is next to be considered. Illumi- ...gas, of course, cannot be used, as fire under- ... will not permit it, and it would be extremely ...us anyway. The only sort suitable is the regular ...escent electric light. If the garage is a small one ... one interior electric light is sufficient, this should ...e form of a drop light, either on a chandelier or ... by a wire cord from a socket in the ceiling. ...chandelier is used it should be provided with a ... into which one end of a portable light wire can ...ched so that this portable light can be used ...ath the car in any position. The bulb should ... wire cage to prevent its being broken in case of ...g or being stepped on. If no chandelier is ...d a single wire hangs from the ceiling, it should ... large loop held in a wooden check lock so that ...esired the leader can be lengthened. In a gar- ...ipped with a pit, while working on the trans- ... or lower mechanism of the car, a drop light of ...t is absolutely necessary.

... table light arrangement should be devised for ...h rack, particularly if limousine or high in- ...ody cars are to be washed.

... a garage in winter is a problem which proves ... many automobile owners. The fact that there is gasoline in the tanks of cars makes gas or stove heat very dangerous. Steam, hot water, or hot-air furnace, properly piped, is the only thing to be considered, and the only sort approved by fire underwriters. Electric heaters have not yet been perfected to the point where they are cheap enough to warrant their use.

IN CASES where the garage is quite close to the house, steam heat from the house-furnace source may be used advantageously, the fact remaining, however, that in the underground transmission of the steam to the garage radiators considerable heat will be lost, and the steam will condense or the water chill, as the case may be. This means that in order to heat the garage to a normal temperature, more steam pressure will be required than is necessary to heat the house alone, and that the furnace will burn more coal—

A beautiful garage of the type that costs as much as a dwelling

perhaps more than would be burned by an independent furnace for the garage.

A number of the newer garages have the latter sort. A small furnace is installed in an isolated section of the garage, having no communication with the interior other than that through which the steam leaders pass, usually a concrete wall. This is practically the only form of construction which fire underwriters will permit. A number of furnace manufacturers have models adopted for such use, while there are concerns which manufacture gas stoves to produce steam and hot-water heat. Of course, the latter sort prove expensive in protracted cold spells, and are intended more to take the chill from the interior of the garage overnight, when there is danger of actual freezing, rather than to keep the building at house heat throughout the winter.

While the essential reason for having a garage heated in bitter weather is to prevent water from freezing in, and damaging, the radiator, it must be borne in mind that extreme cold damages both the mechanism and body of a car. The general contracting of parts due to cold often produces a rattle in the doors, bow top, fenders, and other parts, while frequently on a cold night, if a car is run into an unheated garage and left alone to cool off, it will be found in the morning that patches of the enamel have chipped from the hood.

COLD, or rather extreme changes in heat conditions, cause the enamel on wood or aluminum bodies to crack. At first, very tiny veinlike cracks will be noticed, and, later, these get bigger and cause the enamel to chip off; hence, it is strongly recommended that the motorist arrange to keep his car in heated compartments in cold weather, rather than trust merely to antifreezing solutions. For keeping the radiator and water jackets from freezing overnight, yet without attempting to heat the room itself, there is an electric device which can be applied instantly to any car. By attaching a drop wire to one of the electric-light sockets in the wall, the other end is attached to the heater, which is in the form of a cylinder about a foot long, and contains a resistance coil. This simply can be laid on the cylinders or radiator, and when the current is turned on, the heat diffused is sufficient to prevent freezing.

Motorists who take care of their own cars frequently go to great expense for things which will never be of any use to them. Unless one has a chauffeur, or is of a decided mechanical turn of mind, a repair pit with a trapdoor is hardly necessary, for seldom does one want to get under his car. If the job is serious enough for that, a regular repair man probably will be called in.

If it is planned to keep a gasoline supply tank underground, the pump attached to it should be fitted with a hose sufficiently long to reach the tank of the car. The additional expense of a longer wire-coil hose will be saved in the course of a few months by the amount of gasoline saved from slopping and evaporation due to carrying the liquid from the pump to the car.

When building a garage to accommodate two machines, space frequently can be saved by having a front and rear entrance. This permits two cars to be driven in and out and the width of the building need not be any greater than for one car. Having a rear door means that one car can be removed without touching the other. The most economical and at the same time artistic plan of constructing a building for two machines is to arrange for the two cars to stand side by side. This will mean that the building can be approximately square. The front door placed at the upper corner of the garage permits one car to go in and out while the rear door at the lower corner allows the second car to exit and enter in the opposite direction.

If it is desired to build a more pretentious structure than that above mentioned, perhaps a building in which the chauffeur and his family may reside, the expense naturally is much greater. In short, it will cost almost as much to build a two-story garage as to put up a regular two-story dwelling of the same size and material—fireproof hollow tile and house brick, or tile and stucco, or even frame.

An ideal two-story garage is one owned by a Columbus, Ohio, motorist. It is laid out to cover an area of 36 x 26 feet, the exterior being of red pressed brick, and the interior finish of both floors white terra cotta. The garage, which is situated at the corner of an alley, is arranged so that cars can enter and exit from two sides. A large sliding door ten feet wide forms the entrance.

THE main entrance leads to the storage space. The whole lower floor is built in a single room which is partitioned to form several different departments. A well-equipped repair pit, six feet in depth, is built to the right of the north entrance, and the wash rack and work bench are situated in the south portion. Tires and accessories are stored in a specially constructed closet beneath the stairway.

A sink with running water is attached to the far wall. There is a small door to the left of the main entrance used in passing to and from the dwelling and garage. Running north and south from the alley is another entrance at the far corner of the garage, which is also provided with a sliding door.

On the upper floor the chauffeur's room, which is 17 x 12 feet, is located. A trunk chest and clothes closet are provided for him in one corner of the room, and a white tiled bathroom with modern conveniences is built into the other portion of the room. A medicine case is also provided.

The ... tile garage—stone

Interior of a private garage of a wealthy Californian

A simple pri... e in the course ... tion

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR

Automobile Supplement

The New Sport—"Auto" Polo

Polo ponies have found rivals in motor cars. "Auto" polo can be played upon any flat field the size of a football gridiron. Two machines, stripped to the chassis, with the exception of running boards, are used by the players. Each team consists of two players, one to drive the car and the other the ball

Specify the Tires Which Reduce Car Expense

Service Security Comfort Economy

These are the sure extra values you get when you insist on

Firestone Non-Skid Tires

The service of longer tire wear and less car repair by extra thick, tough, resilient tread.

The security of sharp edges, abrupt angles and deep hollows, which grip the slipperiest pavement, the iciest boulevard, the muddiest road. Skid, slip or mishap cannot occur.

The comfort of car springs *helped* by a built up and unequalled thickness of high percentage rubber tread.

The economy of tire and car bills reduced, of fullest traction assured.

Most Miles per Dollar of Cost

Most Miles per Gallon of Gasoline

Most Miles per Dollar of Car Upkeep

are proved Firestone accomplishments.

THERE are seven hundred and fifty thousand car owners in the United States alone.

Three million tires will be constantly in use this year, and far more than that will be bought.

Yet it is safe to say the vast majority of owners outside of the experienced and knowing driver will give little study to the tire equipment of their new cars. It has become a habit to accept, without question, *any* tires with which the car happens to be equipped.

The car is studied from motor to lamp-bracket. The tires, on which the full efficiency and continued service of the car depend, are taken for granted.

Beginning with January 11, at Madison Square Garden, New York, the car manufacturers will be showing their new models. You will investigate them all before you buy. That's good business.

Continue this investigation and learn every point about your *tires*. Resilient, long service tires such as those of Firestone make, will *add* to the value of your car, will give that car protection and final touch of superiority which you want your automobile to have.

Tires in which quality or workmanship are skimped can *add* nothing but tire expense and car repair bills.

A good car with inferior tires is like a mansion with a leaky roof.

Tires, to give you the service they should, must be built to the absolute standards established by actual road conditions, everyday road emergencies.

It is therefore of vital importance that every car owner or buyer be *sure* the tires which he places on his car measure up to this positive basis. It is just as vital that he *specify* and *insist* on the tires which will meet all essentials in the fullest degree.

If the tires which are on your new car don't measure up to sure values, you don't have to take them. Demand the tires you want—you will get them. Guesswork need not enter into your decision in any way.

Guesswork has no part in the building of Firestone Tires. Nothing but material which will certainly meet every road demand, nothing but design and building which will master every emergency are employed.

Specify the tires which have never had an off season in their twelve years of leading quality. Insist on the tires which are backed by the personal responsibility of the builder, the tires which bear his name.

Get the unbiased guide book to sure tire values and service, "What's What in Tires", by H. S. Firestone.

The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.
"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"
Akron, Ohio **All Principal Cities**

Sure Standards of Tire Worth

Fabric—Finest grade combed Sea Island cotton, tested and inspected, filled with pure Up-River Fine Para Rubber, built up wall by wall.

Cushion Layer—Pure Up-River Fine Para, applied layer by layer and cured into one solid piece of fullest resiliency.

Breaker Strip—Combed Sea Island cotton cord filled with pure Up-River Fine Para Rubber.

Tread—Extra thick though light in weight. Scientifically exact proportion of pure Up-River Fine Para. Must be tough yet resilient. Built layer on layer by hand.

Side Walls—Extra high percentage of Up-River Fine Para, built to liberal measure of thickness.

Bead—Combed Sea Island Cotton Cord, filled with Up-River Fine Para, pressed into foundation of extra strength and cured into tire.

These are the Standards to which Every Firestone Tire is Built

Firestone

Non-Skid and Smooth Tread Tires

Beating 'Em to It!

The Manufacturers' Race for Supremacy

By GELETT BURGESS

Illustrated by W. J. Enright

A BIG red automobile! There's no use denying it, that's what, in your secret heart, you really wanted. This was only the boy form of your desire, however; you soon outgrew such meager specifications. When Robert Allison of Port Carbon, Pa., bought the first American gasoline stock car ever sold, the only guarantee he demanded of his "horseless carriage" was that it would run. This was on April 1, 1808. Mr. Allison is the father now of some hundreds of thousands of customers; but every one of them is motor-wise. Their cars must not only run but be economical, efficient, beautiful, convenient, simple, swift, and durable. It is this canny public that is responsible for the development of the automobile. From its fiat came the modern car.

The American automobile ten years ago was an awkward beast, short, uncertain, noisy, ugly, slow. Crude? Why, the first few had, actually, whip sockets on their dashboards! There was no such thing as "type." One make was as different from another as a wheelbarrow from a baby carriage. You needed only to hear them to tell them apart, those humble progenitors of the smart, arrogant vehicles of to-day.

How did it come to pass, then, that first one and then another make of cars attained a temporary supremacy? The secrets of the trade were so well kept in early days that you had to have either false whiskers or a search warrant to get into a factory. How did it happen, then, that the different cars came to resemble each other so closely? Opposing ideas struggled for existence. How came the survival of the fittest? The history of the automobile is a romance!

SOME of that glamour of adventure is gone, but still secrets are guarded behind locked doors. I could show you a car to-day whose hood any designer in the trade would give a good deal to lift. There are engineers in Detroit and Cleveland and Indianapolis and Buffalo over whose shoulders a hundred lesser inventors are trying to look. Metallurgical formulas are so closely kept that not even the superintendents in the same shops can discover them. In the experimental rooms are models and machines upon which may depend future valuable patents.

Let us see how an automobile plant is operated. Take the Mayhem Six, the last word in speed, gimp, and endurance. It is the first of January. The 1013 model has been announced and exhibited. Hundreds have already been sold before the Automobile Show "uncovers" it and makes it widely public. The plant is running to its greatest capacity, turning out the new cars. But that is only a part of its work. For almost a year now the engineers have been working on the designs of the 1914 model, perhaps a radical departure from the present car.

Already from three to six experimental models of the new machine have been built by hand. Each one is slightly different. One has a new carburetor, one has a slightly longer chassis, one is trying out a new type of platform springs. These models are chasing all over the country. Expert drivers have been sent out with them. "Break 'em up! Find the weakest point!" are their instructions. One car is straining at the long Pittsburgh hills, another goes plowing through Michigan sand. One is in the Rockies, one on the Arizona desert. Each one is being driven desperately, night and day. But, even if you own a Mayhem car, you wouldn't know these machines. They are disguised under old bodies; their wheels, perhaps, have plain hub caps. If they stop at public garages, they are guarded like thoroughbreds. Every day, to the chief engineer, come telegrams, reporting their mileage, the fuel and oil consumption, the necessary repairs. This testing lasts as long possible. Meanwhile, for the making of all the parts which are decided upon beyond doubt, tools and jigs and dies are being forged, so that, as soon as the final designs are approved, the rush of manufacture may begin immediately.

THE engineers, however, are loath to "release" the drawings and let the manufacturing department begin to build. They want more time to perfect, to simplify, to experiment. But the manufacturing department clamors: we *must* begin! June comes; the engineers are not on speaking terms with each other. The pet improvement of one is rejected; another's hobby is put over to next year for further trial. The car is a compromise, too, between the ideas of the engineers, who want everything sacrificed to efficiency, and the body designers, who insist on comfort and elegance. The levers have simply *got* to come up through the body right here! The frame *must* be an inch longer.

Well, at last it's up to the "old man"; and when *he* decides—presto!—the shops get busy. First the drawings and blue prints, next the making of jigs and tools; then, suddenly, the pay roll jumps by thousands of dollars—the manufacture of the cars is started and the factory burbles at high pressure.

NOW the dealers call, write, telegraph, insisting on news. Not a word! For, once they know the details of the 1914 car, the information spreads like wildfire. No, *sir*, the stock of old cars must be protected or they will not sell. For dealers are casual cattle, this year handling one car and next year another. They may "switch" at any moment and carry your pet secrets to another camp. On July 1 a few favorite trusted agents are cautiously told. In August the car is formally "announced." The first few are gobbled up, hustled off to New York, New Orleans, Chicago, and San Francisco. There they are exhibited, ransacked, damned, and praised. The million-dollar advertising department heralds it in newspapers and catalogues.

But don't think this is all! Plenty more worries. The 1915 car is being planned as well. So far the plans are tentative, but "forework" is being done behind the locked doors of the drawing-rooms and experimental shops. New ideas, gleaned from inventors, engineering papers, foreign makers, everywhere, are being tested with pressure gauge, micrometer, and horsepower brakes. The metallurgists are analyzing new alloys; new processes of heat treatment are being perfected. New upholsteries, fittings, conveniences, bodies, windows, nonrattling wind shields are being discussed. More trades contribute to the making of an automobile than to any other popular article in the world; and every new kink in every line must be examined, tested, decided upon.

Do you see now how many secrets the manufacturers have to guard? Think of the competition—a hundred makers are entered in the race for supremacy. Upon small points luck may turn. We must strive to the utmost if we are to capture the prize. The five-hundred-mile race! Pshaw! It's a simple affair compared with *this* contest! Not to know what every other maker is doing, not to know what the public will demand, threatens ruin!

FOR the great buying public is the judge of the race. Mr. Public—and his wife! And, on the caprice of that pair, manufacturers have broken their hearts. Look for a moment at the list of defeats. See how one feature after another has been discarded in the evolution of the motor car, and how manufacturers who have not been able to see which way the cat would jump have been eliminated from the contest.

Hark back to 1900. An article in the "Horseless Age" is predicting that acetylene is to be the coming motive power; but steam is the real favorite. Where is the steam car now? A single company of any prominence represents the industry. Over the doors of garages one may now read: "Steamers not Admitted." Little cars, white clouded, still scamper over the Massachusetts hills, but the West has declared the method is too complicated. Can't spare that fifteen minutes in the morning to get up steam.

Accessibility goes now without saying—the days of having to crawl on one's back under the engine are forever in the past

Who killed the "two-cycle" engine? "I," said the six cylinder; "with my continuous power impulse; I killed the 'two-cycle' engine!"

Where is the chain drive? Only on the race track now! Remember your old bicycle? How hard it was to clean the chain—how the links stretched, how the chain jumped the sprocket! But it pulled! It pulls a car, now, harder than the shaft drive; it might be said that, in a way, it is more efficient. But Mr. and Mrs. Public turned down their thumbs. Chain-driven cars, on American roads, are seen no more.

So every improvement is at the mercy of the public's verdict. Competition drives one company after another to produce modifications, simplifications, constructive ideas. Each competitor's rivals fight the innovation tooth and nail. But Mr. Public nods his head, Mrs. Public smiles. Right or wrong, the thing has come to stay. Everyone must fall into line, make expensive changes in plant and laboratory and tools, so as to match up with the improved car next year. If you don't, you'll get caught with an unsalable, obsolete car.

SO ALMOST every change from the accepted type has been a "talking point" one year, viciously attacked by the laggards in the race, and adopted without argument the next season. What a babble of objections assailed the first two-cylinder car! "Why, if you have so much trouble with *one* cylinder, you'll have twice as much with *two!*" The battle was fought over again when the four-cylinder car came in—and the "six" had fairly to claw its way into favor. It was complicated, it was expensive. Gee, only eight miles to a gallon? But now almost every maker of prominence has fallen into line. The "six" has come to stay.

Look over the list of improvements once so fiercely fought. To-day, on your car, you take it for granted that it has three-point suspension, offset crank shaft, foredoors, direct drive, selective type of transmission, carburetor adjustment on the dash, three-quarter elliptic springs, gas tank on the rear, and demountable rims. But every one of these things has come only through competition and a public demand. All of them have been derided by other makers, but have conquered. You have won, too, the long, long fight for accessories. The makers have surrendered. They began, you remember, by grudgingly granting you three measly little oil lamps—they have ended by presenting you everything! One of this year's cars includes even an electric cigar lighter.

Truly, in this business, Invention is the Mother of Necessity. Until they were told, Mr. and Mrs. Public knew nothing at all about the difference between angle-iron and pressed-steel frames; but, once learning the secret, they demanded the improved construction. No sooner were Turkish cushions announced than they were welcomed with a joyous shout: "We must have 'em!"

But, though the public may be educated, it will not be coerced. Pig-headed manufacturers once used to try to force their own ideas on the market. One went so far as to produce a wonderful "sea-shell" body with three cylinders and three wheels; he positively insisted that it be bought. The public laughed at it, and moved on.

A witty advertiser once said of the old rear-entrance tonneaus: "There are only two things you have to enter by the rear: an automobile and a hearse!" And after that the public demanded side doors; no amount of silly baskets over the wheels could defeat the new fashion.

CURIOUS, though, this difference between the purchaser and his wife! Most of the low priced cars are bought by men. Men demand efficiency. They go carefully over the selling arguments, and consult and debate upon questions of strength, speed, and endurance. Not so, Mrs. Purchaser. She it is who buys the high priced cars. She jumps on the cushions, she squints at the "lines," she sees that no flower holder or cardcase or speaking tube is missing. But she insists on results all the same! When his car breaks down, a man apologizes for it; a woman damns it outright.

The driver of a car nowadays takes it for granted that it will "stand up." Isn't its designer a member of the Society of Automobile Engineers? He has been to conventions, he has read all the trade journals. The general manager belongs to the Association of Mfrs.

[illegible] nt is on the Automobile Board [illegible] ve investigated every invention as [illegible] examined, experimented, discussed. So the engineering problems have been practically solved. Almost every well-known make of car now is an efficient machine.

But, once this question was settled, the purchaser demanded accessibility. He wanted not only *not* to have to crawl on his back under the engine, not only to be able to see and to reach the parts needing repair or adjustment, but he insisted upon being able to take them out without tearing down the whole engine. Thus accessibility became the next "talking point." But it goes now without saying.

Other sorts of improvements came. Simplicity was the slogan now. Cylinders, previously cast separately, were made *en bloc*. Lubrication was standardized. Selective transmission came in—and dealers talked of "convenience" and "ease of control." The side valve replaced the overhead poppet, and what one maker introduced, talked, and defended, had, if successful, to be adopted next year by all his competitors.

Do you recall the furore for foredoors in 1910? Now foredoors had been known for several years on certain high-priced cars; but, in full mid-season, when factories were working to their utmost capacity, *bang!* out of a blue sky came the popular demand. The craze wrought havoc with the plans of many a plant. Orders for bodies were countermanded, bodies under way were chopped and trimmed, cut open and glued together; any makeshift, even to floppy patent-leather doors, was adopted to supply the new-felt want. "What are you going to do?" asked one manufacturer, and "What are *you* going to do?" demanded another. Nail 'em on, screw 'em on, any old way; never mind how they look. But will they work? No matter, we *must* have foredoors!

So it was only last year with the sudden popularity of the "self-starter." Every maker knew or feared it was coming, but he didn't know just when. There was no good reliable one yet on the market. Every engineer was tinkering and planning and experimenting; a few big, reputable cars had adopted devices of their own, but no one was really ready for the yell.

There was a similar panic when demountable rims were sprung at the Automobile Show in mid-season. Tons of old wheels had to go to the junk pile. The "torpedo" body created another hullabaloo.

The "left-hand drive" will come next. The battle of pros and cons is already raging. Volumes have been written on the subject, illustrated with diagrams of little cars passing and turning and meeting, with dotted lines showing the range of vision. The left-hand drive is the specter that haunts half the factories. Not that they wonder which is best, left or right; no, they are sure that nobody wants to go out into the street to get into his coupé or runabout. The question is: What will the public say? Will it decide permanently for a steering wheel on the right or left side of the car?

But these are great and visible changes that any child would notice. Smaller changes are going on continually—improvements, for instance, in the matter of elegance. In the old days the engineer designed his own body. His main idea was to have the dash covered with all sorts of little levers and oil sights and pressure gauges and fussy adjustments, so that he could spur and coax and tickle his engine as he rode. What cared he for smooth-flowing curves, rectangular panels, "stream lines" or fancy trimmings? Nothing! *He* was interested only in the engine. But the body designer has changed all that.

For a man's car nowadays is as much a part of his personality as his clothes. Style counts. And this not only on Fifth Avenue, in front of a millionaire's residence, but back at the country store.

THAT'S why the buggy car failed. Remember it?—that high-wheel concern, with a chain, or even a rope drive? Wouldn't you say it would be just the thing for farmers—cheap, practical, efficient? But, alas, the farmer—and especially the farmer's daughter—would have none of it. "I don't want that high-wheeled, old, back-number buggy, pa; we want a car that looks like an automobile!" And so the buggy-wheeled autos are found now only in cities, delivering meat and vegetables. The same fate befell those ingenious "convertibles" that were designed to take the farmer's crops to market on week days and the farmer's wife to church on Sundays. So, too, with the little "road louse" (pardon, but that's the technical slang for the smallest car afloat)—the car that was hung from a spiral spring on each corner. A good car, a cheap car, and it would [illegible] springs, thank you! It looked cheap. [illegible] er is an amateur millionaire.

Next came refinements made with the object of reducing noise. In the automobile "silence is golden"; for who doesn't envy a quiet car? It is nothing for a manufacturer to expend thousands of dollars every year merely to keep down noise. Has *your* car cloth gears? Yes, actual cogwheels, I mean, made of linen or fiber! Some have. Has it "silent chains" on cam shaft or transmission? Were your gears ground after being case-hardened? Are your poppet valves inclosed? These are only a few of the maker's methods. A car makes a dozen different noises commingled in its general stir. As fast as one is silenced, you hear sounds never noticed before. So, little by little, the motor is made dumb.

WHEN it comes to style, however, that's where the maker gets insomnia and a few gray hairs. Anyone with capital to back him could, to-morrow, find plenty of engineers to design a car with an efficient, fast, and durable engine. He could be sure of economy and roadability. He could even achieve elegance. But

Hawk-eyed motor maniacs are at large in Detroit—let a new car drive up at a hotel and it is immediately surrounded by a crowd of sharps, picked to pieces and its bones laid bare

style—that's another question; you can't buy style everywhere. Secrets of body design, upholstery, fittings, are the hints that, in the general unpreventable leakage of information, are most eagerly sought. Will the Red car use nickel or brass or silver fittings? Oughtn't we adopt those new French fenders? What about those curved-top limousines? Will the Blue car make those foreign "convertible" bodies standard equipment? Automobile fashions are as whimsical as millinery.

YOU may have noticed that last year many cheap cars came out without door handles. D'you know why? Well, there had been a Yellow car prowling about Detroit that spring with plain doors. See and copy! But, alas, the handleless door was but an experiment—one of a thousand, a detail being tested, awaiting final decision. The "old man" up at the Yellow plant, talking it over with his wife (just back from Paris), came to the conclusion that the door panel, after all, needed a little spot of high light. So, just before the car was finally photographed for the Yellow catalogue, the door handles were added. The little fellows didn't find out in time.

In the old days of the "Mechanics' Branch" of the Licensed Association, the technical discussions were as lockjawed as Quaker meetings. Everyone was afraid of giving away his secrets. Now the engineers will discuss the thermodynamics of the two-cycle engine and the efficiency of the revolving valve glibly enough. Mr. Red will confess to Mr. Blue that, in his experimental department, he is trying out the chain transmission. "I consider it a good thing. It's got to come!" But will he tell whether or not the Reds have adopted it, actually and finally, on their new model? I guess not! The door of *that* room is bolted. On points of theory engineers are brothers; but when it comes to practice, still deadly foes.

The Red men must find out some other way whether the Blues are going to put on 36 x 4-inch tires or not: they daren't order their own wheels till they know, for they must do the same or go them one better. And if they *can* circulate any fake report that will force up the cost of the Blue car—fine!

If that blessed time ever comes, for which all manufacturers hope and pray—the time when the even approximately "final" car is perfected—then competition will be on a different basis. When the plants can settle down to an even keel and sail ahead for five years or so, without having continually to experiment, test, plan, alter machinery and tools, make new jigs every season, hundreds of items of expense due to competition will be eliminated. But as yet there is no "final" car in sight. Still, one maker must watch the other, protect his own secrets, and gamble on the caprice of a fastidious public, eager for a new thing.

Many are the perils of this trade! It must attempt to predict the demand, tie up all its capital in material, wages, and tools; only, perhaps, to have an inclement spring delaying orders, bring ruin. Not only is it disaster to be too far behind the march of improvement, but it is dangerous to be too far ahead. You know what they do to missionaries? They kill 'em and eat 'em! At least two well-known companies manufactured the six-cylinder car years ago, before the public was convinced of its merits. With considerable loss, the makers had to return to "fours." For every change adopted, a hundred have been tried on experimental models and abandoned.

Most makers agree now that any change that is a logical advance in convenience or efficiency is not a fad. But how far shall they go? The new centralized control shown this year, for instance, with a box on the steering wheel standard covered with buttons so that the driver need not move for a single light or adjustment—will it come? Yes, if the public says so. And then it will be a question of "button, button, who's got the button?" and those who have not will suffer and sew them on the day after the fair.

Who can predict what will sell? Not the scientific engineer, not the esthetic designer! The sales force, then? No; the dealer himself is not always to be trusted. He is too apt to welcome any novelty. He is tired of the old "talking points" of the current model. Something new to say—anything new—awakens his enthusiasm, and he is for it strong.

Will it beat the Rough Rider car this year or not? Nobody knows. Once the output is ready, the trial is in the hands of the advertising agent, as prosecuting attorney for the car. Upon him is the burden of proof. The gentleman with the advertising appropriation of a leading automobile concern is no piker. He handles big money. Columns by the thousand he has to buy, and catalogues by the million to pay for. In no other trade can success or failure be attributed so definitely to advertising "copy." In no other business is it made so readable.

The practical psychologist wins—and sells his car. One of the shrewdest schemes ever worked was the invention of the pseudo "semifloating" axle. Now, there are really only two types of rear axles. Here's the idea: A "live" axle, like that of a freight car, bears the weight of the vehicle. One that bears no weight is called "floating." It may be pulled entirely out of the tube which supports the springs, for it is used only to drive the wheels. There is, consequently, no such thing as a "semifloating" type. The term was royally coined by an advertising genius, who couldn't claim the more efficient construction, and it stuck. What happened? He actually established something which didn't exist. Not only that, but so plausible, so suggestive of merit was his phrase that the better cars were even forced in self-defense to dub their own superior axles "*full* floating!"

A clever advertising expert does not depend upon the engineers alone for his copy. He must manufacture news of his car. He must organize sensational endurance runs, he must devise novel stunts for showing off its prowess, put his car into fiction as well as fact, link its names to actresses and judges of the Supreme Court. One advertising man will hear nothing about a new model until it is ready to be advertised. Then the sales force tackles him; they have to answer his objections, convince him, virtually sell him a car. In that way he goes to writing his copy with a hurrah. He is not only enthusiastic, but he knows how a probable purchaser would feel.

SEE how another make of car jumped ahead in the race for supremacy. The originality of its exhibit at the automobile show did the trick several years ago. A handsome limousine was specially gotten up—all in violet, velvet upholstery, and silver trimming—raised upon a platform. About it was a railing with violet silk cords keeping the spectators away. No one was allowed to touch, taste, or handle. How rivals laughed. What! Deny access to an exhibit? Absurd! But it was good advertising psychology. That splendid car

was looked upon as something holy—the last word in elegance and luxury. Surely it *must* be the supreme car—the ultimate of style. And the violet car sets the mode to this very day. You never would believe that its aristocratic radiator front was slyly traced, not so many years ago, with pencil on brown paper, from an imported Mors car!

Never mind! We were watching European styles then. Now that our exports of motor cars exceed our imports, Europe is watching us. We have comparatively little use for foreign cars, except in the larger cities. Under cross-country conditions their great weight breaks them up. They are built for smooth roads, where a three-inch clearance is plenty. Our cars must be lighter, higher, more elastic.

But let's get a little nearer, where we can listen.

DETROIT is the Mecca of the automobile trade. Detroit is motor mad. Hawk-eyed motor maniacs are at large. Let a car drive up and stop at a hotel, and if it has a new radiator cap or a new form of rear spring suspension, one might almost say a new smell, it is immediately surrounded by a crowd of motor sharps; it is picked to pieces, its bones laid bare. In the sociable barroom you had better not ask a man "what make of wheel base are you using this year?"—better not open your mouth at all unless you know a Diesel engine from a clevis pin. They will form an automobile company while you wait—and they have!

"Want a good thing? Come on over, I'll show you!" Get your hat and off you go to a 2 by 4 office with a roll-top desk, a drawing board, and a radiator. "What's your machine like? Well, we'll show you!" And there, before your very eyes, they sketch out the four-cylinder Bluff. "Engineers? We can get *them* any time. All *we* need is capital!"

But now Detroit isn't quite so much like a mining camp as it was in 1905. But listen—if you knew just how many companies have been promoted before their cars were even imagined—well, never mind. Too bad we can't mention names!

Companies are formed in a hurry—and prosper. Companies start slowly, methodically—and die fast. Three months is a long time in Detroit! Thingumbob Motors has absorbed the G. D. F., the Pasteboardine Company, and the Electrocar. "Believe me, bo, that Thingumbob car will be quite some boat next year!" "Have a drink! Did you know the Homicide Six was experimenting with square wheels?" "Martini for mine, thanks!" "Say, that Quick 30 has widened its mud guards two inches so it can be used as an aeroplane, d'you know it? She's a classy gig, all right. Saw the new model yesterday, climbing up the back wall of the shops."

YOU hear how the P. D. Q. kept its name going for a year after it was eaten up by the Wigwagon Motor Company. We all wondered what they were driving at. It's simple enough now. P. D. Q. has frozen out the Wigwagon, and got its name back with two years' hot-work advertising free. The Dallyback is building a mysterious "six" in a factory in Wisconsin, but everybody knows all about it—everybody except their own dealers! How about that secret drafting room three miles away from the Lizzygo plant? Sure! He told me so himself. Why, Lizzygo claims there are four Pickerel men in his factory now, and he's trying to spot 'em. Oh, say! Heard about the Tin Car? Seems they're going to use those curly, "invisible" hairpins on the chassis after this, instead of the straight ones. Fact! Let's order supper.

The drinks smell strong of gasoline at the bar. Men you used to know by their nicknames don't come in now in leather coats and goggles, with oil on their hands, but in furs and silk shirts and socks—they jingle millions. Stop, look and listen, and you will learn more there than in any automobile school or textbook. Let's see.

What's coming next? What is probable, what possible? What is gone and done for? Gone, in all probability, is the crank's delight, the airless tire, the ever-hopeful "spring wheel." The modern engineer will have none of it. It is his bugbear, a sort of perpetual-motion bore that he must evade continually. Hundreds of patents have been taken out for different forms of the spring wheel, but it seems wrong in principle. It was tried and failed on bicycles. In automobile plants it has been tested and tested. Now they will test it no more.

Well, after all this gossip with the engineers, we ought to be able to dope out a 1915 car for ourselves. Suppose we try it.

FIRST, it will have wire wheels. That's a safe bet—there's not half enough second-growth hickory left for wooden spokes. Wire wheels have more "give," sidewise; they are resilient. But they are no new idea. Back in 1904 they were used on most automobiles—in fact, that year many concerns were caught napping by the sudden demand for "artillery" wheels (magic wrought in that name!), and they had to scrap hundreds of wire wheels. Wood superseded them because steel then hadn't been perfected as it is now. It crystallized under the alternate strains. Now we have new alloys—better heat treatments. Wire wheels, though, are hard to wash. Will the public wash them? Everybody is guessing "yes."

Second, our 1915 car will have to burn kerosene. There are no two ways about *that*. The shortage of high-test gasoline is by far the most serious problem in the automobile business. And it is getting worse every year. Think of getting gasoline at two cents a gallon! Yet that was no farther back than 1902. Tourist motorists even used to dip it out, free, from the big tanks in Pennsylvania.

So anxious was the Standard Oil Company to get rid of this unsalable by-product of its refineries that it organized gas-engine manufactories in order to create a demand for gasoline.

Then one got "76" gas, and plenty of it. Now we're using 64 to 66 in our cars, and paying exorbitant prices at that. The immense growth of the automobile industry has created an enormous demand. The once discarded by-product is tremendously valuable. Consequently, more and more of the less volatile hydrocarbons are being squeezed out of the crude oil. That is, heavier products are distilled off.

Now, the ordinary motor cannot easily carburet cold gasoline heavier than about 58 test. On account of the shortage in even that quality, we shall soon have to come down to kerosene—the distilled product ranging from 48 to 53. Kerosene doesn't give much flexibility, but it works pretty well when the engine is hot. How, then, shall we start our engine? You know how much harder it is now to crank your engine on a cool morning than it was a few years ago when we had lighter gasoline. Shall we warm the feed pipes electrically? Shall we prime with ether or acetylene? Or shall we have a bifuel carburetor? We may mix gasoline and kerosene, or we may start on one, and then, when the engine is warmed, switch to the other.

ALL over the world engineers are working in different ways at the problem. Much was hoped from denatured alcohol, but the experiments proved disappointing. Must we go back to steam after all? Probably not. The electric motor, gaining steadily in efficiency, may answer the question.

Third improvement—the worm drive. This will replace the bevel gears on our rear axle. Already you hear much talk of worms from the early birds of the experimental rooms. They're coming—as fast as engineers can learn how best to make them. It's not easy to grind a worm. Some say they can't lubricate it properly, and there are problems of clearance, with that lump projecting from your rear axle. But it must come, because it is silent. It is already "conceded" by engineers. The worm will turn!

But when we pass from the probabilities to the possibilities, it's harder to predict.

Let's pray that, at least, the present uncouth gear shift, with its long lever and clashing cogs, will go. It's a woman's terror. Why not just set a small handle on the wheel, and then, after throwing out the clutch pedal, let it gently slip back into the desired gear? How absurd to use gross muscular energy nowadays! Why shouldn't all motor [illegible] pneumatic?

It may be that we'll [illegible] plains. We may have [illegible] And, perhaps, when our [illegible] we shall have to cool our brakes as well [illegible] ten-mile-long grades of the Great Divide.

All of these things are being tried out [illegible] cars. Many have already proved [illegible] have actually been adopted. But the [illegible] The car of the future, it would seem, will go practically by moral suasion.

BUT, alas! we're not there yet. Back to the present! Back to the oil and dirt and dollars and sense and statistics. Isn't there another part of the automobile plant that we have not yet investigated? What about the place where the spare "parts" are made and stored and sold? You don't hear much about it; but you bet it's no neglected corner!

While the metallurgists are analyzing, the engineers calculating, the designers drafting, and the advertising men planning, the little old "parts" department, without any noise or boasting, is walking right along, making money night and day.

"What becomes of all the old automobiles?" That's a pet bromide in Detroit. Go to Georgia, go to Vermont, go into the back country anywhere and find them. You'll see them in New York and Detroit, a-plenty, for that matter. North, South, East, West, antique passenger cars, made over into commercial wagons, are still doing business at the rate of several hundred fierce little explosions per minute. Disguised as taxicabs, they plug along till their tops drop off. Conscientious engines, rescued from their worn-out bodies, are driving farmers' pumps and separators. They're good enough still for silo machines and churns. And, mind you, every mother's son of them sends, once or twice a year, to the original home factory for a new part to replace wear or breakage.

Why, there's one company in Detroit that could stop manufacturing automobiles to-day, and still earn a small fortune a day for five or six years, simply by selling parts.

Think of the army of automobile owners in the United States—one for every 110 inhabitants! And all of 'em buying parts as hard as they can.

Yes, it must be a solid comfort for those big concerns to know that, with all their risks, there are fortunes salted down in the stock rooms that can be turned into cash if the company fails. You can depend upon them to see to it that the "maximum" and "minimum" supply is maintained in the partitioned shelves full of "carburetor-priming-pump-pet-cock-connecting-rod handles."

AND as for our old friend Robert Allison of Port Carbon, Pa.—God bless him—if he still owns his '08 car, and runs it, Winton only knows how many times he's wired up to Cleveland for a new "lower-left-exter nal-hub-brake-band-adjusting-stop-bracket!"

Roadways of the World's Capitals

The Automobile Entrances and Exits of American Cities Compared with Those of London, Paris, Rome, and Berlin

By WALTER HALE

THE American automobilist who has toured extensively in foreign countries cannot fail on his return to draw comparisons between the handling of traffic, the attitude of the police officials, and the difficulties confronting the driver in the big cities of Europe on one hand and those in the United States on the other. He may also be interested to find that in the past few years the exits from New York have been so improved that now it is easier to drive an automobile out of the metropolis, despite its enormous population and congested streets, than it is to reach the suburbs of any of the capitals on the Continent. Much of this is due to the splendid pavements recently laid down and to the improvement each year in our method of handling the traffic—the ways in and out of the city have always been comparatively simple.

Following the lead of the greater city, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston have met the increasing motor-driven traffic by better pavements and well-equipped traffic squads. The exits into the country from the first two are easily found, but the center of Boston, with its sudden hills and twisting streets, will always be a puzzle to the stranger.

In Paris, though there is universal fear of the law in every other direction—automobiles, taxicabs, and auto busses tear through the streets with small regard for the rights of pedestrians, and the only traffic rule that seems to be enforced is the one forbidding smoke from the exhaust. The number of accidents has increased at an alarming rate recently, and during the past summer the newspapers were agitating a movement to control the reckless driving in the Paris streets. The French authorities are slow to act, and it will probably be another year before their system of fines and punishments makes much impression on the chauffeurs who have run riot in Paris for so long.

WHEN the automobile was in its early stages of development and the traffic in the streets of New York was considerably less than it is now, a brother motorist said to the writer, "When you have driven your automobile up Fifth Avenue from the Arch to the Plaza on a busy afternoon, you've graduated!" While this is still an excellent test of the beginner's judgment of pace and control of his engine, there are many more dreadful experiences to live through before the student has really earned his diploma. There is, for instance, the problem of congestion in the streets walled in by [illegible] skyscrapers, the rush and whirl of the [illegible] Champs Elysées and the Avenue de l'Opéra in Paris and of the City, the Strand, Piccadilly and Tottenham Road to Hampstead in London. Unter den Linden in Berlin, the Corso in Rome, the [illegible] of Milan and Genoa, and the Rue Pierre du Sol in Madrid are also to be reckoned with. These thoroughfares of the world's capitals [illegible] driver has to learn [illegible] York is a comparatively flat city, there are hills in the

GRAY & DAVIS

Quality Equipment ON AMERICA'S LEADING CARS

Here are the names of the automobiles that carry Gray & Davis Electric Lamps, Starter, Dynamo —or all *three* in combination.

ALCO
Dynamo, Lamps

AMERICAN
Lamps

APPERSON
Starter, Dynamo

CADILLAC
Lamps

CHALMERS
Dynamo

CHEVROLET
Dynamo

COLUMBIA
Dynamo, Lamps

CRAWFORD
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps

DAVIS
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps

DORRIS
Lamps

FIAT
Dynamo, Lamps

FLANDERS
Starter, Dynamo

GRAMM TRUCK
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps

GRAMM TRUCK (Canada)
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps

HAVERS
Lamps

LENOX
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps

LOZIER
Starter, Dynamo

MARITIME
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps

MIDLAND
Starter, Dynamo

NATIONAL
Starter, Dynamo Lamps

PAIGE-DETROIT
Starter, Dynamo

PATHFINDER
Starter, Dynamo

PEERLESS
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps

PILOT
Starter, Dynamo

POPE-HARTFORD
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps

PRATT- FORTY
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps

REO
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps

SELDEN
Dynamo

SPAULDING
Starter, Dynamo

STEARNS
Starter, Dynamo

STODDARD-DAYTON
Dynamo, Lamps

TOURAINE
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps

TUDHOPE
Starter, Dynamo, Lamps

VELIE
Starter, Dynamo

WHITE
Lamps

WINTON
Dynamo, Lamps

Other Good Cars Will Carry GRAY & DAVIS Equipment As The 1913 Season Advances

Contracts with additional manufacturers are now being closed. The automobile buying public realizes the excellence and quality of this equipment. Prospective car purchasers demand the best. That is why you will find these products on America's leading cars for 1913.

Electric Starter (6 volts)

A marvel of simplicity. The most powerful of *all* starters. There are no complicated controls. Only requires the usual 6 volt battery, charged automatically by dynamo. Starts a car under any conditions even in zero weather. Spins 6-cylinder car 1½ hours—propels it 2 miles. If car is stalled, you press pedal and car is propelled by the Starter.

Lighting Dynamo

Lights lamps, charges batteries, provides current for powerhorn, speedometer light and electric starter. It saves cost for recharging batteries and gas tank. Lights the lamps irrespective of the condition of the battery. It possesses the *Constant Speed* feature which insures unvarying, constant voltage.

Electric Lamps

GRAY & DAVIS Electric Lamps are the result of 16 years of lamp building experience. They are lamps of *Quality*. They produce the most brilliant light, and enhance the value and appearance of any automobile. If you seek handsome lamps, if you desire an additional factor of safety—specify GRAY & DAVIS Electric Lamps.

You Want The Best!

Demand GRAY & DAVIS Equipment on the car you buy.

Write For Complete Information

GRAY & DAVIS, Inc., 55 Lansdowne St., BOSTON, MASS.

Manufacturers of Automobile Lamps, Dynamos and Electric Starters.

Looking up Market Street in the heart of Philadelphia

One of the finest approaches to a city in the world—Upper Broadway, New York, near Yonkers

Boylston Street, Boston, with a view of the Common

neighborhood as steep as any gradients in the Alpine passes, and the autoist need not go farther than Westchester County to get himself in training for the climb over the Stelvio Pass in the Tyrol, which is the highest carriage road in Europe and one of the most difficult driving feats to which a motorist can put his engine.

Compared with London or Paris, New York, with its long, straight avenues and numbered cross streets, is an easy city in which to find one's way about. While the traffic is heavy, it is better regulated than anywhere else in the world outside of London. A special appeal to the automobilist is the ease with which he can leave the heart of the city and reach any of the main roads leading into New Jersey, Long Island, New England, or the north. The streets leading to the Jersey ferries can be found without effort, and as they are always under repair they are always bad. The Boston Post Road and the other routes to New England are now reached by the new Concourse, one of the finest approaches to a city that can be found anywhere in the world. With the building of the new bridges, the ferries to the roads on Long Island have been abandoned by the automobilist, while the Albany Post Road and the highways leading into Westchester County are reached by the beautifully smooth pavement of upper Broadway, which is another city approach, or exit, as you like, which has no equal among the Continental capitals.

Few difficulties confront the motor-car driver as he leaves Chicago. With Michigan Boulevard to the south, Jackson and Washington Boulevards leading to the west, and the Lake Shore Drive and Sheridan Road to the north, the city has some well-planned and imposing approaches. They are well lighted and paved, and wherever the splendid boulevards intersect a large red bulb is placed in the center of the driveway. Sheridan Road, which skirts the shore of Lake Michigan and leads practically all the way from Chicago to Milwaukee, is one of the finest automobile drives in America.

ALONG CHICAGO'S NORTH SHORE

IT PASSES through Evanston, Glencoe, and Highland Park, all attractive suburban towns, and with the constant views it affords of lake and forest and hillside, it is easily the most beautiful route out of Chicago. There is only one congested section of the city where it is impossible for the motorist to avoid the heavy traffic—I refer to the wholesale district south of the Rush Street bridge. But the promoters of the "City Beautiful" have solved this difficulty, and are planning an enormous viaduct which will carry fast-moving north- and south-bound traffic from the end of Michigan Boulevard above the vans and trucks to the Lake Shore Drive on the other side of the river.

Boston has no such splendid boulevards, but once in its beautiful suburbs, the roads are excellent, no matter in what direction the motorist may be driving. In fact, Massachusetts and New Jersey are the only States with which the writer is familiar where the roads in any way compare with the "Routes Nationales" of France. The road to Providence by Columbus Avenue and Dedham, to the Cape by Harrison Avenue—a bad pavement to the city line—to the north shore towns through Somerville, Middlesex Fells, and Malden, and to Worcester, Springfield, and New York by way of Commonwealth Avenue to the famous Boston Post Road, are easily reached once the center of the city has been left behind.

Philadelphia is also situated among some beautiful suburbs and excellent roads, and once out of the crowded business district, its streets are generally wide and well paved. It is easier to find the road to New York by following North Broad Street than for the stranger to take the alternative route by which he must drive through the heavy traffic of Walnut, Chestnut, or Market Street and take the ferry to Camden.

These are some of the exits of our four largest cities; the automobilist has small need in any of them for a booklet on the order of the useful volume by Lord Montague which he calls "The Best Roads Out of London."

But what a complicated matter it is to find the really good roads out of Paris, when it takes weeks of exploring to know how to reach any of the "Routes Nationales" and avoid the "pavé," the cobblestone blocks that make most of the approaches to the city a source of discomfort and dismay to the automobilist! On my recent arrival—during seven years of continental touring I have entered Paris from every point of the compass—I endeavored to avoid what I knew in the past to be an exceedingly bad stretch of road from Melun to the Porte d'Italie.

THE LABYRINTH OF PARIS SUBURBS

AFTER tacking to and fro among the truck gardens and the unlovely villas of the suburbs, we were finally stopped in a narrow road by a series of posts that prevented the venturesome driver from landing in the river Seine. We had to back a quarter of a mile out again, finally falling into the hands of a couple of bicyclists, who, though they looked like the dreaded "Apaches," good-naturedly conducted us back to the road we had tried to avoid, which had been recently repaved and proved to be the best way out of Paris to the south. On another occasion, some years since, I had a similar experience at night. We were coming from Boulogne, and for some reason missed our way and for hours floundered about in cabbage patches and deserted gardens. Though the lights of Paris were reflected in the sky directly ahead, it was after midnight before we found the main road again and drove through the gates of the city.

The "Corso" in Rome, a broad and attractive motorway

The newly paved road just mentioned, from the Porte d'Italie to Melun—it is what the auto guidebooks call "bon pavé," which usually means an excellent surface—and the road to Versailles through the Bois and Suresnes are the only ones I know out of Paris to any of the "Routes Nationales" where the autoist can be sure of a good pavement until he is well beyond the environs of the city. On all the others—Route Nationale No. 1, which is the ancient road to Belgium and England via Pontoise; No. 3, to Germany via Meaux; No. 7, to Switzerland via Fontainebleau; No. 20, to Spain via Etampes, with the routes to the Château country and the Breton coast—the rough "pavé" ends at varying distances from the city's gates. On the road to Belgium it extends as far as Pontoise (29 kilometers), to Germany as far as Meaux (45 kilometers), while if the automobilist is unfortunate enough to take the wrong turn after passing the Porte de Picpus on his way to the east, he will encounter a bumpy, cobbled road that will rattle his teeth all the way to Nangis (58 kilometers from Paris). The bad road from the Porte de Neuilly to St. Germain can be avoided, however, by following the route to Versailles just mentioned. A little beyond Suresnes there is a sharp turn to the right up a short hill which leads to an excellent road to Rueil, where it crosses the main highway, and after a turn to the left reaches St. Germain by a heavy climb up the hill beneath the castle.

From the above it is evident that while Paris is the center of the greatest system of highways in the world, there are at present only three ways of reaching them from the center of the city without bumping over rough pavement that shakes an automobile from head lamps to luggage rack. The difference between New York and Paris in this respect would seem to be that the former is blessed with smooth pavements in the city and generally bad ones beyond, while Paris has notoriously bad roads through its environs, which become better the farther the autoist drives from the capital.

With the abolition of tolls on the Queensboro and Williamsburg Bridges, the New York automobilist encounters none of the vexatious delays that would mark his sortie from Paris—I refer to the "octroi," which is a barbaric relic of feudal days. Automobilists arriving in Paris for the first time are taxed on every litre of "essence" in the gasoline tank. Once inside the city no further duty is levied, provided that every time he leaves it the driver stops at the gate, has the gasoline measured, and receives a little pink ticket stating the amount. He, of course, promptly fills his tank in the suburbs—the "bidons" of gasoline are displayed near the gates on all the exits from Paris—and it sometimes requires nice calculation to return to the "octroi" with the same quantity that the ticket calls for. This measuring process is sometimes so slow that in the busy hours long processions of automobiles are lined up at the gates while the officers leisurely perform their duties.

THE TRAFFIC REGULATIONS OF EUROPE

THESE officers, by the way, like the majority of French Government employees, are distinctly superior, if not actually discourteous, in their attitude toward the public, which would not be so remarkable were they not the representatives of a country where politeness means so much. On the other hand, the Paris policemen are courteous and attentive, though they lack the splendid appearance of the London "bobby" or the New York patrolman. Except when on traffic duty, they travel in pairs—each one, as some one facetiously remarked, protecting the other. They are clothed with authority, but exercise it so seldom that, with the exception of the principal thoroughfares and boulevards, automobiles and other vehicles run wild over the streets with a complete contempt for the rules of the road. We have nothing like this in New York—barring always Eighth Avenue from the Circle to 110th Street, which, with its double line of car tracks on one side and its vans and trucks swinging from one curb to the other, with entire disregard for traffic rules and the safety of others, is the most disgracefully policed big street of the writer's acquaintance.

In this connection something about the traffic regulations in Europe may be of interest to automobilists. The general custom all over the Continent is the same as it is here—to pass vehicles coming in the opposite direction to the right and those overtaken to the left. In Great Britain, in certain provinces of Austria and

Elgin victor—1911 last stock championship race held in America. Average 60.4 miles per hour. Entire race run without a tire change. Defeated cars of much greater cost.

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The National car is the epitome of years' work to combine luxury and reliable service.

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Beneath the surface beauty is perfection in design and materials—dependability, stamina, and flexible power that is indefatigable.

The stately elegance of the National—its richness in appointments, comfort and ease make it acceptable to the most discriminating.

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- Long stroke (4⅞ x 6) flexible and noiseless Motor with enclosed valves.
- Left Side Drive. Center Control.
- Gray & Davis Electric Starter, easily operated by simply touching a button with foot.
- Gray & Davis Dynamo Electric Lighting System.
- Bosch dual double Magneto.
- 12-inch Turkish Upholstery.
- Full heavy nickel Trimmings.
- Electric Horn.
- Adequate Baggage-carrying Compartment concealed in body but easily accessible.
- Powerful and reliable Brakes.
- Spacious Interior.
- Tire Pump, integral part of the motor. Inflates a tire in three minutes.
- Truffault-Hartford Shock Absorbers in rear.
- 128-inch Wheel Base.
- Adjustable, ventilating and rain vision Wind Shield.
- Multiple jet Carburetor.
- Hoffecker steady-hand Speedometer.
- Tire Carrier in rear.
- Silk mohair Top, Cover and Curtains.
- Full-floating Rear Axle.
- Resilient Springs, 3-4 Elliptic in rear; Semi-Elliptic in front.
- Large gasoline pressure-feed Tank with Gauge in rear.
- Robe Rail and Foot Rest.
- Foot Mat in Running Board.
- Plain, continuous enclosed Metal Guards.
- Easy riding qualities, unexcelled.
- Oiling System, demonstrated to be only perfect oiling system.
- Tools, in concealed tool box under dash.

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in most of the big Italian cities the opposite is the rule, which is a more sensible custom than ours, since, with the driver sitting on the right, he is in a better position to judge the space in which to maneuver through traffic, and the passenger in the front seat does not have to descend into the street when the automobile is drawn up with its left to the curb.

There is some talk of adopting the English custom in Paris, but if this is done, it is to be hoped that the rule is extended through all the provinces of France. At present the confusion arising in Italy because the custom in the country is to pass to the right, and in Rome, Genoa, Milan, Turin, Brescia, etc., to take the opposite side, has brought about a condition that is both annoying and dangerous to automobile drivers, who can never tell at what distance beyond the city gates the country rule becomes effective.

Italy is becoming one of the most popular of European countries among automobile tourists, and some effort should be made to bring the town and the "campagna" together about the rules of the road.

ROME AND THE CITIES OF ITALY

IN ROME the police are a splendid body of men, tall, like all the Romans, and they enforce the regulations rigorously. The principal exits of the city—to the historic Appian Way by the Porta San Giovanni and to the Umbrian Mountains, and Florence on the north by the Porta del Popolo—are easy to find, but, like all the big European capitals, the roads are exceedingly rough for the first fifteen miles beyond the gates. The approaches to Florence, Genoa, and Milan are equally bad, and the traffic in each of these cities not so well handled as in Rome. Venice is reached by the automobilist with more comfort than the other Italian towns, because the roads from either Bologna, Verona, or the Tyrol are splendid to Mestre, on the mainland, where a motor boat carries the tourist across the most beautiful approach to a city imaginable—over the lagoon and up to his hotel through the Grand Canal.

Some of the smaller Italian towns, in their effort to control the speed of automobiles through the streets, have posted signs on the dead walls in the outskirts warning the driver that he must not go "faster than the little trot of a horse." One can hardly blame him for not knowing just how fast that pace would be.

The uncertainty about the rule of the road in Italy is avoided in Austria, where, with commendable forethought, the automobile driver, on crossing the frontier, is handed a small colored map which shows green for the districts where vehicles pass to the right—Tyrol, Kärnten, Küstenland, and Dalmatia, and pink for all the rest of the country, where the opposite custom is in force. One of my photographs, which was taken in the snow fields on the Stelvio Pass, shows the beginning of the descent into Austria from the summit, with a road sign in Italian: "Tenersi à destra" (take to the right).

IN AUSTRIA

THE Austrians leave no stone unturned to have their road rules understood. Their police, too, are efficient, and the approaches to the larger cities—Vienna, Budapest, Innsbruck, and Prag—are better than might be expected. It was interesting to discover a small case of graft on my recent tour in this well-governed country. Austria demands a heavy deposit —over $400—for automobiles, which is returned when the tourist recrosses the frontier. The amount must be paid in gold—if the autoist has not provided himself with a "triptych" before leaving his own country. The landlord of our Venetian hotel heard me regretting the fact that I had not paid the money and secured this document in New York and was forced to carry $420 in gold coins in my pockets on leaving for Innsbruck. He pressed a note of introduction on me. It was addressed to the chief customs officer at the frontier post through which we were to pass. With this letter, he said, I need make

Leaving an Italian town, Sarzana, near the Carrara marble quarries

no deposit whatever. I had only to tip the officer a "louis" ($4) and he would pass my automobile through. The letter was never presented; it is before me now, with the postscript, in Italian, "and he will pay you twenty francs." We made the deposit in cash, with the virtuous determination to abstain from grafting—and because, with the limited knowledge of German at our command, we were afraid of the consequences if our bribe had not been received in the spirit in which it was offered.

Germany is a military country, ruled by a war lord, and, as might be expected, the official control of the automobile traffic is very thorough. The driver, on

"The Gate of Victory," one of the exits of Munich, Germany

crossing the frontier, is handed a "Steuerkarte," a license to drive good for one year, and with it a copy of the road rules and regulations. There is a wholesome fear of the German police officers, the "Polizei." Their lieutenants sometimes sit as judges, and the force has punished reckless driving so frequently that accidents are less common than in other European countries. The order to go slowly is found on the entrances to all the small towns, and is usually observed by the German automobilist, who is more often than not a law-abiding citizen. The Germans are not noted for their courtesy, but the fact remains that passing automobilists invariably politely salute each other, and drivers of trucks and farmers' carts are willing to extend a portion of the road to the automobile.

Munich, the capital of Bavaria [illegible] one of the most beautiful cities in Germany, is surrounded by some splendid roads which radiate in every direction from its center. Its streets are well paved [illegible] the parts of the town they are very narrow and the most and [illegible] traffic is handled with less confusion than one would expect in a city of its size. A wide driveway, the Lindwurmstrasse, is the principal exit to the south, and another, the Ludwigstrasse, leads out of the city through the Siegesthor, or Gate of Victory, to the north. Berlin is the least confusing of the European capitals in which to find one's way about. Compared with the others, it is a modern city, with beautiful parks and monuments, the streets are generally wide and imposing, and laid out so regularly that from the center of things in Unter den Linden and the hotel district the exits toward the country in every direction can be found without the assistance of the small boy who invariably proffers his services as guide

THE DIFFICULTIES OF LONDON

LONDON, on the contrary, is a maze. Even to motorists who are familiar with the city the network of narrow streets, parks, lanes, and bridges offers a constant puzzle as to the best ways to reach the country roads, while the only hope for the stranger is to make a careful study of his maps—and then engage the services of some retired cabman as a pilot. Lord Montague's little book, before referred to, may prove a useful asset. He gives some valuable information, not only about how to get out of the town but how to avoid it entirely when one is touring in the neighborhood. To reach the Great North Road,' he advises the autoist, on leaving Piccadilly Circus, to follow Regent Street and the east side of Regent's Park through Avenue Road to Finchley. The Brighton Road, from the same center, is harder to find if one wishes to take to the back streets and avoid the congested traffic and the tram lines in the suburbs, while to reach any of the other famous coaching highways—the Dover, Portsmouth, Holyhead, Exeter, or Bath Roads—your foreign automobilist must keep his wits about him to avoid losing himself in the endless confusion of the London streets. Paris, Rome, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, New York, and Chicago are all plain sailing for the automobile driver as compared with London, and the ways in and out of the English capital would be still more difficult were it not for her splendid traffic police.

London "bobbies" are a fine set of men, physically strong and alert, though they lack the height of our Broadway or Fifth Avenue squads in New York. On the score of politeness and dignity they have no equals anywhere, and when it comes to "graft inquiries," the English police as a body are above suspicion. Anyone who doubts this should be reminded of the case of the American automobilist who, some years ago, was caught in a police "trap" on the outskirts of Guildford.

POLICE TRAPS

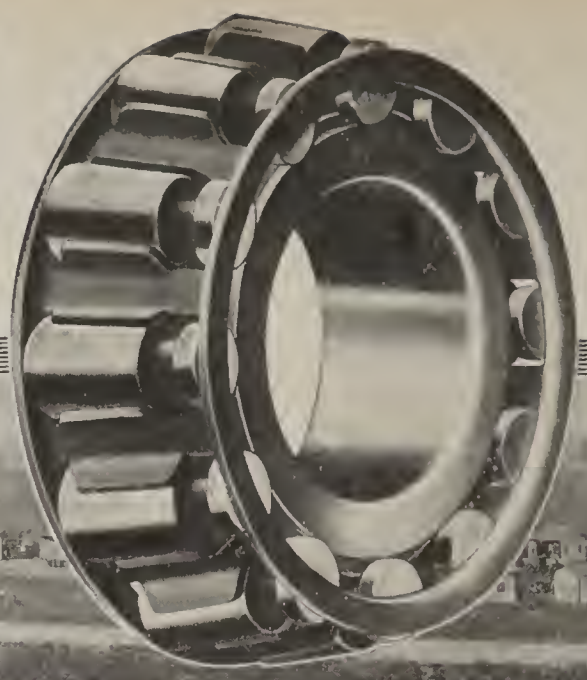
AFTER an apology for speeding he offered the officer two pounds to "let the matter drop." When arraigned in court the next morning, he was fined ten dollars for speeding and three hundred and fifty dollars for attempting to bribe a police officer in the discharge of his duty.

Though there are many of these police traps in the country, the laws affecting the automobilist in London itself are lenient enough. The tail light must always be kept lit after dark, but the autoist can choose his own pace through the London streets, provided he does not drive to the public danger. There is an eight-mile limit through the parks, however, and here the only way to insure against arrest is for the automobilist to fall in behind a horse-drawn vehicle and stay there.

The snowdrifts at the summit of the Pass at the frontier of Austria and Italy

The Portsmouth road beyond Guildford, one of the most traveled roads out of London

TIMKEN
AXLES & BEARINGS



Read Your Answer in the Cars

DO Timken principles of axle and bearing construction work out in practise? Are their merits acknowledged by the leading motor-car builders?

These questions are natural and just. You have read the Timken stories of axle and bearing importance in previous advertisements.

You have felt, as you read, that Timken principles were right, that they must have proved right on many a steep hill and stony road.

Nor did you err, for hundreds of thousands of Timken-equipped motor-cars, pleasure and commercial, are daily demonstrating the worth of Timken principles and Timken construction.

At the points of severest service—there you are most likely to find Timken Equipment.

Because front axles and the bearings on their spindles *must* stand up to the tests of every day travel and meet the emergencies, builders of good cars dare not take chances at these vital points.

On the right are listed nearly all of the cars using Timken Tapered Roller Bearings and Timken-Detroit Axles. Among them, you will agree, are most of the best known and highest grade cars made in the country.

All of the makes of cars listed here use Timken Bearings or Axles on one or more models, throughout or in part.

To be specific, 97¼% of all these cars have Timken Bearings at the points of severest service—on the spindles of the front axle.

In addition to that, 93⅛% of the entire list have Timken Axles or Bearings at all or some of the following points: rear axle, rear wheel bearings, differential and pinion-shaft bearings, transmission bearings, commercial rear axle and jackshaft and their hubs and bearings.

Also 61⅛% of the pleasure cars and 72⅛% of the commercial cars listed at the right have Timken-Detroit Axles, front or rear or both.

Coming back, then, to the questions: "Do Timken principles of axle and bearing construction work out in practise? Are their merits acknowledged by the leading car builders?

You can read your answer in the cars.

A Timken-Detroit Front Axle for Pleasure Car

On the spindles and bearings of the front axle are concentrated the severest shocks, stresses and vibration of motor-car service.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
Canton, Ohio

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO.
Detroit, Mich.

Below are listed most of the cars using Timken Tapered Roller Bearings and Timken-Detroit Axles, throughout or in part.

PLEASURE CARS

Abbott-Detroit — Amplex — Atlas-Knight — Bartholomew—Buffalo Electric—Cadillac—Case—Chalmers—Chicago Electric—Colby—Cole—Columbia—Columbus Electric—Crawford—Cunningham — Detroit-Electric — Diamond-T — Dorris — Edwards — Flanders—Franklin—Great Eagle (U. S. Carriage Co.) — Haynes—Kissel-Kar — Knox — Lexington—Locomobile — Lozier—Marion—Marmon—Mason — Mason-Seaman Taxicab—Matheson—Maxwell Special—Middleby—Mitchell—Moline—Moon—Moyer—National — Overland—Packard — Palmer-Singer — Peerless—Pierce-Arrow—Pope-Hartford—Premier—Pullman—Rauch & Lang—Reo—Reo (Canada)—Russell (Canada)—Shaw Taxicab—Simplex—Speedwell—Stafford—Stanley Steamer—Stearns-Knight—Stoddard-Dayton—Stutz—Thomas—Tudhope (Canada)—Velie—Walker—Waverly Electric—Westcott—Winton—and many others.

COMMERCIAL CARS

Ahrens Fox Fire Engine—Alco Truck—American-La France Fire Apparatus—Atlantic Electric—Atterbury—Autocar—Avery—Baker Electric—Bessemer—Bronx—Cass—Commercial Truck of America—Dayton Auto Truck — Detroit-Electric — Dorris — Federal — Four Wheel Drive — Garford — General Vehicle — Grabowsky — Gramm (Lima) — Gramm (Canada) — Gramm-Bernstein—Harrison — Hewitt (International Motor Co.)—Ice Mfg. Co. "A.I.C."—Kissel-Kar—Knickerbocker—Knox—Lansden Electric—Lewis—Lippard-Stewart—Locomobile—Lozier—Mack (Internat'l Motor Co.)—Mais—Marathon—Martin — Mather Funeral Car — Moeller—Mogul—Moore — Moreland—Morgan — Oliver — Packard—Packers—Peerless—Pennsylvania R. R.—Pierce-Arrow—Pope-Hartford — Randolph—Rapid—Reliance—Reo — Rowe—Sampson—Schacht—Seagrave Fire Apparatus — Speedwell — Standard — Sternberg — Stewart — Stewart Iron Works — Studebaker — Toledo—Transit—U. S. Truck—Universal—Velie—Victor — Vulcan—Walker—Ward — Waterous Fire Apparatus—Waverly Electric—Webb Fire Apparatus—Wilcox—Woodworth—and many others.

Best Cars in Creation
Have a Timken Foundation

An Automobilogue

by Wilbur D. Nesbit

Drawings by Rodney Thomson

I

The auto stood beside the road—all mournfully it stood,
With wheels a-limp and sorrow in the drooping of its hood.
"O woe is me!" it gasped and wept, and "Woe is me!" once more.
"Injustices of many sorts have cut me to the core.

2

"They take me out to have a ride—and suddenly, alas!
They find that through an oversight I haven't any gas.
Who gets the blame? Do they themselves? That's how the case should be,
But, on the other hand, they hoot and howl and curse at me.

3

"Ahead of me I see a place where glass is on the path—
A puncture comes, and instantly there is a time of wrath.
Instead of censuring the one whose duty t'was to see,
They curse the tire man, curse the tire, and double-dash-blank me!

4

"Transmission troubles will occur, unless ere they commence
My owner exercises care and likewise common sense;
But what cares he? The clutch gives out, and all that he can see
Is just another chance to put the guiltiness on me!

5

"My carburetor gets choked up, a cylinder will miss—
My owner tears his hair and yells, 'What do you think of this?'
He yanks me with a monkey wrench and howls aloud that he
Has never seen a bunch of junk that ever equaled me!

6

"He lets me skid; he will not feed me properly with oil;
He overlooks the water and I then begin to boil—
And does he then condemn himself? Not much! In raucous key
He uses all his cuss words in some brief remarks at me.

7

"I wish I were a horse or mule, for then I'd get some care,
But autos have to stand for all the evils they can bear."
The auto wept again and said: "Here comes my owner—he
Is stuck because of his own fault. The blame will come to me."

HEAVY CAR TYPE

FISK

Town Car Tread Tires

For Safety and Service

Section of Fisk Town Car Tread
Showing arrangement of rubber knobs and ridges. Note the clean-cut, substantial appearance.

THIS tire has been successfully built in all honesty of purpose to meet your requirements for equipment which will afford safety from skidding and slipping on wet pavements or muddy roads. Knowing well the urgent demand for such protection, we were not content to rush into the market with a "freak tire" or one which served solely to tempt a customer to buy because of its departure from the familiar smooth tread.

A real non-skid tire of true Fisk Quality.
Why not try one?

Our effort has been to actually solve the problem you have to meet in daily running at certain seasons. We have carefully borne in mind principles which must be followed to insure an effective gripping surface and each rubber button and heavy corrugation has a real reason for the position in which it is placed. Our aim has been not only to furnish the non-skid element but to produce a casing that would have strength as well as safety.

We do not claim the impossible for this Town Car Tread Tire. We do maintain, however, that it will show all the resistance to sliding and slipping that can be built into any tire and that in actual performance it is outdone by no other. It supplies reassuring traction and prevents skidding on slippery pavements. It is a most attractive tire to look upon and, as an equipment on any car, lends that air of completeness and readiness for emergencies which every owner desires.

Cross Section of Fisk Town Car Tread Tire
Showing inward construction not revealed in exterior view of complete casing. Note thickness of tread, re-inforcement of side walls, arrangement of fabric, etc.

The FISK Exclusive and Original **HEAVY CAR TYPE CONSTRUCTION** is particularly suited to a non-skid tire and the unusual strains and stresses to which it is subjected. This construction insures an extra layer of rubber on the tread, two breaker strips instead of one, and a *balanced tire* into which is built the strongest resistance to road wear.

We Have Literature Describing the Entire Fisk Line Which Will be Mailed Free to Any One on Request.

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY
OF N. Y.
Department P **Chicopee Falls, Mass.**
Branches in Forty Cities

Motor Transportation

One of the Greatest Single Agencies in the Future Development of Large Communities

By ROLLIN W. HUTCHINSON, Jr.

IT HAS now become a platitude among writers on motor transportation to say that the motor truck has come to stay. If one will but analyze the following figures given us by Mr. H. W. Perry, Secretary of the Commercial Motor Vehicle Committee of the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers, it will be obvious that no other single new transportation agency has had so rapid and so healthy a growth as the commercial branch of the motor-vehicle industry.

Motor trucks and delivery wagons have now been manufactured and used in the United States for fifteen years. A number of companies have been making them consecutively for ten or twelve years. Electric trucks are still in use after having seen regular service in the brewing and express business for more than ten years. State registrations show about 50,000 users of commercial motor vehicles in this country.

(Estimates of the number of vehicles in actual service vary from 20,000 to 40,000.)

AN ENORMOUS INCREASE

THE "wheel-tax" registrations of Chicago show that the number of motor trucks in that city increased from 788 on February 1, 1911, to 1,439 on February 1, 1912, or an increase of 82.6 per cent in one year. The number of horse-drawn wagons in Chicago decreased in one year 3,000.

That makers are anticipating a rapid development in the demand for trucks is indicated by the fact that more than 250 companies are now offering them in the market. At the shows in New York and Chicago last winter 100 different companies displayed models of trucks and delivery wagons. Many new companies are marketing products for the first time this year. Most of the older companies have prepared to increase their output, in most cases by several hundred per cent. Reports from fifty companies contained in an incomplete census now in progress indicate that the output for last year nearly equaled the production, and exceeded the valuation of all preceding years. In 1911 fifty companies built 4,500 machines valued at $9,121,000 as compared with 4,790 valued at $7,304,500 built prior to last year.

What are the reasons for this enormous increase? This matter demands the most careful consideration of every business man.

It is certain that no system or means of transportation will continue to justify the investment of large sums of money unless it results in economy in transportation.

The conclusion is inevitable that the motor truck has been indorsed by the public as economical in the handling of transportation in a vast number of cases.

The reason for the success of the auto truck may briefly be summed up in the statement that where conditions are favorable the auto truck will do more work at less cost than any other form of transportation.

WHERE CONDITIONS ARE FAVORABLE

YOU notice that I say this is true "when the conditions are favorable." This is the whole pith of the matter. At the same time there must be a vast number of cases where these conditions are favorable judging from the enormous number of trucks now in successful operation.

Before considering the conditions which make possible the economical operation of trucks, I wish to mention some of the developments which will surely come about in the truck business

Probably the most serious problem confronting the railroad companies to-day in the handling of freight in our large cities is the congestion of their freight terminals. The amount of freight to be handled is increasing by leaps and bounds. The cost of increasing terminal facilities where this requires the purchase of additional property in the vicinity of the present terminals is in many cases almost prohibitive. The situation is rapidly becoming critical.

A RELIEF TO FREIGHT TERMINAL CONGESTION

WHAT can be done when the area of the terminal cannot be economically increased and when the volume of freight to be handled is rapidly increasing?

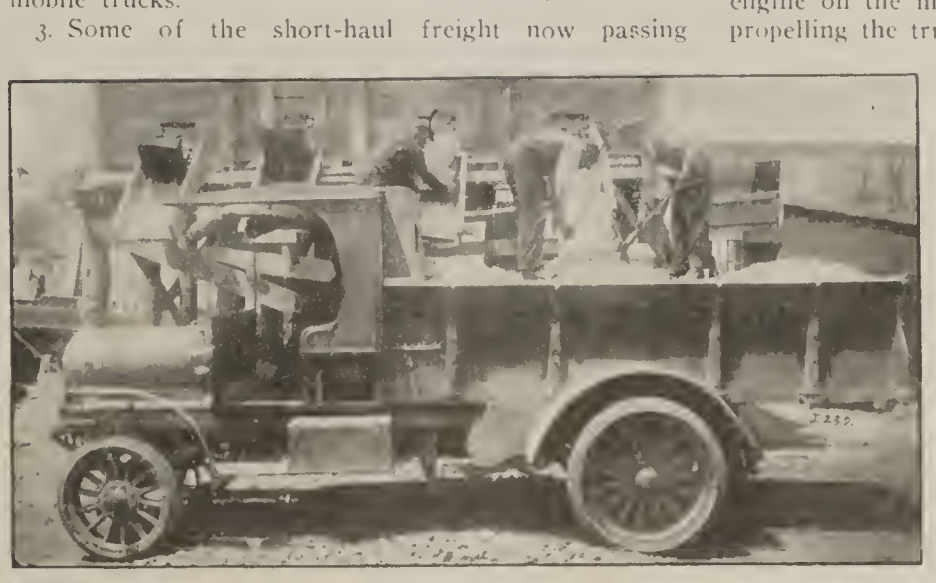
These are not dreams of future conditions but are *live* problems pressing for solution *to-day*. It is safe to say that nearly everybody interested in transportation has been approached by large handlers of freight to assist in the solution of these problems.

Only three methods of relieving this situation are possible.

1. New methods of handling freight may be devised to make the use of the present terminal space more efficient. This is now engaging the attention of the best railroad engineers and promises some temporary relief

2. Railroad freight terminals will be established at a greater distance from the congested cities. This will make a longer haul necessary for the distribution of the freight, a condition favorable to the use of automobile trucks.

3. Some of the short-haul freight now passing through these terminals will in the future cease to be handled by the railroads.



A seven-ton truck doing the work of eight mule teams in the construction of macadam road

This third point is very important to those interested in the trucking business.

The day will shortly come, in fact it is already here, when the railroad companies will be glad to be relieved of the handling of such short-haul freight as can be economically handled by automobile trucks

A carload of freight coming from a distance of 15 miles occupies the same space in the yards at the terminal as does a carload coming to the terminal for a distance of 1,000 miles. The cost of handling the short haul freight at the terminal is practically the same to the railroad company as for the long-haul freight, and the congestion at the terminal is such that the railroad company will in most cases desire to use all terminal facilities for long-haul freight, the handling of which is so much more profitable to the railroad company.

Companies organized for the handling of the local express service by auto truck are springing up, and the fact that some of these companies are continuing to handle the business show that there is a demand for such service. At present most of this freight is first hauled by horse trucks to the railroads and again is hauled by horse trucks from the railroads to its final destination.

When the auto truck is used the freight is loaded on the truck at the originating end and is delivered to its final destination without rehandling.

Who is to handle this business?

The teamsters who are now handling the short-haul work in connection with this service have an enormous advantage in securing the long-haul business when handled by auto trucks.

A new company formed for this service must learn how and from where this freight is to be obtained and must build up a clientele.

The teamster already has the knowledge of the present method of handling the freight and the movers of the freight are already his customers.

All automobile truck manufacturers are continually approached with propositions for the renting of trucks. This is particularly true in the case of contractors who are buying auto trucks for use in many places because they cannot rent trucks. A contractor who is doing work at different points in the country would much prefer to rent auto trucks than to buy them.

The business of renting auto trucks is carried on very extensively and we understand very successfully in Europe, particularly in England, by men who in some cases are teamsters on a large scale and who are known as "truck jobbers."

TRUCKS OF VARIED EQUIPMENT

THE profits from the business in this country should logically belong to the teamster who is ready to handle this business.

It is only very lately that the uses to which the engine on the motor truck may be put in addition to propelling the truck have begun to be realized.

The most common of these is the use of the engine to drive a winch to assist in the loading and unloading of heavy freight.

We now have trucks equipped with dumping bodies, in which the dumping of the body may be controlled by the driver without leaving his seat. These bodies and the elevating mechanism are so designed that the bodies may be elevated to any desired point, stopped at this point, and the opening at the tailboard regulated. This device is particularly useful in the handling of crushed stone in road construction. The stone may be spread along the road to whatever thickness is desired instead of having the spreading done by hand

Auto trucks especially equipped are in use at present in connection with the setting of telephone poles. These trucks are equipped with a device for digging the hole for the pole. When the hole is dug the pole is picked up and set in the hole. Every operation in connection with the setting of the pole, with the exception of tamping the earth around the pole, is done by devices driven by the engine on the truck.

The use of such devices is increasing rapidly and is resulting in the saving of time and money in many instances.

Among other points which might be touched on are the following: *There is no such thing as* [illegible] *an automobile truck being so injured as to make the whole truck useless.* When repairs are needed on a truck it is not a question of whether it is possible to make those repairs. The question [illegible] of these repairs be

There is nothing that can happen to the [illegible] *truck*

Cars distinguished for their comfort, even among the most luxurious

Motor car talk this year—among owners and dealers, and at the shows that will dot the country between now and April—will bear strongly on comfort.

And properly, for manufacturers have put forth extra effort to provide for the passengers' ease.

In this they are following in the footsteps of the Jackson Company; for we have devoted years to the development of comfortable cars.

This phase of design and construction has always received, in the Jackson plant, equal consideration with the important details of power, strength, durability and smooth running that are the foundation stones of satisfactory service.

The natural result has been that the Jackson did not lag behind its contemporaries in the latter; while it did maintain an advantage in the former.

So the Jackson has achieved a name for comfort, in addition to its reputation for engineering and mechanical eminence. The two are inseparable in Jackson cars.

Our engineers have been trained to consider the effect of every mechanical detail on the cars' riding qualities; and to design bodies of liberal dimensions.

They specify full elliptic springs all around because these contribute from 33 to 100 per cent more to a car's riding ease than any other type.

They give our cars long wheelbases, always keeping the proper proportion in relation to wheel sizes, springs and weight.

They determine the weight and distribute it so that sidesway is reduced to the minimum and the cars hold the road with steadiness.

The long wheelbases permit the fitting of bodies that are particularly roomy, not only in the tonneau, but in the front as well.

In the seat construction, we use every device that can possibly help to prevent fatigue.

The cushions are upholstered to the rich thickness of 10 inches and slant a trifle to the rear; the seat backs are shoulder-high.

If you can say with conviction, after a ride in the Jackson, that you have ever ridden in a more comfortable car, we will not urge you to choose a Jackson.

Turning to the Jackson's mechanical side for a moment, you find a highly developed unit power plant—silent, smooth-running, compact.

The motor is long stroke, with enclosed valves, which you recognize as the most approved practice; and the other chassis members have kept pace with the motor improvement.

We have no desire whatever to restrict you in your comparison of Jackson cars.

Go as far as you like in the matters of size, price and type.

All we ask is that you see the Jackson; and give us the opportunity of sending you the new catalog.

Jackson Comfort Features

Four full elliptic springs
Long wheelbases
Large wheels and tires
Ten-inch upholstery
Extra roomy tonneau and forward compartment
Inclined seat cushions
Shoulder-high seat backs
Correct distribution of weight
Proper relation of these details, one to the other.

Jackson "Olympic"—$1500

Four cylinders, 35 horsepower; unit power plant; long stroke motor, $4^1_8 \times 4^1_4$ inches; 115-inch wheelbase; 34 x 4-inch tires. Complete equipment, including Disco starter. Black and nickel trimmings.

Jackson "Majestic"—$1975

(Illustrated)

Four cylinders, 45-horsepower; unit power plant; long stroke motor, $4^1_2 \times 5^1_4$ inches; 124-inch wheelbase; 36 x 4-inch tires. Electric starter and lights. Complete equipment. Black and nickel trimmings.

Jackson "Sultanic"—$2650

Seven-passenger. Six cylinders, 55 horsepower; unit power plant; long stroke motor, $4^1_8 \times 4^3_4$ inches; 138-inch wheelbase; 36 x 4^1_2-inch tires; demountable wheels and spare wheel. Electric starter and lights. Complete equipment. Black and nickel trimmings. Five-passenger, $2500.

New York Show—Jan. 11-18—Madison Square Garden, Space 111, Elevated Platform
Chicago Show—Feb. 1-8—First Regiment Armory, Space B-2, immediately to right of Michigan Avenue entrance

Jackson Automobile Company, 1110 E. Main Street, Jackson, Mich.

The motor truck is destined to cut a big figure on the farm. This truck is carrying a 10,000-pound load of hay to market

which is analogous to the breaking of the leg of a horse or the appearance in a stable of a dreaded disease like glanders. In other words, the auto truck can *always* "come back."

The handling of a machine is in many ways more satisfactory than the care of an animal. When the automobile truck is properly used and kept in good condition the work of the owner is done when he locks the door of his garage and he is a free man until it is necessary for him to take up his work again. On Sundays and holidays his time is his own, and during dull times when there is little work to be done, he is not required to give to a machine the constant care and attention which is necessary for the proper care of horses. During periods of heavy work he has at his command a tireless machine which is not affected by the extreme heat of midsummer or the cold and storm of the winter. It may be noted here that during two weeks of excessive heat in July, 1911, over 1,200 horses died of heat in the streets of New York. The increase in the last few years in the cost of feeding horses is another powerful factor in favor of automobile trucks.

The novelty of the motor truck in itself attracts attention, and will for some time continue to do so. Signs on the sides of the trucks which are carried over a wide range are considered by advertising experts to be one of the most effective means of advertising the owner as a progressive and energetic man who should be considered in connection with the handling of freight. In these days of stiff competition and rapid progress the value of such advertising is great.

The question of the cost of operating auto trucks is purposely avoided here, for the reason that general figures on this subject are not very satisfactory, because they cannot be properly used in the figuring of individual cases. Many cases occur where the use of automobile trucks is not economical as compared with horse-drawn vehicles. In some cases the electric vehicle should be used; in some cases the gasoline truck will give the most economical service.

ADAPTABILITY

THE service to be performed in each particular case must be thoroughly understood and each separate case should be carefully worked out.

As before mentioned, the operation of automobile trucks is economical where the conditions are suitable and the importance of the effect of conditions on the cost of operation cannot be overestimated. Cases which seem to be very similar at first sight frequently give very different results when carefully worked out.

In general the conditions which are favorable for the operation of an automobile truck are as follows:

That it should be possible to keep the truck in service the greater portion of the time.

That the truck be kept loaded to its full capacity while in operation.

That the time used in the loading and unloading of the truck be small compared with the time during which the truck is actually running

That no overloading of the truck be allowed.

That the truck be operated at normal speeds over fairly good roads.

That the handling of the truck when in the garage be under the care of a man who thoroughly understands his business. Such a man will make frequent inspections of each part of each truck and will detect faults when they first appear and will correct these faults by making adjustments or by making simple and inexpensive repairs which are possible at that time. A proper system of handling in a garage will also provide for the thorough overhauling of each truck at intervals determined by the amount of service required of the truck.

That the driver of the truck be carefully selected and trained for this work. The driver of the truck is undoubtedly the *most important* unit in the operation of a motor-truck system. He is in immediate charge of a comparatively large investment and is able to save expense to the owner by constant attention to the way in which he handles almost every detail of his work, such as in the careful running of the truck over roads, in the avoiding of ruts and small obstacles, in the way in which he uses the brakes, in watching the operation of his truck, and reporting immediately to the garage foreman the slightest indication of trouble.

In general the use of an auto truck with the capacity of three tons or more becomes economical when it does the work of from two and one-half to three double teams. As in any other business, success in handling of automobile trucks depends on *good management.*

With regard to the amount of time required for the loading and unloading of a truck as compared with the time that the truck is actually running, this is not always clearly understood, and has given rise to the general opinion that an automobile truck may be profitably used only in long-haul work.

Many cases occur in short-haul work where by the use of suitable methods of loading and unloading the time required for these operations is very small indeed and the truck is running practically all the time. An example of this kind is when sand or crushed stone is loaded in the truck from a hopper in a very few minutes and at the end of a short haul is dumped from the body of the truck in a time which is practically negligible. In such a case short-haul work becomes to all intents and purposes long-haul work.

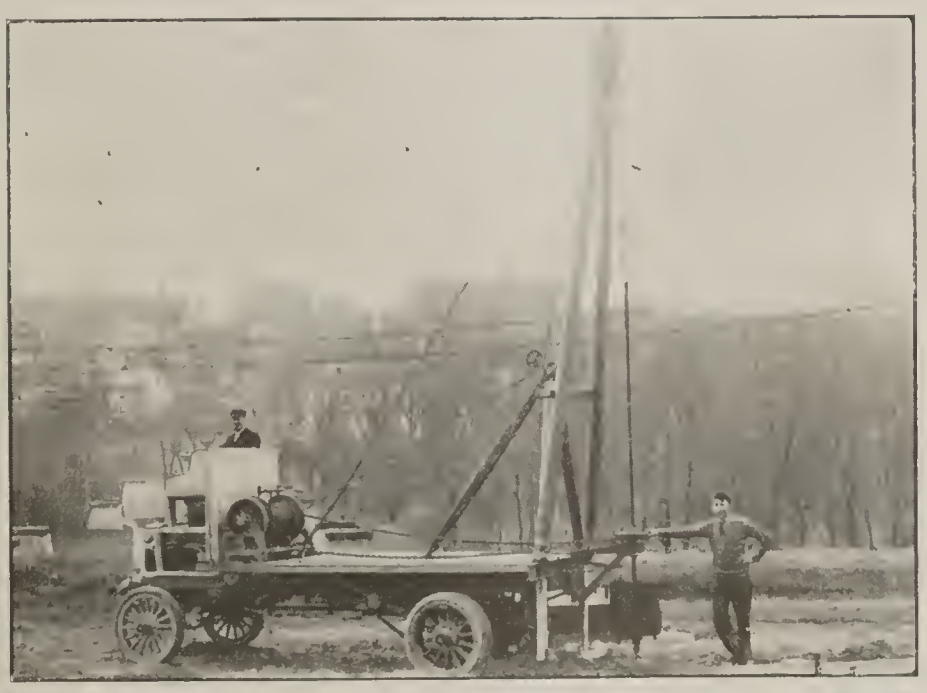
ECONOMY OF LOADING AND UNLOADING

THE importance of obtaining the economy which results from quick loading and unloading has resulted in the appearance of many devices for this purpose, most common of which are the machine-driven dumping device, the removable nest body, the jib crane mounted on the truck, etc.

The main points which should be weighed by any one contemplating the installation of motor transportation are as follows: *There is no one type of truck that will fit all conditions.*

Each case must first be worked out carefully to determine whether automobile trucks *should be used at all,* and if so what type of truck and what capacity and equipment would be the most economical in each instance.

The necessity of making careful studies of individual cases is so well recognized that the principal manufacturers of automobile trucks to-day have in their employ experts who are wholly engaged in making studies of the problems in transportation which are continually arising.



The versatility of the motor truck is in its favor; this picture shows a post-digging and setting attachment operated by the motor

These experts are at your service. They do not claim to understand your business as you do, but they do understand the effective conditions on the cost of operating automobile trucks; and if you will cooperate with them they will make a thorough investigation of your transportation problems and will submit accurate reports on the application of the automobile truck to your business.

If the automobile truck may be economically used in your business it will surely be so used.

If the automobile truck can be so used in your business, the result will be a wide increase in the range and importance of your business and a corresponding increase in the profits to you.

Is it not worth your while to assist in making these investigations?

In taking up this matter with any manufacturer you should of course proceed as you would in handling any other matter of business.

You can easily obtain information on the following points with regard to the manufacture of automobile trucks:

A heavily loaded truck carrying tents and baggage of the "Blue" army in the 1912 army maneuvers

What companies are manufacturing auto trucks on a large scale and have many trucks in successful operation?

What companies are financially strong and may be expected to be factors in this business for years to come?

What companies have the plants and equipment necessary for the manufacture of auto trucks and for the giving of good service to their customers?

Go to the companies who can satisfy you with regard to these points and you will find them *ready and willing* to investigate your conditions and to make *honest reports to you.*

You will find that such companies will not attempt to sell a large number of trucks to you irrespective of whether the conditions of your service warrant it.

You will find that, if they believe you can economically use automobile trucks, they will try to furnish you as nearly as possible the exact number of units of the type and capacity which you can most efficiently use.

The truck manufacturers' interest in the successful operation of any trucks which you may purchase from them is second only to yours. Even if it were possible for the motor-truck manufacturer to sell to you trucks which you could not use economically he could not reasonably expect to make such sales as would pay him in view of the injury which would surely result to his business.

The truck manufacturers want your cooperation and your confidence, and they intend to get both.

The soaring price of good horseflesh, despite the growth of the motor vehicle and the uncertainty of obtaining adequate animal motive power in the event of war, has turned the attention of Uncle Sam's War Department to the motor trucks. During the past three summers more or less practical tests have been conducted by the Quartermaster's Department to ascertain the value of the power vehicle for highway as well as cross-country transportation of supplies of war. Much progress was made in this direction in the summer of 1912, when thirty-day tests were conducted in the Middle West by the Federal War Department, and also week tests by the "Blue" and "Red" Army in the New England Army Maneuvers, the conditions of the tests being practically the same as the old mule-power teams are required to fulfill.

TRUCK VERSUS HORSE

THE feed consumed by horses in this country is a matter that will receive considerable attention during the next few years. The writer is somewhat of a farmer, and he knows that it takes three acres of land to raise sufficient produce to feed one horse. We cannot, or do not, eat horses, and they do not give milk, and therefore there is a constant economic waste in feeding this large quantity of food to an animal that can produce nothing in return, and that cannot work as cheaply or more cheaply than mechanical devices.

Such produce as cannot be made available for food consumption should be fed to cattle which give us our supply of milk and beef. It is estimated that there are 25,000,000 horses and mules in the United States, and if the proportion stated is carried to a conclusion it means that 250,000,000 persons could be fed by the acreage required to raise produce to feed the present supply of horses and mules.

It is a well-understood fact that a very large proportion of the transportation, hauling, and farm work can be accomplished by means of motor trucks at a great saving over the use of horses that do the same work. There is no doubt that the cost of feed will bring the average cost of operation down to a limit where the motor wagon will do the work as cheaply, if not more cheaply, than horses.

I predict that in twenty years 1,500,000 power-driven vehicles will be doing the transportation of this country, except in isolated cases. This is at the rate of 75,000 per year on an average. Surely the motor-truck industry has some future.

Mitchell

Take plenty of time for the Mitchell exhibit!

WHEN you see the Mitchell exhibit you'll understand at once that our whole idea in building the 1913 Mitchell line has been to give more *value* than you get in any other car. This has been accomplished without any sacrifice of the fixed high standard of material and workmanship maintained in our vehicle plants throughout the past 78 years. Whether it is the four-cylinder 40 at $1500; the six-cylinder 50 at $1850; or the big seven-passenger, six-cylinder 60 at $2500, you cannot get as much for your money in any other car.

The outward appearance—the proportions—of the 1913 Mitchell line—all five models—will give you the keenest pleasure. You will be delighted with the beautiful lines of the design; the simple elegance of the car in all its details; the effect of luxury given by the deep Turkish upholstery. Study carefully the refinement and perfection of workmanship, finish and equipment that have given the 1913 Mitchell the name of the American-built French car.

Something can be said here of the comfort of the Mitchell; the easy-riding that is assured by the long wheel base and French Belaise springs. But the biggest points of this unequalled car we'd like you to get for yourself at our exhibit; the things that make it pre-eminent in its class for power and silence, for strength, and safety, for convenience and dependability.

We would like you to find out for yourself how many automobiles of this price offer you the T-head motor, with 6 and 7 inch strokes, the *extra* long wheel base, complete electric lighting system and electric starter—each independent of the other. These are all in the Mitchell line.

Remember, all of this has been done without any relaxation of the most rigid standard of material and workmanship.

Also examine other cars carefully with the following unexcelled combination of Mitchell features in your mind: left drive and center control; Bosch ignition; Firestone demountable rims; rain-vision windshield; Jones speedometer; silk mohair top and cover; Turkish upholstered cushions; Timken front axle bearings; gauges on the dash to show air pressure and oil pressure; gauge in the gasoline tank which shows the amount of gasoline it contains; and a portable electric lamp which also illuminates the instruments on the dash.

All with T-head motor, electric self-starter, electric lighting system, and 36-inch wheels.

		Wheel Base	Stroke	Price F. O. B. Racine
7-passenger Six	60 H. P.	144-in.	4¼x7 in.	$2,500
2 or 5-passenger Six	50 H. P.	132-in.	3¾x6 in.	1,850
2 or 5-passenger Four	40 H. P.	120-in.	4¼x7 in.	1,500

For Canadian prices and name of nearest Canadian dealer, write to us.

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company, Racine, Wis.

Branches: New York Philadelphia Atlanta Dallas Kansas City London Paris

Looking Backward

The Influence of the Automobile Upon the "Funny Men" and Things Sociological and Mundane

By SIDNEY STRONG

Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff

I LOOK back over the evolution of the motor car and find that the automobile has become such a familiar object that small boys no longer throw stones at it, and a man can stop to adjust his lights without being advised to get a horse. Perhaps the most significant illustration of the way things have gone is to be found in the change that has come over the comic papers. Only a few years ago the professional humorist's conception of an automobile was of an object that refused to move. In the comic press of to-day the automobile is an object that moves so fast that it always runs into a tree. The difference may be expressed in another way. A few years ago the comic automobile always stood still, and the driver, holding a monkey wrench, lay on his back under it. To-day the machine is represented with its wheels in the air, and the driver sits dazed in a ditch with one of his legs in the lunch basket, and a spare tire around his neck. The manufacturers find such pictures extremely gratifying, because they bear out all the claims that have been made concerning the speed which the up-to-date machine is capable of developing.

I was fond of the old pictures, and it will be some time before I grow used to the new ones. The old spirit of romance is vanishing. Formerly the young people used to elope in a touring car, and were pursued by papa in a taxicab that broke down at the critical moment. The comic artists nowadays use aeroplanes exclusively for their elopement episodes. Or take the mutual relations of the automobile and the dog. Once upon a time the dog was invariably scurrying from under the wheels of the machine in a state of extraordinary panic; but in the pictures to-day the dog is inside the machine, by the side of his mistress, and an object of envy to crowds of eligible young men wearing the latest fall fashions and a look of blighted affection. Sometimes I think it is envy, and sometimes I think it is fear; for it requires moral courage of the very highest kind to be a small man sitting between a C. D. Gibson girl and a J. Montgomery Flagg bulldog in a Maxfield Parrish car. I miss that panic-stricken, yelping dog, just as I miss those eloquent male legs protruding from under a stalled machine. Artists must have loved to draw those legs; it meant such a saving of time, and there was no need to bother over facial expression. I miss the pictures of that amusing class of pretenders who went about in dusters and automobile veils whenever they traveled in the subway. They carried my mind back to the times when the funny men used to depict gentlemen in knickerbockers and golf stockings who never played golf. That, in turn, used to remind me of the people who wore yachting caps when they went by steamboat to Coney Island. Art is long in letting go of an idea that has proved commercially practicable.

To-day the machine is represented with its wheels in the air and the driver with a spare tire around his neck

I CAN only point out at random such other changes as I have noticed from day to day. A systematic treatise is not in my line. A celebrated German scholar is already at work upon a monumental history of the automobile, dealing with its origins, its development, and its effects upon society, the family, the cost of living, the public highways, national manners, politics, the temper of pedestrians, and divorce. The learned author will let nothing get away from him. Starting from the diminutive, four-toed horse of Eocene times, familiarly referred to as Eohippus, he will trace the equine descent through the ages till it terminates in the newest model automobile. On his way this learned German will take up the war horse of the Assyrians, the horse in medieval art, the horse in German cookery, the race horse, the horse ridden by the Grand Marshal of the Amalgamated Garment Workers on Labor Day, the dark horse and the wrong horse in American politics, etc.

There will be a special chapter on the automobile in Kansas. The subject deserves it. The world to-day holds few more gripping spectacles than that of the Kansas farmer engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the gasoline trust. The farmer has taken to the automobile because it has been a profitable invention for him from the beginning. During the early, unperfected state of the automobile he made part of his living out of it by hiring out his teams for hauling purposes and collecting damages on his poultry. His income from these sources, supplemented by occasional automobile fines as sheriff or justice of the peace, put him in the position where he could emerge from the class of the downtrodden into the class of solid citizens, as soon as the motor car had been made practicable. Such prejudice against the automobile as still persists among farmers is found entirely among the younger men, and is due to the fact that a motor car, unlike a buggy, cannot be driven with one hand. In the course of time this problem will undoubtedly be solved, and the farmer will be completely happy, except when he finds his feelings torn between satisfaction at realizing the high hopes entertained of him by William Allen White and regret at contributing to Mr. Rockefeller's already large income.

A few years ago the automobile was a novelty in politics. To-day, political campaigns are inconceivable without it. Thanks to the automobile, a candidate for Congress can travel two hundred miles and address twenty public meetings on the subject of high prices and poverty. In the same time that it took him formerly to prove to ten thousand workingmen that he is a friend of honest labor, he can now prove that he is the stanch friend of fifty thousand workingmen. There are disadvantages, of course. A Tammany repeater can now vote five times as frequently as before the automobile was perfected; and a Harvard professor has estimated that owing to the use of the automobile and the telephone the average city boss is on a position to retire to a country estate at least ten years earlier than he formerly could hope to, even with the utmost persistence and industry. But, on the whole, the advantages outweigh the disadvantages. Take woman suffrage, for example. Many an old-fashioned citizen who would have been shocked to see a woman speaking from the tail of a cart finds it quite a different thing to have woman demand her rights from the back seat of a tonneau. Such a citizen would probably be led to think that if the horseless wagon has proved a convenience, the new woman might also prove a convenience. There is no use in scoffing at the association of ideas.

A few years ago the comic automobile always stood still and the driver, holding a monkey wrench, lay on his back under it

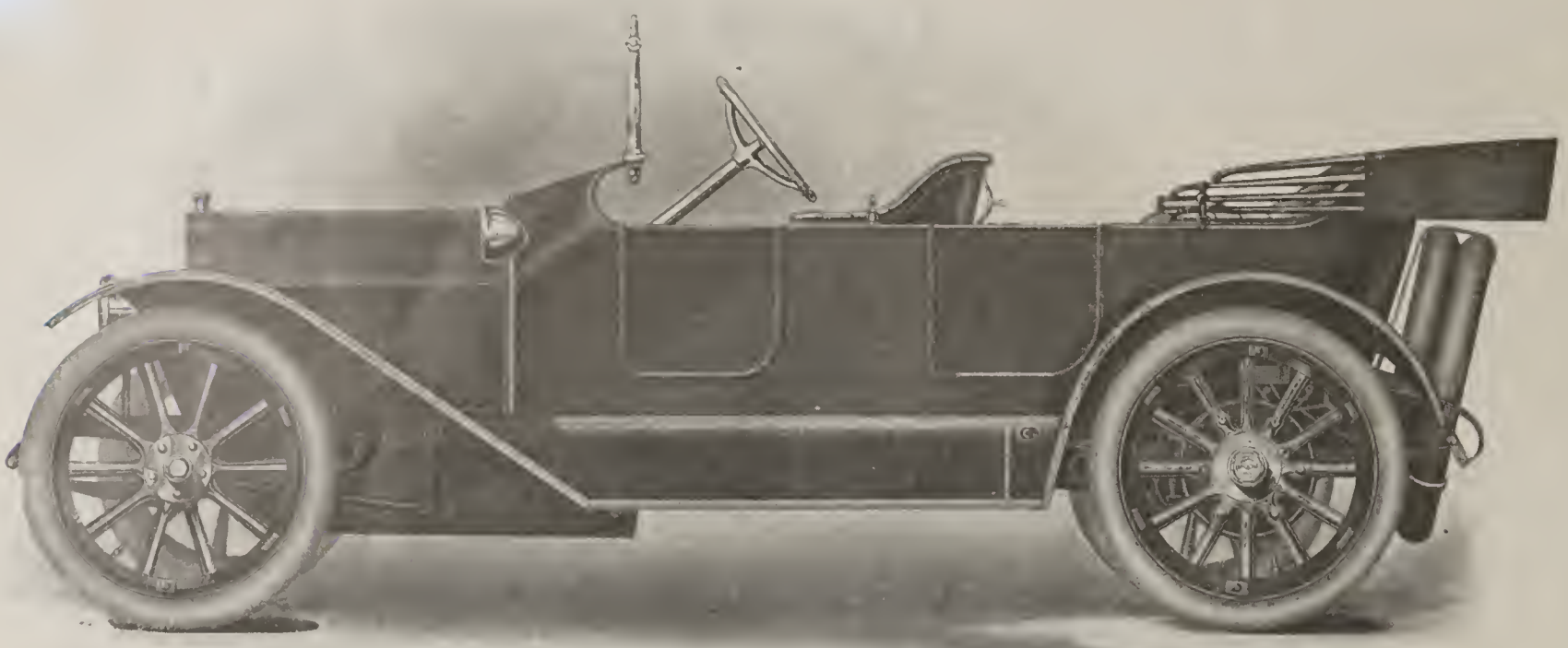
And that is the case with municipal government; where would we be without the automobile? Since the adoption of the motor car by the city departments, it is estimated that there has been an increase of three hundred per cent in the efficiency of the bookkeeping bureau in the comptroller's office, the bureau of marriage licenses, the weather bureau, and the management of the foundling asylums.

I can only touch upon the important part that is now played by the automobile in science, literature, and art. The automobile is now a recognized part of the unofficial curriculum in most of our universities, coming immediately after football and just ahead of the glee club.

The student of sociology who runs a car is in a position to supplement his classroom work by a personal study of Rathskeller and billiard-room conditions in our largest cities. The growing popularity of the automobile in medical circles is attested by the perceptible increase in doctors' fees. The stage villain who formerly wore a dress suit and cape overcoat and smoked a cigarette, nowadays wears a duster and leather cap; the heroine, needless to say, is as fair and spotless as ever. Playwrights were formerly compelled to put their male stars into a business suit in the first act and into evening dress for the rest of the play, thus creating a certain effect of monotony. The automobile coat has made possible the revival of the four-act play, since the coat can be removed in the second act, leaving the villain in boots and goggles.

I cannot leave this subject without a word of tribute to the rôle of the taxicab in modern society. It is a subject upon which few people can speak without emotion. The advantages of a college education can never be fully appreciated until a man has tried to figure out the legal fare from the theatre to his home on a rainy night. And that is one of the charms still left to foreign travel. Cathedrals and old masters are very much alike all over Europe, but the language on taximeter clocks is different in every country, and thus supplies an entrancing subject of study in which the greater part of the time allotted to Berlin or Brussels may be agreeably passed.

THERE was once a traveler who during a two weeks' stay in Paris had completely mastered the taxicab fares from his hotel to every point of interest in the city, such as the Moulin Rouge, the Bal Bullier, the Cafe d'Harcourt, the Quat'z-Arts, the Folies Bergere, etc. He could always tell beforehand what the charge would be, to a centime; but that was on condition that he kept his eye on the clock. Once, on his way to the Bal Tabarin, he leaned out of the window to see President Fallieres ride by, and, when he turned back, the clock had gained four and a half francs on him. Thereafter this disappointed traveler used to assert that while the shortest distance between two points has been defined by [illegible] the longest distance between two points may be easily ascertained by taking a meter cab. He also used to complain that the law in fixing the scale of prices for taximeters had failed to take into account the difference of weight in passengers. Thus the driver will always prefer to have a large, muscular passenger than two small, timid ones. If the small, timid ones are accompanied by a Lafayette Hazard, the fare depends entirely upon the early religious training of the [illegible]



1913 MOON 48 Torpedo

Completely Equipped, $1985

Powerful T-head motor—long wheelbase, 121 inches,
allowing exceptionally roomy and luxurious bodies

Electrically cranked and lighted

No Experiment—The MOON Electric Cranking and Lighting System is an original product, developed after years of experiment by the combined engineering forces of the MOON Motor Car Company and the Wagner Electric Mfg. Company. The latter company is the largest maker of small motors in the world, and enjoys the reputation of producing some of the finest electrical apparatus in America.

92 Revolutions a minute is assured on the coldest mornings. This means that the MOON Electric Cranker has enormous reserve power. Merely pushing a button starts the motor. When the engine picks up, the system automatically reverses, charging the battery without further attention. There is ample power for all the lights—in the storage battery.

Spins freely at zero—During the tests and experiments these engineers frequently refrigerated the engine to zero, tightening it up so that it was practically impossible for any man in the laboratory to crank it by hand. *Even* under these conditions the engine was freely spun by the Electric Cranker.

Only 2 wires are required to connect the starting unit with the storage battery, and the system is so simple that it makes no difference how these wires are connected up. There are no instruments on the dash, and no switches. The entire controlling mechanism is in the starting unit, which weighs but 60 pounds—this is remarkable.

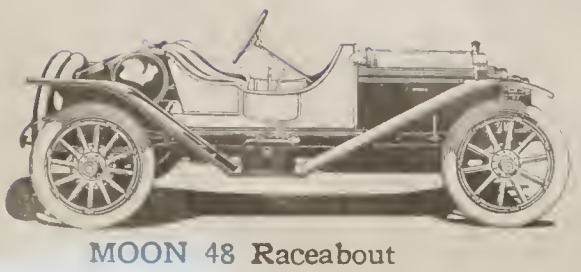
The same high engineering standards control every detail of Moon construction

1913 MOON 48 is furnished in all types of bodies,
and is completely equipped in every detail

MOON Motor Car Company

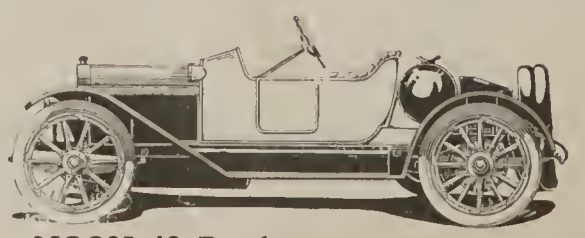
4414 North Main Street

Saint Louis, U. S. A.



MOON 48 Raceabout
completely equipped, $1985

MOON 48 Brougham Coupe
completely equipped, $2250



MOON 48 Roadster
completely equipped, $1985

An electric ladder truck of the Springfield (Mass.) Fire Department

A fire-engine truck used in demonstrating service in Boston

The Electric Vehicle in America

It Has Proved Its Great Usefulness and Its Future Is Limitless

By THOMAS C. MARTIN

THE man interested in the electric automobile, either as a commercial or a pleasure vehicle, looks to the coming years with optimism and confidence.

The extent to which the electric delivery wagon and truck have made good in the various branches of industry can be inferred from various lists published last spring, showing that a famous jewelry house in New York had twenty-one of them in operation, some of them having been in use ten years; that the two largest express companies had in operation nearly three hundred; that a St. Louis brewery had a fleet of over fifty trucks, a New York brewery forty-eight, and another seventy-two; that dry-goods stores were employing

An electric roadster able to go one hundred miles at twenty-five miles an hour without recharging

them by the score, and that the United States Government was acquiring them for use in the Philippines, for navy yards, and for the handling of mail. Two years ago there were only five electric trucks in Detroit, but last April one hundred and twenty-five were in service in that great center of automobile production, most of them with a two-ton rating. In Chicago within practically the same period the number of electric trucks has increased from eighty-one to four hundred. The Commonwealth Edison Company has refitted its largest garage so that it will take care of three hundred commercial and pleasure vehicles at one time. Last June over two hundred electric commercial vehicles were under order in Chicago and undelivered. There and elsewhere during 1911 one dealer in electric vehicles sold trucks to the total of $981,000. In New York City during the year ending June 30, 1912, the number of such vehicles increased 35 per cent. In St. Louis the central station revenue, from charging the batteries for such vehicles, has increased 37 per cent this year over 1911. When we come to the use of pleasure vehicles the prospect is simply unlimited. It seems but yesterday that the writer, with that versatile pioneer, Isaac L. Rice, jolted over the holes in the pavements of New York's streets in the only electric vehicle then in America, and with him wondered when there would be a thousand. The number to-day is up in the scores of thousands, with an annual output which apparently bids fair for some time to equal the gross number already in use.

Take, for example, Denver, where there is already one electric pleasure vehicle to every 217 inhabitants. Possibly this represents a fair "saturation," although even better records might be shown. The local central-station system, the Denver Gas and Electric Light Company, has made rates to private garages on the off-peak basis of $5 minimum monthly charge plus 4 cents per kilowatt hour over and above the minimum, with a 10 per cent discount. "Peak charging" raises the minimum to $7.50 per month. For public garages the rates are about 3 cents, with discounts based upon quantity. Early in 1910 the company established a department of electric-vehicle and storage-battery engineering, which has since done much to standardize garage practice, educate users in the proper care of equipment, assemble and utilize cost data, and promote cooperation among dealers. The company sells no vehicles directly, and maintains impartiality between the competitive makes in its territory. An attractive monthly publication is mailed free to all owners of pleasure and commercial electric cars and to local merchants owning and operating gasoline or horse-drawn vehicles and trucks.

THE ELOQUENCE OF FIGURES

IN JUNE, 1910, there were three commercial and four hundred and eighty electric passenger or pleasure vehicles in the city, which now has fifty-seven commercial electric vehicles in service or on order and eight hundred and fifty passenger or pleasure vehicles of the electric type in service. The vehicle demand on the central station calls for 2,160,000 kilowatt hours, yielding a revenue of about $64,800 per year. Repeat orders are coming in, and the estimated increase in the next two years is 300 per cent.

In Memphis, Tenn., progressive work, fairly typical of that undertaken in hundreds of cities all over the Union, has been done. A year ago there was not a single garage in the city where an electric could be housed. A considerable number of antiquated machines were in use, constantly in need of repair, representing a source of annoyance and expense to their owners. Finding that the adverse conditions were causing a decrease in the number of electric cars in service, the Memphis Consolidated Gas and Electric Company opened a garage, in its own name and under its own management, exclusively for electric vehicles. The company established fixed charges for its service as follows:

Full service, per month	$25.00
Full service less delivery, per month	20.00
Vehicle care and oiling, per month	10.00
Battery care, per month	7.50
Trucks, 1,000 lb. to 3,000 lb.; full service	20.00
Charging energy on above contracts, per kw. hr	0.05
Charging energy no contract, $1 minimum, per kw. hr	0.10
Dead storage, per month	7.50
Wet storage, per month	12.50
Single wash, day	1.00
Single wash, night	0.75
Battery and car labor, per hour	0.75
Single call or delivery	0.25

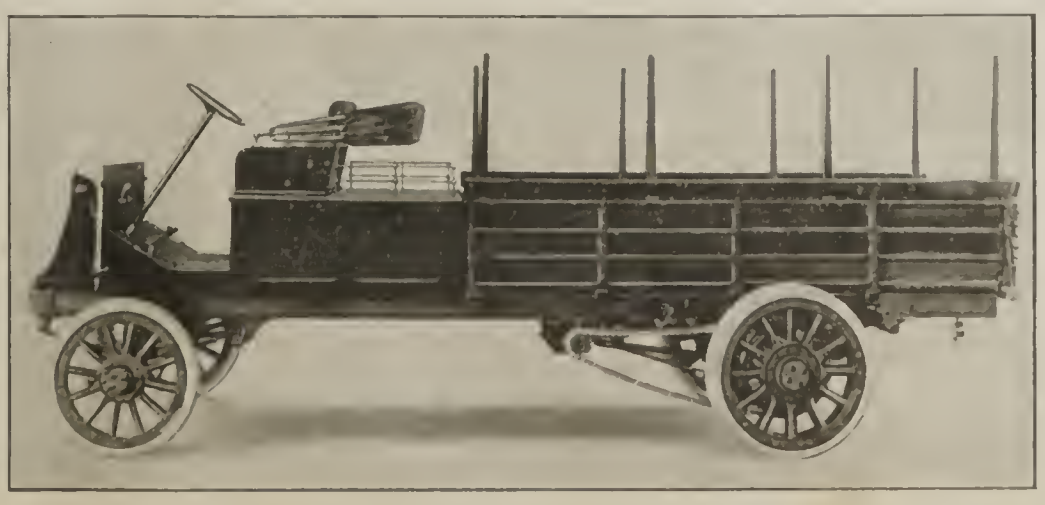
In eight months after opening this garage the company was forced to increase its floor area from 6,500

In Denver there is already one electric pleasure vehicle to every 217 inhabitants

square feet to 11,500 square feet. It now has twenty-six charging plugs and a daily energy consumption load of over 600 kilowatt hours. It is charging eleven commercial vehicles and thirty-four pleasure cars. All but two of the commercial machines have been placed in service since the garage was opened. Such data are striking when the multiplier is 6,000 central station systems, available all over the country to do the same thing proportionately to population served. And this is being done in many places at a much more rapid rate than at Memphis.

COST OF OPERATION

THE Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago, with thirty electric vehicles then in commission, made a report for the three years ending December 31, 1911. The average cost shown by elaborate analysis was 25.2 cents per car mile. The company has abandoned the purchase of horses, and early in the current year had sixty-eight electric vehicles in operation. The central-station company is a natural pioneer in its own field of automobile work, for the machines can deliver incandescent lamps, carry meters, haul line-construction material, assist in inspection and maintenance operations, help to thaw out frozen pipes, repair circuit damage, give special demonstrations of street-lighting effects, or even keep a free fan running in sultry weather at the home of some sick person. An example of such emergency work is shown in the display made last spring by the Dayton (O.) Power and Light Company at Trotwood, a little town south of the place that automatic cashiers come from. Desiring to secure a street-lighting contract, the company sent over its 700-pound electric truck, and fed the 75-watt series tungsten lamp hung up at a corner quite just as well as if it had a whole power plant back of it. The company got a 25-year franchise, a 10-year lighting contract, and a water-pumping contract, to the full measure. It need not be worried if [illegible]



The "short-haul" commercial business is where the electric is getting its strong grip, and for city work it seems impossible that there can be any superior

Detroiter

$850 Your Car at Your Price $900

Your car—serviceable above all; roomy, graceful, distinctive. Eager to work hard and able to stand it; mechanically right—with *long stroke motor, multiple disc clutch, full floating rear axle, platform rear springs, left-hand drive* and *center control.* The Detroiter motor, 25 h. p., ball-bearing throughout, is a special design of extraordinary power on any speed. The rear spring suspension is full platform, shock absorbing. Brakes are of tremendous grip. The rear axle, full floating, is doubly ample in sustaining power and houses a broad geared pinion that cannot fail.

Your Price The first cost is right; and the low after-cost is one of the biggest points in the Detroiter's favor. One gallon of fuel=20 to 25 miles; one quart of lubricant=75 miles; tire wear is minimized because axles *stay true* and tires are more than ample for the weight.

$850 **Standard Model A** costs $850. It is completely equipped, having top with Presto curtains and dust cover; wind shield; gas and oil lamps; generator; tire and repair tool kit and jack; horn.

$900 For $900, the Detroiter offers you in *addition* the following:

Standard Model A-1—

Prest-o-Lite tank; gas and oil lamps; quick detachable demountable rims; Stewart Speedometer, Model 26; tire irons; robe rail.

Standard Model A-2—

Electric light equipment (Exide battery, combination side and tail lamp; two large electric headlights); quick detachable, demountable rims; Stewart Speedometer, Model 26; tire irons; robe rail.

Road-ster **The Detroiter Roadster** is in two models, equipped as models A-1 and A-2. The price is $900. Its most remarkable feature is the enclosed, rain-proof, dust-proof rear deck with two compartments, ample to hold a pair of inflated tires and the biggest suit-case made. No tag ends anywhere. One of the handsomest cars made regardless of price.

New catalog of all Detroiter models is just off the press. Write to us or to our nearest distributor for your copy.

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South Dakota Motor Car Company

of the larger central station companies have large "fleets" of electrics in service.

Some special fields quite recently, beyond the realm of contemplation, also are being cultivated by the electric vehicle. One of these is that of the rural and agricultural districts. Of the 30,000,000 horses and mules in the United States, about 90 per cent are employed on farms, which thus get the most inefficient form of motive power the world knows, except it be that of men, for manual farm labor costs eleven cents per hour and animal only eight. But eight is bad enough, for mechanical energy costs much less, and electrical energy, especially from water power, can be had at from five cents downward to one cent per horsepower hour. To-day hundreds and thousands of farms in this country are therefore adopting electric power, and this in turn is directing attention to the electric automobile for haulage to market and many other purposes. The Boston Edison Company, with a service area of over 600 square miles, embracing much rural and agricultural territory, now has an electrical circus traversing these regions full of devices that can be operated from its circuits—milkers, churns, silo and feed cutters, hay hoists, pumps, woodcutters, while electric trucks illustrate what can be done under all the normal conditions of farm life.

THE ELECTRIC IN CITY LIFE

THERE are many special departments of work in urban life into which the electric vehicle is rapidly fitting itself just as the gasoline has done, such as hauling garbage, street sprinkling, inspection, police service, and fire duty. It is perhaps not appreciated how far the electric vehicle has already gone in these respects, both here and in Europe. As an example may be cited the experience of the Fire Department at Springfield, Mass., which has a variety of electrical equipment. Its ladder truck carries a total length of 325 feet in ladders and a crew of seven men, and has four three-horsepower motors and 80 cells of 17-plate battery, the truck weighing complete ten tons and making fifteen miles at full speed on a single charge. The truck has a guaranteed maximum speed of twenty miles per hour on a level roadway. The combination wagon carries a 40-gallon chemical tank, 200 feet of chemical hose, and 1,000 feet of regular fire hose. It is driven by four three-horsepower motors and weighs seven tons, having a speed guarantee of thirty miles an hour. Its battery equipment is the same as that of the ladder truck. On a 12 per cent grade, it has made a measured speed of twelve miles an hour. On a test run the ladder truck ascended a 12 per cent grade at a speed of eight miles per hour. Three new electrically driven hose wagons were ordered last year by the city authorities, in spite of the vigorous competition of local gasoline machine manufacturers having a strong foothold in the city. The cost of energy for the first month's service was only $3.78, and for the second month $7.77, the rate being about three cents per kilowatt hour. The initial cost of the motor-driven ladder truck was about $12,000. A first-class horse outfit costs about $5,500, but the annual cost of operation by horses is far greater than by electricity. Three horses cannot be maintained in a condition necessary for fire-department service on less than $1,000 per year. The cost of shoeing horses with the best rubber pads is at least $4 per month. The cost of electrical energy is noteworthy, and even if a life of only a single year should be obtained from the battery, there would still be a margin of nearly 100 per cent in favor of electricity. The electric-vehicle equipment can be handled more rapidly and safely on the streets than horses, quicker acceleration is possible, a higher average of speed can be maintained, and there are many incidental advantages.

It is needless to say that there is a constant evolution of new types of electric vehicles, both commercial and pleasure, approximating steadily toward a never-attained ideal of perfection, for in electricity the standards cannot "stay put." Last September, in the street parade of old cars given by the Chicago Automobile Trade Association, one electrical manufacturer had fourteen machines in line, showing his evolution since 1896, when the pioneer in a similar parade made 12 miles. Now an electric car can make over 100 miles on one charge. The writer has a machine which has covered [illegible] made over 107 miles around New York on one charging, with many miles still to go. A man in Oklahoma has a machine for which he claims nearly double that record. But if long haul is possible, and it so, why should not some one—everyone—take it? The "short haul" commercial business is where the electric is getting its strong grip, and for city work it seems impossible that there can be any equal or superior, whatever may be the basis of comparison. There, too, in the city is the supreme appeal of the pleasure electric vehicle for women, for doctors, for an infinite range of social service. And the variety of vehicles offered is also infinite—tiller steer, wheel steer, chain drive, gear drive, open body, closed body—and now machines in their life, as well as in their performance, emulate the best of the gasoline rivals.

EVIDENCES OF FAITH

THE electrical men have the faith which moves mountains, and every day the evidences accumulate of their intention to conquer in this illimitable domain. A sign of the times is the campaign waged during the past year by the Electric Vehicle Association of America to secure public attention. Many of the electric-vehicle manufacturers have advertised liberally; and some of the central stations, such as that in Boston, have not hesitated to spend as much as $100,000 a year in education of the public through the advertising columns of the daily press. But the association has gone beyond this, and Mr. Frank W. Smith, chairman of one of its committees, reports spending subscriptions from the members of over $40,000, in general but carefully directed publicity aimed at "prospects" of one kind and another, in the common cause for the common good. Of this amount from 101 contributors, 58 per cent came from central stations, 11 per cent from vehicle manufacturers, 31 per cent from makers of accessories. So effective has been the campaign that it is now proposed to spend at least $50,000 in a further effort this year. Could anything express more strongly the belief in the electric vehicle and its future?

The One

By EDWIN BALMER

Illustrated by George Wright

DUST-dimmed and fume-spuming, car No. 8 gatling gunned by on its sixteenth lap. Two more than half of the twenty-eight long, nine-mile triangles for the continental road race trophy were finished for three cars. Five others of the fourteen which started still were running; but engine trouble, tires, bad driving, lack of nerve, and a few accidents had put them back. Three only were running on the sixteenth round, of which ricocheting, tiger-striped No. 8 now was running third. But big "Happy" Hinman, as the world already had been told by the telegraph senders sputtering before us in the grand stand, was driving the race of his life; he was closing up on the leaders—and the probability that each time he passed us would be the last was greater with every lap.

"Come on! Come on! Go on! Go-o-on!"

"He's safe! He's coming again! He's all right! I can still see him—sa-afe!"

The alert, brown-haired girl, flushed and with blue eyes burning in triumph, was on her feet in her place in the row ahead of me and three seats to the right. The dark-haired, quiet girl, with pale cheeks glowing only in a bright, rose-colored patch, stood in her place in the row behind me and three seats to the left, watching with her big, dark eyes the turn in the road round which No. 8 had disappeared.

OTHER cars leaped out from the woods down in the other direction, caromed up from the road in their bursts of dust and burnt-oil haze. But those girls glanced toward them only if they seemed to be gaining; each time the man with the megaphone raised his great horn to his lips to announce the time of a lap, the cause of a car stopping or a disaster, both looked again to the point at which No. 8 had vanished, or, if it was nearly time for the car to be around again, they stared to the opening in the trees on the other side where the car would first appear.

And so complete was each one's absorption in No. 8 that neither yet had noticed the attention of the other. Hinman, when he had made them known to me, had said they had not met. He wished each to watch the race for herself. I, in between, was to watch them.

"I grew up with her," he said as he pointed one out to me. "Sometimes I think I can never care about anyone else. But then I met her," he said, indicating the other, "and other times I believe she's the only one I can make really to care. So you tell me what to do. I'm going to *drive* this race—not so much to win either of 'em, you understand, as to know for certain which one I should win."

At the edge of the trees from which the cars appeared on their way to the stretch before the grand stand, the soldier on watch waved his big red flag, the bugles blew "Car Coming," and a great green car scurried out from the trees and behind it, so close that they seemed to come together, another.

The green car bore a figure upon its radiator, more gigantic each second.

"It's Donnet in No. 6!" The crowd shrieked its delight at the driver and the car which had been running second. "And Hinman in No. 8 trying to pass!"

"Take the side of the road! You can make it! Don't let him hold you back! Oh, come o-on!" The girl on my right was upon her feet, all passion, all daring with him in No. 8. The driver of No. 6 was not turning out to permit the overtaking car to pass. He was trying for a few seconds more to deny the necessity.

"Don't try to pass him now!" I made out the supplication from the other side. "Wait just a second! The road's wider there!" They were almost to the wider, oiled, and smoothed racing way reaching before the stands.

But Hinman did not wait. With a squirt and scatter of pebbles, a yellow explosion of dust from under his wheels, he swung far to the side of the road. He toppled far over and slipped; but then his wheels bit. No. 6, in the middle of the road, tried by a more desperate spurt to avoid the pass; but No. 8 went by, swung in ahead of the green car, and cannonaded into the stretch in second place!

"Go on now! Go o-on!" the girl on my right sped him the ecstasy of her share in his triumph.

"He made it!" The other on my left gazed after him in thankfulness, the look in her eyes of a soul saved from torment.

"Eighteenth lap for car No. 8!" the announcer bawled at us through his megaphone. "Seven minutes, twenty-five and six-tenth seconds. The fastest lap yet timed! Car No. 8 is now running second, having a minute less elapsed time than No. 6, which it just passed." The cars had been started in order, a half minute between each. "Car No. 7 is still leading the race, being on this lap forty-seven seconds ahead of No. 8 and having started only thirty seconds ahead."

BUT at the nineteenth lap No. 7's lead was cut down to forty seconds, only ten actual running time ahead. At the twentieth round the difference was but thirty-five seconds—five seconds difference in time elapsed—as they boomed by the stand not half a mile apart, in plain sight of each other, with No. 7's mechanician looking back as he uselessly pumped oil, and No. 7's driver—Wolton—skewing like a lunatic into the turn with his neck for sale, and Hinman, a madman amuck at the driving wheel of No. 8, after him.

Once again, at that pace, Wolton somehow got around again, smashing all records, for the race, for the course—for any similar course in the world. But the new record he set was smashed in turn before it could be announced, when Hinman projectiled by just three and one-tenth seconds behind. So Wolton [illegible] the mark by one second and a half on the next lap, yet once more Hinman gained. No. 8 salved into the stretch and crossed the line just thirty seconds behind No. 7, running even in elapsed time. But [illegible] flag waved at the edge of the wood on the other

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THE more you know about the automobile — the more reasons you find for choosing a Marmon. It was the first American car to use side door and cast aluminum body construction, three point suspension, straight line shaft drive, positive force feed oiling through hollow crank shaft, pressed steel rear axle construction, double brakes on rear wheels, and many other features, now used in other high class cars. In the perfection of the best features of automobile construction as well as in their origin the Marmon stands foremost.

Complete information concerning the Marmon "32" and the Marmon Six, on request.

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again, and the bugles blew "Car Coming!" and No. 7 shot into sight, and everyone was standing and leaning to see how much more No. 8 had closed up, no second car came! The quarter mile, the half, the mile from the wood, No. 7 made alone, No. 8 not yet in sight. Wolton crossed the timing line in the same time as the last lap and went on to the turn, his mechanician looking back and shouting to him.

Everyone remained standing, silent or whispering in the suspense. Still no car appeared in the opening under the trees; the soldier with the red flag stood motionless; the bugles were quiet; only the telegraph instruments upon the pine table before the announcer, which brought word of disaster in other parts of the course, began clicking.

THE telegraph operator was writing, the man with the megaphone watching him. Slowly he lifted his horn; but before he could speak the brown-haired girl broke the suspense, confidently.

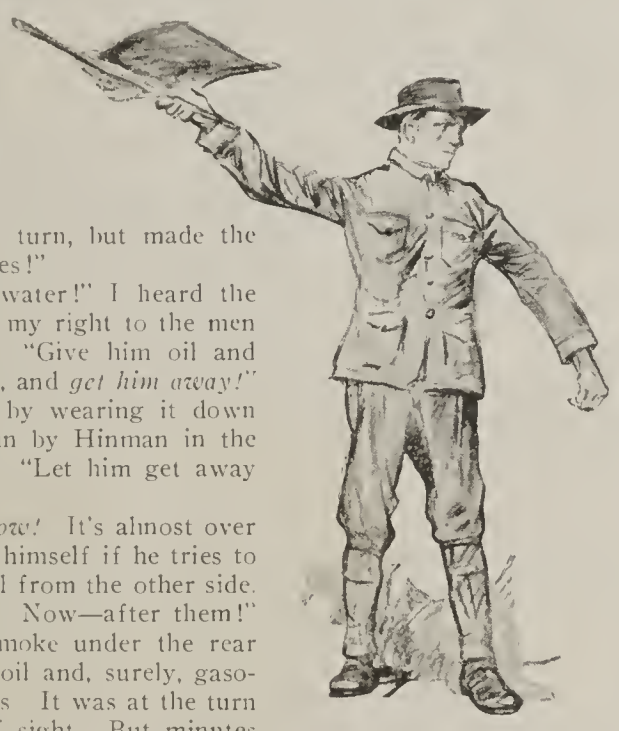
"There's something happened to block him. Or he's had engine trouble! That's all!"

The possibility that Hinman might have failed or that accident could have hurt him did not master her. I looked toward the dark-haired girl with the big, wide eyes.

"If he's only not killed!" I saw her white lips form the whispers rather than heard them. "If he's only not killed—that's all I ask!"

"Car No. 8," the megaphone man began, "threw a tire on the first turn on the other side of the course, and, keeping on without slowing, Hinman—"

The roar from the stand drowned his voice. At the end of the trees the red flag waved violently, as it would wave for only one car; the bugles blew; and out from under the shadow of the trees a wild, tiger-striped car, bearing its great 8 upon the radiator, plunged toward the pits before our stand, running on three bare rims, with a tire only on one forward wheel, Hinman holding the car grimly to the road, his mechanician with both hands above his head signaling their repair men.



"No. 8 is stopping at the pits for tires!" the announcer tried to make himself heard above the applause. "It threw a rear tire at the first turn, and the other rear and one front at the second turn, but made the round in eight and one-half minutes!"

"Oil! Give him oil, gas, and water!" I heard the frantic reminder from the girl on my right to the men screwing on three tires at once. "Give him oil and gas so he won't have to stop again, and *get him away!*" Car No. 6, which he had passed by wearing it down second by second in each lap, spun by Hinman in the pits and dashed triumphantly on. "Let him get away and—*after them!*"

"Oh, don't let him start again *now!* It's almost over and he's too far behind. He'll kill himself if he tries to catch them now!" It was the appeal from the other side.

"A-ah-h! They've got him off! Now—after them!"

The churning cloud of white smoke under the rear wheels told that No. 8 had taken oil and, surely, gasoline and water, as well as new tires. It was at the turn and now out of sight. But minutes had been lost—minutes on the twenty-third lap of the race, with but five more—forty-five miles—in which to regain them. Yet Hinman was driving to do it.

No. 8 went by, swinging in ahead of the green car and cannonaded into the stretch in second place

Setting a new record upon that round to smash by seconds in the next, he got back half a minute in two laps from No. 6; upon the next circuit—the twenty-sixth—he again passed No. 6 and was running second. He had gained upon No. 7 also, but Wolton was still minutes ahead. He had run without a stop, and there were but two laps left as No. 8 burst from the trees and crossed the timing mark for his fastest lap.

"Drive carefully! Oh, you can save yourself, and you're second now! You can't catch the other!

You'll only kill yourself!" I heard the protest from my left first this time; but then I got the other's admonition.

"Go on now! Go on and you can beat him! He hasn't stopped yet, so he'll have to! For oil anyway. Now's when he'll have to stop! Go on, and you can beat him!"

Hinman was around the turn away from us. A couple of the other cars, still running but no longer in the race, passed us; but no one looked at them. The girl on my right, who had just cried No. 8 on, was standing upon her chair; so also, to get first possible sight of Hinman, the pale girl with deep eyes and with little white fist convulsively clenched, was on her chair and staring.

No. 7, of course, came first into sight; but, as it cleared the trees, the mechanician had both arms in the air, signaling the pits.

"Oil! Oil and gas! He's got to stop! And there's one lap left!" I observed the wild triumph upon my right, and, looking at the other girl's face, I saw she knew what this meant for the last lap.

For Wolton stopped at the pits. Needing only oil and gasoline, he did not stop long, not so long as Hinman had to. Yet No. 8 was closing up so fast that Hinman was in sight as No. 7 was getting away; and we knew, as Hinman came down the stretch as the flag fell for the last lap, that he had seen No. 7 ahead and knew it was possible to win.

"Cars Nos. 7 and 8 are now on their twenty-eighth and last lap!" the announcer confirmed as we waited. "Car No. 7, having been started a half minute ahead of No. 8, must finish thirty seconds ahead to win. It left the pits fifty-two seconds before No. 8 passed!"

SO WE waited. Other cars came out from the trees, but no one cared for them. The soldier with the flag had ceased to wave for them; the bugles waited. We watched, all standing on chairs now, to see the first of the two cars come out from the trees, and to see how close the other could be. There was a silence, so complete that, after the other cars had gone by, we could hear beyond the trees the far-off, faint clatter of motor exhausts.

"Two cars—two cars together! I can hear them both!"

The soldier with the flag was waving it across and across; the bugles pealed and were lost in the cry from the crowds down the course.

The cars were coming, and they were coming together!

The radiator bearing the 7 showed first, but so close behind it, that it was pressing the other to give room to pass as they shot into sight, came No. 8!

At once, I saw, the situation flashed to both girls. Hinman already had won the race. Unless he drove that last mile so madly that he wrecked his car before he brought it across the finish, there was no way for him to lose. He was directly behind the car upon which he had a half-minute's advantage. Still he drove on to pass it, steering out to the side of the road where it was narrow and steep before the streteh.

"Don't try to pass!" I heard the anguish of the girl to my left. "You don't *need* to! Oh, you've won—anyway!"

"Pass him! Oh, *get* by him! *Beat* him in! Oh, come on!" I got it from the other side. And Hinman came. Again, at the same narrow place where he had passed No. 6, he turned out, his wheels squirting up gravel and slipping from the side of the road. He seemed to be turning over, but somehow—the pace itself saving him perhaps—his wheels bit before they slipped to the ditch. He was by No. 7, and coming on! He came into the stretch leading by a length—finished, flying, a full second ahead.

AND never had I seen such ecstasy as glowed in the face of the brown-haired girl as she saw him cross the finish line, not only winning but leading! The only expression to match it was upon the face of the girl on my other side as she watched him pull up after a half mile down the course and step unhurt from his seat. Then she fainted.

The people half mobbed Hinman, and had to make him appear for all sorts of applause and to receive every manner of trophy. But all the time he was trying to get to me.

"Well," he demanded as I faced him, and he swept every other consideration aside at once, "which one cares most about me? Who is it for me?"

"Why," I said, "it's perfectly plain. She's fainted. "Don't you see her?"

"Don't try to pass!" I heard the anguish of the girl to my left. "Pass him! Oh, get by him! Beat him in!" I got it from the other side

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Sales, 1912—918,678 Tires *Increase—125 per cent.*

Sales, 1911—409,521 Tires

1910—210,762

1909

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In all the records of tiredom nothing compares with this

That Tells Which Tire

What tire maker's claims can compete with this verdict—this final conclusion of the hundreds of thousands who have actually made comparisons?

Up to November 1st, these men had tried out 1,700,000 Goodyear tires.

And some 250,000 motorists, as a result, have adopted these tires on their cars.

Year after year sales have doubled. Last year's increase was 125 per cent. It would have exceeded 200 per cent had our output filled our orders.

Mark that overwhelming vote of the men who know. It denotes a new criterion on tires.

Men want to end rim-cutting, to save overloading. They are seeking, as you do, the minimum cost per mile.

And a mammoth plurality, to get these things, have settled on No-Rim-Cut tires.

Note the decisive decision. With some 30 tire makers contending for favor, close to one-third of all tire users now insist on Goodyears.

Count Them Anywhere

Note Goodyear tires at the Shows this year. Note what a percentage of the better cars are equipped with them.

You'll find no other tire, we think, on half so many cars.

Count them on the street—count them in salesrooms. Wherever you look, you'll find an amazing percentage favoring Goodyear tires.

Then think how the number is growing. There are now 10 times as many users as 3 years ago.

Where Will It End?

This trend, you see, is just getting momentum. Our sales last year by far exceeded our previous 12 years put together.

And the percentage of increase—125 per cent—broke every previous record.

That shows that tire users are selling these tires. The more we have, the faster we get new ones.

Men are measuring mileage, figuring tire upkeep, and they are telling the facts to friends.

At this ratio of increase, think what place these tires will hold in 12 months from today.

From Bottom Place

In 1905—after five years of tire making—we stood in the bottom place. We made then scarcely more than one per cent of the tires.

One of our rivals made 30 times as many. Two others together made 40 times our output.

But the next year—in 1906—our cost of replacement was 1.41 per cent. That broke all records on quality. On other tires the cost of replacement ran as high as 18.43 per cent. These are actual figures, based on royalty records.

Then men began to realize the Goodyear economy. Sales doubled every year. And for more than two years these tires have held the topmost place in Tiredom.

Car Builders Adopt Them

Last year, 122,000 new cars went out from their factories with Goodyear equipment.

This year's contracts with makers, at the minimum, insure Goodyear tires on nearly half of all the year's production.

Car builders, as you know, are the most experienced, most exacting buyers. They know which tires hold up best. They know which tires men want.

They are vitally interested—more than ever before—in cutting cost of upkeep for the automobile user. For this, above all else, affects the future sale of cars.

These men have compared tires on thousands of cars. The result is, they will use about as many Goodyears this year as all other tires put together.

8,000 Tires Daily

We are building now to bring our output up to 8,000 tires a day. This will enable us to completely equip 600,000 cars per year.

We shall be doing that, before many months, if the records of the past continue. And that will mean that an amazing percentage of the cars then running will have Goodyear tires.

Let Yours Be One

In the light of these figures, we ask you for a test. Make it for your own satisfaction.

These legions of experienced car makers and users are not making mistakes about tires. They are not coming in this way to No-Rim-Cut tires without a reason for it.

They seek what you seek. They are getting what you want. Together they are saving on tire cost, we figure, a million dollars monthly.

Go see the tires. One glance will tell you how the saving very largely occurs.

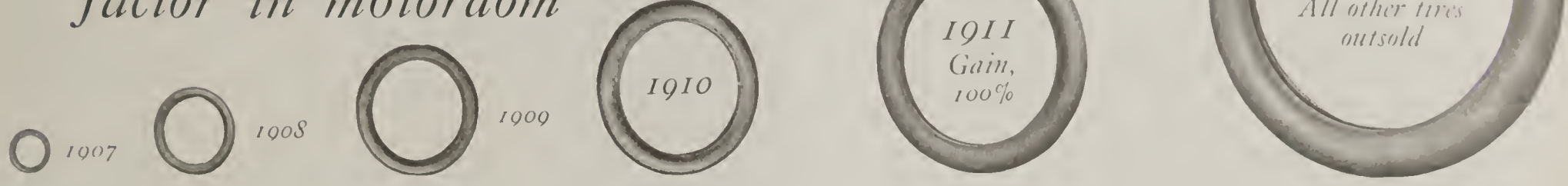
GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

In 1906 a speck on the horizon
In 1912 the biggest
factor in motordom



Done by Mileage Tests

For years and years we have built tires solely by the mileage test.

And motorists are coming more and more to the making of mileage comparisons.

They are keeping records. They know the service rendered. They know how tire bills differ with the various types of tires.

These records only—kept on countless tires—have brought to us this avalanche of trade.

Note that this trend toward Goodyears began with the vogue of odometers.

It came with the invention of No-Rim-Cut tires, made 10 per cent oversize.

It grew and grew as men told others how these features cut down tire upkeep.

Make no mistake. Motorists cannot be hoodwinked. Nothing in the world accounts for Goodyear popularity save the lessened cost per mile.

The Telltale

For many years we have used the odometer to tell us how to better tires.

We built in our factory a tire-testing machine, which wears out tires—four tires at a time—under every road condition.

Every new method or fabric or formula has had to win out in this mileage comparison.

The odometer told our shortcomings. It marked our improvements. It made constant comparisons, right in our factory, with the mileage of rival tires.

And it told the same story to tens of thousands of men who were driving cars.

We knew what the story would be. And we knew that the story, told over and over, would do what it since has done.

Stop and Consider

In buying a new car, or buying tires for an old car, stop and consider this.

Tire upkeep is the main expense on cars. And half that upkeep, at the least, depends on your choice of tires.

Old Types and New

Old-type tires—clincher tires—rim-cut when wholly or partly deflated. Every motorist knows that.

Rim-cutting often wrecks a tire in a moment, after a puncture occurs. And the ruin can't be repaired.

Statistics show that this damage occurs on 23 per cent of all old-type tires.

No-Rim-Cut tires—our patent type—wipe out this loss entirely. These tires will never rim-cut.

So we save you in this way an average waste of 23 per cent.

Another 25 Per Cent

No-Rim-Cut tires, in air capacity, are 10 per cent over the rated size. Under average conditions, that oversize adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

It means an over-tired car. It takes care of your extras. It saves the blow-outs due to overloading.

These two visible features mean an average saving of 48 per cent.

Let it go at that. You'll learn the rest when you come to make mileage comparisons. No-Rim-Cut and oversize are features that you can see.

Go see them at the Shows, at any Goodyear branch, or with any Goodyear dealer. Without our sales figures, one glance will tell you that these are the coming tires.

Our 1913 Tire Book—based on 14 years experience—tells a hundred ways to cut down tire cost. Ask us to mail it to you.

The Winter Tread

The Last Word in Non-Skids—Double-Thick, Deep-Cut, Immensely Enduring—a Bulldog Grip

Another point where we've reached finality is in this ideal Non-Skid tread.

Not a mere corrugation in the regular tread. It's an extra tread, very thick and tough, vulcanized on to the regular.

So thick that the blocks are cut deep. So tough that they last for thousands of miles.

These sharp-cut blocks present to the road surface countless edges and angles. On any road or pavement they insure a firm grip.

Each block widens out at the base, so the strain is distributed over the fabric the same as with smooth-tread tires. Non-Skid tires, without this, have proved very short-lived.

Note these advantages—the tough, double-thick tread, the deep-cut blocks, their irresistible grip, their distributed strain. Compare these wanted features with the common non-skids. You can see why these treads, now we have them perfected, are fast superseding all other devices.

In wet weather or winter, at least every rear wheel should have these efficient Non-Skids.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

Courtesy St. Louis Post-Dispatch

An Automobile Sprinkler

The automobile sprinkling cart in the photograph has a cylindrical steel tank with a capacity of 1,400 gallons. It can be operated at a speed of 15 miles an hour and will do the work of five of the usual horse-drawn carts. Instead of throwing water from behind, the water is thrown frontwards

An Automobile Home

This privately owned automobile has a touring capacity for nine passengers and two servants. It is fitted with one stateroom equipped with sleeping berths for five persons and with another having accommodations for four. A kitchenette is in the rear of the car. The length of the body of the car is 25 feet. In lockers underneath are carried planking to strengthen weak bridges, blocks, tackle, tools, and four emergency gasoline tanks

A Coast-to-Coast Highway

Old Cumberland Road through the Narrows, Cumberland, Md.

Bridge on the Cumberland Road over the Castleman River

Part of California's first State highway at San Jose

By LEE SHIPPEY

THE National Old Trails Highway Association, the Daughters of the American Revolution and the automobile manufacturers have decided on May, 1915, as the month in which a modern highway across the United States from coast to coast shall be ready for dedication, and there is good basis for the belief that their plans will succeed. The honk of the motor car has awakened every section of the country to the value of good roads, and in every State great forward strides have been made, particularly in the last two years. Thirty-seven States have State-aid road laws, and the number will be increased when this winter's sessions of the legislatures are over. The entering wedge for national aid has been secured, the Sixty-second Congress having appropriated five hundred thousand dollars for aid on post roads and twenty-five thousand dollars for a Congressional commission to consider plans for national aid. And it will be a surprise to those behind the movement if the Sixty-third Congress does not give the aid which will make certain at least one great national highway.

A highway across the country has been the dream of those who love the open road since the nation's infancy. When Ohio was admitted as a State in 1802 the agitation for a road to connect the headwaters of the Ohio River and the Atlantic began, and that year President Jefferson approved a bill providing that such a pike be surveyed to Cumberland, Md. In 1805 Congress authorized the President to appoint a commission to map a road over the mountains, its ultimate goal being St. Louis. Jefferson appointed Thomas Moore and Eli Williams of Maryland and Joseph Kerr of Ohio, and in less than a year these men did their work so well that their recommendations were accepted, and the old Cumberland Pike remains to-day a monument to their judgment.

EARLY HISTORY

CONSTRUCTION work on this road began under the direction of the War Department in 1808, and continued until 1837. It was then turned over to the States. Then the building of railroads to the westward made the need of such a road less urgent, with the result that this dream of our forefathers still is unrealized, though the day of realization appears to be near and certain.

It is most probable that the National Old Trails Highway will be the first ocean-to-ocean road completed. It forms the southern half of the "round-trip" highway logged by Thomas W. Wilby for the United States Office of Public Roads in the autumn of 1911, and was indorsed by the American Road Congress in Atlantic City in October, 1912. A greater part of it than of any other route is improved, and the States and counties all along it are bettering it constantly. It is scenically beautiful and rich in historic interest. It is centrally located and will have the support in Congress of one hundred and eighty-seven Representatives and thirty Senators from the States through which it passes. It is the route most favored by the Daughters of the American Revolution, which organization is planning a pilgrimage over it to the Panama Exposition. And the National Old Trails Highway Association, both through its State Departments, and as a whole, is working persistently both for local improvements and national aid.

Building rock road on the Santa Fe Trail, near Lexington, Mo.

The Old Trails Association was organized in Kansas City, April 18, 1912. Its objects are "to assist the Daughters of the American Revolution in preserving historic trails," and to link in one highway the Braddock Road, the Cumberland Road, the Boon's Lick Trail, the Santa Fe Trail, and "the most historic and scenic trail from Santa Fe to the Pacific Coast." It started out to secure one hundred thousand members, the membership fees to go to a fund for improvement of the highway. Already nearly two hundred and fifty thousand members have been enrolled, and in every State the list is growing. Seventeen State organizations are affiliated with the association, and these are working for good road laws, State aid and county, township, and road district bonds. An idea of how they are working can be gained from Missouri, in which twenty road districts and two townships have voted bonds in the last two years. Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico began working for an improved Santa Fe Trail a year before the national association was organized.

The traveler on this highway will follow the westward march of civilization. While it is intended that it shall be connected with New York, either by the Quebec-Miami road or otherwise, the Old Trails Highway proper will begin with Braddock's road, surveyed by George Washington and cut through the wilderness by General Braddock. At Hagerstown, Md., it will intersect the Lincoln Memorial Highway, leading from Washington to Gettysburg. To St. Louis it will follow the Cumberland Road, which carried civilization to Indiana and Illinois. The Boon's Lick Trail from St Louis to Old Franklin, Mo., was blazed by Daniel Boone. From Old Franklin the Santa Fe Trail led adventurers, settlers, and traders to Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico. From Santa Fe the highway will pass through the painted desert, the petrified forests and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado to the magnificent State highways California is building.

WESTWARD HO!

THE Cumberland Road was completed as far west as Vandalia, then the capital of Illinois, by the Government. It was established eighty feet wide, sixty feet of which was paved with broken stone, and Henry Clay pronounced it "the finest road in the world." Many of the original milestones are in perfect condition still, and most of the stone bridges are as solid to-day as when they were built. At Cambridge, O., a covered wooden bridge, built in 1823, still is in service. In every State through which it passes the work of making a modern highway of the old road is in progress, but when it is complete the motorists will drive in safety over many of the same bridges crossed by the pioneers.

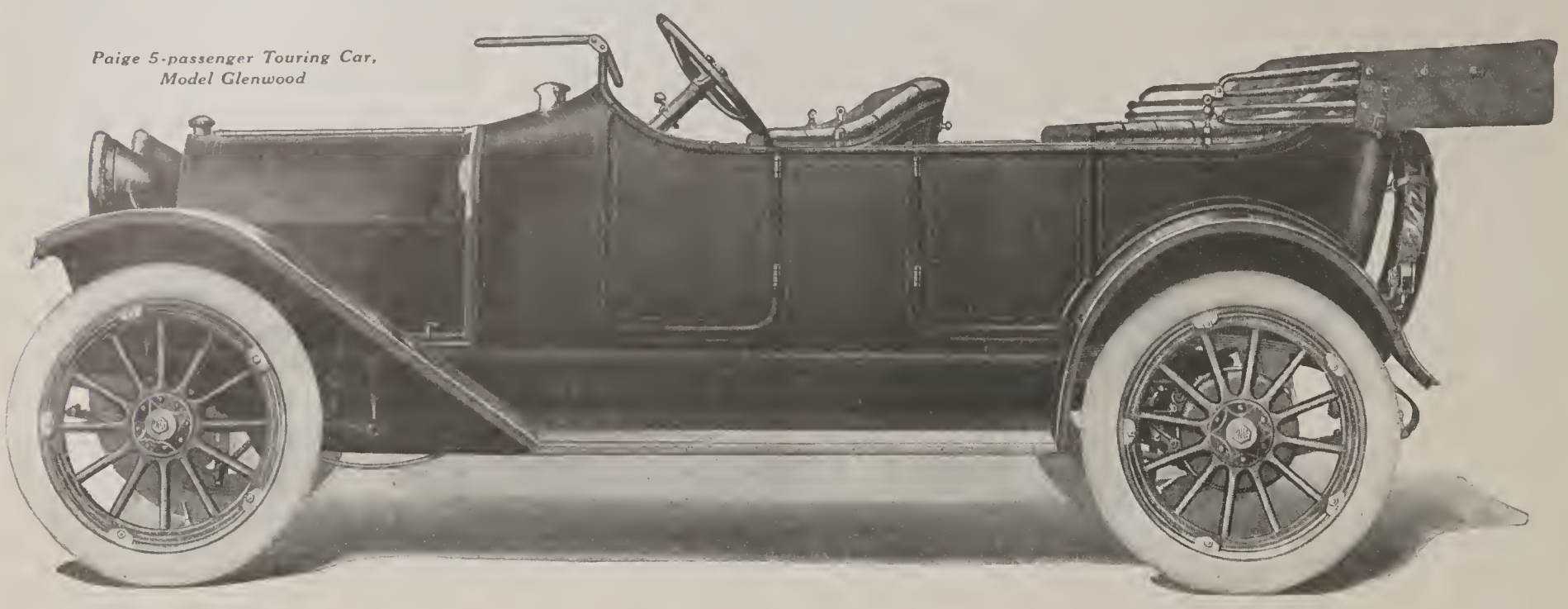
Monument to Clay in recognition of his efforts for a national highway

The next link in the Old Trails Highway, the combined Boon's Lick and Santa Fe Trails, has more than one thousand miles of good road, though not of permanently improved road. Missouri has made a good start toward a hard-surfaced cross-State pike, and the rest of its State highway is as good as earth road can be made. Across Kansas the Santa Fe Trail is a well-maintained earth road for the most part, but the counties have begun voting bonds for permanent improvements. In Colorado and New Mexico a wonderful mountain boulevard is being constructed, both States using convicts in the work. Arizona is doing its best toward a State highway system, and the work in California has been mentioned. Though all these States have been working for better roads locally for several years, the fact that no organized effort for the ocean-to-ocean highway was made before April, 1912, makes the progress toward it impressive.

Manufacturers of automobiles and automobile accessories are collecting a fund which will insure the completion of this road or whichever one of the [illegible] their plans are successful. At a dinner in September 10, 1912, it was proposed that [illegible] manufacturers and dealers be called on to contribute

The National Road double-drive wooden bridge near Cambridge, O.

You Men Who Are Going to Buy Cars This Year—See What This Car Offers



Paige 5-passenger Touring Car, Model Glenwood

Gray & Davis Electric Starting and Lighting System

Left Side Drive

Center Control

PAIGE 36

116 in. Wheel Base
34 x 4 in. Tires

Silent Chain Driven Motor Gears

Cork Insert Clutch
4 x 5 in. Motor

$1275

DOES ANY OTHER CAR in the Paige price field offer you the famous Gray & Davis Electric Starting and Lighting System? Possibly, but look it up. See if they do. Several of the $3000 to $5000 cars do, and they *feature* the system. The Paige "36" chassis was *designed* for the Gray & Davis system. It is a *part* of the car.

This car is a revelation in motor car building. No other manufacturer is building such a car to sell at such a price. Maybe later, but not for this year. The Paige "36" is a *next year's car*—ready for delivery now.

Extraordinary as the design and equipment are, the Paige should be considered first just an automobile. And just as an automobile—a dependable, comfortable, handsome automobile—a car of *good materials,* correct construction and fine workmanship—a car that's *always on the job*—the Paige has *earned* high rank.

Any Paige owner—and they are almost *everywhere*—can tell you what a car, *just as a car,* the Paige has *proved* itself

Study Paige design; consider the Paige motor, famous because we have *never* let a Paige motor that wasn't absolutely *right* leave our factory; read carefully what the word *equipment* means when it is Paige equipment; take an expert to see the Paige car and hear what he says; then decide what car you want.

Paige "36" offers five types of body from which to choose *your* car: 5-passenger Touring Car, Model Glenwood; 3-passenger Roadster, Model Westbrook; Raceabout, Model Brighton; 4-passenger Coupe, Model Montrose; 5-passenger Sedan, Model Maplehurst.

Design and Construction

Left Side Drive, Center Control.
Silent Chain Drive for Cam Shaft, Pump and Generator (enclosed).
Cork Insert Multiple Disc Clutch.
116 inch Wheel Base.
4 x 5 inch Motor, cast en bloc.
Unit Power Plant.
Enclosed Valves.
Selective Type Transmission.
34 x 4 inch Tires, Demountable Rims.
Floating Type Rear Axle.
Full Elliptic Scroll Rear Springs.
14 x 2 inch Brake Drums.
Imported Annular and Hyatt Roller Bearings.
Aluminum Cast Crank and Transmission Cases.
Gasoline Tank under Shroud Dash.
Gas and Spark Controls on top of Steering Wheel.
Dash Adjustment for Carburetor.
17 inch Steering Wheel, Irreversible Gear.
Rear Door 21 inches wide; Front, 19 inches.
10 inch Upholstery, Deep Tilted Cushions.
Long, Clean, Linoleum Covered Running Boards.
All Dash Equipment, Speedometer, Ammeter, Carburetor Adjustment, Magneto and Lighting Switches, etc., imbedded in Auxiliary Dash, Convenient to Operator.

Equipment

Gray and Davis Electric Starter.
Gray and Davis Electric Lighting System (generator and electric motor in separate units, storage battery and all connections, switches, etc.)
Bosch Magneto.
Ventilating Wind Shield, built into body.
Silk Mohair Top (tan lined) Side Curtains and Boot.
Stewart Revolving Dial Speedometer.
Heavy Nickel Trimming throughout.
12 inch Electric Head Lights, Parabolic Design—black enamel and nickel.
5 inch Electric Side Lights, Flush in Dash, Crystal Cut Lens.
3 inch Electric Ruby Light at Rear.
34 x 4 inch Tires.
Five Demountable Rims.
Adjustable Foot Rest.
Nickel Robe Rail.
Extra Tire Irons.
License Brackets.
Horn, Pump, Jack, Tools, Tire Repair Outfit, etc., Complete.

PAIGE 25—$950

For those who want a car smaller than the Paige "36", our 1913 line offers the Paige "25", a car value—price considered—just as remarkable as the "36".

The Paige "25" is a car of *proved* success. Even lacking some of the refinements and some of the equipment of this 1913 model, the Paige "25" last year established sensational success.

Careful construction, and *real* workmanship, made this car a leader in the thousand dollar field.

For 1913 we offer the two most popular body types of Paige "25", Model Brunswick, 5-passenger touring car, $950, and Model Kenilworth, a snappy, graceful roadster, $950.

The price—only $950—seems *impossibly* low when you consider the car and its equipment.

Paige "25" is regularly equipped in nickel trimming with rain-vision windshield, silk mohair top, top boot and curtains, Stewart Speedometer, 5 nickel and black enamel lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, 5 demountable rims, extra tire irons, horn, pump, jack, tools, etc.

See the Paige 1913 Models at the Shows—but write for handsome catalog today.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 351 Twenty-first Street, DETROIT, MICH.

one per cent of their net earnings for the year to a fund for a highway from New York to San Francisco. The argument that "one good road begets another" was made, and Carl G. Fisher and J. A. Allison, who originated the idea, declared that one such highway would automatically result in the building of so many good roads that the dealers and manufacturers would profit largely by the one per cent investment. Three hundred thousand dollars was pledged at the dinner, and many other contributions have since been secured, one of them a guaranteed donation of three hundred thousand dollars from the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. Ten million dollars is the sum the manufacturers are trying to raise by this plan.

But if the Old Trails Highway is the first road to be completed across the country, it will not be the only one for long. Fifteen interstate, national or international associations are working for better roads in this country, besides the American Society of Civil Engineers, the National Grange, the Farmers' Union, the Rural Letter Carriers' Association, the Congress of Mothers, the Southern Commercial Congress and the Travelers' Protective Association. The National Highways Association is demanding Federal aid for 51,035 miles of connecting and intersecting highways to reach every section of the country, with Northern, Central and Southern roads from coast to coast and Atlantic, Pacific and Mississippi roads from North to South, connected by thirteen trunk highways and forty link lines.

That several interstate and national highways will be built whether national aid is given or not, however, is practically certain. The California link in the road from San Diego to Vancouver is assured, and the Pacific Coast Highway Association is working for bond issues for its completion through Oregon and Washington. The whole of the "circular" highway running from New York through Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Cleveland, Chicago, Des Moines, Omaha, Cheyenne, Salt Lake and Reno to the Coast, and returning to New York by way of the Old Trails, has been materially improved since it was suggested by the Office of Public Roads last fall. In Utah one hundred miles of mountain road around the northern end of the Salt Lake is being improved by bond issue. In Wyoming

The Santa Fe Trail near Wellsville, Kans.

old stage trails have been marked and put in condition for motor travel.

In the East the Quebec-Miami International Highway Association is doing splendid work, and State highway systems are being developed all along the Atlantic Coast. The objects of this association, besides the building of a modern highway from Quebec, Canada, to Miami, Fla., are to strive for wise, equitable and uniform road legislation, scientific local road systems, and the utilization of convict labor. The latter purpose is especially noteworthy. The experience of every State which has tried it goes to show that good roads can be built by convict labor at little expense to the taxpayers, and that the outdoor work is good for the physical and moral health of the prisoners.

Nowhere is the progress for good roads more impressive than in the South, which until recent years was noted for bad roads. The Crest of the Blue Ridge Road is being built through Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, and Tennessee without national, State, or even county aid. Public-spirited men who believe the Appalachian scenery cannot be surpassed are contributing the money. A highway from New Orleans to Mobile also is projected, and an earnest movement for better roads is apparent everywhere. More counties in Texas have voted road bonds in the last two years than in any other State, with Ohio second and Tennessee third. North Carolina has more local road improvement organizations than any other State, with Georgia second, and Ohio third. The United States Office of Public Roads has found the South as a whole more responsive to its efforts for better roads than any other section, except that the States of Georgia, South Carolina, Mississippi, and Arkansas have not yet created highway departments. It is a difficult matter for any State to build up a scientific system of roads or get best results for the money spent without the aid of such a department.

The widespread demand for better roads is shown by the fact that fifty road bills were introduced in the Sixty-second Congress by Senators and Representatives from every section of the country, and it can be presumed they were acting in deference to the sentiment of their constituencies. This demand for better roads necessarily is resulting in the improvement of local roads first of all, and the era of good roads is bringing more comfort, more sociability and more prosperity to the farmer as well as more pleasure to the motorist.

Motor Car "Don'ts"

By A. C. JOHNSON

THE man who aspires to become a motorist will find himself from the very beginning on a small island of Possibility, completely surrounded by a sea of "Don'ts." No other sport presents so many problems for the solution of the neophyte as does motoring. The solutions of some of these are obvious enough, while others can only be arrived at through the bitter teaching of experience or the advice of those who have been through the mill.

Even before you become possessed of the first requisite of the motorist, a car, the most serious problem of all presents itself.

Thus we come to the first Don't.

Don't be guiled into buying a second hand car without taking expert and unprejudiced advice in the matter. While the judicious buyer of a second-hand car can get more than his money's worth, the man who rashly buys a used machine more often than not finds himself in possession of something fit only for the scrap heap. Put it down as an axiom: Never buy a second-hand car without first taking it down. If you cannot perform the operation yourself, and few can, pay some one whom you can trust absolutely to do it for you. You will never regret spending the money. Even after you are sure that your used machine is in good condition, be sure that you are getting something besides the bare car. Remember that while the price may seem low, by the time you have purchased essential accessories, to put the car in running order, you will have added a tidy sum to the first cost.

On the other hand, if you eschew the second-hand car and go direct to the agents for a new machine, don't be in a hurry.

Don't, if there are only two in your family, while the man next door has a houseful of children, buy a seven-seated touring car.

Don't select a car by the color of its enamel.

Don't forget to ask questions and don't let the salesman answer them in blank verse. Pin him down to facts.

Don't be too proud to accept the advice and assistance of a well-posted friend. On the other hand, don't allow advice to smother your own judgment.

After you have purchased your car—

Don't imagine that it is possessed of a chrome steel constitution and absolute immortality.

Don't forget that what castor oil is to a baby, lubricating oil is to a car. Learn to know the noise of your motor as a mother understands the cry of her baby, also inject the remedial oil.

Don't begrudge a hard-working motor plenty of fodder—beg pardon, gas. In exact proportion to the work returned will be the consumption of gasoline.

Don't despise a tiny gasoline leak. Trace it to its source as you would follow the footprints of a man who had stolen your last dollar.

Don't be carelessly familiar with your gas tank. After the gasoline has been drawn out, a highly inflammable gas remains that often blows up the unwary tinkerer with a leaking tank.

Don't use the same funnel for giving your motor a drink of water and a "feed" of gasoline. Disaster lies that way.

Don't use a dirty funnel. If it has accumulated a layer of soil, take a minute to clean it out thoroughly.

Don't run away with the idea that the most plentiful supply of gas can do its work without a good ignition system.

Don't forget that while electricity can circle the globe in a second, it balks at a bad joint in the wiring of your ignition.

Don't, unless you are a past master motorist, monkey with your ignition system. You might as well go into the hospital without training and try to operate on unfortunate patients.

Don't make your car a museum for a display of antique accessories.

Don't forget that shoes will make up by far the largest item of your upkeep bill. The man who has any desire to spare his pocketbook will treat his tires with the same respect and solicitude that he bestows on himself.

Don't fall into the common error of washing tires off with kerosene. Oil of any sort bears about the same relation to rubber that strychnine does to the human stomach.

Don't think that after you have washed your tires you have done your whole duty by them.

Don't fail to remember that insignificant cuts on the surface of a tire are simply the outline sketch of a set of deep gashes, which use will rapidly turn into a completed picture.

Don't think that filling in the little cuts in the tire surface ends the job. Unless the material is vulcanized afterward, the operation has simply been writing on water.

Don't forget that the most enjoyable part of motoring lies in the touring.

Don't think that the man who goes tearing around the country at thirty or forty miles an hour is touring. He is simply risking his own life, which is a small matter, endangering other people's, which is a serious matter, and teaching outsiders to hate motorists and motoring, which is a pity.

Don't assume that the rules of the road are wholly iniquitous; they were formulated for your protection as well as control. The man who is eternally berating road regulations is generally the very road hog whom they were meant to reach.

Don't think that the higher powers have decreed that you should have a divine right to the center of the road, while the farmers must thankfully accept the gutter.

Don't talk of "hard luck," if you insist on driving fifty miles an hour, and your machine insists on trying to climb a telegraph pole.

Don't take a vacation after getting home from a muddy drive. Give the car a bath first, then take your own.

Don't forget in making up the balance sheet of your car's cost that there is a credit item which far outweighs any expenditure that you have made. You have spent some money on the car, but the car has taken you out into the sweetness and light of God's out-of-doors; has filled your lungs with good clean air, has browned your cheeks with the caress of the sun, has steadied your nerves, has added [illegible] to your life, and by the same token has made every hour of the time better worth living.

The Pride of the Farm

come into being on the farm, dispelling many an old monotony and finding many an intensely practical use. The farmer is learning that the automo-
able to his daily life, and it is taking the place of favorite once held by his pet pair of fast roadsters. So the farm barn is in process toward a garage

THE AUTOMOBILE
Official
BLUE
VOLU
NEW E

THE AUTOMOBILE
Official 1913
BLUE BOOK

℞

The Warner Auto-meter + the Blue Book for an accurate touring guide

Route 235 — Jersey South Coast Section

58.2 12.2 End of road; meeting trolley, bear left into Haddon Ave., avoiding left fork of trolley (59.0 m). (City Map, page 242.)
60.1 1.9 **CAMDEN, N. J.** Federal St. & Haddon Ave. Turn left with one line of trolley on Federal St., direct to
60.9 0.8 **CAMDEN—PHILADELPHIA FERRY.** Ferriage, 20-25c. Frequent service across the Delaware. Straight out from ferry landing onto Market St.
62.1 1.2 **PHILADELPHIA, Pa.** East Side of City Hall.
The Rittenhouse, Chestnut & 22nd Sts.
Aldine Hotel, Chestnut St. bet. 19th & 20th.
Bingham Hotel, Roof Garden, 11th & Market Sts.
American Garage & Machine Co., 1411-13 Locust St.
For diverging routes see Index Map, page 239.

Route 235—Atlantic City, N. J., to Philadelphia, Pa.—67.6 m.
Route Map, page 224. Reverse Route, No. 286.
Via Mays Landing and Malaga. An agreeable optian but less direct than Route 234. Fine gravel practically all the way.
Descriptive Outline—For those desiring to make the round trip from Philadelphia an agreeable variant is offered on the return trip in this route. Good state road is followed thru Mays Landing to Malaga, where the route from Cape May is joined.

MILEAGES Total / Intermediate
0.0 0.0 **ATLANTIC CITY,** Atlantic & N. Carolina Aves. South on Atlantic Ave. with trolley, past 2 RR. stations.
1.8 1.8 4-corners; turn right on Albany Ave.—sign, "Trolley—
[illegible] numerous wood[illegible] across the marshes.
[illegible] brick gates; meeting trolley, turn right on the
6.6 4.8 Shore Road. Cross RR. at Pleasantville Sta. (6.7 m).
6.8 0.2 Turn next left into Washington Ave.—sign, "Mays Landing." Cross RR. (17.5 m—18.9 m) into Main St.
19.5 12.7 **MAYS LANDING;** turn left on Mill St., across iron bridge.
19.7 0.2 Right-hand road; turn square right—sign, "Philadelphia." Straight on is Route 240 to Cape May.
20.1 0.4 Fork; bear left across RR. (20.6 m), again cross RR. at Richland (27.9 m). Bear slightly right across RR. at Buena Vista Sta., again crossing tracks at Landisville Sta. (32.1 m). Follow direct road, crossing RR. (38.5 m) into
39.3 19.2 **MALAGA,** 4-corners, turn right; cross RR. (10.2 m).
42.7 3.4 [illegible]KLINVILLE, irregular 4-corners at station; turn [illegible]ly right on Central Ave., crossing branch RR.
[illegible], thru Clayton (45.5 m); cross RR. (48.1 m).
[illegible]eep right, disregarding repair shop sign, passing
[illegible]utskirts of Glassboro.
[illegible] just beyond water tower, keep right.
[illegible]ork, bear right; cross Mantua Creek 51.2, avoiding right
[illegible] fork beyond; straight thru Hurffville 52.9 into
[illegible]1 **FAIRVIEW,** 6 corners, turn diagonally left.
[illegible]2 1.8 Diagonal 4-corners, turn right into
60.8 4.6 **WESTVILLE,** 5-corners, bear right across bridge (Timber Creek). Cross RR 61.4, paying 8c toll 61.7.

Page 228

MILES PER HOUR
15 20 2
TOTAL
7 8 4 6 9 3
DISTANCE
WARNER
AUTO-METER
TRIP
0 0 6 6
WARNER INSTRUMENT COMPANY
BELOIT, WIS, U.S.A.
No
PATENTED

Warner accuracy guarantees Blue Book accuracy,

Thousands of motorists accept, without question, the information given in the guide because of the implicit faith they have in the Warner Auto Meters through which it was compiled.

A car without a WARNER is like a ship without a COMPASS!

Judge the Warner by the company it keeps – 45 high grade makes carry it!

A Majority of the Cars in Madison Square Garden are Warner Equipped

NEVER before has Warner supremacy been so emphasized. In the big annual review of the cream of the automobile industry the Warner is the dominant speedometer. A majority of the cars in the 1913 Madison Square Garden automobile show are Warner equipped. Six cylinder cars, four cylinder cars, open cars, closed cars, gasoline cars, electric cars—the best and finest all bear Warner Auto-Meters. With each manufacturer the adoption of the Warner as regular equipment becomes the final, the master stroke; it is the motor car blue ribbon.

But this is the veriest indication of the overwhelming demand for Warners. In Detroit and Indianapolis, the western motor hubs, more than 100,000 new 1913 models are being regularly equipped with Warners. This is exclusive of the cars thus equipped in 1912 and previous years.

The makers pin their faith to the Warner. Those who do not equip with Warners fail to mention other than "a speedometer" in their advertising copy. The great majority who specify Warners emblazon the name proudly in each piece of newspaper and magazine copy, in every booklet, in every catalogue.

And this speedometer situation is no happenstance. Every one of the manufacturers were willing—yes, glad—to pay 100 per cent more for the Warner. The Warner costs just that much more than other speed indicators.

The Warner is the most highly developed speed and mileage indicator in the world. It is built like the finest watches. No other speedometer is jeweled with the finest sapphires—as is the Warner. It possesses imported Hoffman ball bearings. And the odometer construction is exclusive—one that every other speedometer manufacturer has been trying for years to imitate.

Watch the cars at the show. See how the Warner is a sure indication of a quality car. If it is a part of any car you have in mind, rest assured it is a first quality machine.

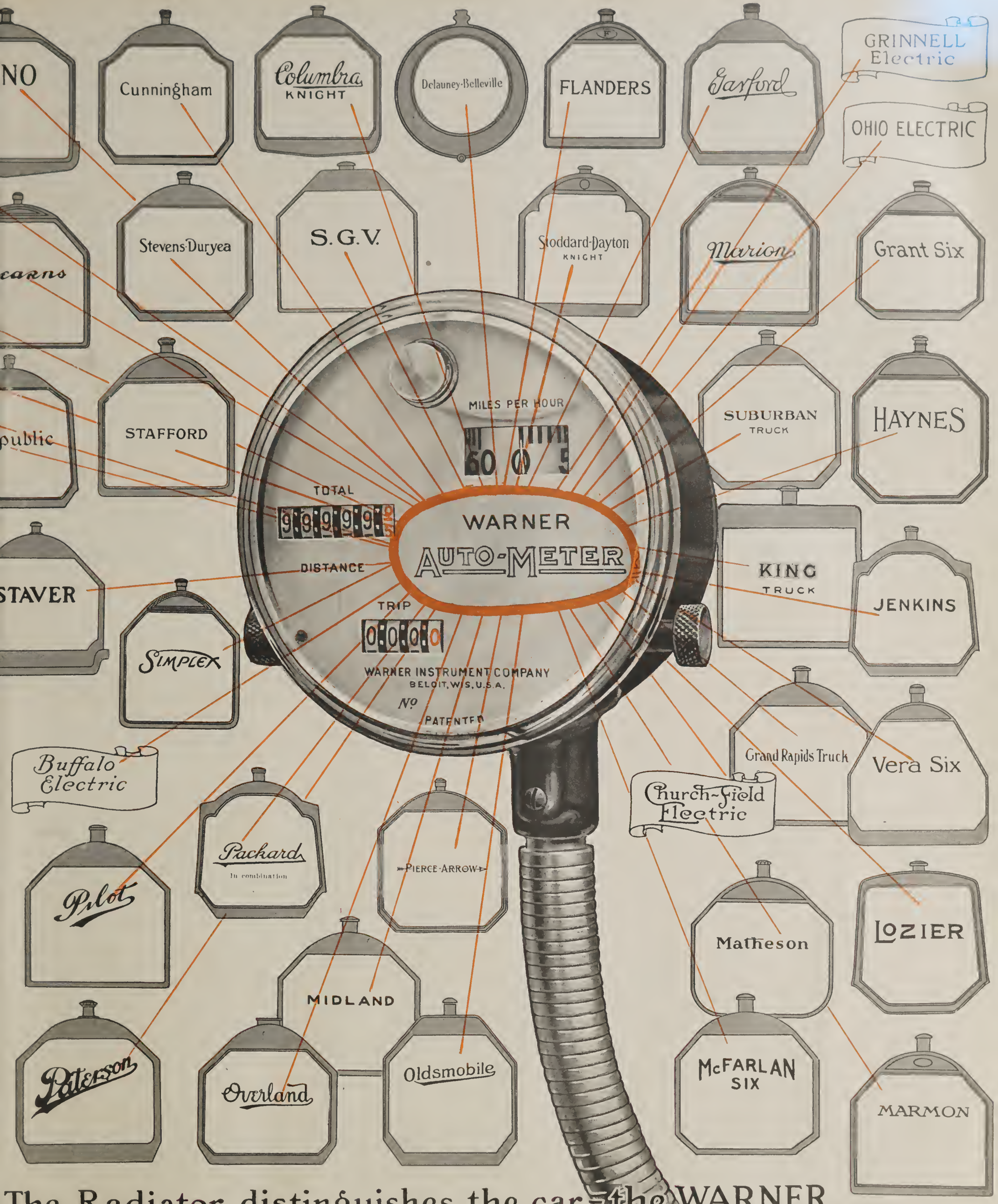
Day in and day out, at every dealer's, in every city, you will find the price of the Warner Auto-Meter the same. We strictly maintain Warner price; it is the mark of a standard product. There is no inducement offered aside from guaranteed merit.

For sale by leading dealers the world over, and at our own branches. Priced from $50 to $145.

Write us direct for our handsome catalogue.

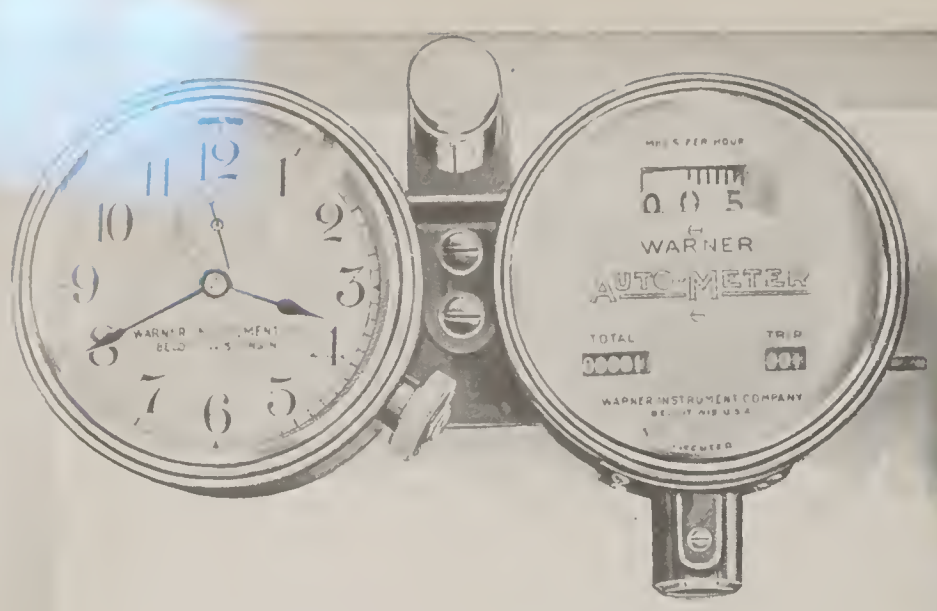
The Warner Instrument Company, Beloit, Wisconsin

NO WARNER HAS EVER WORN OUT!



The Radiator distinguishes the car—the WARNER CROWNS it and is its brand of Quality; its stamp of Superiority! The WARNER *never* slips a cog or skips a tenth mile, Absolute Accuracy Always Assured!

NO WARNER HAS EVER WORN OUT!



MODEL 34—*The Midget Twin*

ON account of the intense popularity of the Model O-2 Warner Auto-Meter—or Big Twin—we have designed the Model 34 as shown above. Many people who have smaller cars fancied the Model O-2, but could not use it on account of its size—to these the Model 34 will especially appeal. This instrument is very similar to the Model 32, while the Clock is of the best quality and will keep correct time. It is stem wind and stem set, and contains an eight-day movement.

Diameter of Instrument, 3 1/2 inches.
Diameter of Clock, 3 1/2 inches.
Season Odometer registers to 10,000 miles and repeat.
Trip Odometer registers to 100 miles and repeat.
Indicates all speeds up to 60 miles per hour.
Standard Finishes—Brass, Nickel or Black Enamel.
Price complete, ready to attach—Stem Wind, Stem Set Clock, Electric Light, $90.00.

Model 35. Same as Model 34 but registers speed to 100 miles per hour. Price $90.00.

MODEL M-2 (*on right*)

THIS is the same as our Model K-2, with the addition of high grade Chelsea Clock 3 1/2 inches in diameter, with outside wind and set.

Diameter of Instrument, 4 1/2 inches.
Diameter of Clock, 3 1/2 inches.
Season Odometer registers to 100,000 miles and repeat.
Trip Odometer registers to 1,000 miles and repeat.
Indicates all speeds up to 60 miles per hour.
Standard Finishes—Brass, Nickel and Black Enamel with Brass or Nickel Bezel.
Special Finishes—Black Nickel, Black Copper or Gun Metal.
Price complete, ready to attach, $125.

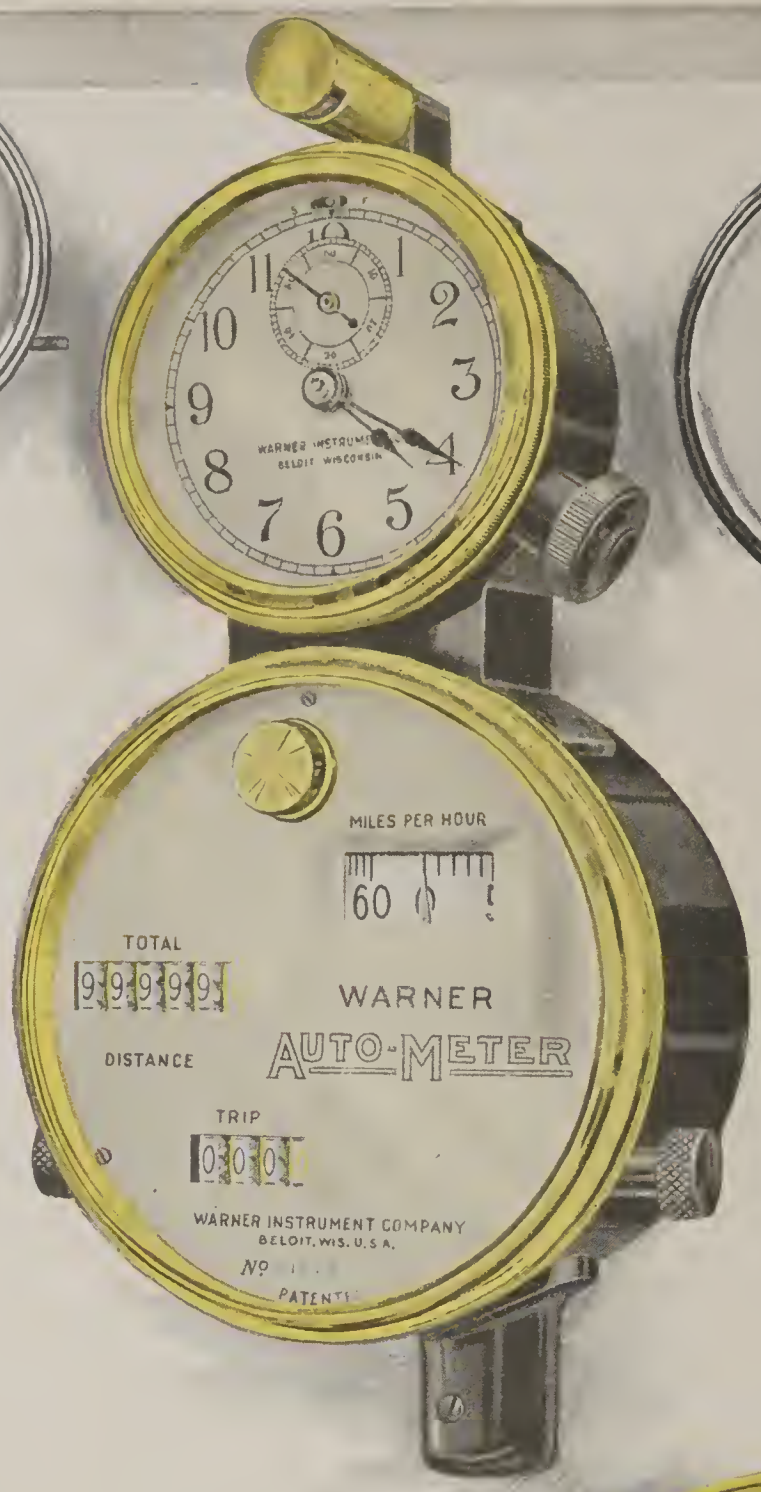
Model N-2. Same as Model M-2 but registers speed to 100 miles per hour. Price $125.

MODEL O-2 (*below*)

THIS model was designed for those who desire the ultimate in quality and appearance. Nothing better in a speed indicator can be purchased at any price. Nothing more beautiful or harmonious in appearance is obtainable.

Diameter of Instrument, 4 1/2 inches.
Diameter of Clock, 4 1/2 inches.
Season Odometer registers to 100,000 miles and repeat.
Trip Odometer registers to 1,000 miles and repeat.
Indicates all speeds up to 60 miles per hour.
Standard Finishes—Brass, Nickel or Black Enamel with Brass or Nickel Bezels.
Special Finishes—Black Enamel, Black Copper or Gun Metal.
Price complete, ready to attach, $145.

Model P-2. Same as Model O-2 but registers speed to 100 miles per hour. Price $145.



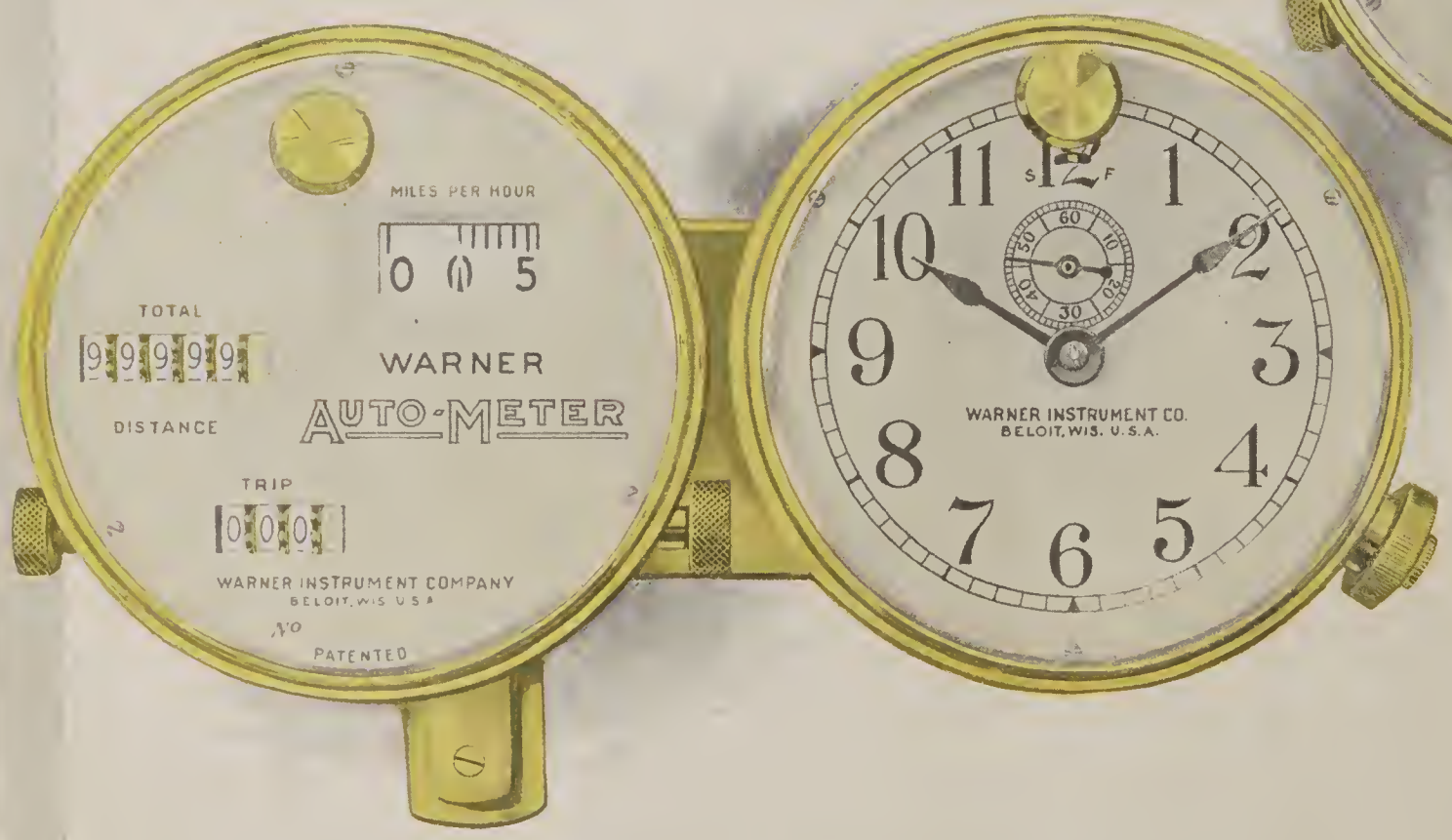
MODEL 32

THE Model 32 Auto-Meter as shown above is one of our 1913 dial face instruments. It is exactly the same in principle and construction as the well-known K and M type Auto-Meters and has been pronounced by those who claim good judgment in such matters to be one of the handsomest instruments we have ever produced. The face of the dial is silvered and the odometer figures are in white on black background.

Diameter of instrument, 3 1/2 inches. Season Odometer registers to 10,000 miles and repeat. Trip Odometer registers to 100 miles and repeat. Indicates all speeds up to 60 miles per hour. Standard Finishes, Brass, Nickel and Black Enamel.

Price complete, with electric light, $55.

Model 33, same as Model 32, but registers speed to 100 miles. Price complete with electric light, $55.
Model 30, same as Model 32, without electric light. Price $50.
Model 31, same as Model 33, without electric light. Price $50.



MODEL K-2 (*above*)

THIS model is becoming daily more popular with owners of good cars, because of the many desirable features impossible to incorporate in our smaller models. It is equipped with hooded electric light connection under the glass.

Diameter of Instrument, 4 1/2 inches.
Season Odometer registers to 100,000 miles and repeat.
Trip Odometer registers to 1,000 miles and repeat.
Indicates all speeds up to 60 miles per hour.
Standard Finishes—Brass, Nickel or Black Enamel with Brass or Nickel Bezel.
Special Finishes—Black Nickel, Black Copper or Gun Metal.
Price complete, ready to attach, $75.

Model L-2. Same as Model K-2 but registers all speed to 100 miles per hour. Price $75.

The Warner Instrument Company, Beloit, Wisconsin

BRANCHES

Atlanta, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Denver, Indianapolis, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, Ore., Seattle, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Kansas City, New York, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, St. Louis
Canadian Branch: 559 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Perils of blinding dust which nearly caused the racing drivers to crash into the fence at the turn of this bad mile track; the promoter of this meet was suspended

Automobile Racing in America

A Sport Which Has Been an Important Factor in Perfecting the Motor Car

By FRED J. WAGNER

AUTOMOBILE racing as a sport is the most sensational brand of sport I know of, and at the same time is about the most expensive. Possibly aviation is more expensive than automobile racing, but as one with inside knowledge of motor contests and what they cost I doubt it. Certainly an aeroplane event is not as spectacular as the sight of two dozen or more cars coming down the stretch of a speedway closely bunched and all running at close to a 95-mile-an-hour clip. Then, too, aviation is infinitely more dangerous.

There are numerous angles at which automobile racing may be viewed. My observation of the game has been entirely as the starter of most of the big races and scores of small ones. To the mind of the general public, automobile racing is a dangerous sport which has cost lives. This is indeed unfortunate, but at the same time the public does not stop to think that it was principally owing to speed contests being held in this country and in Europe that automobiles have attained their present state of near perfection. The people who ride about in comfortable automobiles, which only rarely break down or prove unreliable, do not stop to think how racing cars driven under extreme conditions taught designers where the weak parts first developed and furthermore taught them how to improve their product so that these same mechanical flaws would not develop in touring cars under less strenuous conditions.

It was through racing machines that designers of early models a decade or so ago learned that they must build cars lighter in weight; that they must improve their transmission and rear-axle construction, ignition systems—introducing differentials in the former and the magneto to replace the battery in the latter. By breaking radiators in racing they gained the knowledge of how to construct radiators that would stand the strain of all-round work and keep the motor cool at all times. The carburetor, whose construction could be improved so that it would insure proper carburetion at high speed, could be improved to work better at slow speed. Tire manufacturers, through watching how their products wore out in speed contests, found out how to build rubber tubes and casings that would stand up for several thousand miles on pleasure cars.

These and thousands of other details were learned in racing and racing alone. Tours and endurance contests undoubtedly taught makers much, but not as pointedly or as quickly as long-distance speed contests did.

By degrees, during the last few years, the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association, co-operating with the Manufacturers' Contest Association, which is an association of automobile makers, has evolved a set of racing rules which are strict and aim at minimizing danger in track, speedway, and road races. Largely due to these carefully drawn rules, there were fewer accidents in racing during the year 1912 than in any previous one. Whereas each former season several lives have been lost, just two were lost this season in connection with a race in America. David Bruce-Brown and his mechanician, Tony Scudelari, were killed while practicing for the Grand Prix race at Milwaukee early in October. The sad accident occurred when that great young driver, whom I had known since his boyhood and who already had twice won the Grand Prix race, blew a tire on a narrow section of the course. He had just made a record lap for that course—eight miles in 5:53—and for one of the few times in his driving career used bad judgment in driving at such a dizzy pace on old tires.

THE DAWN OF MOTOR RACING

TWELVE years ago, about the time that automobile racing was growing popular abroad, some American sportsmen, also American manufacturers, and several importers of cars, decided to import the sport to this country. Among the sportsmen were such as William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Foxhall Keene, W. Gould Brokaw, George Heath, the late Richard Croker, Jr., E. H. Green, Albert H. Bostwick, A. L. Riker, W. C. Temple, Harlan W. Whipple, and others. Some of these, like Vanderbilt, Keene, Croker, and Heath, drove their own machines in races about that time or a few years later. The importers of high-priced foreign cars were anxious to get into the American market and the American makers were just as anxious to fight them in open competition.

Even at that early date it was realized that the sale of motor cars could be furthered only by wide publicity. The general public was waiting for automobiles to be improved and perfected and had to be urged to buy. The automobile enjoyed a peculiar position. It had its sporting as well as its commercial side, and this is true even to-day. Sportsmen used to enter and still enter races for the fun they can derive in piloting their cars around a course at sensational speed, and on the other hand manufacturers for some years have been building cars and maintaining racing teams for speed contests, not because of sporting blood running in their veins, but because advertising and wide publicity for their product could be derived from racing.

Racing not only improved cars but it promoted their sale, and many of the concerns now doing a thriving automobile business would have been bankrupt long ago had not big sales of their product resulted from victories in contests—victories which called the attention of the public to their product. For example, the National car became known to the public chiefly through its victories on speedways all over the country; the Simplex and Lozier through winning 24-hour races and road events; the Mercer by capturing so many light-car races; the Marmon through winning at Indianapolis, Savannah, Santa Monica, and elsewhere; the Alco by virtue of a two-time Vanderbilt Cup race victory; the Locomobile through being the first American-made car to win the Vanderbilt Cup; while dozens of others that could be named, including the Chalmers, Cole, Thomas, Pope, Abbott-Detroit, White, Stutz, Buick, and many more I could mention, gained their prestige through road and track victories. Among the imported cars the Fiat was made famous through securing first places in road races here and abroad, while the track campaigns of the Fiat "Cyclone" impressed the people in many cities. The Renault, Panhard, Isotta, Benz, Mercedes, all became known on this side of the water through racing victories alone. Rarely were any of these foreign makes put into endurance or reliability runs.

Recall the early days of the industry and possibly the first foreign car you ever heard of was the Panhard, and long before any of us knew anything about automobiles we had the name of this car impressed on our minds and took it for granted that it was a leading make. The name was on the lips of youngsters on the street, and chorus girls used to talk about mythical friends, or otherwise, "who owned big Panhards." This was all because news had reached this country of the victories of this make of car abroad.

In the year 1904 William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., offered his famous perpetual challenge cup, which has been contested for eight times—six of the great classics being held on Long Island, one at Savannah, and the last one at Milwaukee. The cup has been won each season respectively by George Heath, Victor Hemery, Lou Wagner, George Robertson, Harry Grant (twice), Rahl Mulford, and Ralph De Palma. It was the original intention of the donor of the cup to encourage the development and the improvement of American [illegible]

From the outset, it began to serve its purpose and continues to do so. I doubt if a single manufacturer out of all the hundred odd who have built racing cars ever designed and built a single [illegible] which did not teach new points [illegible] in regular stock models for the betterment of their product. There is scarcely an automobile museum, save a few recently organized [illegible] time or other raced its car.

Earlier than the running of the [illegible]

Scene at the repair pits at the Indianapolis Speedway during practice trials

race, however, track racing had its inception here. The first track race was at Washington Park, Chicago, in 1899. Most of the entries were steam cars. A few years later Barney Oldfield made his nation-wide reputation on race tracks. Those were the days before we had really fast cars—days when a mile a minute on a dirt track was considered hair raising, and a mile in 56 seconds phenomenal. The present world's record for the mile track, held by Burman, is 47.85 seconds. There were a number of others besides Barney in the early part of the last decade who drove cars, but they were hardly as picturesque as he with his old "999" and the "Green Dragon." A little over two years ago Oldfield secured a couple of really fast mounts with which he regained a number of his world's records that had been lifted by Ralph De Palma, and even to-day Barney is a bigger drawing card in the smaller cities and towns than De Palma, Burman, or Disbrow. De Palma has had a big following for several years, and is generally acknowledged among experts as the greatest exponent of the track-racing game. He won the last Elgin road race and Vanderbilt Cup as well as many other notable events, and has driven most sensationally in big events here and abroad, but Barney probably would draw the larger crowd in nine towns out of ten.

BARNSTORMING

OLDFIELD was about the first to start the "hippodroming" or circus style of racing—that is the sort which is scarcely real racing, although it may be spectacular. Oldfield has barnstormed the country for years holding his own meets with numerous hired team mates in his string, among them at various intervals Charles Soules, Walter Christie, Ben Kerscher, and others. Of course at meets run by Oldfield's manager Barney always would have to be the star and of course he would drive the fastest car in the stable. Hence no matter how hard the star's team mates drove they had little chance of winning if they had wanted to. At close finishes Barney was an artist, often managing to win by less than the width of a tire.

The game used to be for a three-heat match to be run between the star and his team mates—best two out of three the winner. The star, of course, would win the first heat to the great applause of the spectators, who were not aware of the fact that all the cars that competed belonged to the same stable. Then the second heat would be run, and perhaps to the surprise of many one of the other men would win! And then for the final heat—well, the star always won that heat and race unless something went wrong with his car! In the tall-grass towns occasionally amateurs would try to go up against the team and compete with them, and almost invariably the team had no trouble beating them. However, to Oldfield's credit it must be said that when pitted against drivers of ability at big meets he had to drive his best—sometimes winning and sometimes losing.

Of course it is not to be inferred that all track racing was done in this fashion by any means. At the bigger meets there is no hippodroming for the reason that outside entries force a racing team to the limit. Bob Burman and his team and Louis Disbrow's string of drivers hippodrome in the smaller cities and towns where they do not encounter outside entries. It is true that all of the above mentioned break world's records now and then and do some mighty sensational driving, usually giving the spectators a real "show," and in big road or speedway races do *real* driving. Upon certain occasions, when the teams of Oldfield, Disbrow, or Burman—all of whom hold world's records, by the way—have clashed at a meet with other drivers of class the spectators have seen some sizzling racing with one combination fighting an individual star driver. Ralph De Palma and others, driving as individuals, have met these teams on certain occasions and walloped them, too.

FOUR SORTS OF RACING

ROUGHLY divided, there are four distinct sorts of automobile racing—road, motordrome, mile track, and beach. Road races have been held annually or otherwise at Santa Monica, Cal.; Oakland, Cal.; Tacoma, Wash.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Fairmount Park, Philadelphia; Savannah, Ga.; Elgin, Ill., and Milwaukee, Wis. The last city made its first attempt at staging a meet in 1912, the Vanderbilt Cup and Grand Prix being held there. Owing to bad weather and other unavoidable obstacles, the promoters had anything but an easy time, and it is doubtful if these two classics will be run on the Milwaukee course again. Savannah, Ga., until this season was the favorite course—the favorite, that is, since the days when Long Island had its great races. This season, however, Milwaukee was more anxious to secure the two road classics than Savannah. The reason that the cup races have not been held on Long Island since 1910 is because it was proved for several years in succession that it is impossible to control the crowds which attend a cup race in Nassau County. It was in order to avoid accidents due to crowds swarming on the course that racing on Long Island was abandoned.

Santa Monica has the fastest course in this country, the world's road-race record of 78.5 seconds being made by Tetzlaff there in a long road race. It is a beautiful wide circuit and ideal for speed, having four sweeping turns. The sportiest course in the country, however, is the Portola Circuit at Oakland, Cal. Piloting a car on this course requires the greatest driving skill. It is much slower than some others, but a driver to make a showing on it with any sort of car must be a cracka-jack. The race over the mountains, roads, and deserts between Los Angeles, Cal., and Phœnix, Ariz., a distance of more than 500 miles, is an annual southwestern event. Road races have been held also at Crown Point, Ind.; Lowell, Mass.; Riverhead, L. I., and a few other places.

The Indianapolis Speedway is by far the best motordrome or track in the country for automobile races existing at present, but the new season probably will see the first race on the new two-mile Metropolitan Motor Speedway on the Newark Meadows near New York City. It is planned to make a 500-mile race.

SOME OF THE COURSES

AT LOS ANGELES there is a mile board motordrome. Atlanta, Ga., has a two-mile speedway located at Hapeville, seven miles from the city, but the lack of transportation facilities from the city to the course is a great drawback for this course. There are mile tracks all over the country upon which small meets are held, many of these being ovals which were made famous in the earlier days of horse racing. The mile track at Brighton Beach is different from the average in that its turns are banked with concrete. Last October and November the best mile track sprint races ever seen were held here.

Caleb Bragg rounding a turn in the Grand Prix race at Milwaukee, which he won

Hugh Hughes in driving mask

Whereas the famous Ormond-Daytona course in Florida saw many world's records smashed a few years ago, it has not been used for racing since 1911. Galveston, Texas, and Old Orchard, Maine, hold big meets each year, the Galveston event being the big speed carnival of the Southwest, which draws crowds from all over Texas and adjoining States. Early in 1911 Pablo Beach near Jacksonville, Fla., saw many records broken. The difficulty with making a beach meet pay comes in controlling the crowds and making them buy grandstand seats. Nearly every beach is so arranged that it is difficult to prevent people seeing the show free, and it is quite difficult to give a free show in the form of a race meet and pay running expenses and drivers' prizes.

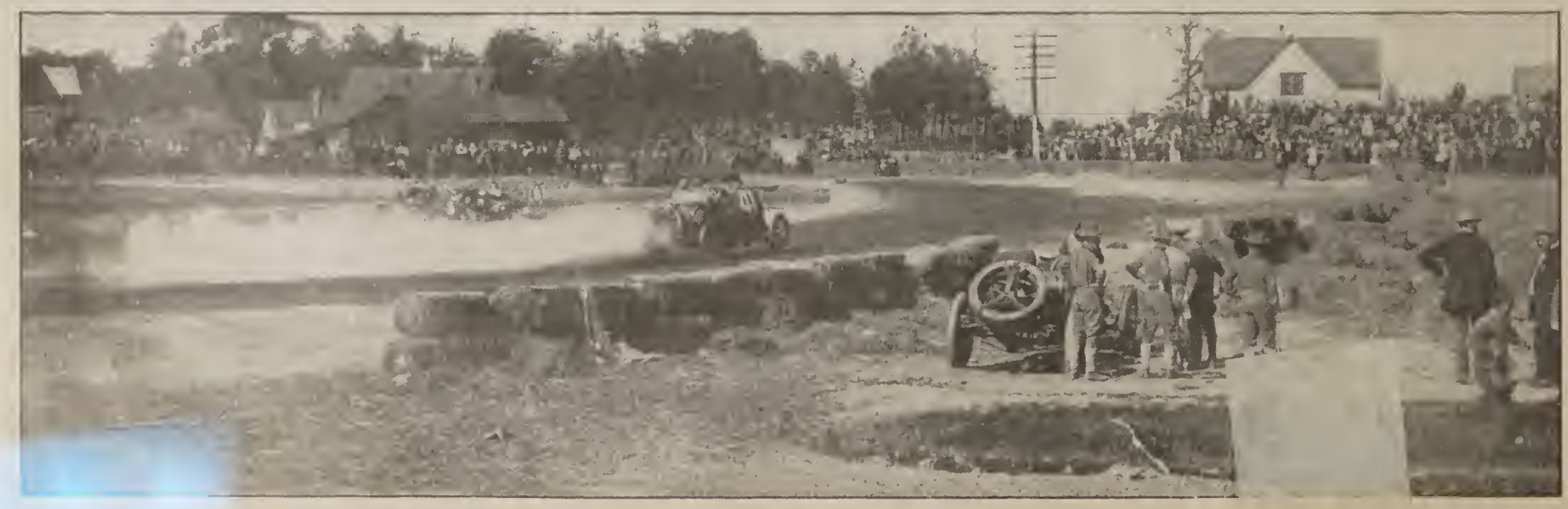
At the Indianapolis course, which is a 2½-mile oval surfaced with vitrified brick, there have been some great races, including two 500-mile events, one in 1911 and one in 1912. Several other thrilling events have been held here—the Cobe Trophy (formerly held on the road course at Crown Point, Ind.), the G. & J. Trophy, the Wheeler & Shebler Cup, the Prest-O-Lite Trophy, and others. At Indianapolis every precaution for safety is taken. The last couple of years promoters

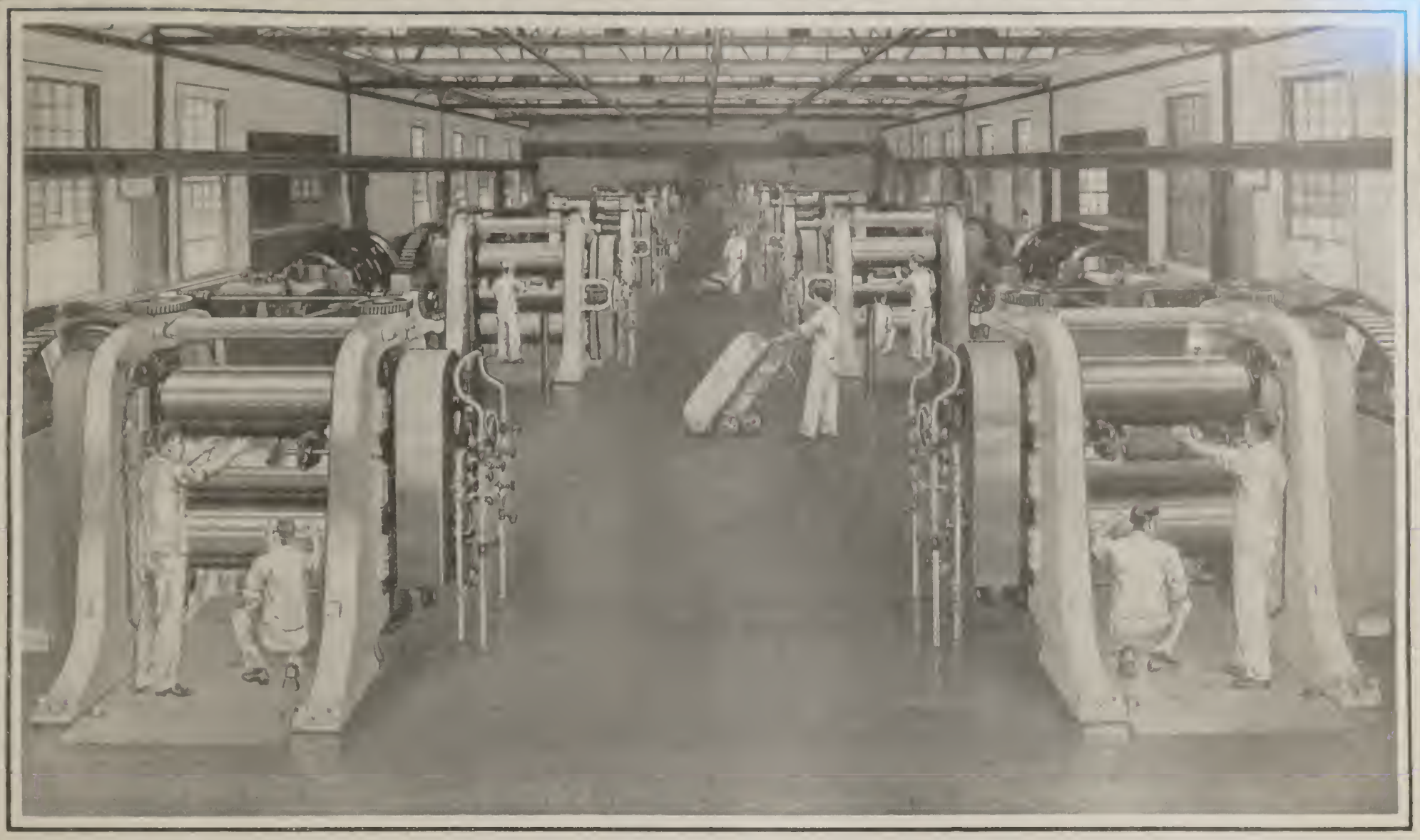
Changing a rear tire on De Palma's car in Vanderbilt Cup race in exactly 28 seconds

have learned much about making a course safe, and in the 500-mile race last May, although there were twenty-six starters and although a number of drivers piloted the entire race without relief, not a single participant or spectator was killed or injured.

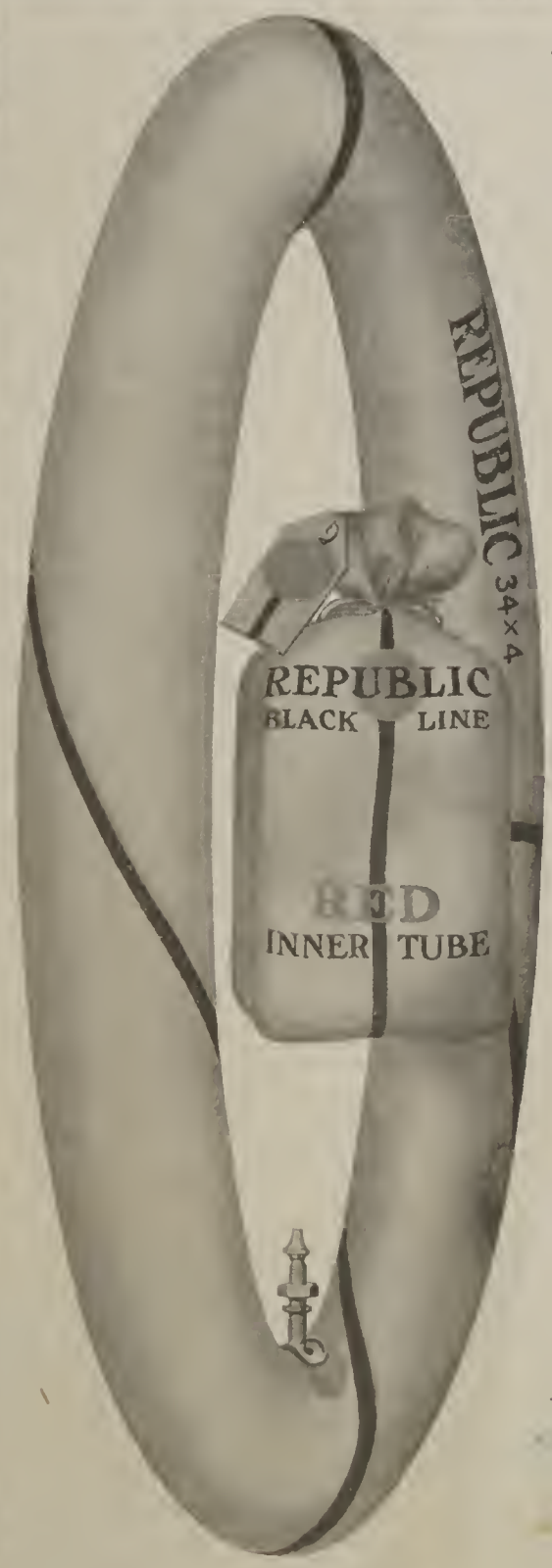
At each of the 500-mile races there have been more than 80,000 spectators, which goes to show how interested the public is in an automobile race. Indianapolis is a comparatively small city with a population of but 233,650. A large proportion of the spectators at these races are Indianapolis people, but thousands journey from Chicago, New York, and other cities to see the contests. Think what a motor speedway near New York City would mean!

Occasionally we hear persons declare that automobile racing is dying out. As a matter of fact it is not. It is true that fewer factories are maintaining racing teams for advertising purposes than was the case some years ago, but it must be borne in mind that there are numerous sportsmen who enter and drive cars in the speed events merely for the fun they derive in this way. Furthermore a number of the newer companies that have yet to make reputations for their products will be seen on the speedways this season. In addition to these there are companies that build fast racing cars which





THIS IS THE REPUBLIC RUBBER COMPANY'S NEW CALENDER ROOM. Write for free folder; beautifully illustrated in three colors, it describes interestingly the evolution of crude rubber and raw fabric into the finished tire.



Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tube

Where machines and brains make tire mileage for YOU

Republic Staggard Tread Tires give you the mileage you really ought to get because their foundation is *right*.

The foundation of a tire consists of alternate layers of fabric and rubber. And the efficiency of any tire depends to a great extent upon the manner in which the fabric and rubber are treated and combined.

The illustration above shows the Republic Calender Room—the new "rolling mill" of this rubber plant where foundations for Republic Tires are made.

In this great room man's skill and ingenuity and modern machinery combine to make the *right* foundation for Republic Tires. Scientific, painstaking care is exercised in every operation from testing and drying the fabric to calendering ("rolling") the rubber and combining the two under proper heat and pressure.

And on this *right* foundation is put the Staggard Tread—the tread of double thickness that leaves the full-thickness plain tread after the center studs eventually wear off.

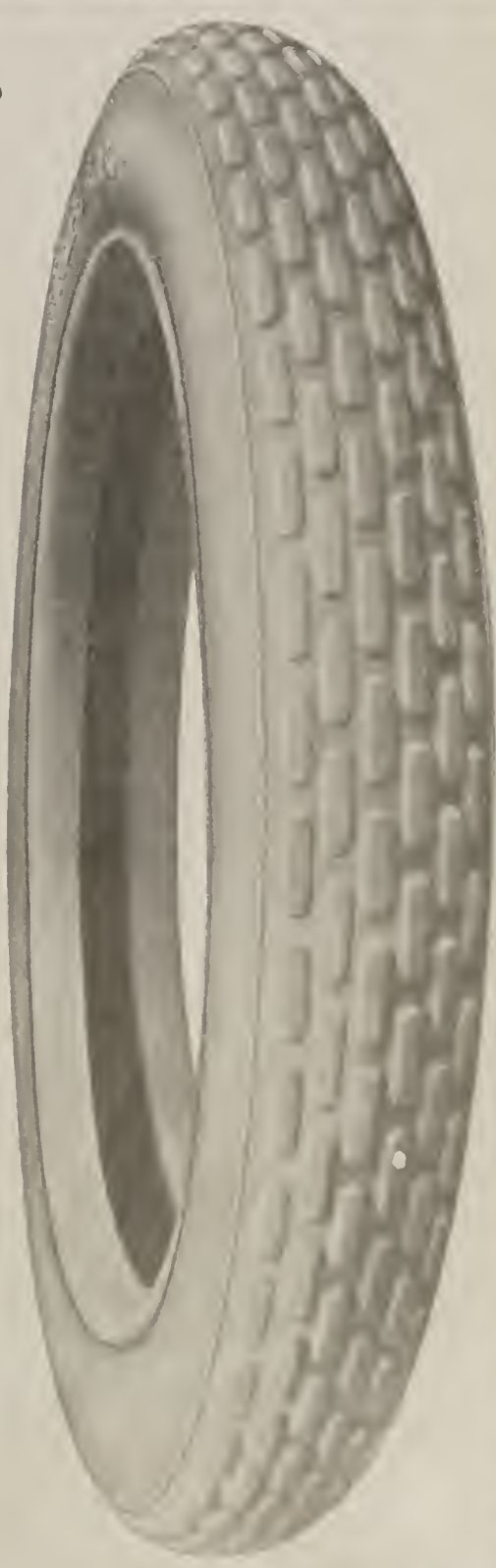
The Staggard Tread is protection against skidding, and really economical because of the double mileage it gives you.

Write today for beautiful folder on this wonderful new Calender Room.

THE REPUBLIC RUBBER COMPANY
YOUNGSTOWN, O.
Branches and Agencies in the Principal Cities

REPUBLIC
STAGGARD
TREAD TIRES

Republic Staggard Tread Pat. Sept. 15-22, 1908



The Original Effective Non-Skid Tire

Another freak driving mask

they sell to customers and which are raced without factory support. Caleb Bragg, for instance, who won the recent Grand Prix race, drives purely for sport, pays the expenses and entry fees on his own cars, and would have remained an amateur driver had not the rules required him to turn professional in order to meet drivers of his own ability. The same applies to Spencer E. Wishart and Erwin Bergdoll, the latter a wealthy young Philadelphian who won the last Fairmount Park road race. Jack Rutherford of Tuxedo Park, Armour Ferguson of Boston, J. Fred Betz III, and reckless Harvey Ringler of Philadelphia, and a few other amateurs are simply "racing bugs" who like the excitement of high speed.

A number of professional drivers guide cars owned by wealthy sportsmen. For example, the car which De Palma has been driving the past season is owned by E. J. Schroeder, who had built and raced the motor boat *Dixie*. E. E. Hewlett of Los Angeles, Cal., owns the cars which Teddy Tetzlaff drives. Tetzlaff is the idol of the Pacific coast, having won the Santa Monica road race twice, also some other big races. At Milwaukee he set the pace in both the Vanderbilt and Grand Prix races, but was unfortunate in having his car meet with mishaps each time. W. H. Bertrand of Dallas, Texas, owns the fast car which George Clark drives. Robert Heitemeyer of Jersey City, Otto Applegate of Eatontown, N. J., Fred Comiskey of New York, J. A. Benedict, F. S. Hodson, and others whom I could name possess cars and engage or permit drivers to race them.

THE PERSONALITIES OF THE DRIVERS

REGARDING the men who drive these cars, many of them have interesting personalities. Possibly I have had more intimate dealings with drivers of racing cars than any other person. As a class they are very decent fellows, although often hard to handle, just like prima donnas. While the majority were not born with silver spoons in their mouths, most of them are not "rough-necks" as one might imagine from seeing them all smeared up with oil and grease at a race course. For the most part they are fairly well-educated men, some having technical and university educations and others being fellows who have worked up from the bottom of the ladder, working in various departments of an automobile factory, developing into road testers, then riding with drivers as mechanicians, and eventually becoming drivers themselves. It is a peculiar thing that practically all drivers sprout gray hair at their temples, after a few races, no matter how young they may be—evidence perhaps of the strain of high speed. Seldom does a regular chauffeur who drives a pleasure car as a regular occupation develop into a racing driver. Few have it in them.

One thing all the real drivers possess in common, and that is *brains*. Racing automobiles does not merely consist of a driver planting his foot on the accelerator pedal and looping down a course "wide open." Contrary to popular opinion, racing cars throughout a contest of any distance are not driven at their top speed. A driver will attempt to get so much speed out of a car and no more, until possibly the last lap, when he may endeavor to get every ounce of energy and speed out of his mount to win.

It is not always the fastest car which wins a race. "Head work" plays a most important part. A driver has to bear in mind that he must drive so as to avoid developing mechanical trouble, must drive turns so as not to skid and wear out his tires, must bear in mind the fact that in every race of any distance he will have to change a certain number of tires, must keep posted on where his competitors are in the race by watching the signals from his pit, and when attempting to pass a competitor must do so at an advantageous point of the course where neither car will be in danger of being ditched or skid into one another if on a curve. It requires a great many elements to combine in the making of a successful driver. Some years ago when sensational foreign drivers came over here, the popular impression was that they were all "crazy" and simply dare-devils who feared no limit of speed. As a matter of fact some of these men, like Vincenzo Lancia, Louis Wagner, Victor Hemery, George Szisz, Felice Nazarro, Henri Fournier, and Emanuel Cedrino, were not crazy dare-devils at all, but used excellent judgment and headwork combined with their daring.

AMERICAN PILOTS SKILLFUL

HOWEVER, I do not believe Europe ever produced a driver of more ability than some of the American boys. When George Robertson drove cars here before [illegible] racing, he showed driving skill [illegible] came from abroad. I doubt if [illegible]d a driver of greater all-round [illegible]id Bruce-Brown. Last season he developed a style of driving which was entirely his own and by long odds the most scientific. His driving position was queer. He would grip the lower half of the steering wheel in such a way that his elbows would be raised quite high and he would bend away over the wheel almost touching it with his chin. The mystery of it all was that he could keep this apparently uncomfortable and straining position throughout a race. When he won the Grand Prize twice and also won the first leg of the last French Grand Prix he demonstrated his superiority over the best of the foreign talent.

Ralph Mulford, who won the 1911 Vanderbilt Cup race and numerous other big events on road and track,

Ralph De Palma, winner of the last Vanderbilt Cup race

is a remarkable pilot, although many people do not realize it on account of his graceful, motionless poise. A feature of his work is his remarkably consistent driving. In a race he will drive lap after lap in approximately the same time, there being but a few seconds difference in his lap times, and I have seen him drive rounds repeatedly in exactly the same period even to a fraction of a second, which proved his excellent judgment in always shutting off for a turn at precisely the same point and taking the turn at the same speed as well as maintaining the average he wished for in the stretches. Incidentally this is not easy, and if you doubt it, try going around a certain course with a touring car some day, attempting to maintain the same lap speed, then find out how much off you are on your laps.

Tetzlaff is a driver of the George Robertson school. His policy is always to slam ahead at top speed, setting

A photograph of Ralph Mulford and his wife taken just after Mulford won the 1911 Vanderbilt Cup race

the pace, trusting to his car standing up and getting so far ahead of and disconcerting his competitors that they cannot catch him. This is just the opposite of the manner in which Mulford, De Palma, Dawson, and a number of others drive. In the last 500-mile race Dawson, who won it, did not have as much speed as a number of the others and was obliged to nurse his car throughout. When De Palma was leading on that 495th mile with more than 8 minutes' advantage and then broke down, Dawson stepped on the throttle of his mount and drove to the finish faster than he had driven at any other period of the contest, winning a most unexpected victory. In that same race De Palma did not set the pace for the first few laps. He waited to ascertain how much speed Tetzlaff, Bruce-Brown, Mulford, Wishart, and others had, and then having taken their measure and noted them stopping for tire changes, proceeded to go out and pass them and break the world's records shortly from the 50th mile until the 495th—records which unfortunately were not awarded to De Palma, because he did not finish the race in accordance with the rules.

At Milwaukee in both the Vanderbilt and Grand Prix events he waited for several of the other fast cars to encounter trouble before making his bid for the lead. In other words, instead of slamming ahead and taking a chance on "the glue holding in his car," he nurses the motor and refrains from driving it at its limit until the psychological moment, when he sees he can steal a march on the other fellow during a tire change or owing to one of the other misfortunes of war.

De Palma is as scientific a driver as was ever seen in a contest. He was born in Italy, but has lived in this country since he was seven years old and received his racing education—bicycle, motorcycle, and automobile—on this side of the water. While he probably never will drive again, his work will always be remembered by many followers of racing, the majority of whom consider him the greatest all-round driver.

There are a number of other good professional drivers about whom much could be written. Some of the best have retired, among them Ray Harroun, winner of the 1911 five-hundred-mile race; Harvey Herrick, who has won notable victories on the Pacific coast and held the world's road race record for a while. Then among those still driving are: Howard Wilcox, Len Zengel, Bert Dingley, Charles Merz, Mort Roberts, and Joe Matson. "Hughie" Hughes, who is a Britisher, has had most remarkable success in light-car races the past two seasons, winning nearly every small-car race in which he started.

SOME OF THE AMATEURS

AS FOR the amateur and ex-amateur drivers who drive for fun rather than cash, to my mind Bragg is by far the most remarkable. He is 27 years of age, weighs 127 pounds, is slight and even frail-appearing, and yet he can take terrific punishment from a racing car hitting the bumps. His is a languid, nonchalant sort of a face with an utter absence of any dare-devil look in his mild eyes. While driving at 100 miles an hour he sits in the seat of his 160-horsepower car with much the attitude and abandon of a young man calmly smoking a cigarette, seated on a cushioned chair in a hotel lobby, only Bragg drives minus a cigarette.

Erwin Bergdoll is a slashing, slam-bang sort of a driver, with an inborn love of high speed, and I expect to see him win more big races next season. Young "Eddie" Hearne, Chicago's favorite, who entered the speed game just for fun and then went into the automobile business, has won some very good races, among them the Cincinnati road race in 1911 and his drives on the Indianapolis Speedway upon which he made and still holds the world's 15- and 20-mile records, turning the 15 miles in less than 10½ minutes and the 20 miles in 14 minutes—some going for a 125-pound youngster!

But ignoring the sporting element of racing entirely, if the average owner or prospective owner of a motor car could see the earnest manner in which a factory staff experiments with, builds, and tunes up racing cars to enter big contests—if he or she could note how dozens of carburetors, cam shafts, magnetos, spark plugs, bearings, lubricants, and other parts and accessories are tried out in chassis for months, for the purpose of obtaining comparative data on the respective merits of each, a more intelligent idea of what racing has done for the improvement of automobiles would be obtained. Could the private owner note how the designer and chief engineer spend hours evolving and trying out some feature of construction intended to make a part stronger, lighter, or more efficient—something which can be incorporated in regular stock cars put out the following season—the value of racing would be most potently illustrated.

Automobile racing will continue to exist for years to come. Under the circumstances, the best plan is to endeavor to control and take precautions to make it safer rather than to attempt to eliminate it altogether.

The Fond du Lac turn on the Milwaukee course where a novice driver skidded into baled straw

Our Highways and the Motor Car

Cooperation among Automobil[illegible] Will Aid Good Roads Commissioners in Their Efforts

[illegible] OGAN WALL[illegible] PAGE

WHAT about a macadam road long enough to encircle the globe at the equator? This would seem a lavish and prodigious undertaking, yet enough was expended on the roads of the United States last year to accomplish such a feat. Our outlay for roads in 1911 exceeded $140,000,000, or about one million a day for the road working season, a sum sufficient to girdle the globe with a [illegible] adam road at an average cost of about $6,000 [illegible]

Better still, however, would be a real[illegible] dream of many enthusiastic road advocates[illegible] tem of trunk lines running north, south [illegible] This sounds like a dream, to be sure, but [illegible] possible. In fact, last year's road outlay [illegible] that purpose, would be sufficient to [illegible] roads east and west [illegible] from Canada to our southern [illegible]

The growth and magnitude of the automobile industry may be shown by the fact that the capital invested in this branch of our manufactories had increased from $23,084,000 in 1904 to $173,800,000 in 1909, [illegible] an increase of 652 per cent during the five-year period. The relation of this industry to labor may be shown by the fact that in 1904 it afforded employment to 13,230 officers and employees, while in 1909 this [illegible] had increased to 84,954, or 541 per cent. A remarkable growth has also taken place in the value of the products, which was only $4,748,000 in 1899, but increased to $194,722,600 in 1909, or 4,001 per cent. Equally marvelous has been the increase in the number of machines, the number produced being 3[illegible] 22,830 in 1904, and 127,289 in 1909; showing an increase from 1899 to 1909 of 3,310 per cent. In 1909 there were 440,[illegible]00 autos in use in the U[illegible]

The Pers[illegible] Interest

[illegible] in the [illegible] ure and [illegible] it may a powerful [illegible] better highways [illegible]

[illegible]ating a Wreck

[illegible]HE car [illegible] discussion had been burning [illegible] ground [illegible] ignition while on the [illegible] tank [illegible] in the [illegible]timation of [illegible]

[illegible] with no greater pe[illegible] found in any oth[illegible] Valdosta are ea[illegible] the pine fores[illegible] which is [illegible] really unt[illegible] just be[illegible]

[illegible] bad [illegible]

[illegible] main traveled auto roads in order to by removing [illegible]s and taking out many of the bad curves."

[illegible]e racing motorist upon the public highway has [illegible] much to breed prejudice against the automobile [illegible]d its owner, and to retard road improvement. In [illegible]ny rural sections this prejudice is so violent that [illegible]otests have been made against improving the highways, because it was feared they would be used by [illegible]utomobilists as a race track for reckless driving with [illegible]ut regard to the rights of those traveling by the ordinary means of conveyance. [illegible] the motorists would bear [illegible] recognize that the horse [illegible] greatest user of our highways, [illegible], and much good result to the

[illegible]sposition on the part of motorists [illegible]ad officials. This has resulted in [illegible] injustice at times. By the exer[illegible]egard a much more friendly [illegible]ed. Wholesome criticism is a [illegible]ring a criticism exceeding [illegible]ertain that it is warranted. [illegible] of motorists to produce a [illegible]t is necessary that they co[illegible] keynote of success in this [illegible] automobile asso[illegible] other and with all [illegible]g for highway improvement. [illegible] cooperation we will have the [illegible]ous individuals and organizations [illegible] the same end, but by diverse and often [illegible] methods. The situation should be adjusted that all associations may work together.

[illegible]ted upon excellent authority [illegible] to-day the [illegible]s of France carry one and [illegible]e-third times [illegible]e railroads of that [illegible]untry. Much [illegible]sports [illegible]ficient [illegible] that its cost per [illegible] [illegible]low [illegible]are, prac[illegible]e railw[illegible]s. Th[illegible] [illegible]tly made at [illegible] tests [illegible]

The Car that has Revolutionized the Standard of Automobile Values

Get the extraordinary features of this big masterful car firmly fixed in your mind and you will have an entirely new conception of automobile values.

Never before have you seen a car costing less than two thousand dollars with the character and beauty and quality of this 1913 Cutting.

120-inch Wheelbase
Self-starter
Electric Lighting
Nickel Trimmings
Special Cushions
10-inch Upholstery
36 by 4-inch Tires
Fully Equipped
Full forty horsepower

Cutting MOTOR CARS

B-40—Five passenger touring car, 40 h. p. unit powerplant, fully equipped **—$1475**

A-40—Two passenger roadster, 40 h. p. unit powerplant, fully equipped **—$1475**

These are the specifications—but they tell only half the story—

The real Cutting supremacy lies in the organization back of the car—the organization that builds character and quality and integrity into every detail of engineering and construction—

The Cutting car has the lines and the dimensions of a high priced car—it has the finish and the upholstery of cars costing twice as much—it has the power plant, the operating mechanism and the equipment that you have been taught to expect only on cars of double its cost—or more—

It is a car that you can't possibly appreciate fully without an actual demonstration.

Let us send you the catalog and arrange a demonstration for you through our local representative.

New York Show—Grand Central Palace, Space 19 Chicago Show—The Armory, Space E-4

See our new "Six" at the New York and Chicago shows

Cutting Motor Car Company, 313 Mechanic Street, Jackson, Michigan

Canadian Distributers: Cutting Motor Sales Co., Toronto, Canada

[illegible] the abandon[illegible] is composed o[illegible] has many low po[illegible] [illegible] for week [illegible] a time. Those who brave this route invariably take to the fields. The roads connecting Emporia, Roanoke Rapids, Littleton, Warrenton, and Henderson have stretches of [illegible] owners [illegible]ans make. [illegible] machines of the [illegible]ear-old models seem [illegible], but the very loudest [illegible] can be made to soften their tone, and in many instances become actually genteel in their vocalization if the soot [illegible]plain of the [illegible] comparison to the [illegible]t output, the two and [illegible], but the very loudest [illegible] can be made to soften their tone, and in many instances become actually genteel in their vocalization if the soot [illegible]aving, ou[illegible] of its altitudes [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]t. giving magnificent views of the surro[illegible] [illegible] particularly the region made famous by [illegible] and his pioneers.

In the Colorado Rockies

Picturesque trails through the Rocky Mountains are being opened anew to the world by the motor car, and wonderfully has Nature rewarded those who have sought [illegible] these environments of pine-clad peaks and rugged valleys. The scene in the photograph is that of Eagle River Valley, on the descent into Redcliff

Champion Priming Plugs

Start Any Motor On First Quarter Turn

Champion Priming Plugs end winter starting troubles absolutely. They start the motor of any car on the first quarter turn because they create a rich mixture right at the plug's firing points—ready for a hot, fat Champion spark. They are winter necessities and a source of all-the-year-round satisfaction for every motorist.

The best of gasoline won't vaporize in a cold cylinder in raw, wintry weather.

So no matter how good your spark, it can't reach down to the gas. Some form of priming—*at the plug's base*—is imperative.

Champion Priming Plugs deliver the few drops required just where they are needed.

Champion Priming Plugs save cost of towing and help from a garage. Your car is always ready to *go*—in any weather.

With present low test gasoline, you can't ignore the prime-r problem.

Don't wait for another cold day to prove that you must have **Champion Priming Plugs.**

We guarantee your entire satisfaction, both as to their efficiency and workmanship—or your money back.

Open needle valve slightly (you needn't remove glove) and inject gasoline. Passing through its own channel to plug base, it vaporizes directly at spark points. Explosion will result every time on first quarter turn of starting crank, regardless of cold or weather.

Champion Spark Plugs are regular equipment of 60% of American cars today, including the product of such great concerns as the Ford and Overland.

Millions of them in use prove Champion superiority in workmanship and design.

Now comes the **Champion Priming Plug,** which adds to the perfect spark plug a perfect priming device—needed by every car owner.

They are indispensable to the winter use of cars that have not priming cups. They cost so little that even if your car has priming cups, you will prefer the Champion way; *it never fails.*

Champion Priming Plugs carry with them the prestige that years have given our factory—the largest in the world devoted to spark plugs.

Champion Priming Plugs are sold through auto supply dealers at $1.25, or $5 per set of four. Pay no more.

If your dealer is not ready to supply you with **Champion Priming Plugs,** don't delay; send us the coupon below, properly filled out, and attach to it bank draft, P. O. or express money order, or your check for $5, and we will send you a set of four **Champion Priming Plugs,** prepaid, on the day your order is received.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO., Toledo, Ohio
Gentlemen: Herewith find $5 remittance, for which send me four Champion Priming Plugs prepaid.
My car is a ..... of the year
Name .....
Street .....
City .....
State .....
Dealer's Name .....
101

Champion Spark Plug Co.

101 Avondale Ave., Toledo, Ohio

CHAMPION
TRADE MARK

"PETE"

By
GEORGE FITCH

Illustrated by Peter Newell

ONE warm day late in the spring two years ago I was walking down the street from my home with an interior stuffed and distended with dissatisfaction. Friends rushed by in new cars and waved cheerfully at me. Families sailed by in old cars, happy and foot-loose. Rich men tore long, jagged holes in the atmosphere in their portable volcanoes, and contented workingmen chugged along in cars which they had made themselves out of binder wheels and garden hose and twine. The whole world was on wheels—excepting myself. I was turning this bitter thought over and over and getting more inclined to move to Mars every minute, when I passed a man who was beating an automobile by the roadside with a monkey wrench.

I call it an automobile merely from politeness. Persons skilled in machinery could readily see that it had once been an automobile, but the layman would never have suspected it. It was such a weary, decrepit, dirty, ill-kept, downtrodden little brute that my heart went out with pity to it. Its top was old and ragged. Its lamps were broken. Its paint was gone. Its hood was bent in a dozen places. Two tires were disintegrating. Everywhere it had been repaired with wire. For less than two years it had served its brutal master—I knew him and remembered when he bought it—and he had used it up almost as badly as old Simon Legree used up Uncle Tom. It was pitiful. The little car was exhausted, racked, almost unable to stand. Yet I knew that as soon as its owner had finished beating it he would drive it full speed down the hard stone pavement again and maybe run it into a hitching post, as I had seen him do the fall before. As I watched him, my great idea came to me. I would buy this little car.

IT WAS a desperate idea, but I was a desperate man. I was tired of seeing second-hand delight and breathing second-hand fumes. For years my bank account had been engaged in a stern chase with the price of automobiles, with the latter always hull down ahead. Every time I had saved $100, the price of good cars had gone up $250. On that day I had $400 in the bank. It might buy this little ruin and kindly treatment might restore the car to health. If I couldn't run it I could at least carry the starting plug around and pose as a car owner among strangers.

I tried to resist my idea. But I couldn't. It had me by the throat. Before I knew what I was doing I had asked the man if he wanted to sell his car.

"Sell this conglomeration of revolving junk!" said he somewhat wildly. "Say, if I found anyone who wanted to buy this madhouse masterpiece, this movable ruin, this four-thousand-degree-in-the-shade parody on a rheumatic garbage wagon, I'd knock him down before he could change his mind."

"What will you take for it?" I asked, breathing hard and clutching my check book. "Will you sell it for $300?" I asked nervously.

"Three hund-" said the owner. Then he stopped. He seemed to be fighting for breath. "You—say, are you offering me three hundred dollars for this car?"

I blushed all over. But I really hadn't tried to cheat him. He had a perfect right to refuse it. "I'll give you $400 and not a cent more," I said with dignity.

HE LOOKED at me for a minute with a far-away look, like a man who is fighting a great battle with himself. I saw then that he loved the little car and I felt sorry for him. But he did not deserve to own it and I refused to weaken. I hauled out my check book.

"I'll let you have it," he finally said in a smothered voice. "If I didn't take your money, somebody else would."

"I've got to examine it first," I said in a businesslike manner.

"Go ahead," said the owner dejectedly. I walked around the car four or five times, looking at it in- [illegible] wheels. I got into it and grasped [illegible] turned like a regular wheel. I felt of the tires and twiddled the crank handle. Then having exhausted my knowledge of automobiles, I said I was satisfied, and bought the car. The owner bullied it into starting and drove me home, instructing me profusely in its disposition all the way. I gave him a check. He gave me a receipt and went away, leaving me a little bit dazed. He seemed a little bit dazed too.

I was an automobile owner. Considering what I had bought, this statement seemed presumptuous, but I was stubborn about it. Practically I was an extensive fool who had spent his savings for a mechanical invalid. But technically I was an automobile owner and entitled to wear the grimy palm and the greasy trousers of the craft. And as I looked at the mob of passing cars I swelled up out of a mere sidewalk user into a capitalist, a quarry of the police and a member of the gasoline gang. It was great. I was getting my money's worth already.

AFTER supper I went out to my car, set the levers as I had been instructed, and cranked a while. I didn't really expect it to go, so I wasn't disappointed when it didn't. I knew it would start for anyone who knew anything about cars. But I couldn't learn enough to start it in several days and I realized that it was going to block traffic a good deal, standing where it was. So I called up my brother who lived in the other end of town and told him I had something interesting to show him.

My brother is younger than I. In fact I brought him up myself, by hand and foot, very carefully. But he knows more about automobiles than I do about anything. He was brought up on automobiles. He has driven them, sold them, and has helped make them. He diagnoses sick automobiles as they pass in the street and he can tell by looking into the radiator of a car what is the matter with its hind axle. He could not afford a machine of his own and the idea occurred to me that he might like to drive mine. I would do anything for my brother. I love him dearly. It did me good to think of the pleasure he was going to have.

When my brother arrived, I led him out to my car. He looked at it a long while, walking around it and inspecting it very carefully. He was so deliberate it made me impatient.

"Well," I snapped, "how do you like it?"

When I said that my brother gave a loud cry and fell over backward. He acted very queerly the rest of the evening

My brother was peering into the thorax of the car, but he emerged as I spoke and rubbed his head with a puzzled air.

"I don't see where the cobs come out," he said.

When I had finished telling him that it was an automobile and not a corn sheller, he was greatly interested and looked it all over again. When I told him he could run it if he wanted to, he was much pleased. He took off his coat and borrowed an old pair of trousers from me and inside of ten minutes we were riding around the streets, while I watched every move he made with hawklike eagerness. I didn't care to run it any more, I said; I'd been out all afternoon and it was a pleasure to see him handle the car. It was just a little trick anyway that I had picked up for amusement. I had only paid $400 for it.

When I said that, my brother gave a loud cry and fell over backward. If I hadn't grabbed the steering wheel we would have been dashed to pieces against the curb. He acted very queerly the rest of the evening, asking me repeatedly if I felt all right and if my head pained me. He even asked me if I thought $350 would be too much for him to pay for a picturesque old lawn mower which was for sale near his home. And he seemed relieved when I asked him if he was crazy.

The next day I started the car myself and ran it around the town with all my might, full of weird, jumpy bliss. I don't mean the car ran with all its might. I supplied the might. I killed the car whenever I throttled it down and cranked it about once a block. It limped and stuttered, gurgled, howled and squeaked. Its front wheels obeyed the steering wheel about as closely as a fox terrier sticks to his mistress on the street. The clutch only worked occasionally. The whole concern was one vast asthmatic rattle. But I didn't care. It ran, and more than a hundred people remarked on the fact with pleased surprise. That night I asked the garage keeper, who was a friend of mine, if he could put the car in good order that evening. He was an honest man, and when we had finished discussing the subject I had a lot of new knowledge. At 60 cents an hour it would cost about $175 to put my automobile in first-class shape. In the meantime its diseases were acute. A little more running and it would break permanently in a dozen places. I went home full of gloomy perplexity.

Of course I might, by enrolling in a correspondence course, learn auto repairing in 1,807 lessons and rebuild my car myself. But it would take a year, and besides I distrusted my ability. I had already ruined two meat grinders and a baby buggy that spring while repairing them. I might wait and save the money. But that would take all summer. I might—and then the only logical solution struck me with a bang. It was a wonder I hadn't thought of it before. I would lend the car to my brother.

IT WAS as simple as wishing the job done. I waited several days and then called Bob up. When I offered to lend him the car for a week he wouldn't hear of it at first. But I was firm. We always divided things up in our family, I reminded him. I had had a week's use of the car and I couldn't enjoy it unless he got some fun out of it too. It would absolutely ruin my pleasure unless he ran it awhile. So when he found I was really in earnest he accepted thankfully. The next day I ran the car over to my brother's house and left it.

USL USL USL USL

To Every Truck or Pleasure Car Owner

TRADE MARK

U S L

THE UNITED STATES LIGHT AND HEATING CO.

Storage Battery

For High Voltage Dependability

PITTSBURGH is known as one of the hardest communities in the country on electric vehicles. Two or three years ago transportation by this means was regarded as impracticable in that city on account of the hills and general traffic difficulties.

The people had to be shown. The **U-S-L** Storage Battery did it. By its remarkable power maintenance and high voltage dependability it proved to Pittsburgh that, with the right battery, electric transportation is the economical, reliable and clean method for either commercial or pleasure uses.

The result was that last year hundreds of electric vehicles were sold in the Smoky City and 75% of them were equipped with **U-S-L** Batteries. In spite of the number and steepness of the hills and rough streets, these batteries are giving 65 to 70 miles on a charge, with far longer life than the ordinary battery gives under such conditions. Users consider that the **U-S-L** Battery is about 25% more efficient than any other battery on the market.

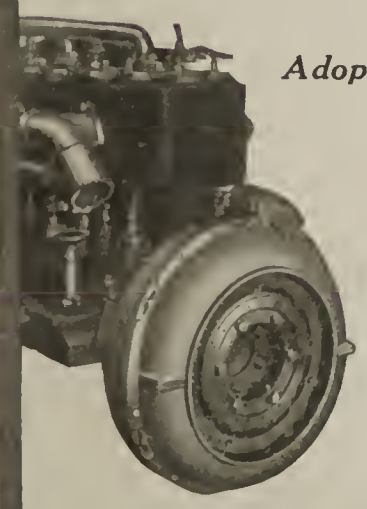
This Pittsburgh story is one of the greatest reasons in the world why you should specify that your electric truck or pleasure car be equipped with **U-S-L** Batteries. On all renewals get **U-S-L** plates. A battery that makes good on hills makes good on the level.

U-S-L Service stands back of every installation, bringing the services of trained experts, who cooperate with users to secure maximum efficiency. These men operate from stations in eight principal cities, where spare parts are always on hand.

U-S-L Electric Starter & Lighter — For Gasoline Automobiles

Takes the Place of the Fly Wheel

Adopted by the Overland, Rambler, Bergdoll, Garford "New Six," Moyer, Edwards-Knight, etc.



This illustration shows how the **U-S-L** Electric Starter and Lighter is substituted for the fly wheel of the automobile engine.

A starting and lighting device that is installed in place of the usual engine fly wheel, filling perfectly the latter's function as a balance wheel, yet making it a powerful motor starter and efficient current generator as well. Thus the **U-S-L** becomes an integral part of the engine; not an extra moving part is added to the car. No extra weight is introduced; moreover, it keeps the weight *central*, while the usual practice is not only to increase weight but add it to the side or one end of the car.

There are no chains, sprockets, gears nor belts, and no bearings to be oiled. It turns the engine over from 150 to 400 revolutions per minute. Simply a touch of the foot button is necessary; the motor starts with a smooth, gradual, continuous torque, without noise, jerk or jar.

The **U-S-L** is also a complete lighting plant for the automobile, furnishing practically unlimited electrical current for lamps, even for display signs on commercial vehicles. It does away with lighting batteries or an electric generator of the ordinary type.

It is entirely automatic both as to starting and recharging; no attention is necessary beyond occasionally adding distilled water to the storage battery. No complications; extremes of heat and cold will not interfere with its operation.

Send for descriptive Literature—FILL OUT THE COUPON

The U.S. Light & Heating Company

General Offices: **30 Church Street, New York** ***Factory:*** **Niagara Falls, New York**

Branch Offices and Service Stations:

Chicago New York Boston Cleveland Buffalo San Francisco Detroit St. Louis

The United States Light & Heating Company C. W. 1-11-13
30 Church Street, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen—Please send me the U-S-L Bulletins checked below:

- ☐ 1. **U-S-L Electric Starter and Lighter for Automobiles.**
- ☐ 2. Power for Electric Vehicles—Pleasure and Commercial.
- ☐ 3. Electric Light for Railroad Cars.
- ☐ 4. U-S-L Storage Batteries for Stationary Service.
- ☐ 5. U-S-L Storage Batteries for Independent Electric Lighting.

(NOTE—With the bulletins we'll forward the U-S-L Book illustrating and describing the U-S-L factories, service and products.)

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

USL USL USL

[illegible] week I had to go away about that [illegible], and I didn't want my brother to worry for fear I was at home pining for my car.

I traveled a good deal that week, and travel was never so pleasant before. I found that by alluding casually to my "car" in the opening sentence of a conversation I could not only win the respect of those who didn't have cars, but the intimate friendship of those that did. I found also that I could talk as grandly about my $400 car as if it cost $5,000 and was my ninth offense. I made a lot of friends on the strength of it and scarcely set foot on a sidewalk all week.

I WAS all anxiety to hear about my car when I returned, and called up my brother at once. I said "hello" to him and inquired about the auto's health in the same breath.

"Oh, the car's all right," said my brother, "and I am too, in case you might be interested."

"Have you enjoyed the car?" I asked hospitably.

"Yes," said my brother; "it's been like old times; only I wish you hadn't come back until to-morrow."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, you see, I found a little work to be done on it and I've been fixing it up. I haven't had a chance to run it yet."

And do you know, that nervy brother actually wanted me to wait a day longer while he drove my new car all around the country. That's the brother of it for you.

WHEN I saw my car a few minutes later I hardly knew it. My brother had done it a lot of good. He had spent the entire week, I found, under it, on top of it and coiled around it in the way auto mechanics have. He had revamped the engine, edited and revised the magneto, mitigated the exhaust, reformed the clutch, resuscitated the carburetor, manicured the tires, cleaned the car from end to end, and polished the brass work. And when I took the steering wheel and opened up the throttle I found a thing of life under me, fighting for more speed, and purring like a half-ton pussy cat. It was magnificent. It must be a wonderful pleasure to work on a car and bring it up from a ruin to a spirited young thing which has to have mud on its number plate in order to avoid the law. It made me feel good to think how much my brother must have enjoyed himself. But I was always doing things for him.

That was the beginning of a summer full of joy. I have heard of sick tigers who, when cured by foolhardy physicians, have become the slaves of their rescuers. My little car seemed almost alive in its anxiety to repay me. It ran, day and night, with eagerness. It staggered pluckily over rough roads, dug its way out of sand patches, and buzzed cheerfully along through rain and mud. No burden was too great for it. Although built for three, it would carry six, and go at the Main Street hill as sturdily and confidently as if it was carrying one, laboring faithfully up on the high gear and performing such herculean efforts before it stopped with a gasp and waited apologetically for me to kick in the low-speed pedal, that I began to think of it as a human being, and to regard it with affection. In a month I had stopped calling it "here you" and had given it a name, a gender, and a place in the family circle.

"Pete" he was after that, and from that time on the doings of Pete during the day were the main subject of conversation at the table at night; and the state of his health on Sundays was a subject transcending all others in importance.

Pete was our friend and companion. Pete carried us out into the country on picnics and over the river into the hills on exploring tours. Pete took us to the far end of the town to spend the evening and waited patiently for us to reappear. Pete stood placidly while my two little daughters swarmed over his seats and yanked at his levers.

HE USURPED the place of dolls and dogs for them. They loved him because he was a little car, as children love everything little. They guarded him from the bad boys who tried to "honk-honk" him. They cluttered around, all anxiety, while I fussed with his internals, and pitied "poor sick Petey." They threw themselves at him with shouts of joy whenever I went out and cranked him. A hundred times that summer my three-year-old princess put her arms around my neck and said: "Oh, papa, let's get Petey and take a little ride."

Of course I don't mean to say that we didn't have [illegible] that Pete was continually disintegrating somewhere. As he convalesced in his differential, he declined in his radiator. When he retained water in his radiator he was generally enjoying paralysis of the oiling system. And when he oiled perfectly, his cranks as a rule were working loose once more. He also rattled in twenty places and his valve mechanism was as noisy as a small thresher. But strangely enough, this didn't worry me. I found very early a vast difference between the owner of a second-hand car and the proud mahout of a next year's model. The latter is worried and depressed when any little thing is going wrong. The former is jubilant and happy when any little thing is going right. So long as Pete ran and came home on demand, I was happy. That summer and fall I coaxed, chevied and badgered him over 2,500 miles of road, leaving behind me a trail of bolts, parts, discarded accessories, and small tools, by which even a detective could have tracked me.

Not only did Pete serve me and my family all that summer, but he helped make my brother happy. Regularly on Sunday afternoons we would load up and drive

An army of automobile agents descended upon me like Assyrians surrounding a lamb, or wolves attacking the Israelites

over to his house, where my children would frolic with his children, and he and I would walk solemnly around the car 700 times discussing it in that intimate and personal manner which experts and owners use. There are more things to talk about in an automobile than there are in politics. During that summer we talked Pete over carefully from the extreme rear edge of his off hind tire, which generally needed vulcanizing, to the tips of his headlights, which always needed cleaning. And the talks always ended the same way. Bob would go down cellar, put on his war togs, and come out with a bushel of tools. Then he would pry into the dank, greasy gizzard of the car and enjoy himself while I stood by and encouraged him. These little talks did Pete a world of good. He was always the better for them. Owners who run cars all year round and neglect to talk them over regularly with some kind, sympathetic friend who has a knowledge of ignition do them a great injustice.

SOMETIMES Pete developed so many things to talk about during the week that I could not wait until Sunday. Then I would drive him over and lend him to Bob for several days at a time, during which time Pete improved steadily. It was beautiful to see them together. Some people are stingy with their automobiles, but I was never that way.

When the cold weather came I put Pete away in a barn for the winter, and in the spring an army of automobile agents descended upon me like Assyrians surrounding a lamb, or wolves attacking the Israelites—I don't remember which is historically correct. They brought with them samples of all the cars made in America and points east. They offered me fabulous sums in trade for Pete. For weeks I rode about in cars which were mechanically so perfect that getting power and speed was as simple a proposition as turning on molasses from a spigot.

It had been a fortunate winter for me and I had enough money in the bank to sell Pete down the river and buy a dream of a little touring car which started with a button and would run until election day with no care whatever, except providing new speedometers as fast as the old ones wore out.

BUT strangely enough, I couldn't get interested. The perfect cars left me cold. In a perfect car I was only a motorneer. The car supplied the brains and left me only the steering to do. Beyond mending a tire occasionally I couldn't look forward to a single bit of excitement.

I couldn't even go over and visit my brother. There would be nothing to talk about. And if I loaned him the new car all he could do would be to run it around and wear out the tires. Brotherly affection is strong, but there are limits to it.

As I thought these things over I began to realize that I loved Pete. He was more than recreation to me. He was excitement, suspense, uncertainty, triumph, and a baffling mystery which I was working out bit by bit. He had a personality. He had traits and weaknesses and also strength of character. There wasn't a part of him which was a stranger to me. When he ran he was a chorus of sweet sounds and rackets. When he stood still he was a challenge twenty times as interesting as a golf course.

So I scorned the automobile agents and kept Pete. I kept him as a companion, not as a personal street car. And he rewarded me by struggling pluckily through his fourth year of existence with great success. He took me to town every day and took some friend home with me at night, said friend always causing me to swell with pride by marveling at the way the little brute clawed up the Main Street hill. He took me to Chicago and back without a breakdown, gasping home the last few miles with a rheumatic magneto, while I patted him and gloried in his spunk. Once he hauled for ten miles the disabled six-cylinder car of a man who had often alluded to him with scorn as a "prehistoric bang-buggy." Twenty times he took me through the country, and brought me home again—breaking down quietly in his garage half a dozen times after his day's work was done.

I HAVE grown proud of Pete as well as fond of him. Hundreds of people have said to me: "Well, you certainly have gotten a lot of use out of that little mess."

How many owners of good cars get the same compliments? I am so proud of him that I even refuse to paint him, and his upholstery is a disgrace. I wish he was six years old instead of four. I glory in his age, as a son glories in his 75-year-old golf-playing father.

I have decided to keep Pete forever, replacing him as he wears out. This year he has had a new magneto, carburetor, front wheel and oiling system. Next year he must have a new radiator and his gears are worn razor sharp. In another year I must get a new engine.

It will be expensive, but I will get my money's worth. I will still have Pete. I will have him until sometime in the distant future his steering wheel will wear in two and his crank handle will disintegrate. Then I will replace them and suddenly find that after all I haven't got Pete.

He will have vanished, bit by bit—just as I myself have vanished in the last seven years and am a new person, using the old name and signing checks on the bank account of my former self.

Perhaps when that day comes I may lose interest in Pete and sell him to a museum. But I shall not borrow trouble.

Once he hauled for ten miles the disabled six-cylinder car of a man who [illegible] alluded to him with scorn as a "prehistoric bang-buggy"

Now Europe, Too

The Michigan "40" Wins World-Wide Acceptance as Leader of Its Class

This year, with 72 makers competing on "40's," we claim the laurels in this mammoth field.

Our American allotment was taken by dealers before the first 1913 model was shipped. They came by the hundreds—these men who know all cars—and took all we could promise for 1913.

Then Europe Came

Then came experts from Europe—artists in cars; men who must compete with the finest cars in the world.

They came from England, Scotland, France, Russia, Germany. And they too agreed that the Michigan this year leads the medium-priced "40's" on both sides the Atlantic.

Some of the world's leading dealers, including the German Packard Motor Car Co., took our agencies abroad.

Their Radical Tests

These experts and dealers, some of whose orders approach $1,000,000, don't make mistakes on cars.

Their tests are searching and extreme. Their judgments, by most men, are regarded as final.

Hundreds of these men have pronounced the Michigan right. Some, like our Chinese distributor, devoted weeks to the tests. Some have spent years in testing previous Michigans.

And these men have agreed that no other Forty begins to give the Michigan value.

You'll Also Agree

When you come to compare you will also agree. Competent men cannot differ on this point.

Here is a car built by W. H. Cameron, known by 100,000 successful cars. Here is a body by John A. Campbell, who has designed for kings.

Able men have spent four years on this car. They have worked out in it 300 improvements. They have put 5,000 cars into actual use, to prove out their ideas.

They have given it 50 per cent over-capacity. They are using oversize tires, and springs, and brakes. They give it 14-inch cushions, electric lights, a 22-coated body.

Here is the last word in beauty, comfort and strength. And here is the power—40 to 46 horsepower—which motorists find they need.

All this, this year, for $1,585.

Write and Compare

Write for our catalog—send the coupon below. Note all the details, equipments and measurements. Compare the width and room, the margins of safety, the appearance and luxury.

Compare the up-to-dateness—the four-forward speeds, the big tires, the center control, the left-side drive.

Do that. Then go to our local dealer and measure up this car.

There's a war this year among "40's," with 72 makers competing. Each is trying to outdo others, or to underbid. You can get a remarkable Forty this year for half what men used to pay.

Judge for yourself who is winning this war—who gives the greatest value—who has the ablest men. Send the coupon now.

Michigan "40"

$1,585

Special Features

Four-forward speeds, as used today on all the best foreign cars.

Oversize tires—35 x 4½ inches—wider, we think, than on any equal-weight car.

Electric lights with dynamo.

Center control.

Left-side drive, to which all the best cars are coming.

40 to 46 horsepower.

Long-stroke motor.

Brake drums, 16 x 2¼ inches, making them extra efficient.

Springs two and one-quarter inches wide—50 inches long in the rear.

Shortsville wheels, with 1¾-inch spokes—12 to each wheel.

Demountable rims—Firestone quick-detachable, with extra rim.

Steering post adjustable. Also brake and clutch pedals, insuring perfect comfort and fit to every driver.

Wheel base, 118 inches.

Rear seat 50 inches wide inside—22 inches deep. Doors 20 inches wide. Tonneau room 50 inches either way.

Straight-line body, with 22 coats, designed by John A. Campbell

14-inch Turkish cushions. More depth and comfort, we believe, than in any other car.

Nickel mountings.

Electric headlights, extra powerful—12½ inches in diameter.

Sidelights set in dash—flush with it.

Windshield built as part of body, easily inclined to any angle.

Mohair top, side curtains and envelope.

Electric horn.

$50.00 Speedometer—4-inch face.

Over-capacity averaging 50 per cent. Each driving car sufficient for a 60-horsepower motor.

Foot rail, robe rail, rear tire irons, tool chest completely equipped, under running board out of way.

Self-Starter

Men differ so about self-starters that we adopt no type as regular equipment.

Either a gas starter, or an untailing electric starter, will be added at moderate extra price. The car has a dynamo.

MICHIGAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Kalamazoo, Michigan

Owned by the Owners of the Michigan Buggy Company

MAIL THIS COUPON

Michigan Motor Car Company
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Mail me your 1913 Catalog

Taking the Automobile Seriously

We Have Made of the Motor Car a National Institution Without Giving It Intelligent National Consideration

By WILLIAM ALLEN JOHNSTON

WE ARE face to face to-day with a very serious automobile problem—so serious in so many ways that its consideration cannot longer be put off. Least of all should there be any shortsighted attempt, supposedly in the interests of sport or business, to conceal its existence.

It is the problem of automobile accidents.

You read of them practically every day. But even the most distressing now fails to shock. Their very frequency has made them seem natural, inevitable happenings. But if you were to clip, each day, the items of accidents from all the papers in the country and note how the clippings average, during the summer months, fully half a hundred a day, you would get quickly enough an appalling idea of the situation.

Evidently there is a general awakening. The coroners' clerk of New York City, after compiling a recent report, exclaims that the metropolis is fast becoming as perilous as a battle field. Mayor Harrison of Chicago adds that automobile fatalities there exceed the accident roll of the old days of railroad grade crossings. Cities everywhere are having aldermanic investigations, and some have sent their chiefs of police to Europe to find out why accidents are much fewer there. Massachusetts gave over a good part of her last legislative session to the problem, and other States will follow suit this year.

THE AUTOMOBILE IS NOT AT FAULT

EVERYWHERE there is a good deal of unrest and effort—of some demoralization, too; but there are lines of progress already under way that promise much ultimate good.

First of all, it should be stated that out of all the factors concerned in the safety of automobiling—and there are a number—the automobile in itself is not at fault. As regards strength of construction, materials, and safeguards, there is little left to be perfected. It is apparent that in these essentials the manufacturers to-day are practically at a competitive standstill.

The great trouble is with ourselves. We do not, seemingly cannot, take the automobile seriously. We have never understood its significance, do not now; and for this very reason we have failed to surround it with the safety it demands.

This remarkable misunderstanding is more to be deplored than wondered at. The automobile has developed with amazing sweep and swiftness. It was not so very long ago that the makers of the first automobiles in this country had it all figured out that only a few rich men would own motor cars. Then consider the situation to-day.

Right now there are close to a million automobiles in this country. That means that practically one in every one hundred men, women, and children in the United States owns a car. This year the population will increase something over a million and a half; but there will be made and marketed at least a quarter of a million automobiles, or one to every six new citizens.

Still even this remarkable proportion does not sound the situation. There is yet to be considered the commercial car—now only in its infancy.

More than 250 firms are making commercial cars this year. One concern sold its product to over 140 different lines of business. Twice as many of these vehicles were in use in 1912 as against 1911.

Already the light delivery car, which now throngs the city streets and is ordered by the metropolitan merchant in fifty and one hundred lots, is being used by the village storekeeper. The physician's car is everywhere. Ambulances, fire apparatus—all such vehicles that can be—are motor-driven. At night, about the shipping terminals of the manufacturing centers, the pavements fairly rock with seas of heavy motor trucks.

What does it all mean?

Why, simply this: that we have made of this vehicle a national institution, an interwoven factor everywhere of our daily activity. In turn, this swift, heavy, often silent engine has usurped our crowded city streets and country lanes and highways.

This is the situation; and out of it an alternative stands as clear as daylight. If we continue not to take the automobile seriously, if we fail to regulate it as fast as it is being extended, then it follows inevitably that the city battle field of New York's coroners' clerk will become a national one.

GETTING DOWN TO CAUSES

THERE is a widespread belief that overspeeding causes nearly all accidents and is at the root of the whole problem. The speed-mania idea has proven popular and is superficially accepted as a fact. An executive [illegible] Highways Protective Association said [illegible] speed mania causes more deaths than the mania for murder. A Western judge announced solemnly that he could judge an arrested offender by the state of exhilaration or speed intoxication in which he found him and would fine him accordingly.

THE INTERMINGLED FACTORS

THIS, of course, is pure claptrap. But seriously regarded, the assumption that speed is at fault is *not* supported by facts. True, the newspaper reports in a number of instances state that the car involved was being driven at a high rate of speed; but they fail to report, what the investigation almost always brings out, that the driver was careless or incompetent, or that somebody else was—that the rules of the road and of common sense were broken—that safety devices were not used, etc., etc.

We may put the whole matter in a nutshell by stating that it is the carelessly driven car at low speed that is most dangerous and not the carefully driven fast car.

In Massachusetts, out of 504 investigations of serious accidents there were but three convictions for overspeeding, while 137 were charged with improper operation, 41 with recklessness, and 14 for being under the influence of liquor. This is a representative percentage.

Speed laws will not stop these abuses. However sweeping they are made, they cannot but scratch the surface, and they will defeat their own aims. We will have to go deeper down into the causes and seek to correct them.

These are the factors that are fundamentally concerned with automobile accidents:

Automobile laws and ordinances, magistrates, police, motorists, equipment devices, traffic regulations.

All these factors are closely intermingled in the problem; and at present they do not work in harmony. Take any two and you will find between them either out and out bickering, or else a measure of misunderstanding. What is broadly demanded, and this is the direct solution of the difficulty, is cooperation between them all. Out of cooperation and mutual understanding will come liberality and sanity. And out of these—and only in this way—we shall have safety.

CRAZY-QUILT LEGISLATION

OUR State automobile laws to-day, viewed from a national standpoint, resemble a crazy quilt filled with large holes. It is exceedingly doubtful if a motorist, even with a digest of these fifty-seven varieties of laws pinned to his steering wheel, could traverse the country and not be a constant lawbreaker through forgetfulness or confusion.

Eight States have no laws whatsoever. Nevada's law is confined to a single provision, namely, the filing of a license fee of $2.50 per month and a fine for negligence in payment. Seven States and the District of Columbia have laws so obsolete as to be ridiculous upon their face. Obviously they were framed with only a vague idea of just what the automobile was, still less what it was destined to be; they are headed: "An act to regulate the running of automobiles, locomobile autocars," etc. In Alabama, according to a literal interpretation of the law, all cars must be driven backward at night in order that the rear lamps may be "visible at least fifty feet in the direction in which the car is proceeding." Iowa and several other States have improved upon the law by changing "in" to "from." The Ohio law, one of the obsolete group referred to, declares that anyone who fictitiously represents himself as a chauffeur may be suspended from the right to operate a motor vehicle as a chauffeur for a period of six months. Georgia is very liberal, allowing a small boy or girl to operate a car; its law states that no one under sixteen years of age may drive a car, *unless* "such minor shall have previously twelve months' experience in the operation of automobiles." Automobile hearses are ruled out of West Virginia and North Carolina by a law exempting automobiles from cemeteries. And so the hodgepodge list—mostly of nonessentials—runs on. Even in such essentials as they have no two States are at all alike.

WHY NOT A CONFERENCE OF STATES?

IT IS encouraging, however, to note that some States are progressing sanely. Massachusetts, while lax about owners, has an excellent bureau for the examination of chauffeurs. Maine has an intelligent signal law requiring that a horn not only must be sounded but *heard* an adequate distance. New Jersey has a provision so much favored by considerate, experienced motorists everywhere that it at least deserves the legislators' most serious consideration, namely, that every horse-drawn vehicle shall carry a light after dark. And Virginia sounds the keynote of all State automobile legislation in authorizing "the Governor to confer and enter into agreement with the proper officials of other States as to uniformity in automobile laws."

Why not such a conference of all the States? In addition to the proper officials, let it be attended by legal, engineering, road and traffic experts, together with leading automobile club officials. It is comparatively a simple matter to make a table of existing State laws, grouped under such important heads as Registration, Licenses, Fees, Nonresidents, Warning Signals, Lights, Speeding, etc. By selecting the best of the existing laws, eliminating the useless and adding the necessary, a law, Federal in scope, uniform and effective in the interests of all, may certainly be had.

This chaos of State laws is even worse in its consequences than in itself. The more inadequate the State law the more each city and village within the State feels itself called upon to pass specific ordinances in an effort—almost always futile—to make up locally for the general deficiency. As a result such a heterogeneous mass of ordinances exists that a cross-country motorist, to be law-abiding, ought to have a bureau of information to consult before entering each municipality.

HASTILY FRAMED, ILLOGICAL LAWS

GENERALLY these laws are framed hastily, without regard to uniformity, logic, facts, or legality. As a result they are often flatly unconstitutional, and wholly absurd.

In Cincinnati, as an instance, a city councilman is enraged because a drunken chauffeur in a garage next door makes the night hideous by sounding an electric horn. He marches to the City Hall next day and begins

It is the carelessly driven car at low speed that is most dangerous

What Shows Don't Show

By R. E. Olds, Designer

You'll see the new model of Reo the Fifth at your local Automobile Show.

It will strike you as beautiful, luxurious, roomy—having every final touch.

But here are things you can't see. And they mean, in the end, more than all that shows.

Tire Mileage

Tires on a car form the chief item in upkeep. Tire-saving means more than all other savings together. Every old motorist knows this.

So this year I add 30 per cent to my tire cost, to add 65 per cent to the average tire mileage. I give you tires 34 x 4. Compare them with rival cars.

The usual tires on this type of car would more than double your tire cost, so tire makers say.

No Possible Flaws

The steel in this car is twice analyzed, to make sure it accords with my costly requirements.

The gears are tested in a crushing machine, to prove that each tooth will stand 75,000 pounds. This test is usually made with light hammers.

The springs are tested in another machine, to stand 100,000 vibrations.

I use in this car 190 drop forgings. The average cost is twice that of steel castings.

But they give me lightness and strength. And hidden flaws can't occur in drop forgings.

The various parts of this car get a thousand inspections. Thus all the uncertainties are completely eradicated in building this Reo the Fifth.

No Broken Bearings

I use in this car 15 roller bearings, 11 of them Timken, 4 Hyatt High Duty.

They cost five times as much as the usual ball bearings. But good roller bearings don't break under strain.

No Overtax

It's the sudden shock which shows up a car's weakness, not the ordinary tests. And sudden shocks will come.

To withstand them, I give to axles and driving parts 50 per cent over-capacity. I have made them all ample for a 45-horsepower car.

To prove them out, I ran one of these cars for 10,000 miles, at top speed on rough roads. I met at its worst every possible road shock, and not one important part gave out.

I use 14-inch brake drums. I use 2-inch, 7-leaf springs. I use costly steels—chrome nickel, vanadium, manganese—all to ward off an overtax. I place cost below safety in this Reo the Fifth.

No Troubles

That isn't quite true. All machines have their little troubles. But I've gone to the limit to save trouble with this car.

Each engine is tested 20 hours on the blocks, and 28 hours in the chassis. There are five long-continued tests.

My carburetor is doubly heated—with hot air and hot water—to save the troubles with low-grade gasoline.

I use a $75 magneto to save ignition troubles. I use a centrifugal pump, instead of a syphon, to insure the water circulation. That costs about $10 extra.

Cars are built slowly and carefully, parts ground over and over. I limit my output to 50 cars daily, so nothing shall be slighted.

No Skimping

To make the car show my infinite pains, I give equal care to the finish.

The body has 17 coats. The luxurious upholstering is of genuine leather, filled with the best curled hair.

There are three electric lights, and the dashboard lights are flush. And the whole car, even under the hood, is fully nickel-trimmed.

Center Control

Our center control is exclusive to this car. All the gear shifting is done by one small handle, completely out of the way. It is done by moving this handle only three inches in each of four directions.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. So no levers at all clog the way of the driver. And this permits of the left side drive.

No other center control will please a man who once discovers this.

Add $200 to My Cost

These extremes I figure, add $200 to the necessary cost of this car.

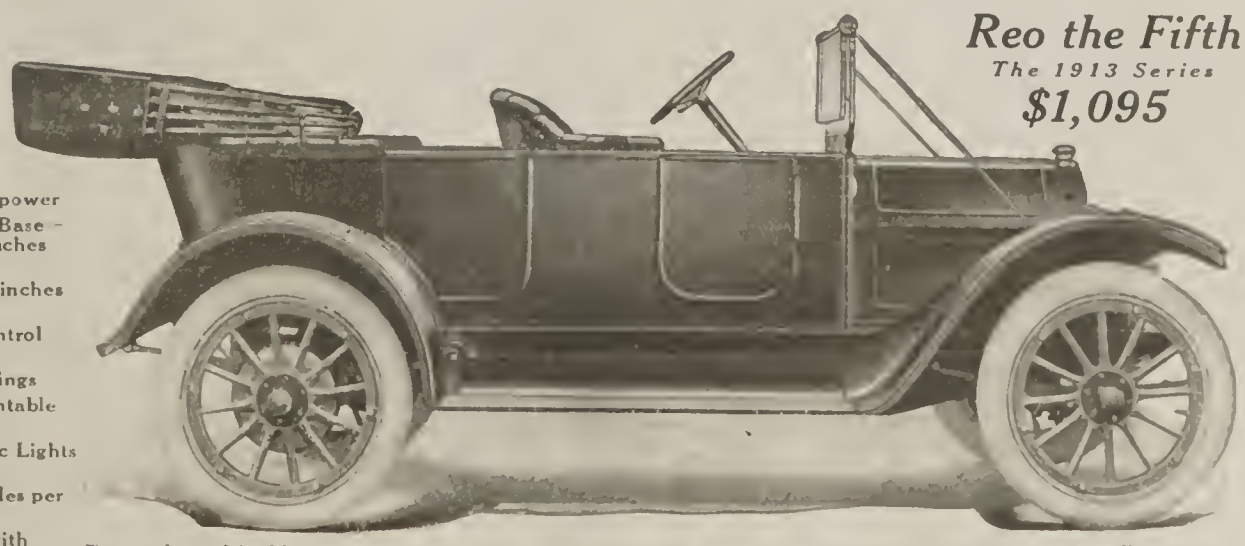
They cut down our profits. They force us to factory efficiency. They compel us to build every part ourselves. And, to minimize cost, we build only one chassis.

But these things save users from three to ten times what it costs me to give them to you.

They insure to you safety, economy, comfort. They insure to me that reputation I have spent 26 years in acquiring.

I find that car users, more and more, are coming to look for this class of car. Our output is always much oversold. And this year, with 60,000 excellent cars to my credit, the demand will be greater than ever.

A thousand dealers are now ready to show this new model of Reo the Fifth. Our 1913 catalog is also ready. Write us for it now.



Reo the Fifth
The 1913 Series
$1,095

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 inches
Tires—34 x 4 inches
Center Control
Roller Bearings
Demountable Rims
3 Electric Lights
Speed 45 Miles per Hour
Made with 2 and 5 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank for headlights, speedometer and self-starter all for $100 extra (list price $170).

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

the framing of an ordinance prohibiting the use within city limits, by all motorists, of any signal save the soft-toned bulb horn. If the chauffeur had used his voice instead of his horn, he himself would have been arrested as a disorderly person. But automobile ordinances are in vogue. An offending piece of equipment is ruled disorderly instead. All motorists, comprising reputable, considerate, law-abiding citizens, are involved over the insane conduct of one incompetent chauffeur; the public is deprived of a safety device the efficiency of which measures their protection; and the spirit and intent of the State law which demands a signal "suitable" to warn safely is broken.

In Syracuse a "young blood," pleased with his new toy, goes shrieking and speeding over the avenues one

In Maine the horn must not only be sounded but heard!

night. Result: radical speed and signal restrictions for all motorists and the entire civic body to bear. In Memphis an insolent negro chauffeur brings down the wrath of the city—not upon himself but upon the automobile. I could give fifty such instances, each the sole basis of statutes so absurd that the police are compelled in practice to wink at them.

Drastic ordinances are devised in many cities, so the authorities freely admit, simply to give the local magistrate sufficient latitude to deal effectively with his cases. In Shreveport, La., it is unlawful for any person to drive an automobile "unless he shall have been first duly examined by the city physician and found fully competent, mentally and physically." Rather staggering, this, to the average motorist! But the chief of police has explained that it was meant simply as a roundabout check on reckless drivers by giving a broad and easy way of arrest.

The point of the matter is that there would be no occasion for these sweeping, indefinite rulings, if the State laws themselves were not all at sea. If the latter were adequate and definite they would govern well—in the essentials at least—the local situation.

We do not, throughout the country, need more State laws. In some of the Eastern States there are too many. But as a whole they are neither comprehensive nor effective; and in their multiplicity they are bewildering. They are not fundamentally framed. It is like beginning a house wrong in the building of it, and then patching it high and low to correct its faults. To begin fundamentally means to begin understandingly; we began wrong because we didn't understand the automobile, and it would seem as if the correct basis could best be had through an able commission, or at least through a conference in which all factors concerned were equally represented.

BEWILDERED AND BAFFLED MAGISTRATES

WITH the maze of State laws and local ordinances—often conflicting on such points as speed, lights, road rules, signals, and the like—it is not to be wondered at that the magistrate is bewildered and baffled. Give us definite laws, uniform laws, laws to fit the crime, they cry. In Chicago a municipal judge, casting about for a legal basis on which to deal with two cases of flagrant recklessness brought before him, finally construed the automobile to be a "dangerous weapon," and fined the culprits $1,000 each.

But both these accidents, in each of which a little girl was seriously injured, were due to violation of common-sense traffic regulations which did not then but now do prevail in Chicago. They do not have such accidents in Europe; we need not have them here.

Clear analysis of the causes of accidents and cooperation with others to help remove them is just as necessary on the magistrate's part. To-day he and the motorist are as widely apart as any two factors in the whole situation. An excellent indication is the recent announcement from the bench by a Winnipeg judge, who hotly declared that he would "shoot down the motorist" who ran into him.

Motorists say that magistrates who take up motoring immediately show liberality and sanity in their decisions to the betterment of all concerned. This seems to be borne out by the successful experience of a Kansas City judge, who undertook to secure a rudimentary and driving knowledge of the automobile.

"Liberality and common sense," says he, "should direct the framing of the laws, and the magistrate should interpret them in a like spirit. . . . A decision should always be based upon the peculiar circumstances involved—wise regulation is the only solution of the whole problem. We will never progress by indefinite and drastic restrictions."

The matter of traffic regulation is most important. Germany, by a scientific study of its city traffic, succeeded in reducing accidents from 15 per cent (of number of cars in use) in 1907 to 11.9 per cent in 1911. These percentages loom large, it should be explained, because all kinds of mishaps are included, even an "accident" so slight as injuring the bark of a tree.

"GETTING THE HABIT"

A NEW era of traffic regulation is on in this country. But as yet we are far from a successful readjustment of rules to admit of the automobile. We are even far from an appreciation of the necessity of this readjustment. It is curious that in the case of a few cities, where traffic officials have been sent for information to Europe and to larger cities in this country, it was not realized on any side that the automobile had very much to do with the matter. Here again the deadly lack of understanding!

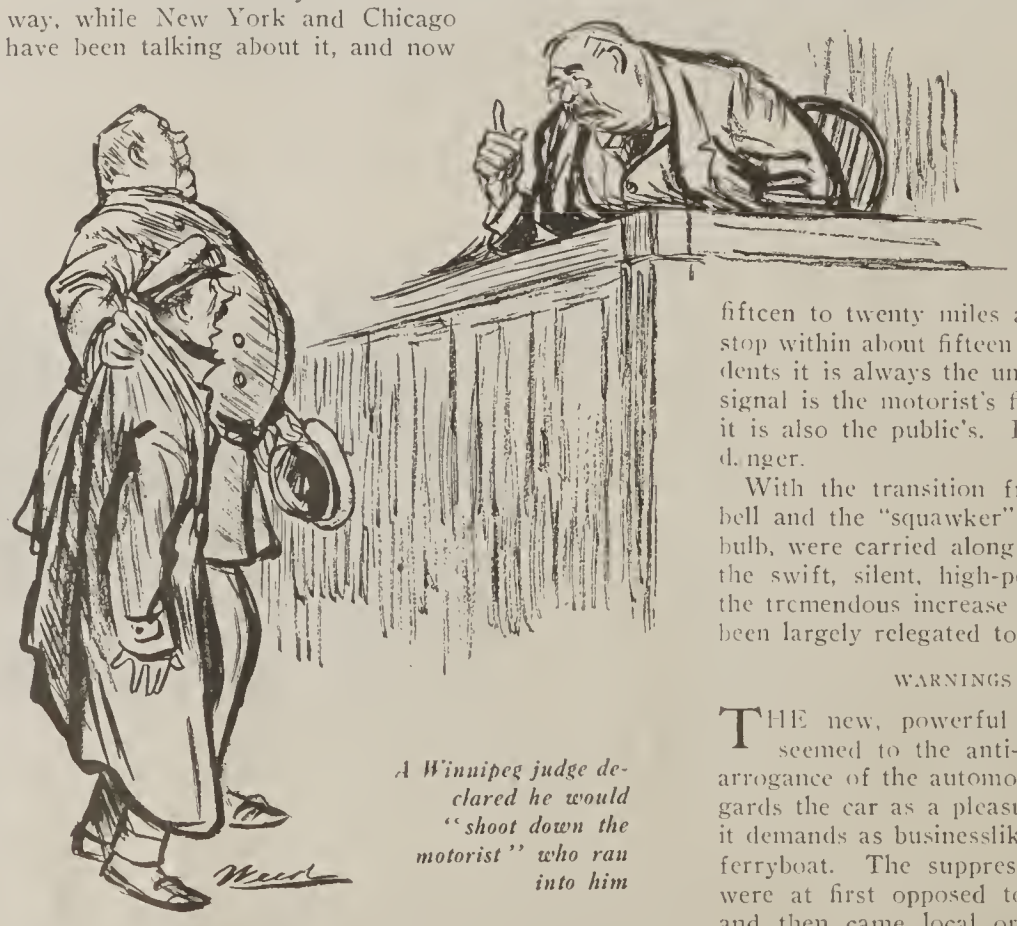
Chicago has gone at the problem seriously. First of all, it was found that the great majority of accidents were happening, not on the boulevards where motor traffic was many times greater and speed from 50 per cent to 80 per cent higher, but on the less motor-traveled streets. These are the streets of mixed traffic, where an automobile is one moment passing a horse-drawn truck, then a motor truck, and in another instant is side by side with a trolley car stopping to take on or let off passengers.

It was the latter situation that was judged most dangerous, and it is the writer's rough estimate, based upon an examination of thousands of accidents, that throughout the cities of the country more people are injured by automobiles in this manner than in any other way. The City Council in Chicago was quick to pass an ordinance compelling all drivers of motor cars and all motorcyclists to stop at all street crossings when street cars have stopped to take on or discharge passengers; also drivers are called upon to halt within not less than ten feet of cars that have stopped. Detroit and Cleveland have already had similar ordinances in effect with the result of greatly minimizing accidents from this cause.

A GOOD TRAFFIC RULE

CHICAGO also recommends that slow-moving vehicles keep to the curb, and insists that this rule is the fundamental solution of mixed traffic problems. This regulation is in force in most large cities.

Regulation of the pedestrian is an important element here. Kansas City has led the way, while New York and Chicago have been talking about it, and now has a law controlling pedestrians. Cutting of corners is forbidden by the crossing patrolmen, and the offense is punishable by a fine of from $5 to $50. The new law, it is claimed, has eliminated many accidents. Philadelphia has adopted London's "isles of safety" plan. Motor drivers are compelled to make wide detours in rounding corners, inside of which are safety stands for the pedestrians. New York has had great success in establishing these isles of safety within its traffic-crowded squares.



A Winnipeg judge declared he would "shoot down the motorist" who ran into him

The regulation of pedestrian traffic is an essential. The pedestrian should have his due rights in the highways; but he must remember that the sidewalks are his restricted rights of way, and that street crossings are designed especially for his protection. He must live up to the iron-clad traffic regulation of the crowded centers just as strictly as the vehicle is compelled to. The police records of New York City show that out of 2,500 accidents, 800 happened in the middle of the block. These are directly chargeable to pedestrian carelessness, and can only be climinated by beginning with the factor at fault.

Briefly, what is needed are just such basic regulations in all the traffic centers and the extension of many of them into the suburbs, smaller cities, and semisuburban sections. Then we need rigid enforcement by the police to take the place of the present chaos in the smaller cities and villages—where such action as is taken is generally due to the whim of a corner policeman. Uniformity of rule and enforcement sounds the keynote. When the pedestrian *gets the habit* of following regular crossing routes and of looking to the right and left; when the driver of the horse-driven vehicle learns to hug the curb; when the motorist knows that in Rochester, Keokuk, San Diego, and Silver City he will find similar road rules and *have* to follow them as strictly as in Chicago, then only shall we have a cessation of those frightful collisions and pedestrian accidents which the newspapers wrongly charge to overspeeding.

"AUTOMOBILE COMING! LOOK OUT!"

PUBLIC controversy has been considerably stirred up the past year over the two important safety devices of lights and signals; also the unnecessary nuisances of the muffler cut-out, smoke, and dripping oil have had a goodly share of attention.

That the muffler cut-out adds little, if any, power to the engine, and in the city is a wholly unnecessary noise; that with a new engine, and generally in starting, a little smoke is necessary, but otherwise easily preventable; and that a little care of the drip pan will keep pavements from being smeared with oil—these facts are more generally understood, and the trend of recent ordinances is to regulate the motorist accordingly.

As to lights, despite a number of freak laws on the subject, the ruling of two white lights in front and one red light in the rear seems a model ordinance, together with the further provision that the dazzling front lights be dimmed on city streets. The provision, so much championed by motorists that horse-drawn vehicles shall also carry a light after dark, is also a wise one. Milwaukee, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, Providence, and Buffalo have such an ordinance applying to all vehicles, whether moving or standing still.

The signal situation has been more complicated and its development exceedingly interesting. Into it have crept a good deal of the direct opposition to the automobile, the general lack of appreciation of its seriousness as a traffic factor, together with such important considerations as the rights of the motorist and the welfare of the public.

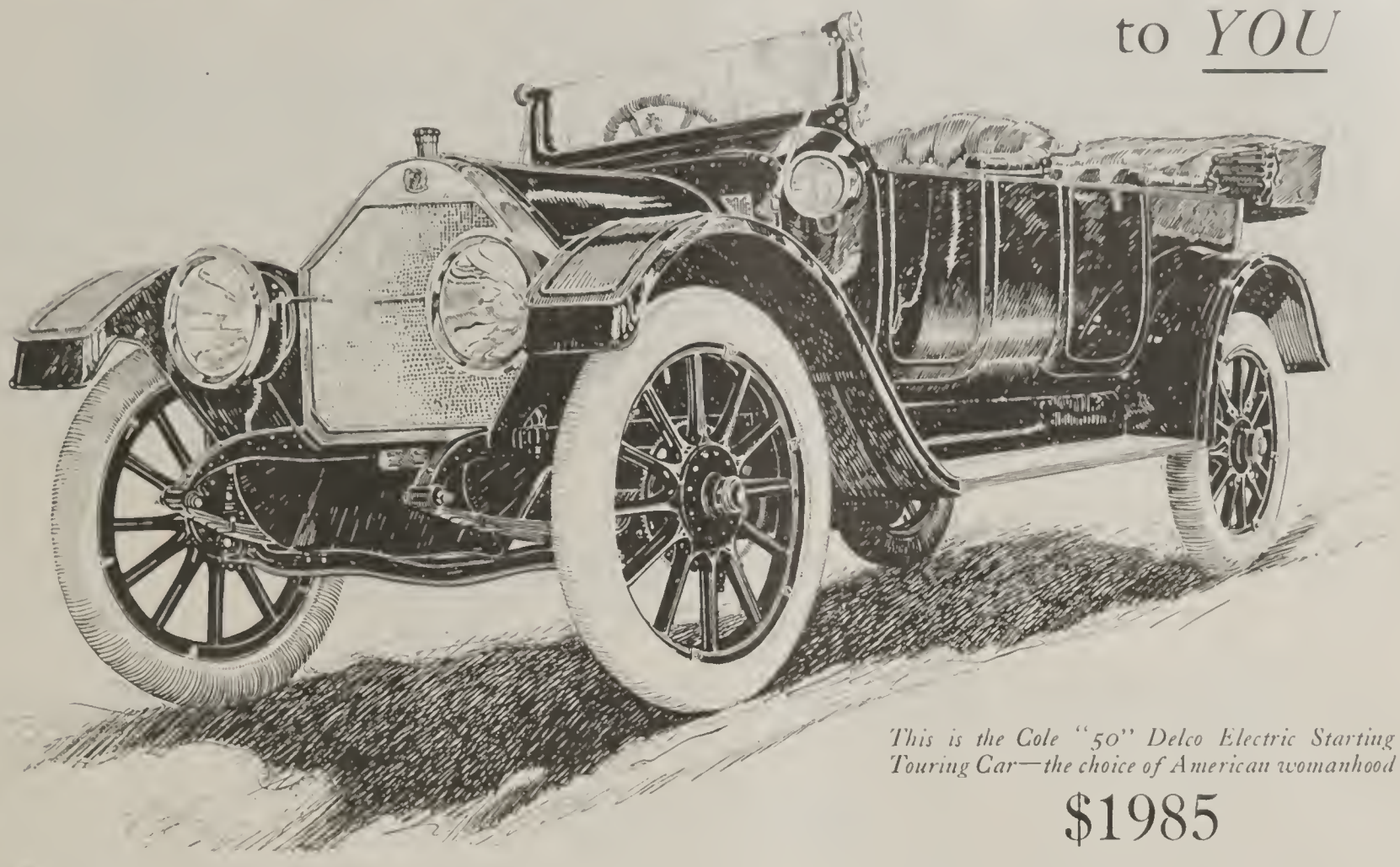
First, it must be conceded that the warning signal is a fundamental safeguard; often it is the means of last resort. In some remarkable brake tests, recently made by the Aldermanic Board in New York City, it was shown that a car going at the rate of fifteen to twenty miles an hour could be brought to a stop within about fifteen or twenty feet. But with accidents it is always the unexpected that happens, and the signal is the motorist's first and last safeguard, just as it is also the public's. It is the voice of automobiling danger.

With the transition from bicycle to automobile the bell and the "squawker" horn, sounded by squeezing a bulb, were carried along; but with the development of the swift, silent, high-powered gasoline car and with the tremendous increase in automobile traffic both have been largely relegated to the past.

WARNINGS MUST BE HEARD

THE new, powerful electric signal, however, has seemed to the anti-automobilist to voice only the arrogance of the automobile, and the man who still regards the car as a pleasure fad cannot understand why it demands as businesslike a signal as a locomotive or a ferryboat. The suppressionists of unnecessary noises were at first opposed to this signal's very existence; and then came local ordinances ruling against it because some "joy rider" had used it as a noise maker instead of in its legitimate function as a warning device. These hastily and ignorantly devised laws could not rule the signal out entirely, for the very good reason that every State law compels an automobile to carry a "suitable" warning signal. But the word "suitable" was

Leave comfort, convenience and beauty lines to *her* —she is leaving the price and mechanical correctness to *YOU*



This is the Cole "50" Delco Electric Starting Touring Car—the choice of American womanhood

$1985

MAKE the purchase of your next motor car a domestic business transaction. Recall how you and the wife built the home? You bought the lot where values were right and selected the architect on the strength of his reputation. You watched the plumbing—you planned the heating plant. You demanded nothing but "bests" in the entire construction.

You left the social environment, the convenience and the interior decorations to her—this was *right*. When it was all done two things had been satisfied—a woman's intuitive appreciation of beauty and a man's cold business judgment. It's a combination that can't be beat—take it with you when you go to buy your next motor car.

The character study of the Cole Motor Car at the top of this advertisement is for her eye—not yours. Dry tabulated specifications are for you and you alone. After careful investigation of the Cole and other cars as well, your preference will be—

The New Series 8—"50"

COLE

Its Principles of Construction

Silent Cole unit power plant with three point suspension and all working parts enclosed. A motor free from grease cups, with automatic lubricating system and combination thermo-syphon and force pump water circulation. Timken front and full-floating rear axle with large Timken bearings. Large brake drums on wheels equipped with Firestone demountable rims, 122-inch wheel base. Gasoline pressure tank and tire rack in rear. Straight line body with concealed hinges and locks. Deep Turkish, hand-buffed leather upholstery. Silk mohair top. Clear vision ventilating windshield and speedometer with grade indicator. Solar electric lamps nickel-silver trimmed. Price for Cole "50," completely equipped, $1985.

In addition to the "50" the Cole comes in two other chassis: Cole "40," 116-inch wheel base, price, completely equipped, $1685; and the Cole six cylinder "60," price, completely equipped, $2485

No difference in quality—merely diamonds of varying karat

Cole Motor Car Company

Indianapolis, Indiana

Tell her that you can "see" the Cole at the New York Show in January or at the Chicago Show in February

"So far, so good"—you say

All right. Now let's fill out this coupon. It doesn't obligate you. Back will come the Cole Blue Book for "her"—the Technical Bulletin for you. Your business judgment will prompt you to send the coupon by return mail—before you lay this magazine aside.

"OUR" COUPON REQUEST

COLE MOTOR CAR CO., INDIANAPOLIS

We have decided that the Cole is worth investigating. It is understood that we assume no obligation in asking for the Cole Blue Book and the Technical Bulletin—so send by return mail, postpaid.

"Her" Name _____

"My" Name _____

Address _____

Bonus Est

so the lawmakers excluded the efficient in favor of the weaker-toned and old-time

The latter, as every motorist knows, is undependable and inadequate; and for a time a state of misunderstanding among motorists, coupled with actual danger to the public, has prevailed throughout the country. Chicago, with a fast increasing accident list staring its authorities in the face, started a reform by tackling the signal problem first. Legal experts and traffic officials were called into consultation, tests were made; and the problem was finally settled so expeditiously that the same result, it seems, might have been had on a simple basis of common sense.

First, it was realized that an adequate signal is a necessity; and, secondly, that to be adequate it must be loud enough to be heard under all circumstances and all conditions of traffic, and it must give a harsh, abrupt note, one, in other words, that means business, that speaks seriously enough of the potential danger of an approaching car.

On the other hand, it was seen that the very efficiency of such a signal makes it a nuisance in the hands of the "joy rider" and generally inconsiderate, irresponsible motorist. So the simple provision was added that the signal must not be used unnecessarily nor in any way except as a warning of danger.

The enforcement of this ordinance, beginning last spring, has been successful; and St. Louis, Newark, and a number of cities have been quick to adopt it. It has been approved by the American Road Congress, the Automobile Association, and will undoubtedly become a general State law.

TAKING CHANCES

AS REGARDS the motorist and his responsibility for automobile accidents, a goodly volume might be written. Undoubtedly he is largely to blame. But there is much to be said—a good deal—in his favor. He is by no means the demon the newspapers paint him; nor is he by any means the cause of the multitudinous accidents they ascribe to him. He is about 90 per cent pure in spirit. He is—by that percentage or more—a decent, clear-headed, law-respecting, self-respecting citizen, who is often blamed, however, for the faults of the other 10 per cent. The publicity the latter get for their wrongdoing is enough to color, in the eyes of the public at large, the whole motoring fraternity.

Now, of this 10 per cent, a number are lawless and reckless—criminal in action if not in intent. But a greater number, and a great number, too, of the 90 per-cent class, are to blame for accidents through sheer incompetence. They are lacking both in a practical knowledge of a car and in an appreciation of its seriousness. They are of the "I-didn't-know-it-was-loaded" kind. They are constantly "taking chances"—just ordinary, innocent chances—the sudden results of which are featured in the newspapers with a four-column spread of big type.

INSTRUCTION IN FRANCE

THERE are a hundred or more of these "chances." They multiply as automobiles multiply. They are thick fore and aft in the city; but in the country they are omnipresent, too. The old days, when a car had a country highway practically to itself, are long past. Cannot the motorist understand that? He, above all others, should know the increase of traffic and what it means.

The motorist to-day who drives his car with such speed that should an emergency occur he could not in time control it is taking desperate chances—every time he approaches a concealed road or a street intersection or railroad grade crossing; every time he crosses a wet spot; every time he makes a road curve; every time he approaches a bridge; every time he passes a horse-drawn vehicle; every time he passes a schoolhouse—the list is too long, and at night and in the city it is multiplied.

Now, he need not, does not, take these life and death chances—provided he knows his car and how to handle it, provided he has adequate signals and *uses* them as freely as is necessary, and last but not least, provided he slows down at every danger point to a reasonable and proper speed.

In France every driver of a car is thoroughly instructed by Government supervisors before he gets his license. He is taken, side by side with the supervisor, through the winding paths of the Bois de Boulogne, through the tangles of street traffic, in and out of narrow alleys, over country roads, past dummies thrown before him—and so on till he is competent and careful in driving, until he gets to know the parts of a car and how they work, and why. Then they let him drive as fast as he wants to, but *carefully*, skillfully, and with strict observance of every road rule.

That is beginning right at the bottom; and until we do this, State by State, we shall have motorists who swell the mortality list by taking chances; and we shall have more freak laws, more opposition to and misunderstanding of the automobile, and be still removed from the ideal of adequate and uniform State legislation.

THE MASSACHUSETTS METHOD

MASSACHUSETTS has made excellent strides with her system of thoroughgoing road and mental examinations for all chauffeurs within the State, and all New England bids fair soon to adopt the system. The necessity of this examination is self-evident. Out of 4,648 drivers examined in Massachusetts 2,920 failed at the first examination and 529 failed altogether at the finals. Investigations of accidents are made promptly by the State Highway Commission, and licenses are revoked on evidence of incompetency and recklessness. Three hundred and sixty licenses were suspended or revoked in 1911, or about one a day.

Massachusetts, however, has only a superficial examination for owners of cars; and New York has no owner's examination worthy of the name. Moreover, out of New York City's 22,157 licensed chauffeurs (licensed after examination) it is doubtful if very many are up to the French standard of safe driving, and a recent, somewhat hurried investigation disclosed the astounding fact that over 150 of the licensees—principally taxicab drivers—had criminal records.

What chaos there would be in railroading if locomotive engineers had comparatively as little fitness as automobile drivers, if they were not all picked men, graduated from successful lower ranks by years of practical experience and tested qualifications! Yet many more dangers beset the automobile driver on his unrestricted right of way over all our countless highways in a vehicle of equal speed capacity and in number soon to be rated at the million mark. Take the city motor truck alone. Shall we intrust the safety of humanity-crowded streets to these ponderous five-ton vehicles, run by men whose main qualification is previous experience in driving horses?

THE SOLUTION IS IN COOPERATION

THE basis of safe driving is an adequate examination for owners and drivers alike. A superficial examination is little better than none at all. It is not enough that an owner is willing to risk his own life and property with his inexperience. It is a very grave and broad problem of public safety.

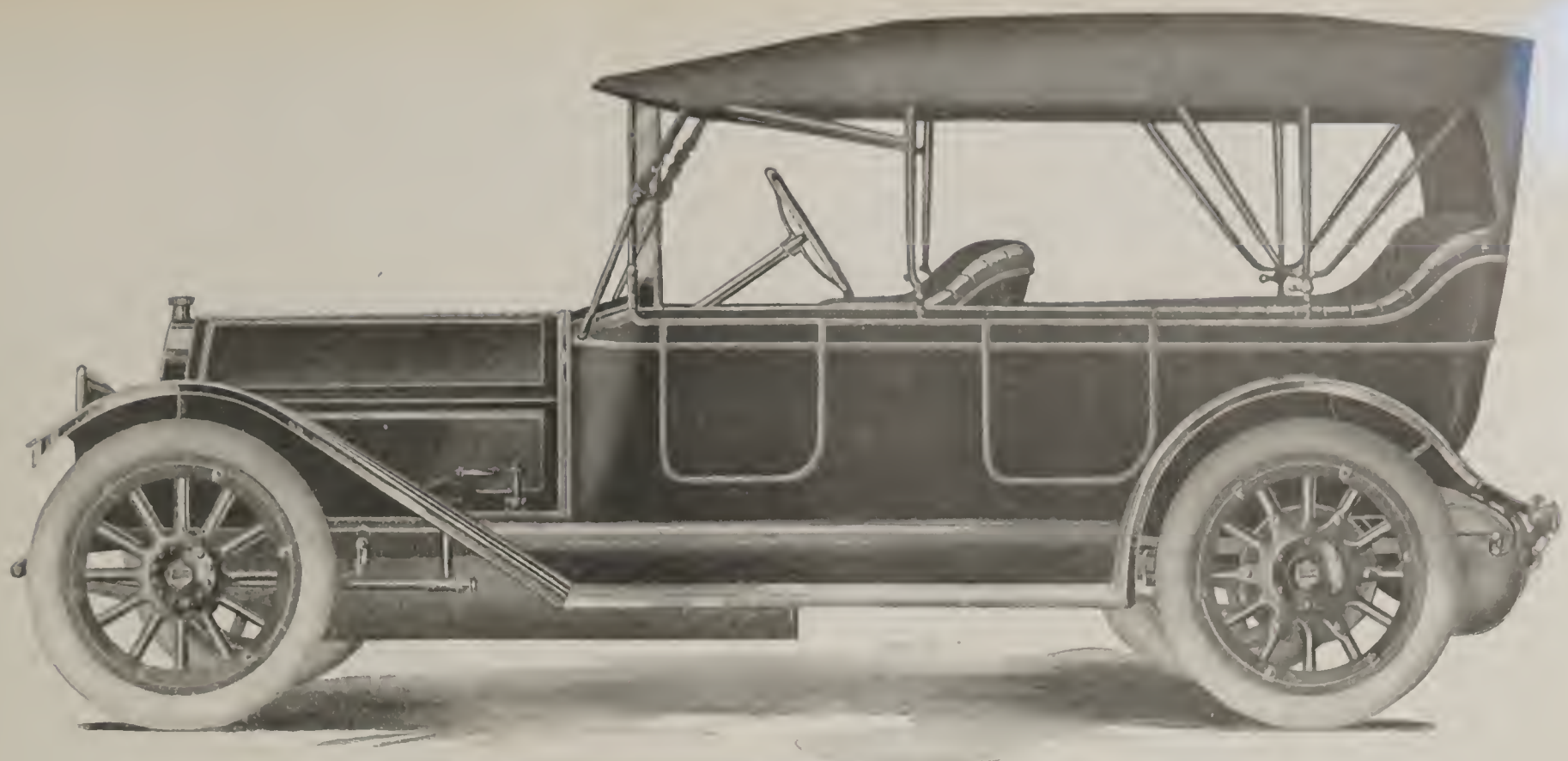
As for the deliberately reckless driver, there is nothing for him but a "strong-arm" method of extermination. He is bound to eliminate himself eventually, but before that he may kill or maim others. He is a serious public menace.

The police could do much to stamp out reckless driving by exercising extra surveillance and arresting the driver when he takes his "hairbreadth" chances; and when the accident does happen a court of investigation should act promptly, and if the evidence so justifies this action, permanently revoke the driver's license. It is decidedly up to the owner, too, for the protection of his rights and reputation; and it is up to the chauffeur, for the protection of his calling, to help the police and magistrate in apprehending the foolhardy and dangerous driver.

These men are the factors on safe automobiling. All are closely interwoven. All must be *fundamentally* regulated. That is the way—the only way—and the means is simply intelligent cooperation.

The Czar of Russia Inspecting an American Car

During the past summer the Russian Government held a trial contest to determine the make of motor vehicle to be used by the Russian Army. Forty-five cars and trucks of different makes undertook the trip over an incredibly bad road from St. Petersburg to Moscow and back, every part of the course being carefully watched. The car shown in the picture, of American make, won the contest



Inter-State -45

SIX CYLINDER 45 HORSE POWER

$2750

Electrically Started and Lighted—Four Speeds Forward—
Left Hand Drive—Center Control—132-Inch Wheel Base

If you possess even the smallest automobile knowledge, you have, in your own mind, built "The Perfect Car."

We have built the Inter-State just as you would have ordered it built had you been our Chief Engineer.

In millions of miles of automobile-travel, certain standards have proven their fitness just as certain defects have uncovered their unworthiness.

By the process of elimination the motor car buyer has succeeded in locating the real source of his satisfaction or dissatisfaction.

He has expressed a preference for a recognized standard in the essential parts of his car.

He has done more—

He has demanded a superiority in the assembling of those parts that will forever free him from trouble and annoyance.

And you, in turn, have condemned as not wholly complete, any car that failed to include every essential for your comfort and convenience.

We have done exactly the same thing—

Out of the most exacting and careful engineering experience has grown the Inter-State Six—showing all of those tried and proven specifications—any one of which alone would characterize a car of higher price.

Sound and sane manufacturing methods have made possible this splendid car—at so attractive a price.

Our attempt to build "quality"—not "quantity"—to build integrity into every nut, and bolt and screw has produced "*your* perfect car" at exactly the price you want to pay.

And one more thought:

If you pay more than $2750 for these same specifications that mark the superiority of the Inter-State Six; then—

You have paid the price of "advertised-popularity;" or—

You have spent your money with far less care and thought than we have used in the building of this "perfect car."

THE LONG STROKE MOTOR

6 cylinders, cast en bloc: 4-inch bore and 5-inch stroke; enclosed valves; capable of developing a full 58 horse-power to the wheels.

The longer stroke means a longer step on steep hills and heavy roads.

The longer step means more power—steady power—less effort—less heat—less oil—less gasoline.

UNIT POWER PLANT

The unit power plant of the Inter-State Six centralizes the weight of the motor, transmission and clutch, thereby elliminating an uneven balance and an excessive number of universal joints.

ELECTRIC STARTER

The Apico Motor Dynamo Electric Starting and Lighting System built specially for Inter-State cars is used on this model. The continuous satisfactory service secured from this starting and lighting system on other Inter-State cars has warranted its adoption for our model 45, not as an experiment in any sense of the word, but as a time-tried, absolutely reliable starter of 100 per cent efficiency.

The cranking of the gasoline motor is accomplished by the throwing of a switch which is conveniently located at the driver's left.

It will revolve the motor continuously for 50 minutes if necessary or until the gasoline motor picks up under its own power, at which time the system is automatically disconnected as a starter and operates as an electric generator, furnishing and storing current in the storage-battery, where it is at all times available for starting, for ignition and for lighting.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS

The entire lamp equipment of the Inter-State cars is electrically lighted.

The two powerful Apico head lamps with special Fry Lens, searchlight effect, capable of throwing their piercing rays 1000 feet, two handsome side lights, Flush Dash Type, built in and flush with the dash, one tail light illuminating the license number, one speedometer light. All lamps lighted or extinguished separately or together at the will of the driver by simply turning a button conveniently located at his left.

Trouble lamp with flexible cord reaching any part of the car.

MOTOR-DRIVEN TIRE PUMP

Every Inter-State is equipped with motor-driven tire pump, which sends clean, fresh air into the tires without any exertion whatsoever on your part.

LEFT HAND DRIVE CENTER CONTROL

In building the Inter-State Six, we have adopted the left hand drive center control because of the added convenience to the passengers in front, allowing them to enter or leave the car from the curb.

For your greater convenience we have added a four speed forward and reverse transmission, direct drive on fourth speed.

BODY DESIGN AND FINISH

The body is a special design straight line effect. Seats five passengers. Has the cowl effect in front and the windshield is built in as part of the body.

Twenty-one coats of paint and varnish are applied to every Inter-State car.

The appearance would be the same if we applied but eleven.

The remaining ten are your protection against a spattered, blotchy car after its first trip over muddy roads or half a dozen washings.

Inter-State upholstery is 11 inches deep, upholstered with the best leather we can possibly buy.

EQUIPMENT

The Inter-State comes to you as "distinctively complete" as any automobile manufacturer knows how to make it.

Mohair top, side curtains, ventilating rain vision type windshield built into body, speedometer and clock, complete kit of tools, gasoline gauge, are an example of what we consider fully equipped

36 x 1½ tires, front and rear Demountable Rims. (5)

Double Ignition Magneto and Timer.

Adjustable brake and clutch pedals.

Pressure feed to carburetor.

Splash and pressure lubrication.

Your Inter-State is ready for you the day it leaves our factory without the necessity of further refinements or further expense.

Models 40—41—42
40 Horse Power, 4½ x 5½ Motor
Fully Equipped
$2400

Models 50—51—52
50 Horse Power, 5 x 6 Motor
Fully Equipped
$3400

Inter-State Automobile Company, 501 First Street, Muncie, Indiana

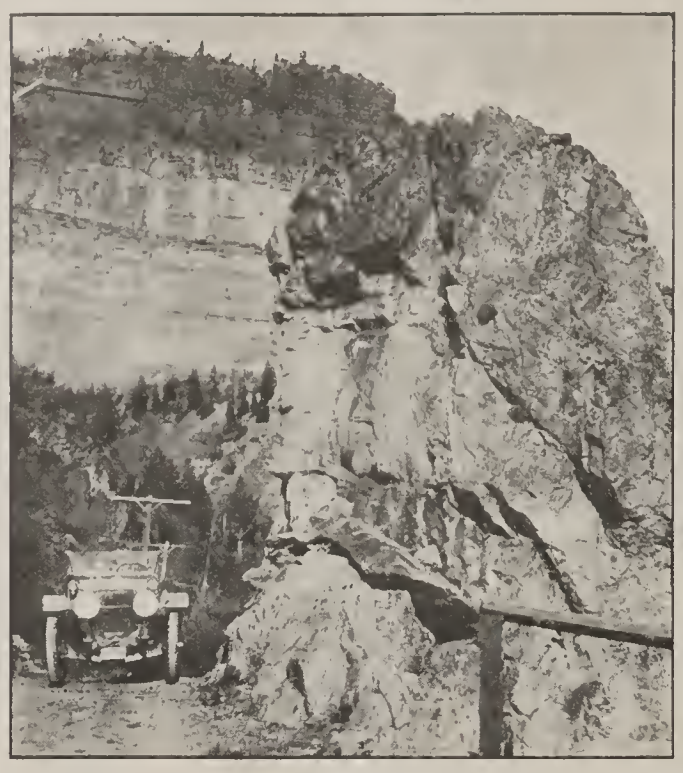
New York Show Space
Grand Central Palace
Space 29

Chicago Show Space
Coliseum Annex
Space Q-3

Boston Show Space
135-141 Main Floor

At the summit of Tennessee Pass, crossing the Continental Divide, elevation about 10,500 feet

There is grandeur in the scenery of the cañons and the passes, and the roads are good



Near Grand Junction on the eastern edge of the vast desert stretching into Utah

Photographs by N. Lazarnick

Over the Rockies

The Scenic Panorama Along the Automobile Route Which Crosses the Continental Divide

THE accessibility of the scenic beauties of the mountains and cañons of Colorado has been discovered by the automobile tourists. People who have seen both Switzerland and Colorado say that their choice is decidedly in favor of the latter. The mountains are higher and more awe-inspiring, the small mountain lakes and streams are more picturesque, and there is a grandeur and ever-changing panorama in the cañon scenery that Switzerland does not possess. On top of these natural advantages, the mountain and cañon roads are extremely good, and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The sun shines nearly all the time in Colorado, and the dry, invigorating air is the best tonic in the world.

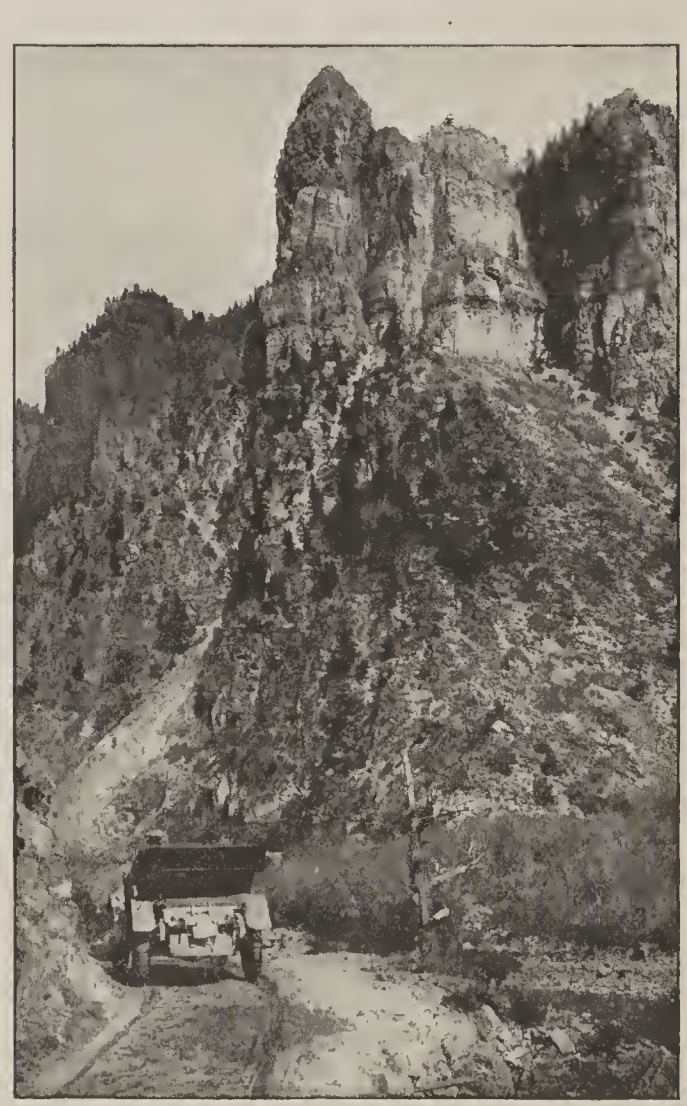
And there is no way of seeing this wonderful country quite so well as by automobile. The motor car goes merrily on, practically where you choose, up over the highest mountain passes, where one can see for nearly a hundred miles in any direction, looking over the top of range after range; and then, with hardly a moment's notice, plunges into a narrow cañon with walls going straight up for a thousand or two thousand feet.

This is the record of a trip made last autumn, the route covered being a triangular one of about twelve hundred miles, from Denver through Buena Vista, Leadville, Glenwood Springs to Grand Junction, which is close to the Utah line, and back east again over the Rainbow Route through Delta, Montrose, Gunnison, Salida, Cañon City, to Pueblo, and then north through Colorado Springs to Denver.

Starting from Denver at the western edge of the great rolling plains of the Mississippi and Missouri basins, a short fifteen miles brings the motorist to the entrance of the Rockies through Bear Creek Cañon, on a beautiful road winding at various heights above the water. A short distance up the cañon is wonderful Red Rock Park and the Cave of the Titans. The park consists of a number of enormous dark red rocks, several hundred feet in height, rising abruptly from the lower slopes of Mount Morrison.

Through a forest of quaking aspens on the Black Mesa

Continuing on up Bear Creek Cañon, the road leads over Kenosha Pass, where the first range is crossed, and then drops down again upon a vast plateau, fifty miles across and surrounded on all sides by snow-capped peaks, and known as South Park, with an elevation of about nine thousand feet.



In the cañon of the Grand River above Glenwood Springs looking up toward castellated crags

The road leading out of South Park goes up over Trout Creek Pass, and then down the winding cañon of Trout Creek until Buena Vista is reached, in the broad valley of the Upper Arkansas River. And Buena Vista is rightly named. To the west rise abruptly the towering peaks of the Collegiate Range, forming part of the Continental Divide, with Mount Princeton abreast and Mount Harvard and Mount Yale to the northward. Looking far to the north one can just make out the tops of Mount Elbert and Mount Massive, the two highest mountains of the range. To the eastward lies the Park Range, fringing the western edge of South Park, with Buffalo Peak rising majestically in the foreground. Far off to the south, looking down the valley, can faintly be discerned the Sangre de Cristo Range, the most wonderful of all.

From Buena Vista the way goes up the valley to Twin Lakes, nestling at the base of Twin Peaks, with Mount Elbert on one side and Mount Massive on the other. From here it is a long but gradual climb into Leadville, one of the famous mining towns of the West, with the distinction of being the highest city in America, having an elevation of considerably over ten thousand feet.

After a short climb from Leadville, Tennessee Pass, which crosses the Continental Divide, is reached. After leaving the pass the road winds along the side of the Eagle River Cañon, several hundred feet above the river, to the mining town of Redcliff. Leaving Redcliff the road ascends sharply up the side of Battle Mountain. Here are the mining camps of Gilman and Minturn, literally glued to the sides of the cliff. After leaving Battle Mountain the cañon opens out into a valley, and the road drops once more to the level of the river. A few miles further on is the valley of the Grand River. The road continues westward through this valley, fringed on both sides with towering, weather-beaten cliffs of soft rock

Yesterday and today meet on a narrow trail

"The Speedometer of Permanent Accuracy"

Its mechanism is extremely simple.

Its centrifugal governor has four balance weights so sensitive that they respond to the slightest increase of speed.

This centrifugal principle of the Corbin-Brown is the same as that applied to the regulation of engines.

It insures absolute regularity of revolution regardless of temperature.

It is as accurate during the zero of Christmas as during the torridity of July.

Its few parts operate with practically no friction and therefore do not wear. The

CORBIN-BROWN SPEEDOMETER

records speed accurately from low mileage to high.

Its hand is steady; its odometer absolutely dependable.

Every Corbin-Brown is calibrated by hand and tested to absolute accuracy before being sent out.

Each is built of specially hardened steel and brass, and with the precision of a high grade watch.

The Corbin-Brown Speedometer for Motorcycles is constructed along the same lines as the Corbin-Brown for Automobiles.

It is calibrated up to 80 miles and records low mileage just as accurately as high.

For Motorcycles—3-inch dial—registering 80 miles.
Price $15.00

Write for Catalog

THE CORBIN SCREW CORPORATION DIVISION
(The American Hardware Corporation)
223 High Street NEW BRITAIN, CONN.
Branches: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia.
Makers of the famous Corbin Coaster Brakes for Bicycles and Motorcycles.

Helps Your Car to Keep Its Good Looks

Mobo Auto Cleanser will keep that new automobile always bright and lustrous.

It will not make a 1914 model out of an old car. But use **Mobo** when you first clean the car you buy, and keep on using it, and your auto will always keep its good looks.

Mobo is a velvety, vegetable-oil soap that removes travel stain and all sorts of grease and dirt. It contains elements that feed varnish and paint.

It will not dull or scratch the smoothest surface. Use **Mobo** with that assurance.

Easy to use. **Mobo**, plain water, a sponge and a little action, get results. Prove it for yourself. You'll be glad you did.

Mobo is sold in small and large cans, half-barrels and barrels, by most supply dealers. Write for booklet, "How to Keep an Auto Clean and Bright."

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Maker of Fine Soaps
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Part of our Spring Mill Factory

Miles and miles of service. Miles and miles of smiles. Why?

Better materials—finer rubber, stronger fabric.

Better making—every **Lee Tire** is cured by the correct up-to-date process, which can be used by our competitors only for a small percentage of their product, because their costly older equipment would need to be discarded.

But the greatest advance of all in solving your tire problem is the

LEE Puncture-Proof *PNEUMATIC* TIRE

—a resilient tire that protects you absolutely against punctures, by its special steel-disc-in-rubber-cushion construction.

6056 miles each from 54 tires a total mileage of 327,007

without a single puncture or inner-tube replacement is the report of one truck owner using **Lee Puncture-Proof Tires.**

Write for Booklet "D."—on **Lee Puncture-Proof Tires.**

Our Stores: 835 Seventh Avenue, New York City; 103 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston; 225 North Broad Street, Philadelphia; 1233 Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 3567 Lindell Boulevard, St. Louis

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Smiles at Miles

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.

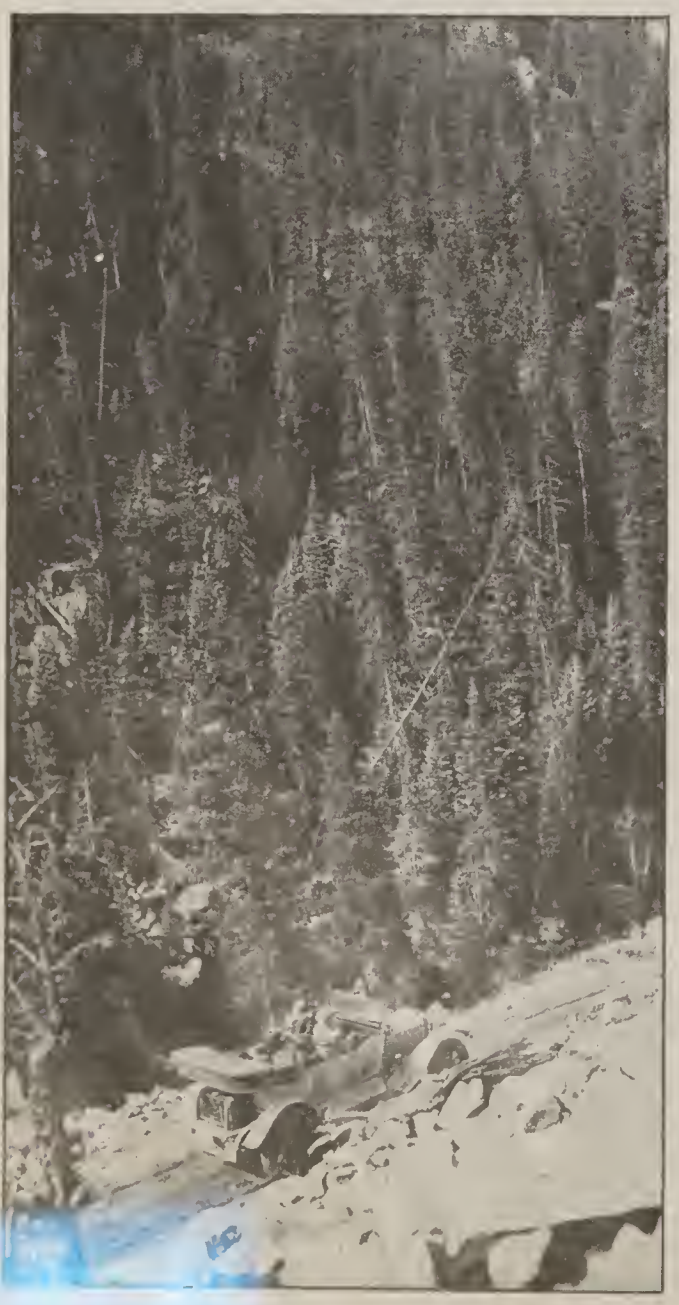
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

J. Ellwood Lee, Pres.

Vasquez Palisades in the Cañon of the Grand River between cliffs ranging in color from light yellow to the deepest red

Sky Line Drive, which runs along the top of a narrow ridge overlooking Cañon City

In Phantom Cañon, near Cripple Creek, showing Window Rock ahead



In Eagle River Cañon, westward beyond Tennessee Pass

formation, continually changing in color from light yellows and browns to the deepest red.

The road runs down the Grand River Valley for thirty or more miles, with ever-changing scenery, across the lava beds at Dotsero, through sagebrush six feet high, with the mesalike cliffs on each side, until suddenly, without any warning of what is coming, the motorist rounds a corner into the narrow Cañon of the Grand River. The road is cut out of the solid rock, and the wall of the cañon rises straight above for a thousand or more feet, topped with battlements and towers of rock.

At the end of the cañon is Glenwood Springs, one of the summer resorts of the West.

THE BLACK MESA AND MONARCH PASS

LEAVING Glenwood Springs, the cañon opens out into a valley again with high cliffs at the sides, worn by the weather into many queer and fascinating shapes and structures. After passing through the towns of Rifle and De Beque, following the river, another and vaster cañon is reached, differing entirely from the one above Glenwood Springs. Here the walls are wider apart, rising higher but not quite so precipitously, and are intersected by numerous other cañons opening into it. This cañon continues for about twenty-five or thirty miles, and then opens out again into a broader valley, near the mouth of which is Grand Junction.

At this point the return trip begins, as by the time Grand Junction is reached the mountains have been pretty much left behind.

Toward the southeast the route winds along up the valley of the Gunnison River, the headwaters of which are famous among Coloradoans for its incomparable trout fishing.

The valley soon narrows into a precipitous cañon, where the road winds along the upper edge, at times two thousand feet above the river. Then the road leaves the brink of the cañon for a few miles, and winds up the side and over the top of the Black Mesa, about ten miles across, at an elevation of ten thousand feet. The descent to the water level is gradual.

Beyond Gunnison it is a climb to Monarch Pass, crossing the Sangre de Cristo Range of the Continental Divide. Monarch Pass crosses the Divide at an altitude of over twelve thousand feet, the highest point attained on the entire trip.

The descent from Monarch Pass is rapid to the town of Salida, on the Arkansas River. From Salida the highway continues down the beautiful valley of the Arkansas to Cañon City.

Thirty miles to the north lies the famous mining city of Cripple Creek, the road to which leads up through Phantom Cañon of Four Mile Creek.

ROYAL GORGE AND THE SKY LINE DRIVE

ANOTHER trip, and much shorter than to Cripple Creek, is along the road from Cañon City to the top of the Royal Gorge. Looking down into the gorge from the top, one can just barely make out the railroad at the bottom, so far down that it looks little larger than a thread winding along the edge of the river.

At Cañon City also is the famous Sky Line Drive, running along the top of a narrow ridge overlooking the city for several miles, from which one can look out over the mountains and plains for miles and miles in every direction. This is also a remarkable piece of road engineering, built entirely by convict labor.

From Cañon City the road continues east for forty miles to Pueblo, located at the edge of the foothills. At Pueblo the Great North and South Highway is reached, connecting with Colorado Springs and Denver.

A scene below Glenwood Springs, on the way to Grand Junction

Looking up the Eagle River from the Battle Mountain side

Insures Tire Safety-

Lengthens Tire Life

In Rainy or Snowy Weather when roads are wet moisture is constantly soaking through the cuts and breaks in the outer rubber coating of the tires, into the cotton plies beneath—rotting the fabric—shortening tire life and paving the way for blow-outs and rim-cuts. Protect them with

TRADE MARK

TIRENEW

Prevents Tire Decay

a liquid, unvulcanized rubber compound with a base of pure gum—it protects and preserves the tire from the injurious action of moisture, oil and light, thoroughly waterproofs the fabric and *makes the tires look like new.*

In Fair Weather

the tires need Tirenew. Even though there may be no moisture to injure the fabric, there is oil, and besides light and air have a deteriorating effect on rubber—they devitalize it—take its life. Tirenew protects from the deteriorating effect of light, air and oil—lengthens their life. *Makes tires look like new.*

Once Each Week

A coat of Tirenew applied once each week while your car is in use will add 20 to 30 per cent to the life of the tires. It is easily applied. It protects and waterproofs the tires—makes them safer and more satisfactory and gives the car a smarter appearance.

If your car is going into storage apply a generous coat of Tirenew. It will protect the tires and prevent storage deterioration, so that they will be in first class condition when you take the car out in the spring.

Ask At Your Garage

Many Garages include Tirenewing in their caretaking service, for a small additional charge. Most others will give your tires a weekly coat of Tirenew if you ask them.

Buy a box of ½ gallons. If your dealer can't supply you, we can.

A Trial Can

Send 25c in stamps and your dealer's name for a trial can—contains enough to Tirenew one tire. Apply it to your spare tire for its protection and appearance. State which color you want—tire gray or pure white.

NATIONAL RUBBER COMPANY

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The Borland Electric

ELEGANCE DURABILITY

1913 Coupe $2700

Front or Rear Drive

The Borland Electric is *the* car for your wife and you

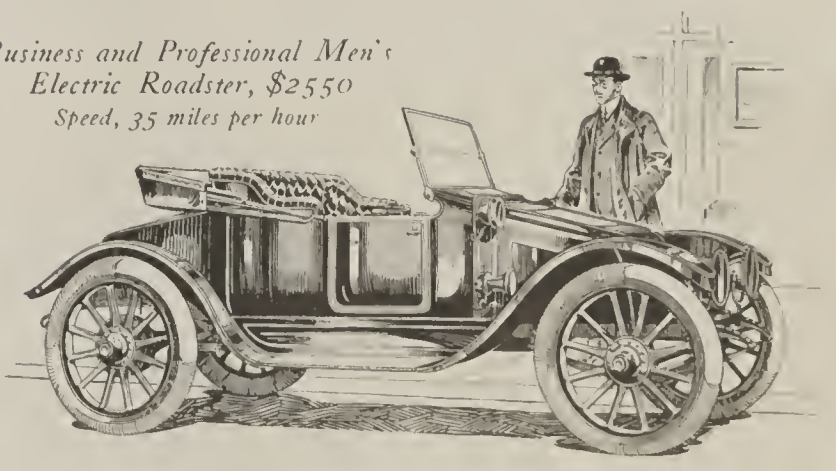
For appearance, satisfaction, comfort, safety, convenience and *mileage* the Borland is the most convincing electric known—our 1913 Models cater to the advanced ideals and demands of the public.

If you do not happen to own a car—or even if you have one or more gasoline cars—you will find an ever-ready, absolutely reliable Borland Electric car necessary.

The Borland is the car you want in going to and from your office—your wife will use it daily in shopping, making calls, riding through the parks, and taking the children out for an airing.

Business and Professional Men's Electric Roadster, $2550

Speed, 35 miles per hour



Seven New 1913 Models

Absolutely perfect construction eliminates repairs; General Electric motor furnishes ample power; 6 speeds forward and three reverse; Exide battery, completely equipped; solid or pneumatic tires; everything the best; the secret of Borland superiority is *construction.*

Besides models illustrated we offer: Brougham, $2500; Coupe, $2900, either front or rear drive; Limousine, $5500; 1500-lb. Delivery Truck, open body, $2100; closed body, $2250.

Write at once for new catalog fully illustrating and describing in detail the beautiful line of Borland 1913 models. It's the car for the wife and you.

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Send for full information regarding complete line of 1913 Model Borland Electric cars. Choice territory open—write or wire quick for agency terms

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THE BORLAND GRANNIS CO.,
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Without obligation on my part send me Catalog describing 1913 Models Borland Electric Cars.

Name _____

Address _____

Fifth Avenue, the Great Motor Way of New York City

On few proudest of the thoroughfares of America the motor processions, one up and one down, flow unbrokenly past each other every hour of the day and many hours of the night. This is a scene to make understandable the remark of a writer in this issue that a test of skill as a driver is to pilot a car successfully from the Washington Arch to Central Park

The Beneficent Automobile

By LEONARD HATCH

THE automobile has long served as a butt for the gibes of those who make gibing a profession or for those who are merely envious. It has been averred that the automobile saps the purses of those who can ill afford so great an expenditure for pleasure. Even the habiliments and faces of those who ride have not escaped the jokesmith and the student of society. But there is another side, and with the automobile becoming a commonplace of locomotion, it must not be denied or overlooked.

As an incentive to travel, first of all, the motor car has justified itself. Those to whom even the Pullman or private car was an insufferable bore have found new zest in the untrammeled flight through the open air. One is not tied to the time-table, nor confined to the ball-and-chain progression caused by terminating lines or obligatory changes. One goes onward when he chooses and stops only when it pleases him, assuming that machinery fulfills its apportioned task. You may pause at the attractive wayside inn for lunch or press onward toward the metropolis. You may stop and take your fill of some rare vista. In short, you may follow the whim of the instant. And, best of all, you are tied to no fixed route. This advantage becomes apparent at home and in Europe, where the tourist has year after year been following the beaten trails. Now he may—and does—go prospecting and exploring nooks and crannies of a country that strikes his fancy. It may not be the cheapest way to travel, but one may lay the matter of expense aside in discussing the motor car as a boon to mankind. To those who can afford it, it opens fresh opportunity and widened scope in travel, withal giving it a new flavor.

Moreover, it grants the individual new intimacy with his home region. It gives him, in a way, a sort of bird's eye knowledge of some section which he can cover quickly. The automobile can strike out along radial lines at least four times as long as those which the horse can traverse at one jaunt. Thus one may get a knowledge of the country on a large scale. He may know half his State without losing the sense of semi-intimacy.

Wholly unrelated to this, but perhaps no less valuable [illegible] chance which the automobile gives [illegible] A certain type of person is [illegible] interest in machinery, throughout his life "wanting to see the wheels go round," and loving to tinker when they stop. Imagine such a man before the automobile came. Conceive of the broker or lawyer gradually growing wealthy, longing for some outlet for his instinctive zest in machinery, and finding none. He could not borrow the disabled lawn mower from his gardener and tinker away at it; that would hardly do. As a result he was half-starved for that particular food. With the motor car, all this has changed. He himself can oil and wrench and clamp and hammer and pump to his heart's content, or he can merely stand by and give orders to his mechanic. Far too much pity is wasted upon the man by the roadside delving into the recesses of his refractory car. At least half the time he is enjoying himself. And, incidentally, we may mention that the automobile has crammed down the throats of the nonmechanical minded a vast deal of information concerning machinery which they would never have acquired otherwise.

Most important of all is the way in which the automobile has lured into the open those who are associated with the stuffy comings and goings of that vast body vaguely termed "society." The "idle rich," from an existence which took them out of doors too infrequently, are now brought into communion with Nature in all her hours and moods.

Take, for example, the matter of the dawn. Those to whom the dawn is but a name—a symbol for use in poetry or rhapsody—have been educated of late by the automobile and the tour therein. To avoid travel in noonday heat, many of those folk who for years have lain dreaming or snoozing, from sunrise to breakfast, now rise as soon as

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops,

and go flitting away in their car across the waking countryside. The ribbon of road, in its endless quest for the horizon, unrolls swiftly before the scudding machine. Hills, forests, meadows, all steeped in that first delicious freshness, glide by on either hand. The buoyancy of flight is enhanced by that hour which proves, in actuality as well as phrase, a "smiling morn." And this world of dew-besprent loveliness is what the slug-abed used to consider mere stupid country in the days before the automobile tempted him from slumber. And as his car bears him more slowly through town or city he catches a glimpse, as it were from behind the scenes, of his fellow men at dawn. Clough paints the picture well:

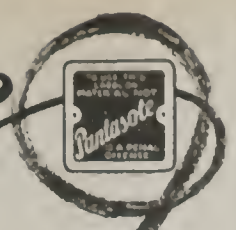
But as the light of day enters some populous city,
He that goes forth to his walks, while speeding to the suburb,
Sees sights only peaceful and pure; as laborers settling
Slowly to work, in their limbs the lingering sweetness of slumber;
Humble market carts, coming in, bringing in, not only
Flower, fruit, farm, store, but sounds and sights of the country
Dwelling yet on the sense of the dreamy drivers; soon after
Half-awake servant maids unfastening drowsy shutters
Up at the windows, or down, letting in the air by the doorway.
Schoolboys, schoolgirls soon, with slate, portfolio, satchel,
Hampered as they haste, those running, these others maidenly tripping;
. . . . . .
Meantime above purer air untarnished of new-lit fires;
So that the whole great wicked artificial civilized fabric—
All its unfinished houses, lots for sale, and railway outworks—
Seems reaccepted, resumed to Primal Nature and Beauty.

One could write another paragraph discussing whether these attempted hexameters are real poetry. But, despite his lack of mellifluence, the poet shows us the magic wand at work. Somehow the first light of the sun seems to transmute all this into a rude morning pageant of homely simplicity, transforming what is commonplace:

Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.

So the daily miracle is worked. To the automobile gratitude is due. For it whirls across the scene many a one hitherto a stranger to it all.

That's Pantasote *on that first car!*



"That fresh, bright, *clean* looking Top!

"Don't you *see* the difference?

"Don't you see how the ordinary Tops look—rough and *unkempt?* The dirt and stains can't be removed—they are imbedded in the weave of the material.

"*Pantasote* can be cleaned as readily as glass, consequently it always looks fresh. It's the material of quality—it's in keeping with a fine car because it *stays* new.

"I've owned Tops covered with other materials. They were 'thrown in to boot' with cars. Now I know the difference and when I buy a car I say *Pantasote* Top for me and nothing else.

"I wash my *Pantasote* Top when I wash the car—and I've never failed yet to remove grease spots—just as dirt and dust wash off.

"It's the Top that makes your own car look shabby. Put a genuine *Pantasote* Top on it and you'll not be ashamed to take your place with any other 'high-brow' car on the street. Be sure you get the brass *Pantasote* label—it should be on the front of the Top—that proves it's genuine."

That's what the wise automobilist says—he *knows* that real satisfaction comes from using a Top that not only stands severe wear and is permanently waterproof, but always looks clean and new.

Send today for your copy of "The X-Ray On Automobile Tops." Describes fully *all the different kinds* of Top materials, it explains how they are made and just how they differ. After you have read the "X-Ray" book you will know just what you are buying when you buy *Pantasote*. Send for that copy today!

THE PANTASOTE COMPANY
No. 50 Bowling Green Building
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Solar Lamps

For Quality Cars

If you want lamps that mark the limit in *illuminating efficiency*—lamps that you can put on your car and then *forget*, insist on a *throughout equipment* of SOLARS.

Solar Lamps are known for their *quality* from one end of the country to the other. More high grade cars are equipped with them than any other make of motor lamps. Such widespread popularity tells its own story.

Fourteen years of manufacturing experience and fourteen years of unquestioned leadership are back of the great line of Solar Lamps which are built by the largest makers of acetylene, oil and electric motor lamps in the world.

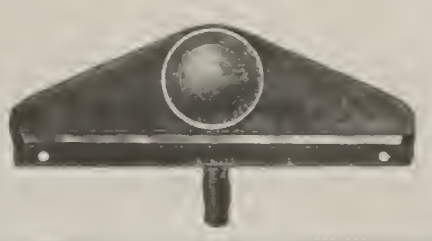
The finished products of master lamp builders, *each lamp* has its *own duty to perform*. And it does it just enough better than all others to sustain the *Solar reputation*.

The **Solarclipse**, the only lamp with a means of suppressing that *dazzling glare* common to all other powerful headlights, is only one of the numerous practical, time-tried innovations that have made Solar Service *exceptional*.

Lamps to meet *all* requirements of *all* motor-driven vehicles.

If You Haven't Seen Our New Catalog, Write For One.

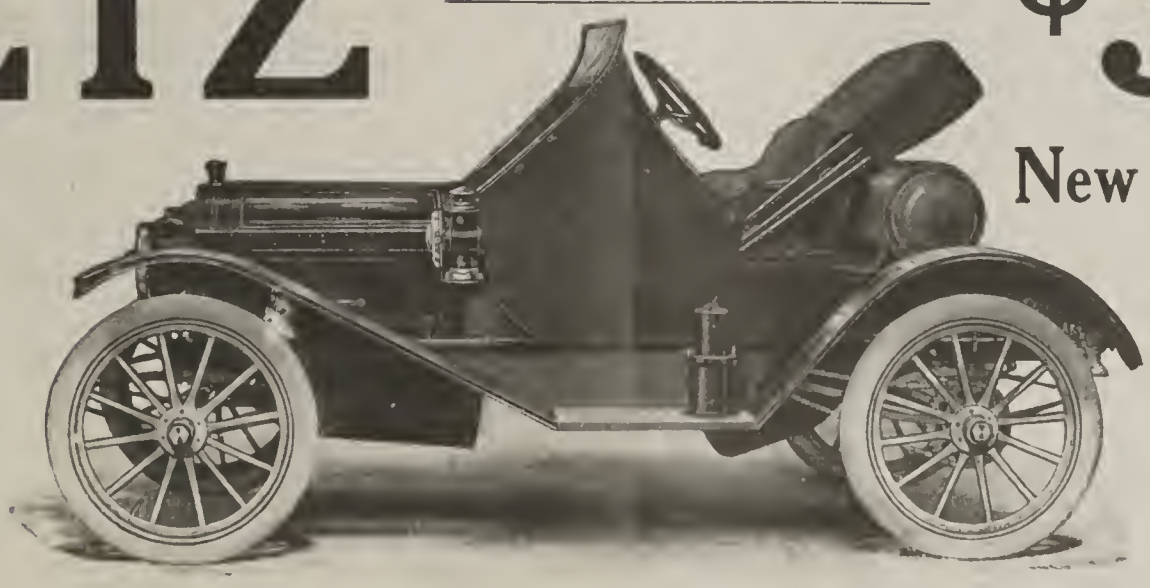
The Badger Brass Mfg. Company
Kenosha, Wis. New York City



METZ "SPECIAL" $395

They Have Said all Along:
"It Can't Be Done"
But
HERE IT IS

The Best Roadster Car in the World at a Really LOW Price



New 1913 Model

COMPLETELY EQUIPPED
as here shown and described below

LEFT-HAND DRIVE
CENTER CONTROL
FOUR-CYLINDER MOTOR, water-cooled
HIGH TENSION IGNITION, Bosch magneto
ARTILLERY WHEELS
CLINCHER TIRES, best quality

This is the Car That "Had to Come"—The Public Demanded It

FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE—FOR TOWN OR COUNTRY—LOW IN PRICE BUT HIGH IN EFFICIENCY—MOST ECONOMICAL CAR ON THE MARKET TO OPERATE

IN presenting to the public the **METZ "Special"** at the phenomenally low price of $395.00 we wish particularly to emphasize the fact that this innovation has not been brought about by slashing car quality or depreciating value, but purely as the result of scientific, economical manufacturing, in conjunction with what is probably the lowest possible percentage of overhead cost.

The question has been repeatedly asked: "Who will be the **First** to give the people of this country a Strong, Reliable, Sane, **Really Low-Priced Car?**"

And today the **METZ Company,** in placing on the market the **METZ "Special"** at **$395.00,** answers this question so effectively and so emphatically that it is bound to make an indelible impression upon the automobile industry of the entire world.

The **METZ "Special"** is a strictly high grade, guaranteed car. 22½ horse power, four-cylinder water-cooled motor, high tension ignition system, with Bosch magneto, center control, and left-hand drive.

It is equipped with standard artillery wheels, best quality clincher tires, extension top, wind shield, five lamps, gas generator, horn, tire pump, tools, etc. It makes from 5 to 50 miles per hour on high gear, travels 28 to 32 miles on 1 gallon of gasoline, 100 miles on a pint of lubricating oil, 10,000 to 12,000 miles on a single set of tires, and climbs hills as fast as **any** stock car made, no matter what its horse-power or price.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG, BOOK C.

METZ COMPANY—WALTHAM, MASS.

DEALERS.—This is the biggest proposition that has yet been presented to you; send for particulars.

A Racing Accident in France

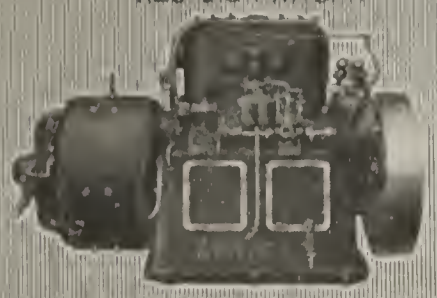
Both the driver and the mechanician were thrown, the former falling beneath the overturned car, the latter going head first against a fence. Fortunately, and curiously enough, neither of the men was injured seriously. The camera has caught the most sensational moment of the mishap and kept it for an enduring record

An Automobile Oddity

It is modeled after a torpedo, in the belief of its English designer that it would have a torpedo's speed. The machine did possess good racing qualities and attracted much attention at the English motor track where its feats were performed. To Americans it recalls other freak cars which have appeared occasionally on the race courses

Sturtevant

REG U.S PAT OFF



GASOLENE ELECTRIC GENERATING SETS

FOR use wherever an independent electric plant is desired—on the farm, the country estate, in the garage, the machine shop or factory and on the yacht.

They are complete self contained units of the automobile type, simple to maintain and unfailing in operation.

No special foundation being required, the installation is simple and easy, while the necessary operating attention may be given by the owner or chauffeur.

Built in various sizes
Fully described in catalog No. 20511

B. F. Sturtevant Company, Hyde Park, Boston, Mass.
and all principal cities of the world.

Don't worry over the next turn

Tree-hidden country roads and traffic-crowded city streets have no terrors for the motorist who uses the INFALLIBLE

Jericho

Warns without offence—the signal of a gentleman.

Always certain in action.
Gives unmistakable *warning*.
Never causes a panic.
Prevents accidents and damage suits.

Jericho works on the exhaust—thus eliminating all up-keep expenses. It absolutely cannot clog or get out of order. Whether you pay $500 or $5000 for a car, you can instal the best signal in the world for less than $10.

If your safety and the safety of the public is worth $10 to you, instruct your accessory dealer, garage or motor car agency to put on a Jericho.

THE RANDALL-FAICHNEY CO.
Jamaica Plain, BOSTON, U. S. A.

Franklin Big Six—"38"

Franklin Big Six Model D, 38 H. P. 5 Passenger Touring or 4 Passenger Torpedo-phaeton, $3600; regularly equipped with

Entz Electric Starter and Lighting System

Franklin Six cylinder models are equipped with the Entz Electric Starter and Lighting System. The Entz is a real self starter with really original features. It is permanently connected—the engine does not stall. The Entz System is the last word in self starters. No other system equals it for simplicity and efficiency.

Men accustomed to securing high efficiency will be interested in the economy of operation obtained through Franklin principles of construction. These are: Direct air cooling, light weight, full elliptic springs, wood frame and large tires. These principles are directly responsible for the following unusual results:

Lower Cost for Tires

8,000 to 10,000 miles per set is the average obtained by Franklin owners. This is the result of light weight on large tires and because the tires are not pounded by rigid, unyielding construction.

Lower Cost for Gasoline and Oil

Franklin cars average from 20 per cent to 35 per cent more miles per gallon of gasoline, due to the exceptional efficiency of the Franklin direct air cooled motor. Franklin cars average from 400 to 600 miles per gallon of oil without smoke, due to the Franklin re-circulating oiling system.

Longer Life to the Car

Franklin cars give good service for 6, 8 and even 10 years. They travel faster in the long run and ride easier because of the shock absorbing properties of full elliptic springs, a resilient wood frame and flexible drive system.

Models and Prices

5 passenger, 6 cylinder, 38 H. P. Touring Car $3600	Little Six, Touring, 5 passenger, 6 cyl. 30 H. P. . . $2900
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7 passenger, 6 cylinder, 38 H. P. Touring Car $3850	5 passenger, 4 cylinder, 25 H. P. Touring Car $2000
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(2) "Why They Bar Franklin Out of Economy Contests"
(3) "An Analysis"—of the causes of Franklin low operating cost
(4) "Winning the Desert Race"
(5) "Six Weeks in a Motor Car"
(6) "Franklin Little Six—The First Six-Thirty"
(7) "The Franklin Catalogue"
(8) "Winter Driving"
(9) "The Entz Electric Starter and Lighting System"

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
21 Franklin Sq Syracuse N Y

Across the Columbia River by ferry in central Washington

The Automobile on the Frontier

By RANDALL R. HOWARD

ON A RECENT midsummer evening certain boosters out on the edge of the Salt River Valley in Arizona were highly disgruntled. They had planned great things for that night. And their plans had taken root, had flowered beautifully, and the harvest was just within plucking distance—when Nature snapped her finger.

The boosters looked out again from under cover. The elements were in a fury. No blue sky or blue hills; sapling trees along the "plaza" bent like wagon bows; a funnel of dust flowing from the basement of the to-be hotel across the street; the "medicated" artesian water in the concrete-lined basin in the new public square whipped into an angry little sea. Outside, the wind and dust rasped against one's cheek like sandpaper. The boosters knew—for they had fought valiantly, as long as there was hope, against the uprooting of the big banquet tent, already filled with tables and strung with electric lights centering about the spot where the Governor was expected to stand when he emitted the oratorical keynote that was to stamp indelibly the new irrigation town on the frontier map.

An hour later, the landscape had resumed its wonted calm, after the passing of a midsummer dust flurry common to all flat, arid districts. But the mischief was done.

But was it? If the time had been five years ago, out in this Western State that supports one and eight-tenths persons to the square mile, and where there are few railroads and where the towns are small and far apart, no earthly power could perhaps have saved the booster banquet. But this is a new day on the frontier—the day of the automobile.

To continue our story: A hundred or more boosters in surrounding communities, from fifteen to thirty-five miles distant, merely waited until sundown and the subsiding of the storm. Then they went out to their respective garages, "and saddled up," as one of them expressed it to me, and were soon skimming the desert roads. The banquet was late in starting, and it was transferred to the low shed that had been the eating house of the former irrigation constructionists. But the banquet was held. And Governor Hunt and other notables were there from the State Capitol at Phœnix to pledge faith in the swaddling-clothed city.

[illegible] the shoulder-to-shoulder and purse-to-purse good feeling, the electric lights suddenly blinked. The automobile again came to the rescue, one of the guests turning the glare of his electric headlights on to the two long banquet tables. When the last State and community praises were sung, the boosters dispersed to their automobiles. Soon the dark and flat desert road was aglitter with fifteen or twenty pairs of fiery eyes, some of which would speed away thirty-five miles during the small hours of the morning. The sight doubtless would have been marvelously bewildering to the spooks of those mysterious ancients who populated and irrigated this same potentially fertile desert hundreds of years ago, but it is doubtful if a single one of the assembled Arizona boosters thought the event at all unusual, so swiftly has the automobile come to be accepted as an essential accessory of the frontier.

NEW DAYS, NEW WAYS

SHIFT the next automobile scene to interior Oregon, one of the largest remaining railroadless frontiers of the West.

A few years ago the citizens of a small railroad town on an isolated border of the State were in a flurry of excitement. The small boys thought an unheralded circus had dropped. The wiser ones stroked their Western whiskers and waited—for there was a contradiction of terms.

The first unloaded paraphernalia from the special express cars was common-enough looking to frontier eyes—evidently the grub, the bedding, the tents, and the camping outfit of a prospecting party. But what did the prospecting party want with the next discovered cases and cases of gasoline, and the big cans of lubricating oil? These fluids had no thought-of association with pack burros, cowboy horses, freight wagons, or stagecoaches. The next unloaded consignment of miscellaneous bits of extra parts of "machinery" was still more confusing. And the height of excitement came when several padded automobiles were revealed.

A cowboy driving a car on a big cattle ranch

But the automobiles did not explain. They tangled the puzzle. For what did a rough-and-tumble prospecting party want with an automobile? And what kind of prospecting party could use a whole carload of gasoline chariots?

The mystery took another turn when a silent, middle-aged man assumed command. But—as the metropolis newspapers later uncovered—it was no mystery. It was the simplest and most natural thing in the world. The visitor was Robert S. Lovett, the executive head of one of the great railway systems of the world, the wearer of the mantle of the late E. H. Harriman. It was an automobile scouting tour through the then largest area in the United States without a railroad.

If the same trip had been planned five years previously—if it could have been planned—this busy New York executive would have been lumbered about in jolting stagecoaches.

Some weeks after the silent Lovett party had criss-crossed the great Oregon frontier, a second automobile procession appeared, bringing Louis W. Hill. A rival railroad council had decided to make mighty war for a big slice of the Oregon frontier.

There was no chance for the Hill party to become lonesome, or to miss the way, for every village in the mapped course organized vigilante committees to herd together all its automobiles. And the whole boosting band war-whooped out to meet the visitor—approaching as near as advisable to the limits of the rival town, which rival town was working its frontier wits to hang on to the railroad-directing genius as long as possible. On the return home-going trip, the swiftest and most dare-devilish local auto would set the pace and mark the way, and glide over in an hour and a half what a few years ago would have been a good stiffening day's jaunt for the saddle horse or the stagecoach. Later—after the nearly all-night banquet—and after the orators had paragraphed the pioneering stories, and breathed fire into the glorious hopes of the future—the auto parade started out more leisurely to tour and point out the surrounding resources and wonders.

One might go on and on reciting what the automobile means to the frontier booster—the man whose life and religion is to dream out blue prints of what will be; and then to incite and beckon on advancing civilization.

ON A CATTLE RANCH

THE goggled genus Booster is everywhere. For instance, the writer happened to visit the isolated little metropolis of the Harney country, where are the remaining largest cattle ranches of the north Pacific Coast. The jovial and tanned cattle king of that part of the State, who suggested a tour of the immense valley, volunteered one of his two automobiles for the trip. But since he was busy at his city real-estate office for the day, he sent along a substitute to drive the car—a young cowboy wearing the regulation cowboy hat, shirt, and boo[illegible] other members of the party were the county [illegible] an official of the local United States Land O[illegible] l the lively and fluent secretary of the city c[illegible] l club. The automobile was rushed around and [illegible] the 30,000- and 50,000-

low crank-case heat ffects lubrication.

When your car is in action the lubricating oil ts up and thins out.

Its real lubricating value is then put to the test.

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Many a motorist owes his repair bills to the fail- f his lubricating oil under the heat of service.

The quality of the several grades of Gargoyle biloil provides in ad- for this heat of serv- It assures efficient lu- tion under the heat mechanical conditions h type of motor.

e partial chart on the hows the correct grade royle Mobiloils for 111 ur complete chart, cov- 00 cars, will be mailed request.

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Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

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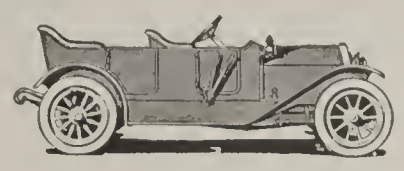

A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF CARS	1908 Summer	1908 Winter	1909 Summer	1909 Winter	1910 Summer	1910 Winter	1911 Summer	1911 Winter	1912 Summer	1912 Winter
Abbott Detroit	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Alco	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
American	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Apperson	E	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Atlas	A	A	E	E	E	E	E	E	A	A
" Com'l	....	....	E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
Austin	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Autocar (2 cyl)	B	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (2 cyl) Com'l	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (4 cyl)	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Benz	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bergdoll	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Brush	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Buick (2 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (4 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac (1 cyl)	A	E	B	A	....	....	....	....	....	....
" (4 cyl)	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cartercar	A	E	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	E
" Com'l	B	A	A	A	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Case	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	Arc.
Chadwick	A	A	A	A	B	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chalmers	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chase	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
Cole	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Columbia	A	E	A	E	E	E	A	A	A	A
Columbia Knight	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
Couple Gear	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Croxton-Keeton	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc	Arc.
Daimler	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A
Daimler Knight	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
Darracq	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.
De Dion	B	A	B	A	B	E	B	A	B	A
Delahaye	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Delaunay-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Elmore	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
E. M. F.	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Fiat	A	E	B	A	A	A	B	A	A	A
Flanders	....	....	....	....	E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.
Ford	A	E	E	E	A	Arc.	E	E	E	E
Franklin	B	E	B	E	B	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Com'l	B	E	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	Arc.
Gramm	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Gramm-Logan	....	....	A	Arc	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Hewitt (2 cyl)	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	....	....
Hewitt (4 cyl)	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	E	E
Hudson	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
International	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	B	B	A
Interstate	....	....	A	A	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Isotta	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Itala	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jackson (2 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
" (4 cyl)	A	E	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Kelly	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kissel-Kar	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Com'l	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kline Kar	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Knox	B	E	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Knt	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lambert	A	E	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Com'l	A	A	....	....	....	....	A	E	A	E
Lancia	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Locomobile	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Lozier	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mack	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E
Marion	A	A	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.
Marmon	B	E	Arc.	Arc.	A	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Matheson	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.
Maxwell (2 cyl)	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
" (4 cyl)	....	....	E	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercedes	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Mercedes Knight	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
Mercer	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Minerva Knight	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
Mitchell	A	E	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
National	A	E	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	....	....	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Panhard	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.
Panhard Knight	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A	A	A
Peerless	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pennsylvania	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A	....	....
Pierce Arrow	A	E	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" Com'l	....	....	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pope Hartford	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rambler	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rapid	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Regal	....	....	A	E	A	E	A	Arc.	A	E
Renault	A	E	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo	A	A	A	A	A	E	A	Arc.	A	A
Royal Tourist	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Selden	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.
Simplex	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Speedwell	....	....	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stanley	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Stearns	A	E	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stearns Knight	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
Stevens Duryea	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stoddard Dayton	....	....	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Stoddard Dayton Knight	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	A
Thomas	A	E	F	F	E	E	E	E	A	E
Walter	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Welch	A	E	A	E	A	E	....	....	....	....
Welch Detroit	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	E	....	....
White (Gas)	....	....	....	....	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
(Steam)	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D	D
Winton	A	E	E	E	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

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That Other Fellow is a Menace to Everyone's Safety"

Nine-tenths of all automobile accidents are caused by skidding and by foolish dependence on rubber alone.

In these days of crowded streets and congested traffic, the motorist who does not take precaution to guard against every possibility of disaster is ***next to criminal.***

> "The ever-present danger that is quite as much of a terror to the experienced driver as it is to the novice is ***skidding.*** There is nothing that makes a man lose his nerve so thoroughly or dread a repetition of the experience so keenly as a bad skid that ends in a broken wheel against a curb, or that makes matters far worse by "side swiping" a moving trolley car. To feel the car start to slide from under you, aiming directly at the nearest obstruction, despite all manipulations of the wheel and brakes—well, once is too often."

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Slipshod Traffic

Traffic policemen, by the hundreds, interviewed in all the large cities throughout the country, express the unanimous opinion that their work would be greatly reduced; that nearly all ***skidding accidents would be eliminated*** if motorists would take the precaution of always carrying WEED CHAINS, and putting them on when the roads and pavements are wet, slippery and uncertain, or covered with snow.

Some of these ***guardians of public safety*** go so far as to say that the time is not far off when State Legislatures will make ***the use of Weed Chains compulsory,*** for the protection of life and property.

Make Safety Yours

Take no chances. Fully equip your own car with WEED CHAINS and ***insist,*** for your own protection, that other drivers do the same.

On the Rear Tires

they afford perfect traction and adequate brake control.

On the Front Tires

they act as ladders to enable the front wheels to easily climb out of mud-ruts, car tracks and all uneven places in pavements or roads, always insuring absolute steering control, eliminating all chance of the front wheel skid.

If you haven't a set of ***WEED CHAINS***, or if you have a pair for the rear tires only, ***get a full equipment now.*** Delay is dangerous. Stop at your dealers today and ***WEED CHAIN your car to safety.***

For Sale by all Reputable Dealers

WEED CHAIN TIRE GRIP CO.

28 Moore Street **New York**

THE NAME WEED ON EVERY LINK

An automobile stage covering an extensive route in central Oregon

which were exhibited as results of the raw. The pleasant trip ended with the usual photos of grainfields, orchards, and alfalfa stacks, the cylometer registering a total of miles which would have been a prohibitive and wearing three- or four-day trip by any other means of travel.

A little more exciting was a trip through interior north-central Washington, with a party of red-apple boosters. The day was passing pleasantly, when one of the rear axles decided that its life work was done. The four men and the one woman of the party walked on about four miles to the nearest village hotel. That night we were entertained in a truly hair-stiffening fashion by a selection of first-hand bear and cougar stories, while the chauffeur rode a plow horse on to a country blacksmith who thought he could hammer life back into the broken axle. The completed job looked good, and we spun along far up into the foothills of the Cascades, before the wheel again dropped off.

This time we walked on about six miles to a little cabin in the forest reserve, where the old folks allowed the seven travelers of the night to stow themselves away in a steep blanket-partitioned attic. The next day the automobile was allowed to reflect and repent on the edge of a steep and lonely mountain grade, while another good rancher hitched his work horses to a light wagon and hauled us over the mountain to civilization. In justice to the penitence of the automobile, it should also

Governor Hunt of Arizona (standing in front) on a trip with his Cabinet

be stated that after the new axle caught up there was not the slightest trouble through a long, hard 500-mile trip.

The frontier automobile is sometimes charged up with black marks that it does not earn. The writer, in one particular instance in mind, planned to make connections at an isolated Indian reservation of the Northwest with a stage automobile making irregular trips between the railroad and a town one hundred and fifty miles interior. The stage auto passengers had decided on a night run through the desert. But the auto, when it reached the Reservation, was voted to be very sick. So we all begged beds for the night in the Indian boys' dormitory.

Next morning the auto wheezed and coughed and balked, refusing to respond either to auto-suggestion or auto-compulsion. Neither the driver nor any of the five passengers seemed to know anything about auto-physiology. So the auto dissecting was done according to directions supplied by a book owned by a local gasoline motor enthusiast. We spent half a day in stripping the thing down to its skeleton. By the middle of the afternoon we had found places to fasten all the parts back.

"Now it oughta go," the owner, who was suffering from a bad stomach and the loss of sleep, concluded.

But the auto wouldn't go.

Just then another automobile came along. The new man was persuaded to hitch us on behind. Our sick auto barked and stubbed along for a minute, until it got on to the magneto—then it seemed better than new. We were off about two hours before sundown for a forty-mile spurt to the first ranch. Out a few miles we slowed down for a tottering pole bridge—and our steed balked again. An Indian soon came along with a team of snorting ponies, and he had to give us a boost in order to get us off the bridge. Later a long uphill pull brought on another stubborn fit. This time we got on to the magneto by reversing and backing downhill. Then everybody pushed and raced behind to the top of the mountain.

The temptation, a little later, was too great to pass the bright fire of a freighter, so we stopped on a down slope long enough to devour all the potatoes, ham, bread, and coffee that the woman of the camp was preparing in advance for breakfast. Five miles farther the expected happened—the spark of life sputtered out. We all did our best. We dug our toes into the sand, and worked and strained and talked and sweated, out under the cold stars along the eastern slope of the Cascade Mountains. But it availed nothing. So we built a camp fire, distributed the automobile robes, and turned the automobile seats into berths.

NOVEL USES

NEXT afternoon a rescue automobile caught up. The new chauffeur opened up the corpse of our machine, fingered around for three or four minutes, took a fling at the crank hanger, and the cold thing began to spit and spat and throb. The chauffeurs exchanged places, and under the hand of the new driver there was no more trouble during the remainder of the trip.

The automobile has found novel uses on the frontier. Some months ago, for instance, if a certain automobile had been stopped out in the foothills of the Coast Mountains in western Oregon, one might have guessed that he had captured a Mexican relief expedition. But it was merely the notorious Auto belonging to the State of gon, filled with shotguns, p ammunition, handcuffs, and lanterns, and pressed into u Governor West in personally ru down and bringing back an "l convict who had not respond the faith placed in him by the chief executive.

One must approach a stub-r town at a "jumping-off place" rim of one of our remaining frontiers to appreciate the ne of the automobile. The stub usually arrives at the terminal late in the evening. Under fashioned way of interior t you would have hurried to t office and promptly climbed best stagecoach seat. If lu seat would have been on the "boot" with the driver; or have been a backward-travelli the rocking, dust-smudged i even a hang-on seat on top. There were usi stagecoaches when traffic warranted; but close tion in mail contracts often compelled night tra

To-day, at any interior terminal point of in you can go to a hotel, sleep like a white man, at eight or nine o'clock in the morning in a st mobile. Before noon you usually have passe stagecoach that still carries the express a mail and that jogged along all night wit three changes of horses. On leaving the fa you may be called upon to sacrifice the last h of your regular sleep. Your compensatio the saving of a day's time, and an invigor appetizing early morning automobile ride from thirty to fifty miles.

AUTO FREIGHTING

THE frontier automobile suggests differe different people. The stage driver wh with his work naturally remembers only th side of automobile traveling. He can tell y details of all the autos that have stuck in balked on a steep grade; about those that were ha back to the railroad behind a freight wagon; and about those that are hidden away and forgotten in a lonely sheep shed. And he will remind you that you can save perhaps from twenty to fifty per cent of your mileage money by still traveling on his stagecoach—not mentioning the time and the "six-bit" meals that you save the other way.

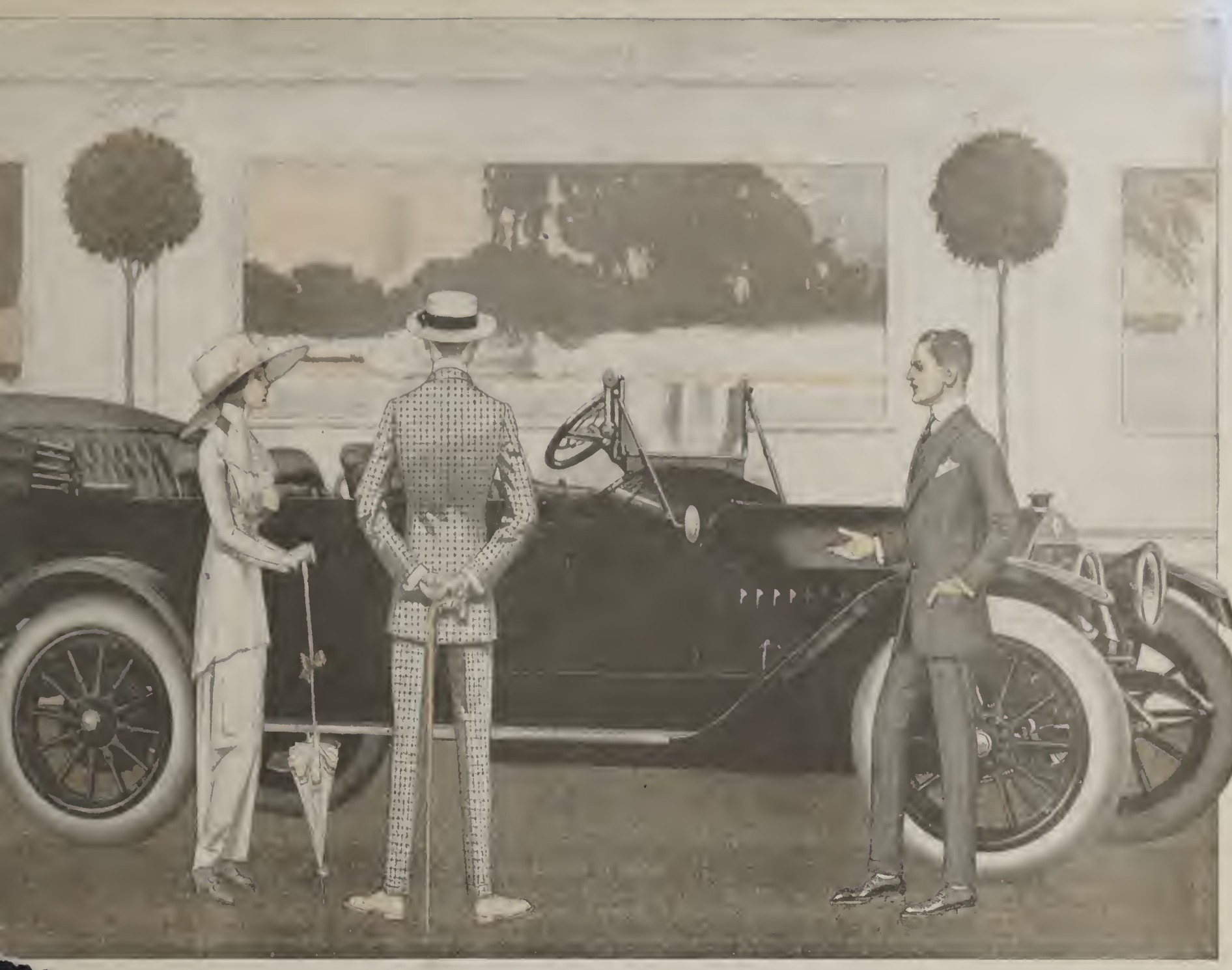
Also, there are not many frontier freighters from whom you could quote automobile boostlets. They, likewise, see handwriting on the wall. Auto freighting on the frontier is still rather new, but in a number of places auto trucks are making regular forty- and ninety-mile trips transporting fruit and ordinary freight.

The frontier railroads are perhaps not worrying, for they always get their whack both coming and going. But the writer happens to remember the testimony of a produce commission merchant in the Salt Lake country. In the old days he dodged about on branch railway lines, picking up a buggy here and there to make a dashing side trip, multiplying his gray hairs in figuring out railway connections and waiting for late trains, often skipping the smaller places, and crowding his weeks with night work and Sunday travel.

Now he owns a light automobile. He takes along two other buyers in different lines, and their cash fares pay a money dividend on the automobile investment. The commission man now does in five days what he couldn't do in seven, so the left-over two days are used in a regular week-end fishing and hunting trip in the mountains.

Camped for the night on the eastern slope of the Cascades

An accident on the trail, far from a garage



America's Greatest Touring Cars are Premier Sixes
The First of the Five Leading Makers to Establish the New Price Basis for the Six was the Premier

THE public has decided that the high-class car of the future must be a Six. The Premier is one of the four makers whose six-cylinder cars has created this six-cylinder demand. Seven years production of successful sixes.

The Premier six-cylinder is not only a leader in price but in style and appointments. It is fitted with pneumatic starter, pneumatic tire inflator, independent electric lighting system, imported magneto, imported annular bearings, left hand drive, clean running boards, a cabinet mounted in the dash, providing a tool carrying compartment, gasoline fed by gravity with filling cap accessible without removing the cushions, luxurious upholstering, Turkish cushions, concealed hinges, and straight line bodies, finished with the pleasing touches which make for elegance and class.

Premier Sixes, $2735 to $4000

FULL TOURING CAR EQUIPMENT

The Premier has earned its position as one of the leaders among America's leading cars by its wonderful performance and successful showing in the most trying tours and contests each year

Manufactured by PREMIER MOTOR MFG. CO., Indianapolis

1908 Glidden Tour — Premier Six laying out 1908 Glidden Tour in Ransleys Lake District — Premier Six in the gumbo swamps of Tennessee in Glidden Tour — Premier Six, Chairman's pacemaking car starting from Detroit on Glidden Tour — Premier Six, pilot of famous Ocean to Ocean tour in 1911 — The start of the [illegible] of a Four States Tour of the Premier Six and Premier Prairie Schooner, which crossed the Continent with the Ocean to Ocean tourists, in 1911

Instead of the Locomotive

The Persian Empire has only eight miles of railroad. One of the great innovations made about a year ago was a motorbus which runs three times a week over the Russian-built road from Julfa to Tabriz. The distance is eighty miles and the journey takes half a day

To War in a Motor Car

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria in his motor car at Maritza, following in the path of his victorious army. The fighting King kept near the firing line throughout the war and found his automobile indispensable

Collier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Old Pump

VOL. FIFTY NO. 1

NEWSSTAND EDITION

POPE QUALITY HAS NEVER BEEN QUESTIONED

POPE-HARTFORD ANNOUNCEMENT

Three Distinct Models — Three Distinct Prices
One Quality of Material and Workmanship

1913

40 Horsepower	50 Horsepower	60 Horsepower
4 Cylinders	4 Cylinders	6 Cylinders
$2250	**$3250**	**$4250**

ALL THREE HAVE Electric Motor Self-Starter, Electric Dynamo Lighting System, Long Stroke Motor, Magneto Ignition, 4 Speed Transmission, Windshield, Top, Trunk Rack, Demountable Rims, Robe Rail — All Fully Equipped

MODEL 31

A NEW POPE-HARTFORD

LONG STROKE "40"

for $2250

Electric Motor Self Starter — *4 Speeds Forward* — *Electric Dynamo Lighting*

AN entirely new Pope-Hartford Motor Car—far and away the **best** automobile investment ever offered the American public. The **first** car of **highest quality** offered by a **responsible maker** at a **low price.** We invite comparison of its **long stroke motor—double drop frame—four speed and reverse roller bearing transmission—full floating, roller bearing rear axle — irreversible steering gear — its extra efficient brake system—its great power, strength and speed—the body lines—deep, luxurious upholstery, wealth of equipment and beauty of finish,** with any car at anywhere near its price. Such comparison will convince you that what we say regarding **Model 31** is a sober statement of fact easily believed if you stop to consider that this car is **a full fledged Pope-Hartford**—embodying in every mechanical and structural de- **Pope-Hartford principles** and **Pope quality.** Many of **nportant parts** are identical with those in our higher ered 1913 models. **Increased production**—quantity buy- -efficient management and thirty-five years' experience, ke possible the **sensational price** of this Model 31.

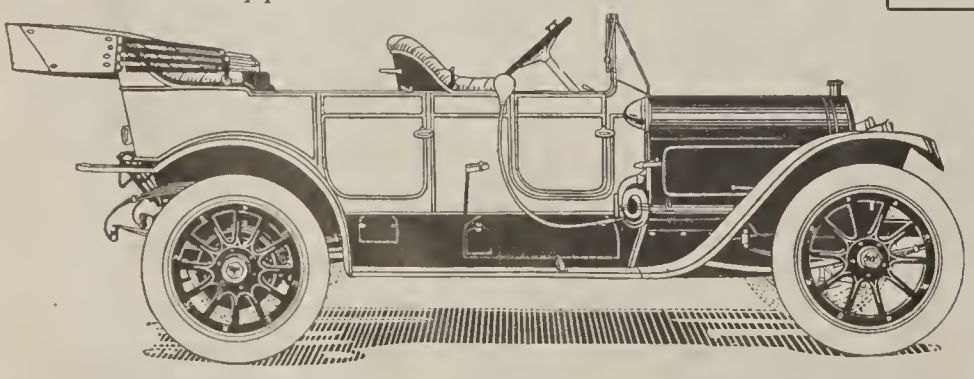
THE New Factory. The building of this new Model has necessitated a large addition to our great plant at Hartford, Conn. By the erection of an immense four-story structure, we practically double our facilities for producing high-grade motor cars, and are enabled to extend our business into territory heretofore unsupplied.

Model 31	
118 inch wheelbase	
Body Types and Prices	
Touring Car, 5 Pass.	$2250
Phaeton, 4 Pass.	$2250
Roadster, 2 Pass.	$2250
Coupe, 3 Pass.	$2750
Limousine, 5 Pass.	$3250

SEE this truly wonderful car—compare it piece by piece with cars selling at higher prices. Pick out the car you think comes nearest to meeting your requirements and make a comparison with this car. **Compare** the transmission in any car with the transmission in this new car. Go to the best mechanic you know—ask his advice, invite him to visit our factory or the nearest **Pope-Hartford** dealer with you and look over the pieces that go into this car and get his honest opinion of the material and workmanship as compared to that in any other car at any price which you think you would like to own.

COMPARE the Equipment with that on any car selling at any price. The Electric Motor Starter (Gray & Davis) and the independent Electric Dynamo lighting system are the best to be had **Regardless of Price.** No car selling at any price can have a better equipment in this respect. Bullet type electric headlights, side and rear lamps, each set on separate switch. Cape top with curtains and envelope. Union rain vision folding windshield, horn, foot rest, robe rail, folding trunk rack, tool box, full set of tools and jack, tire kit, irons and pump. Cocoa tonneau mat. Metal body, roomy, straight line effect; hooded dash, front compartment panelled. Bright parts heavily nickeled. 36 x 4½ Goodyear Quick Detachable Tires, demountable rims, spare rim.

Think of it. A new **Pope-Hartford,** 40 h. p., built in our own shops, for **$2250!**

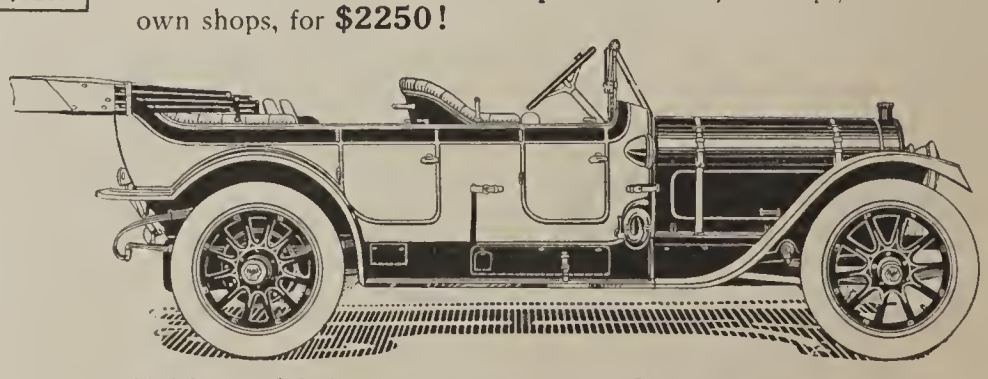


Model 33—4 Cylinder, 50 Horsepower Touring Car, *124 inch wheelbase*

$3250

The 50 Horsepower, 4-Cylinder **Pope-Hartford** is known as model 33. Every worthy and distinctive feature contributing to the popularity and success of last season's "50" is retained, and **numerous improvements** have been incorporated, including **full equipment, four speed transmission, new body designs, electric motor self-starter** and **electric dynamo lighting;** and throughout will be found **refinements, structural and mechanical,** which place this model in the front rank with cars selling at even a higher price. **Model 33 is the equal of any four thousand dollar model offered by any other manufacturer.**

5-passenger Touring, 5-passenger Phaeton, 2-passenger Roadster, $3250. 7-passenger Touring, $3500. 7-passenger Limousine or Landaulet, $4300. 7-passenger Berline, $4550.



Model 29—6 Cylinder, 60 Horsepower Touring Car, *133 inch wheelbase*

$4250

The 60 Horsepower, 6 Cylinder **Pope-Hartford** is a magnificent car —wonderfully powerful and efficient in service. It is **the acme of Pope-Quality and the highest expression of six cylinder motor car building.** Prominent among the new features are—**double drop frame, roller bearing four speed and reverse transmission, roller bearing rear axle, electric motor self-starter, electric dynamo and battery lighting and full equipment.** Model 29 bodies are of new design with convex line effect, low hung roomy—and upholstered in a manner that insures the maximum of luxurious comfort to the occupants.

7-passenger Touring, 5-passenger Phaeton, 2-passenger Roadster, $4250. 3-passenger Coupe, $4800. 7-passenger Limousine or Landaulet, $5300. 7-passenger Berline, $5550.

DEALERS! **Do you realize that the POPE-HARTFORD line of Pleasure Cars, Trucks and Public Service Wagons offers you by far the greatest inducements and opportunity? We solicit correspondence from responsible dealers in unoccupied territory. Send for catalogs NOW! Please mention Collier's Weekly.**

The Pope Manufacturing Company - - - - Hartford, Connecticut, U. S. A.

This name-plate is your guarantee

When this Studebaker name-plate is affixed to the radiator of a car it means that the highest skill, the best possible materials and 60 years of business integrity and reputation stand squarely behind that car.

It means that everything has been done that could make a car not only good to the eye but good mechanically—a car made in its entirety by the big Studebaker organization and for every part of which the Studebaker organization is responsible—and is proud to be responsible.

It means a car that is manufactured on so large a scale, with such perfect facilities, and that is sold in such great numbers, that it is possible to sell it at a moderate price. A car so well made that it will give real service at a moderate cost. And at the same time a car so easy to operate that any member of the family can run it.

Every car made by the Studebaker Corporation is sold with a Studebaker name-plate on the radiator. We are proud to put it there, because all our cars are built to uphold the reputation it represents.

Studebaker cars are built not only to sell, but to keep going. Our salesman can satisfy you when you purchase, and the car itself will keep you satisfied. Keeping a customer satisfied is always our aim. That explains our success.

The national Studebaker Service, with its 36 factory branches and 2500 equipped dealers, is a notable convenience that goes with the Studebaker car. To be able to get a needed part right on the spot is important to an owner.

See a Studebaker dealer and be convinced that a high grade automobile is neither costly to buy nor expensive to maintain.

A new Studebaker name-plate will be furnished all present owners who will send post-office address and car number.

The Studebaker Corporation - - Detroit, Mich.

STUDEBAKER CARS

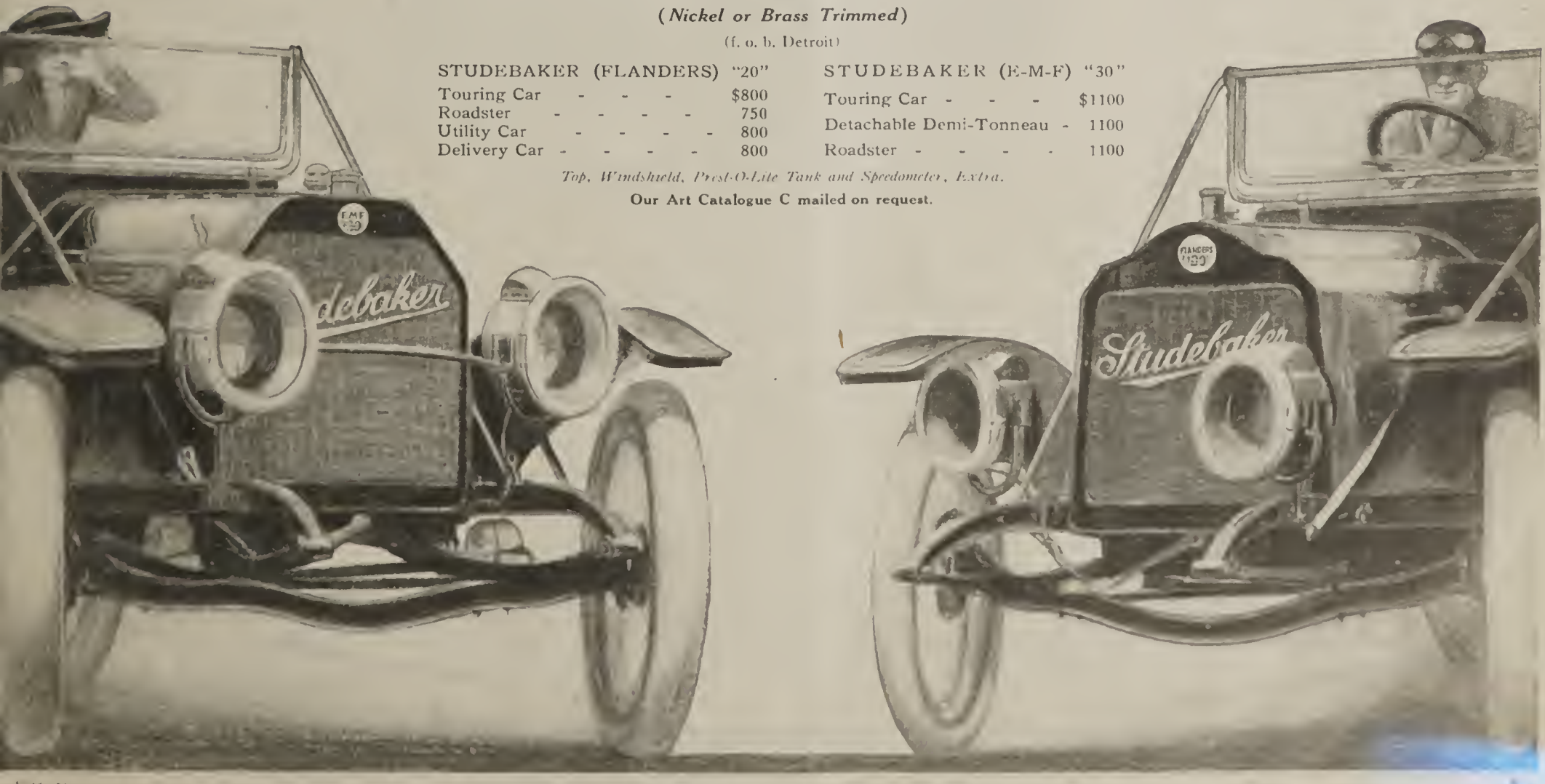
(Nickel or Brass Trimmed)

(f. o. b. Detroit)

STUDEBAKER (FLANDERS) "20"		STUDEBAKER (E-M-F) "30"	
Touring Car	$800	Touring Car	$1100
Roadster	750	Detachable Demi-Tonneau	1100
Utility Car	800	Roadster	1100
Delivery Car	800		

Top, Windshield, Prest-O-Lite Tank and Speedometer, Extra.

Our Art Catalogue C mailed on request.



DIAMONDS
ON CREDIT

20% DOWN—10% PER MONTH

Why wait for your Diamond until you have saved the price? Pay for it by the Lyon Method. Lyon's Diamonds are guaranteed perfect blue-white. A written guarantee accompanies each Diamond. All goods sent prepaid for inspection. 10% discount for cash. Send now for catalogue No. 24

Established 1843.

J·M·LYON & CO·
71-73 NASSAU ST·N·Y·

"Still Marking Time at the Same Old Wage— and Getting Nowhere!"

What's Ahead of You?

It startles you when you think how slowly you're advancing in salary and position, considering how hard you have to work to hold your job.

But it's different if you have the ***special training*** that enables you to win a good position at work you *like*—to earn ***more money,*** and to achieve still greater success. ***It's all a matter of right training.***

The International Correspondence Schools will bring the right training to you—no matter where you live, or what well-paid occupation you wish to follow. To learn *how* the I. C. S. can help you, mark and mail the attached coupon today. Marking the coupon costs nothing, and places you under no obligation. Do it NOW.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1198 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Electrical Engineer		Civil Service	
Elec. Lighting Supt.		Bookkeeping	
Telephone Expert		Stenography & Typewriting	
Architect		Window Trimming	
Building Contractor		Show Card Writing	
Architectural Draftsman		Lettering and Sign Painting	
Structural Engineer		Advertising	
Concrete Construction		Commercial Illustrating	
Mechan. Engineer		Industrial Designing	
Mechanical Draftsman		Commercial Law	
Civil Engineer		Teacher	
Mine Superintendent		English Branches	
Stationary Engineer		Poultry Farming	
Plumbing & Steam Fitting		Agriculture	Spanish
Gas Engines		Chemist	French
Automobile Running		Salesman	German

Name ——
Present Occupation ——
Street No. ——
City —— State ——

Weekly letter to readers on advertising *No. 89*

HEREWITH is the substance of a bulletin that appeared several years ago. The subject will stand reiteration.

You have, whether you realize it or not, a vital interest in magazine advertising.

The reason is twofold.

First: Without advertising, the splendid publications of today would be impossible. There is not enough revenue from subscriptions.

Second: The advertising columns of our leading publications bring you in touch with the latest and best of everything in every nook and corner of the country.

Advertising gives you the news of merchandise.

A manufacturer makes a little camera that you can put in your vest pocket; it may be just what you've been looking for; through advertising you are told all about it.

Vacuum cleaners quickly take the place of brooms; do better work and conserve health.

A talking machine company makes a new machine at one half the former cost; it's real news to thousands; through advertising they learn about it as soon as it's ready.

In a week millions know about a new food product; it would take years for the news to get around without advertising.

So advertising is of mutual benefit to the advertiser, to the publisher and to you.

E. L. Patterson.
Manager Advertising Department

Inter-Phone Your Dictation

This shows one of the many everyday ways of saving time and trouble in your office by the use of

Western-Electric Inter-phones

The stenographer, in a room apart from you, wearing a head receiver, has her hand free to take dictation from any part of the office. You simply push a button and begin to dictate. Your dictation takes an easy, conversational tone—your letters are more readable. Western Electric Inter-phones are time economizers in office and factory. Their cost put in is from $6 per station up. Maintenance cost is negligible. Write for Booklet No. 7601.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the 6,000,000 "Bell" Telephones

New York	Chicago	Kansas City	San Francisco	Montreal	London
Buffalo	Milwaukee	Oklahoma City	Oakland	Toronto	Berlin
Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Minneapolis	Los Angeles	Winnipeg	Paris
Boston	Cleveland	St. Paul	Dallas	Calgary	Rome
Richmond	Cincinnati	Denver	Houston	Vancouver	Johannesburg
Atlanta	Indianapolis	Omaha	Seattle	Edmonton	Sydney
Savannah	Saint Louis	Salt Lake City	Portland	Antwerp	Tokyo

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

STUDY LAW
AT HOME
Become an LL.B.

The Only Law School of its Kind in America

Special and Exclusive Features

ONLY recognized resident law school in the United States conferring Degree of Bachelor of Laws—LL.B.—by correspondence. ONLY law school in U. S. conducting standard resident school and giving same instruction for whole course, by mail. ONLY law school giving over 450 class-room lectures to its extension students. ONLY law school giving a full 3-year, University Law Course, by mail, having an actual faculty of over 30 prominent lawyers, (3 of whom are Asst. United States' Attorneys) in active practice. ONLY law school giving by mail Complete Course in Oratory and Public Speaking, in conjunction with its law course.

Other Good Features

Our Degree Bachelor of Law, LL.B. NOT a Diploma or Certificate

The Hamilton College of Law Is a College of Law—not an institute, correspondence school, etc. We guarantee to prepare our students to pass bar examinations. Our system of conducting examinations is the most thorough, complete and expensive (to us) of any examinations ever given. A student can, if he chooses, take part of our course by mail and finish in our resident school, where he will receive full credit for all work done by mail. Our resident school is a recognized standard law school.

School Highly Endorsed

From Lecture Room to Student
No Other Law School Can Use This Illustration

and recommended by Government Officials, Business Men, Noted Lawyers and Students. We have as students a number of practicing lawyers (not graduates of recognized law colleges) who are now earning their Degree LL.B. A Probate Judge (one of our students) says: "I am delighted with the course prescribed and your method of teaching law. It is far in advance of what I expected to receive."

Law Library Given This library consists of 12 volumes of standard text books, used in conjunction with our class-room lectures. These law books, if purchased at retail, would cost almost one-half the cost of our entire 3 year course.

Price and Terms

These 12 Volumes are Given to Students

including the Law Library, over 450 Class-Room Lectures, Course in Oratory and Public Speaking, and everything complete is considerably less than the tuition alone of any resident law school, and is no more than that charged by the many make-shift law courses (issuing diplomas, certificates, etc.) now offered the public. The terms of payment are so easy that the course is within reach of all.

Illustrated Prospectus Free Also a great deal of "Evidence" substantiating all our claims. Send today and get the complete story—all the facts—then judge for yourself. A postal will do. The answering of this ad may mean the turning point in your career.

HAMILTON COLLEGE OF LAW
1121 Ellsworth Bldg. - Chicago, Ill.

NOTE:—We have prepared and offer to business men five special and distinct business courses as follows: Business Men's, Bankers', Commercial, Real Estate, and Credit Men's Law Courses. These are fully described in our regular prospectus.

2.00 A Month Buys This Fine Hammerless Shot Gun

Price $17.50

Every man wants a gun, but not every man can afford to pay the full amount cash down—therefore, we have just lately decided to sell high grade fire arms on confidential credit.

This high grade shot gun—Price is fitted with Rummel's No. 14 Army Steel barrels, full tapered choke, bored for either black or smokeless powder—12 or 16 gauge, 28 or 30 inch lengths, 7¼ to 8 pounds. Top lever action—hammers cock and throw safety automatically. We will send it to you for $4.50 down and $2.00 a month—no interest, no extras and you have 7 months in which to complete payment on this gun that will compare favorably with any $40 or $60 gun made. **$17.50**

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD WITH US

If you want a guaranteed shot gun or rifle (any of the standard makes, Remington, Stevens, Ithaca, Winchester, etc.) why not open a credit account with us. Satisfaction guaranteed. We have been selling high grade guns for thirty-five years. Write us for Complete Information and Catalog. Let us show you what we can do.

A. J. RUMMEL ARMS CO.
143 St. Clair St. Toledo, O.

The University of Chicago
Correspondence-Study Dept.

HOME STUDY
20th Year

offers 350 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, Etc. Begin any time.

U. of C. (Div. A) Chicago, Ill.

I TEACH SIGN PAINTING

Show Card Writing or Lettering by mail and guarantee success. Only field not overcrowded. My instruction is unequalled because practical, personal and thorough. Easy terms. Write for large catalogue.

Chas. J. Strong, Founder
DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
Department 103 Detroit, Mich.
"Oldest and Largest School of its Kind"
"Thoroughly equipped Residence School"

NOT AT ALL BAD

Recently a middle-west advertiser ran a campaign in 88 prominent publications.

A leading weekly of general circulation was second best in results, bringing in 234 orders at a cost of $1.93 each.

Farm Journal (which led the list with 506 orders at 31¢ each) beat this record by over twice as many orders at less than 1/6 the cost.

But, considering the results from all the other papers except Farm Journal, the weekly's showing wasn't at all bad--in fact, the advertiser was well pleased with it

Wilmer Atkinson Company
Publishers
FARM JOURNAL
Philadelphia

Nov. forms close 10/5

UNLIKE ANY OTHER PAPER

We Need Salesmen

If you wish to sell a safe, reliable investment; to work for a strong corporation, composed mainly of Philadelphia and New Jersey bankers; to sell an investment that is conservative and non-speculative; if you can get responsible people to certify to your good character and ability, *we need you*. We pay the highest commissions and give exclusive territory to men who are *willing to work hard*.

Railroads are opening to development thousands of square miles of prairies, mountains, forests, mineral, agricultural and grazing lands in the Northwest—bringing into existence thousands of hamlets and villages. Hundreds of these will become cities—some of them Omahas, Denvers, Seattles.

We own choice building lots in *seventeen* of the most carefully selected and rapidly growing of these young cities—birthright towns, "preferred risks." Our agents sell five building lots—one in each of five of these prospective great cities (one in each of five different states, if desired) for a total of $25, on easy monthly payments. This is the safest possible investment—insurance!

We give highest banking references. Our plan appeals only to conservative investors of small means. Write us, giving references.

NORTHWEST TOWNSITE CO.
308 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1913 bicycle. *Write for Special Offer.*
Finest Guaranteed 1913 Models .. *$10 to $27*
with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.
1911 & 1912 Models all of best makes *$7 to $12*
100 Second-Hond Wheels
All makes and models, good as new ..... *$3 to $8*
Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE.
We Ship on Approval *without a cent deposit, pay the freight* and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
Tires, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, parts and repairs for all makes of bicycles *at half usual prices.* DO NOT BUY until you get our catalogs and offer. *Write now.*
MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. R-54. CHICAGO

FREE Literature will be sent to anyone interested in the wonderful Sacramento Valley, the richest valley in the world. Unlimited opportunities. Thousands of acres available at right prices. The place for the man wanting a home in the best climate on earth. Write to a public organization that gives reliable information.
Sacramento Valley Development Association, 800 2d St., Sacramento, CALIFORNIA

Learn to Stuff Birds and Animals A delightful art, easily learned at home. Big Profits. Save your trophies. Decorate your home. We teach men, women, boys by mail. Write for Free Book today. N W School of Taxidermy, 4026 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 21, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME FIFTY NO. 1

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED, PUBLISHERS

ROBERT J. COLLIER, *President* CHARLES E. MINER, *Secretary*
FRANKLIN COE, *Vice President* JOHN F. OLTROGGE, *Treasurer*

416 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Entered at second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

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LONDON: 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C. For sale by Saarbach's News Exchange in the principal cities of Europe and Egypt; also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, London, W. C. TORONTO, ONTARIO: 6-8 Colborne Street.

Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, $5.50 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, $6.80 a year. Christmas and Easter Special Issues, 25 Cents.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

Seven Thousand Men Building Smaller Six Cylinder Packard

Our shops have been turned over to the new model—an unparalleled concentration of energy and resources to complete the production of Packard "38"

Perhaps you were among the hundreds who wanted a Packard "48" and spoke too late. The output of that model for summer and fall was practically sold out six weeks after the spring announcement.

Now you have an opportunity to reserve an early delivery date for the new "38," consort of the Dominant Packard Six.

In road efficiency, ease of riding and luxurious appointment, the smaller six typifies Packard quality.

Left drive and control; electric self-starter. Starting, lighting, ignition and carburetor controls on steering column. Sixty horsepower shown by brake test.

The Packard "38" Line

Touring Car, five passengers	$4150	Landaulet	$5300
Phaeton, five passengers	4150	Imperial Limousine	5400
Phaeton, four passengers	4150	Brougham	5200
Runabout	4050	Coupe	4500
Limousine	5200	Imperial Coupe	4900

CATALOG IN RESPONSE TO POSTCARD REQUEST

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit

CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

50¢ Attached All Dealers

Get Started Right

with Cat's Paw Rubber Heels, and you will never go back to spine-jarring leather heels—or any other kind of rubber heels.

Your shoes will be more comfortable—they will wear longer—and you will walk with a new buoyancy and lightness.

Best of all, you will walk safely, with a sure-footed tread. The friction plug won't let you slip—prevents your foot steps from sounding like a "gum shoe" artist.

Next time you go to a shoe store think of the Black Cat—then tell the man you want **Cat's Paw Rubber Heels. The name is easy to remember—and they cost no more than the ordinary kind.**

TO THE RETAIL TRADE

It pays to give the public what they want. The majority want Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels. Order from your jobber today.

THE FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal St., Boston, Mass

Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

Getting all that's coming to you

YOU young fellows are right about clothes; some men may smile a little at the importance you put upon small differences in style and design; but don't let that bother you.

Your business just now is to make good; and you're wise to the fact that good-looking clothes are an asset; that while they don't make the man, they're a help in his job of making himself.

Be very critical about style; but be no less critical about the workmanship; get all that's coming to you. When you find a style that satisfies you, and a fit that's right, and our name in it, buy it. Then you will have it all; not only style, but quality. Without quality style does not last.

Look at our Varsity models this fall; we know you'll like them.

You can tell beforehand if you get the style and fit you want. Afterward, if you find you didn't get all that's coming to you—in wear, in shape-keeping, in satisfaction, we'll make good the lack. That's part of what our mark in a garment means; a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

Send six cents for the new Fall Style Book

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago New York

Collier's

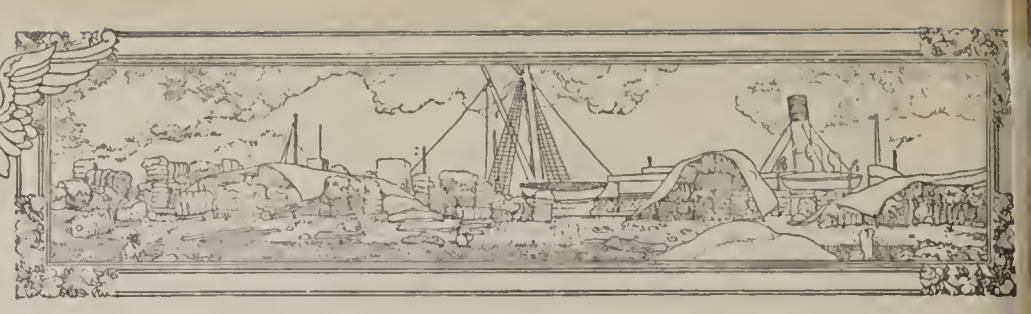
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NORMAN HAPGOOD
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR

"Oh, but It's Lonesome Here!"



THE WASTES OF MONOPOLY

MORE AND MORE the campaign is coming down to two pressing issues, the tariff and the proper treatment of monopolies. COLLIER'S actively disagrees with the view of monopoly being urged by Messrs. ROOSEVELT, PERKINS, and GARY. They talk a great deal about the wastes of competition. The necessary wastes of competition are relatively insignificant, and the wastes of unfair and destructive competition are wholly unnecessary. They will be largely eliminated when competition is regulated. The La Follette-Lenroot and the Stanley bills to perfect the Sherman law, and the Newlands-Cummins proposals for an Interstate Trade Commission, are all directed, in part, to that end. The remaining wastes of competition may be likened to the wastes of democracy. These are obvious; but we know also that democracy has compensations which render it more efficient than absolutism. So it is in industry. The margin between what men naturally do and what they can do is so great that the system which urges men on to effort is the best system.

The necessary wastes of monopoly, on the other hand, are enormous. Some of these can, of course, be eliminated by regulation. An efficient Interstate Trade Commission, acting under appropriate legislation, could put an end to much of the oppression of which trusts have been guilty. It could prevent unjust discrimination. It could prevent ruthless and unfair use of power. But a Government commission would be powerless to secure for the people the low prices commonly attendant upon competition. As no means exists for determining whether greater net earnings are due to greater efficiency in management or to excessive profits, large net earnings would be followed by compulsory reduction of prices, which in turn would create a sense of injustice suffered, paralyze individual enterprise, and produce unprogressive, slipshod management. *The attempt to secure low prices through price fixing would prove as impotent as the statutes which have sought to protect the public in railroad rates by limiting the dividends.*

The Interstate Commerce Commission has been invoked as an argument in favor of licensing monopoly. That commission has stopped many abuses; it has practically put an end to corrupt and corrupting discrimination in rates; it has protected the shipper from oppression and arrogance and injustice; it has prevented unreasonable *advances* in rates; but it has secured comparatively few notable *reductions* in rates, except those involved in stopping discrimination between persons, places, or articles. *It has been powerless to reduce operating costs, and greater reductions in rates can come only with reductions in the cost of producing transportation.* The injustice and corruption attending the earlier railroad period were extremely serious. But we must not forget that *the sweeping reductions in American operating costs and rates belong to the earlier period of competition among railroads.* In the ten years from 1889 to 1899, while competition among the railroads was active, the freight rate per ton per mile was gradually reduced from .941 to .724. The years 1899-1900 marked the great movement for combination or "community of interest" in the railroad world as well as in the industrial world. *The freight rate per ton per mile began to rise.* In each of the eleven succeeding years it was higher than in 1899, and in 1910 it was .753.

The deadening effect of monopoly is illustrated by its arrest of invention. The Shoe Machinery Trust, formed in 1899, resulted in combining directly and indirectly more than a hundred shoe-machinery concerns. It acquired substantially a monopoly of all the essential machinery used in bottoming boots and shoes as well as many other machines. It believed itself unassailable, and shoe manufacturers had come to regard their subjection to the trust as unavoidable. Nevertheless, in 1910 the trust found its prestige suddenly threatened and its huge profits imperiled. It was confronted with a competitor so formidable that the trust, in flagrant violation of law, paid $5,000,000 to buy him out. THOMAS G. PLANT had actually succeeded in developing in about five years, while the trust was stolid from monopoly, a substantially complete system of shoe machinery which many good judges declared to be superior to that of the trust.

GEORGE W. PERKINS, apostle of the economic and social efficiency of monopoly, quoted to the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce the statement that:

> The corporations that Mr. EDISON's business inventions had made possible were to-day capitalized at $7,000,000,000.

The Inventors' Guild, an association in which Mr. EDISON is naturally prominent, said in a memorial addressed to the President:

> It is a well-known fact that modern trade combinations tend strongly toward constancy of processes and products, and by their very nature are opposed to new processes and products originated by independent inventors, and hence tend to restrain competition in the development and sale of patents and patent rights, and consequently tend to discourage independent inventive thought, to the great detriment of the nation.

Necessity remains the mother of invention. Even all-potent price-fixing commissions cannot take her place as a stimulant and guide.

THE FEMININE

SO MANY ANXIOUS AMERICANS are asking the proper feminine of Bull Moose that we take pleasure in answering them by a quotation showing the use in literature:

> So for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow round the bow,
> And for one the creak of snowshoes on the crust,
> And for one the lakeside lilies where the bull moose waits the cow—

It is from "The Feet of the Young Men," which, as you already know, is by KIPLING. There seems to be no doubt about the feminine, but there is much doubt about its political availability in the States where women vote.

LA FOLLETTE'S POSITION

SOME INJUSTICE is done to Senator LA FOLLETTE, in the prevailing view of his opposition to Colonel ROOSEVELT. Too much emphasis has been put by many, perhaps including the Senator himself, on the personal side of the controversy. The men who first urged LA FOLLETTE to carry the standard for those opposed to President TAFT'S renomination, and then took the standard away from him and handed it to ROOSEVELT, acted fully within their rights. Allegiance is not to individuals but to causes, and if these men decided that their cause would be promoted by a change of standard bearers the deposed leader had no solid ground of complaint. But LA FOLLETTE has also an impersonal argument, which is a much stronger justification of his course. He maintained that dropping him to take up ROOSEVELT was caused not by any calculation of permanent results, but by impatience for immediate victory. Moreover, he said, even a year and a half ago, when he himself was the only person being considered as a possible protesting Republican candidate, that if the Democrats should happen to show brains enough to nominate WILSON there would be no reason for a third ticket. These two arguments on principle represent Senator LA FOLLETTE'S real attitude much better than the more personal explanations into which men slip naturally, since they are easier to express. Let us not forget the long and difficult past. Let us not forget what LA FOLLETTE has been largely instrumental in making of Wisconsin, while political corruption still flourishes wildly just across the border in Illinois. Think of the University of Wisconsin, which adds many millions a year even to the merely material product of the State, and realize how much LA FOLLETTE has had to do with fighting successfully for the power and influence of that college. He is too big a man ever to be lost. His usefulness in the Senate will possibly even increase, and he will fight there in behalf of all measures, whether Democratic or Republican or Bull Moose, which he believes to make for the welfare of his countrymen, whom he truly represents. Last time he ran, the Senator was ill; practically every newspaper in the State opposed him; the Administration went out of its way to fight him; Wall Street sent out an enormous fund, distributed from Chicago, to beat him; and yet he was triumphantly reelected. That history is not unlikely to be repeated.

ENDED

WHEN SECRETARY FISHER entered the Department of the Interior it was practically certain how the famous controversy which centered around the Cunningham claims would end. The Cunningham claims have now been declared fraudulent. Much, no doubt, is still to be done. The whole constructive policy for Alaska is to be completed, and Secretary STIMSON has had his water-power troubles, being firmly upheld by the President and foolishly opposed by some predatory sympathizers, including Uncle JOE, and some Democrats with antiquated notions about States rights, including, we regret to say, Mr. UNDERWOOD. Nevertheless, although the fight on principles is still on, the decision of the Cunningham claims ends, dramatically speaking, a stirring episode in recent history. It included:

1. The discharge of LOUIS R. GLAVIS after his attack on the Cunningham claims had been called absurd by Secretary BALLINGER, Secretary WICKERSHAM, and President TAFT. Mr. GLAVIS is now doing excellent work as secretary of the Conservation Commission of the State of California.

2. The removal of GIFFORD PINCHOT. President TAFT chose an excellent successor to him, as he did to BALLINGER, and since the change he has stood faithfully by conservation.

3. The misdating of a document by Secretary WICKERSHAM, which in some States would be forgery.

4. The use of that document by the President to fool the Senate, and his failure to produce or mention the document, prepared in BALLINGER'S own office, on which the President's own report was closely based.

5. A final victory after many months of bitter contest; the resignation of BALLINGER and the appointment of FISHER. Since then the President's conservation policy has been that of Secretaries FISHER and STIMSON—firm, intelligent, and progressive.

N. B.

IF YOU ARE a voter, you should scarcely fail to study deeply the most important political question of to-day, which is the problem of monopoly. It was because we believed this to be the foremost question that we urged Mr. BRANDEIS to write two articles, of which the second appears this week.

WHY?

MANY SEEM to have trouble in seeing our attitude clearly in the present campaign. This trouble grows out of the rooted idea that if you support somebody you must view with alarm all of his rivals and opponents. For persons who think in that way, the best we can do is to put down briefly a few beliefs, to be reconciled or not:

1. The new party is a splendid force, destined to go far toward destroying harmful old machines and freeing the ground for division of opinion on real issues. It will be very unfortunate if the party does not poll a tremendous vote, thus firmly establishing itself, as we fully believe it will do.

2. The bulk of its adherents are the flower of the nation.

3. We have spoken of how excellent its ticket is in Illinois, and how inferior to it is that of the Democrats. We hope the State Democratic ticket in Illinois will be wiped off the earth, and in every State where similar situations exist we shall actively support the Bull Moose State ticket.

Now for considerations on the other side, which, in our opinion, make it desirable for the Democrats to win the national election, although we hope the third party will run a close second, and although we shall be entirely happy if it wins:

1. The Bryan-Wilson progressive division won a great victory at Baltimore. That victory should be confirmed by the voters and the party thus helped to become free. If defeated, it will be thrown back into the hands of the reactionaries. If victorious, the President, House, and Senate will apparently all be harmonious, and ought to do much.

2. The monopoly issue has to be settled *now*. Later it can be settled only by State Socialism. On that issue we agree most energetically with the Democrats.

3. WILSON's tariff views are ours. We do not believe in the pay-envelope doctrine as a possibility.

4. As to persons, if Mr. WILSON later makes any unfair charges against Colonel ROOSEVELT, we shall resent them. So far he has fought with undeniable fairness. It is not our fault that Colonel ROOSEVELT has chosen to campaign largely on the statement that the bosses brought about the nomination of WILSON. Knowing that to be preposterous, there is nothing for us to do but say so.

And there you are.

A GOOD NOMINATION

THE HIGH QUALITY of the nominees of the new party in the various States will add largely to the size of its vote. CHARLES SUMNER BIRD, who is running for Governor of Massachusetts, is an illustration of this wisdom in selection. Immediately after graduating from Harvard he took charge of his father's business, then a small paper-making industry, and under his management it has increased until it now includes mills at East Walpole, Mass., Phillipsdale, R. I., Pont Rouge, Quebec, and Hamilton, Ontario. Mr. BIRD has become rich with the success of his business, but he has carried it on with a genuine sense of duty toward his employees and toward the public. Ten years ago he put into effect the three-shifts rule, and paid the same wages for eight hours that he had paid previously for the longer shift. Within a few months he has extended the eight-hour day, without reduction in pay, to that part of his labor force which works in only one shift a day. No kind of citizen is more useful in public life than the successful man of business who has a keen sense of responsibility both to those who work for him and to the consuming public.

REALLY PROGRESSIVE

THE BULL MOOSE CONVENTION in New York acted as a convention should act. The delegates accepted no orders from anybody. They took matters into their own hands, selected a highly respected man as their candidate for Governor, named their own ticket, wrote their platform, and went before the voters of the State without a weak point in their armor. BARNES will name the Republican candidate and write the Republican platform. If MURPHY is able to accomplish the same feat for the Democrats, the third party State ticket ought to win and probably will win. It is characteristic of Governor WILSON that he immediately praised the ticket of the New York Bull Moosers and their platform, and used their high standard as a warning to his own party.

A FINE LINE

THE "REPUBLICAN" of Fresno, Cal., says that COLLIER's has "fastidious editorials, warning ROOSEVELT to eschew bad manners." When "manners" have to do with the question of unfair charges against an opponent in order to bemuddle the public, the line between manners and morals is not easy for us to trace. The Colonel is energetically declaring that WILSON's nomination was "arranged by the bosses." What does the "Republican" call that? Is it manners or morals?

TIMBER SALES

A CRITICISM of Government sales, sent to us by a subscriber, reminds us again of how so many persons imagine conservation is the opposite of use. The national forests contain 600 billion feet of merchantable timber. Three hundred and fifty billion feet is ripe for the ax and deteriorating in value, rapidly on areas swept by fire, gradually on areas where the forest is mature and the trees are slowly yelding to decay. To the extent to which the overripe timber on the national forests cannot be cut and used while still merchantable, public property is wasted. This is the very antithesis of conservation. The annual growth of wood on the national forests is equivalent to about six billion feet of lumber. This much can be cut every year for all time without depleting the supply. The total cut during the last year was not quite half a billion feet. Ripe timber must be sold under conditions practicable for the lumbering operator. Such sales supply many Western communities. They support mining and other local industries. They permit the independent operator, owning no timber, to establish himself in the lumbering business. Thus they promote competition and furnish the best check upon monopoly. Under scientific methods of cutting, they improve the condition of the forest and make possible the more rapid production of better kinds of timber in the future. Preference is always given (1) to local communities or industries and (2) to small operators who log on a limited scale and are connected with none of the large timber interests. Many bodies of national forest timber, on the other hand, are inaccessible. Far back in the rugged mountains of the West they can be placed upon the market only by a large outlay for railroads or other transportation facilities. Many of these inaccessible forests cannot be utilized without the construction of new sawmills. Under such conditions, the timber can only be sold in sufficient amounts to justify the large investment which the operator is compelled to make.

PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITY

THE APPRAISED VALUE of national forest timber is based upon close estimate of the cost of manufacture and market price of the product. It permits a fair operating profit to the purchaser on his actual investment, but no more. Every sale exceeding $100 is advertised. Purchases are restricted to actual operators. Sales to persons who desire to hold stumpage for higher prices are not permitted. A fixed amount must be cut and manufactured during each specified period. Every railroad built under a timber-sale contract must become a common carrier and transport the logs or lumber of other purchasers from the Government at rates determined by State commissions or arbitration. No purchaser can thus bottle up adjacent bodies of timber. Once a body of timber is contracted, additional areas will not be sold to the same purchaser during the life of the contract if there are other applicants for them. Sales will not be made to any purchaser where the evident result would be monopoly of timber production in a given region harmful to the locality or to the public interests. Under these restrictions, the sale of large bodies of timber does not promote monopoly. Equally good bodies in plenty await the competitors of the first purchaser and they will receive equal encouragement. In every instance large bodies which the railroad built by the purchaser makes accessible are reserved for sale. They are available for competing operators. Thus protected, a large sale often promotes the general development of a region hitherto locked up. It makes possible the mining of ores hitherto untouched. It aids the settlement of agricultural lands. It brings sawmills and the industrial development which they support. It aids the whole development of some undeveloped nook or corner of the West.

HA! HA! PE-RU-NA

AN ADVERTISEMENT now running in the papers says:

> No; we are not selling as much Pe-ru-na as we used to.

This statement is made in response "to a great many queries." Much explanation follows. The real reason every intelligent person knows. The Peruna people are now going to start to sell some stuff under the name of Ka-tar-no. You see, it seems to mean "no catarrh," and, having a new name, it may catch a lot of asses whom the exposures of Peruna have scared.

Trusts, the Export Trade, and the New Party

By LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

NEW PARTY advocates of legalizing industrial monopolies urge as a reason the necessities of the export trade. "How can we," say they, "compete, with small concerns, against England and Germany for the commerce of the world?"

The answer is not difficult. There is no such alternative as "monopoly or the small concern." America has to-day, in all lines of competitive business, concerns large enough to be the most efficient instruments of commerce, be it foreign or domestic. With America's abundant capital and the ambition of its citizens, there will be no lack of "bigness" in industry. We need not legalize monopoly in order to equip ourselves for the foreign trade.

A survey of the relations of our leading trusts to the export trade should dispel the belief that we are particularly indebted to them either for the quantity or character of their foreign business.

STEEL

FIRST—Take the exports of steel—the crude products in which the Steel Trust deals. George W. Perkins, so prominent as promoter and director of that corporation, and chairman now of the Executive Committee of the New party, gravely told the Senate Committee: "We have been infinitely more successful in expanding our foreign trade than would have been possible under competitive conditions." But the facts show that the organization of the Steel Trust arrested the development of the American export trade in steel. Our cost of production rose, while that of European steel makers remained stationary and they gained the world's growing trade.

The Steel Trust was organized April 1, 1901. During the ten years, 1901 to 1910, our exports of crude steel and iron products increased from 1,154,000 to 1,533,000 tons, or 33 per cent; Great Britain's from 3,213,000 to 4,594,000, or 43 per cent; Germany's from 838,000 to 4,868,000, or 480 per cent. In other words, America had in 1901, as compared with England and Germany, nearly 22 per cent of the world's export tonnage. In 1910 America had less than 13 per cent. During these ten years coincident with the existence of the Steel Trust, America lost steadily in prestige in the world's steel market.

As stated by Mr. T. Good in his able discussion of the subject: "From the moment that the Steel Trust got to work the American iron and steel industry was diverted from natural to unnatural developments. Costs and prices of raw material were inflated; progress toward economy was arrested; retrogression set in and America's rosy chances of annexing the world's export trade were shattered. . . . It is, indeed, a demonstrable fact that the trust has done more harm than good from an American point of view; that it has burdened and handicapped the American steel trade, and incidentally given Britain, Germany, and other countries better chances in the race. Last year, 1910, the British iron and steel exports were further in advance of those of America than they were in 1900, the year before the Steel Trust got down to business; while German exports, which were about 30 per cent below those of the United States in 1900, are now something like 300 per cent above them."

And the Steel Trust's foreign sales were no more satisfactory in character than in quantity. Export prices were almost uniformly lower than domestic prices, and in some instances the advantage given foreign consumers was surprisingly large, the five-year average for steel rails being, as the Stanley Committee shows, about $4 a ton, for structural shapes over $5 a ton, and for tin plates over $14.50 a ton.

George W. Perkins

Steel Trust officials endeavor to meet this damaging evidence and to support their assertion that the trust has benefited our export trade by presenting the following facts: (1) The trust exports more steel than its constituent companies did before the trust was organized. (2) The trust's percentage of the total crude steel exports of the country, as compared with the independents, has risen greatly and now amounts to 95 per cent of the total exports of that character. (3) The trust's exports increased largely in 1911 over 1910.

The facts adduced by the trust's officials, rightly interpreted, tend rather to disprove than to prove their contention. The reason why America lost its prestige in the world's steel trade was the huge increase in the cost of producing steel in America. That increased cost was due particularly to the increased cost of producing pig iron. And for the increased cost of pig iron the organization of the Steel Trust is in large part responsible. That increased cost drove the independents out of the foreign market where prices are competitive; and they necessarily confined themselves to the domestic market where prices were maintained through Gary dinners. The Steel Trust could still sell abroad, because its ownership of transportation systems gave them an unfair advantage over the independents. The trust was perhaps driven to sell some of its product abroad, because the independents made such heavy inroads upon the trust's percentage of the domestic business—reducing it from over 60 per cent in 1901 to less than 50 per cent in 1911.

Elbert H. Gary, executive head of the Steel Trust and host at the dinners where price agreements were made

The large increase of exports of the trust in 1911 was due, in part, to the sharp fall in the selling price of steel in the United States during that year. And the price fell, doubtless, not so much because of lessened demand as because the Stanley Committee investigation led to the discontinuance of the Gary dinners.

America may well take pride in her large exports of iron and steel products. In 1910 they amounted to $201,271,903; in 1911 to $249,656,411. But it is the highly manufactured iron and steel products, made largely under competitive conditions, like tools and machinery, to which these large totals are mainly due. The Steel Trust's exports in 1910 amounted (as the Stanley Committee finds) to only $41,586,950. Machinery and machines rose from $50,807,390 in 1902 to $111,135,833 in 1911. The growth of exports in highly manufactured iron and steel products is the more remarkable in view of the handicap to which our manufactures are subjected through the Steel Trust by the high prices for crude steel products.

Furthermore, the Steel Trust claims to supply 95 per cent of our crude steel exports. If the formation of trusts advances the export trade, why have we fallen behind Germany and England in steel exports? Surely they have no steel trusts comparable with the Steel Corporation in size or resources.

THE GERMAN COMBINATION

NEW PARTY Advocates of monopoly have the habit of attributing the commercial development of Germany largely to the size of their industrial units and to the legalization of monopolies; but they misread the facts.

One of the largest and most successful of the German cartels is that of the steel producers, controlling 95 per cent of the country's production—as our Steel Trust controls 95 per cent of this country's crude steel exports. The German Trust consists of thirty-six separate concerns. Their aggregate capital is a little over 1,250,000,000 marks, or $312,000,000—much less than one-fourth of the capitalization of the United States Steel Corporation, which, including underlying bonds and outstanding securities of subsidiary companies, is found by the Stanley Committee to be $1,465,555,819. The average capital of each of those thirty-six German concerns is less than $10,000,000; and probably not one of them has a capital as large as some of our so-called independents; for the Lackawanna Steel Company has a capitalization in bonds and stocks of $145,412,000; the Republic Iron & Steel Co., $70,630,000; the Cambria Steel Company, $59,468,000; the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company, $54,487,000; and the Bethlehem Steel Company, $66,336,000.

Furthermore, each one of those thirty-six German concerns, which are federated for certain purposes, are free and independent in other respects. They are restricted as to selling price and quantity of production (these being fixed by the syndicate), but they are absolutely independent as to internal management. The syndicate exercises no control whatever as to methods and processes of manufacture, or over the method of securing raw material by the individual members, or with their labor policy. Furthermore, the limited quota assigned to each member relates exclusively to products made for sale. Any member may use as much steel and iron as he pleases in his own factories; that is, may work up into more highly manufactured goods the crude steel products to which alone the cartel restrictions apply. The German Steel Trust preserved competition in large part. The United States Steel Trust destroyed competition. This greater freedom for individual action, coupled with the fact that the thirty-six concerns are separately owned, and that the combination agreement is for a limited term only, may account, in large part, for the fact that, in Germany, the cost of producing iron and steel is no higher than it was ten or twelve years ago, while the American cost of production has risen greatly.

AN ANSWER TO MR. PERKINS

HOW groundless, in the light of these facts, is the contention, made by Mr. George W. Perkins before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, that the Steel Trust must be preserved to put us on a par with Germany:

"Suppose," asked Senator Newlands, "the steel company were divided to-day into ten corporations of $150,000,000 each, instead of being organized into one corporation having nearly a billion and a half of capital. Do you not think that each one of those units could be as efficient in business and in all the economies as the total aggregation in one corporation?"

"Not as efficient," answered Mr. Perkins. "If I were asked to put my finger on one disadvantage greater than the other, it would be its effect on the foreign trade. You take ten such companies and go out and compete with Germany. It is self-evident that we could not begin to do it as effectively as with one large company."

But the ultimate success even of the German competitive system of combinations is by no means assured. Although a very wide field of competitive endeavor is left open and the incentive of separate ownership is preserved, the evils of combination appear not to have been entirely avoided. The steel and iron cartel was not formed until 1904; but already (as the statement quoted by President Van Hise in his "Concentration and Control" shows) grave difficulties are manifesting themselves:

"It is feared that the organization of the steel industry in the form of the steel combine will result in a gradual deterioration in the quality of steel products and that the chief object of the combine will become quantity rather than quality.

"It is maintained that the wishes of customers are not given due consideration; that they are compelled to take the quality of steel which the combine sees fit to give them, regardless of the special needs of their business; . . . that it is difficult for the manufacturer to secure as uniform a grade of goods as he had been able to obtain when he bought all his steel from the same firm. . . .

"The combine has . . . secured gradually increasing prices. . . .

"It is also asserted that . . . it has been possible for the cartel to shift the burden more and more upon the less organized manufacturers who use steel products as raw materials. Consequently the last and unorganized stages of steel products manufacture—*e. g.*, machine-making, etc.—have been forced to bear the greater proportion of the burden caused by a gradual increase in prices. These manufacturers will undoubtedly be able to shift a part of the burden upon the final consumer." . . .

(It is notable that the combination sells steel abroad lower than at home; in some cases as much as 20 per cent cheaper, following the same policy as the United States Steel Corporation.)

"The manufacturing interests claim, and apparently with good grounds, that the export policy of the steel combine will in the long run prove disastrous to the exports of the German machine industries. Whenever the home market is unable to absorb the amount of steel that the producers place at the syndicate's disposal, it is generally forced to reduce its price to foreign buyers in order to get rid of the output. In this way the foreign manufacturer of machines, by obtaining his raw material from the German combine, is placed in an unduly advantageous position in competing with the German producer. In 1904, for example, pig iron was sold abroad at from 60 to 70 marks, whereas the domestic buyer was forced to pay from 82½ to 92½. . . ."

"Generally the larger and more powerful members have benefited more than the weaker ones, through its activity; and in some cases the condition of the weaker members has deteriorated rather than improved. While some companies have undoubtedly been able to remain in existence as a result of the syndicate's activity that would under the competitive system have been forced to the wall, others that might have developed under the competitive system have been held back by the cartel's policy of combination."

Hasn't all that a very familiar sound? "Gradually increasing prices"; "shifting the burden upon the ultimate consumer"; "selling cheaper abroad than at home." Verily, if the tariff is not the "Mother of the Trusts," the attendant abuses are at least akin.

OIL

SECOND—Take next the export of mineral oil and oil products—a very important item in our exports. In 1911 it amounted in value to $105,022,848, or about one-twentieth of our total exports. The exports are, also, a very important part of America's oil trade; as we have customarily exported more than one-half of all the illuminating oil produced in the country. For more than a generation the Standard Oil Company dominated the American oil trade, having in recent years about 86 per cent of the business of the country. That company stood preeminent among American trusts in age, in power, in resources, in perfection of organization, and in ability of management. Through the unfair use of that power, ability, and organization it prevented the rise of any large American competitor. If great size and monopoly powers gave peculiar advantages to Americans for developing export trade, surely the Standard should have conquered for us the oil trade of the world; but Corporation Commissioner Herbert Knox Smith showed that, though our oil exports grew largely, we lost during the reign of the Standard Oil our relative position in the world's market, adding:

"More than half the illuminating oil produced in this country is exported. The exportation of naphtha, lubricating oils, paraffin, wax, and candles made from wax is also considerable. This country is, however, to-day a comparatively less important factor in the petroleum markets of the world than it was twenty or thirty years ago."

And Commissioner Herbert Knox Smith also shows that the Standard Oil Company did not succeed in acquiring any larger part of the foreign trade than it did of the domestic, the percentage in each being about 87 per cent of the whole, saying:

"The percentage of export trade in illuminating oil handled or controlled by the Standard Oil Company, therefore, is substantially the same as the percentage of its production."

And, like the Steel Trust, the Standard Oil has persistently selling its product much cheaper [illegible] in America, imposing extra burdens upon the American consumer to compensate for any possible loss in the foreign trade, as Commissioner Herbert Knox Smith so clearly shows:

"The preceding analysis of the price policy of the Standard Oil Company in the export trade during recent years, as compared with its price policy in the domestic trade, shows two conspicuous facts. In the first place, while the prices of illuminating oil in the principal foreign markets have for years been relatively lower than the prices in the United States, this disparity became especially conspicuous during the years 1903, 1904, and 1905. During those years the domestic prices stood at a much higher level than for many years before, while prices in the principal foreign markets, like the United Kingdom, Germany, and the Orient, stood at times from two to three cents below the average price in the United States, transportation costs, difference in quality of oil, etc., being taken into account.

"In the second place, the investigation shows that the decrease in prices in the foreign trade, during the years 1903-1905 was not due to an oversupply of American oil or the oil from all sources combined, but was due particularly to an attack by the Standard Oil Company upon certain new and threatening competitors. Aside from other proofs, conclusive evidence that there was no oversupply of American oil, as well as evidence that the Standard's policy has been to promote its own interests rather than those of the United States is found in the Standard's extensive purchases of Russian oil during these years and its acquisition of crude-oil land and refineries in foreign countries."

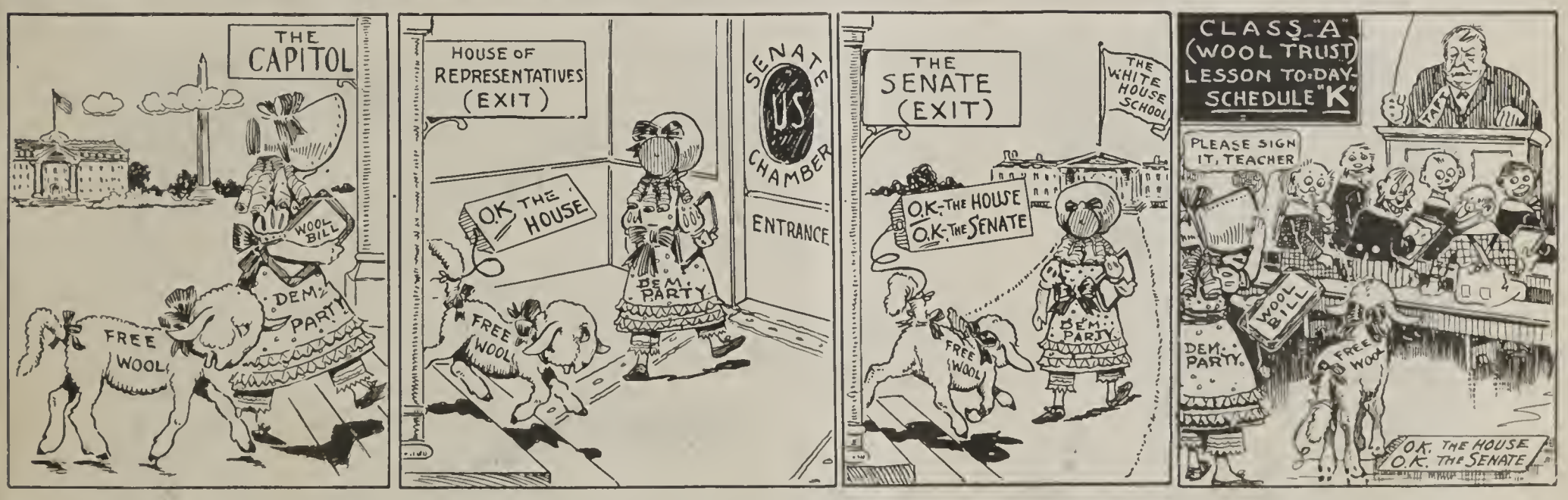
President Van Hise in his "Concentration and Control" mentions that in 1905 the United States was taken into the International Steel Rail Syndicate, and also says: "Oil is one of the businesses in which the international combination and cooperation have gone far, in some cases there being union, in others division, of territory."

Possibly these facts may furnish a partial explanation of America's falling prestige in the foreign steel and oil trades. Was the foreign market sacrificed to avoid competition by the foreigners in the domestic market?

TOBACCO

THIRD—Tobacco presents a field where an important foreign market was deliberately sacrificed by the dominating trust in order to protect itself from foreign competition in the home market. Tobacco products are

(*Concluded on page* 33)

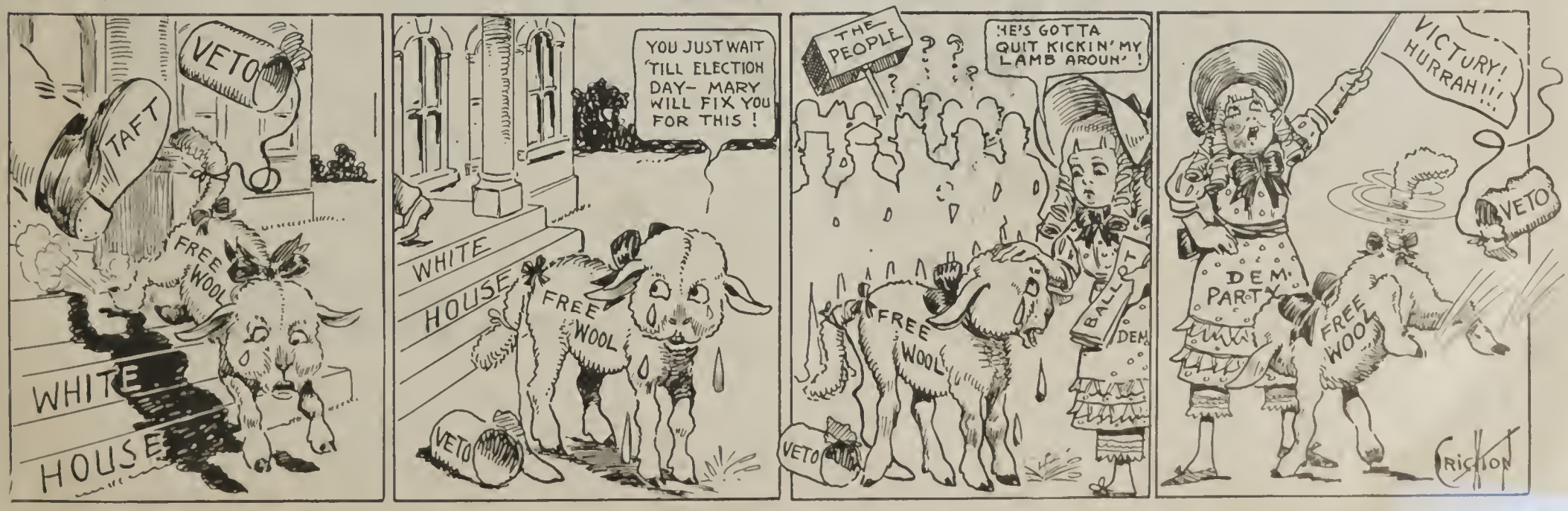


Mary had a Little Lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow,

And everywhere that Mary went
The Lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to School one day —
Which was against the rule —

It made the Wool Kids laugh and play
To see a Lamb in School.



And so the Teacher turned him out —
But still he lingered near

And waited patiently about
Till Mary should appear —

"What makes the Lamb love Mary so?"
The people all did say —

Because she'll smash that "Vet" Ca-
On next Election day!

The Funeral Passage of the Body of General Booth Through the Streets of London

Ten thousand persons, admitted by ticket, stood reverently in Abney Park Cemetery in the East End of London while the body of General Booth, founder and commander of the Salvation Army, was lowered into its grave on Thursday, August 29. Other tens of thousands crowded the streets of the five-mile line of march of the funeral procession. The cortege itself took an hour to pass a given point. Not since the death of David Livingstone, not even for royalty, according to the London "Times," has there been such a demonstration of popular grief. Bramwell Booth, the new commander, Miss Eva Booth, and other members of the Booth family, followed the coffin on foot

An Unusual Disaster—the Capsizing of the Steamer Nantucket

The steamer Nantucket, lying at her pier in Baltimore on September 2, caught fire, and then, while the flames were still unsubdued, turned over on her side and was half submerged in the shallow waters of the basin. The firemen and the members of the crew had no warning, but with two exceptions they saved their lives by scrambling up the tilting deck until they were able to use the lines and the now nearly horizontal lying masts as footbridges for escape to the docks. After the boat settled the firemen scrambled back to continue the fight, which was not won for many hours afterward. Hundreds of persons came next day to see the capsized vessel in her odd and picturesque position

An Undesirable Senator

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE man who drew the cartoon on this page, Herbert Johnson of the Philadelphia "North American," has a unique gift for putting a complicated political situation into a single vivid picture. So long as the Republican party was in power the representatives of special interests infested that party; they were driven out by the Insurgent movement, which began in 1909 and has just culminated in the formation of a new party. Now, just as the Democrats seem likely to come into power, the special interests are quietly placing their representatives at carefully selected strategic points within that party. *If the Democrats are not extremely vigilant, they will suffer again the same expereience they had the last time they came into power*, eighteen years ago. What happened then was described only a few days ago by Woodrow Wilson in these words:

"It is of particularly sinister import that Mr. Smith should seek to return to the Senate of the United States at this time. He was sent to the Senate once before, when the tariff had been the chief issue of the National campaign, and when the Democrats had, for once in a generation, an opportunity. . . . Mr. Smith was one of a small group of Senators, calling themselves Democrats, who, at that critical and hopeful juncture in our politics, utterly defeated the program of the party. His election now might bring the party face to face with a similar disaster and disgrace." . . .

Governor Wilson was speaking of James Smith, Jr., now seeking reelection as a Senator; his words apply with equal truth to Senator Furnifold M. Simmons of North Carolina, likewise seeking reelection.

Good Gracious!
Johnson in the Philadelphia "North American"

"LUMBER, TIMBER, AND LOGS"

THE Democratic National Convention at Denver on July 4, 1908, adopted this plank:

"We demand the immediate repeal of the tariff on wood pulp, print paper, *lumber, timber, and logs."*

Senator Simmons of North Carolina was a member of the Committee on Resolutions which wrote this plank. When the platform, including this plank, was brought before the convention it was adopted unanimously. Senator Simmons, as a member of the convention, voted for it; thereby he became bound to a greater degree than other Democrats by the promise to the people contained in the words of the plank.

THE RECORD OF SIMMONS

FATE took exactly ten months and fourteen days to bring Senator Simmons his opportunity to live up to the promise made by himself and his party. On May 24, 1909, there was introduced into the United States Senate (by a Democrat) this amendment:

"Nothing contained in this act shall prevent the admission *free of duty* of the following articles: *Lumber of all kinds.*". . .

On that roll call Simmons joined the Republicans and voted with Aldrich, nay. And this was but the beginning.

Simmons voted with Aldrich and the Republicans *against reducing* the duty on sawed lumber to $1 per thousand feet.

Simmons voted with Aldrich and the Republicans *against reducing* the duty on planed lumber to twenty-five cents per thousand feet.

Simmons voted with Aldrich and the Republicans *against reducing* the duty on coal from sixty to forty cents a ton.

Simmons voted with Aldrich and the Republicans *in favor of a duty* of twenty-five cents a ton on iron ore.

And many others too numerous to mention.

LORIMER AND LUMBER

TURN now to Simmons's record on Lorimer. It was observed that there was a curious identity between the little group of Democratic Senators who voted *in favor of* a duty on lumber and those who voted *in favor of* Lorimer. Simmons was conspicuous in both lists. There were ten Democratic Senators who voted for Lorimer; of these, two were, at the time of the Lorimer vote, new Senators who had not been in the Senate at the time of the voting on free lumber. The following eight (out of ten pro-Lorimer Senators in all) also repudiated the Democratic platform pledge in order to vote *against* free lumber:

Bailey	Johnston, Ala.
Bankhead	Simmons
Fletcher	Smith, Md.
Foster	Tillman

It came out in the Lorimer exposure that Edward Hines, president of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association (who said he spent $100,000 to put Lorimer in the Senate), had spent the tariff session at Washington and once wrote that he was having a hard time "keeping the Southern Democrats in line."

Simmons voted in favor of Lorimer twice; the third and last vote came only a few weeks ago, when Simmons was in the midst of his fight for reelection, and all North Carolina was stirred up over it. On this occasion Simmons deserted Lorimer and voted to deprive him of his seat.

SOLICITING BIDS

NOT only did Simmons vote for a high tariff on lumber; he addressed the Senate in favor of it:

"I am ready, with him and with any other man on either side of this chamber ['any other man' was generally Aldrich] to extend the same treatment to every product embraced in this bill; I do not care in what section of the country it is located."

There you have it. That is exactly how every high tariff bill has been passed—"You vote for my lumber; I'll vote for your steel." Senator Simmons has put into a single sentence the whole philosophy and mechanism of logrolling.

THE INJURY TO THE PARTY

THE action of Simmons and his little group of Democrats who joined him in repudiating the platform promise did very great damage to the party's prestige. The New York "World," the most powerful Democratic daily paper in the country, said at the time:

"There are political sins for which punishment is certain. They affront decency and good faith. They reveal a degradation in our political life which almost passes belief. They put the Democratic party on trial, not for its principles, but for its honesty. Errors of judgment may be defended and excused, but perfidy finds no apologist anywhere."

"THE INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT"

ONE of the most careful observers in Washington wrote this for the Denver "Express":

"Senator Penrose is following the footsteps of his predecessor, Mr. Aldrich, in trading across the party line when it comes to protecting the high tariff schedules. The other day, when the Pennsylvania Senator reported his suggested revision of the wool schedule . . . Penrose held a little informal meeting in the Senate lobby with Senator Simmons of North Carolina. The writer stood by and heard this conversation:

"Simmons: 'What do you want us to do? Do you need any votes?'

"Penrose: 'No, I think I can put it over; you fellows vote for your own bill.'

"Simmons: 'You don't need any of our votes then?'

"Penrose: 'No, you fellows vote for your own bill. I'll take a chance on putting it over and then I'll fix it up in conference.'"

There have been many denials and near denials of this statement. Persons who understand the invisible government do not heed them; they know that this little situation pictures perfectly the relation between the reactionary Republicans and the reactionary Democrats.

THE WHOLE POINT

"IF THE *Democratic party does not keep its promises now, it will never have another opportunity to do so.*"—Woodrow Wilson, speaking at Sea Girt on September 8.

Is Senator Simmons a man who can be depended on to keep Democratic promises?

Alexander Mann

Of "Trinity Church in the City of Boston"

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

This is another article in the very successful series on the Preachers of America. The subject of the next and final article of this particular group will be the Rev. William Rader of Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, who is not only preacher but crusader. But this chapter in the story of the pulpits and the pulpiteers of to-day's America is to close only that another may open. Mr. Macfarlane already is traveling up and down the country gathering material in preparation for a series on the stories of men who have devoted their own lives to simple and noble work for others. They have worked in the name of religion, but they have saved bodies as well as souls, and each has had a different obstacle and the need of a different way. So their stories are wonderfully distinctive. Their names will be announced shortly, together with other details of the series

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To Phillips Brooks, "Preacher of the Word of God"

THIS is the story of a man; but it is also the story of a church and a city. All these are bound up together. Before we can appreciate the man and the importance of the work he has done, we must understand the church in which he works, and to understand the church we must understand its environment. Therefore this writing will seem to be at first all about the city of Boston, and at second all about Trinity Church; but do not despair, for all the time we are really telling you about the Rev. Alexander Mann, who himself will seem all the taller when we have builded high his pedestal. It is such an old way to begin with a few smart remarks about Boston, and yet, what writer who wishes to be accurate and not merely complimentary can escape the compulsion?

THE WORK-A-DAY AND THE IDEALIZED BOSTON

STRICTLY speaking, there are two Bostons. One is a teeming work-a-day city, sixty-five per cent Irish, containing more Irish, in fact, than does Dublin, and the Mayor of this Boston is "Honey Fitz," these quoted words being the slang moniker of Hon. John F. Fitzgerald. There are two opinions about the Mayor. One is that he is as rectitudinous as the steeple of Old North Church; the other is that he is as crooked as the sadly scrambled streets of Boston itself, which would be to say that he is the worst warped soul that ever administered the affairs of an American municipality. Which of these views is correct, should in this article be regarded as a purely domestic and private matter in which outsiders have right neither to concern nor opinion.

But there is the other Boston—the idealized—the real Boston, the Boston of our imagination. Strictly speaking, again, this latter is not a city; it is a religion. Some one has called it a state of mind. But I find it more than that. It is a color of soul; a sublimation of New England ancestor worship, an indigenous Puritanic Shintoism. It bows down to its past. It thanks God that it is not as other cities are. It is a place of cults, philosophies, and traditions, of high priests and high priestesses.

A clever Bostonian put it this way for me: "Boston is proud that it knows God so well. New York is even more proud that it knows God so *little*." That may do for Boston. I leave New York to speak for itself.

Certain it is that Boston atmosphere is so thick one may cut it with one's knife. The correct personal habit is an air of lofty detachment, so lofty that it just escapes complete disembodiment. The true Bostonian might be conscious of his hands; never, certainly, of his feet. The Red Cap at the railway station does not assault one vulgarly and take one's bag away from one. He merely posts himself in the foreground and contrives an expression of well-bred yearning. Even inanimate things have it. "Run slowly," says the sign depending from the trolley guy. Proper enough, that, for it is at the apex of a declivity; still, what on earth is the matter with that sign? "Run slow-*ly*." Ah! There it is, that adverbial "ly." There is nothing the matter with it. It is correct, grammatically correct—good English as well as good railroading. That was why it seemed so peculiar. Anywhere else in these United Commonwealths we should come upon "slow," or "run slow," but never upon "run slowly."

BOSTON MANNERISMS ARE NOT ACCIDENTAL

BUT this is Boston, and none of those mannerisms are accidental. They are the outward expression of inward superiority. Boston has had special advantages. It is hoary with age. We venerate age in this new country. Boston is redolent of the sanctities of early American life and history; and we allow not Boston itself to outpoint us in reverence for those shrines that are all about in the city. Out my window lies the grave of Paul Revere; a dozen paces beyond it the tomb of Mary ("Mother") Goose, who departed this life, according to the slab, in 1690. Round the corner I may [illegible] before the smoke-hued stone whereon is written [illegible] the first New England bookseller, who died [illegible] the way is the Old Corner Book Store. The building was erected in 1712 and is two hundred years old to a day. What matter that a cigar store is where once Ticknor & Fields used to be, and that the windows of the second story proclaim that there one may acquire a thrifty Boston shave for a dime! We can still venerate its antiquity.

THE MAN IN THE PULPIT OF PHILLIPS BROOKS

FANEUIL HALL, the old State House, Boston Common, Bunker Hill, and a thousand reminders of early heroism and memorials to rugged courage and farseeing statesmanly greatness are about us. But our Boston friends have one great advantage. They have not only these redolent memories round them, but they have the blood of these great ones in their veins and wear their very names.

You can find the exact cognomens of early Governors of Massachusetts and of the signers of the Declaration of Independence in the Boston telephone book to-day. These true-hearted Bostoners must not only, like us, revere the memorials of the past, but they must revere the blood of the past which is in their own veins; that is, they must revere themselves. And they do. This begins to explain things, doesn't it? They feel that they owe it to their countrymen at large and to themselves to preserve themselves as living memorials, themselves and their family names and family characteristics. Thus do you begin to look with sympathy upon the way in which blue-blood Boston looks upon itself.

But Alexander Mann is not Boston born. He hails from the west—that is, west of the Hudson, for he was born in the Seneca Lake region. He is square-shouldered and barrel-chested. He has the frame of an athlete of the "strong-arm" type. He stands just an inch or so under six feet. His features have both force and balance, with intelligence and self-control written all over them. His eyes are brown and kindly. The moment he speaks to us we like him, for he is a sincere, straight-arm, unfrilled sort of person, with a manner so breezy that at first it seems as un-Bostonian as can well be conceived, yet with more observation we wonder if we are not mistaken in this. Inquiry develops that this is not the true Boston manner, but that it is so perfect a blend of the Boston subconsciousness with Western cordiality that it is not only accepted but secretly admired among Bostonians, who would do the same thing themselves if only they knew how.

The personality of Dr. Mann piques our interest at once, and we are the more interested because Trinity Church, thickly purpled with aristocracy and big with the traditions of Phillips Brooks, the last of that group of mighty American pulpit orators of the nineteenth century, chose him to be its rector, after looking over the whole western Episcopalian world. But in order that we may know just what Dr. Mann's task was we must needs have a closer look at Trinity Church and its immediate environment, which is the Back Bay—that sacred Back Bay of Boston, the hallowed spot chosen for the conservation and perpetuation of those living memorials to past greatness of which we were speaking a few moments ago.

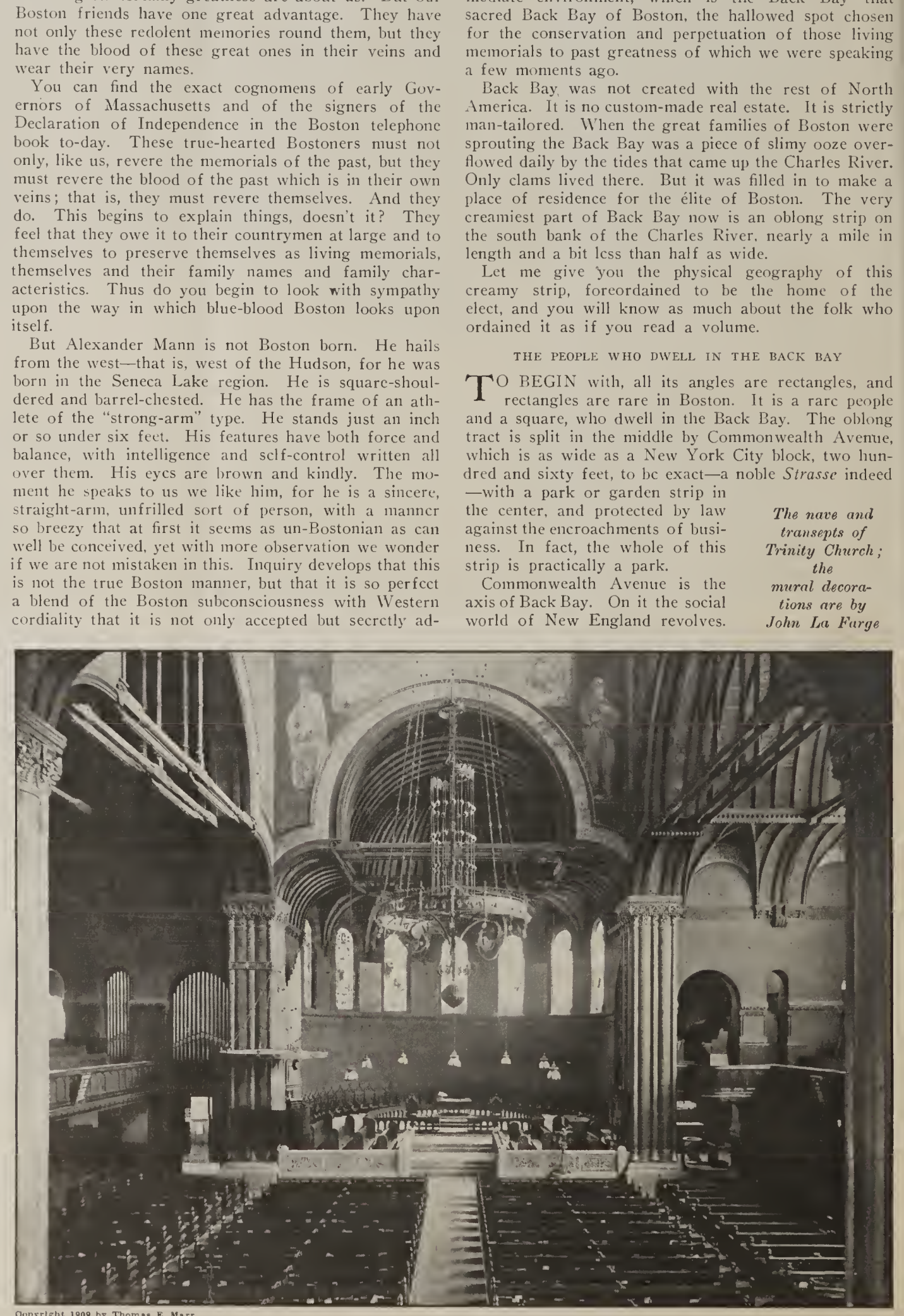
Back Bay was not created with the rest of North America. It is no custom-made real estate. It is strictly man-tailored. When the great families of Boston were sprouting the Back Bay was a piece of slimy ooze overflowed daily by the tides that came up the Charles River. Only clams lived there. But it was filled in to make a place of residence for the élite of Boston. The very creamiest part of Back Bay now is an oblong strip on the south bank of the Charles River, nearly a mile in length and a bit less than half as wide.

Let me give you the physical geography of this creamy strip, foreordained to be the home of the elect, and you will know as much about the folk who ordained it as if you read a volume.

THE PEOPLE WHO DWELL IN THE BACK BAY

TO BEGIN with, all its angles are rectangles, and rectangles are rare in Boston. It is a rare people and a square, who dwell in the Back Bay. The oblong tract is split in the middle by Commonwealth Avenue, which is as wide as a New York City block, two hundred and sixty feet, to be exact—a noble *Strasse* indeed —with a park or garden strip in the center, and protected by law against the encroachments of business. In fact, the whole of this strip is practically a park.

Commonwealth Avenue is the axis of Back Bay. On it the social world of New England revolves.



The nave and transepts of Trinity Church; the mural decorations are by John La Farge

Copyright 1909 by Thomas E. Marr

Still, it is not until we have considered the nomenclature of the streets that we realize how precise and peculiar are the people who reside in the strip. The names of the cross streets are arranged to succeed one another like the lines of an abecedarian psalm. Nor is this all. They are ordered so that trisyllables alternate with dissyllables, as if they were to scan like some old Latin ode; thus, beginning with the first street: A—, Arlington, trisyllable; B—, Berkeley, dissyllable; C—, Clarendon, trisyllable; and so on the tongue may ricochet across the strip from Dartmouth to Exeter, and Exeter to Fairfield, Gloucester, and Hereford, after which the scheme collides with the four-syllabled Massachusetts Avenue coming from across the river. But far from desisting then, our ancient and honorable Back Bay street-christening party immediately faced about and trimmed ship another way. They flanked Commonwealth Avenue, north and south with Marlborough and Newbury Streets, three-syllable words, and then beveled off to the north of Marlborough with the two-syllabled Beacon Street and to the south of Newbury with Boylston, which is also dissyllabic.

Does all this not bespeak a thoughtful and superior people whom culture and calculation have carried far from the cow-path tangle of down-town Boston?

Down-town Boston outwardly scorns but inwardly is proud of the exclusiveness of Back Bay. Oliver Wendell Holmes, a long time ago, in taking a waggish poke at the tendencies to caste of the old New England families, called them Brahmins. Down-town Boston refers continually to the Brahmins of Back Bay, and the Back Bay folk are not at all offended; in fact, they rather like the epithet and lay it to their souls like a flattering unction. But irreverent down town has laid its tongue of late years to another word that the Back Bay does not like so well; that is, when they speak of the leaders in wealth and social prestige as "Mandarins." Still the term is harmless enough and not meant to be offensive as I heard it employed.

THE DESIRABLE BRAHMINS OF BOSTON

IT MUST be understood, moreover, that the Back Bay Brahmin is no undesirable citizen. He is the very best of our aristocracy. He has gone out and married, too, into the very best—best, not richest—of the families of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. He and his wife and his family—behind their doors that seem so forbidding, but once entered are so very hospitable—are carefully preserving the traditions of the best family life America has ever known. Wealth cannot buy its way into the Back Bay—at least not directly. Many of the proudest and most exclusive of these families make little display. The gowning of their women and the bearing of their men are modest. Your Brahmin of Boston is reserved; he gives his friendship grudgingly; yet once his heart has gone out with his palm, nothing but the stain of personal disgrace will make him recall it. There are few loafers among the scions of Back Bay. To loaf is considered disgraceful. Back of all the old-fashioned frills is sound common sense.

Trinity Church is in the college belt just at the front door of the Back Bay district, and is almost the final development of the Boston consciousness. Its official designation is "Trinity Church *in the City of Boston.*" (Italics ours.) And always "*in the City of Boston*" dragged after the name. On the printed matter, on the church calendar, on the stationery of the rectors, ever those magic words: "In the City of Boston." They are a part of the name. On the noble Saint-Gaudens statue of Phillips Brooks, standing outside the church, we read that he was "born in Boston," that he "died in Boston," and are quite prepared to read further that he "went to heaven in Boston," although, as a matter of fact, those words have been omitted, though they are perhaps to be understood.

THE STORY OF TRINITY

TRINITY CHURCH in its history is also ancient and honorable. It dates back to 1728. Great names have at all times been associated with its life. Robert Treat Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was one of its vestrymen. The present building was completed in 1877. It is the finest example of the Franco-Romanesque style of architecture to be found in America. Its stained-glass windows are the workmanship of Old World artists. Its mural decorations are by John La Farge. The whole huge and graceful pile, with its noble dignities, with its imposing simplicities, its outward expression of Gibraltarlike strength and its inward suggestion of grace, loftiness, repose, and meditation, is the finest example of the work of Richardson, its great architect. While the Anglican churches of Boston at the time of the War of Independence narrowly escaped being thrown into the harbor with the tea, Dr. Parker, rector of Trinity Church, took counsel with his vestry and decided to omit the prayers for the king. By this diplomacy Trinity became the only open Anglican church in New England during the Revolution, and has come to represent in our own day an exclusive set of those whose chief pride is in their Revolutionary ancestry. Religiously considered, this nest of Revolutionary patriotism was at the first primarily Puritan with a sprinkling of Anglicans. Later yet, when William Ellery Channing and James Freeman Clarke had their way with Congregationalism in New England, most all Boston, and especially the creamier part of the social set that now dwells in the Back Bay, seemed to go into Unitarianism.

MEMORIES OF PHILLIPS BROOKS

BUT forty-three years ago a very important thing happened to Boston. Phillips Brooks came to be rector of Trinity Church. And in 1872 the church began the erection of its present structure at the front door of the Back Bay. The creation of this noble edifice was in itself a powerful appeal to the esthetic sensibilities of the Brahmin.

The Rev. Alexander Mann—he is square shouldered and broad chested, with intelligence and self-control written upon his features

The preaching of Brooks did the rest. The Back Bay bowed down before his pulpit. He swept his auditors up and up and up. When he had ceased preaching they settled back with sighs that were like the chorus of "ohs" and "ahs" that breaks from the crowd when the bursting pyrotechnics flood the heavens with new constellations. So the Brahmins worshiped Brooks, but at a distance, for he was shy and reserved, and used to contrive hasty exits from the congregation.

And this crush to hear Brooks kept up through twenty years, kept up until all the Back Bay who could get in got in.

They oversubscribed his pews, and when there was a vacancy the bidding was almost as spirited as for a seat upon the stock exchange. So it happened that the Brahmin were largely won back from Unitarianism to Episcopalianism; but it was a pale kind of Episcopalianism, shy and reserved, only half committed.

It had accepted Phillips Brooks and taken possession of Trinity Church, but had not quite yielded itself to the broad stream of church life in the communion with which it was affiliated. Brooks himself, even though he left Trinity Church to become Bishop of Massachusetts, remained an individualist rather than a churchman, and Trinity Church, with all the greatness of its individual members, who were leaders in culture, in philanthropy, and intelligent interest in all the great world movements that make for betterment, remained, from an ecclesiastical point of view, encysted and self-centered.

It was in 1892 that Phillips Brooks left the pulpit of Trinity Church. He was succeeded by the high and deeply consecrated [illegible] Winchester Donald, who enjoyed a ministry of twelve years before death ended his relations with Trinity parish. Dr. Donald [illegible] great multitude of enthusiastic men and women who had been stirred to their spiritual depths by the preaching of Brooks, and fashioned them into a parish and organized the work as it had never been organized before. Still, despite the earnestness of the strong body of men and women which composed it, Trinity Church continued to stand in a sense alone, and so great had been the spell of Brooks that when in 1905 Alexander Mann came to the pulpit, the voice of the great man seemed still to be echoing in nave and apse, in transept and gallery; and both the opportunities and the responsibilities which devolved upon the new leader were largely the creation of the Brooks ministry.

And now would you have quite the first look at the Rev. Alexander Mann? Very well. You are with me. We are on the top of a long train of switching freight cars in the East Buffalo railway yards. The time is in the late '80's. Just four feet from the edge of our car is another train of freight cars moving in the opposite direction. Looking down between the trains, we see a man on a horse. The horse looks for all the world like a Western mustang, and the man on the horse looks for all the world like a young Episcopalian curate, which indeed he is. The mustang appears accustomed to the moving cars. He takes them coolly and stands perfectly still; and the young curate looks up and nods familiarly to the brakeman. When one of the trains passes sufficiently to release him, he turns his horse and makes across the tracks toward a tiny chapel that is there among the homes of the railroad men.

A CURATE ON HORSEBACK

NOW this young curate on the horse is the Rev. Alexander Mann. He is serving his diaconate on the east side of Buffalo as it was nearly thirty years ago. He is one of two curates attached to the Church of St. James. The rector of St. James is a hard worker. He has his church and four of these little chapels to be looked after by himself and the two curates, and because four legs are better than two, he has bought a pair of mustangs for the curates, and is not averse himself to throwing a leg over the saddle should occasion arise. The work is largely among railroad men. The vestrymen of St. James are engineers and conductors; and here among this fine American type the future rector of Back Bay, which values caste, is learning that the only true caste is manhood.

Another look we may have at the Rev. Alexander Mann. He is now assistant rector in one of the Jersey Oranges. We see him again in a strange place. He wears no clerical surtout, nor much else. Conspicuous in his attire are a pair of huge brown pillows at the ends of his arms. They are boxing gloves. He is looking on interestedly while a group are fanning a figure on the floor with a towel. Presently the man on the floor twists and turns over, then sits up and thrusts a huge glove tenderly along the line of his jaw, while he stares about him in a bewildered way till he spies the Rev. Alexander and makes out the look of solicitude on his face.

"You win, Doc," he mutters ruefully; "I'll come to church as long as I live. I promise I will."

All this because some young blade, rallying the earnest clergyman on the ways of the sanctimonious, had asked him why he didn't come down to the club and mix with the fellows and learn to be a man, winding up by challenging the assistant rector to a bout with the gloves and rashly agreeing to attend church regularly if the curate were victorious. The young man of sporting proclivities did not know that the Rev. Alexander had learned to be a man in a little gymnasium over in East Buffalo where his schoolmasters were brawny brakemen and iron-muscled firemen.

A BROADLY SUCCESSFUL MINISTRY

AND this is the clergyman who was called to Trinity parish. Of course twenty long years had intervened since the mustang and boxing gloves days—years of study, years of culture—though Alexander Mann was never uncultured. His father and grandfather were clergymen before him. The whole trend of his life had been toward the riper achievements of the mind. His years in college and theological seminary had saturated him with the classics. His mind was as cultivated as he had demonstrated his body to be in the bout at the little club; only it did not have the Boston brand upon it. Nevertheless, he went unassumingly into Trinity Church, and almost before the outside knew it he had a broadly successful ministry well under way. All this [illegible] so quietly, and yet so masterfully, that Boston [illegible]

(Continued on page [illegible])

One has only to look at the worried, puzzled faces of the litigants to realize that they have come into a darkened room where they are groping blindly about

Recall the Courts—Not the Judges

Cluttering Technicalities of Procedure Have Smothered Justice

By FREDERIC DE WITT WELLS

Judge of the Municipal Court of the City of New York

THE inefficiency of our system of judicial procedure is nowhere better shown than in the practical workings of the inferior civil courts of New York City. The antiquated organization of all the courts is like a patchwork quilt where each additional one has been added or increased as New York has grown from a village below the Indian stockade at Wall Street to its present size. So that there exist within the city limits now seven different kinds of civil courts and five kinds of criminal courts, in nearly each of which there is a separate set of rules, different laws, and distinct methods of procedure, and of them all the most technical and the most complicated are those where they should be the most simple and easy of understanding.

One has only to look at the worried, puzzled faces of the litigants to realize that they have come into a darkened room, where they are groping blindly about. As there are at least fifteen or twenty different nationalities that come in touch with the courts—Greeks, Turks, Armenians, Cockney Jews; Jews from Russia, Poland, Lithuania, Servia, Hungary; natives of Austria, Germany, France; Japanese, Chinamen, Italians, and negroes—is it not reasonable that their only possible relation with American government—except, perhaps, that with the police—should be comprehensible? It is certainly difficult enough for a judge to understand the various temperaments, national characteristics, inherited traditions, conditions of life and language. If the court interpreter literally translates the Yiddish words of the hairy-faced, excited plaintiff, "Ich will ihm hargenen," the judge may well put him in jail as a dangerous character for saying that he will kill the defendant, whereas it is nothing but a simple expression of dislike; or when he says "I swear by everything that is holy," is it easy to understand that it is only an expletive?

COURT SYSTEM IS COSTLY AND ENTANGLED

IF WE, for a moment, consider the expense of the administration of justice in New York, we may expect a satisfactory and serviceable system. The city, with less than five million inhabitants, spent in the year 1910 over seven and a half millions of dollars for the administration of justice, while Great Britain, with forty million population, spent, except for the police courts, only about half as much as New York.[1] But these figures do not mean that the judges are paid more in New York than in England, for a comparison with the salary list of English judges shows that the former are paid less in proportion to the cost of living in the two countries. While it is known that New York, having such cosmopolitan inhabitants, is more litigious, it can hardly account for this absurd extravagance; more probably does the blundering organization of courts and the diversified rules cause the need for more records, more clerks, attendants, and courthouses. Many attempts at reformation have been made: The codification of the law of procedure, the Commission on the Law's Delay, on the Courthouse Site, on the Revision of the Statutes, the subcommittees of the Charter Commission and that of the Citizens' Union, yet the fact remains that the system of courts and procedure is almost as haphazard and casual as it was fifty years ago.

There is a long calling of the calendar and she awaits her turn

The ordinary man has a horror of the entanglement of the law. A hard-headed business man said recently that he would rather pay an absolutely unfounded and baseless claim of $250 where he had never even known or seen the claimant than go into court. Another man said that he had witnessed an accident to a woman by a street car, and, in spite of his humanitarian instincts, he had run around the corner for fear of being called as a witness. The same gentleman had heard at night the call of "Police! Police!" in the street. He jumped out of bed and began to put on his clothes, but thought better of it for the same reason. A retired admiral of the navy was riding last year in a taxicab that was run into by an express wagon, and the resulting suit was brought by the taxicab company for $110 damages. The admiral attended court for five separate days as a witness, and the case was not called. Finally he had to leave the State to avoid being annoyed by the subpœna server, who dogged him at his club and at his home.

COURTS ARE PRAISED RARELY

IT IS not proposed to deal with the attitude of the business man of larger interests, but only to quote some expressions of opinions that have been heard. They may come only from the usual discontented pessimism, but it is almost an impossibility to hear praise or an expression of respect for a court or a judge. A millionaire mine owner said once: "I would rather take a friend's word as a gentleman that he would do a thing than a forty-page contract drawn by the best lawyers in the city. I would feel that I could rely on a gentleman's word, but if the question of a contract got into court the lawyers would find a loophole to get out of it. So many contracts and wills are drawn to be broken." Another man said: "Only blackmailing suits go to court, for if honest parties have a dispute they know it is easier and cheaper to settle it outside." Nearly everyone will admit that there is a widespread distrust of the courts; but that

[1] See M. W[illegible]'s Statesmen's Year Book, Report of Comptroller.

due to our law rather than to the personalities of the judge few seem to realize.

While the dignity and efficiency of the municipal court have been increased, it has almost ceased to be a court for the poor man; indeed, the procedure is so technical that, although possible, it is rather unusual for a man to come without a lawyer. Of course, the attorneys who make their living by appearing in small suits where the fee is often a contingent part of the small amount recovered, or a fixed charge of $5 or less for trying a case, are not those who are animated by a strong desire to see justice done. The position of a judge in one of these courts is not altogether enviable. He is the concrete object to which the evils enumerated attach. To the popular mind he is the court, the law, the method of procedure, the source of all the technicalities and the delays. The beaten side will always bear a grudge, and the winning side think they ought to have got more. The judge sits high beneath a draped canopy, like the star actor at the theatre, and has the center of the stage. If he be lenient in interpreting the law, he may be called to account for inability; if he be too strict, he is accused of irritability. If he be too polite, he may seem to be extending favor. A justice of one court, wishing to be kind, asked recently a young counselor whose case had been dismissed through a technicality to come up and sit on the bench with him. The young man afterward complained to his friends that the judge wanted to make him conspicuous. The best commentary on his difficult position was recently made by an eminent lawyer of New York, who said an ideal judge should be absolutely negative and unemphatic. If that be his function, such a position might be better filled by an automaton. But Lord Bacon said two of the four duties of a judge were "to direct the evidence and to moderate length, repetition, or impertinency of speech," yet there are few judges who would dare to cut short the examination of a witness, while in England the length and direction of a trial are within the discretion of the judge. His dignity does not come from wearing a gown or a wig and knee breeches, nor from an impressive manner, but rather from a potent sense of that "passion for justice" which the heart of everyone must respect. Often he is hindered by the idiotic technicalities of those who insist, hoping that if the case go against them for a reversal on appeal or to prevent the actual facts being brought out.

It is certainly difficult for a judge to understand the various temperaments and national characteristics of fifteen or twenty different nationalities that come in touch with the courts

THE STORY OF A WORKING GIRL

SUPPOSE the case of Leah Moskowitz, who has been working for two weeks making shirt waists at $6 a week for a sweatshop on the East Side, on Stanton Street. She is trying to collect $8, for the owners of the sweatshop are on the verge of bankruptcy and have paid her only $4 the first week and nothing the second. She is discharged and asks for her money. She is told to come again on Monday and again on Wednesday and again on Saturday. Finally she seeks the remedy that the law gives her and goes to the Madison Street Court.

After climbing four flights of stairs—I believe there is now an elevator—she explains in broken English to a busy clerk the nature of her claim. Probably she speaks only Yiddish, for on the East Side, where foreigners associate only with one another, there are frequently men and women on the witness stand who have been fifteen or twenty years in this country and speak no English, and sometimes it is an American citizen who needs an interpreter. The clerk probably does not understand what she says, all the interpreters are busy in court, and the clerk's office is open only a quarter of an hour before court hours, although the clerks of this court and their assistants, owing to their human training and the necessity of recording all the proceedings to be outlined, are probably the most understanding as well as the hardest worked and most efficient men to be met with in any public office. In this one court on Madison Street there were seventeen thousand summonses issued last year. The court hours are from nine o'clock to four; so that our working girl must lose half a day's wages to begin with.

After some one is found who can interpret, she is told she must pay $2 or take out a pauper summons. She swallows her pride and asks for a pauper summons. She must then swear to an affidavit that she has no property worth $100, an unbelievable sum, which she must consider as a joke. But she cannot read the English affidavit and she must find a notary public, before whom she can swear to its truth. The clerk is probably too busy with a long file of other claimants. Down she goes and is afraid to ask any of the lawyers in the corridor, for she thinks they will want money. Possibly she asks a good-natured attendant, who may have time to get some notary friend to put on a jurat. Somewhat fatigued, she goes up again to the clerk's office, only to be told she must get the signed approval of the judge. There are five judges sitting in the building; to which must she go? She wanders into one court room and sees a case being tried. Of course, she must not interrupt, so she sits down, patiently to wait. When the case is over she timidly comes up to the rail, but the judge does not understand Hebrew. She smiles and tries to explain. The court officer sees the yellow application in her hand and sends her down to Part I. There again she must wait; there is a long calendar of perhaps four hundred cases being called, the papers to be signed must wait, and again she comes to the rail. Her application is handed up with a hundred others; she takes her turn, and after a time hers is granted. Back again she goes to the clerk's office. A summons is given her, which calls for the sweatshop owner to come to court on a certain day. What has she to do with it; how does she know that she must not serve it herself; that it must be served by some one else and not by her little sister, but some one over eighteen years old; that it must be served six days before the day set; that an affidavit stating such service must be sworn to before a notary; that she must write her own or the defendant's address and her cause of action upon the summons; that she must file it with the clerk at least two days before the return day? Only a few of these technicalities are printed on the summons, but if any of them are omitted she does not even get her case in court.

THE LONG AND WEARY SEARCH FOR JUSTICE

AT LAST she comes to the day. In the meanwhile she is afraid to take a steady job, because she may have to leave for half a day for the trial. She comes into a crowded, confused court room, where there are many people. A long calendar is being called. Men and women are jumping up and going to the railing before the judge; others going out gesticulating. If she does not hear her case called, or if she arrives in court a few minutes late, her case may be dismissed, and she has to begin over again. At last she hears her name called, and she comes gladly forward to get her money. The judge is surely going to give her the money she worked so hard for. An office boy of some lawyer comes forward at the same time [illegible] of Lubkin,' says the judge. The boy [illegible] voice gives the usual reply. 'General denial, bill of particulars, two weeks to trial.' She does not understand what it means, and smiles. The judge proceeds with the next case, and she learns that her case will not be reached until two weeks later.

When she comes again the defendant's lawyer says he is not ready for trial, no bill of particulars has been filed, and asks for another adjournment of a week, which is granted. Feeling discouraged, she goes away and returns a week later. Again there is the long calling of the calendar, and she awaits her turn. In the meantime she may have asked her friends, or the friendly court attendant, the nature of a "bill of particulars," and she has been able to file a written statement of what her claim is for. Even after the calendar has been called she must wait with the others until her case be heard. Then perhaps it is sent to another trial part, and she must follow the case and find the right room.

The trial finally begins; possibly her case may be dismissed because it is proved that Samuel Lubkin is not doing business as an individual, but is doing business as a corporation. She has brought the suit only against him. Or, again, she, being only nineteen, has sued in her own name, which she had no right to do. She should have a guardian ad litem appointed by the court under another application signed by the judge. Or, if she sees (and the workers on the East Side are quick-witted) that there is some question in the judge's mind, she may tell an untruth and say she is over twenty-one years of age; and the judge, who is experienced in many such cases, may think she is lying as to all the facts, and dismiss her case on the merits. But supposing that she does not have her case dismissed, and it is really tried, it only amounts to her word as against the other man's, and the employer swears that he never saw her and that she never worked for him. Perhaps the judge may believe her as against Lubkin, and asks her if she has any witnesses—other girls who worked there at the same time—and adjourns the case so she may get other witnesses, and she wearily searches for some friend who worked at the shop at the same time and is willing to spend half a day to help her.

THE HARVEST IS HATRED

AGAIN she comes to court; her case is tried, the same weary proceedings are gone through with, and perhaps at last she gets judgment. How does she collect it? She goes to the clerk's office for her money and is given an execution. That is not her money; what must she do with that? She is told she must find a marshal to levy on the property of Lubkin. She finds a city marshal who is kind, for the fees for collecting $8 are not large. Several times she goes to the office to see if the money is collected.

One day she is informed that execution has been returned with "No property found" indorsed upon it. She is in despair, and perhaps waits to waylay the judge as he comes out of court and tells him her troubles. He explains to her that she should in the beginning have asked for a summons demanding a body execution; that the words "Plaintiff claims that the defendant is liable to arrest and imprisonment" should have been written on the summons, and that the affidavit of service should have contained the same words. But that now it is too late. Then she goes away and disbelieves in the courts of the American Government, and becomes a Socialist.

This is perhaps an exaggerated case, but every incident has happened within the actual experience of the writer. It might happen all within an absolute following of the law and the rules of the court; only by the special intervention of a judge, clerks, and court officers who are kind and who go out of their way might they be mitigated. The mitigation would, however, be due to the personal feelings and rather against the law than absolutely following it. This case may almost be construed into an argument for the election of judges, in that their prior political training and dealing with men and conditions have taught them a certain amount of humanity. The reverse picture of this case of the working girl would be one which showed the hardship brought on the business man by the law's delay. Suppose the girl was fraudulent and the tool of blackmailers. Each time the shop owner would have to come himself into court, interrupt his [illegible]

A Cautious Husband

By ARTHUR HENRY

ILLUSTRATED BY MARGUERITE LARNED

THE marriage of Miss Annabelle Marshall to Lee Turner, the hermit fisherman of Bear Lake, was such a shock to the aristocratic members of Lone Star Camp that they did not have the courage to discuss it out loud and really shrank from putting the news in their letters. The social circle to which the Marshalls belonged were scattered for the summer all over the world, and those that were in the camp that season seemed to think that if they avoided mentioning the appalling catastrophe something might happen before returning to the city in the fall. Mr. Turner might fall into the lake or be shot by some one after ducks or in some other way be obliterated and the whole incomprehensible matter be hushed up and forgotten.

Meanwhile every night they saw the camp fire of the newly married couple leaping heavenward on the opposite shore of the lake, and the grotesque shadows of two forms wavered upon the uneasy water as Mr. and Mrs. Turner moved about their blazing bivouac.

The worst feature of the affair was that it had happened in the absence of the elder Marshalls, who had gone to Europe for two months, leaving their daughter in the care of the colony, especially chaperoned by the Gregorys. She had wanted to remain in the camp, and there had been some pleasant gossip—with a little excitement in it at times—as to which of some seven or eight sons of the various campers was the cause of her desire.

When Miss Annabelle suddenly took to going alone in her boat to fish, it was thought she was about to come to some decision as to these young men and wished for solitude.

Suddenly one night, when everyone was beginning to feel a little anxious over her delayed return, the tall, lank form of Lee Turner appeared at the steps of the Gregorys' camp, and he said, with a comprehensive bow to all those assembled on the porch, and then with a direct gaze into Mrs. Gregory's eyes:

"I come with a message from my wife—"

He paused a moment. They looked at him politely but surprised, as they did not know he had a wife. Then he added with a drawl, in a singularly melodious voice: "Formerly Miss Annabelle Marshall."

The people on the porch sat in stupefied silence as he came lightly up the steps, placed a letter in the hands of Mrs. Gregory—both her hands held out automatically, as if drawn by a magnet—and with a broad smile that seemed to illuminate his long, quaint face, bowed, passed sedately down the steps and departed, swallowed by the night.

It often happens on such occasions that the shocked mind dwells first upon some small incidental thing before grappling with the cause of the blow it has been dealt. Mrs. Gregory sat for some seconds mechanically holding the letter and gazing after the departing Turner —known to them all only as a whimsical native—amazed to see him smartly dressed in a new suit of white flannels

"Why," she said in a voice of pained surprise, "the man is handsome."

Everyone laughed at this unexpected remark.

"Oh, Minnie," said her husband, "read the letter—" She jumped to her feet and hurried to a light in the bungalow.

"MY DEAR," she read, "I have married Mr. Turner and written to papa, so you need not worry about that. And you mustn't try to see me yet. After papa and mamma come, I shall send out at-homes and yours shall be the first. You will see us, of course, in the canoe or along the trails, but we are pretending we are away on our honeymoon, so you must pretend that too. Did you ever see such lovely moonlight nights?

Yearningly, ANNABELLE LEE TURNER.

"P. S. He's a wonderful man."

A great rosy moon rose over the mountains, fringed with fir trees, and in its path of light on the lake their canoe drifted. The moonlight flashed from the points of the ripples as if from a belt studded with rubies.

They were silent, motionless, their paddles across their knees, looking with wonder into each other's eyes.

They had not yet passed a night under the roof of his camp. On blankets they slept by a fire on the shore of the lake or on the mountain side—wherever sleep overtook them. When the sun was up they bathed—swimming and playing together in the water.

When the letter from her father came they did not open it.

"He will be angry," she said, a startled look in her eyes as if an unfriendly voice were awaking her from a happy dream.

A great rosy moon rose over the mountains, and in its path of light on the lake their canoe drifted. They were silent, motionless, looking with wonder into each other's eyes

"Don't read it, then," he suggested, smiling.

"Of course," she laughed, "it will be better not to. I'll wait until I see him."

So they laid the letter aside.

The fall arrived, all the camps around the lake were boarded up and deserted except the Turners', and nothing further had been heard from Mr. Marshall.

"Evidently," said Mrs. Turner, "his letter was final."

THERE was a note of anxiety and distress in her voice, for the summer was over, the nights were growing cold, a mournful wind shrieked among the pines and the closed camps seemed like cemeteries. She felt like a forgotten princess—under an enchantment—in the realm of her departed people moving among their tombs.

It had been a long, blissful summer of gypsy life and love, but now the winter was approaching and the lights were shining in the houses on Fifth Avenue and growing very bright upon the Rialto. There were moments now when she felt like one lost in a lonely place even when the arms of her husband were around her.

One evening as they were lounging together before the fireplace, her head upon his breast, she uttered a deep, unconscious sigh, and he said with a quick note of decision: "I will see your father."

"But he won't see you," she whispered.

"I'll see him," he answered, laughing.

He left the room and presently returned with a lantern and a pick.

"Now," he said, "if you will come with me and hold the lantern?"

"Are you going to dig for father?" she asked, laughing.

There was a flash of humor in his eyes, but he answered gravely: "I suppose we might speak of it that way—I have some money down cellar."

"Really?" she exclaimed. "How funny!" She spoke in a bewildered way, without thinking. She had no definite idea about money, except that it had always filled her purse. She had never wondered where her supply came from and scarcely knew where it went.

She had, of course, read of pirates and their buried treasure, and of misers who hid great piles of gold, but that was all romance and meant nothing. As she followed her husband to the cellar he was saying:

"Our family never cared for banks. My grandfather and my father never had any regular business, but were great traders, and I am afraid grandpa was not particular about the customs. However, they managed to make some money during their combined seventy-five years of activity, saving it, hoarding it up in gold pieces. I've never known what to do with it. Father, before he died, told me where it was buried in the cellar of our house in Portland, and asked me to always keep it in my cellar. I remember he joked about it, saying it was an incentive for a man to have a cellar and to stay home nights. The house burned down two years ago and I brought it here."

He pried up the flags that paved the cellar and revealed a large number of oilskin bags. She held the lantern high, gazing with wide eyes.

"Are they all filled with gold?" she whispered. He nodded.

"What in the world shall we do with them?" she exclaimed.

"Well, first," he answered, "we must get them upstairs." He put the lantern on the pile of flagstones and loaded her arms with bags to the amount of twenty-five pounds, then he followed her upstairs with an armful of about sixty pounds.

It required sixteen trips for them to carry all the bags up, and during the last two Mrs. Turner was protesting.

"Oh, let's leave the rest," she exclaimed, sinking into a chair. She opened one of the bags and found that it was really filled with gold pieces. "How can we ever take it all anyway?" she said. "It must weigh a ton."

"No," he answered, "about half a ton. It's just two hundred thousand and weighs about twelve hundred pounds."

"But how can we take it?" she said anxiously. "We have only four trunks and one of mine is a hat trunk."

The bags made quite a heap in the middle of the floor

"Oh!" she cried suddenly. "The window seats!" He nodded. She had always wondered at their construction, for, under their covering, they were oak boxes bound with iron.

The next afternoon with their trunks and chests on a lumber wagon they drove to Bear Lake station and took the train for New York. That night in their stateroom Mrs. Turner confessed to him that she was glad he was rich.

"At first," she whispered with affectionate little kisses, "I didn't care what we did—or how we lived—or if we never saw anyone again."

"I know," he said. "Wait a minute. We're slowing up and I must see about the chests."

HE DID not undress all night, but whenever the train stopped he went to the express car.

"With all that money," she said, her face rosy on the white pillow and her eyes very bright in the light over the berth, "we can do anything."

"For a few minutes," he answered.

She sat up, looking at him in great surprise.

"Excuse me," he added quickly. "You're right—you can do anything. It will be my business to see that you can."

"But will you like that?" she asked, with a tender and bewitching seriousness.

"Yes—for you will be happy."

"But I have always been happy."

"That's right," he said, "you should be."

In the morning as they approached New York she seemed to be both thoughtful and uneasy.

"Perhaps this is a mistake," she said. "We were very happy up there alone. You know, Lee, I'm giddy

vhen I'm with giddy people. Wouldn't you rather have me all to yourself?"

"Yes, I would," he answered, laughing, "but a man with a charming wife as you are should not be selfish."

She looked at him curiously as if to say, "Perhaps you had better be—perhaps I would like that."

He answered her glance, smiling whimsically.

"I don't believe you will run away from me the first winter anyway."

Three months later Mr. Turner could not say this.

WITH the hoardings of three generations in his hands he had been given a surprised welcome by the Marshalls and all their friends. Two hundred thousand dollars was not much of a fortune, but that amount in ready cash is always respectable, and there are times on Wall Street when half that amount of real money—and in gold—is nothing less than a miracle. At the right moment and in the right hands it may become all powerful, dictating its own terms and seizing upon half the tottering kingdoms it saves. Mr. Turner—up there by his camp fire broiling the pickerel he had caught during the lazy day—had realized all this, for though he did not seem to take much interest in the New York paper that came to him with his mail, he always glanced it through, and he possessed not only the savings of his ancestors but their instincts also. He knew, when he turned his journey to New York, that Wall Street was threatened with a panic. It was one of those times when some one had asked for a real dollar and insisted on having it, and the entire financial fabric of the City of Speculation was shaken in the frantic search for it. When he took his chests of gold—real gold coins—into the banking and brokerage house of his father-in-law there was a moment of wild joy—of amazement—of such excitement as few places or situations ever afford. Mr. Marshall almost swept his tall, quaint-looking son-in-law into the street as he rushed to seize upon the treasure. Mr. Turner had introduced himself and the nature of his luggage, and Mr. Marshall, glowering at him with the ferocity of a general who has just had his coat shot to rags and lost his third horse while trying to check the stampede that is destroying him, ordered the boxes opened and sent a volley of commands to the floor of the exchange before he had acknowledged the introduction.

"We were very happy up there alone. You know, Lee, I'm giddy when I'm with giddy people. Wouldn't you rather have me all to yourself?"

"I will deposit these funds with you," said Mr. Turner, "on certain conditions."

"Conditions!" shouted Mr. Marshall. "I haven't time to talk about conditions. You're Lee Turner, you say—my son-in-law—"

"On certain conditions," repeated Mr. Turner with a most aggravating but convincing drawl.

"Very well—name them."

"That will take some time and several lawyers."

Mr. Marshall flashed a glance of joyous appreciation at his son-in-law.

"All right," he laughed. "I'll use your money for the next forty minutes and accept your own conditions. Go get your lawyers while I use the 'phone." He wheeled and took up the instrument. It was almost an hour of talk like the explosion of rapid-fire guns, during which Mr. Turner remained seated on one of his chests, holding his hat in his hands, clasped about one knee.

"You didn't go?" asked Mr. Marshall when the battle was over.

"No," said Mr. Turner, "I thought I'd listen."

"Did you understand what I was doing?"

"In a measure, and I am prepared to approve it. As I figure it roughly in my head, we've made a tidy sum."

"Oh, we have, eh?" laughed Mr. Marshall. "I'm glad you think of me."

"I was thinking of Annabelle," said Mr. Turner softly.

"Where is she?" snapped Mr. Marshall. In a moment, however, he remembered that suddenly his rôle of an outraged and unyielding parent was no longer in the piece, and he beamed genially on his son-in-law.

"She's at the Palatial," said Mr. Turner. "We've taken a suite there for the winter. It's quite expensive."

"I suppose so," said Mr. Marshall carelessly. "I've a friend living there—fine suite—I don't know what he pays—in fact, I don't think *he* does—he hasn't paid it yet."

"And so," continued Mr. Turner pleasantly, "it will be necessary for me to duplicate to-day's business pretty regularly."

"Well," said Mr. Marshall, "come to lunch and we'll talk it over."

Mr. Turner's success was not only instantaneous but continuous.

His wife was able to do anything she wished to, and she did it.

SHE was twenty-three, small and beautifully formed. Her hair was abundant and very dark, yet possessing a quality as of light, suggesting the night faintly illuminated by the stars. Her eyes were not large, but were striking and attractive because of their shape—almost almond—and their peculiar shade of blue—very brilliant. Her skin was dark where there was no color, but her cheeks were like the petals of a pink rose. She possessed a tranquil mind, but physically she was so alert that everyone—even her own family—believed her to possess a very nervous and sensitive temperament.

Her movements were light, quick, naturally poised, yet unexpected and artistic, more expressive than the inspired phrases of all the poets. She had been considered a strange child, a charming girl, and there was no doubt now that she was an irresistibly fascinating woman.

During the three years before her marriage she had whirled through one continuous excitement, enjoying all the freedom—the amazing and reckless freedom—granted the modern young girl in her set.

The wooing of the whimsical fisherman and the honeymoon under the pines had come and gone like a moment of lassitude—an unexpected reverie—in which one forgets everything in a delicious daydream.

After the return to New York she was caught up by a host of surprised and eager friends—seized upon with a shout and taken along with them in that continuous revel of the gay, the idle, and the rich which the majority of people may experience only on New Year's Eve.

Several times during the winter a little rumor arose concerning the gay Mrs. Turner, but she just managed to avoid actual scandal by turning from one man to another.

For the first time in his life Mr. Turner was alarmed and felt himself in an element in which he was helpless, dealing with forces disordered and chaotic.

One night he said to his wife:

"Anne, you should go on the stage."

"Oh, Lee!" she exclaimed, her glance and voice recalling to him their nights under the stars. "But you don't mean it," she said quickly.

"But I do."

"Really—Lee?"

HE NODDED, and there was always absolute conviction in his nod.

"Well, Lee, you are really wonderful."

He closed his eyes and heard again the wash of ripples on the shore of the lake and was comforted by the odor of pines.

"That has always been my dream, but I shall never forget father when I once told him of it. And mother would hardly speak to me for a month afterward. And, of course, when I married you I gave it up forever."

"You will have to work hard," said Mr. Turner.

"Of course," she cried eagerly. "Of course I will. Oh, Lee, do you think I could really amount to something?"

Her [illegible] gazed at him in a kind of [illegible]

THE next day Mr. Turner [illegible] office at a certain theatrical manager's and presented his card.

His name was [illegible] at once into the center of the [illegible] the rotund, [illegible] with [illegible] tive black eyes lurking there.

The manager greeted his caller [illegible] glance and a grunt.

He was one of our foremost producing managers, one of those few curious creatures of [illegible] who have replaced or trapped the [illegible] of artistic genius, name or destroying them as it [illegible] their ends.

Mr. Turner had posted himself for the purpose of this business and proceeded to it at once.

"I wish," he said, "to place my wife in a production—a musical comedy. She has had no stage experience, possesses a small though pleasing voice, and will require a strong company to get the show over. I would like the production to be made when convenient, but the rehearsals should begin at once. My wife will be featured only; she wishes to earn her place as a star. I will ask you to find the best piece you can and to spare no expense in the production or the cast."

He was silent, and the manager, who had hardly shown a sign of life while he was speaking, now turned his back on him and said:

"Put fifty thousand dollars to my credit in the Broadway Bank and we will begin rehearsals when you say."

WHEN Mr. Marshall learned of this astonishing project he was both amazed and horrified.

"My boy," he expostulated, "you must not permit her to do such a thing. She has always wanted to, but I would not allow it. You know, Lee—" he struggled for a moment with a sudden embarrassment—"I hate to say anything about Annabelle—you understand that—and really she is all right, of course, but people have been talking, and, by George, she has certainly given them some occasion to. You must be careful of her, Lee. She is an uncommonly attractive woman. You mustn't think of letting a woman like that go on the stage."

"Oh, Lee," she exclaimed, her glance and voice recalling to him their nights under the stars, "but you don't mean it." He nodded, and there was absolute conviction in his nod.

"That's it," said Mr. Turner. "That's the safest place for an attractive woman. She ought not to be exposed to the dangers of private life."

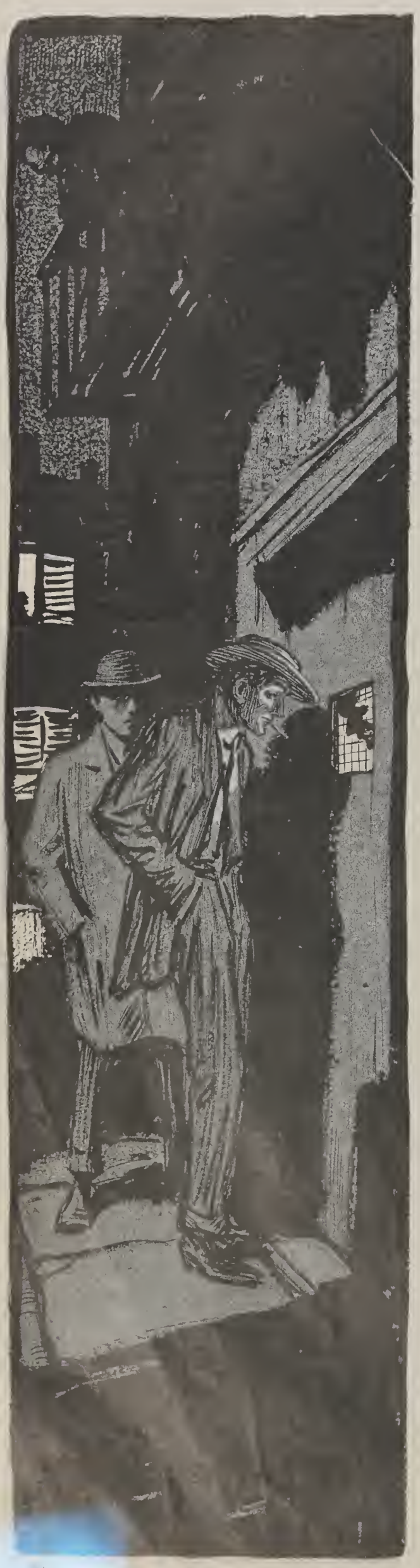
At the End of the Long Night

Another Lanagan Story

By EDWARD H. HURLBUT

ILLUSTRATED FRIDERIC DORR STEELE

"EXTRA! EXTRA!" in shrill diminuendo awakened Jack Lanagan, star police reporter for the San Francisco "Enquirer" from the very heart of his morning slumber. The morning paper man sleeps late and nothing short of cataclysm or the cry of an extra is likely to awaken him. Lanagan was from his bed to the window in a lanky leap hailing the newsboy.



It was the "Evening Record" with a "screamer" head and two hundred words of black-face type. Lanagan swept through it in a comprehensive flash. With more speed than was his custom he thereupon dressed.

"*Swanson!*" he said. "Gad, what a story!"

He sat on the edge of the bed, more leisurely to roll a brown-paper cigarette and read the story more carefully. Stripped of flaring headlines, it was as follows:

"All hope for the safety of Captain Robert Swanson, the retired millionaire shipping man who disappeared on Wednesday evening, was dissipated this morning, shortly after 9.30 o'clock, when the body of the well-known philanthropist was found in a subcellar room in the notorious Palace Hotel in Chinatown.

"Death was due to strangulation.

"Life had probably been extinct three days, and it is the police theory that Captain Swanson went directly to the hotel or was lured there on the evening of his disappearance.

"His watch and valuables were found on his person.

"So far as a hasty examination could discover no one saw him enter the hotel, which bears an evil reputation and is occupied by the lowest type of denizen of Chinatown and the Barbary Coast.

"The room where the body was found is one of several that have been dug out beneath the basement and is used entirely by opium smokers.

"Chief of Police Leslie has ordered all available detectives on the case and arrests are expected at any moment."

"WHICH means," finally grumbled Lanagan, "that I get no day off to-morrow to split a quart of Chianti with mine host Pastori.

"Swanson," he ran quickly back in his mind, "is president of the Seamen's Bank; director of the Cosmos Club; director of a dozen corporations; trustee of his church; sound as a nut at sixty-five; solidly established in the old conservative families of Nob Hill, with a family of married children likewise solidly established in the solidest kind of respectability and a wife who is a silvery-haired saint if there ever was one.

"Yet he, a man who probably didn't know such a place as Chinatown's Palace Hotel existed until that night, is found dead in the lowest sink of that hole. The extremes of the social system met in his end and the place of it."

The Chinatown Palace Hotel of the days just before the fire gave that quarter of San Francisco obliteration, the one thing that could cleanse it, was a sorry second to the pretentious hostelry on Market Street. A ramshackle structure, illy lit through its crooked corridors and musty rooms with ancient gas jets, it looked more, in its complete dirt and dinginess, like an exaggerated rabbit warren. Three stories above ground and one or two below, cut up into rooms, the largest not more than eight by ten, the smallest just large enough for a bunk and an opium layout, it had survived by some miracle the health authorities to hive in musty murk the offscourings of a city. Once, when Portsmouth Square was the civic center, it had harbored the kings of the early gold days.

The rooms were larger in those days; the front suites that gave ease to the idling, new-made Crœsus had long since been cut up into five, six, seven, or eight, as the increasing congestion of the quarter threw an increasing swarm of vermin to its recesses.

Save for white "dope fiends," known in the vernacular of the police as "hops," "cokes," or "morphs," users of opium, cocaine, or morphine, it was inhabited solely by Chinese, some of them coolie laborers, but the most of them likewise "fiends."

Below the basement floor were a dozen rooms not high enough for a man to stand erect in. The light of day never entered. What light they received came from one main gas jet in the corridor or the occasional flash of a policeman's pocket light as the Chinatown squad made their rounds. Save for the members of the squad, and at times a jaded police reporter, idling from the reporters' room in the near-by Hall of Justice on a quiet night through the district with the squad sergeant, it is probable no white man save the "fiends" of the district had ever before gasped for breath in that foul den—no white man, that is, before Captain Robert Swanson, who entered there one night never to emerge. It was three days before one of the denizens of the subcellar, finally realizing that the occupant of the next bunk was not in the stupor of drug but the stiffness of death, made his way with frantic hippity-hoppings to the first member of the squad he could find and reported the matter, not forgetting to whine for his ten cents for so doing.

Such, in substance, were the facts in the mystery that set the city and the coast—Swanson was a notable figure in shipping circles—in a ferment for a week.

For, more than the initial fact of finding the l in Chinatown's cesspool, five days had now ela with not one single additional fact of consequenc clear the mystery. Suspects without number been jailed. Every ex-convict, "fiend," vagrant

quent-made character of the district, white, yellow, or black, male or female, had been put through the police mill. The opium dens had been emptied of their wastrels, blinking like bats in the light of day. Swanson's past and his present life were run under a high-power lens; his servants' and his employees' lives and the lives of his former servants and former employees; Chief Leslie was a fellow member of the Cosmos Club with Swanson, and if any additional good to his natural police pride were necessary to spur him on, that afforded it. Every recourse that police experience could adapt or devise was applied.

Always there was lacking motive: that mainspring for crime.

That Swanson had by any chance been addicted to the drug habit was early dismissed. Practically every hour of his methodical life could be accounted for for months back.

BUT in so far as his movements were concerned from the moment he left his doorstep on Wednesday evening until the body was found, he may as well have left his doorstep invested in an invisible mantle, for no living person that could be located had seen him alive.

There was one peculiar circumstance. He had worn that night a heavy ulster overcoat, although the night had not been chilly, and Mrs. Swanson had remarked on it at parting. The coat was not found with the body.

It is not exaggeration to say that in physical output Lanagan worked harder than any three reporters or detectives during the first five days of the case. He did not take me into his confidence: he seldom did until the "smash" approached on any story. He smoked eternally or chewed to pulp his own select brand of rank Manilas, or consumed innumerable cigarettes. Lanagan never had to bother with the daily routine of a story; that was all left to me. His work was the big "feature" stuff. He might not write a line for a week and then he would saunter into the picture with a news sensation that would upend the town.

BUT their seemed to be no "upending" on this case. During the five days that had elapsed the big portion of the work had fallen to me. Lanagan had absolutely not turned a trick. On Wednesday evening at midnight, as I turned in my story for the day, identical as I felt it would be with the other two morning papers, Lanagan 'phoned me to meet him at the Hall of Justice.

I drifted down there.

"I just wanted to tell you," was his greeting, "that I am going to disappear. Don't look for me. I will discover myself when the time comes. I'm going to lose myself up in Chinatown, for the solution of that story is there, and I'm not coming out until I've landed something and choked off the side remarks of the 'Times' and 'Herald' outfit if I stay there for the balance of my natural life. The police can hang as they please to their hoary old dogma that a 'hop head' never commits murder. Just because they're so positive I am going to take the other tack: at least until I have proved their theory to my own satisfaction. There isn't a man outside the frequenters of this quarter knew of that subcellar and that's the theory I am going to stick with now. Keep in pretty close touch with the office so I can get you in a hurry if anything turns up. Good-by."

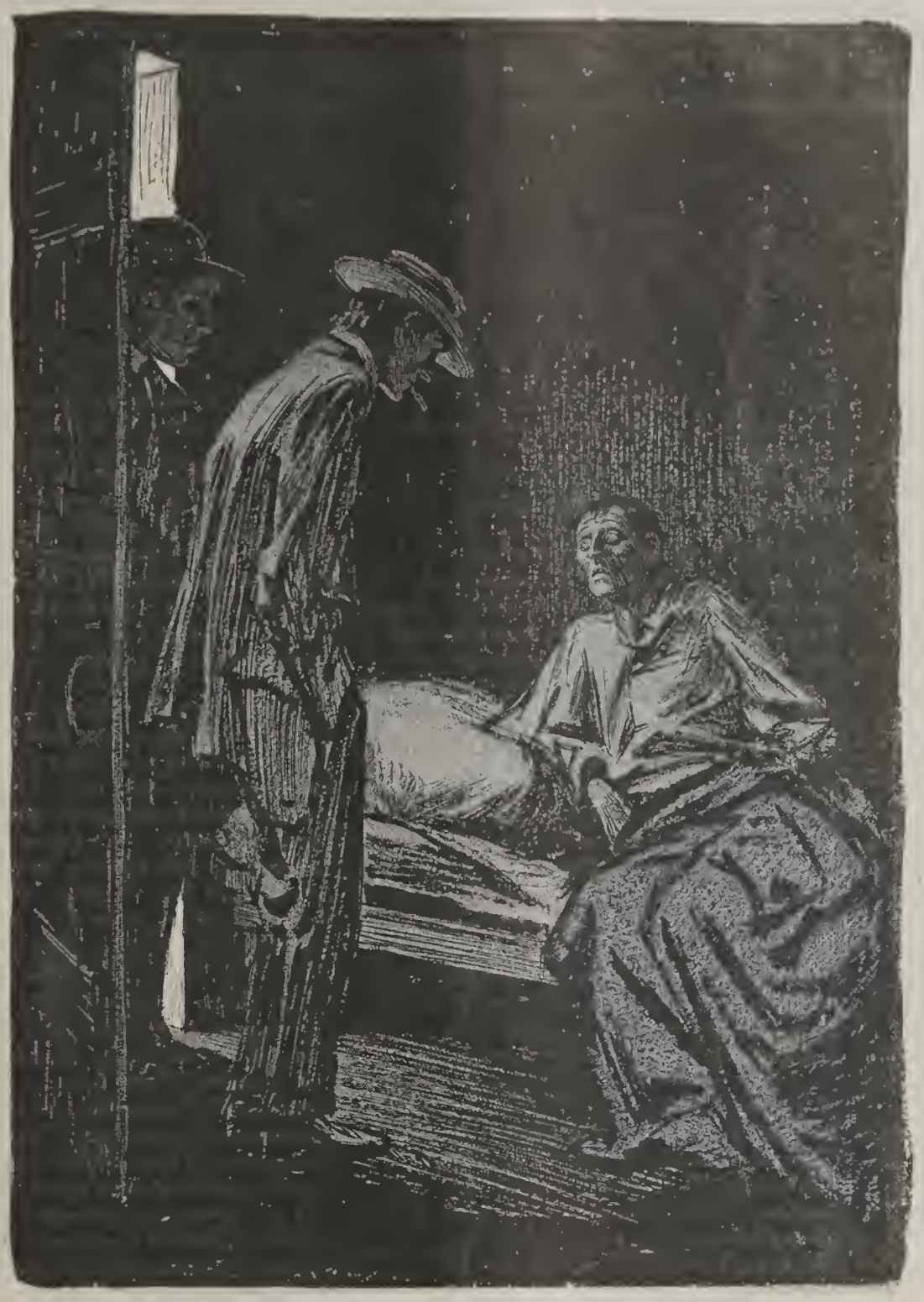
In another moment he was walking rapidly up Washington Street to disappear down Dupont, out of sight for three days.

THE story had run eight days and a dearth of fresh angles had thinned it out a trifle, when, on Saturday evening, along about ten o'clock, as I hung around the local room hoping against hope for a call from Lanagan, it came.

"Meet me in front of old St. Mary's," he said, shortly, and I thrilled instantly with that same premonitory tremor that always came over me when the climax was on. I sped down Kearney Street and in the shadow of the church steps picked him up.

"Dorrett is watching me," he said. "He's been covering me for days." Dorrett was the oldest special policeman in Chinatown and generally held to be a "leak" for the "Herald" through personal friendship for a former police reporter, now city editor of that paper. In such fashion do papers develop their "sources" of news. "I have one clue that may be the key to the solid brick wall we have been up against. And I am not going to lose that key to the 'Herald' via Dorrett," concluded Lanagan, as he suddenly stepped fully in the glare of the gas street lamp on the corner just as Dorrett sidled up. I saw that Lanagan had deliberately exposed himself.

"Really, Dorrett," he remarked in that master tone he could assume so well on occasion, "some of these days I shall actually trip over you if you persist in lurking beneath my feet. You might fall quite hard in this case and hurt yourself. However, just tell Cartwright (city editor of the "Herald") "that I am going to hand him a package of nitroglycerin right on your own particular little bailiwick, will you? Please run along now, like a good little special policeman, because we are going to lose you—thusly."



A man swung himself into sitting position on a disordered bed

He turned on his heel and ran for a California Street car just lumbering past us up the hill and I followed suit. After a few blocks he crossed through the car and dropped off on the other side. Scouting cautiously back toward Chinatown by way of Washington Street, drifting along with eyes wide for Dorrett, we finally made Ross Alley, where Lanagan stopped for a fraction of a second at the wicket of the gambling house at No. 8.

At that time it was a strict rule of the gambling "joints" that a white man could not enter. Personally, for all of my four years dubbing around on police, I never had been able to enter a Chinese gambling house when the play was on. Yet the lookout flashed one glance at Lanagan, grinned yellowly and ingenuously, and the massive solid oak door before us swung noiselessly open and we passed quickly through. As it shut behind us I heard a faint click-click, and glanced back. Three separate two-by-four scantlings, heavily reenforced with iron, had dropped back into their sockets. The door was as solid as a concrete wall against the axes of the Chinatown squad; the theory being that by the time the squad had the door battered down, the players had departed through some secret runway.

"Melodrama?" laughed Lanagan at me. "But I had to come by the back door, as it were. I wouldn't like to have any stray police or reporters or Dorrett suspect I was about to interview the man I am. They might smell a rat, possibly. We are more isolated among these hundred Chinks, gambling their fool heads off, than we would be in one of Leslie's dark cells."

WE PASSED directly through the long room with its eight high tables, at each of which ten or a dozen impassive Celestials, with chopsticks, beans, and teacups, stood engaged in the contraband pastime of fantan. At a table or two a pie gow game was running, and in a corner dominoes. The air was so heavy and heated that I felt the perspiration starting in an instant. The Chinese gambler, if he is winning, sticks in that thick atmosphere for hours at a time.

At the rear of the room another door, [illegible] barred as Dorrett's. Here another lookout [illegible] trouble at Lanagan and I recognized [illegible] and [illegible] and then opened to a mere jabber. We [illegible] about ten feet into a dimly [illegible] building.

It was as black as your hat in [illegible] marvelous stepped ahead with assurance and I followed him gropingly. In another moment he paused [illegible] on what I took to be [illegible] brick base not the [illegible] sounded, he took me by the arm, pulled me after him, another click, and the next moment a blaze of electric light discovered us to be in a small lounging room elaborately appointed in Oriental furnishings.

"Hullo, Mist' Lamagum!"

THE voice came from a corpulent, twinkling-eyed, richly garbed Chinaman just arisen from a massive chair of ebony and mother-of-pearl.

"Hello, Fu," said Lanagan, sinking into another massive chair and motioning me to do likewise.

"My friend Norton, Fu. Norton, Mr. Fu Wong, otherwise known to me as Why Because. You will understand 'why because' presently."

"Why? Becaus'? I tell you," said Fu Wong, chuckling. "Him funny boy, Mist' Lamagum. He, whatyoucalem, jolly me. You likem smoke?" He pressed a button on the arm of his chair and a flowing-garbed Chinese boy appeared with rich Havanas on a tray, together with individual teacups and two-piece teapots for three.

"Did you find See Wong?" Lanagan asked abruptly, while I studied Fu, whom I knew by reputation as one of the Chinese merchant princes. "I am in a hurry, Fu."

"I catchem. He say 'Charley.' Drive aut-o-mob-*eel*. Charley live there three, fo' wicks. She cry one time See bringem tea: 'Oh, Charley! Charley! Why fo' you do him? What's mala you, Charley?' She stop quick see See. Why? Becaus'? See, he donno. He say Charley he usem, what you call 'em? Hop."

FOR the first time since this story broke, that singular flashing, almost like a cat's eyes, flamed into Lanagan's dark eyes and they shot a responsive shiver of high tension interest through me, because I knew that at last he had struck the trail.

"You have done more for me than I can ever repay," said Lanagan at parting. "You are a remarkable man, Fu Wong."

Fu laughed boyishly.

"Why? Becaus'? You save my sto' good name? I help you."

As we went back out the way we came in, Lanagan enlightened me.

"Fu is president of the Suey Sing Tong. There is a Chinaman, Swanson's cook, See Wong, whom I have been hammering on for two days. Of all the household servants, I have a vague suspicion of him. I couldn't land him. Finally I looked up his affiliations, found he was a Suey Sing man, and then I enlisted the services of Fu Wong. See Wong would have to talk to his tong leader where the police or the reporters couldn't drag information out of him with a team of mules. He purely and simply wouldn't 'sabe,' and that's all the satisfaction you could get.

"'Why Because' is not only proprietor of one of the biggest bazaars here and a director of the Chinese Bank, but he is also proprietor—I am telling you Chinatown secrets and not to be repeated—of the gambling house we came through and several others. He is one of the powers of the quarter.

"THERE was an English tourist robbed in his bazaar once of a couple of hundred dollars and I was sent up here. Fu labored under the impression that the entire sixteen pages of the 'Enquirer' were going to be turned over to that particular robbery. He felt the disgrace of the thing keenly, as any high-class Chinaman would, and personally offered the Englishman back the money. That was a good story for some reason he not understanding the American newspaper idea of 'human interest,' elected to think I had written a story of him deliberately. I could have had half his store at that time, I guess, if I had wanted it. Then I took a cigar and a cup of tea, and ever since that time I have been taken inside the inner circle of [illegible]. The room we were in is a runway through the basement of the bazaar next door in case of a raid.

"'Charley' was a chauffeur named [illegible] by Mrs. Swanson about three months [illegible]

(Continued on [illegible])

PEACE

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

DECORATION BY KATHARINE H. McCORMICK

THERE is a rumor of eternal Peace;
The wonderful wild news sweeps through the world
That nevermore loud drums shall beat alarms,
Or bugles blow the awful songs of War.

There shall be silence where the sabers clashed,
And utter calm where once the cannon roared;
The Lord's green fields shall not be wet with blood,
But white with innocent daisies in the Spring;
And where the crashing cavalry once plunged
Our hearts shall hear the lyrics of the birds
When soft May mornings break in years to be.

No more shall men of alien races march
With fiery hearts and madness in their eyes
To crush their weaker brothers 'neath their heel;
Nor women wait through aching days of grief,
Through pitiless hours of barren loneliness
For husbands and young sons to come back home.
No more shall children stir in the long nights,
Dreaming of absent fathers; and no more
Shall faithful hounds whine at bleak thresholds, sick
For one whose feet fled when the trumpets called.
White Peace, the whisper runs, shall wrap the earth,
And hushed be all the thundering cannonade.

Wise men have dreamed this dream; and I have dared
To dream it every hour of the years.
When I have stood high on some starlit hill
And watched the moon go her great silver way
In silence that was deeper than the heav'ns;
When I have seen the majesty of night,
And in my contemplation learned that life
Was but a thread on Time's immortal loom
(My life the least of all), and nations less
Than ribbons that are fashioned at the last
In one divine, amazing, sumptuous plan,
Then I have wondered at our boast and pride,
And marveled at the shallowness of kings,
The madness of all those who rise to lead
Their little countries in tempestuous strife,
And break men's bodies, and break women's hearts.

Be swift, O laggard years, to bring that day
When Right shall be the master of old Might,
And Love with her soft processes shall see
Her hour triumphant and her legions large.
Tear down the bulwarks of incessant Hate,
And let pale Pity rise from the dull dust,
Her unfamiliar eyes two flashing stars
Emerging from the shadows of the deep.

But dream not there shall be eternal Peace,
Though red battalions have been scattered far,
And mighty armies lost like autumn winds.
Call in the iron navies of the world,
And sink them in the ocean's monstrous heart;
Sunder the bastions of the universe,
The watchful forts that face the open sea;
Still we shall hear the rumors of great wars,
And see the smoke of conflict; we shall know
The old, old battle of the rich and poor—
The poor with watch-fires in the engine room,
And regiments of children in the mills;
The rich with beacon lights upon their hearths,
And golden domes their perfumed tents at night.
But when wild Winter bares her icy sword,
One army shall remember Valley Forge,
And tremble at the menace of the days;
One army shall meet endless Waterloos
In the long line of years that sing defeat,
And in their tattered uniforms march on,
Till Death, the last Commander, bids them halt.
There shall be desolation in their eyes,
And sorrow where they pitch their city camps;
And rags shall be the emblem of their cause—
Sad banners that reveal their very shame.

Dream not of Peace eternal till there comes
Some hour supreme when these two hosts shall meet
In a great whirlwind of high brotherhood!

KHM

THE *Waverley* SILENT *Electric*

Carries Four Grown People

WITHOUT OBSTRUCTING THE DRIVER'S VIEW

Full view ahead for the driver from the usual left hand rear seat.

With ample room for four grown people each of whom has a spacious separate chair.

—are two striking and distinctive features of Waverley's latest offering—

The Silent Waverley Limousine-Four

FULL VIEW AHEAD

Three richly upholstered Pullman chairs, as luxurious as those supremely comfortable seats found in a parlor car, take the place of the usual forward seat.

The fourth is in front at the right—a delightful "cosy corner."

Leaving the space in front of the driver clear and unobstructed—the safe as well as pleasant full view ahead.

In body design the *Limousine-Four* is a triumph in coach building.

Waverley Drop-sill construction allows a graceful low hung body without sacrificing the *full elliptic spring suspension* essential to easy riding.

40 cells 11 or 13 Plate Exide, Philadelphia, Gould or Waverley Battery. Edison or Ironclad Exide at extra cost.

Price complete $2800.

Let us send you the Silent Waverley Electric Year Book, a production both interesting and beautiful, with decorations by famous artists. Free on request; it illustrates and describes the Limousine-Four and seven other Waverley Pleasure Car Models—the most complete line in existence. Ask also for the Commercial Car Catalog, showing types ranging from light delivery wagons to a 5-ton truck. Address

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121 South East Street Indianapolis, Ind.

Grains That Taste Like Nuts

Prof. Anderson's process for Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice requires a terrific heat.

The guns with the grains in them go into a furnace, where the heat is 550 degrees.

That fearful heat—continued an hour—gives a flavor much like toasted nuts.

So the grains are used in candy making—used to garnish ice cream—used in frosting cake.

And, when served with cream or served in milk, they have that enticing almond taste.

Crisp, Airy Wafers Puffed by Steam Explosion

These curious grains, with a myriad cells, are due to a steam explosion.

The inner moisture is turned to steam. When that steam is exploded, all the millions of granules are literally blasted to pieces.

Thus the grains are puffed to eight times normal size. And thus they are made fully twice as digestible as grains were ever made before.

Thus the grains are made airy and porous, thin and melting, brown and crisp.

No Other Cereals So Enjoyed as These

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are being served for a million meals a day.

For breakfast with cream and sugar, or mixed with fruit. For luncheons and suppers in bowls of milk. As crisps in soup for dinner, and as garnish for ice cream.

No other ready-cooked cereal was ever created which people liked so well.

And never was whole grain made wholly digestible, as it is in these foods shot from guns.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

These are the premier grain foods, approved by every expert, enjoyed by every taste. There is nothing else like them—nothing to take their place. Don't let the children miss them.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Chicago

Recall the Courts—Not the Judges

Concluded from page 17

his foreman or forewoman and his books. Rather than lose his time and money, he will pay the $8 he does not owe.

COAL AND TECHNICALITIES MIXED

THE writer recently consulted two of the leaders of the bar of New York about the case of Hagedorn against Agnes O'Rourke.

The action was for the replevin of some four tons of coal. Hagedorn had delivered the coal in the winter to a Mrs. Albert Bender, who lived in a house in the Bronx. Mrs. Bender went on the stand, timid and nervous, and said that she had originally bought the coal from Mr. Hagedorn, but her baby had been sick and she had gone to Atlantic City, and Mr. Hagedorn had promised to take the coal back. There were some four tons left. On the first of May, Mrs. O'Rourke had moved into the vacant house and had brought with her, in moving out of her flat in 135th Street, four barrels of nut coal; the cellar being dark, she did not see there was coal already in the bin, and had dumped her own barrels of coal in with that of Hagedorn's, who came around the next day and asked when it would be convenient for him to take his coal. Mrs. O'Rourke replied that she was not going to have her house dirtied up by having coal taken out, and if Hagedorn wanted the coal he must pay her $5 a ton for it. As he did not think this was quite right, he had given a bond, and the coal had been taken on replevin by a marshal; but, of course, Mrs. O'Rourke's four barrels of coal was mixed with it, and the marshal had taken it all. The question came up how the case was to be decided. Neither of the eminent lawyers was able to aid the writer in rendering a technical judgment which would be recognized by law.

The question of commingling the goods, who did the commingling, whether a judgment should be for the plaintiff or for the defendant, was uncertain. Yet, of course, it was a simple matter that Hagedorn should have his four tons of coal, and that Mrs. O'Rourke should be paid for her nut coal. The average person does not know the meaning of such words as "interpleader," "replevin," "foreclosure of lien," "conversion," or "joinder of parties," and to him they are absurd terms.

SIMPLER PROCEDURE NEEDED

THE higher courts should be more systematic, more uniform, and more specialized, and the procedure in the lower courts should be made as simple and as common sense as possible—that is, there should be a classification of the courts, not according to the amounts involved, as is the present system, but according to the kinds of cases to be tried. Probably the rules of pleading in the municipal court should be done away with. Perhaps there might be a printed form, as is used in the Municipal Court of Chicago, but there certainly should be no technical motions as to parties, pleadings, or causes of action.

Practically all rules of evidence, except as to hearsay and written documents, should be abolished. It takes less time to go into the witness's family history for the past five years than it does to rule upon the technical objections and motions to strike out. It is certainly absurd that such statements of a witness that he saw the cable car "Going fast," or that "He owes the fifty dollars," should be subject of a motion and the rulings; technically they may be conclusions, but they are common expressions of everyday life.

The judge should also have greater power to regulate the length of the testimony and of the cross-examination.

THE JUDGE'S PART

IT is for him to determine the facts, and his efforts should be directed toward finding out the facts rather than the discovering of legal points raised by the attorneys. If he be conscientious, there is enough for him to do to investigate the merits of the litigant. Any appeals should be decided on whether or not he has been fair in his dealings with the people who come before him, rather than his admission or exclusion of evidence and interpretation of the laws of procedure.

Indeed, a distinct effort should be made to bring the judges of these courts into closer contact with the people who come before them. For this reason the abolition of all costs in the courts might be a wise move. This would mean that the practicing lawyers would have no pecuniary interest in motions, objections and technicalities, and if they appeared at all would only desire to see that facts were brought out and that justice was done.

These suggestions are radical, but as many of the lawyers who practice in these courts are young Hebrews, the writer believes that they will welcome those reforms which will tend to a higher standard. For, however limited their conditions of life, the writer has always found these young Jewish practitioners to be exceptionally intelligent and progressive, always ready to seize any new idea as to manners or reform, and, as a body, imbued with a higher idealism than many who have been on American shores for longer generations.

NEED OF EXPLANATION

THE conduct of the courts undoubtedly should be so simplified as to make it possible for the poorer litigants to understand the procedure. An explanation of the methods might be printed on the summons, or a notice of the way a case can be begun, reached, and tried, be posted in each of the clerks' offices. Such a notice should be in simple language, and translated into the different languages, according to the nationalities of the districts in which the courts are situated.

Perhaps some method, such as is called "Conciliation" in France, might be introduced.

There, when a claimant wishes to begin an action, he comes to the clerk's office and asks for a citation, and is given a ticket with a number on it and pays a small fee. The clerk then sends a registered notice to the person against whom the claim is made, substantially to this effect: "You are hereby notified that A. B. has presented a claim to this court against you for [here state the nature and amount of the claim]. On Wednesday afternoon the judge of this court will hear the claim of A. B., and you may appear and explain your defense to the judge, who will explain to you the law. If you do not appear, a summons will be issued against you. It is not necessary to be represented by a lawyer, as the judge will see that justice is done you." On certain afternoons of the week the judge sits in chambers and listens to the two sides, the cases being called in accordance with the numbers on the ticket given when the citation is issued. There is no formality, and the judge endeavors to make a settlement.

If he cannot do so he advises them as to their legal rights and the probability of their success, and refers them to an officer, who tells them how to bring and conduct their action.

The writer had an opportunity of sitting in one of these hearings, and in some fifty cases that came before the "Juge de Paix," about forty cases were settled then and there, and only ten cases were brought into court.

ROTATION OF JUDGES BAD

THAT there are many other reforms to be made in these courts is obvious, such as doing away with the necessity of long calendars on return days, or such as setting apart certain days for the trial of cases of one kind; for example, on one day wage cases might be tried; on another, damage cases, and on another, contract and property cases. Especially as these municipal courts are local courts, each situated in separate districts, there should be no rotation of justices, and cases should be brought in the home district of the plaintiff or defendant. If a judge be inefficient, dishonest, or unfair, the bad odor of his actions will be greater if he stays in one place than if he moves about the city. Especially cases should also be brought in the local districts of residence, as the justice rendered depends in a large measure upon the knowledge of the judge and juries and court officials as to local conditions, habits, and manners of the inhabitants.

All these suggestions are only along the line of what has already been done in other communities, and it is a question for the metropolis to consider.

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ELECTRIC Commercial Vehicles are less expensive to operate than any other type of vehicle—and the cost is in the *decrease*. The operating cost of other types of vehicles is gradually *increasing*.

Electric Commercial Vehicles

do not consume power when not in operation—they can be started and stopped almost instantly. There is no danger-ous, time-wasting cranking—no shifting gears—no back-firing.

The perfect implicity of mechanical parts means ewer repairs, less attention—eliminates the eed for elaborate repair ools. The perfect ease of ontrol allows any intelligent horse driver to run an lectric—no need to school a chauffeur to learning new routes.

With Electric Vehicles, there is o risk of fire or explosion—you can keep hem anywhere without ffecting your insurance. ou can run them on harves, etc., where other ypes of motor cars are arred. The Electric Vehicle ill do far more for you than any other pe and do it less expensively.

Interesting literature about Electric Commercial Vehicles gladly sent. Write today.

Public interest and private advantage both favor the Electric

LECTRIC VEHICLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA (5)

OSTON 124 W. 42nd St. NEW YORK CHICAGO

Brickbats and Bouquets

THE slime-slinger and muckraker, COLLIER'S, is being used by the Kitchin papers to injure Senator Simmons.—Greensboro (N. C.) *News.*

✣

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, a journal that often is blinded by the dust it kicks up in endeavoring to scramble to an advanced position, albeit a journal that usually flops right when flopping time comes.
—Paducah (Ky.) *News-Democrat.*

✣

COLLIER'S high-priced "ads" are really cheap after all. . . . The great National Weekly stands for truth and justice to all men, and is a mighty power in the land, fighting wrong and corruption—always as the champion of the people. In a word, COLLIER'S stands like another lofty Pharos, illuminating with moral and intellectual light the whole world—or, to quote their own modest words, is: "One more sincere effort to scatter light and knowledge in an effective, rapid, wide-reaching way."
—Middletown (Del.) *Transcript.*

✣

My subscription to COLLIER'S expires some time soon, I think. Please see that some agent calls for a renewal. While I do not understand how you justify your present editorial straddle on Wilson and Roosevelt, your periodical has done too much good to let that unbecoming attitude on your part destroy my faith in your intention to do what is right.

DEAN E. RYMAN,
Secretary State Central Committee, Progressive Headquarters, Atlanta, Ga.

✣

President Wood has had a great deal of public attention in the last four years. He was the active head of the campaign of the Wool Trust to maintain the high tariff rates fixed in Schedule K. This schedule the Democratic leaders in Congress twice revised in the last season, and each time the bill was vetoed by President Taft. Wood's activities in promoting the trust's Government privileges were exposed by COLLIER'S some time ago, and the gentlemanly president of the Wool Trust, who seems now to be in the clutches of the law, was shown in some desperately unbusinesslike practices.
—Buffalo (N. Y.) *Times.*

✣

Specific charges in a recent issue of COLLIER'S WEEKLY against Senator Warren of Wyoming have brought to light the fact that the House Committee on Expenditures in the Interior Department has prepared, but not yet made public, a report which finds the Wyoming Senator guilty of the illegal fencing of some hundreds of thousands of acres of public lands. Some of the charges made by COLLIER'S are included in the report.
—New York *Evening Post.*

✣

Even more interesting than this is the statement that this committee's conclusions are based on the reports of inspectors in the Interior Department during the Administration of Theodore Roosevelt, which findings were, it is stated, set aside by the then President. We are sure that these public assertions will induce COLLIER'S to devote its remarkable resources and great ability to giving the public complete light on this subject. . . . If Roosevelt did wrong, as he did in conniving with Senator Warren to promote Warren's son-in-law over the heads of 862 officers, its reputation for independence and fair play will make it all the keener to bring out the facts, whomever they may hurt.
—New York *Evening Post.*

✣

The Colonel has no more devout friend than COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which, because of him, will remain practically neutral in the Presidential campaign, though evidently recognizing and hoping for the success of Wilson.—Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser.*

✣

COLLIER'S puts it up to Senator Warren of Wyoming to show cause why he should not be relegated to private life by the people of his State at the earliest opportunity.

The Senator will have to make some sort of reply to the blunt charges of perjury and malfeasance set forth with circumstantial detail by C. P. Connolly, a staff writer for The National Weekly.
—Louisville (Ky.) *Herald.*

A Ruined Temple

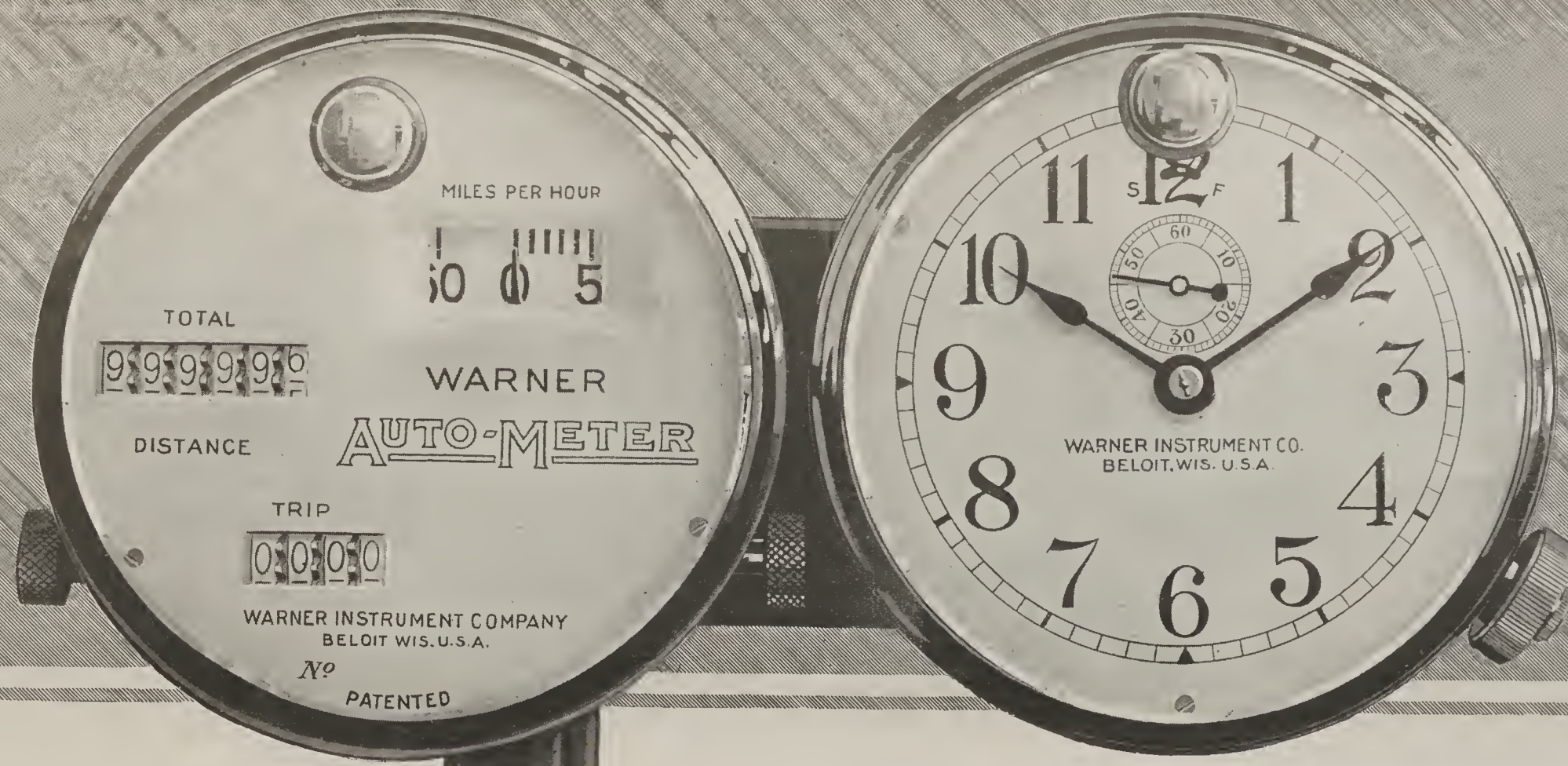
TO the woman who has lost her husband, life seems like a ruined temple. He may have been among the 75 per cent. of the adult population who die leaving no estate. If he left a small home, the interest on the mortgage may have to be met. Food, shelter and reasonable comfort must be provided for herself and her children, and unaccustomed to bread winning what can she do to prevent the utter ruin that impends?

The proceeds of a Guaranteed Low Cost Monthly Income Policy of the TRAVELERS coming each month provides the necessities of life, and becomes the foundation upon which she can build for the future.

Collier's Tear off

The Travelers Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.

Please send particulars. My name, address and date of birth are written below.



This is our Model O-2. Diameter of clock 4½ in. Diameter of instrument, 4½ inches.

Season Odometer registers 100,000 miles and repeat. Trip Odometer registers 1,000 miles and repeat.

Indicates all speeds up to 60 miles an hour. Price, complete, $145.

WARNER
AUTO-METER

The Cream of the High Priced American Automobiles Are Now Warner Equipped

¶ Every car listed below carries a Warner Speedometer as part of its 1913 equipment.

¶ These cars are the pick of the choicest. You are familiar with them all. Each are leaders in their

¶ This heretofore unheard of recognition represents the choice of the most capable, most powerful, most particular, most brainy, most efficient, and most successful men in the business. Their approval of the Warner is your absolute guarantee of dependable,

Here is a partial list of the well known and famous cars that carry Warner Instruments for 1913. These cars represent the best of the American Automobile Industry

Packard (Optional)	*Stevens-Duryea*	*Stafford*	*McFarlan*
Stearns	*Simplex*	*Matheson*	*Knickerbocker*
Cadillac	*Garford*	*Jenkins*	*Cino*
American	*Overland*	*Grant*	*Austin*
Premier	*R-C-H*	*Brewster*	*Cunningham*
National	*Marion*	*Republic*	*Ohio Electric*
(Optional)		*Haynes*	*Hupp-Yeats*
Pierce-Arrow	*Oakland* (Optional)	*Staver*	*S. G. V.*

I more high priced automobiles for 1913 than of all the other speed indicators combined. Over 100,000 high grade 1913 cars go on the market Warner equipped. These cars represent the cream of the automobile industry. The manufacturers who make and market these cars are the financial giants of the business. To be chosen by them is an honor. To be rejected by them is a disgrace. As they produce the best, everything associated with their cars must be the best.

This has been our victorious year. If you have been watching the large number of 1913 automobile announcements that have been appearing during the last couple of months, you must have been impressed with the great number of high grade cars that are listing the Warner Auto Meter as part of their regular 1913 equipment. As 1913 was the beginning of the "complete equipment" era, every important manufacturer chose his accessories with the utmost care and caution. No chances were taken. No risks assumed. No reputations could be played with. They went over the speedometer field with a strong magnifying glass. They were after the best.

The net result of these decisions is summed up in the long list of prominent names on this page. This, after all, is the very highest compliment and honor we could receive. While all of the others were loudly clamoring, claiming and complaining about the "greatest this," the "greatest that" and the "greatest other thing," we went ahead and secured, on the basis of downright quality plus accuracy, all of the best and largest contracts in America. We could not take all of the business that was offered us.

Here are several big facts that will always endure. If we did not have the finest speed and mileage indicator made we could not have secured the quality and quantity of business that we did. If we did not have a reputation that was the equal of the reputations of the highest priced cars made, we could not have become a part of those same cars for 1913. It must be acknowledged, by any fair minded and reasonable man, that if we were not up to the level of the business we were after, we could never have secured it. And, as our prices are about double those of others, it must stand to reason that, at least, we had double to offer. These shrewd automobile manufacturers are not paying us 100 per cent. more than others ask, unless we have 100 per cent. more to give. No man deliberately wastes money—especially in his business. So if the majority of the high grade and highest priced cars are equipped with Warners—the Warner must be the highest grade instrument obtainable. All of which only furnishes further evidence and establishes beyond doubt our recognition as the manufacturers of the most highly developed speed and mileage indicator in the world. As you judge a man's character by his likes and dislikes, so can you judge a car's quality by the things that are on it, and so can you judge a speed indicator's standing by the cars that equip with it.

Another point—and one worth considerable attention. Every single manufacturer, who is equipping with Warners for 1913, never fails to mention the fact. He is proud of it, and takes pains, space, and money, to inform the public. He advertises the fact. He points to it with pride and satisfaction. On the other hand—those manufacturers who are listing some other speedometer as equipment—take particular pains not to mention the name of it. In fact, they not only side-step mentioning the name of the unknown instrument but they endeavor to hide it. Are they ashamed, or afraid of the unknown instrument? Pick up their 1913 catalogue and turn to the page of specifications. Find the heading "Equipment" and buried in this paragraph you will find in small type omitted.

But pick up any catalogue describing a car equipped with a Warner speedometer and you will find the Warner mentioned as a big feature.

Right down in their practical hearts, the producers who are not equipping their cars with Warners, know that the Warner is the only first water instrument made. What is the answer? Are they trying to save a few dollars, and taking chances with instruments that have proven their inferiority by being rejected, passed up, and passed by, by practically every high priced car maker in America?

The Warner Auto Meter is the most highly developed speed and mileage indicator in the world. It has been keeping accurate registration on tens of thousands of cars for over eight years. We have never known one to wear out. Those that were first made eight years ago are still giving perfect, accurate and reliable service today. We have not flopped around on our patents and principles as others have. We are making the same instrument, fundamentally, today, that we did back in 1904.

The Warner instrument is the simplest instrument made. Inside of the handsome heavy brass case you do not find an intricacy of moving parts that are bound to continually get out of order.

The construction of the Warner is on a par with the very highest priced watches. It is a thoroughly jeweled instrument. All jewels used in the interior construction are genuine sapphires. The ball bearings used are the famous imported Hoffmans. The Warner factories are the model of the industry.

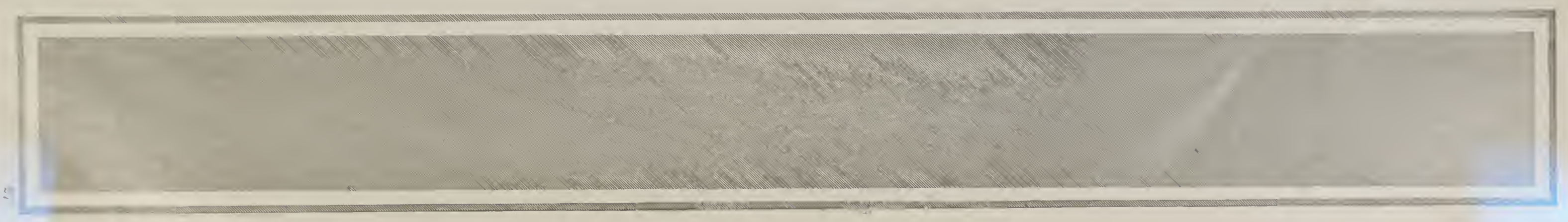
Be sure that the car you buy is Warner equipped. Make a point of this. If you fail to find it, ask the dealer why his car is equipped with any instrument that cannot measure up to the high Warner quality. Take this precaution and safeguard your entire automobile investment, for a Warner on a car indicates the quality of the entire job.

Warner instruments are priced from $50 to $145. These prices are rigidly maintained. They are never cut. For sale by leading dealers all over the world and at our own branches listed below.

Handsome catalogue on request.

The Warner Instrument Company, Beloit, Wisconsin

BRANCHES: Atlanta, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Denver, Indianapolis, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland (Ore.), Seattle, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Kansas City, New York, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, St. Louis
Canadian Branch: 559 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



Is The Ladder Safe

THE ladder up which the fireman climbs to put out the fire must be safe. Every inch of its lumber must be seasoned and sound.

So ought the insurance company on which you depend for payment of your loss be safe. It must be seasoned by long experience and sound by many trials of its strength.

No company meets these requirements better than the old HARTFORD. So when you need fire insurance

INSIST on the HARTFORD

Agents Everywhere

Great Special Sale of WALL BOARD

Quality Guaranteed!

If you are going to build, remodel or repair, use **Wall Board** instead of lath-and-plaster. Wall Board means a better job in half the time, at half the cost!

For fall and winter we are making a great big extra reduction on guaranteed **Quality Wall Board**, also the famous **Bishopric Mastic Wall Board**, at special low cut price—$25 per thousand.

Monarch Plaster Wall Board, $22.50 per thousand feet.

Wall Board makes solid, substantial, beautiful walls, and

Costs 50% Less Than Lath and Plaster!

Wall Board comes in 4x4-foot sheets, ready to nail to studding. Goes on dry. No muss, no fuss, no delay! Saw and hammer are only tools needed.

Best and cheapest material for partitions, finishing extra rooms in attic or basement, and for remodeling old houses Investigate at once and save time and money.

Wall Board Book and Sample Free

Send today for Wall Board samples and book telling all about the uses and economy of this wonderful material for walls and ceilings.

Get the great Wall Board Special Sale Prices. Quality and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Write

GORDON-VAN TINE CO.
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TYPEWRITERS
FACTORY REBUILT

Save $25 to $50 on manufacturers' prices. Buy our Factory Rebuilt Typewriters. Nearest-to-new on the market. Have tradsmark and guarantee like new machines. Are thoroughly rebuilt, highly polished, and perfect in appearance. Satisfaction guaranteed. We are the largest rebuilt typewriter concern in the world. Branch stores in leading cities. Write for catalog of standard makes.

American Writing Machine Co., Inc., 345 Broadway, N. Y.

Bind Your Collier's

A handsome binder with title stamped in gold on maroon cloth – morocco back and corners. Patent clasps make it easy to put in the new issue each week. Holds one volume.

Sent prepaid for $1.25

P. F. COLLIER & SON
416 West Thirteenth St., New York

Alexander Mann

(*Continued from page* 15)

about it, and in trying to explain used the word occult.

"Considering the temper of Trinity Church," said a clever epigrammist, "it could hardly be said that they warmed to him, but they froze to him." It was the same clever welder of words who gave us our headlines by saying: "Alexander Mann is not a great preacher; he is a great *reacher*."

Once accepted by the church, Dr. Mann began immediately to lead his flock to the doing of a number of what seemed to the Episcopal Church in Massachusetts very remarkable things. Yet Trinity Church itself was not surprised. It knew perfectly well why it liked Dr. Mann, and why, liking him, it accepted his leadership unhesitatingly, although under that leadership Trinity was presently doing things the like of which it had but seldom done before.

The very first quality manifested by the new rector was an engaging frankness. He was not a Bostonian. He was not a New Englander. He was not reserved nor exclusive by nature, and he did not pretend to be. But those Back Bay Brahmins are quick to discern character. There was sincerity in this man, which, after all, is what they value most. Though they could not for the life of them do the thing themselves, they admired the free and easy way in which he mingled with the people. They saw, too, that it was done without the slightest loss of dignity, for Dr. Mann is no back slapper. He is the soul of tact and courtesy and sincerity. His social manner contains not one trace of the purely casual, not one flavor of wearied professionalism. It is just the frank communication of one healthy minded man with other healthy beings in whom he had a normal and sympathetic interest.

FORCEFUL, SIMPLE SERMONS

AS a preacher Dr. Mann is very forceful. His sermons have that simplicity which is the sign of the ripest erudition, and they are always soaked in sanity. They would bear turning over and taking apart and putting together again. They taught the hard-headed intellectuals of Back Bay that here was a man to be taken seriously, a guide and counselor to be trusted. He is a man of strong convictions. Many of these convictions are at variance with traditions of Trinity. Yet he utters them fearlessly, and gradually those convictions of the strong-minded, sanely balanced rector are coming to be the convictions of the church. As soon as Trinity had time to appraise the man it accepted him, and straightway he began to do his work—a work that branched in two main directions, first toward leading Trinity Church out into broader streams of Episcopalian Church life; second, toward organizing his parish socially on the basis of their common humanity and common Christianity—something which had not hitherto been done. From being merely sufficient unto itself, Trinity began now to recognize that it also owed a relationship to the Episcopalian diocese of Massachusetts that was not formal but vital, and, through the diocese, to the life of the denomination in New England and the nation. This new denominational consciousness was manifest in many ways, and represented in a sense the final reuniting of Trinity with the rest of New England Anglicanism.

Thus Trinity in the last half century passed through three periods, the one when Phillips Brooks was winning this great congregation of Back Bay folk, the second when Dr. Donald was organizing and welding them into a church organization, and the third when Dr. Mann was leading the church to her rightful place at the head of Anglican New England.

One modest example of Dr. Mann's achievement in this direction lay in the organized work for women. The regularly accepted manifestation of a proper organization of the women of an Episcopal church is the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions. This was and is a common place of parish organization, yet Trinity, though it had had woman's organizations a-plenty, had never a woman's auxiliary.

Yet under Dr. Mann she has such an auxiliary, one that is unusually strong and effective. There is also a junior auxiliary.

On the social side, one of the most important influences of Dr. Mann was

The Florsheim SHOE

For Any Wear and Everywhere

there is a Florsheim shoe—correct in style and honestly made over "Natural Shape" lasts.

Ask your shoeman for The Florsheim Shoe or send us your order and we will have it filled by our nearest dealer.

Price $5.00

"Imperial" Quality $6.00

Write for illustrated loose leaf booklet containing 25 of the leading styles—it's free.

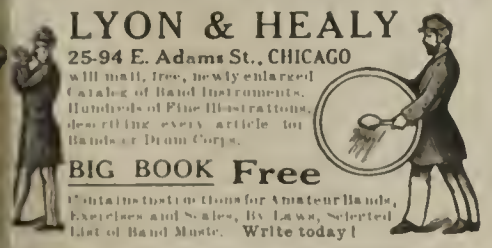
The Florsheim Shoe Company

567 Adams Street Chicago, U. S. A.

Mr. Auto Owner

Aren't you sick and tired of paying garage bills?

Pruden System PORTABLE FIRE-PROOF GARAGES



The Patient's Recovery

depend upon an accurate record of his temperature. Help the doctor work—keep a "Tycos" Thermometer in the house. A separate one for every member of the family—that's the sanitary way. If your druggist hasn't it, send us $1.50 for a 1-minute "Tycos" Fever Thermometer.

TAYLOR INSTRUMENT COMPANIES
West Avenue Rochester, N. Y.
Where Tycos Thermometers Come From.

Alexander Mann

(Concluded from page 28)

in bringing his rich and exclusive parish to recognize its social mission to the students who swarm like bees in the Back Bay district. Boston is the most student-infested center in the New World. Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston University, Emerson College, New England Conservatory of Music, Simmons College, and several others are in the immediate vicinity of Trinity Church. Phillips Brooks preached to these students as they came to hear him, and the church let it go at that. But Dr. Mann said to his people: "That is not enough We must *reach* them. We must do something for them." He got his congregation to buy and equip a house. They call this Trinity House. It has a gymnasium, reading rooms, and the equipment of a young men's club. It does a great work. While this helped to discharge the church's obligation to the students, it was, of course, by no means exclusively for them, but for all young men of the parish, whether students or not. Yet this was not sufficient to satisfy the growing social conscience of Trinity Church; there must be some actual contacts where a spirit of amicability and brotherliness might be fostered. Out of this idea has grown a great annual reception given by the wardens and vestrymen of Trinity to the men and youths of the parish. One of the great hotels of Back Bay is chosen, and Dr. Mann personally presents the strangers and the less-knowns to the leaders in the work of the church, and there is an honest and increasingly successful effort to develop an air of real sociability and a cordiality of feeling between all classes of men, from the greatest to the least. This might seem but a commonplace thing in Oshkosh or Corsicana, but if I have succeeded in adequately portraying the situation in Back Bay, it will be appreciated as a real achievement.

REAL SOCIAL HELP FOR COLLEGE GIRLS

NOR was that all. Among this vast student population that swarms the streets of Back Bay are five thousand young women who are away from home and living outside of college control. These girls are from widely scattered States. In a single seventy-five of them once were found representatives of thirty-eight States. Dr. Mann has taught the women of Trinity Church that they owe a duty to the mothers of all America whose daughters are here in school. The wives and mothers of Trinity, believing this, have employed a student visitor who is practically a woman pastor. She looks after these girls. The church provides a social center for them also. But the thoroughgoing rector has persuaded the good women of his congregation that they owe it to these girls to give them the privilege of meeting socially, on terms of equality, with the first women of the land—that is to say, with themselves, and so once a month there is held a gathering at the different exclusive homes of Trinity Parish, where the wives of the Mandarins of the Back Bay receive and entertain these unhomed girls from everywhere. This is undoubtedly good for both the girls and the wives.

This personal touch, this putting of themselves into actual personal relations with the common people, is said by members of Trinity to be the bright, particular work of Dr. Mann—a much greater achievement than merely getting the money for a parish house or an old people's home.

And while individual members of Trinity Church had always been largely moved by philanthropic impulses, Dr. Mann is leading Trinity Church *as a whole* to a larger interest in *benevolences*.

To quote my phrase maker for the last time: "He is a great *asker*." Yes, he is a great asker, and now we begin to see that he is indeed, also, a great *reacher*.

Dr. Mann has undoubtedly changed since he came to Trinity. Undoubtedly the church is changing him as he is changing the church, which means that each is getting further into the confidence of the other, and that the wide-eyed optimism and sane passion for practical service which the rector has will continue to influence the destinies of Trinity Church and of that part of the city of Boston with which it comes in contact. It was a large contract Alexander Mann took upon himself when he hearkened to the call of Trinity, and one wonders if there was another who could have executed it so ably.

THE highest expression of the hat designing art is represented in **von Gal made Hats**. Men throughout the country who are particular about correct style demand them and wear them.

Whether your preference is for a soft or a stiff hat, you will find one of the latest Fall styles of **von Gal made Hats** just suited to your face and figure.

von Gal made Hats

"Correct Styles for Men"

Prices, $3, $4 and $5. At your dealer's, or if he cannot supply you, write for Fall and Winter Style Book M, and we will fill your order direct from factory if you indicate style wanted and give hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25c to cover expressage.

We are Makers of the Hawes *Celebrated $3 Hat*

Hawes, von Gal INCORPORATED

Factories: Danbury, Conn., Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada.
Straw Hat Factory: Baltimore, Md.
Offices and Salesrooms: 1178 Broadway, New York. 48 Summer St., Boston.

AIMS EASY AS POINTING YOUR FINGER

10 Shots Quick

Mrs. Dock—a Novice—

Fires on Burglar and *Tips Him*

"ON August 10th, I was in Washington, my wife being alone at our isolated summer place in Watch Hill, R. I.

"About ten minutes before midnight she heard ominous footsteps downstairs. Seizing my Savage Automatic she backed into the bathroom where she got a plain view of the burglar below. She fired and must have tipped him, as on the shot he nearly went down, but, recovering, disappeared in the darkness.

"When it is considered that Mrs. Dock had never touched the gun before and her little daughter, frightened terribly, was clinging at her knees, it seems to me that the work was excellent in every way.

"Mrs. Dock had given me the Savage Automatic for Christmas, and through neglect I had never taught her to use it, as I never expected her to be forced to a position where she would have to use a gun. That she was apparently able to hit the burglar the first time she ever had the gun in her hands indicates that the Savage Automatic really does aim as easily as pointing your finger, as you claim."

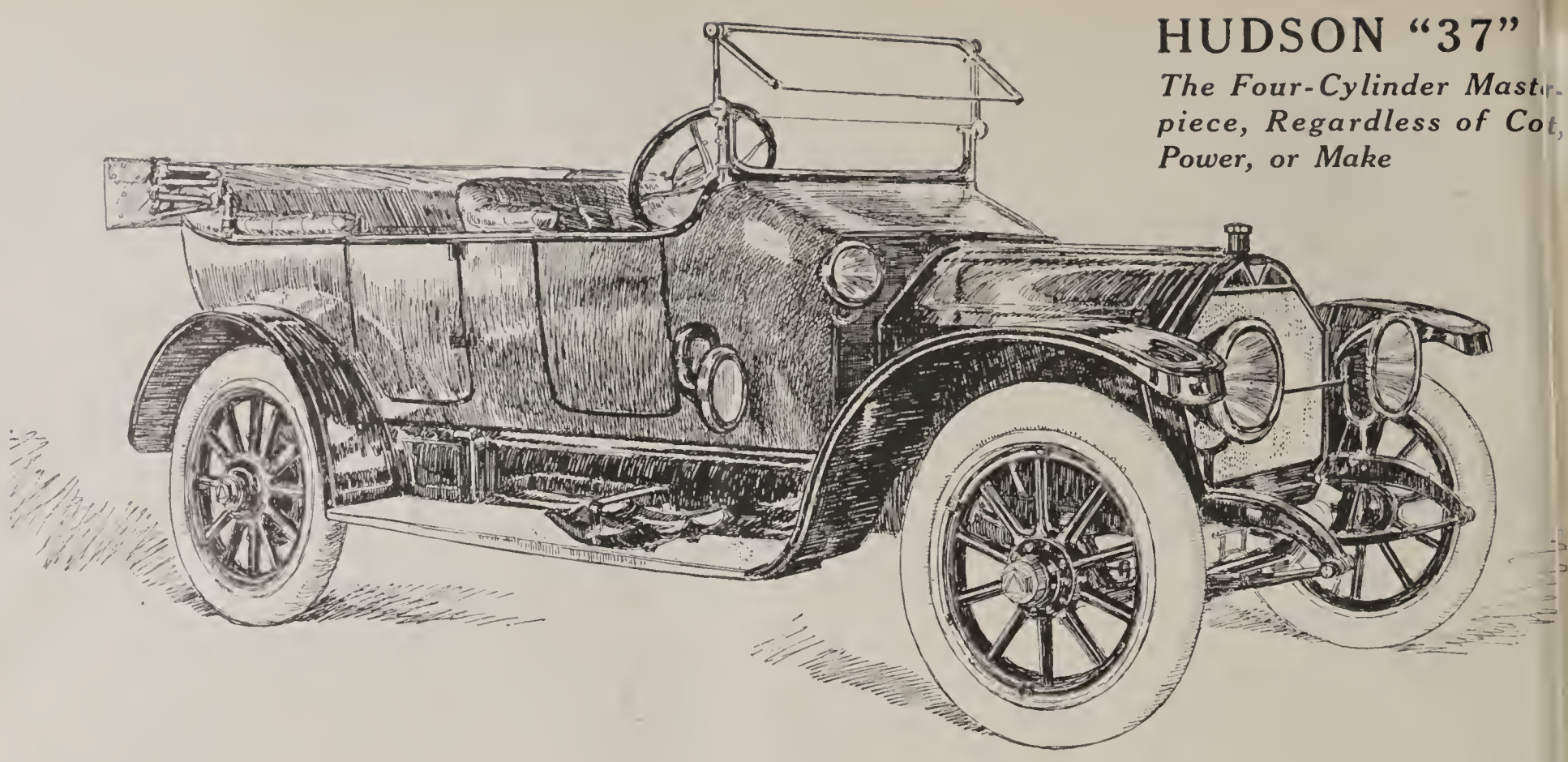
(Letter from Herman Dock, Mechanical Engineer, Westerly, R. I.)

When are you going to get a Savage Automatic in *your* home? 'Phone your dealer to send one up before tonight.

Books by police authorities telling what to do when a burglar gets in, sent you for 6 cents in stamps.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 829 SAVAGE AVENUE, UTICA, N. Y.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC



HUDSON "37"

The Four-Cylinder Masterpiece, Regardless of Cost, Power, or Make

Two Great Automobiles By 48 Master Builders

The picked engineers from 97 European and American automobile factories combined in building the *New* HUDSON cars.

There are 48 experts in the organization, at the head of which is Howard E. Coffin, America's leading automobile engineer and builder of six well-known cars.

Combined, these men had a hand in building more than 200,000 motor cars.

No car can be greater than its engineers planned it to be. We believe mechanical perfection is more quickly and thoroughly accomplished through combining the experience and skill of many men than is ever possible if dependence is placed entirely upon one man.

The development of one man may be certain but it usually is slow. The development of many men when they combine their talents is almost incredible when reckoned by the headway of individual workers.

More Experts than Others Employ

That is why we have the largest engineering force employed by any company in the industry. Ours is an entirely different view point from that held by one of the oldest automobile manufacturers. When the manufacturer was shown through our engineering rooms and laboratories and had met many of our 48 engineers, he said in a manner indicating his satisfaction that he operated his plant at the smallest outlay: "Our Engineering Department occupies a room 25 x 15 feet. We have a man and a boy. The salary cost of the department is $25 a week."

It Protects Us as Well as You

Engineering efficiency accounts for our growth. We have always recognized the importance of having the best engineers. Thus we have avoided mistakes. Replacements, due to faulty design, have not been necessary with us.

The slightest error in design might make it necessary to, at the cost of thousands of dollars, change cars already out, or else leave the owners with unsatisfactory automobiles. If correction is made, its cost must be included in the cars sold. We are able to give such values as we do because we need no fund to protect us against error.

Don't you think, in view of such explanation, that it is just as important that the most skilled and experienced engineers design the car you buy, as that you consult the most capable and experienced physicians and lawyers when you have need for their service?

Our 48 experts, having been trained in the leading factories of the world, just about represent the sum total of all that experience and ingenuity has taught in motor car building.

Easy to See Surface Values—Real Worth Not so Evident

Because of attractive lines, of pleasing appearance and the completeness of equipment, many choose cars that in other particulars are not up to the standard set by the features most easily understood.

By far the greatest cost in effort, in test and in engineering service, in HUDSON cars is spent in perfecting the features least understood by the buyer. Every deta equipment, every up-to-date idea of pointment and luxury is included in new HUDSONS.

But Equipment Does Not Mean Car Value

But you also obtain such features in l part in the very cheap cars. A speed eter, demountable rims, etc., has no n to do with the value of the car itself does the putting of the most expensive paper in a house, affect the real valu the property.

You are not asked to buy HUDSON just because their lines appeal to you or cause they are completely equipped. In ev detail of beauty, comfort and appointment have included the best we know.

But these surface things are not reas worthy of your consideration, if separ from the more important details which do not so readily understand.

When you know the infinite care, thorough tests made of metals; when you derstand that literally hundreds of the delicate experiments are necessary to pro a perfectly working mechanism, free from annoyances common to machinery not thoroughly planned and built, you underst the importance of engineering brains.

Be sure that whatever car you buy is of all planned right. Be sure its engin follow it through the process of manufact Be sure the maker is so firmly establishe financial strength and prestige that he continue a power in the industry, and be the dealer is the type of merchant in w you can place confidence. These are points to consider in choosing your motor

158

HUDSON—Electric Self-Cranking

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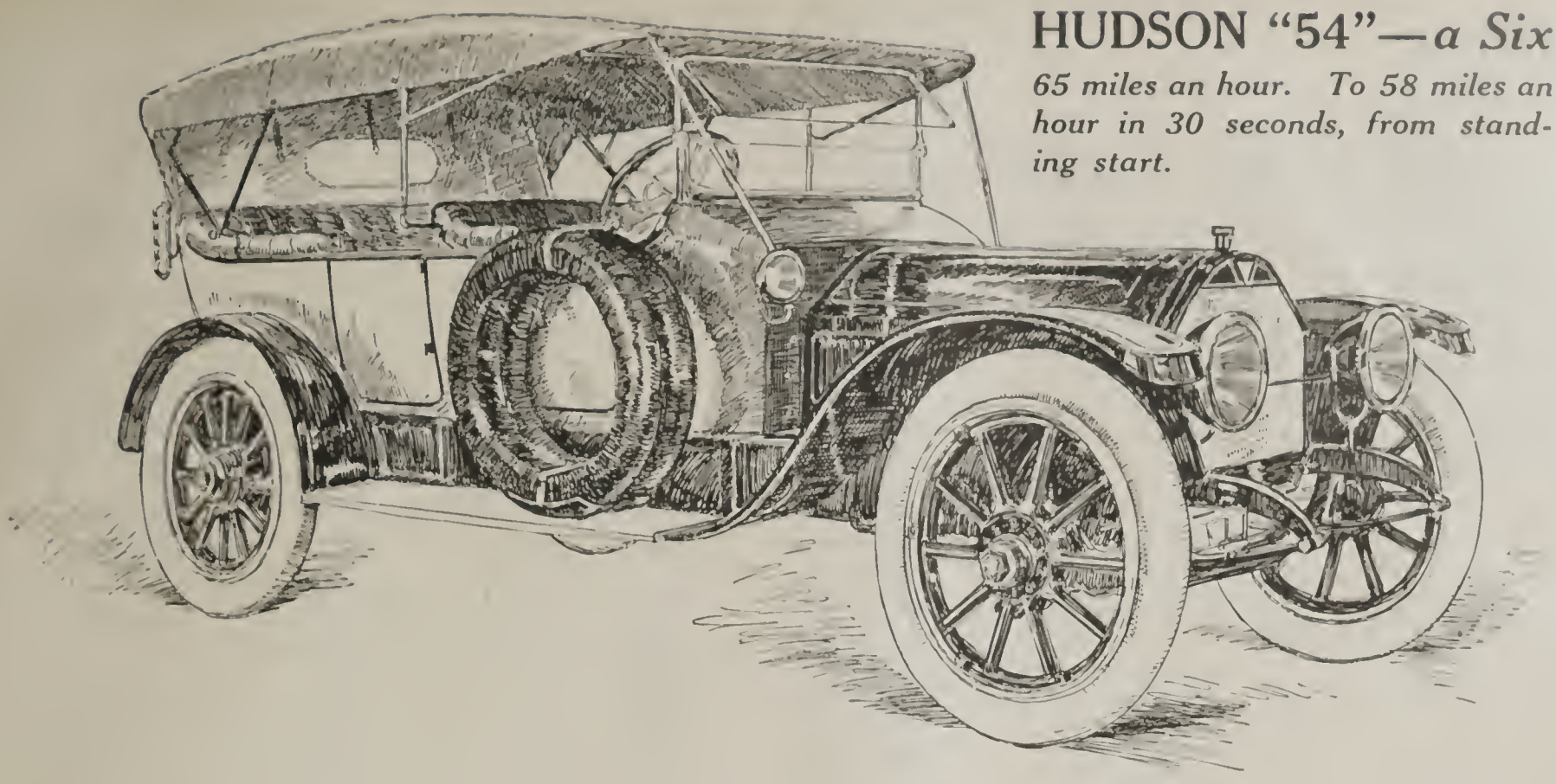


HUDSON "54"—*a Six*

65 miles an hour. To 58 miles an hour in 30 seconds, from standing start.

The Six

The "54" HUDSON supplies every demand made of any automobile, in speed, get-a-way, safety, power, luxurious equipment, distinctive appearance and comfort.

It is not merely a "Six" made so by the addition of two cylinders to a good four-cylinder car. It is capable of a speed of 65 miles an hour with full equipment and will jump to a speed of 58 miles an hour in 30 seconds from a standing start.

Its equipment is complete in every detail, which includes an electric self-cranking, electric lighting—dynamo type—and ignition system, known as the Delco, patented. Illuminated dash and extension lamp, mohair top, curtain, rain vision windshield, speedometer, clock, demountable rims, 36 x 4½ inch tires, 127 inch wheel base, etc.

The seat cushions are 12 inches deep. The finest materials are used throughout. No detail of finish or equipment is skimped or over-looked.

"54" HUDSON Models: Five-passenger Touring Car and Torpedo and Two-passenger Roadster, $2450 each, f. o. b. Detroit. Seven-passenger Touring Car, $150 additional. Limousine, 7-passenger, $3750; Coupe, 3-passenger, $2950. Open bodies furnished with Limousine and Coupe at extra charge. Canadian price, either Touring Car, Torpedo or Roadster, duty paid, $3200 f. o. b. Detroit.

The Four

No man need be told that Howard E. Coffin leads all in building four cylinder cars. No designer has built as many successful automobiles.

In building the HUDSON "37" all his skill and experience contributed to its perfection. But in addition there was also worked into the car the skill and experience of his 47 expert associates.

Thus was produced a car such as no one man is capable of building. It is truly a composite masterpiece.

The "37" combines all that these experts know in the art of automobile building. Its detail of comfort, beauty, distinctiveness and equipment is precisely the same as that furnished on the "Six."

The car has sufficient power for every requirement. It is quiet and free from the degree of vibration common to most automobiles.

It is a simple, accessible, durable car—the best our 48 engineers know how to build, therefore we unhesitatingly recommend it as the Master of any four-cylinder car, regardless of cost, power or make.

Models are Five-passenger Touring and Torpedo and Two-passenger Roadster at $1875 each; Limousine, $3250; Coupe, $2350; f. o. b. Detroit. Open bodies with Limousine and Coupe, extra. Canadian prices either Touring, Torpedo or Roadster, $2425.

TWO kinds of cars are now on the market: Those that have been gradually improved and remodeled from designs of three or four years ago—changed as an old house is remodeled and improved—and

The HUDSONS, planned and built as new cars, with none of the faults of earlier designs and with all the improvements known to motordom, planned and built as a new building is designed

There are good cars that year after year have been steadily improved. Slight changes, refinements, increased power, etc., have made them satisfactory to many owners.

New devices have been added and so they are like old houses made modern through the installation of a bath, and an up-to-date heating appliance. Their walls with new decorations, a porch and other slight exterior changes make them seem like new, just as a few changes in the body and in other details make the automobile designed four or five years ago look like the current models of the new cars.

But the remodeled house still has many of the faults it originally possessed. Its ventilation may be poor and its arrangement defective. It is not new, nor is a car up-to-date that is built in any manner other than from the ground up.

All the faults of earlier designed cars have been left out of the *New* HUDSONS.

All that was learned from the cars of earlier design has been included. The HUDSON cars are like the new buildings, designed with a definite plan, with no old structure to build over, with nothing more to accomplish than to produce the best cars of their type—either four or six cylinders—of which the 48 expert engineers are capable. Each man says these are the best cars he knows. Choose whether it shall be the Four or the Six but be sure it is a HUDSON if you want the car that expresses the best effort of the largest body of the ablest engineers in the industry.

HUDSON cars are in no sense makeshifts.

See your nearest HUDSON dealer or write us for complete information.

See the Triangle on the Radiator

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7418 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

HUDSON—Electrically Lighted

Steady!—*click!* Now that you've got the picture, be sure to print it on Cyko Paper—the paper that takes a prize at every photographic exhibition. Gives prints of rich, soft quality that never fade—the kind that impress you with the naturalness of the original.

CYKO
PRINTS AT NIGHT
PAPER

will save many a vacation picture by compensating for your mistakes in time and speed. Insist that your photographer make your prints on Cyko Paper. 4 grades, 5 surfaces—prints day or night, in any light.

Any independent dealer will gladly tell you about the Superb Ansco Cameras, Ansco Film and Cyko Paper.

ANSCO COMPANY
Binghamton, N.Y.

Only $2.50 puts this typewriter in your home

You can soon make it your own, with no additional outlay, by co-operating with us on an original sales-plan which requires practically no effort on your part. No canvassing necessary. You will be interested in this opportunity, and will be surprised to learn how easily you can become owner of this strictly high-grade machine. Simply fill in and mail coupon below. Details will reach you promptly.

Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter

A Standard Machine for Twenty Years

Fully guaranteed. Has all the newest improvements, including back spacer, tabulator, two-color ribbon. Perfect touch. Quick action. Absolute alignment. Writing always visible. Universal keyboard.

Don't miss this exceptional chance. Mail the coupon now.

Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Co.
Dept. 52, Union Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Co.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Will be glad to know how I can become owner of one of your machines.

Name_____

Street_____

P. O._____ State_____

Good Business Abroad

Facts Worth Knowing About Ways and Means, Manners, and Methods in Vogue Overseas

By AMOS STOTE

ONE beneficial result of the panic of 1908 is in the lesson it taught to many American manufacturers concerning the value of foreign trade. Aside from all national questions as to our right to hold a commanding place in world-wide commerce, the profit and safety in export is undeniable. It will do much to eliminate any danger of domestic depressions through flooding the home market, and so act as a safety valve against overproduction, will give unaffected avenues of trade if for any reason a panic should occur, and at all times provide practically unlimited opportunities for business expansion.

Consequently the farsighted manufacturer wants more than one open door through which to ship his goods—he longs to reach a similar plane of safety as that occupied by a popular theatre which used to conclude each announcement of its attractions with the words: "Thirty Exits!"

Aside from the wonderful opportunities in national commerce, the chief reason why American manufacturers have not given more time to foreign trade is because they have not thought the possible results worth the very certain trouble to be encountered in mastering local conditions in each country. Yet good business is there, as many of our manufacturers have proven—and good methods worth our adoption or at least our study.

Making English Sales

AN American concern doing an enormous business with the shopkeepers of Great Britain manufactures a commodity designed to be a part of the store equipment. Many tradesmen are in the habit of visiting the company's London salesrooms, and naturally the first purpose of the organization is to make the caller feel perfectly at home and inspired with confidence. To this end the place has been made remarkably English in atmosphere while it is American in appearance and arrangement. Everyone with whom the shopkeeper comes in contact is a fellow countryman, yet these men, who are English in manner and speech and dress, have been trained in the science of selling as it is practiced in America. Of the 286 employees who comprise this company's force in Great Britain, 285 of them are English—the remaining one is an American, who has lived in London for seventeen years.

ADVERTISING BY FILMS

THE men at the heads of the three chief divisions of the business—executive, selling, and advertising—while Englishmen so far as externals go, have all had from six to ten years of business training in the United States. The advertising department, which here is happily recognized as a selling organization under another name, and which is a most vital point of contact between this company and its British public, has been very successful in harmonizing with local conditions. The English-American at its head is in no danger of using an expression either unfamiliar or offensive to his public, yet the finished copy has the direct statement and attractive appearance of our most effective advertising.

Last year this company had moving-picture films made at its factory. These are progressive views of the entire work of production. When a set of the films were sent to London the advertising manager there prepared a talk to accompany the showing of them. This entertainment has been given in a score of cities of Great Britain to thousands of shopkeepers; in one instance the attendance numbered more than four thousand five hundred. At another time, with an audience composed entirely of business men, two hundred of their names and addresses were secured in just ten minutes. A flash-light picture was taken from the platform and a large half-tone reproduction promised each one who would like it, delivery to be made within twenty-four hours. The scheme was distinctly American; but the man who put it through was an Englishman among his own people.

There is a Unique Morning Paper in England

which has no room for news. It has no "news"—no editorials—no photographs—no "features." It has none of these things and yet thousands of people buy the paper daily to read over the column after column of "Want Ads" printed therein.

The sale of this "Want Ad Newspaper" in England and the large circulations of such great "classified" mediums as the Chicago Tribune and the New York World show the peculiar value people put upon this kind of advertising—the need for it that their demand demonstrates.

Full of human interest as these small advertisements have always been—ever since the days when they were used to advertise *Slaves for Sale*—they fall short of the service they would perform if they made *a more general appeal.*

Collier's National Directory—which begins in this issue on page 36—offers a new advertising service to every Collier reader. Though opportunities for "live wires" to make promising business connections will be featured, the Directory's service *is not limited* to those who wish employment or those who seek employees. *Collier's National Directory* has a *larger sphere* and brings to you from all corners of the country descriptions of good things to eat; of novelties in house furnishing—Bar Harbor chairs—quaint lamps—old-fashioned rugs—household utilities for the kitchen and laundry—countless things which you are glad to know about and eager to buy to make your home more attractive.

You will find among the many classifications one suggesting gifts—toys *for your children;* there will be a bi-monthly list of "*Best Books to Read*"; under the title "How to Entertain" you will find, twice a month, hints to help you make any entertainment a complete success—favors—confections—dainties—cut glass—linens—attractive place cards and engraved invitations—a really helpful *directory* of all these things.

For lovers of dogs, birds and pets Collier's will search the country to secure the announcements of those kennels, game preserves, poultry farms, etc., which are most reliable and best equipped.

"*Business Builders*" describes itself. Under this classification advertisers will bring to you information about time savers for the office, multiple printing machines, cash registers, adding machines and other devices which help to *build business.*

With each succeeding issue of the *Directory*, Collier's will, by this selective process, make these small advertisements more and more a *real service* to our readers. Advertising which is not a service is of no value to the consumer, the advertiser or the publisher.

Collier's National Directory

Small advertisements classified for the convenience of Collier readers

416 West 13th Street **New York City**

40 Miles From Nowhere

Be sure before you start

on your hunting trip that your shotgun will not play you false. It's a poor place for experiments. The Fox Gun you buy has been experimented with before you get it. You take no risks. You can rest in settled mental repose that a Fox Gun will perform "40 miles from nowhere" exactly as it does in our proof range.

FOX GUN

"The Finest Gun in the World"

This is the gun of confidence, of merit, of trustworthiness. No man in boat, in woods, at traps, can carry a better shotgun than your Fox.

Your Tag Insurance. A certificate is tied by our expert provet after he has rigidly, unmercifully tested each gun. He writes in ink his record. That gun will behave in your hands exactly as he reports.

Handle a Fox Gun at your dealer's. Test it at your own shoulder. If your dealer hasn't it—write us his name. Art catalog free.

The A. H. Fox Gun Company
4702 North 18th Street, Philadelphia

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

Its aromatic delicacy will surprise you. It is the most perfect blend of tobacco you ver put in your pipe—the highest class—it tands all by itself, the KING of mixtures. A tobacco that your women folks will ke to have you smoke at home—You may ever have known the luxury of a pipe moke before.

Send 10 Cents and we will send a sample.

HE SURBRUG CO., 204 Broadway, New York

Macey Book Cabinets

Do Not Look Sectional-
But They Are

MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS

WURLITZER — WE SUPPLY THE U.S.GOVT. — **FREE**

New Band Catalog

300 pages. Thousands of Illustrations. Every musical instrument. Highest quality and lowest prices. Easy payments. Write today and mention instrument you are interested in.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
124 E. 4th Ave., Cincinnati 332 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Everything ELECTRICAL

rite today for our splendid up-to-date catalog of electrical pparatus and materials—Dynamos, Motors, Transformers, ecostats, Induction Coils, Telephone, Telegraph, Wireless id X-mas Tree Lighting Outfits. Miniature Elec Railways ad Toys—Ideal Christmas gifts. Send 6c in stamps or coin which will be refunded on your first order of 50c or over. No postals answered.

VOLTAMP — ELECTRIC MANUFACTURING CO.
Rock Building, Baltimore

The New Party

(*Concluded from page 11*)

among our leading manufactures, but our exports of manufactured tobacco products are, as Commissioner Herbert Knox Smith reports, "comparatively insignificant."

"The exports in 1908 amounted to $5,550,605, or less than two per cent of the value of our manufactures of tobacco. . . . [In 1911 they amounted to only $4,677,859.]

"The existence of governmental monopolies of tobacco manufactures in a number of leading countries and of prohibitive tariffs on the importation of manufactured tobacco in other countries prevents any considerable development in international trade in such products."

But the Tobacco Trust, which acquired control of the greater part of what little of the export trade America had, deliberately closed the door to any exports by it to Great Britain or Ireland. In consideration of the powerful British trust (the Imperial) agreeing not to carry on business in manufactured tobaccos in the United States, the Tobacco Trust, and its active directors individually, agreed that they would not thereafter, directly or indirectly, carry on business in Great Britain or Ireland.

OUR INCREASED EXPORTS

TRUSTS have, of course, contributed to our export trade, as have many independent manufacturers. Some of these trust contributions have been large; but the great increase in our exports of manufactures is not due to the existence of trusts. Increased exports have been quite as marked in other lines as in trust-made goods. We hear particularly of the Harvester Trust's export business; and it is true that this country's exports in agricultural implements doubled in ten years —1902 to 1911. But in many long established and highly competitive lines of manufacture, like special lines of machinery and of tools, the 1911 exports were not only double but threefold those of 1902; and in other new and highly competitive businesses the increases were much greater. For instance, the 1911 exports of automobiles were twenty times as large as those of 1902; the 1912 exports nearly thirty times as large. The fact is we have become a great manufacturing people. In the year ending June 30, 1912, our exports of manufactured products exceeded $1,000,000,000. American manufactures have been developed through initiative, enterprise, energy, and ambition—all common characteristics of competitive business. The trusts had, of course, a part in securing these foreign markets; and have enjoyed, perhaps, a still larger share of their fruits by exploiting foreign markets in which independent manufacturers had been the pioneers.

But the trusts have not been the cause of our heavy export business; nor are they essential to its continuance or future development. And it should be borne in mind that the great trusts carry, in their huge resources and the volume of their business, also an element of danger to our export trade. Many of them have already established factories in foreign countries from which they supply a part, at least, of their foreign trade. This is true of the Standard Oil Company, of the Harvester Company, of the Shoe Machinery Company, and of many others. The establishment of these foreign factories has been due, in large measure, to the existence of foreign tariffs, or to the requirements of foreign patent laws. But it has been due, in part, also to a lower cost of production abroad, resulting from the lower wages paid there. We have been able, in many lines, to produce goods at lower cost in America than foreigners do abroad, in spite of paying higher wages; because of greater superiority in management or the introduction of advanced machinery and labor-saving devices. But is it not possible that our able business managers, transferring to foreign countries American business organization, machinery and methods, may be able to produce with low-priced foreign labor goods for the foreign trade more cheaply abroad than at home? And, in such event, would they not be led to develop their foreign factories instead of those at home, and the export trade suffer accordingly? Such a course might bring great gains to the American capitalists, who are the stockholders of the trusts; but the American workingmen would lose.

Has not our export trade more to lose than to gain through the legalization of monopolies which the New Party proposes?

WE HAVE BEEN COACH BUILDERS OVER SIXTY YEARS

State Coach of Frederick the Great

The Modern Brougham

After Sixty Years of Experience

The royal coaches of every nation have been handed down to succeeding generations, their exquisite workmanship and wonderful durability keeping alive tradition and sentiment.

We, as coach builders for over sixty years, built the Rauch & Lang Electric with all the exquisite care only coach builders know, that each vehicle may last beyond its generation and be always prized for its family association and sentiment.

The difference between a coach builder's masterpiece and a "factory" product is the difference between the Rauch & Lang Electric and cars which are made in a hurry.

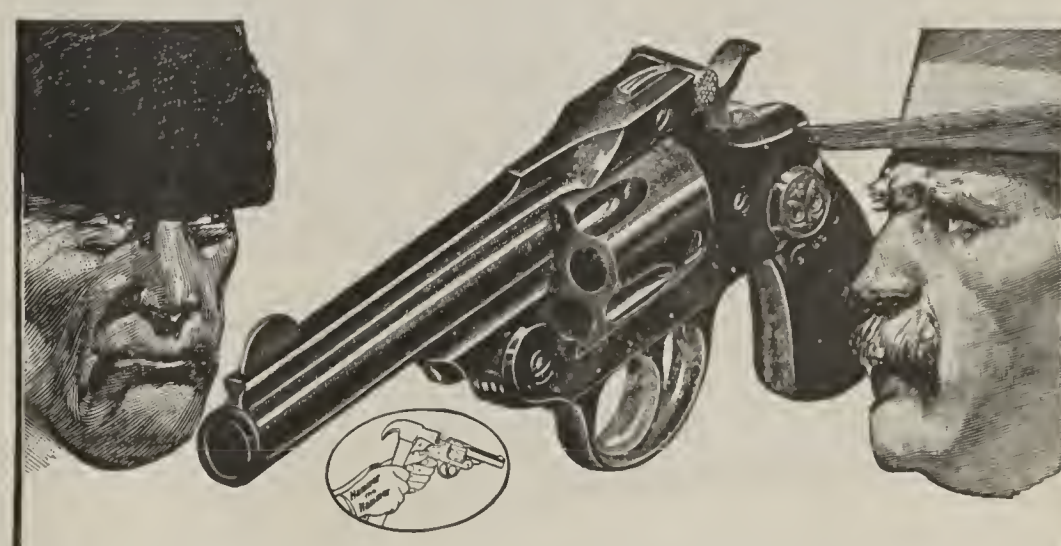
The Rauch & Lang Electric never can be "common"—it will always be the car of social prestige, and appeal to those who know that in electrics cheapness is not a matter of price.

Our latest models are too distinctively superior to appeal to any but those who will always buy the best. Any Rauch & Lang agent will gladly demonstrate.

(127)

The Rauch & Lang Carriage Company
2359 W. 25th Street Cleveland Sixth City

Rauch & Lang Electrics



The Criminal Never Arbitrates

He is society's enemy — your enemy. Every day thousands of crimes are committed against men like *you*. The law could not prevent these crimes — it can only punish. *When the individual is defenseless, society is defenseless.*

We want you—the average citizen—to know what the expert knows; that the IVER JOHNSON is the peer of any side arm in the world in accuracy, penetration, smashing power and smooth action; that its permanent tension wire springs will never fail you; above all, that it is absolutely safe from accidental discharge. You can "HAMMER the HAMMER."

At Hardware and Sporting Goods Stores - $6.00

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 146 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
New York: 99 Chambers St. Pacific Coast Branch: Phil B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St., San Francisco.

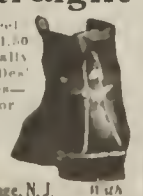
IVER JOHNSON

Wear Your Heels Straight

Rundown heels impossible with Heel Straps inside your shoes. Saves $1.50 to $2.00 a year reheeling. Especially necessary for children's and ladies' high heel shoes—worn inside shoes—Fit all sizes. Satisfaction or money returned.

PAIR POSTPAID 25c.

Representatives Wanted.



Without — With

D. ASCHENBACH, 195 Elmwood Ave., E. Orange, N. J.

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co., receive free notice in the Scientific American.

MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F Street, Washington, D. C.

All the Joys of the Crisp Out-doors invite your

KODAK

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Catalog free at the dealers or by mail.

The Bird Scout

By WINTHROP PACKARD

BIRD gazing, most fascinating of gentle outdoor pursuits, finds its highest type of pleasure and achievement in the observation of the wood warblers. Seventy varieties of these most beautiful yet most mysterious songsters are to be found within the limits of the American continent, many rare, others easily found and widely distributed. May brings them to all woodlands in countless numbers, many to pass on and nest in far northern latitudes, migrating southward again in September, many others to dwell in gentle seclusion among us. So shy and so small are these vividly marked creatures that in spite of the literal millions that pass very many people go through life without even knowing of their existence. So useful are they in their perpetual gleaning of injurious insects from our forest trees it is probable that without them the very forests would in a few years cease to exist, actually eaten up by insect enemies.

To know all the warblers, even of one's immediate neighborhood, is to be a past master in bird lore, yet the beginning of the study is easy. It needs simply a love for walking in the fields and woods and sharp eyes, supplemented if possible with a good opera-glass. For many of the warblers the glass will not be necessary, but the study of the confiding few leads so soon to glimpses of other, shier varieties that one soon longs for extended powers of vision which the glass alone can give. An expensive glass is not necessary, however. Some of the keenest observers and most expert bird students use only a small, low-priced glass, magnifying only two or three diameters.

THE YELLOW-THROATED WARBLER

THE beginner, with or without a glass, may well first become acquainted with the witchery bird, the Maryland yellow-throat, which nests from Labrador to Florida. Walking in the pastures or by low woods, one can hardly fail to hear and note its song of "witchery-witchery-witchery," piped from some thicket, how near or far it is often difficult to tell, for the voices of most warblers have a ventriloquial quality, seeming to be born of the air itself. But the bird is not difficult to find. If you wait a little its innate curiosity may even bring it up to examine you, showing its whereabouts by little sharp chirps or a wrenlike chatter. You will know it by the olive green of its back, the bright golden yellow of neck and breast, and especially by the burglar's mask which it wears, a band of black across the eyes, from cheek to cheek over the forehead. Both sexes are thus marked, the male the more vividly.

Maryland yellow-throats rarely go far from their chosen neighborhood, near a meadow or stream. In June you may look for their nests, usually placed in a tussock of swamp grass, a lovely cup of woven bark and coarse grass lined with finer material and containing three to five semi-translucent white eggs spotted with rufous about the larger end. Usually the nest is not quite on the ground, but is sustained a few inches above it by the dense grasses among which it rests, and one has often to splash through the swamp water which surrounds the tussock to reach it. So well is this nest concealed by the surrounding grasses that the only way to find it is to search each tussock in the neighborhood which the birds are known to frequent. Nor is it wise to visit it often, for the birds are shy, and will often abandon a nest and eggs which have become too well known.

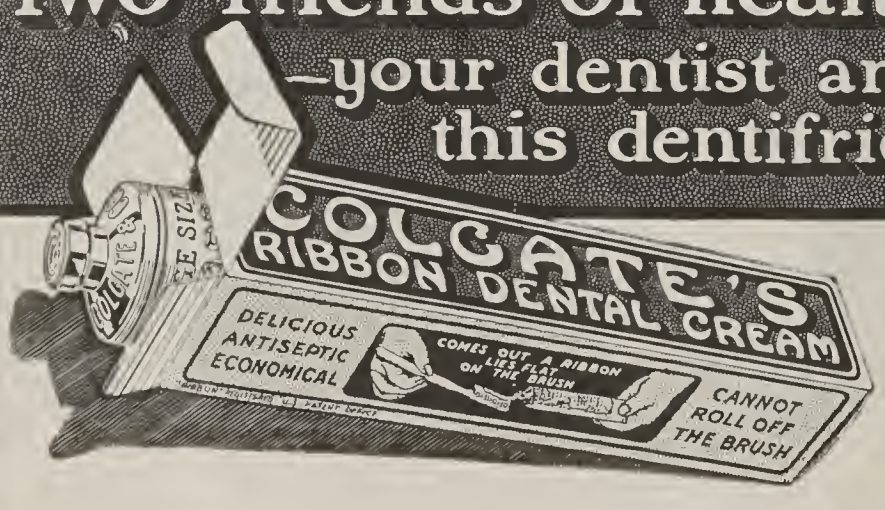
THE FLIGHT SONG

ONE gets more knowledge and pleasure from observing the birds themselves as they pass to and fro in the neighborhood, almost continually busy in their search for insect food, yet pausing now and then to voice the witching melody of their song. They sing the summer through, and in late August add a "flight song" to their repertoire, a sweet little outburst uttered toward evening, the bird springing into the air, hovering as it sings and then dropping back into the thicket again.

Like all warblers, the yellow-throat is tremendously useful in cleaning woodland pasture and orchard of insects. It has been shown that in an ordinary pasture acre there often exist a million leaf-hoppers, eating more grass in a day than a cow. The bird destroys these and the smaller grasshoppers incessantly. In orchards it feeds largely on canker worms, going long distances from its nest to find and bring these to its young. A single yellow-throat has been seen to devour fifty-two gipsy-moth caterpillars in a few minutes, and the bird is a scourge to all injurious moths and caterpillars in its neighborhood.

Thus from the utilitarian point of view the witchery bird is well worth studying in its native haunts. Equally dear to the bird student is its gentle beauty, its shy domesticity, and the fairylike ventriloquism of its song. As a first step to knowledge of the whole fascinating family of warblers whose members come and go twice yearly between the tropics and the frozen north, cleaning our woodlands and delighting us with glimpses of their vivid colors and their songs of elfland music which woo us so gently to life in the open, the watching of the witchery bird has a value that is not so easily measured.

Two friends of health —your dentist and this dentifrice



TAKE care of your teeth—you profit largely in better digestion and better health. This is a proved fact. You enjoy taking care of them, too, if you make it your habit to use

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

The delicious flavor makes its use a real pleasure—it has no "druggy" taste.

The thorough cleansing it gives checks the troubles which neglect is sure to cause.

The antiseptic action counteracts decay-germs and leaves the mouth sweet, clean and non-acid.

Its daily use is safe. There is no harmful grit to scratch the enamel.

The smooth polishing makes the teeth white and handsome.

Get acquainted with this friend to "*Good Teeth—Good Health.*"

Trial tube (formerly 4c) will now be sent for 2c stamp to cover packing and mailing cost. If you wish our instructive "Oral Hygiene" merely say "Send the Book." It is free.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. W, 199 Fulton St., N. Y.

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined.

Floor Walker: "*Good afternoon, madam. Come again.*"
Customer: "*Yes, I will; and you 'uns come to see us.*"

What Would You Like to Know

About Congress?
About your Government?
About your future President?
About Manufactures?
About Commerce?
About your Senators?

Do You Want Information Upon Any Subject for Which Washington is Headquarters?

Collier's maintains an office in Washington for the benefit of its readers. The service is entirely without charge. We daily answer scores of questions about Congressmen and Senators, the various departments of the Government and miscellaneous letters on business and professional matters.

Here are some of the letters recently answered. All letters are of course held in strictest confidence; these are reproduced by permission:

Oelwein, Iowa, May 2, 1912.

Collier's Washington Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:—Will you kindly send me copies of some of the speeches for and against the sugar tariff? Am a reader of Collier's. Very truly yours, GRACE GALVIN.

Clifton, N. J., May 1, 1912.

Collier's Washington Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:—Will you kindly secure from the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture all bulletins published for public distribution on Orcharding, Agriculture, Stock and Poultry Raising, Bees, etc. These are to be used in connection with my farm in North Carolina. Thanking you for past favors in this direction,
Very truly yours, L. B. MELVILLE.

S. F. KENNEDY
Attorney
Lakeview, Mich. April 17, 1912.

Collier's Washington Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:—Progressives here read and quote Collier's, but we have an incomplete and confused knowledge of just what States are under the "Primary System"; which States have held their primaries, and which and when, yet to be held. Also, as to how the leading candidates in both leading parties stand in choice at this date.

The recent convention of Michigan, held at Bay City, correctly registers our enthusiasm and affords ample pardon for this inquiry. Very truly yours, S. F. KENNEDY.

THE AMERICAN ART WORKS
Advertising Specialties,
Calendars, Celluloid Novelties, etc.
Coshocton, Ohio. July 31, 1912.

Collier's Washington Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:—Thank you very much for copy of the Bourne Parcel Post Bill. Do you happen to have a copy of the majority report of the Stanley Committee? Think it was published in the newspapers recently, but in some way we missed it.
Very truly yours, CHAS. R. FREDERICKSON, Pres.

THE DAILY NEWS
Minneapolis, Minn. May 6, 1912.

Collier's Washington Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:—We have a chance to defeat Senator Knute Nelson this year through a popular election and I am looking for ammunition. I have an indistinct recollection that Collier's Washington Bureau is ready to supply records as desired and would greatly appreciate it if you will send me Knute Nelson's official history at the capitol.
Very truly yours, W. A. FRISBIE, Editor.

OWEN & JENNINGS
Brokers
Lynchburg, Va. April 29, 1912.

Collier's Washington Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:—Kindly get for me a copy of the Lever Bill, which bill is known as the Anti-Future Grain Bill. It is H. R. 18,323.

I have missed Mr. Sullivan's page in Collier's for the last couple of weeks and hope he will soon be back in the "game."
Very truly yours, J. T. OWEN.

BOARD OF LIBRARY COMMISSIONERS
Columbus, Ohio. May 1, 1912.

Collier's Washington Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN: Would it be possible for you to send me a complete list of the States which have already had Presidential Preference elections and those which will have before the National Conventions? Very truly yours,
GEO. A. EDGE,
Legislative Reference Department.

HARRY F. KLINEFELTER & CO.
Insurance
Baltimore, Md. June 18, 1912.

Collier's Washington Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:—Please let me have a copy of Bulletin No. 98 of U. S. Bureau of Labor. I am a subscriber to Collier's and read what you said about this bulletin. Thanking you in advance, I beg to remain, Very truly yours,
HARRY F. KLINEFELTER.

HOME INSURANCE CO.
Van Buren, Ark. April 19, 1912.

Collier's Washington Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg to ask if President Taft did or did not promise the people a revision of our tariff laws DOWNWARD in some of his campaign speeches.

If he did make such promises can you quote me the language used by him and where he was at the time he used the language?

It seems to me that I have read in Collier's where he did make such promises, but my view is disputed by some of our Republicans here. Very truly yours, W. G. FURRY.

THE J. H. D. CHAMBERLAIN CO.
Machinists
Springfield, Mass. February 19, 1912.

Collier's Washington Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:—Will you kindly tell me to whom to address communications (to Government department) regarding sanitation and laws concerning use of sanitary and safety appliances so that I may reasonably hope to reach the authority upon such matters? Very truly yours,
L. A. COOPER, Mgr.

UNIT CONSTRUCTION COMPANY
Engineers and Contractors
St. Louis, Mo. December 9, 1911.

Collier's Washington Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:—Kindly inform me about the Esch Bill which was defeated in the last Congress. What committee has charge of this bill and when is it likely to come before Congress for consideration? Very truly yours,
GEORGE OLIVER CARPENTER, Jr.,
Secretary and Treasurer.

Chicago, Ill., November 1, 1911.

Collier's Washington Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:—Please send me documents, or give me the right address of the department to reach, bearing upon the question of Organized Labor in this country. I wish to get the figures showing the number of organized and those not organized in the different lines. Very truly yours,
MORTON HISCOX.

CLARENCE M. SMITH & CO.
Stocks and Bonds
New York. February 23, 1912.

Collier's Washington Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:—Will you kindly advise me just where I can obtain a copy of the Hardwick Special Committee Report on the Sugar Trust recently submitted to Congress and greatly oblige, Very truly yours, P. MINTURN SMITH.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON
Philadelphia, Pa. October 31, 1912.

Collier's Washington Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:—Can you furnish us, or direct us where to obtain, the periodical publication showing the location of Navy Officers with changes from month to month? We are informed that we can subscribe for a monthly publication showing the location of officers in the service.
Very truly yours, L. W. WHEELOCK.

Sabina, Ohio, May 1, 1912.

Collier's Washington Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:—Will you inform me if the colored troops who were dishonorably discharged at Brownsville, Tex., were ever reinstated? What disposition was made of the matter? I am a subscriber to Collier's.
Very truly yours, DR. W. A. BURNETT.

DR. J. W. SCALES
Pine Bluff, Ark. April 7, 1912.

Collier's Washington Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:—Our county has before it the question of drainage. At the mouth of Bayan Meto it will be necessary to maintain a flood gate and pumping station. Those opposing the drainage claim it cannot be done in silt or loamy land, because there is no rock foundation. Can you refer me to places where it has been done? A reply before the 16th will be greatly appreciated. Very truly yours,
J. W. SCALES.

WELLS-ABBOTT-NIEMAN CO.
Millers
Schuyler, Neb.
Joliet, Ill., March 26, 1912.

Collier's Washington Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:—I. C. Copley of Aurora represents this, the 11th Illinois district in Congress. He was chosen in the primaries and elected at general election in 1910, running as a progressive Roosevelt Republican. As he is a candidate again, writer would like a line on the Copley brand of progressivism.

Have been a subscriber and constant reader of Collier's for some years. It does most of my thinking for me along political lines. Very truly yours, GRANT C. DEGROAT.

E. D. MORGAN
Sales Agent for Nature's Creation
Cleveland, Ohio. July 15, 1912.

Collier's Washington Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:—Kindly send me information as to how to guarantee a remedy under the Pure Food and Drug Act and oblige a subscriber and constant reader.
Very truly yours, E. D. MORGAN.

The Department of Commerce and Labor; the Bureau of Manufactures; the Census Bureau; the Bureau of Animal Industry; the Department of Agriculture; the Treasury Department---all of these and others hold a wealth of information for manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers; for lawyers, doctors and teachers. In a word, for business and professional men in all walks of life.

Make use of our Washington Office. Write us upon any subject about which you have reason to believe we can be of help. Write us as often as you like. As said before, no charge to the readers of Collier's. Address

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON BUREAU, *901-02 MUNSEY BUILDING*
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Collier's National Directory

Small Advertisements Classified for the Convenience of Collier Readers

BEST BOOKS TO READ

This Column Is The Beginning Of A New method of bringing to Collier readers information about new books on various subjects. Collier's believes its subscribers will be grateful for this concentration of thumb nail announcements. As it is a most logical way to advertise books, the best publishers will find it effective, especially as it is possible in this way to reach 50,000 Collier readers for every dollar spent.

"Between Two Thieves," By Richard Dehan. This novel, called a masterpiece by critics, involves the genesis of the Red Cross Society and the Crimean War. The principal characters are Ada Merling (Florence Nightingale) and Hector Dunoisse, a man of the fullest life and keenest emotions, besides a host of others. It strikes on passions from the lowest to the most spiritual with tremendous power. Its picture of an entire historic epoch is most impressive. Cloth, $1.40 net; postpaid $1.53. Frederick A. Stokes Co., 443-449 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Love, Romance And Adventure. The Cameo of the Empress, by Sigmund Krausz, $1.25 net, postpaid, $1.37; A Romance of the Road, by Alice Curtice Moyer, $1.00 net, postpaid, $1.12; The Vital Touch, by Frances M. Schnebly, $1.00 net, postpaid, $1.12. Write for catalogue. Laird & Lee, Publishers, 1732 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Ten Volumes, Cloth Bound, Kipling's Works, prepaid, and a year's subscription to wonderful Technical World Magazine, all for $2.95 if you send at once. Money refunded if you're not satisfied. Technical World Magazine, 5770 Drexel Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FOR YOUR HOME

Cut The Cost Of Your Furniture Bill By Buying the Come-Packt sectional furniture. You buy direct from the manufacturer eliminating the profits of the middle man. The total of your saving is about ½ the dealer's price. 100 choice pieces to select from. Quartered white oak used exclusively. Hundreds of designs —eight finishes. And back of each piece stands our guarantee of one year's free trial; your money back any time you say. Send for our beautiful Free catalogue. Come-Packt Furniture Company, 913 Fernwood Avenue, Toledo, Ohio.

Removable Steel Clothes Posts And Flag Poles. Don't disfigure your lawn with wooden posts, but use steel posts that cost less,are easily removable and last a lifetime. No holes to dig. Ask your dealer or send for folder No. 2. Milwaukee Steel Post Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Domestic Science, Home Study Courses. For home-makers, teachers and well paid positions. Ill. 100-page booklet, "Profession of Home Making," free. Am. School of Home Economics, 532 W. 69th St., Chicago.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Under This Heading Suggestions For Christmas Gifts will be advertised in each issue of Collier's National Directory. It is none too early to begin considering what your holiday gifts this year will be. Advertisers who regularly do not begin listing the articles they have for sale for Christmas shoppers until late in November may now in this manner bring you new ideas for the 1912 season as early as October 5th. As 750,000 Collier's readers may be reached for every dollar the advertiser spends with us (on the basis of a four-line advertisement) it is economical and effective advertising, so the service to the advertiser is unique and especially valuable.

Thousands Of Satisfied Customers From Previous years are asking for our new Free catalog of Guaranteed Leather Goods—Fine Billfolds and Cardcases, with any name stamped in gold Free—very appropriate for Xmas and Birthday gifts. Ladies' Handbags and Pocketbooks. Many other attractive, reasonably priced, Guaranteed Leather Goods. Write us now. U. S. Leather Goods Co., 240-2-4 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN

Dainties—Confections—Favors—Bridge Books— score cards, etc.—paper flowers—unique place cards—engraved stationery—folding tables—tea trays—hooks on entertaining—all the countless things which you are interested in—the things which will help you to be a better host or hostess—will be advertised here in the first and third issues of each month. You will find it a really helpful directory of the new ideas used in entertaining.

FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER

This Is The Initial Number Of Collier's National Directory—a new idea in "Classified" advertising. It will appear hereafter in the first and third issues of each month and will grow more interesting, more valuable as a shopping guide with each succeeding issue. So that we may make it even more valuable to Collier readers, we would like to hear from those of our readers who care to tell us about any service the Directory page has rendered them in making their purchases easier. Therefore, for the best letter describing a shopping experience with any one of the advertisers represented on this page, Collier's will pay $5.00, provided the letter reaches us not later than October 10th. Address your letter to Collier's National Directory, Suggestion Department, 416 W. 13th St., New York City.

Films Developed 10c Per Roll. Prints, 2¼x3¼, 3c; 2½x4¼, 3½x3½, 3¼x4¼, 4c; 3¼x5½ and 4x5; 5c; on post cards, 5c. High grade work. Send 2 negatives, will print free sample. G. X. Hoke, 1509 E. 63d St., Chicago.

New York's Largest Photographic Store Takes your old Camera or anything photographic in exchange toward new Kodak, Camera, any make or size, high grade Anastigmat lenses; send for largest photographic Bargain list. Koehler's Camera Exchange, 7 E. 14th St., N.Y.C.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Picture Plots And Short Stories Wanted, Adaptable to motion photography. Address, Kinemacolor Company of America, Dept. F, 48th Street and Broadway, New York City.

Motion Picture Plays Wanted. You Can Write them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand and good pay. Details free. Ass'd M. P. Schools, 702 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

District Manager Wanted To Open Office, employ sub-agents and do all things needful to introduce and sell the Saver Visible Washing Machine. Electrically operated, it's the only washing machine that can be used in stationary tubs and which has a Self-working Washboard, besides a Self-working Wringer. Opening up new field, it effects tremendous savings for every household. A chance for a big income in a life position if you have A-1 references and a small capital. Address Saver Machine Co., Dept. B, 70 5th Ave., New York.

Build A Business Of Your Own, And Escape salaried drudgery for life. Learn the Collection Business. Limitless field; little competition. Few opportunities so profitable. Send for "Pointers" today. American Collection Service, 51 State St., Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED

Look Ahead—Build Up A Permanent Business. Canvassing agents with good articles get into the homes and their trade sticks. We want such as local agents for our popular, widely advertised lighting proposition. Big home seller. Has no competition. Helps sell other lines. We give large profits, exclusive territory, absolute protection. Much territory already taken. Yours may not be. Look this up at once. Angle Mfg. Co., 244 W. 23rd St., N.Y.

Ambitious Men Or Women, Permanent, Profitable, agreeable work, steadily increasing returns. Experience not necessary. Send today for most generous offer ever made subscription getters. Technical World Magazine, 5759 Drexel Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

We Pay You A Salary And Extra Liberal commissions to take orders for toilet preparations, Rogers silverware, fountain pens, razors, fully guaranteed jewelry and novelties. You make sales at sight giving your customers choice of many valuable premiums. We give you extra catalogs, allow credit and share with you the profits on each of your orders. We offer agents the biggest money-making proposition in America. Now is the best season to also sell our big, new line of fully guaranteed holiday goods, beautifully illustrated in expensive large catalog free to agents. Write today. Best Manufacturing Company, 55 Ontario Street, Providence, R. I.

I Am Helping More Good, Square Men To Independence than any other man on earth. Will give you exclusive sale of best floor-cleaning machine the world has ever seen and will ship you a stock of them without a cent in advance. Stevens (Inc.), 1272 River St., Aurora, Illinois.

Everybody Wears Clothes. Send For Great agent's proposition. Women's Dress Goods and Men's Clothing at mill prices. Dignified work, liberal compensation men and women. Home Woolen Mills, 50 Mill St., Chambersburg, Pa. (Est. 1840).

I Want A County Manager Willing To Learn business that pays right from start. Life job. It's house-to-house selling, but it pays. Commission, but it pays. Are you willing to learn what you don't know? Write Manager, 122 Sycamore St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Earn Money In Spare Time. The National Dress Goods Co., New York, needs a competent responsible woman to represent them in each locality. Pleasant, permanent work. Free outfit, good pay. Write today for full particulars. National Dress Goods Company, Dept. 14, No. 260 West Broadway, New York.

Agents: For "Everbrite" Gold Glass Letters for window signs and house numbers. These letters and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Glass Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

Sells Like Hot Cakes. Big Profits. Nothing like it. New laundry-wax perfumes clothes with lasting violet perfume. Send 4c for working outfit. Odor Gloss, 17 Water Street, New York City.

Agents Make Big Money Selling Our Gold And silver letters for Stores and Office windows, easily applied. Big demand everywhere. Postal brings free sample. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 432 N. Clark St., Chicago.

Little Giant Lift And Force Pump. Saves plumber's bills. Removes all stoppages in waste pipes. Absolute monopoly; fix you for life if you are a producer. Write for our new agent's plan. J. E. Kennedy, Dept. C, 41 Park Row, New York.

Agents Wanted To Sell The Best Line Of Sanitary Household Brushes, Dustless Mops and Dusters in America. "They're Steelgript." Steelgript Brush Co., 33 Union Pl., Hartford, Conn.

You Can Make $$$$ As Our General Or local agent. Household necessity that saves 80%. Permanent business. Big profits. Free sample. Write. Pitkin & Co., 114 Redd St., Newark, N. Y.

Our New Factory Just Opened. Big Line Of new, down-to-date specialties. Red hot sellers. Big profits. General agents wanted. Exclusive selling rights. Edgren Mfg. Co., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

Little Wonder $3.50 Vacuum Cleaner, Fully guaranteed selling plan requires very little canvassing. Agents handling any other Cleaner write at once for full particulars. C. Beck Mfg. Co., 9 E. 42nd St., New York.

INFORMATION FOR POLICY HOLDERS

Life Insurance Policies Bought. We Pay Higher cash values than the issuing company for tontine or deferred dividend policies 1 to 5 years before maturity. Write for explanatory booklet. Charles E. Shepard & Co., Inc., established 1886, 58 Liberty St., New York.

INSTRUCTION—CORRESPONDENCE

Electricity, Plumbing, Bricklaying, Painting, Decorating and Mechanical Drafting, taught quickly by expert workmen. Actual work takes place of books, Tools, materials Free. Splendid positions open. Oldest, largest, best equipped trade school. Catalog Free. Coyne National Trade Schools, 84 E. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

Success Shorthand Is Taught By Experts And written by the world's fastest writers. A complete course for stenographers and beginners. Catalogue free. Success Shorthand School, Suite 139, Schiller Bldg., Chicago.

Be A Professional Man. We Can Help You. Write for Residential or Home-Study Correspondence Courses. Prepares for entrance to Medical, Pharmacy, Law and Engineering Schools. University affiliation. Your opportunity is Now. Write to Dept. C. Brooks Classical School, 1017 Schiller Bldg., Chicago.

AUTO INSTRUCTION

Men Wanted—For Auto Salesmen, Demonstrators, and Drivers: Our graduates in big demand. We supply men to six Auto Makers and over 35 Auto Companies. Write for Free Book.
Practical Auto School, 115A Pearl Street, New York.

REAL ESTATE

South Atlantic Area. An Empire Of Fertile lands, in States of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Alabama. Outdoor pursuits possible every working day. Two and three crops annually. Write for attractive literature. J. A. Pride, General Industrial Agent, Seaboard Air Line Railway, Suite No. 363, Norfolk, Virginia.

TEXAS

The Texas Gulf Coast Offers Wonderful Fertility, ample rainfall, delightful climate, cheap lands and low taxes. Good roads and schools. Land in well settled communities $15 to $25 acre. New illustrated booklet about crops and profits and other information free. R. G. Kennedy, Colonization Agt., GC&SF Ry., Galveston, Texas.

VIRGINIA

Choice Virginia Farms Along The C. & O. Ry. As low as $15.00 per acre. Abundant rainfall, rich soil, mild winters, nearby Eastern markets. Write today for illustrated booklet "Country Life in Virginia," and low excursion rates. Address K. T. Crawley, Indus. Agt., C. & O. Ry., Room 1007, Richmond, Va.

Agents, Men Or Women Make Big Money handling Grab's Famous Specialties. Fastest selling articles of the age. Easy fascinating work. Spare time or permanent. Victor M. Grah & Co., C12 Ashland Block, Chicago.

Agents, Male And Female Can Make Big Money selling my great number of imported specialties listed in my big illustrated catalogue. Contains many rare and exceptional money makers. Send for it to-day. Josepb Gluck, 621 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Agents: "Inside Information." A New Book on the Agency Business. Every Agent should have one. 1000 copies—free while they last. Write to-day. Finch Publishing Co., 2017 Third Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Hustling Agents Wanted For Our Fast Selling Sanitary Household Brushes. Steady work. Big profits. Postal brings particulars. Dept. D. Hale & Kavanek, New Britain, Conn.

Ambitious Wide-Awake Men And Women To sell big money saver. Every home needs it. Vossor cement mends permanently glass, crockery, furniture, leather, ivory, etc. Nothing too delicate. Large profits easily earned. Main or side line. Write for full particulars. Voss Supply Co., 665 St. John's Pl., B'klyn, N. Y.

You Are Looking For More Long Green. You doubtless deserve it, and willing to work for it. Our soap and toilet article combinations have every ear-mark of being the real Coin Getters,—we can prove that they are. Write for our convincing proofs. Davis Soap Works, 210 Davis Bldg., Chicago.

400 Per Cent Profit. Gliding Casters—New Invention. No rollers; homes buy 6 to 40 sets, hotels 50 to 500; any one can attach; noiseless; won't scratch floors; save carpets and furniture; set costs 3c, sells 10c to 25c; exclusive territory; sample 4c. Evergrip Caster Co., 20B Warren St., New York.

Agents Wanted In Every County To Sell The Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. Immense profits earned. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Company, 40 Bar St., Canton, O.

A Two Minute Demonstration Makes Every Call a sale, with large profits. Positively biggest agents honanza out. Free sample and particulars. G. V. Sales Co., 20 Spruce St., New York.

Agents—Sweep In The $$$ With Our Wunderbroom, made of finest Bassine—Superior to finest broom corn—Absolutely new—An innovation in broom making. C. Krebs, 2270 Archer, Chicago.

Agents—Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods. Represent a big manufacturer. Sales run $50 to $100. Easy work. No experience needed. Free samples. Credit. Freeport Manufacturing Co., 72 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents! Portraits, 35c; Frames, 15c; Sheet Pictures, 1c; Stereoscopes, 25c; Views, 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 2366, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

New Ladd Center Drive Beater; Sells In Every home; all steel; 8 beating blades; beats eggs, cream instantly; sensational success; big money; write. United Royalties Corp., 42 X Broadway, New York.

Hustlers Are Making Big Money With The Fuller—the best and quickest selling line of household brushes made. Write now—we'll help you win. Catalog free. Sample outfit. Fuller Brush Co., 37 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn. Western Branch, Wichita, Kansas.

Stamp Names And Addresses On Key Checks, umbrella plates, watch fobs, etc. We supply blank stock and stamping outfits, sample with name and address 10c. Hart Mfg. Co., 309 Degraw St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Local Representative Wanted In Each Town To sell our underwear, sweaters, and neckties direct from our factory to the wearer. Permanent business, liberal terms, big profits. Every article guaranteed. Steadfast Mills, Department 21, Cohoes, N. Y.

Big Profits Selling "Vulcan" Fountain And Stylo Pens. Well advertised; quick sellers. Write for catalogue showing liberal discounts. J. U. Ullrich & Co., 135 Greenwich Street, New York.

HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN

Wanted: One Live Man In Each Town To take orders for men's made-to-measure clothes. No money required. Latest styles and lowest prices. You can build up a permanent business and make a splendid salary each day. We pay express, ship subject to examination and guarantee fit. Send your name quick for agency and free samples. We use the Union Label on all our garments. Regal Tailoring Company, 807 Regal Building, Chicago, Ill.

Successful Salesmen Can Increase Their Earnings by placing our jewelry chocolate and gum assortment in small towns during spare time. Only men regularly employed on road wanted. State references and territory. We want men capable of earning a large salary and want them now. See Dun and Bradstreet rating. Devon Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Salesmen—We Will Pay You Well. Hardenburg's famous line of Leather Goods, Diaries, and other Advertising Specialties. Product of thirty years' experience. Easy sales, satisfied customers, big commissions. A serious offer for hustling salesmen. No canvassers. H. B. Hardenburg & Co., 67 Centre St., New York.

Wanted:—Local Or Traveling Salesmen Making small towns to handle new attractive pocket sideline. Quick shipments, prompt commissions, no collecting. Address G. A. Johnson, 210 Sigel St., Chicago, Ill.

Salesmen Sell Our Gasoline And Electric Lights and Appliances in country and small towns. All Prices. Quick Sales. Big Profits. Write. National Stamping & Electric Works, 418 So. Clinton Street, Chicago.

Wanted—Travelling Salesmen Visiting Large manufacturing establishments, can learn of a quick selling patented article (for a side line) that can be carried in the pocket. Liberal commission. Address P. O. Box 2685, Boston, Mass.

Salesmen, For Our Provident Accident And Health Policies, Premiums $5 and $10 a year. Exceptional opportunity for hustlers to establish themselves in a permanent business. Write now. Desk F, National Life Ins. Co. of U.S.A., 29 So. La Salle St., Chicago.

Wanted — Live Man To Take Orders For Our Handy Dandy made-to-measure men's tailored suits from $10.00 to $25.00. We furnish elegant large book outfit free of charge. Experience not essential, we want a hustler. Splendid opportunity to make big money. The Handy Dandy Line, 415 So. Sangamon St., Chicago.

Traveling Salesmen Answer This. Best Side line yet. Pays full traveling expenses. $4.00 per order. Consigned goods. Pocket sample. Prompt commission. Temhy Jewelry Co., 2005 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Income Insurance; Something New. Liberal, low cost policy issues to men or women, ages 16 to 70, guarantees an income of $25 weekly for sickness or injuries, $5000 Accidental Death. Annual cost $10. $2000 Accidental Death, $15 wkly for sickness or injuries. Annual cost $5. Midland Casualty Co., 1345 Insurance Exch., Chicago.

BUSINESS BUILDERS

Make Your Letters Look More Important. Then you'll get prompter action on them. You are sure of an impressive, business-bringing letterhead if you use Construction Bond. Only the Best and most responsible printers and lithographers can supply Construction Bond. They buy it direct from us in large quantities to save you the jobber's profit and expense of small lot handling. Write us on your business stationery for our collection of handsome specimen letterheads, and we will give you the names of the firms in your locality who can supply Impressive Stationery at a Usable Price on Construction Bond. W. E. Wroe & Co., 1026 South Michigan Ave., Chicago.

A Better Day's Profits—That's The Name Of A 48 page book you ought to have. It's especially written to help retailers. It explains why some retailers get rich while others go broke. It shows how to know every day, all the year round, what is on your shelves—which stock moves and which doesn't. Make your business as profitable as the country's most successful retail business. Send for this book on your letterhead. Burroughs Adding Machine Co., 100 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Mich.

Automatic Filing Cabinets Are Guaranteed better values at lower prices than all others. We make a big line. Write for catalog and direct mail order proposition. Automatic File & Index Co., Green Bay, Wis.

Found! A Writer Of Red-Blooded Follow-Up Letters that scintillate the Scarce, Strong, Sure, Six-Cylinder Salesmanship! Write him! Ad-Man Davison, Waldheim Building, Kansas City.

TO INCREASE YOUR EFFICIENCY

Read This Column Regularly For Tips Which will help you in your work. Inspiring books—books on salesmanship—will be advertised here. Press clipping bureaus, advertisers of systems which will help you double your day's work, home-study courses in writing, in public speaking, will be announced here—in fact anything which will, as the heading suggests, make you more nearly a 100 point man.

You Can Sell More Goods. "The Psychology of Salesmanship" by William Walker Atkinson, contains hundreds of valuable selling pointers for those who have anything to sell—if only their services. Enables you to understand human nature and to develop your own personality and efficiency. Cloth, 246 pages, $1 postpaid. The Library Shelf, 852 McClurg Bldg., Chicago.

ADVERTISING AND SELLING IDEAS

Advertising Is A Comparatively New Force In business. A rapidly increasing number of people are becoming interested in its many phases. Roughly speaking probably more than 30,000 men, whose activities are largely in the advertising field, read Collier's each week. Therefore, under this heading in the first and third issues of each month an unusual opportunity is offered to any one to announce for sale anything which has to do with advertising. This is the first issue containing this new department. October 5th will carry the next Directory page. Look for it and expect with each succeeding issue to gain more information from it.

An Unusual Book For All Who Advertise— "Unusual Pictures No. 5" contains hundreds of the most clever, artistic illustrations ever designed. The cuts will make attractive any printed matter. Suited to all kinds of businesses. Price of book 50 cents, refunded on first order of cuts amounting to $1.50 or more. The Patterson Gibbs Co., Manhattan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS, PATENT ATTORNEYS

Clements & Clements, Patent Lawyers, 711 Colorado Building, Washington, D. C. Prompt service. No misleading inducements. Advice book and Patent Office Rules free. Best references.

The Largest Number Of Successful Clients Is our proof of Patents that Protect. Send 8c stamps for new 128 p. book of Vital interest to Inventors. R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 51, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869.

DIE MAKING and METAL STAMPING

We Are Equipped To Make Dies And Metal stampings of all kinds. If you have a new patent and want the dies and goods made we can make them. No job too small or large for us to handle. Send sample. Edgren Mfg. Co., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

FOR MOTORISTS

Relieve Your Tires Of The Life-Robbing Weight- Strain of your heavy car. Lift them clear of the rubber-rotting oil on your garage floor. Two-minute boy's job with Moore Tire-Saving Jacks! 20,000 sets in use! Set of four, prepaid $6.50—Money-Back guarantee. J. C. Moore & Co., 100 Wisconsin St., Racine, Wis.

Tire Book Free, If You Send Name Of Your Car. Quoted as tire authority in foreign and American auto journals. Hundred helpful hints and all about how a Shaler Vulcanizer makes one tire outwear three. Shaler, 1104 4th St., Waupun, Wis.

COLLECTIONS

"Red Streaks Of Honesty Exist In Everybody," and thereby I collect over $200,000 yearly from honest debts all over the world. Write for my Red Streak Book, free. Francis G. Luke, 77 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A. "Some People Don't Like Us."

TYPEWRITERS—OFFICE SUPPLIES

Our Sensational Book "Typewriter Secrets" has stirred the typewriter world to a frenzy. It tells about the high prices on typewriters, the so-called rebuilts and the value of second-hands. Tells you how you can get a good, standard Visible typewriter at a price never heard of before, how you can pay a little each month, how you can have it on trial without deposit. Just write "Send the Book," it's free. It is wonderfully interesting even if you are not in the market. Typewriters Distributing Syndicate, 166 W. I. No. Michigan Blvd., Chicago.

Largest Stock Of Typewriters In America. All makes. Underwoods, L. C. Smiths, Remingtons, etc. ¼ to ½ mfrs. prices, (many less)—rented anywhere—applying rent on price. First class machines—rent one and judge on these most liberal terms. Write for catalog 121, Typewriter Emporium, (Estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

How To Get A Hektograph That Will Make 150 copies in 10 minutes; letter size, $2.00. Write for circular. Heyer Duplicator Co., 120 No. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

3 Pennies A Day, One Dollar A Month Buys a standard typewriter. Your choice Remington, Oliver or Smith Premier. Prices lower than other cash prices. Perfect machines only—guaranteed. Typewriter Installment Co., K180 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

At the End of the Long Night

(Continued from page 21)

weeks. He was one of the numerous wastrels that that woman of unostentatious but magnificent charities had under her protection. There are scores in and about the city, men and women, boys and girls, that she had taken from the under side of life and put on top. I didn't see him, but some of Leslie's men did and found nothing suspicious. Had they known he was a 'hop,' however, they might have thought differently. It establishes a very clear apparent connection between Swanson and the Palace Hotel and the only definite clue that has been turned up. We will save a lot of time by getting his address from Leslie."

Lanagan was through with Leslie in a few moments.

"He is going home, but will be on tap with Brady and Wilson if we need him later," he said. "He got curious when I mentioned Thorne, but promised to lay off until he heard from me. Thorne lives at Lombard and Larkin, where, in view of Mrs. Swanson's undoubted suspicion that he committed the crime, coupled with See Wong's charge that he is a 'hop,' we will now proceed to call on him."

WE were there in a few moments. It was a squalid lodging house, in charge of a slatternly beldam. She didn't know whether Thorne was in or not. He was kind of loony, lately, she thought.

"Too bad," said Lanagan, genially. "Has Charley been so that he couldn't be out the last week? He wasn't feeling well last time I saw him."

"Ain't seen much of him this week," she replied. "I didn't know it, but I am beginnin' to think he is one of them there fiends. He is actin' something awful sometimes lately, what with his skippin's and hoppin's. You can go on up."

The door was locked, but it was a rickety affair and the lock yielded to the pressure of our shoulders. A man who might have been any age from twenty to forty swung himself to a sitting position on a disordered bed and glared at us with eyes that were wide open but only half seeing.

"Full of hop; and I might as well jam him on a gamble," said Lanagan, in an aside to me as he stepped quickly over and pulled Thorne to his feet, slapped him across the face, and sat him down in a chair. A high-pitched, querulous protest was voiced at the treatment, and then Thorne whimpered:

"Oh, you are so cruel! What have I ever done to be treated so cruelly?" He began to cry.

"Done? You sniveling viper, put on your shoes and come with me to jail. You murdered Robert Swanson and you are going to hang for it. Get up and come along." Again Lanagan caught him a sharp slap across the face. This time Thorne did not whimper. A look of cunning came into his eyes.

"Getting your wits back pretty quick, now, eh?" sneered Lanagan.

THORNE stared. It seemed for a moment his clouded eyes entirely cleared; and then the film of the drug-sodden brain fell over his eyes again, and he relapsed to his hunched position. He was shivering and rocking himself, his angular knees drawn up to his chin, clasped around with his arms.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" His voice was pitched high again like a woman's. "Why is everyone so cruel to me? I am very nervous, as you can see, gentlemen. I really need something to quiet my nerves. It is the doctor's orders, really. Would it be asking too much, now, to ask for the loan of ten cents? Oh, dear—"

"*Thorne!*" Lanagan, his aspect actually ferocious, leaped before the half-arisen suppliant. I shrank back myself, his acting was so consummately done. "I'll give you ten cents, you viper! You murdering, crawling, poisonous viper! I'll give you the condemned cell at San Quentin and the death watch and the black cap and the quick drop, until they crack that snake's neck of yours into a dozen pieces! That's what I'll give you!"

Chattering, jabbering incoherently, his long, lean, sharp-nailed, claw-like hands working spasmodically before his face and toward Lanagan, the fiend huddled back. He glanced from side to side, his head lolling, as though seeking some avenue of escape by a desperate leap.

Lanagan's eyes were within a foot of his face. Thorne began to foam at the mouth. I thought he was going into a fit as I watched, fascinated, the horrible scene. Bearing down upon the wretch with savagery in his voice and manner, Lanagan hammered on:

"Give you ten cents! What do you want with ten cents? You'll never get another shot of coke as long as you live, Thorne! Never in this world! You are coming with me now, coming where you will never need coke again! Coming to your death by hanging for murder! *Not another shot in all this world will you ever get!*"

WITH a shriek that was more animal's than man's, Thorne suddenly lunged forward. Quicker than the dart of a snake's head, those hands, with their long, lean, writhing fingers, had twisted around Lanagan's neck. With a strength that was the strength of temporary insanity, he flung Lanagan from him and fell with him. Then, like a lean gorilla, he shook Lanagan's head from side to side while he screeched fearful imprecations.

"*You lie! You lie! I'll get all I want! That's what he said, and I killed him and I'll kill you, too! Yah! Yeeah!*" He trailed away into a maniacal scream.

I hurled myself at him, but the fiend, for the moment at least, had the strength of three men. I finally managed to get in a blow that settled him.

Lanagan, rubbing his bruised neck ruefully, rose slowly. He was panting a little but chuckling.

"Score one for mental suggestion on a weak subject," he laughed. "But I didn't figure those scrawny hands had quite that much strength. This murder is clearer than print. We all but reenacted the scene.

"Now, my boy, to establish the connection that would bring a man of Swanson's position to a rendezvous at the Palace, to arouse the slumbering demon in this human orang-utan. It's rather a commentary on that hoary police doctrine that a dope fiend never commits murder. I was right."

WITHIN thirty minutes Chief Leslie and Brady and Wilson, his right-hand men, were in the room, and Lanagan swiftly detailed the circumstances. Thorne had come to and was shaking and shivering as the drug wore out of his system, leaving him nerve-racked. He did not attempt to repudiate his utterance, but sullenly admitted the murder.

In view of the words overheard by See Wong, there was but one person to clear up the mystery. Leslie, Lanagan, and I hurried in the chief's machine to the Swanson home, nearly midnight as it was. That they had had Thorne once under examination and had permitted him to go was a source of bitter chagrin to the chief. Thorne showed none of the ravages of the habit that men of weaker physique exhibited; the day the police picked him up he had happened to be comparatively normal, and consequently he had passed safely through the quiz.

Mrs. Swanson had not yet retired, and, upon learning that the chief was one of her late callers, summoned us at once to the drawing-room. She had one of those splendid faces seen occasionally in the aged, where strength of mind or religious fervor has brought endurance of lifelong secret pain of body or soul. The calmness of a noble resignation looked forth in a slight clouding of her clear eyes and expressed itself in the faint traces of suppression about her mobile lips. The gleaming, snow-white hair, combed straight back from a forehead of remarkable breadth in a woman, invested her like an aureole.

SHE was a woman probably of sixty years.

"You will appreciate, gentlemen, I trust," she said in a low voice of refined modulation, "that I have endured much and am still suffering."

"It is a very painful errand that we are on, Mrs. Swanson, and we will endeavor to be brief," said Lanagan in a voice that a Chesterfield might have envied for courteous inflection and gentleness of expression, "but nevertheless it is an errand that must be performed." He glanced at the chief, who nodded.

"Speaking as a newspaper man," continued Lanagan, "it is my wish at all times to spare the feelings of those, particularly women, with whom I am brought into relation. But the true newspaper man is a seeker after truth, and he must

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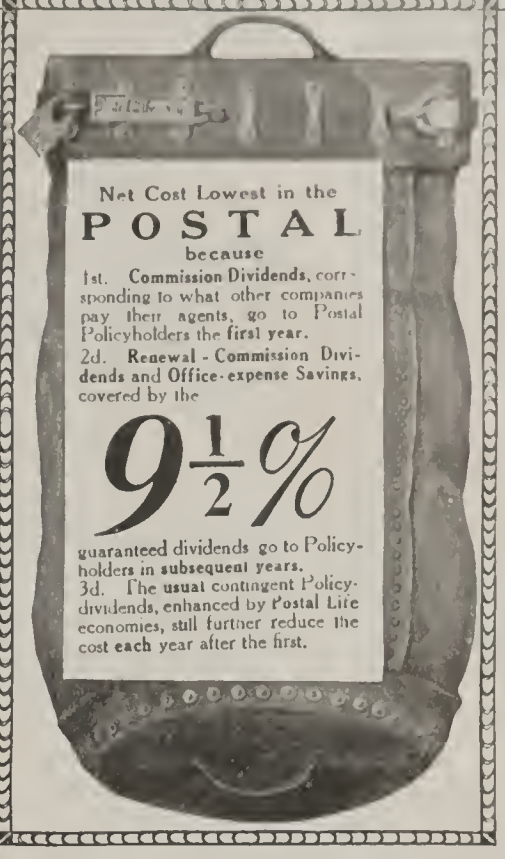

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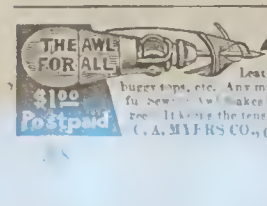

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At the End of the Long Night

(Concluded from page 37

follow as definite a path as the police follow."

There was an eloquent pause. She gazed from one to the other during the interim, as though striving to read their thoughts. It was evident that the undercurrent that these skilled cross-examiners intended to convey had carried home.

"Well?" finally. Neither Lanagan nor Leslie spoke. There was another pause. She said at last: "You have some information to impart to me? Or some information to seek?"

"We desire to inform you," said Leslie slowly, and with just a shade more of hardness in his tone as the detective began to work in him, "that we have under arrest the confessed murderer of your husband."

SHE leaned involuntarily forward in her chair and grasped the arms so hard that her knuckles showed white through the fair skin of her hands.

"And we desire to inform you," added Lanagan quickly, "that the name of your husband's murderer is Charles Thorne; and we desire to ask you what the motive was for the murder of your husband by Charles Thorne; *and why, when you suspected that Charles Thorne was the murderer, you did not immediately notify the police?*"

The hands with the white knuckles slowly relaxed their grip on the chair arms as she sank back into its depths. Curiously, in the way the light struck down at her hair and her face as she sank back, it seemed that the beautiful halo of white that had invested her, and the delicate, well-preserved whiteness of her skin, turned suddenly to dirty gray. If ever the blight of age settled visibly in fact or in fiction, it settled upon her then.

"You—have—Charles—Thorne—under—arrest?" she said, and her very tone was gray. She did not deny the truth of the charge; she did not express satisfaction that the murderer was found; she merely asked whether they had Charles Thorne under arrest.

"Yes."

Her eyes closed and her head dropped suddenly back against the chair. We stepped swiftly forward, but before we could take any measures to revive her, her eyes had opened again. The lips moved. She was speaking, but so gaspingly that we bent to hear.

"It is the end of the long night," she said with many halts; "the end of the long night. A life's nightmare is done. God have mercy on me—"

She stopped completely. Then:

"God pity all mothers who bear as I bore—"

Another long pause. She was by strong effort retaining the clarity of her faculties under some heavy shock. She repeated:

"Who bear as I bore?"

The silenee beeame acutely poignant.

"It must be told," she breathed finally "You have asked me why I did not tell you my suspicions. I will tell you now. Charles Thorne—"

Her next words eame so low that had it not been for the pregnant silence of the great drawing-room they could not have been heard.

"*Is my son.*"

I FOUND I had been holding my breath; and I glanced quickly at Lanagan, to see his breast falling with a deep exhalation.

"My husband did not know," she continued, colorlessly. "Charles Thorne does not know I am his mother. I have tried to live a full Christian life. I have given by tens of thousands to aid the erring. I have thought to make all atonement. . . .

"And yet the blood of my blood slew the heart of my heart, my dear husband, one of God's noble men. . . . Do you wonder now I could not talk?"

After that wrenching confession her normal poise began by degrees to return as the strength of an extraordinary mind began to assert itself. The story was soon told: of an alliance before her marriage to Swanson, of the boy, taken by the father, to be sent back to her after fifteen years. The dissolute father, on his deathbed, sent Charles back to the mother.

For fifteen years since that day she had steadily stood sponsor for the boy. To her husband he was but one of the many others of her objects of charity. It may be said the boy had inherited the dissolute traits of his father. Finally, her own children by Swanson all marrying, that profound mysterious quality of motherhood prompted her to make one last effort to redeem the boy under her own eyes, and she adopted the dangerous course, for her, of bringing him to the house as a chauffeur.

THAT he was given to drugs she did not know. Thorne had been caught in a series of petty thefts. Swanson had finally been compelled to discharge him. He had left the house with maledictions upon Swanson. Instinctively she had felt he was the author of the crime.

Considering all of these circumstances, and understanding the character of the fiend and his paternity, it is evident that in his brain, constantly weakening under drugs, beeame fixed a sinister purpose to work out some scheme of revenge on Swanson for driving him from a rich home and a cozy living, with ample funds and opportunity for a secret indulgence in his weakness.

As it subsequently appeared, Thorne did not originally plan murder. Some abortive scheme of blackmail had but half formed in his crazy brain. He lured Swanson with a cunning letter, full of explicit directions, to the Palace Hotel by writing that he was seriously ill there. He begged that Mrs. Swanson be not informed until after Swanson had seen him. He wanted an opportunity to redeem himself, he wrote; and Swanson, as warmhearted as his wife, and not caring evidently to worry her needlessly about the condition of one of her charges until he had made an investigation, set out on his errand of humanity, never to return.

HE wore his ulster, obviously so that he would not be recognized going alone into the Palace Hotel. In the subcellar he had met Thorne. There was a prolonged talk, and Swanson made the mistake of chiding the fiend on his habits. Desire coming upon him strongly, Thorne finally exhibited himself in all of his ugly weakness, and the spectacle was too much for the eyes of Swanson, unaccustomed to such sights. He was stooping his way out of the little room after sternly refusing Thorne's appeal for money, when the long, lean fingers of the half-insane man, with some congenital strain outcropping perhaps of that vagabond, dissolute father, found an easy goal in a man already half suffocated in the thiek air of the place.

Alarmed, when his fit had passed, at what he had done and fearing to rob the body, Thorne had quakingly slipped into Swanson's ulster and made his way in terror to his own room. First he had journeyed to the foot of Powell Street, weighted the coat with a rock, and cast it into the water of the bay. It was subsequently recovered and served as the single bit of incriminating evidence to substantiate his confession. His letter to Swanson, in Swanson's pocket, he had taken with him to destroy by tearing into fine bits.

Sueh were the salient features of a most extraordinary crime as ultimately established.

But to return to Mrs. Swanson's drawing-room, where Lanagan is speaking:

"Charles Thorne does not know, then, that you are his mother?"

"He does not know."

"Who does know?"

"No living person save myself and you gentlemen."

"In that case, then, Mrs. Swanson," said Lanagan simply, "your secret will die with us."

SHE choked in attempting to speak, and, tears streaming from her eyes, bade us each adieu. For my part I confess I was blinking like a boy. The outer doors closed behind us. Then:

"Back to the room for you, chief," snapped Lanagan laconically. "Throw Thorne in at 2.15. Charles Thorne, a former chauffeur, murdered Swanson after attempted blackmail failed. You stand, of course, chief?"

"Stand, Jack?" replied that sterling officer, "it's in so deep it can only come out when the last drop leaves my veins."

"I knew that," said Lanagan. "Now, Norrie," sharply, "get together! We have exactly *fifty-five minutes to press time!*"

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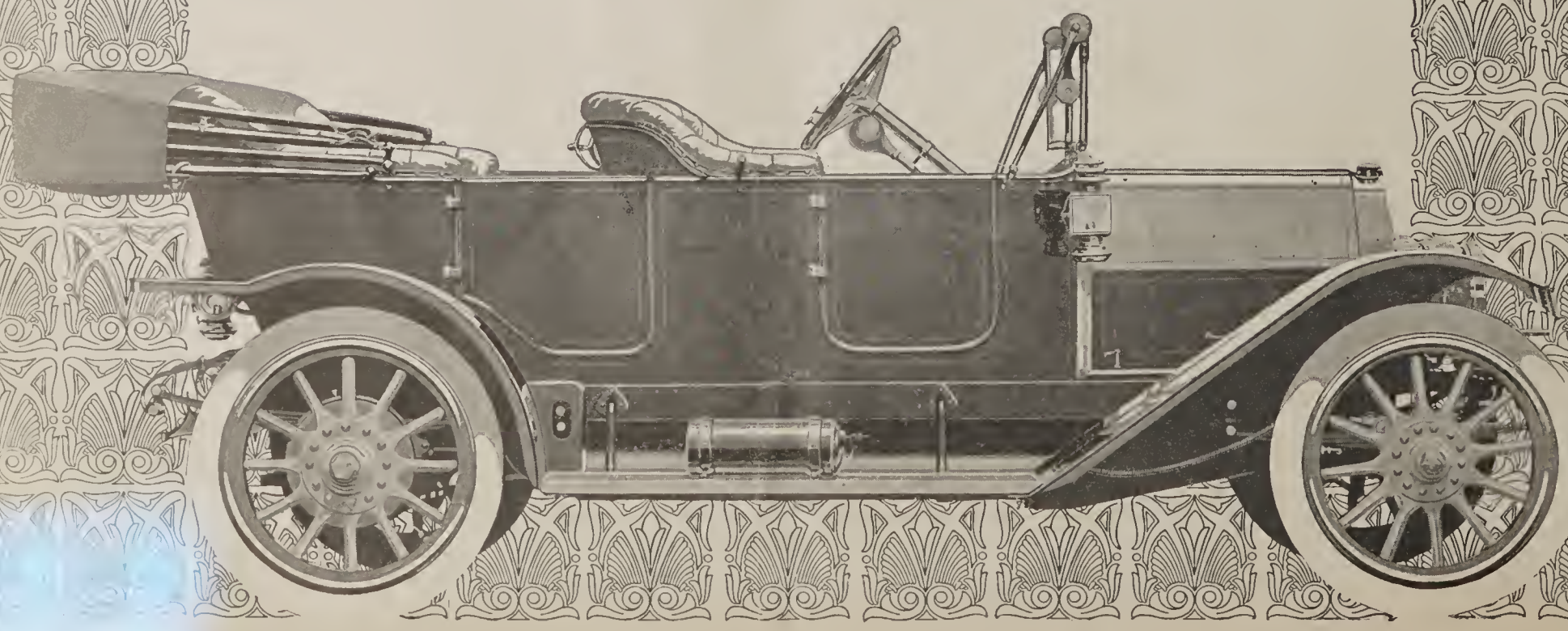

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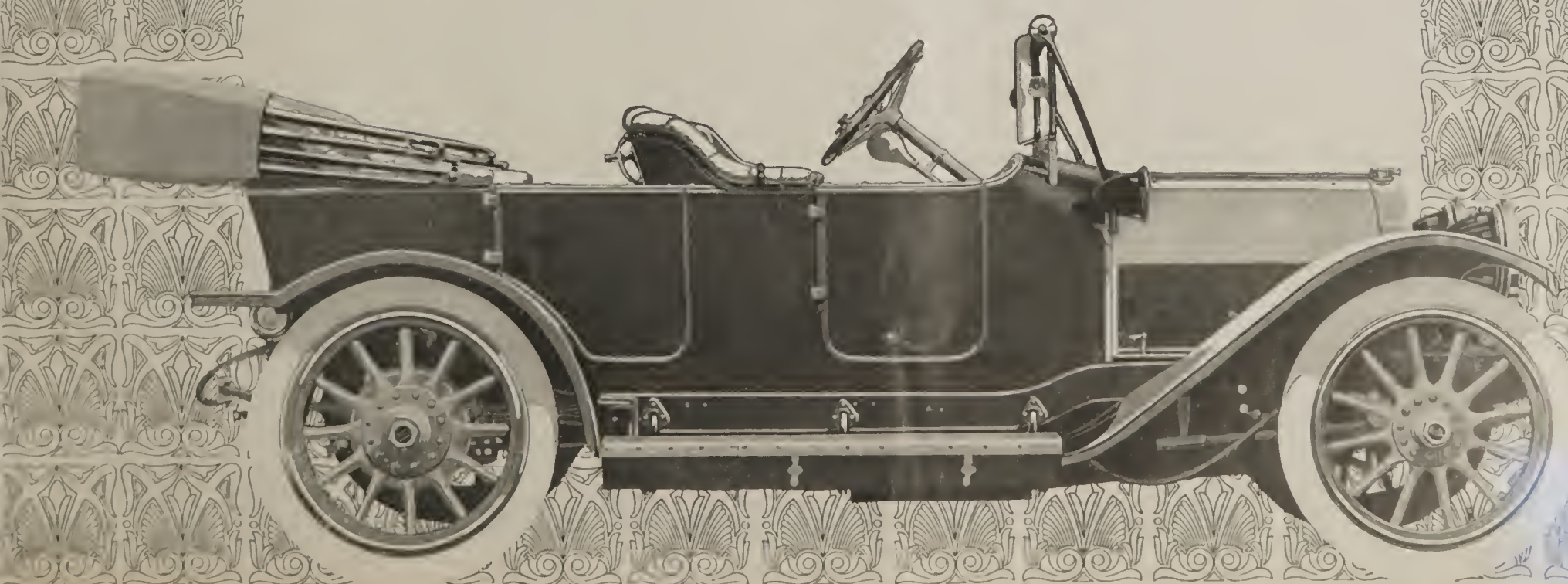

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Weekly letter to readers on advertising *No. 90*

I CAN remember when the general advertising of any special brand of clothing, shoes, cravats, collars, hosiery, shirts, umbrellas, or shaving tools was unthought of.

You bought shoes by size and neckties by color. There was no name on them. You bought an umbrella with about an even chance that it wouldn't turn inside out at the first hard storm.

If you wore ready-made clothing you simply went to your local clothier and bought the suit you liked, provided it fitted both your figure and your pocketbook.

There was no manufacturers' label on the suit. No matter how well it pleased you, you could have no assurance of getting the same thing again.

There was no such thing as a fixed standard, of style, of quality and price.

Now there are dozens of manufacturers advertising these lines regularly, who guarantee and maintain a rigid standard of style and quality at fixed prices.

They are compelled to do so. Why? *Because their goods bear their name* and the very life of their business depends upon satisfied customers.

In buying advertised goods in preference to those which are without a reputation to maintain, you simply serve your own best interests.

It is advertising that is standardizing all goods. And while progressive manufacturers and dealers benefit largely by it, *it is you, the consumer, who receives proportionately equal benefit.*

T. L. Patterson.
Manager Advertising Department

Not Even an Anxious Moment

WEED CHAINS

Give Confidence

A NARROW road, a precipitous descent, a sharp turn and a dangerous railroad crossing. Surely enough to instil fear into the mind of any automobile driver, but if your car is equipped with Weed Chains you are absolutely sure of ***sufficient traction, perfect brake control*** and the ***elimination of every possibility of skidding.***

Are you still taking your life in your hands by refusing to take the necessary precaution to prevent skidding?

Are you still unwisely depending on rubber alone for your own safety, the safety of the occupants of your car and other road users?

Weed Chains
The Greatest of all Safety Devices

Impossible to obtain adequate brake control without them.

An absolute necessity on both rear tires and to doubly guard yourself against accidents and to make steering comfortable and easy put them ***on the front tires too.***

Cannot injure tires because "they creep."

Easily put on without the use of a jack or other tool.

Equip your car with Weed Chains today and *insist* for your own protection that others do the same.

For sale by all dealers

Weed Chain Tire Grip Co.
28 Moore Street : New York

A "Comfort" Light
for Workers and Readers

Rich—soft—restful, the "Emeralite" makes work a pleasure. Its Glass Shade is emerald green on the outside, sending out a refreshing welcome to tired eyes; the inside is opal which reflects the lamp rays in an even white light directly on your work—no glare, no sheen on paper, no eye fatigue, no shadows. The

"EMERALITE" DESK and TABLE LAMPS

come in 19 different handsome styles and designs in brass or bronze for office desks and tables; for parlor, library, den, sick room, piano; for dentists, physicians; for draughtsmen, artists; for every one of us who appreciates a steady, uniform light with no shadows or eye-distraction. For gifts they are the limit of good taste. Our Booklet explains in detail the 19 styles, shows color of shade and quotes prices. Send for it. Address Dept. C.

For Carbon, Tungsten or Tantalum Electric Lamps.

H. G. McFADDIN & CO.
40 Warren St., New York

Remoh Gems
Marvelous Synthetic Gems

Look and Wear Like Diamonds
Not Imitation

—the greatest triumph of the electric furnace. *Will cut glass*—stands filing, fire and acid tests like a diamond—guaranteed to contain no glass. Remoh Gems have no paste, foil or backing—their brilliancy is guaranteed forever. One-thirtieth the cost of a diamond. These remarkable gems are set only in 14 Karat Solid Gold Mountings.

Sent On Approval Anywhere in U. S. Your money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory.

Write for our 4-color De Luxe Jewel Book—yours for the asking.

Remoh Jewelry Co.
638 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

DON'T PAY TWO PRICES

Save $8.00 to $22.00 on

Hoosier Ranges and Heaters

Why not buy the Best when you can buy them at such low unheard-of Factory prices. Our new improvements absolutely surpass anything ever produced. Save enough on a single stove to buy your winter's fuel. Thirty days free trial in your own home before you buy. **Send postal today for large free catalog and prices.**

Address
Hoosier Stove Co., 218 State St., Marion, Ind.

Shorty and Patrick

By Stephen French Whitman

The marvelous adventures of two sailormen on shore-leave—told with a spontaneous humor that is irresistible.

$1.00 in the shops.
$1.12 from us, postpaid.

P. F. COLLIER & SON
416 West 13th Street New York

SELL STORIES STORY-WRITING TAUGHT BY MAIL
MSS. revised and sold. Free booklet, "Writing for Profit," tells how; gives proof. NAT. PRESS ASS'N, Dept. 54, Indianapolis

More miles—more smiles—

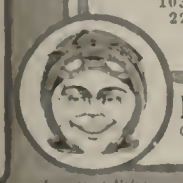
more happy autoists is it any wonder that our facilities for making

LEE TIRES

have had to be continually increased within the past year?

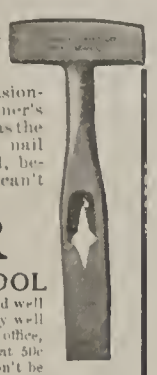
Booklet D tells of the better rubber, the finer fabric and improved processes used in making LEE TIRES. Write for it, or get it at

OUR STORES
835 Seventh Ave., New York City
103 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston
225 North Broad St., Philadelphia
1233 Michigan Avenue, Chicago
1212 Woodward Avenue, Detroit



LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
CONSHOHOCKEN PA.
J. Ellwood Lee Pres.

"Handy as a Pocket in a Shirt"



Everybody has to "pry into things" occasionally, and when they do, they need Bonner's Household Utility Tool to help. This has the combined virtues of a tack hammer, nail puller, crate opener and ice pick; and, besides, does a score of odd jobs that can't be catalogued.

BONNER

HOUSEHOLD UTILITY TOOL

is a sturdy little helper, of fine quality steel and well tempered. Drop forged and nickel plated. Every well organized household needs one. Handy in an office, necessary in a worker's kit. Sizes: 7¼ inches at 50c and 9 inches at 75c. Ask your dealer and don't be turned off with a "just as good." If not with him, send us his name and we will ship tool, prepaid, upon receipt of price.

C. E. BONNER MFG. COMPANY, Champaign, Ill.
Also makers of Bonner "Victor" Chain Pipe Wrench and other "special purpose" tools.

KEEP YOUR RAZOR SHARP

3-IN-ONE

Don't blame the razor if it dulls quickly. Maybe it's your fault. Rub a few drops of 3-in-One oil on your razor strop. When leather is pliable strop as usual. Any razor will cut easier, better and stay sharp longer. After using, draw blade between thumb and finger moistened with 3-in-One. This prevents rust, keeps edge smooth and keen, always sharp and ready for immediate use. Don't *scrape* your face. Use 3-in-One on your razor and shave right.

FREE Write for liberal free sample and special *scientific circular*. Try it yourself.

3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY, 42 A N M. Broadway, New York

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL

without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our *unheard of prices* and *marvelous offers* on highest grade 1913 model bicycles.

Factory Prices *Do not buy* a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you write for our large Art Catalog and learn our *wonderful proposition* on first sample bicycle going to your town.

Rider Agents everywhere are making big *money* exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We Sell cheaper than any other factory.

TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, repairs and all sundries at *half usual prices*. Do Not Wait; write *today* for our *special offer*.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. R-54, CHICAGO

SUCCESS SHORTHAND

The best system for beginners; a post-graduate course for stenographers. Highest world's records for speed and accuracy and a greater number of court reporters than any other system in the last seven years. Instruction by mail; satisfaction guaranteed. Write for FREE catalog.

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W. L. James, Chief Instructor
Suite 79, Schiller Building Chicago, Illinois

The University of Chicago
Correspondence-Study Dept.

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offers 350 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, Etc. Begin any time.

20th Year U. of C. (Div. A) Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co., receive free notice in the Scientific American.

MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F Street, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS Inventors of wide experience employ my method. So will you eventually. Why wait? Just send for my free book. W. T. Jones, 800 G Street, Washington, D.C.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 28, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME FIFTY NO. 2

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED, PUBLISHERS

ROBERT J. COLLIER, *President* CHARLES F. MINER, *Secretary*
FRANKLIN COE, *Vice President* JOHN F. OUTRIDGE, *Treasurer*

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THIRTY SENATORS

The following Senators (thirty) will end their terms next 4th of March, 1913:

BACON (D.), Ga.	CURTIS (R.), Kans.	OWEN (D.), Okla.
BAILEY (D.), Texas.	DAVIS (D.), Ark.	PAYNTER (D.), Ky.
BANKHEAD (D.), Ala.	DIXON (R.), Mont.	PERCY (D.), Miss.
BORAH (R.), Idaho.	FOSTER (D.), La.	RICHARDSON (R.), Del.
BOURNE (R.), Ore.	GAMBLE (R.), S. D.	SIMMONS (D.), N. C.
BRIGGS (R.), N. J.	GARDNER (D.), Me.	SMITH (R.), Mich.
BROWN (R.), Neb.	GUGGENHEIM (R.), Colo.	TILLMAN (D.), S. C.
BURNHAM (R.), N. H.	KENYON (R.), Iowa.	WARREN (R.), Wyo.
CRANE (R.), Mass.	MARTIN (D.), Va.	WATSON (D.), W. Va.
CULLOM (R.), Ill.	NELSON (R.), Minn.	WETMORE (R.), R. I.

The great majority of these are now candidates for reelection. (A few have already been reelected; a few others, like Crane of Massachusetts and Guggenheim of Colorado, have announced that they will not run again.)

As to most of these Senators, whether they shall be returned, or who shall succeed them, is being determined at primaries or elections which will be held during the next few weeks or months.

The records of these Senators will be vital political subjects in their communities at the primaries during the present weeks, at the election in November, and, again, during the sessions of the various legislatures next winter.

The record of any one of these Senators will be furnished by COLLIER'S to all who apply.

These records show how each Senator voted on

The various schedules of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill (129 roll calls) and other more recent votes on the tariff.

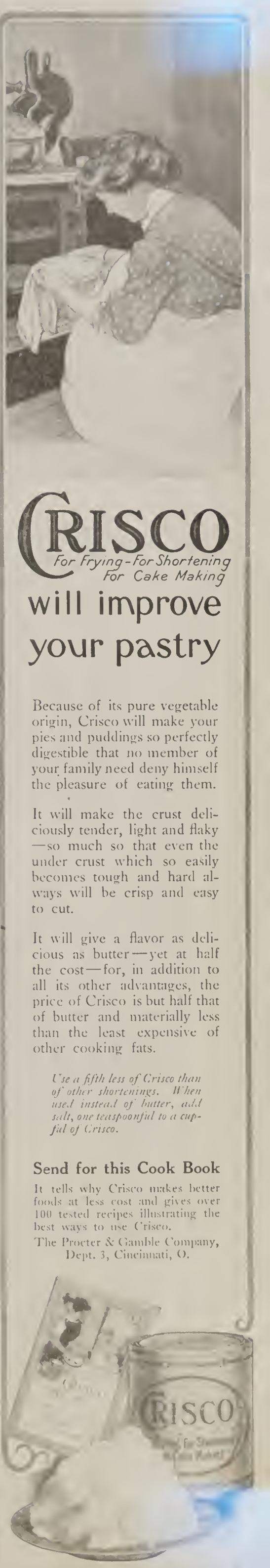
The various roll calls on Lorimer.

Reciprocity.

Ship subsidy, etc.

Write to COLLIER'S CONGRESSIONAL RECORD
901 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.

Please enclose twenty cents in stamps. This nominal charge is made to ensure that only those will apply who have a real interest in securing these records.



CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

will improve your pastry

Because of its pure vegetable origin, Crisco will make your pies and puddings so perfectly digestible that no member of your family need deny himself the pleasure of eating them.

It will make the crust deliciously tender, light and flaky—so much so that even the under crust which so easily becomes tough and hard always will be crisp and easy to cut.

It will give a flavor as delicious as butter—yet at half the cost—for, in addition to all its other advantages, the price of Crisco is but half that of butter and materially less than the least expensive of other cooking fats.

Use a fifth less of Crisco than of other shortenings. When used instead of butter, add salt, one teaspoonful to a cupful of Crisco.

Send for this Cook Book

It tells why Crisco makes better foods at less cost and gives over 100 tested recipes illustrating the best ways to use Crisco.

The Procter & Gamble Company,
Dept. 3, Cincinnati, O.

Garford "SIX"

As the hot weather gradually melts away and the welcome cool fall season drifts into its place, the great transatlantic liners bring home scores of prominent Americans who have been roaming over the globe in search of rest, recreation and retirement. The landing of these steamers is an impressive sight. The streets are jammed with motor cars, waiting to whirl these travel stained men and women back to their American homes.

It is rather a convincing sight to pick from this multitude of going and coming automobiles the vast number of Garford "Sixes" which line the docks. And as you see these world-famed people step into their Garfords you become deeply interested in the many familiar faces you see. They bring to your memory some of the most prominent families in America.

The Garford has always been the choice of America's most distinguished men and women.

The success of the Garford "Six" is on a par with the fame of its distinguished owners. In this car, every six cylinder fundamental has reached the point of perfection. It has the most perfect fuel distribution. The most perfect lubrication and carburetion. It is the most economical Six built—giving better than eleven miles per gallon of gasoline on tour. It is a most perfectly balanced car, due to correct distribution of weight and exact spring suspension. It rides with the greatest ease and the most luxurious comfort.

The Garford "Six" is the most highly developed six cylinder car in America.

Enjoy a demonstration and be convinced.

Catalogue on request.

The Garford Company
Elyria, Ohio

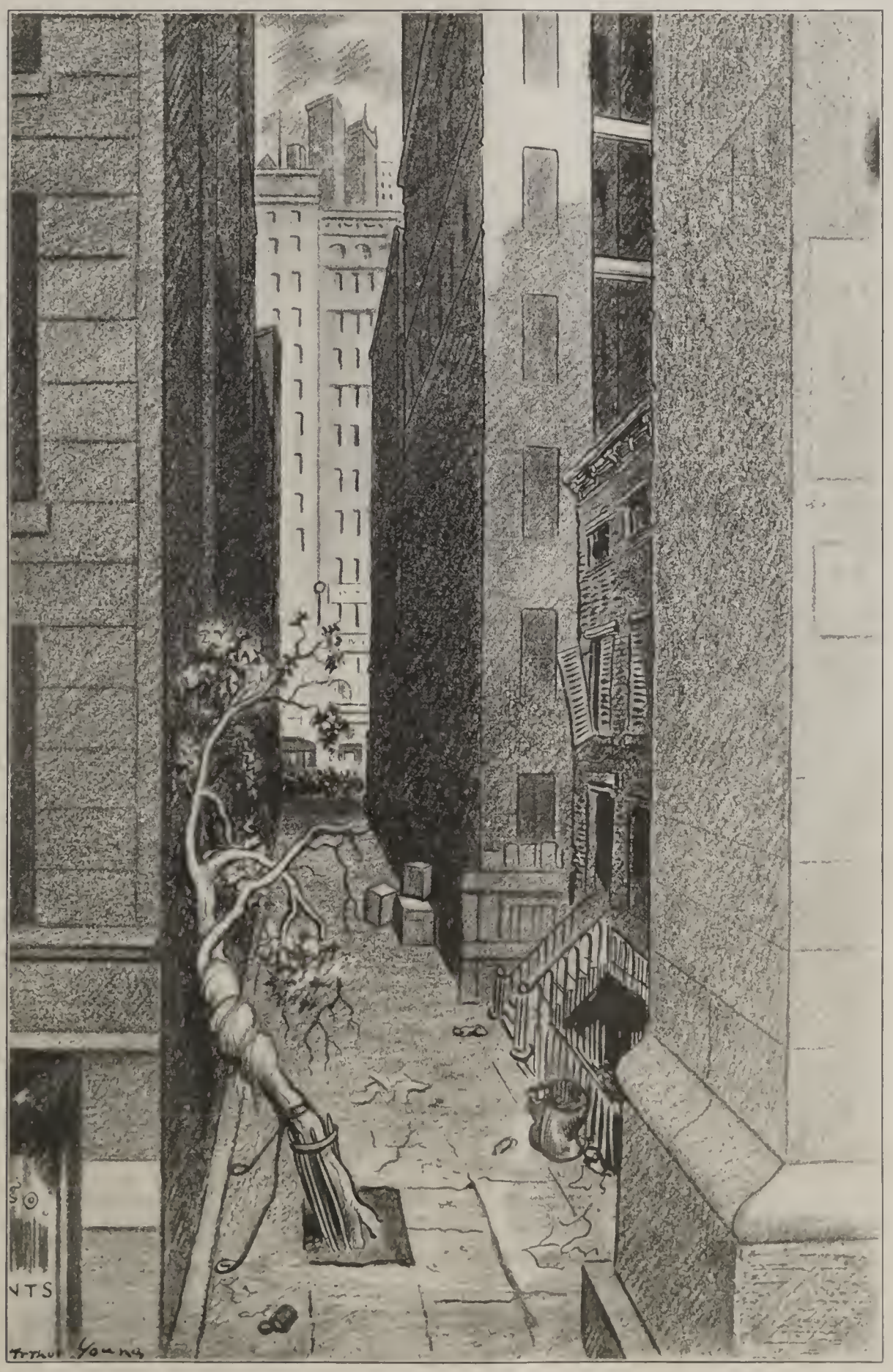
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

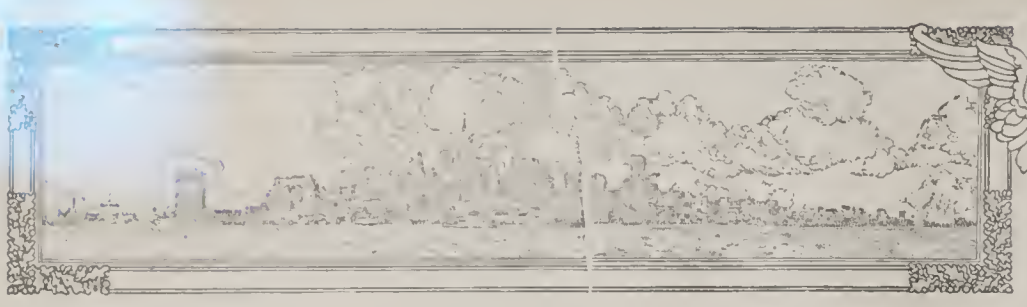
NORMAN HAPGOOD
EDITOR

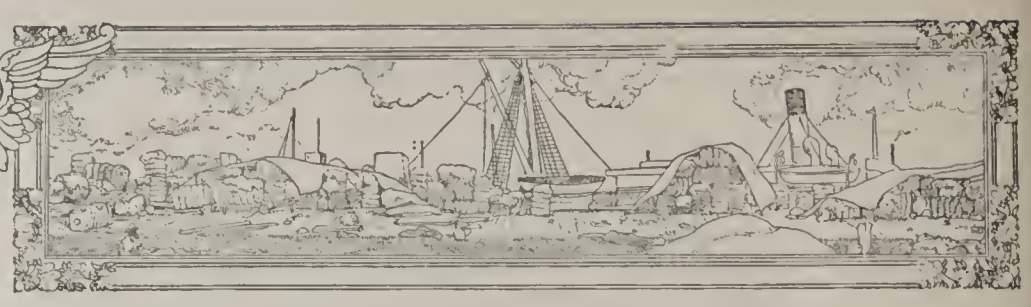
MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



The Struggle





The Money Trust

FRIENDS of legalized monopoly tell of the trusts' economies through developing by-products. The utilization of waste is a common incident of large-scale production, and is in no way dependent upon monopoly or combination. Certain by-products of trusts, however, deserve consideration. One of these, the subjection of the laboring man, we discussed recently. The subjection of the business man is another. *Industrial trusts feed the money trust.*

No other economic problem in America is so important as the control which a few financiers exercise over capital. The control of capital is to business what the control of the water supply is to life. The greatest economic menace to-day is the control over our quick capital, by which all big business is subject to the will of a few men. Nothing has contributed so much to the growth of that financial power of the few as the advent of the industrial trust. By converting a large part of the capital of the country into negotiable bonds and stocks, which are listed on the New York and other Stock Exchanges, a few men are acquiring a strength which is almost world-compelling. A generation ago the power of Wall Street extended to little more than the railroad world. Industrial businesses were then private businesses, owned in large part by those who managed them, or they were dependent upon local financial concerns. The industries of America were then practically free from domination by Wall Street. Even the railroads, smaller units as they then were, retained some freedom of action. The change came with the creation of the industrial trusts and the great consolidation of railroads. To-day *no really large enterprise can be undertaken without the consent of a few men whose offices are in or near Wall Street;* and the price of this consent is usually such as to further enhance the power of our money kings. This great danger, which new party leaders generally ignore, Governor WILSON appreciates. Long ago he said:

> The great monopoly in this country is the money monopoly. So long as that exists our old variety and freedom and individual energy of development are out of the question. A great industrial nation is controlled by its system of credits. Our system of credit is concentrated. The growth of the nation, therefore, and all our activities, are in the hands of a few men, who, even if their action be honest and intended for the public interest, are necessarily concentrated upon the great undertakings in which their own money is involved, and who necessarily, by every reason of their own limitations, chill and check and destroy economic freedom. This is the greatest question of all.

These financiers and their dependents grow stronger not only through the unconscionably large promoters' fees and underwriting commissions, but also through that other and daily tribute paid on Stock Exchange transactions. The legalizing of our large trusts, as proposed by the New party, would immeasurably increase that tribute. Monopoly is the path of least resistance in business; and the effect of licensing monopoly would be to accelerate greatly the movement toward monopoly and, incidentally, the absorption of private businesses into huge corporations. In this way many billions now invested in private businesses and still free would come under the domination of our great financiers.

TARIFF

HAD GROVER CLEVELAND been successful in the great fight with GORMAN over the tariff, we should not now be facing on such an extreme scale the related problems of (1) monopolies—many of them created by the tariff, (2) the high cost of living, (3) the vast inequalities of wealth, (4) the subordination of the country to the city. If WILSON is elected, he will be confronted with some extremely hard work which the Democratic party had an opportunity to do under CLEVELAND and refused, with the result that the Republicans, in the spirit of HANNA, proceeded to manufacture that "prosperity" from which we are suffering now. WILSON finds the Democratic masses much more convinced than CLEVELAND did; he finds a large part of the Republicans sick to death of the Payne-Aldrich Bill; and he finds the La Follette-Cummins type of Progressive Republican leaders as determined about the tariff as any Democrats, although slightly differing with them in matters of degree. The prospects, therefore, for successful correction of tariff graft under WILSON would be far better than they were under CLEVELAND, who saw his own party divided, while the Republicans were a unit in convincing the workingman that they could take money out of the public in general and put it into his dinner pail or pay envelope.

THE MINIMUM WAGE

COLONEL ROOSEVELT seems to us entirely right when he states that Governor WILSON's fears about the minimum wage are groundless. We can see absolutely no tendency in a minimum wage to depress the general rate of wages. Some such conclusion might have been drawn by the John Stuart Mill school of economists, but the more realistic and detailed studies of our day lead in exactly the opposite direction. The absence of a minimum wage would make it more possible for the employing class to beat down the general standards of wages in any industry, and the existence of a minimum wage would tend toward efficiency, morals, increased product, and a more just spirit in the division of profit.

COOPERATION

LET US GET BACK for a moment to the trust question, which is the most important of the campaign. Those who defend monopoly tend to use the word "cooperation." Cooperation, in its best sense, implies that the business is being operated for the benefit of the consumer. In a narrower sense, cooperation implies that the business is being conducted by and for the benefit of those working in it. Cooperation is not an apt term to mean that the business is being conducted in the interests of the capitalists, large and small, who are its stockholders. No trust has yet been operated for the benefit of the consumer or of its own employees. The $62,500,000 promoters' fee taken in the organization of the Steel Corporation, and the $6,800,000 financiers' fee paid later for providing $20,000,000 cash in connection with the preferred-stock-conversion plan, raise a doubt whether its officers have always cooperated with the stockholders.

Nor is the term "cooperation" properly used to express the relation of the trust to other steel makers, even in the happy days of the Gary dinners. The diners combined in good fellowship to fix, as against the public, the prices which consumers of steel products should pay; but the trust did not yield to its guests any part of that overweening power which it derived through monopolizing ore reserves and controlling transportation systems.

This concentration of ore reserves, instead of resulting in much-vaunted "trust economies," has increased immensely the market value of ore lands and the cost of steel products to the consumer. Upon such of the trust's competitors as did not own ore lands it has already heaped heavy burdens. Mr. CARNEGIE put it thus before the Stanley Committee:

> MR. CARNEGIE—Gentlemen, you cannot organize new steel companies in this country now. Mark that.
>
> THE CHAIRMAN—Why not?
>
> MR. CARNEGIE—They could not buy ore.

That pictures the future if the Steel Trust is preserved. Its present control, through its transportation systems, is thus described by the Stanley Committee:

> The Steel Corporation, in the conduct of its business, has obtained control of various railway and steamship lines by which its raw material is transported from the ore beds of the Northwest to the plants of the corporation. Much of the ore consumed by the competitors of the corporation is carried over these various lines of transportation. . . .
>
> The cost of transporting this ore over its own roads and steamships is, of course, not measured by any freight rate, but by the actual expense incident to the operation; and where the corporation handles a like traffic for its competitors, an excessive charge is essentially a tribute levied upon those who are forced to make use of the transportation facilities of the Steel Corporation.

How great this tribute has been is indicated by the dividends paid by the several railroad companies owned by the Steel Corporation. For the four years ending 1911, *the average yearly dividend* on the Duluth, Missabe & Northern was 154 per cent; on the Duluth & Iron Range, 125 per cent; on the Bessemer & Lake Erie, 87½ per cent.

The Stanley Committee says:

> There is a difference of not less than $3 per ton in the actual cost of assembling the ore required for one ton of pig iron at a blast furnace in Pittsburgh to the Steel Corporation and its competitor, to say nothing of any advantage that the Steel Corporation might possess by virtue of similar advantages in assembling the coke and limestone necessary to convert this ore into pig iron. . . .
>
> The enormous earnings of the Steel Corporation are due, not to a degree of integration or efficiency not possessed by its competitors, but to the ownership of ore reserves out of all proportion to its output or requirements and to the control and operation of common carriers, divisions of rates, and liberal allowances obtained from other concerns through inequitable and inordinate terminal allowances.

Such is the power of this huge trust in matters connected with transportation, *despite the existence of the able and honest Interstate Commerce Commission.* Shall we allow the development of such concerns—and rely upon an Interstate Trade Commission to control them?

A LEADER

WILLIAM G. McADOO has been mentioned by us more than once as a remarkable instance of a man who has shown the ability to run successfully a great corporation combined with the ability to understand and lead public opinion. More than a year and a half ago he made a speech in Boston, on the subject of monopoly, which contains a good deal of the language that has been steadily growing in favor during the present campaign, and particularly the contrast between regulated monopoly and regulated competition. The following is a quotation:

> With great corporations controlling the sources and distribution of food supply, manufactured products, and transportation, with prices to the consumer constantly mounting, we find ourselves almost helpless in spite of antitrust laws and regulative commissions. . . .
>
> Monopoly is, in itself, inherently wrong. It is against the natural order of things—it is against the fundamental law of political economy. . . . The only way to effectually regulate monopoly is to prevent it. Unregulated competition is better than regulated monopoly, but *regulated competition is better than either.*

We do not know where that contrast between regulated monopoly and regulated competition began. Mr. McADOO's use of it gains importance from his own successful experience in big business.

It is said, by the way, that Mr. McADOO would not accept the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York, and it is indeed possible that his services are even more needed elsewhere. There are a number of prominent Democrats perfectly fitted for the position. If Mr. MURPHY successfully insists on the nomination of a puppet of his, why should he not go further and run himself in order to make the issue perfectly distinct? His interest in DIX has had two causes. DIX has been good to Tammany, and he is not a dangerous man in the Rosenthal situation. The Rosenthal exposures threaten the very basis of Tammany power.

SOCIAL WORKERS

JUDGE SADLER of the Criminal Court of Chicago recently said in a public address: "One of the best forces in politics to-day is that of the social workers, like the group at Hull House." The social worker is a new power in politics. Those like JANE ADDAMS and BEN LINDSEY, who are giving their lives to set the feet of the poor and the delinquent on solid ground, discovered they had to go into politics to get justice and protection for the weak and oppressed. Professors in colleges, students of sociology, men everywhere who are interested in a better chance for the dull, the halt, and the weak, have discovered that if ever their theories work and their dreams materialize they must go into politics and fight for those too weak or ignorant or poor to fight for themselves. They are active, everyday leaders of men, and they are getting a large following. Around them are gathering forces so potent that they will leaven the platforms and enforce the promises of every political party that hopes to survive. The large numbers in which they have gone to the Bull Moose is the most solid foundation for the future of that party.

BATTING RULES

A FAN AGREES with our wish to have the best batters get a whack at the ball, but objects to our two proposed remedies, without giving any other reason than that the umpire would have a hard time deciding about intention. If that objection is conclusive (and we do not think it is), we cannot see why taking a base on balls should not be looked upon as a *privilege*, to be accepted or rejected by the manager of the team at bat. Our correspondent makes some of the recognized criticisms to the spitball, which is objected to by many, including ourselves. A good suggestion is that the four-strike rule might be modified. The rule was made because a line of batters, beginning with MIKE KELLY, intentionally fouled good balls until they got a base. It is a necessary rule made in order to hasten the game, and it ought to include foul tips, but it does seem as if it ought not to include long drives. Frequently a batter strikes out because, before missing the ball once, he has struck two tremendous liners that have gone a few inches foul.

THE VIEWS OF BRANDEIS

SINCE HIS ARTICLES have appeared in COLLIER'S, a number of persons have asked whether Mr. BRANDEIS's opinions on trusts have been expressed more fully elsewhere. His testimony before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, December 14-16, 1911, went into many aspects of the subject, and the report can be had upon application to the chairman, Senator CLAPP.

EDITORIALS

WRITING ABOUT the kind of literary talent that would be most valuable in editorial work to-day, we mentioned VOLTAIRE, MACAULAY, and SWIFT. Among the suggestions that the mail has brought in, the most interesting are DICKENS and DEFOE. DEFOE, however, with his marvelous impression of actuality, would be greater as a special writer than as an editorial critic. DICKENS, if he could adapt himself to brief units, would in American journalism to-day be indeed a mighty power to reach and move the hearts of men. The same genius that went into his fiction has overflowed into some of his critical work, and always there is the great ability to entertain, mixed with a need of using that power for the betterment of life, which is exactly the combination that the ideal editor ought to have, particularly in America, but more and more in all countries as they become more democratic.

SHAW AND MOLIÈRE

"FANNY'S FIRST PLAY" contains some of the most diverting lines GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has written. It would require a dull person to find no amusement in it. Also it has much stimulation and enlightenment along with the fun; the mixture of true comedy. It reminded us of similar work by a much greater man, partly because of resemblances, partly because of differences. MOLIÈRE can talk about himself without being self-conscious, and he can mix earnestness and frivolity without ever creating the jar that SHAW often gives. Here is a free translation from the play called "Criticism of the 'School for Women'":

> CLIMÈNE—I have just seen, for my sins, that evil rhapsody called the School for Women. . . . I didn't find a single bit of flavor in the whole concoction. "Children from the ear" struck me as detestable in taste; the "cream tart" gave me palpitation of the heart; and I almost vomited over the "soup" joke. . . . Can anybody, of any virtue, find pleasure in a piece which incessantly alarms modesty and constantly soils the imagination?

The whole dispute about the immoral implications which lurk in the word "the," except that it is probably part of his principles to think himself as superior to MOLIÈRE, might raise SHAW's envy. The discussions of popularity and pedantry in the theatre are as fresh to-day as when the gay soul of MOLIÈRE struck them out. Easy, indeed, to remember is the earnest and superior gentleman who cried out, whenever the audience was amused: "Laugh, you groundlings, laugh," shrugging his shoulders in heartiest contempt. The splendid discussions of comedy and tragedy run naturally out of the broad comedy and the whole piece has as much solidity as wit.

Nor is this the only play in which MOLIÈRE had his own work brilliantly dissected. In "The Impromptu of Versailles" he put himself, his actress-wife, and others of his troupe on the stage, and again played with the criticisms passed upon his own work. The fact, however, that SHAW's idea of discussing his own work on the stage began with one of the world's highest geniuses does not lessen the interest of "Fanny's First Play." Indeed, for those who remember MOLIÈRE the interest of the Shaw comedy acquires the added interest of comparison between the greatest of French authors and the contemporary Irish humorist.

ARGUMENT

CONVERSATION should be notable for both the substance and form—for distinction of what is said and the pleasantness of the manner of its saying. In what is called Society, personal charm in the way of talking is much more valued than any importance in the ideas or knowledge conveyed. Among strenuous men, on the other hand, interest in the conclusions reached sometimes turns discussion into dispute and cooperation into antagonism. SCOTT, in his "Journal," describes one who in youth had strongly the lust for argumentation, "but habits of society have greatly mellowed it, and, though still anxious to gain your suffrage to his views, he endeavors rather to conciliate your opinion than to conquer it by force." After saying that in London conversation must be "slack and easy," he adds: "I like the Scotch taste better. There is more matter, more information; above all, more spirit in it." The best conversation we personally ever heard was that of WILLIAM JAMES. None ever had more energy and conviction, and yet none was ever more agreeable and human. It was always powerful, loaded with positive ideas, but elastic, sensitive, and witty, with color and variety and impulse. Argument should be like the skeleton of conversation, well covered with the flesh and blood of cheerfulness, fellowship, and tact.

AN APPOINTMENT

WE TAKE PLEASURE *in announcing the appointment of* Mr. E. C. PATTERSON, *for many years Advertising Manager of* COLLIER'S, *as Vice President and General Manager of* P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.

The first car off for the Elgin Cup. The cars were sent away 30 seconds apart. The race for the Elgin Trophy was 254 miles. The Free-for-all into which most of the cars continued was for 306 miles

"This used to be the time, with the hay and grain in and thrashing done, that the county fairs were held. . . . wagons' and broad-backed horses hung with fly nets, there

At the

Thoughts Inspired by the Appearance of Devil Wagons in the Corn Belt

THERE could be no doubt that "Hughey" Hughes was the hero of the first day's crowd at Elgin. Mr. Hughes is a red-haired, red-faced young Englishman, with the long nose, back-slanting forehead, and derisive grin of a natural comedian.

"Will there be any speed to-day, Hughey?" some ironist called down from the press stand as the cars entered for the Jencks, Illinois, and Aurora trophies, roaring and belching smoke, backed up three or four rows deep behind the starting line.

"'Ow should *I* know, Jawge!" bawled Mr. Hughes, executing a curtsy with one knee and coyly sticking the oily forefinger of a driving glove in the corner of his mouth.

MR. HUGHES AND THE GALLERY

ONCE in the very high tide of flight he pulled up in front of the grand stand, for no reason whatever but to tell the judges just what had happened to a car delayed somewhere on the far side of the course. Another time, just after shooting round the Hoornbeck turn, he backed up to tell one of his team mates, delayed by tire trouble, to take it easy and not worry—they had the race, all right.

His yellow Mercer racer, low hung, with a stern like a boat, swept down the track as if it were running in a groove. There were two other Mercers of the same type, a couple of Falcars and a Mason in the same event—a race of 152 miles, for light cars of 230 cubic inches piston displacement—but something in the car itself, in the driving, or one's fancy, gave to Hughey's a different, surer air. It appeared to waver less. It came over the hill to the west, and down past the cornfields and the crowd to the stands, with the air of a very superior person entering a room, and drew away down the track with the straight, untrembling *zzst* of a diamond cutting glass. Cocksureness and confidence hung all over it and all about the genial Mr. Hughes, and he sailed past, lap after lap, grinning sidewise at the stands with the joculär familiarity of a music-hall monologuist bestowing confidences on the gallery.

It was at such moments—Hughes won the Aurora Cup, by the way, six minutes ahead of everybody else, at an average speed of 65.05 miles an hour—that this red-haired youth seemed rather strikingly symbolical. One couldn't help recalling, with a smile, the state of mind in which most folks went down—it seems but yesterday—to see the first Vanderbilt Cup. We might have been landsmen going down into a submarine, recruits about to see their first battle. New York thought of nothing else the night before. Hotels were full, there was a vast honk-honking in the streets, and all that night—for the race began at dawn—there was a strange new purr in the air of western Long Island and dragon eyes blazing through the dark. And those racing drivers—strange, hooded creatures, out of Italy, France, goodness knows where—were "demons"; men of steel and fire and the blazing wind—creatures of another world. A little gray and pale for want of sleep, people stared at them swooping by, much as they might look at an execution, and went home unstrung to take a day or two to get over it.

THE "DEMONS" ARE EVERYDAY FOLKS NOW

THAT was seven years ago and here we were—fifty thousand of us, the papers said, dyed-in-the-wool Americans—strung along the cornfields of Kane County, Ill., on a blazing late summer day, drinking red pop with our backs turned while the "meteors" whizzed by, or calling out jokes to the "demon" we happened to know just as if he were the man on first.

Mr. Joe Dawson, who won the great 500-mile race at Indianapolis with a National after De Palma's Mercedes, miles ahead, went back on him in the last lap, was writing his impressions of the Elgin races for the Chicago "Tribune." Mr. Dawson was supposed to be valuable because he was a racing driver himself and knew all about automobiles.

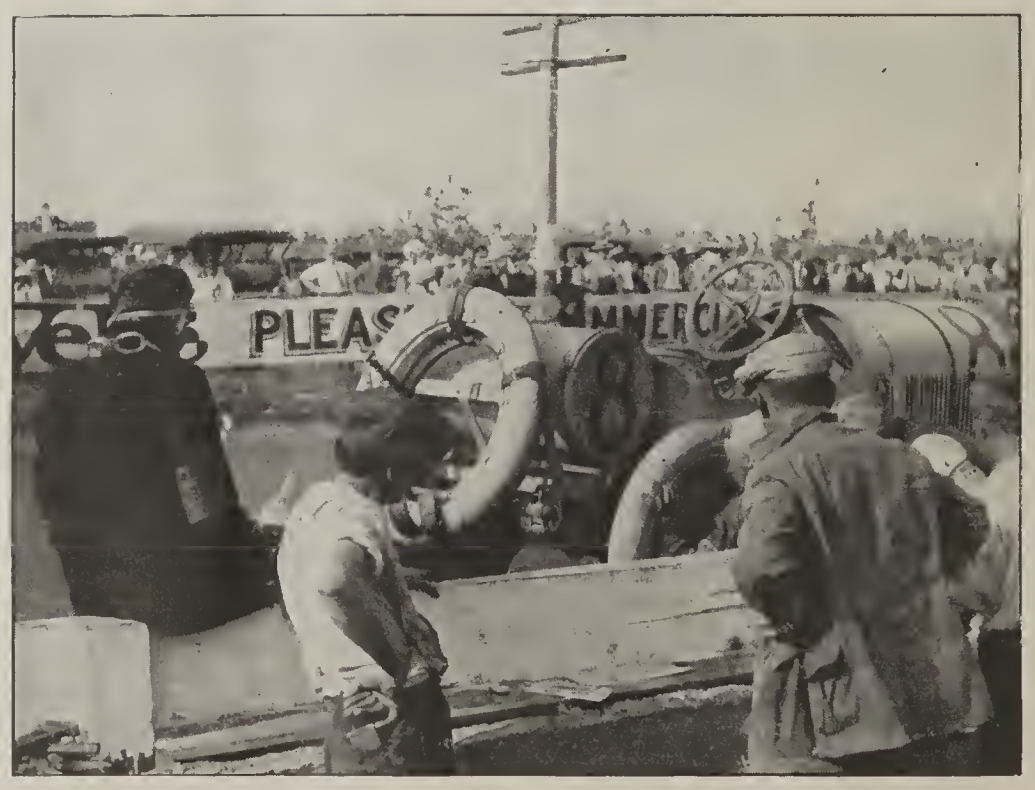
The real man for the story, however, ought to have left Kane County before automobiles came in—ten years ago, for instance—and to have stumbled on this extraordinary scene on his way back from the Klondike to settle down on the old farm.

For Elgin is where the cream and butter, as well as the watches, come from. It is just at the northern edge of the Illinois corn belt. All the rolling prairie country thereabouts—with its groves of oak and walnut and hickory in between—is speckled with black and [illegible] cattle, and covered with corn eight feet [illegible] this "Western Vanderbilt" is run, [illegible]ng over and harden in the ear.

This used to be the time, with the hay and grain all in and thrashing done, that the county fairs were held. We used to have a county fair in our town, and all the farmers shaved their tanned necks and hitched up the sorrel team to the double buggy, and with their sons in store clothes and their daughters bursting the seams of their white dresses, came clop-clopping through the dust to town, to buy yards of chewing candy and red lemonade, and see the prize cattle and the folding beds in Exposition Hall, the tight-rope walker and the 2:30 trot. The county fair is gone now and the fair grounds turned into a geometrically perfect municipal playground and park, and where the long rows of horse sheds used to be there is a macadam road, round which, in the cool of the evening, people roll in their touring cars.

INSTEAD OF THE PUMPKIN SHOW

WELL, here they all were, the folks who used to come to our county fair—with a lot of others from Chicago and the little near-by summer-resort lakes, and all the towns within easy touring distance—strung along the fences of the eight-mile course. There they were, with the same old lunch boxes and pickles and papers on the grass—but with this difference: Instead of "lumber wagons" and double buggies and broad-backed horses hung with fly nets, there were automobiles—hundreds, thousands of them. They made a solid wall behind the barbed-wire fences and massed half a dozen rows deep in the shade of the oak groves. Everyone seemed to have one, or to have come with a friend who did, or to possess that bewilderingly esoteric familiarity with them which is so often the property of those who stand by and look on.



Bergdoll, with only one lap to go, watching the precious seconds slip by while his rear right tire—which came in afire—was changed

You would see some middle-aged Cincinnatus, burned by the suns of fifty corn-belt summers, leaning over the fence (or, more likely, calmly seated on somebody else's expensive headlights) watching the cars whiz by. According to popular notion, he should have been absorbed in silos and the price of hogs and be saying: "Gosh all hemlock, if them tarnation contraptions ain't a-goin' faster'n the C. an' I. train fer Chicawgy, then I'll eat my hat!" What he *was* saying was that the reason Teddy Tetzlaff was out was because he'd "sheared off the bolts holdin' the drivin' gear to the differential housing," and the reason Joe Dawson went through at Indianapolis was because he was "foxy enough to keep to the outside of the track where it wa'n't so hot and so he didn't burn his tires up."

There were three races the first day, all for light cars, and all run at once—the "baby" cars finishing at 96 miles, the next class (in which Hughes drove) at 152 miles; the third class, those with 301-45 cubic inches piston displacement, two Stutz cars, a National and a Rayfield, going a little more than 203 miles. On the second day there were two races, run simultaneously in the same way. The Elgin Trophy was for cars of 600 cubic inches piston displacement and under, 254 miles; and the Free-for-all, of 306 miles, open to "any car conforming to the definition of a motor car as defined by the American Automobile Association. All of the cars entered in the longer race, except Erwin Bergdoll's big Benz racer, which was a bit too large for the class, were also entered for the Elgin Trophy. They merely finished one and whizzed right on without stopping for the other. Several of those entered in the first, however, were not entered for the second, and when to this was added the fact that the thirteen were started in single file, thirty seconds between each, the exact position of any one as it shot by was a rather complicated thing to work out. Compared to the opacity of the problem, Greek was a plate-glass window, so far as I was concerned, and one felt like a resurrected Inca among a nation of Thomas A. Edisons, as, pushing through the wilted crowd a mile or two from the official score board, one heard some horny-handed enthusiast from Plato Center or Honey Creek, armed only with a score card and the family watch, announce in an offhand way that Bergdoll was four minutes ahead in the Free-for-all, but De Palma still led in the Elgin, while Ralph Mulford was second in the one and third in the other and two minutes thirty-seven seconds ahead of the Fiat!

IN THE PITS

IT IS in the "pits"—those sunken cement boxes beside the track in front of the stands, where the mechanics wait with tires and "gas" and oil—that one really gets into the thick of the "racing game." These are the boys who live by it. They've seen each other at Savannah,

Well, here they all were, the folks who used to come to our county fair, but with this difference—instead of 'lumber were automobiles—hundreds, thousands of them" . . .

Elgin Races

By

ARTHUR RUHL

Indianapolis, Tacoma, all over the place, and they'll be meeting next week again somewhere else. The view or what came in the lunch box counts for nothing here. Nothing counts but tires and solid parts and gasoline and oil and time. Time—*time!*

Here she comes—a mile down the course and the mechanician signaling as she flies. Something's wrong—it's her right rear tire—going last time, gone now and she's making for the pits. "Hey, you fellows, *get—that—tire!* No—*I'll* jack her up—gimme that jack—he wants oil an' water, too!" And before you've had time to turn round, up swoops the racer, rear wheels locked and sliding, thundering and veiled in smoke, and stops at the pit. Up 'with her now, off with that rear rim—blinkety-blank but it sticks—and burns, too, for she was making seventy-three that lap—there! Now on with the new one! Hey—block those front wheels! Hold her brake! ("Oh, hell!"—this from the driver—"*I've* got her brake.") Now—screw it down—there—there. And, with the pitmen cheering and the mechanician hopping in on the offside, away she roars down the track. *What!* Forty-five seconds! That's a devil of a loss—De Palma got off in thirty!

De Palma, who won the Free-for-all and the Elgin Cup

Speed comes close to you there in the pit. You touch it, feel it about you, breathe it as a sort of fiery ether. It comes in with these black-hooded men, smeared with oil and dust, with their staccato commands and hunted eyes. To us, baking there under a terrific sun—it was one of those days that make the corn grow, ninety-five in the shade and not a breath—they suddenly brought the whistling breath of flight. All at once we seemed torpid, leaden, geared to another pitch of movement and thought altogether. Mere toads we were and they had stepped off a star. Even the volatile substance which is the breath of their racing life seemed too solid for them—"*Gas! More gas!*" the mechanician shouted, as one who found it hard to think in any terms but those of absolute speed. "Gas! Hand over that gas!" bawled the excited pit men, and into the tanks it splashed, pouring over seat and driving gear as if, instead of the explosive that most of us leaden-footed folks knew about, it were mere water thrown on a fire.

The pitmen themselves seemed quaint souls, with a middle-ground point of view between the public and the professional not unlike that of canvas men in a circus or scene shifters in a theatre. Between times they talked more or less knowingly—"De Palma's rear's gone—did you notice that, Bill? He'll stop next time—right rear tread's off. . . . Hey, the Mercer's missing—did you get that? . . . Nine tire changes—now what do you know about that! An' look at the weight we got to carry. He's got to stop all that and start it again at the corners—we ought to 'a' stripped another twenty pounds off.". . .

It is part of the pitmen's duty to signal their driver every time he comes round, his own position, what machine is directly ahead of him and what behind, and give him any other suggestion that will help him along. In a long race, where several machines of the same make are entered, team work can often be used to good effect, and where rival machines and drivers are evenly matched, victory or defeat may rest entirely on the quickness and efficiency of the men in the pit. Those I happened to sit nearest at Elgin seemed rather more willing than efficient and to adore their driver as a brilliant young genius for whom they had a certain paternal responsibility, but whose ways were past finding out. "He's got to go fast now if he's goin' to," one of them complained, as if the signal man weren't doing his duty. "Hell," said the latter, "I give him the fastest signal I knew!" "Well," persisted the other, regardless of the fact that their young chief was close up to the lead, "give him *minus two!*"

THE MEN WHO DRIVE

THE drivers themselves are of several types. Some are, so to speak, "gentlemen jockeys," and own, enter, and drive their own cars for the fun of the thing. Such as Bergdoll in the Benz, for instance—a tall, quiet young fellow with intelligence to spare. Others, like Ralph Mulford—a clean, laughing, likable boy, not unlike some of the younger birdmen—or De Palma—a quiet young Greek-American, who was tinkering on his machine, while others talked—are employed by manufacturers. They get a regular salary, and the prize money is theirs too—part going, of course, to the mechanician and the men in the pit. Others still are free-lances, driving where they get the chance, going where the going's good.

And a curious game it is, this "racing game"—one in which the man counts for everything and counts for nothing at all. Counts for much because for the two or three hours the terrific pace continues his eyes and hands and racing instinct must not for an instant relax. And he counts for nothing, because after keeping that tension and facing defeat and death, perhaps, for every instant that it isn't kept, some ridiculous bit of steel swells or snaps and he's as much out of it as if he had never started.

That was what happened to De Palma at Indianapolis when, miles ahead of the field, he lost the 500-mile race in the last lap. And it happened to Hughes in the seventeenth lap of the Elgin, when, out on the far side of the course, a connecting rod broke. You would scarcely have known the debonair "Hughey" of the day before, to see him stumping about the Mercer pit—merely a grumpy young mechanic now, with a face covered with grease and dirt. The Fiat went out in the twenty-sixth lap with a broken gear, Wishart's Mercer in the twenty-second with a broken oil pipe.

These things are, comparatively speaking, preventable. A well-made machine, thoroughly tested and "tuned up," ought to last out. The little Mason Special, smoking like an express train with its open exhausts on top, made its first stop in the seventeenth lap—after 145 miles of unbroken top-speed running—

Ralph Mulford just before the race. Mulford finished second in the Elgin Cup race and continued on for the Free-for-all. The heat was terrific, and on the thirty-second lap he fainted and his mechanician had to finish the race

and then only for "gas" and oil, and it finished out the Elgin, fourth, without changing a tire.

The unforeseen and unpreventable thing—although, of course, driving has something to do with this—is the time lost on tires. To an outsider tires seem about as much of a gamble as cantaloupes. They all look alike on the outside, and you can only whip off the old one, whip on a new one, give the driver a clap on the back as he disappears in a cloud of smoke—and wait till he comes round again to see. Mulford, who finished second in the Elgin and third in the Free-for-all, and was always within striking distance of the lead, had to stop his big gray Knox nine times for tire changes and once, in the fourteenth lap, to change both rear tires and the right front tire—enough of a loss in itself to lose a race.

The most heartbreaking delay of this sort came to Bergdoll on the very last lap. The two races had soon settled down into a duel between Mulford and De Palma in the Knox and Mercedes for the Elgin Cup, and into a three-cornered fight between these two and Bergdoll in the Benz for the Free-for-all. Had the Benz not been slightly too big for the class, Bergdoll would have won the Elgin easily, for he was five minutes ahead of everybody on the thirtieth lap. As it was, De Palma took it at an average speed of 68.4 miles an hour—two minutes and forty-three seconds ahead of Mulford. Merz's Stutz, Roberts's Mason, and Anderson's Stutz were third, fourth, and fifth.

THE STRAIN OF A THREE-HUNDRED-MILE RACE

THE Benz, Mercedes, and Knox thundered on from the thirtieth lap for the six more laps of the Free-for-all. On the thirty-third Bergdoll was still leading, and as Mulford swung up to the pit and stopped, he fainted away. The terrific heat and the three-hour strain had at last got to him. They carried him off; his mechanician, Chandler, took the wheel and a pitman hopped into the mechanician's seat, waving his arms as they shot away—a joy ride for *him!* It wasn't a long delay but enough, it seemed, to put the Knox out of it; and, although De Palma was driving like mad and only a minute and thirty-four seconds behind, it looked as if Bergdoll had the race.

Away they went on the thirty-fourth lap, De Palma, his bad luck gone for once, covering the eight and a half miles in six minutes and fifty-eight seconds. He was only fifty-four seconds behind as they roared past on the thirty-fifth. The announcer was bellowing through his megaphone that this would be one of the closest finishes ever seen in this country, and everybody was on tiptoe when, nearly a minute later than she was due, the big Benz came leaping over the hill and down toward the stands. Leaping she was, but limping too, an ominous smoke trailing after her right rear tire.

It is the right rear tire which gets the worst of the throw in rounding corners, and nine times out of ten the trouble is there when a car turns in to the pits. "Burning up the track" is no mere figure of speech in races of this length and speed. Engines come in smoking like bonfires, and tires burn and disintegrate like so much punk. It was plain that Bergdoll was in trouble from the way the car swayed and as he thundered up to the pit, overdriving it in his haste and losing seconds in backing up again; the right rear tire was afire, hacked, ripped, and hanging in shreds. A mournful "*O-o-o!*" sighed over the stands or, as the distressingly material mind of the pitman next door put it, "*Now* who'll get drunk to-night?"

THE IRONY OF RACING LUCK

BERGDOLL himself, his lead of a few laps back and his four hours' battle slipping through his fingers like sand, was the coolest of the lot. Perhaps he was too tired to be anything else. He sat on the pit rail thoughtfully drinking water out of a bottle, while his pitmen tore and clawed at the smoldering, sticky tire; and when De Palma whizzed by—doing the thirty-fifth lap in six minutes and fifty-six seconds—he never turned his head. Two minutes and forty seconds went ticking off into eternity before he was up and away again, and with them went the race. Six minutes and forty-nine seconds later De Palma—who had changed tires on the twenty-ninth lap and been driving like the wind ever since—roared over the line a winner. He had covered the 305 miles in four hours twenty-eight minutes and six seconds, an average of seventy miles an hour, and won "going away." He had captured both cups, and they were victories well deserved, for of bad luck at Indianapolis and elsewhere, De Palma had had plenty more than enough.

Jules Védrines Flying at One Hundred and Five Miles an Hour in the Gordon Bennett International Aviation Race

The Gordon Bennett International Aviation race took place at Chicago on September 9. Five countries were entered, but only one, France, was represented. Two of the three members of the French team, Jules Védrines and Maurice Prévost, completed the 30 circuits of the 4 1-4 miles aerodrome. The winner, Védrines, flying a Deperdussin monoplane with a 140-horsepower motor, covered the 200 kilometers (124.8 miles) in 1 hour 10 minutes 56.80 seconds, at a speed approximating 105 1-2 miles an hour; the second, Maurice Prévost, flying a Deperdussin monoplane with a 100-horsepower motor, covered the distance in 1 hour 15 minutes 25.70 seconds, an average speed of 100 1-2 miles an hour

A New Occupation for the Insane

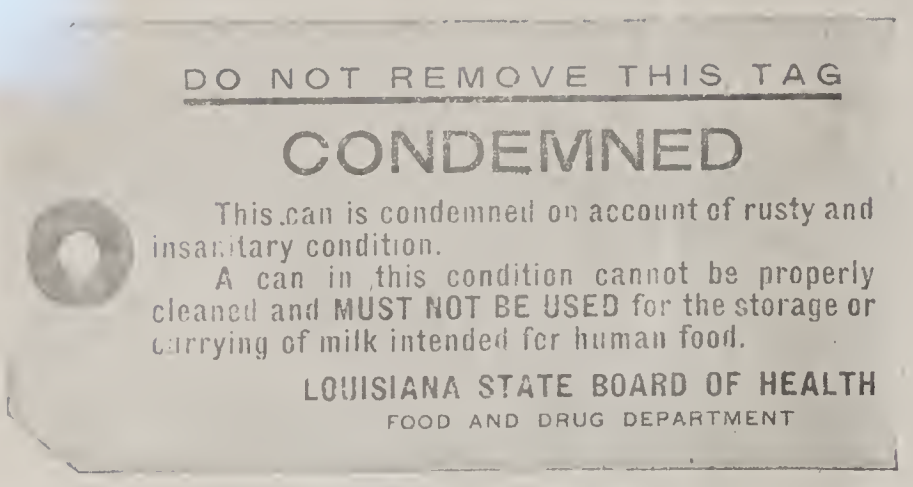
The State Hospital for the Insane at San Jose, Cal., has instituted a new form of amusement with which to occupy the minds of the patients and hold their attention. It consists of military tactics and sham battles, which are in charge of a former soldier and the hospital authorities. The picture shows the explosion of the block house at the sham battle of San Juan. Several hundred patients took part in the exercise, including a number of women. After the battle, with its long preparatory drill, five men were sent home cured

Polishing a Dreadnought — The New American Battleship Texas in Dry Dock at Norfolk Navy Yard

While the United States is falling behind the bigger navies in number of dreadnoughts, the latest American battleships of this type carry the heaviest guns afloat. The Texas and her sister, the New York, will mount ten 14-inch guns of which six are in two turrets of three guns each. The installation is such that these three pieces can be aimed and fired as one gun. While the three-gun turret is used abroad, this method of firing is original with the United States Navy. The remaining four 14-inch guns are in two turrets of two guns each

Baseball for Convicts

At the Ohio State Penitentiary in Columbus, baseball has been introduced for the convicts whose good behavior warrants their taking part. A diamond has been laid out in the prison yard and the warden acts as umpire. The prisoners take the most intense interest in the games, and the rival teams are enthusiastically supported. Giving the prisoners an interest outside their prison work and a pleasure in their monotonous lives is planned to prevent discontent and outbreaks, and to restore to them a healthy viewpoint. The plan is working well


DO NOT REMOVE THIS TAG

CONDEMNED

This can is condemned on account of rusty and insanitary condition.

A can in this condition cannot be properly cleaned and MUST NOT BE USED for the storage or carrying of milk intended for human food.

LOUISIANA STATE BOARD OF HEALTH
FOOD AND DRUG DEPARTMENT

THIS CAN IS

DIRTY

and in its present condition is not a fit vessel in which to carry or store

MILK INTENDED FOR HUMAN FOOD

To clean milk cans use pure water only. First rinse in warm water; then wash inside and out in hot water in which a cleansing material has been dissolved; rinse again; sterilize with boiling water or steam; keep inverted in pure air and in sun if possible until ready for use.

FOOD AND DRUG DEPARTMENT
LOUISIANA STATE BOARD OF HEALTH
Per..... Inspector.

The Cleanser

Being the Workaday Record of Dr. Oscar Dowling, Which Enables Louisiana to Advertise Itself as the Spotless Commonwealth

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

BEFORE we are crowded together we can all be individualists: lack of elbow room is the cause of laws restricting personal liberty.

"This is a free country," protested a citizen of New Orleans. "I have a right to be dirty."

"Clean up," said Dr. Dowling, "or close up."

"Or go to jail," said the court injunction.

"When Governor Sanders appointed Oscar Dowling as head of the Health Board," whispered the amused and approving bystander, "he started something which makes the story of Hercules in the stables sound like the adventure of a mollycoddle."

And who is Dowling?

He is a large man, a well-fed man, the most cheerful, smiling, good-natured, calm, unruffled, youthful, carefree doctor in the world.

Fifteen years or so ago he came from some little place over yonder in Mississippi or Alabama, where he made the most of youth by running a store, a livery stable, a hotel, a blacksmith shop, and half the industries in town, until, having been everything else, he could not resist being a doctor any longer, and went here and there, and abroad, and learned it, and then came back to build up such a practice in Shreveport, La., that no one suspected for a moment that he would be willing to give it up for the presidency of the Health Board of the State.

But Dr. Dowling had a notion that the State of his adoption was naturally a fine, wholesome place, and that it was his duty to take the job of making it finer by remedying some faults of carelessness in town housekeeping. He was confident there were enough existing laws upon which to make a thorough cleaning of every city and town in the whole State, and that administration and activity, plus education, would do the work, and would save lives, and give Louisiana, which had fought the yellow fever so successfully, a new progressive lift and another piece of good advertising thrown in. Whereupon he took charge; he literally pulled off his coat and began a tour of inspection.

Dr. Dowling showed what cleaning meant by taking off his coat and going to work at the head of a body of cleansers

The washing of New Orleans might have been forecast from the vigor of the campaign for sanitation, which began for the State at large months before.

Dowling became known very quickly. His methods are not sensational first, and effective afterward, but they are effective enough to be sensational. They have drawn the attention not only of Louisiana but of the authorities of other States as well.

This is the way it began: If there were to be an inspection of the State, argued the doctor and his assistants, it must be thorough; local health officers could not be relied upon to pronounce their neighbors dirty, to say nothing of accusing them of being unsanitary. This meant traveling. It would be a fine thing to have a laboratory along to make examinations. Furthermore, the trip would lose half its usefulness if no education could be done on the way.

"What is the matter with a private car?" said the new president of the board. "Better yet, what is the matter with a private train—a Board of Health train with a laboratory, quarters for the staff, room to carry literature, and space for a health exhibit? Let's buy a Board of Health car!"

One dealer was discouraged from the practice of hanging beef in an entry way

Next he went to the railroad officials with his proposal.

"We are going to nearly every place in the State on rails," said he. "There is one parish down here that is surrounded by water, and we'll have to go there by boat. But never mind that one. Will you carry us to the others?"

The authorities of transportation did not quite catch the full significance, but they agreed to "route the Bug Train."

Perhaps, indeed, no one caught the full significance when the journey started—a journey which scrawled a perfect spider's web of traveled miles, weaving a thread here and there over the map of Louisiana, and touching nearly three hundred communities. It was a very nice thing, thought those who knew of the trip, to spread information about producing clean milk and nursing the baby, and about how to run a sanitary barber shop, and keep the well clean, and slaughter animals correctly, and conduct sanitary schools. "This is in line with modern thought," said some. "It's a nice, pleasing, academic proposition." Perhaps even Dr. Dowling did not know just how much more than an academic proposition this was to be, or to what extent he would have to exert drastic action under the broad, but hitherto unused, powers vested in the State Board. Nor did he know that the metropolis of New Orleans was to become the scene of a campaign of cleanliness which was to have all the people of the city behind it.

The first little skirmish on the trip came after the train had reached Lake Charles and the doctors on their round of inspection had found a slaughterhouse which was unspeakably unspeakable. The owners of the slaughtered meat, having waited for the departure of the inspectors, were taking it into the town market, when they met Dr. Dowling returning. He had a can in his hand. Kerosene was in the can, and, smiling his pleasant, affable, childlike smile, the new president of the board poured the oil on the troubled beef.

NO OFFICIAL "JAUNT" ABOUT THIS

FROM this moment the tour of the State, which lasted seven months, became not only a crusade of education but a campaign of police power. At one town the health officers condemned the schoolhouse, at another the dairy, at a third the poorhouse and the courthouse. Every inspected slaughter pen in the State, except three, was ordered closed or renovated. Plans were made for a systematic examination of all school water supplies; some school buildings were condemned on the ground that they were structurally unsafe, or would endanger life in case of fire; and hotels were given sharp lessons in living up to the sanitation laws which apply to innkeepers. Barbers found out their duties to their customers, the manufacturers of "pop" candy and

ice cream learned that regulations for cleanly production might be enforced under such an administration as Dowling had conceived. On the trip of the Health Train over 2,500 inspections were made.

CARRYING THE MESSAGE ON A HAND CAR

DOWLING was the sort of man who, being unable to reach certain small places by the Health Train or by automobile trips, would find a hand car or a track inspector's tricycle, and would go "pumping" his way up some side track to isolated communities just to be sure the "field was being covered." He was the sort of man who was "unprofessional" enough to tell the people everywhere that they must insist on better doctors. Newspapers began to find a "news" interest in the campaign and in the smiling, determined personality behind it—"the man with his sleeves rolled up."

"The more we people of this town think about Dr. Dowling's report on this town, the madder we get," said one local paper. "When we can't stand it any longer we will have to take it out in cleaning up." Said another, with some spleen: "We would like to ask Dowling, who says that a dog sleeping on a cow's feed will contaminate the milk, whether the same feed, if eaten by a chicken, would contaminate the eggs of a hen? And if a dog's hair is contaminated, isn't it a dangerous custom for dairymen to permit their cows to lick their calves, unless fumigated every time by some health officer?" A third daily suggested that Dowling would make every commercial traveler in the State an informal sanitary inspector. "That was a good suggestion!" commented the doctor. One of the many other papers which began to talk of "Louisiana having its face washed," said: "There is great excitement in the State. Some town has boasted that Dowling found it all right. They probably misunderstood him."

At first many of the communities or individuals, humiliated by the inspector's reports, were inclined to be bombarded with all kinds of inquiries from all kinds of people.

"Education is doing its work," said New Orleans before that city met Dr. Dowling face to face. "Education where it is needed—in the country districts—will accomplish much."

It did. Nearly a quarter of a million people visited the Health Train and its exhibits; saw the antityphoid, antifly, antituberculosis, antihookworm demonstrations, and took away educational literature. More than six hundred lectures were given in public meeting places by the corps of lecturers attached to the train, and 117,000 people came to hear them and see the moving pictures by which many were illustrated.

After the Health Train had been a little time on its journey, communities began to look forward to its coming. They marked the date of its arrival on the wall calendars as if it were to be an eclipse of the moon. Local reception committees were appointed by the mayors, and these committees took up the work of advertising the meetings and lectures for both whites and negroes, arranging for visits of the children to the train, and talks in the schools by Miss Agnes Morris, who is in charge of the school educational work. Towns for which the railroads' schedule did not provide a stop of the "Health on Wheels" protested vigorously. "We have cleaned up and want Dr. Dowling to see it," wrote one indignant committee. At Bijou, La., the people took the matter in their own hands. They went out and stood on the railroad track, so that the Health Train had to stop, willy-nilly. Dr. Dowling telegraphed the train dispatcher for permission to delay thirty minutes; he obtained it, and in an open-air meeting gave the men, women, and children of Bijou as much of the health-education "treatment" as possible in the time the railroad would allow him. The spirit of the people of Bijou was the spirit of community welfare, sanitation, and health. Dowling wanted to spread it over the map of Louisiana.

Attracting the attention of colored folks

One parish was surrounded by water. Dr. Dowling and his aids went in a boat to the communities in its bounds

His Health Train spread that spirit. It left behind it dairies, schools, markets, slaughter pens, drug stores, barber shops, hotels, sewers, and public halls rebuilt or cleaned. It left behind civic leagues of men and women, days appointed for general town cleaning, boards of health where no boards had been before, and even towns incorporated which until then had been unorganized communities. **It attracted the attention of other States. Both Iowa and New York have begun upon the Health Train plan.** It created a demand for a tour of the train outside Louisiana, which resulted in the transcontinental roads carrying the train thousands of miles from Louisiana to the Pacific Coast and back again, a journey which gave the Board of Health of Louisiana an opportunity to tell the people of other States that Louisiana is not unhealthy, but, on the contrary, in comparison with other States, has a low death rate, is free from disease, is thrifty, and is comfort and safety of living.

"Our need in Louisiana," said Dr. Dowling, "is the administration of the knowledge we have in hand—a vigorous demand by the people that health boards shall apply principles to daily life."

New Orleans read this with a nod of approval.

Then Dr. Dowling and his assistants began to clean up the metropolis of Louisiana.

Dealing with small towns had been a different matter. In New Orleans there were large establishments to be reckoned with, and owners who could, and would, employ eminent counsel for defense. The political ring in New Orleans is of the good old-fashioned kind, within which to-day the public writhes and clamors for the commission form of government as a relief. This ring took care of its friends. Newspapers, too, have large advertisers; it is only human nature to look askance at a health board muckraker who suggests that half a dozen of these advertisers must clean up shop or shut up shop. In fact, all the wonders of modern municipal civilization were to be found in New Orleans, and Dr. Dowling was to find them there.

EDUCATION WON THE FIGHT

AFTER all, however, the winning of the present fight depends upon education. Education that Dowling has to offer is extraordinarily convincing to public sentiment. And with public sentiment—even when it is no more than sentiment—behind a thing, it is very hard to block that thing's progress. Soon the president of the State Board was giving lectures in New Orleans with his moving pictures. He showed a bottle of water filled with indescribable dirt in which the inspectors found a drug store washing its glasses and bottles; it was convincing even to the druggist's best friends. He showed a trowel of filth which came out of a corner of a room in a cigar factory where workers spent hours each day; it caused disgust—even in the stomach of the owner. He showed the lifeless bodies of roaches and water bugs in association with smears of butter and unidentified bits of food which came from the refrigerator of a restaurant; it produced indignation—even in the mind of the most trusting patron. This is the way Dowling went at it. He smiled and handed out the facts. He spoke in a low, calm voice, and told what he was doing. It is much more probable that the average citizen would become excited about the discoveries of these Dowling inspectors than that Dowling should show any excitement about them. In this situation the doctor not only has enough public sentiment behind him—he has enough and some to spare, and the potentiality for more.

The newspapers are all with him now. They have found that he hit at a menace to health wherever he found it, and whenever the law provided a remedy in the case of The People *vs.* Dirt. The

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pugnacious, and local authorities caught delinquent in their trust of guarding the public health wished to sneer at the work of the Health Train and its crew. But Dowling and the train and the Sanitary Code—and the facts—were a combination hard to discredit or defy; the inspected towns fell into line. Some not only cleaned themselves, but also appointed local boards of health to keep in the future an eye on dairies, slaughter houses, school sanitation, sewer systems, and the cleanliness of public places; several appropriated money for new public buildings to replace those pronounced unsafe or unsanitary. The vigor of this campaign was directed against public danger. It did not take the average citizen, rich or poor, cultured or ignorant, long to find it out. **At Amite City the housewives formed a union to boycott unclean merchants and impure food.** That was only an example of the way the people went over to Dowling's side; when they once started there came a State-wide avalanche of public sentiment.

THE NEW SPIRIT

WITH this new public sentiment the approach of Dowling and his "Microbe Cars" was viewed differently. Towns began to "get ready" for the inspectors. There were great bustlings; the swish of the broom and the swash of the mop were heard on all sides. The train was coming! In several towns the rubbish was collected in mule carts, and places which had never known a dump boasted of their first mountains of trash "out yonder in the woods." The train will be here to-morrow! Will he say *our* town is clean?

Such was the new spirit. And it was none the less serious because it took amusing forms. One hotel keeper, with hazy ideas of what the health campaign included or excluded, posted his rooms the day before the train arrived with the following notice printed at a local shop: "No cussing allowed. You must be clean. You must not lay in bed with clothes on or spit on the walls." And the State Board began to be

Towns looked forward to the coming of the Health Train, and local reception committees headed welcoming delegations of grown folks and children

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

AN EVENT which happened exactly eighteen years ago is described by the historian of "Twenty Years of the Republic" in his chapter on the passage of the Wilson Tariff Bill:

"The *Republicans* fell upon it tooth and nail; but *acting in entire harmony with them were certain Democratic Senators.* . . . Foremost among these were the blandly inscrutable SENATOR GORMAN OF MARYLAND AND . . . SENATOR BRICE OF OHIO. These two APPEARED UPON THE DEMOCRATIC SIDE OF THE SENATE AS THE UNAVOWED YET MOST EFFICIENT AGENTS OF THE PROTECTED INTERESTS, and their object was plainly to modify and mutilate the Wilson Bill. . . . *Coal, iron ore, lumber,* and sugar *were removed from the free list.* . . ."

(Note "coal, iron ore, lumber." During the passage of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff, Senator Simmons of North Carolina, a Democrat now seeking reelection, voted exactly as Brice and Gorman voted, in favor of a protective duty on coal, iron ore, and lumber.)

These acts of Gorman and Brice were described by President Cleveland, in his famous letters to Wilson of West Virginia and Catchings of Mississippi, in these phrases:

". . . The deadly blight of treason has blasted the councils of the brave in their hour of might. . . . The livery of Democratic tariff reform has been stolen and worn in the service of Republican protection . . . party perfidy and delusion."

Once more, after the long eighteen years of exile which was the punishment for this very treason, the Democratic party is approaching another "hour of might." Within a few months at most the Democratic party, once more possessing the confidence of the people and the nation's mandate to revise the tariff downward, will again take up the work of reducing the tariff. Again in its hour of triumph the party is going to be threatened by the blight of treason. Again it is going to find its Gorman and its Brice. The Gorman of the coming year will be Simmons of North Carolina—unless the people of North Carolina vote to keep him at home. No Democratic community would knowingly send Brice or Gorman to the Senate; in returning Simmons, North Carolina will be doing exactly the same thing, and after ample warning.

THE PORK BARREL

READ this and you will know the source of most of what is blameworthy in Congress and Congressmen. It is from the Malden, Mass., "Evening News":

"COLLIER'S WEEKLY has been shooting its poisoned darts this week at Senator Warren of Wyoming, and among its charges it accuses him of getting too many things for his State. . . . Lander, with a population of 2,000, has a Federal building which cost $157,000. . . . Douglas, with a population of 2,300, has a building which cost $65,000. The Senate recently appropriated $75,000 for a public building at Sun Dance, fifty miles from a railroad, and with a population of less than five hundred. . . ."

So far, mere envy; but here comes as frank and unconscious a self-revelation as human beings often commit:

"It seems to us that this is rather to the credit of the accused Senator. The people like a man in Washington that gets things, which reminds us to ask why this city cannot have a public building. If Warren is smart enough to accomplish this for his little mountain towns, why cannot our Senators and Congressman go and do likewise? Is the Eastern Representative so far behind his Western colleague that he lets us get the go-by when such towns are recognized?"

This editor has the soul of the very type of person for whom the word grafter was invented. So long as there are editors and communities who assent to this theory of the pork barrel, so long will there be subservient Congressmen who will trade high tariff votes for public buildings. COLLIER'S would like to hear about every man who is running for Congress on a record of success at the pork barrel.

The Records of Congressmen

ALL *the members of the Lower House of Congress (three hundred and ninety-one) will end their terms next 4th of March, 1913.* Those who are candidates for reelection (*a large majority of the whole number*) will come before their various communities at the election on the 5th of next November.

The records of these Congressmen will be vital political subjects in their communities at the primaries during the present weeks, and until the election in November.

The record of any one of these Congressmen will be furnished by COLLIER'S to all who apply.

These records show how each Congressman voted on

The various schedules of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill (if he was a member at that session).

The various tariff roll calls during the present session (thirteen in all).

Reciprocity.

The Sherwood Pension Bill.

Various labor bills, etc.

Write to COLLIER'S WASHINGTON BUREAU,
901 Munsey Building,
Washington, D. C.

Please enclose twenty cents in stamps. This nominal charge is made to ensure that only those will apply who have a real interest in securing these records.

QUID PRO QUO?

ON JUNE 25, 1909, during the making of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill, Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania introduced an amendment placing a duty of one-half cent a gallon on crude petroleum.

A REPUBLICAN AND A DEMOCRAT

WILLIAM KENT represents twelve California counties in Congress and is a Republican; Lynden Evans represents four wards of the city of Chicago and is a Democrat. Concerning the Republican, the Democrat wrote this letter:

"DEAR SIR—The word that the Hon. William Kent will again run for Congress from California is good news to all members of Congress who wish constructive legislators in Congress regardless of party. Mr. Kent's course in the present Congress, while not satisfying partisans on either side of the House, has been the course of a thoroughly independent man, devoted to what he believes to be the interest of the American people. A man who will rise as Mr. Kent has risen on several occasions in this Congress above partisan clamor, or temporary advantage, to vote for what he thinks is good in the long run, is the kind of man that we need more of in Congress. As a Democrat, I, of course, prefer a Democratic Congressman, other things being equal, but this country could never succeed with only one party, and for that reason I welcome the news that Mr. Kent will again run for Congress.

Very truly, LYNDEN EVANS.

This letter is good evidence of what close observers already know, that both the writer of it and the subject of it are good Congressmen and ought to be returned.

TENNESSEE UNANIMOUS

SOME months ago there was passed in Congress a bill to investigate and report upon

"all matters pertaining to the welfare of children and child life . . . and especially investigate the questions of infant mortality, the birth rate, orphanage, juvenile courts, desertion, dangerous occupations, accidents, and diseases of children."

On the roll call which passed this bill the entire delegation from Tennessee, ten in all, is recorded as having a singular unanimity of conviction, or rather, lack of conviction. The ten Tennessee members and their records on this roll call are:

SAM R. SELLS, Johnson City,	not voting.
RICHARD W. AUSTIN, Knoxville,	" "
JOHN AUSTIN MOON, Chattanooga,	" "
CORDELL HULL, Carthage,	" "
WILLIAM C. HOUSTON, Woodbury,	" "
JOSEPH W. BYRNS, Nashville,	" "
LEMUEL P. PADGETT, Columbia,	" "
THETUS W. SIMS, Linden,	" "
FINIS J. GARRETT, Dresden,	" "
KENNETH D. MCKELLAR, Memphis,	" "

Two of these, Austin and Sells, are Republicans; the others are Democrats. Many Democrats voted against this bill with sincerity, because they believed it was too great an extension of the power of the Federal Government; many others used the Federal aggrandizement argument as a bogy, their real reason being the fear of interference with the employment of child labor by powerful constituents at home. Can any Tennessee reader of this paper explain why the delegation from that State straddled unanimously?

TO GET INFORMATION

COLLIER'S frequently receives from its readers questions which deal in one way or another with the initiative and referendum, the recall, and the short ballot. We are asked, for example, what States have adopted the initiative, or in what States it is now pending. The best source of information on this subject is a quarterly periodical called "Equity Series" published at 1520 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, by C. F. Taylor, M.D. The last number contains an accurate and discriminating record of the present status of the initiative and referendum, showing the variations of the statutes adopted by the several States. Dr. Taylor publishes this little periodical for patriotism and not for profit; those who wish to keep abreast of the progress of popular government can get "Equity Series" one year for twenty-five cents.

Virtue Rewarded

By STANLY B. MITCHELL

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN

SLOUCHING across the bridge, his hands buried deep in his trousers pockets and his shoulders hunched up to ward off the chilling blasts that blew in from Lake Michigan, he became aware that another wayfarer, a woman, had started across from the opposite side of the river.

Speculatively figuring his chances of scaring her out of the price of a night's lodging, he braced himself for the encounter and prepared to assume an expression of countenance so ferocious that it would mask his own trepidation. Up in his little tower the bridge tender watched the signs that he had learned to recognize at first glance and, smiling grimly, reached for a club that lay within easy reach. He often managed to enliven an otherwise monotonous night by "beating up a Bo" who had laid himself open to chastisement.

But on this night he was destined to disappointment, for when the woman reached the middle of the span, she stopped, and climbing over the railing, plunged into the sluggish stream, which was filled with floating chunks of ice. Instead of descending from his aerie as he had prepared to do, the bridge tender quickly turned to his telephone to flash a warning to the river police, while the man below looked idly down into the river.

For an instant he pondered over the matter and then, galvanized into action by an impulse that he could not himself have analyzed, he overcame his natural aversion for water, work and danger, and climbing over the railing, hung suspended by his hands, then dropped into the river. At the first shock of contact with the cold water, he regretted his rashness and when a moment later he bumped into something soft and alive, he clung to it with the clutch of desperation.

THE woman, for it was she, lay still in his grasp, and he began to kick out lustily. His sudden terror passed, leaving him only impersonally conscious of the fight for life that his physical being was making. The abstraction of his mental poise surprised him a little, and even as consciousness began to slip away, he had no thought of releasing his burden.

When, with the woman he had rescued, he was taken from the river, boosted into an ambulance and driven away at a gallop, he was beyond knowledge of the proceedings, and when he awoke in a clean bed, in a clean hospital ward, with nurses moving silently about, he was content. His experience seemed to be a shadowy dream, that it was rather a bore to think about.

Less affected by the exposure than her rescuer, the woman came to herself within an hour from the time she jumped from the bridge and in answer to questions she poured out a sordid tale of poverty.

Deserted by her husband six months before, she had placed her year-old baby in an orphan asylum and sought work. Work was scarce and workers plenty, and with the stubborn perversity of the poor, she had promptly fallen in arrears with her baby's board.

The child was turned out for adoption by persons whose names the officials of the asylum refused to disclose. Matters went from bad to worse and that very morning the woman had been turned out of the place that she called home. Hungry, cold, bereft of her child, she had sought solace in the river.

Her story was commonplace enough in the life of a great city, but there was one loiterer in the police station when the policeman assigned to the case made his report to the desk sergeant who paid close attention to the tale.

CHARLEY SINCLAIR, night police reporter of the "Inquirer," recognized in it the germ of a good story for a dull night. By all the earmarks it was a "three head" to be laconically telephoned into a "rewriter" who would dutifully chronicle the event in 100 words. But it was Sunday night and news was scarce. Courts were closed, investigations of municipal corruption had furnished nothing to make type, and even the criminal element, with its disregard for reporters and other honest men forced to toil for a livelihood, had abstained from the perpetration of murders and other by-products of its calling.

So Sinclair loped into the office of the "Inquirer" just in time to find a council of distracted editors in session. There was no front page layout for the morning edition and Sinclair's inspiration was hailed with blessing. The night city editor even forgot to give him the customary raking over the coals for the sins of omission and commission on the night before.

A word painter pounded out a story with a heart throb in every paragraph and a sob in every line, while Sinclair furnished a second-hand description of the woman to an artist, who, with the aid of an air brush, produced a "fake" that bore a closer resemblance to her than any of the special poses that appeared during the next week of madness.

The publication of the story was the signal for a storm of public hysteria that broke loose and raged for days. Newspapers were deluged with matter "by our readers," who denounced anything and everything that came within stabbing distance of their pens. They condemned orphan asylums, husbands, the deserting variety especially, and bridges with low rails. The idle rich were abused for failing to provide work for the poor and the active rich were anathematized for their greed.

The woman was arraigned before a sympathetic police magistrate next morning, and when she was discharged from custody the magistrate placed in her hands $18.75 collected from court attaches and young lawyers who happened to be within the enclosure. Some of them did not pay their desk-room rent that week as a result.

Mr. Napoleon Pringle, star reporter-sleuth of the "Inquirer's" staff, was assigned to the case. The asylum authorities remained obdurate in their determination to furnish no information, but their reticence availed them nothing.

With the aid of sundry taxicabs and numerous bottles of champagne, all of which duly appeared in Mr. Pringle's expense account, the whereabouts of the child was discovered within twenty-four hours. By procedure that was perilously close to kidnaping, burglary, privy conspiracy, and contempt of court, Mr. Pringle placed the child in its mother's arms while a staff photographer snapped the group.

THIS glorious climax occurred in the office of the publisher of the "Inquirer." Mr. Pringle spirited the child into the office by way of the backstairs and a wily diplomat was sent to induce the mother to visit the "Inquirer" office. Here a photographer took a flash-light picture of the touching scene, and the mother was delayed upon various pretexts until the early edition had gone to press.

It was too great a coup for the rival papers to ignore, and they made over their forms for the later editions. The "Daily Statesman" printed an account of the event in which every detail, with the exception of the "Inquirer's" name, was included. The story was so judiciously worded that unsuspecting readers were justified in believing that only the dignity and modesty of the "Statesman" prevented it from acknowledging that it was entitled to the credit for the deed.

Under cover of the excitement, some of the overworked and underpaid young men on the [illegible] staff amused themselves by writing [illegible] paragraphs subtly [illegible] public men who had [illegible]

By procedure that was perilously close to kidnaping, burglary, privy conspiracy, and contempt of court, Mr. Pringle placed the child in its mother's arms while a staff photographer snapped the group

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COLLIER'S

The Man who Wouldn't Stay Put

One of War's Most Faithful Lovers Answers the Call to the Trysting Place

By HAROLD TITUS

ILLUSTRATED BY MAYNARD DIXON

JIMMY CROGAN was such a natural born warrior that it was a great effort for him to endure that season of the year when peace on earth and good will toward men are supposed to abound. He could become more wrought up over the efforts to establish international peace than the expounders of certain propaganda can over any of the many obvious ills resulting from our social system. When a great steel manufacturer gave ten millions of dollars to aid in the abolition of war, Jimmy Crogan cried aloud in his sleep, night after night. He read constantly—the history of wars. He studied constantly—the theory of war. No girl's picture was framed on his dresser. Only one picture was in his room. It hung in a heavily chased silver frame at the foot of his bed, where he could see it when he stuck his hand from beneath the covers to switch out the lights at night and, again, when he bounced from his slumbers to the cackling blare of the reveille. It was a picture of the god Mars.

And so it was that when the regiment was ordered South with decisive action a certainty and Lieutenant Jimmy Crogan was left behind in charge of the post, all his military training went for nothing. He damned the department, damned the colonel, damned fate, and was damned sorry he had ever been born. Anyhow, that's what he said.

JAMES CROGAN had been waiting for action since he was old enough to know, in the vaguest sort of a way, what the word meant. It was to play at war that he refused to be content until taken from the public schools and sent to a military academy. It was to see battling armies that he ran away from the place, made his way to Tampa, and tried to follow the troops to Cuba. It was the hope of war that kept him in the front rank of his class at the Point and made it possible for him to take up the dull routine of military life with enthusiasm.

Every time an army took the field, the spirits of James Crogan went to a shrill pitch. It mattered not a great deal whether the army were that of a bankrupt republic the size of a good farm or that of the Czar. It meant war, and for war he lived. Believing it necessary to his profession, he became an authority on aviation. He knew more about guns than the whole Krupp family. He designed a new wireless apparatus that attracted much attention from Washington.

Long before the President opened the canal to the long line of sullen dreadnoughts that moved into the Pacific, not as celebrators of a great achievement, but ominously, the newspapers carried wild, incoherent rumors that served to set the blood of men like Jimmy dancing. He then had discussed the chances of the outraging of the Monroe Doctrine until he became a bore. When the rumors became less vague, appeared to have more foundation, Lieutenant Jimmy smiled with an I-told-you-so smirk and regarded himself as the authority par excellence on advance information from history. He refused to argue, merely stating his beliefs as facts with an air of finality that was crushing. When the movement of the fleet justified all the former statements of this young officer and the men paraded for the first time in service uniforms, it required all his self-control to keep from dancing a solitary jig. He thought of one place, and only one place—the front; he was oblivious to the fact that any other locality existed.

And then, when the final touch had been given, when the officers' wives had commenced to weep, on the eve of the hour when the regiment was to move southward to the border, Lieutenant Jimmy Crogan was detailed to remain at the post. He saw the men march away, down the street to the depot, their tan shoes thumping gladly on the hard road. He heard the regimental band putting into delighted blares the enthusiastic sense of relief that saturated the atmosphere. And he went back to the post, to be polite to the weepy ladies, to see that the stables were swept out, the stock fed, and the miserable routine put through as per regulation.

IT WAS humiliating. It was degrading—torturing. Jimmy tried for days to determine why he had been left behind, and got nowhere. Then he gave it up, subscribed to all the papers, and barricaded himself behind a wall of information that doubtless excelled that possessed by most of the men who were with the mobilized army.

The situation grew suddenly acute. From distinctly naval warfare it spread to the land. The canal was gone—for the time being, at least—and the allied armies worked north and south, the principal object of their attack evidently lying to the north.

Long trains lumbered up through the tropical jungles, crammed with men who talked a strange language and who were backed by a history replete with gigantic successes. It needed no appeal from Mexico to send the army across the border.

THE officers of the National Guard were ordered to fill their ranks. Jimmy laughed bitterly when he read that news in his papers. Then he dropped the sheet to the floor and stared blankly across the flat parade ground for an hour or more. Three days later the militia was ordered under arms, to move at an hour's notice, and Lieutenant Jimmy walked alone, with a white face and a stiff tread.

In the morning Lieutenant Crogan was missing from the post. The colonel's lady and the post washerwomen talked about it alike, and in whispers. When two days passed and no sign of the man in command had appeared, the information was wired to headquarters. The colonel—Jimmy's colonel—read a copy of the message just as the recruiting officer of a National Guard regiment was taking the measurements of a decidedly well-put-up chap, who answered all the requirements and seemed to be a whole lot better than most of the men who made up the militia.

This new man listened with a bored expression to the sergeant who was detailed to school the rookies. He grasped all the movements on the instant, it seemed; once he shook his head and uttered what might have been the first syllable of a protest when the sergeant launched into a new explanation. Evidently he thought better of it, though, for he stared

"You would have done the same thing," muttered Jimmy, moving his lips as slightly as possible so the men would not see. "You wouldn't have stayed put"

straight ahead in silence, while a deep flush stole from his collar to his hair.

Private Crogan, under another name, moved south with his regiment. They were stationed in a town consisting of seven 'dobe shacks and a large population of shy dogs. Camp was made, alkali water consumed, and the shoe clerks and insurance solicitors in olive drab became duly miserable. Jimmy enjoyed it immensely, in spite of the fact that the van of the army was fifty miles to the south.

THEY were to be moved, went the rumor, after a week of drilling under the hot sun, among the cactus plants. Great was the resultant excitement. They were going home, went another rumor, and Jimmy, now tuned to a sensitiveness that was painful, had visions of a return to the narrow lasts and twenty-year endowments for the regiment; for him—well, it would be beginning at the bottom again. He whispered harshly to himself as he lay in his blankets and tried to think back, behind the rumors that seesawed their way through the camp. Finally, though, came the order to make ready to move. The camp went up on its toes and slept not at all for a whole night, whispering its hopes and fears. The next day they moved southward. And one private was so hilarious, so boyishly jubilant, that he almost laughed aloud in the faces of the officers at inspection.

It took all day to go those fifty miles, and the journey, with its discomforts, was spirit-killing. But Private Jimmy's spirit was immortal. His head was out of the window from the start. At every start he waxed nervous as a woman. The only quieting influence was the progressive turn of the car wheels. At sundown they left their train, marched up a rise, gained the top, and drew one great breath in unison as they looked at the army spread out before them. The cook fires were blazing, the regimental flags were billowing softly in the light breeze, the colors were catching the last rays of daylight. Away to the left was ranged artillery. On the extreme right the horses of cavalry stuck their noses deep into the canvas mangers. In front, spreading out from a little village, was the infantry.

War! An army! Before, over the dun country, the enemy! Unknown, powerful, aggressive! War!

The cackle of the bugle, softened by the distance to a sweetness, came to the marching regiment. Another and another, all down the line. And the camps stirred themselves. A myriad of hungry, moving figures flocked to a hundred feeding centers.

"God!" breathed a private whose first name was Jimmy, and the word carried a thankful reverence.

IN THE light of early morning Jimmy Crogan, stepping lightly, a smile in his eyes, delighted anticipation in his heart, followed a string of army mules to the railroad water tank. Toward them, walking stiffly, came a man who wore the decorations of a colonel. His gaze fell on the squad of National Guardsmen and, recognizing their rank, he looked them over curiously. His gaze fell on James Crogan and he staggered backward a step or two.

Jimmy stopped. He met the astounded look of his old colonel, clicked his heels together, and raised his hand in a stiff salute.

"Lieutenant Crogan!" the other cried when he made words out of his sputtering. "What's the meaning of this damned business?"

"Yes, sir," muttered Jimmy, knowing nothing else to say.

"You deserted the post!" snorted the other.

"Yes, sir, colonel," replied Jimmy, saluting again.

"You're here with the Guard!"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, you ——," but the colonel could think of no fitting word, so he simply ordered Jimmy's arrest.

An object for all the staring eyes of his own regiment, grimly looking fate in the face, Lieutenant Crogan, deserter from the Regular Army, rooky with the National Guard, was marched through the company streets by men to whom he had taught the fine art of war, and incarcerated in a one-room, tarantula-infested adobe house.

Lieutenant "Chickens" Rawley searched him. Jimmy and "Chickens" were classmates at the Point.

"Tough luck, old top," he muttered, as he went through the formality of searching the prisoner. "What's the answer?"

"Nothing," muttered Jimmy, moving his lips as slightly as possible so the men would not see. "You'd have done the same thing. You wouldn't have stayed put."

THEN Lieutenant Rawley, all obvious of dignity, gave the prisoner's elbow an affectionate little squeeze and went away.

The news that ran through the camp became more and more grave. The invading army was advancing steadily, ominously. Back in the States the newspapers screamed through their extras. On the line, officers sat through the nights in grave conference.

"They'll advance us before long," the man that fed the prisoner told his old lieutenant.

"Lots of good it'll do me," commented Jimmy, taking a spoonful of beans and blowing them disdainfully against the wall of his prison. "Lots of good!"

The officers talked of water supply and mountain ranges and fever and transportation; they discussed the details of the attack that seemed inevitable. They planned to send their men into war. And, alone in an adobe shack, one of war's most faithful lovers sat through the brilliant nights and smoked cigarettes and gazed through the lone window at the moon-glossed mountain peaks in the distance. Real action was inevitable. Jimmy Crogan was out of it; that was as certain as is death. He did not wonder what they would do with him. The delay in his trial caused him no worry. There was work for fighting men, and he was to rot, like an ordinary sneak thief. Before the bald truth of that fact, reduction in rank or military prison—even death with a bandage over his eyes—had no terrors for Jimmy Crogan.

GRADUALLY more troops came from the north. They marched in clouds of dust, camped under the ridge, until the desolate country became alive with throbbing humanity.

Twisting through the camps like a grapevine ran the rumor of decisive action. The invaders had formed their base, it said. Close up, it was, so close up that action could be brought about by a five-hour march. They were making their trenches atop a short ridge, an admirable position. Why this had not been prevented was not a matter of speculation. A mistake had been made, and the crisis was too near to warrant discussion of the blame. Rout the invading army and the danger of changed maps would pass; fail and—

Lieutenant Crogan found himself awake in the middle of his prison, the sunlight streaming through the cracks in the wall and his heart thumping stontly, right up in his throat. Then he laughed. It wasn't a battery, after all. Just the roar of a 'plane's exhaust as it circled above the camp. Through his window he could see the thing as it winged its way to the south, looking like a big bug. Jimmy kicked the mud floor viciously. He would have bartered his soul to be the man operating the air craft or the one by his side, with the big camera between his knees. Hours passed and the aeroplane did not return. Another went up and winged its way into the distance and disappeared and did not come back. The next day a third and a fourth made the attempt. And none came back.

That afternoon Lieutenant Rawley entered the guardhouse on official business—of course. His face was pinched and drawn. He looked at the prisoner in silence.

He held up four fingers of his right hand.

"Four," he said weakly.

"Yah—four," said Jimmy, speculating as to the sanity of his jailer.

"They've a battery," said Rawley in a voice that grated, "that gets the 'planes at any distance. Four—Lord! And they've got to send men up that hill to-night on their bellies—the way they did at San Juan."

SILENCE for a moment.

"To-night? Volunteers—to map the hill?" asked Jimmy in a whisper.

"Yes—and it's coming," replied Rawley. "It's coming sure. We'll be tangling with 'em in forty-eight hours, I'm afraid," he muttered.

"*Afraid!*" scoffed Jimmy when he was alone. "Great God! Afraid! Those fellows don't—"

He looked through the one window for a long, long time.

"Me—sitting here and listening to the firing? Oh, it's a joke!" he cried, and buried his face in his hands.

Lieutenant Crogan watched the day fade, watched the blue of the mountains deepen to purple, saw the play of receding light on the peaks, the gaudy eastern sky, the pricking through of the first stars—saw it all with a sodden spirit. He could almost feel the throb that ran through the army when volunteers to go up that hill were asked for. He imagined how the chosen men would roll about restlessly in their blankets, waiting for this night and the next day to pass, bringing the night when they would make intelligent attack possible. If he could go! He got up and kicked to pieces

From the top of the rise above him shot a blinding eye of light. It swept in a gigantic arc over the country, illuminating the brush. Jimmy dropped just before it reached him

the soap box which he had used for a chair. The guard looked through the window, but saw only the dull glow of a cigarette as a man in a far corner of the shack smoked and looked out at the fast-deepening heavens. The swift night settled down and the hum of the camp diminished to a drone. A horse in the corral neighed shrilly, and two men, passing the guardhouse, laughed nervously. Activity was in the air. It made living tense.

"The moon," said Jimmy to himself, "will rise after midnight. And it's a cinch!"

HE WENT to a corner of the one room and squatted on the floor. With a stick he jabbed at the mud between the big adobe bricks. It crumbled easily under the attack. In a half hour the brick was loose, and he could work it in toward him by careful prying, first on one side, then on the other. He worked a second block loose; then the one above the two. An hour later he stuck his head and shoulders out, put his ear against the ground to hear better the tread of the sentry, chose his time well and slipped into the night. Carefully he crawled between the tents; cautiously he picked his way to avoid lights. Once a hurrying man almost stepped on his hand. Progress was slower than he had thought it would be, and a half hour passed before he was a hundred yards away from the building that had been his prison. He worked away from his own regiment and passed through the camp of another. A dozen times he was on the point of making a break for it, certain of discovery, and willing to take his chances in the darkness, but each time the danger passed, ever so closely. An hour went by and he commenced to fear that the moon would frustrate all his efforts. At last he left the man-infested area behind and crept faster. He heard a boot kick a pebble among some rocks, and pressed his body hard against the earth as he held his breath and felt the blood roar in his ears. The steps came nearer and then passed him, going slowly away. He scrambled across the path the boots had made and stopped to listen. Behind him he heard a gruff challenge and an answer. He was beyond the line! He was in the van!

"Well," he told himself, "a man [illegible] who stayed put!"

Jimmy crawled on his hands and knees [illegible] guessed was three hundred yards. [illegible] stretched himself with a great breath [illegible]

(Continued on page 31)

I was putting the last rag into my suit case when Mary made her final protest.

"You're lucky it's not summer," she said somewhat ambiguously; then added: "but you may strike them even so."

"Them? Them?" I asked faintly. I knew perfectly well what she meant and she knew I knew, but she left no chance for doubt as she said:

"Beware of a country hotel in America."

You will notice how continental dear Mary is, with that amusing New York continentalism which has never been west of Yonkers and feels enthusiasm distinctly ill-bred.

"You're not so keen on suffrage," she said quite truly; "you're running away from New York because you're bored. Your case is simple enough; you never exercise, and you overeat—result, acute indigestion. It's no great and honorable purpose that's troubling you, and you will be cheating those poor country people if you pretend it is."

Mary stretched her comfortable self toward the fire; she was viewing her mornings bereft of my omelettes and the thought spurred her to renewed attack. "Campaigning for suffrage! And in Connecticut in March, of all times. And with such a frump!"

I snapped the suit case lock. Mary had no reason to call the woman a frump. She knew nothing at all about the organizer of the Connecticut campaign. Neither did I, that was the worst of it. A friend of mine had met her at a suffrage tea—suffrage teas are part of the social calendar nowadays—and hearing the talk of her approaching campaign had given her my name as a possible helper. That same night my friend called me up on the telephone to say proudly:

"I've got you a job in the Connecticut campaign. You'll be the first of us to go out, after all, and even if it's not a campaign State, you'll have fun."

"WHERE DO YOU GO?"

IT WAS really quite astonishing, when I had no intention of becoming an out-and-out agitator. But at just that time campaign was the word in suffrage. New York suffragists talked of nothing else, and I had caught the fever with the rest. Connecticut was running her little affair without regard for the rush and stir elsewhere, getting in ahead of the summer campaigns and virtually pioneering the way. Every woman with campaign plans of her own watched Connecticut and tried to learn.

We peddled handbills on the street corner, which is against the city ordinance

The situation over the country was this: In eight States the question of votes for women goes to the people for final decision this fall. The States are Kansas, Oregon, Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio (which now has voted against suffrage), New Hampshire, and possibly Arizona and Nevada. The need for concentrated effort in those States is so evident that they are called the Campaign States. When the first talk of campaigns began, the longing to be part of them spread like wildfire. Early in the spring when one suffragist met another, the whisper was passed: "Where do you go for the campaigns?" And she was a poor, miserable, half-grown suffragist who could not name her campaign State.

ORGANIZED ELOQUENCE

IN NEW YORK no leader dared face another with-[illegible] "I have pledged myself to the State [illegible] summer holidays."

[illegible] the price of a campaigner and [illegible] themselves were forced to follow [illegible] schedule. In March came the an-

The policeman went around the corner where his conscience would not trouble him

Campaigning

An Account of the Adventures of Woman Enthusiasts Who Toured Connecticut for Suffrage

nouncement that Massachusetts had raised twenty-four hundred dollars and would send two campaign parties to Ohio. The National Suffrage Association was putting ten thousand dollars into Western campaigns and every suffrage speaker in New York longed to be among the chosen. Whenever Dr. Anna Shaw appeared in a local meeting, she was surrounded by aspiring young speakers. Dr. Shaw, the president of the National, had the power to say go or stay. She had more power than many people knew, for there is a friend, kind and rich, who often pours money into Dr. Shaw's petticoat pocket and that pocket was full to overflowing with campaign funds this year. Her heavy artillery very soon included Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, Miss Sophonisba Breckinridge, of Chicago University now, but a daughter of the Kentucky Breckinridges, and Miss Susan Fitzgerald. Each big speaker was surrounded by small fry to act as fillers in.

THE TROLLEY CAMPAIGN

MISS LAURA CLAY, the Kentucky leader, made an early start in the river counties of Ohio, where the steady boom of the famous Clay oratory can still be heard. The National College League planned to send Miss Anita Whitney to Oregon to manage the California forces whom she marshaled to victory not so long ago. The Woman's Political Union of New York announced that its leader, Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, would go with a party to Wisconsin. Some thirty members of the Union promised to spend their summer vacations there, financing themselves. Mrs. Chrystal Eastman Benedict, the Wisconsin leader, collected three thousand dollars at one parlor tea in New York. Illinois, where suffrage has suddenly become "the thing," promised more help for Wisconsin. Pennsylvania and Rhode Island pledged money and speakers for Kansas and Ohio.

The Connecticut spring campaign may look small in the presence of all this, but it was the center of interest to many a woman who wanted to learn campaign methods. It looked a big enough undertaking to me as I started that cold spring day for New Haven. And the billboards looked big enough, too, as they stood near the tracks at Bridgeport. They were daubed with purple and green letters: "Votes for Women: Trolley Campaign," so bold they were readable as far as the eye could see.

"Them suffragettes ought to be home, mindin' their babies," growled a man in the seat behind me. I ducked my head instinctively, being just a bit embarrassed at this first experience and hoping he would not recognize me for one of "them suffragettes."

Everybody in Connecticut seemed to know about the "suffragettes." On the street car in New Haven the conductor said: "The town's full of them women"; and touched a green and purple button on his cap. The car tittered. "Them women" were a joke, but no one failed to know the joke. Indeed, one would have thought, to hear the town talk, that at least a hundred women were at work. Instead there were two, who finally greeted me in a comfortable home, uptown, where they were being entertained. I opened the door of an upstairs bedroom, which had been turned into an executive chamber by piling with handbills, window cards, banners, what not, all blazing with the suffrage colors—purple, white, and green. There sat the two campaigners hard at work, the organizer and her first assistant.

The assistant, a charity nurse, was out for a rest, and the funny part of that was, she grew fatter and jollier the harder she worked. As for the organizer, she is not a frump. She is very young, with a college background, an inherited business ability, and an advertising daring which made even my reportorially whitened hair stand on end.

"She isn't even homely," I wrote to Mary, adding as postscript, "we call her the C. S. D." That was after four days of growing excitement and rapidly increasing effort had proved to me that she was, by the very contagion of her enthusiasm, the slave driver she prided herself she never could be.

She began each day conscientiously by saying: "Never work when you are tired; I want you all to rest"—the "all" being Nursie and me.

Then, with a care-free heart and a mind bursting with ideas, this conscientious slave driver would block out a day for that same army the town thought she had. And the breach had somehow to be filled by myself making a great blustering and by the quiet charity nurse, the right flank of the army, who said nothing and worked hard. At night, fortunately, there was a rush of volunteer speakers and we escaped. The local League offered up its best and handsomest; French dinner costumes brushed the town-hall platform at Bigville and Littleville. So for a time the rank and file of the army was saved from the hypnotic influence of its own

The school children held out timid hands for "a ticket to the show"

The C. S. D. took the stump to explain that the postmaster's assistant was not in her home

for the Vote

Part I

By ANNE FORSYTH

eloquence. Marching pleasantly from village to village, it gave itself over to the problem of getting expensive advertising without paying a cent.

But there came the fatal night when the president of a village sewing circle pointed the finger of shame at the neck of a low-cut gown. It seemed a very modest gown, yet the local president said: "You're luring girls to their ruin with that there exhibition. If you could learn to keep yourself covered, you might think about the vote."

And with this affront the sensitive lady, who had come out bravely night after night from the New Haven League, bolted the campaign. This left us one speaker short. Now when such an emergency occurs in any campaign, man's or woman's, the leader, confident of himself or herself, looks wickedly about at the non-speakers, saying: "And now your chance to speak has come." So the C. S. D. looked at Nursie, who ignored the entire incident, thus letting the challenge fall to me. And I, with a written speech in my pocket and a pathetic confidence in my heart, actually volunteered. The first strap of the crusader's armor was buckled at that moment never to come off. For nothing is so fascinating as the sound of one's own voice, echoing the platitudes that from the inception of this country have thrilled the hearts of men—of men, we always have said, and now we must hastily add women, for the epidemic of oratory which is raging in the suffrage ranks is without its parallel.

MY VIRGIN SPEECH

I SHALL never forget the opening words of my maiden address. The thought behind the words went from me that first night: "There is an old-fashioned saying, which was first heard in this country some two hundred years ago, yet men are still repeating the refrain, that taxation without representation is tyranny—"

Having gotten so far with a roar of voice, I stopped, suddenly wondering why all the faces in front of me lacked noses. It gives one a distinctly nervous feeling to speak to faces without features. I repeated: "Taxation without representation is tyranny."

At this point a man in the front row moved his head and I saw his nose distinctly. The sight was so upsetting that I began again, at the very beginning: "There is an old-fashioned saying which was first heard in this country some two hundred years ago, yet men are still repeating the refrain, that taxation without representation is tyranny."

As I paused for breath some one shut the door and the entire audience—there were only twenty-three unhappy victims—turned to see. And thereupon was forced to my attention the bold outline of twenty-three distinct and separate noses.

"I am very sorry that I can't go on," I said, addressing the noses in a polite voice. And I sat down, feeling vaguely hurt, not quite certain what had happened or what I had said, until the titter of the platform brought me straight back to the fact that I was not a Patrick Henry—not yet.

On the car, going home that night, while the nurse was counting the twenty-nine pennies in the collection, the C. S. D. sat beside me with a silent understanding for my misery. "We'll put you on again to-morrow night," she said. "We'll put you on again." That seemed to her the finest thing that could be done for me, and perhaps she was right. To stop then, even for a night, must prove fatal to my courage. The next night I dragged the stiffening muscles of my throat through four minutes of extemporaneous torture; my mouth dried until it cracked, and when I shook so wildly that I simply could not stand up, I sat down and folded my arms to keep from rattling the chair. Yet when it was all over the C. S. D., being a Spartan herself, insisted I had done handsomely. And from a point of sheer willing, so I had.

Time went madly after that, for there was always the night speech to be faced. The daylight hours could not drag, for we went out from New Haven to bill all the small towns around, and those billing expeditions were far from devoid of interest. I remember one little town of Bitford, or something similar. The peace and charm of Bitford fell upon us as we approached the village green. We had run over by motor to pass out handbills. The motor, so carelessly mentioned, was a precious loan from a not-at-all-militant member of the New Haven League. For that reason we waited until we approached Bitford to call the chauffeur to a standstill while we draped the limousine with purple, white, and green banners before his astonished eyes. Our meeting in the village hall was just two nights away, and we were sparing no pains to attract a crowd. Therefore we followed the druggist's suggestion that we wait for the post office to open at two o'clock.

"Just wait out here for another half hour," he said as we were leaving; "there ain't a woman or a child or a dog in this here town that won't be along by two o'clock."

And we waited, sitting on the porch of the druggist's shop. It was one of those village shops that will have a front porch and won't have show windows, and being built of wood and in need of paint carries off the situation with as many airs of independence as possible. Across the road lay the village green, splendid with elms that now sighed under a warm spring wind. The three original churches standing on the green peaked their charming colonial spires heavenward. They did not seem to mind us or our militant methods—perhaps we were just English enough to please them. The purple and green and white regalias, which we had strapped over our shoulders, were direct from the Pankhurst headquarters. The news bags at our sides were emblazoned with "Votes for Women" in the well-authorized Pankhurst way.

VOTES FOR WOMEN AND PIKES PEAK

WE SAT on the druggist's porch unabashed by our rigging, although all the school children, as they passed us, held out timid hands, asking for "a ticket to the show." I remember, when I was a little girl, feeling the same panicky interest in the Hazewell family, child musicians who visited our town each year. There were fifteen little Hazewells, and they arrayed themselves in hussar uniforms for their street parade. That was in a new town on a Western prairie, but it was all just as attractive to the small girl who paused on her way to school while the Hazewell band went by. I know, and regret, that the children of this tiny Connecticut village were heartbroken because we had no band. Just four "ladies" with purple and green regalias across their shoulders and papers to give away. No doubt many a mother answered the inevitable question: "What is Votes for Women?" by saying: "It's not fit for you to know."

One of the first women to appear on the scene rather suggested that sentiment.

"Be you them votin' women?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed," answered Eleanor, who had come down for one meeting and was lingering on for the fun.

"You come from Colorado, don't you?" asked the woman again.

Eleanor was puzzled. "Why, no," she said slowly, not knowing where policy lay.

The woman turned away disappointed. "I don't care nothin' for this voting, but I did want to ask about Pikes Peak. Ain't you even seen it, now?"

Fortunately Eleanor had seen Pikes Peak and could enter into complete details. There was a word now and

By no choice of ours, we were plunged into a week of sensational advertising. In this week we had sufficient proof of the fact that the public takes you at your own value and treats you accordingly—it is not what you do that counts, but how you do it

again on suffrage, as an aside, and these asides struck home so neatly that in the end the woman said:

"Well, if I'd a known that this here votin' could make any difference in gettin' decent food to eat, I'd a been fer it afore now. I be'n a readin' considerable in the papers about this food man down in Washington. So he's fer wimen votin', is he? Well, I'm fer it if he says so, and I'm goin' to get my name from the other side."

That was the first we had heard of the other side, but it turned out to be a factor in the local campaign. The moment our post-card announcements appeared in the village mails a strong Anti sentiment arose among women who thought the very spotlessness of their

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COLLIER'S

The Schoolmarm at Big Breezes

High Lights and Side Lights on the Progress of Education Seventy Miles from a Railroad in Montana

By MARION SHERRARD

¶ This is the first of a series of three papers giving the experiences of a University of Chicago woman as teacher of a prairie school in Montana. The second will be printed in an early issue of Collier's

The Stage Trip

"HOW long before I can get a train for Big Breezes?"

The ticket agent at Springduck crumpled up his eyes until he looked very much amused.

"Oh, in about ten years, I guess."

I started away from the window indignantly.

"But if you don't care to wait that long, there's a stage that goes out twice a week. It'll be along at five-thirty, in just fifteen minutes."

"How far is it?" I asked faintly.

"Seventy miles, two days' trip; ten cents a mile and two cents extra for every hundred pounds of baggage. It ain't so awful bad," he added, going back to his work.

I went out on the platform to survey circumstances. There was not yet the smallest scratch of dawn in the east. The bright moonlight showed the depot thermometer registering ten below. The cold snow creaked uncannily under my thin-soled shoes. I shuddered and snuggled back into the light warmth of the waiting room.

IT WOULD be simply impossible and very cowardly to go back home to my hero-loving friends and confess myself a quitter, just on account of a two-day Montana stagecoach ride; and yet seventy miles, ten below zero—

"Is there a schoolmarm for Big Breezes this morning?" called a cheery voice from without.

"The stage," announced the ticket agent, picking up my suit case. "Good luck to you."

We could not stop for dinner that day, for the mail was late, but at the road house they brought us out a pot of hot coffee and some bread and meat sandwiches

I climbed up to the seat of the big homemade sleigh. The driver adjusted a sack of oats to support my back and wrapped me in a coyote-skin robe. He gave me a patch quilt to put around my feet and piled the sacred (flour) sacks of United States mail into a foot rest for me.

The stage plowed along in the light, new-fallen snow. The weird glow of first dawn showed that it was heavily loaded. There were red plush chairs, patent wire fencing, crated oil cans, and window glass. There were sacks of flour and sugar, cases of canned goods and breakfast food.

"How far'd you come?" asked the driver, by way of sociability.

"Oh, about two thousand miles."

"Oh, Lord! Gee whiz! Two thousand miles to teach at Big Breezes! Well, that's the best josh yet. Nobody around here for two States'll take that Devil's Dot school, but I never thought they'd have to send that far for a greeny. You're the second schoolmarm I've hauled out this year, and it's only November. They was four finished there last year—it's keeping up its rep. all right."

"What happened to them all?" I inquired, shuddering.

"Well, when the Devil's Dot school kicks 'em off, they's generally pretty happy to pick up one of them rich, lonely ranchers. You see, if it weren't for some of them tough schools, them bachelors never *would* get any wives. Of course, they'd rather have hired girls—they're generally the best workers—but, Lord, the hired girls is scarcer than sweet potatoes in this country."

Then he blew his cow horn at the Ten-Mile House and threw out the mail sack.

"Hey, Roosey," he exclaimed to the big man who appeared at the cabin door. "I got a tenderfoot schoolmarm on board. I don't believe she's got on wraps enough to keep a pin warm. Can't you loan her your fur coat? She's freezin' stiff."

I protested that I wasn't a bit cold.

"Oh, smash up with it! Ain't your forehead wrinkling like a corrugated iron roof? Roosey, bring here something to put round her head and ears."

The big man hesitated. "I ain't got a thing like that."

"Oh, well, don't you guess we know you ain't running a ladies' head-covering establishment. Bring some German socks; they're good as anything."

WRAPPED up in the big bearskin coat, with the warm woolen socks tied around my temples and ears, I stopped shivering and began to enjoy life.

"That fellow's sure a good man and he needs a wife something fierce. You come out here to get married?"

I told him "No!" very emphatically. "I had come out for a change and to see what the country was like."

"A change! Well, you're goin' to the right place. It'll be maybe sixty below here this winter, and Big Breezes is one of the only unbroke gallopin' towns in the West—one of the only places where they ain't afraid to mix up one of them dynamite dopes that'll make a fellow wake up the next morning in the middle of the street without a cent of money or a stitch of clothes on him."

"But I thought there was no real Wild West left."

"Well, they ain't on railroads. But I tell you them guys that packs it out to the Eastern papers that the Wild West is only in museums, you bet they never come seventy or eighty miles from a railroad. They jumps off the train at some little town, and they visits the new courthouse and jail and the Carnegy Library and the soda fountain, then they writes back: 'No Wild West, my friends; all good, prosperous, law-abiding towns, with a regular cut and roasted peanut population.'"

"But law's everywhere now, isn't it?"

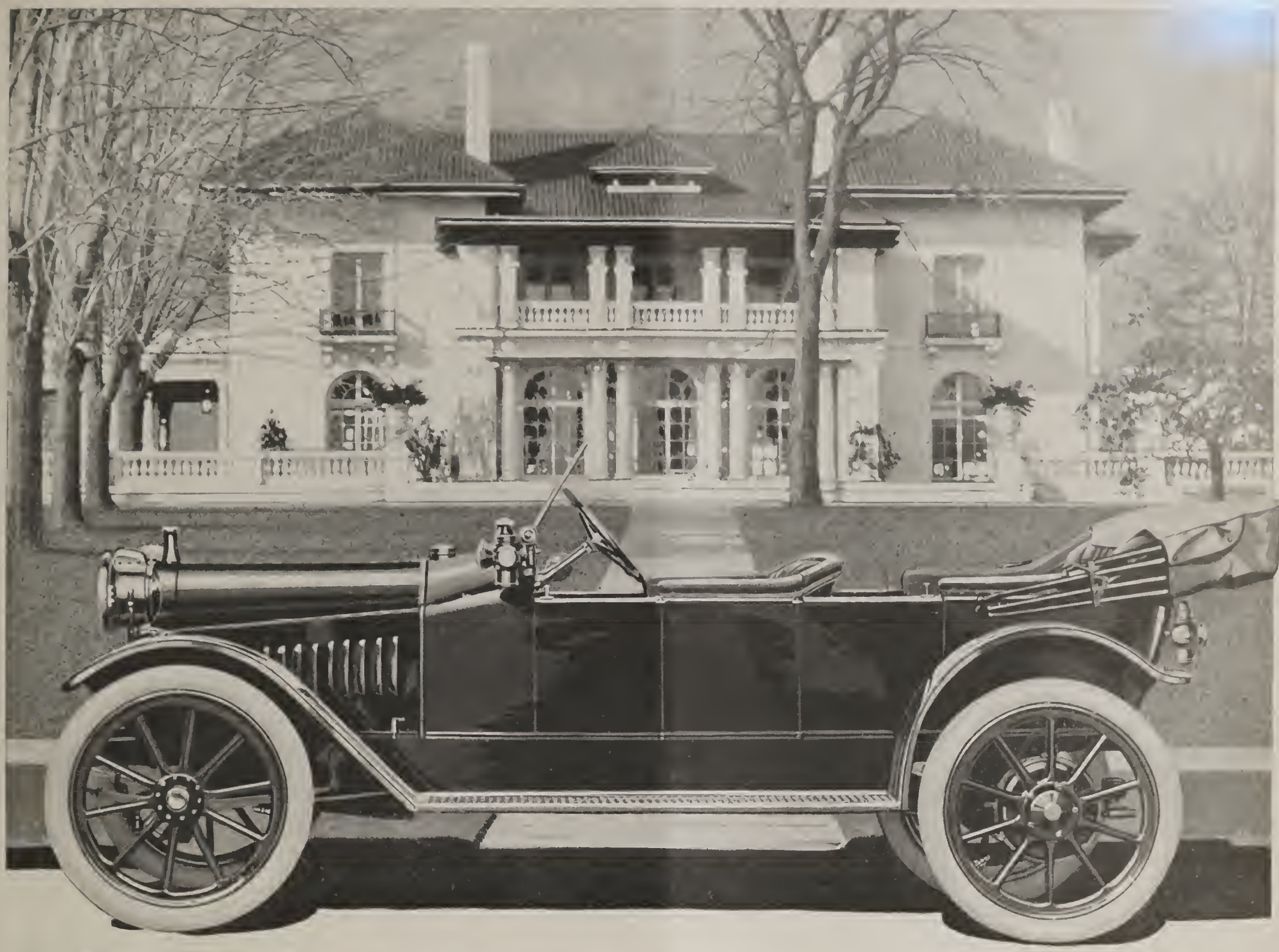
"Law? Yes, but it's in the county seat. And the law is fat and prosperous and lazy and awful comfortable. Do you think it's coming seventy miles through this here snow and over them peaks just to be executed? Well, you got another guess coming."

WE COULD not stop for dinner that day, for the mail was late, but at the road house they brought us out a pot of hot coffee and some bread and meat sandwiches. They tasted good as we proceeded through an area covered with dark green Christmas trees already trimmed with millions of sparkling little frost stars.

Toward evening it grew so much colder that we became painfully conscious of our fingers and noses. The driver kept picking up snow and rubbing it on my face, which I could not feel at all. The frozen snow fairly shrieked under the horses' tread, and a chill tremble of cold seemed to scrape up and down my spine and blister itself into my forehead. It grew quite dark: the last fifteen miles seemed to lie along the ground in inches.

At the road house, where the stage stopped for the night, the old lady gave me a great deal of whisky and hot water. I felt very weak and drowsy, my thumbs

(*Continued on page 32*)



This Car Seeks First Honors in Its Class for 1913

Long-stroke motor, 3¼ x 5½ inches
Enclosed valves
Three bearing crankshaft

Unit power plant
Multiple disc clutch
Three speeds forward
Sliding gears
Full floating axle

Center control
Zenith carburetor
Bosch magneto
106-inch wheelbase
32 x 3½ inch tires

Quick detachable rims
Mohair top, with envelope
Jiffy curtains
Windshield
Rear shock absorber

Prest-o-lite tank
Gas headlights
Oil side and tail lamps
Tools—horn
Trimmings, black and nickel

Magneto and camshaft driven by silent Coventry chain. Standard color, black

Hupmobile $975

Here is a car at $975 built in accordance with the high code of honor which marks the manufacture of the best cars—cars far above it in price.

It claims close relationship with those cars—not in size, because it is a car of lesser dimensions, of course—but in all of the ingredients which constitute integrity of construction.

It asks to be set apart and judged, not by the standards its price would suggest, but by that more microscopic analysis you would apply were a larger monetary investment involved.

We have pictured in book form some of the processes which justify our belief that this Hupmobile is the best car of its class in the world; and we want you to see and read it.

We also want you to see and ride in the car—**samples are now in the hands of Hupmobile dealers.**

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 1230 Milwaukee Avenue, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

No Hill too Steep
No Sand too Deep

Jackson Comfort a result

Jackson engineers, early in the experience that now covers eleven years, learned that the building of a good car does not begin and end with a good motor; or any other single unit.

Comfort for the passengers, they reason, is even more essential than power and speed; fully as necessary as strong wheels, reliable axles and a sturdy frame.

So they have been building comfortable cars, powerful, speedy cars, durable cars, for years.

And they have reached the point where they can tell, by exact knowledge—even when a car has progressed no farther than the blue print stage—whether it will be a comfortable car.

They know how large the wheels should be with a given wheelbase to produce the greatest comfort.

They know how long and how sensitive the springs should be, and what type, to produce the greatest comfort in conjunction with wheels and wheelbase of given size.

The same with the power of the motor; the weight of the car; the distribution of weight; the height of the car from the ground; the way the power is generated and transmitted.

They know that all these elements have a direct relation, separately and jointly, to the degree of comfort that will be produced.

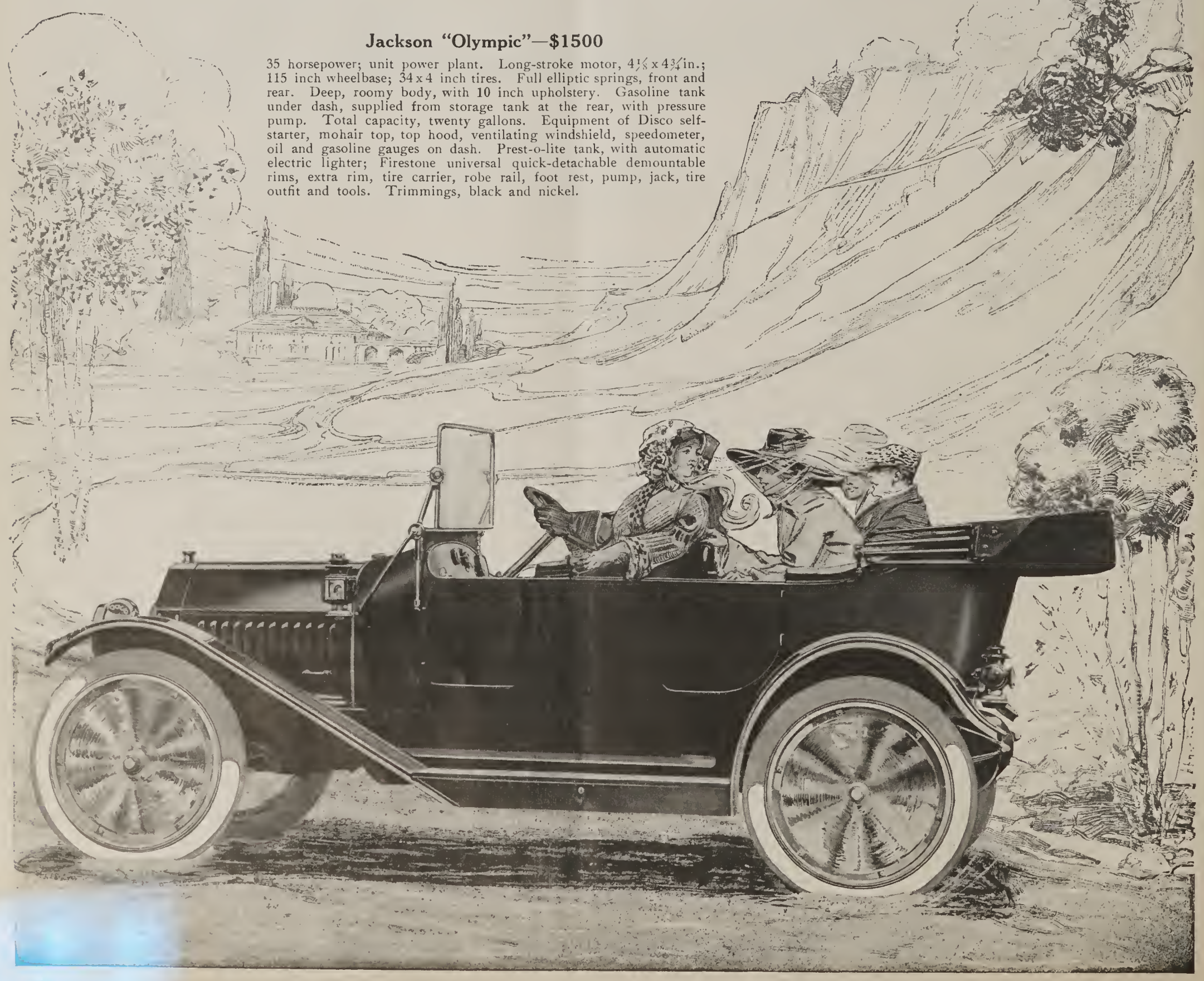
And they understand that relationship as few other engineering staffs do.

Chance and experiment enter less into the designing of a new Jackson, probably, than in any other automobile draughting room in the country.

Because our engineers work almost by formula, the object of which is to produce power and speed and strength and reliability—and comfort.

Jackson "Olympic"—$1500

35 horsepower; unit power plant. Long-stroke motor, 4⅛ x 4¾ in.; 115 inch wheelbase; 34 x 4 inch tires. Full elliptic springs, front and rear. Deep, roomy body, with 10 inch upholstery. Gasoline tank under dash, supplied from storage tank at the rear, with pressure pump. Total capacity, twenty gallons. Equipment of Disco self-starter, mohair top, top hood, ventilating windshield, speedometer, oil and gasoline gauges on dash. Prest-o-lite tank, with automatic electric lighter; Firestone universal quick-detachable demountable rims, extra rim, tire carrier, robe rail, foot rest, pump, jack, tire outfit and tools. Trimmings, black and nickel.



# of Exact Engineering Knowledge

Jackson "Majestic"—$1850

45 horsepower; unit power plant. Long-stroke motor—4½ x 5¼ in.; 124 inch wheelbase; 36 x 4 inch tires. Full elliptic springs, front and rear. Deep, roomy body, with 10 inch upholstery. Powerful electric headlights, with parabolic reflectors; flush electric dash lamps, and electric tail lamp; supplied by storage battery which is charged from dynamo driven by the motor. Gasoline tank under the dash, supplied from storage tank at the rear, with pressure pump. Total capacity, twenty gallons. Equipment of Disco self-starter, mohair top, top hood, ventilating windshield, speedometer, oil and gasoline gauges on dash. Firestone universal quick-detachable demountable rims, extra rim, tire carrier, electric horn, robe rail, foot rest, pump, jack, tire outfit and tools. Trimmings, black and nickel.

You have always heard of Jackson comfort.

And you're going to hear more than ever about it as the new models are distributed among the buyers.

Because the exact knowledge gained in eleven years of building comfortable cars has never been so effectively used as on the "Majestic" and the "Olympic."

We want you to test these new Jacksons for yourself; prove all you've heard of Jackson comfort.

But before you put the cars to trial, let us tell you how their extraordinary ease of riding has been achieved.

The blending of the elements we have named—power, its volume, generation and transmission; wheelbases and wheel sizes; weight and its distribution; design and construction of seat backs—has been done with master skill.

You will find the wheelbases generously long.

The wheel sizes in the two models are correct with reference to the wheelbases; the shorter with 34-inch and the longer with 36-inch wheels.

Four full elliptic springs are used on each model; because they are from 33⅓ to 100 per cent easier riding than the usual motor car types.

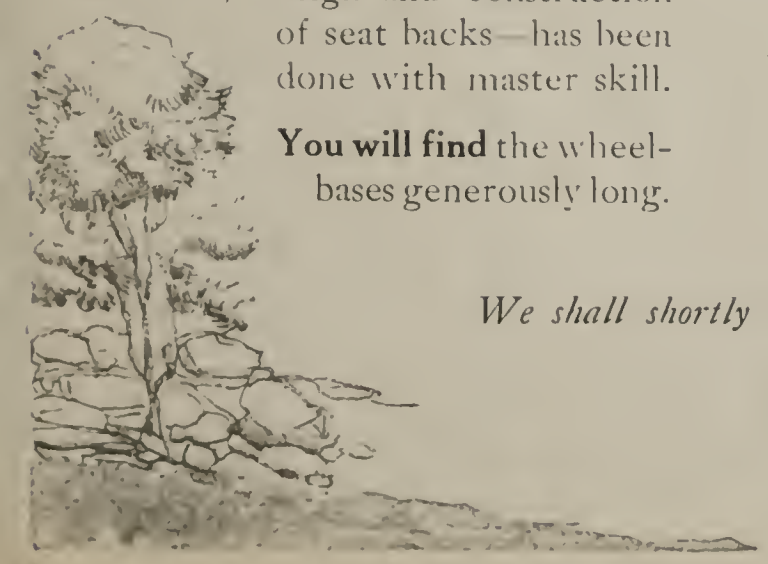
The upholstering is 10 inches thick—deep and soft and luxurious.

The seat cushions slant slightly toward the rear; and the seat backs are shoulder high—comfortable for a half hour or a half day on any road.

There is generous room in front and in the tonneau; and both front and rear doors are wider than usual.

When you have your demonstration, you will note the pulling power of the motor; the smooth silence of the entire mechanism; the speed, etc. Jackson features as noteworthy as the car's ease of riding.

If your dealer hasn't received his sample cars, write for the advance literature; and look forward to the most comfortable automobile ride you have ever had.



We shall shortly announce our six-cylinder, seven passenger touring car.

Jackson Automobile Company

1110 East Main Street — Jackson, Michigan

"Standard" GUARANTEED PLUMBING FIXTURES

THE love of cleanliness should be developed in children by making cleanliness a pleasure rather than a duty.

"Standard" Fixtures by appealing to the child's mind through its love of the beautiful make cleanliness attractive. Every member of the household feels the refining influence of "Standard" Fixtures.

Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the Home and for School, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with the exception of one brand of baths bearing the Red and Black Label, which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the requirements of those who demand "Standard" quality at less expense. All "Standard" fixtures, with care, will last a lifetime. And no fixture is genuine *unless it bears the guarantee label.* In order to avoid substitution of inferior fixtures, specify "Standard" goods in writing (not verbally) and make sure that you get them.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. 38 PITTSBURGH, PA.

New York....35 W. 31st Street Nashville....315 Tenth Avenue, So. London....57-60 Holborn Viaduct
Chicago..900 S. Michigan Ave. New Orleans, Baronne & St. Joseph Sts. Houston, Tex., Preston & Smith Sts.
Philadelphia. 1128 Walnut Street Montreal, Can...215 Coristine Bldg. San Francisco, Cal.
Toronto, Can. 59 Richmond St. E. Boston.... ....John Hancock Bldg. Merchants National Bank Bldg.
Pittsburgh.....106 Federal St. Louisville....319-23 W. Main Street Washington, D. C..Southern Bldg.
St. Louis...100 N. Fourth Street Cleveland...648 Huron Road, S. E. Toledo, Ohio, 311-321 Erie Street
Cincinnati.....633 Walnut St. Hamilton, Can. 20-28 Jackson St., W. Fort Worth, Tex., Front & Jones Sts.

Interior of Spinning Room before using Rice's Mill White

Rice's Mill White vs. Cold Water Paints

No cold water paint can give permanent results. Such a paint dries flat and lustreless; is porous; gathers dust and germs; is uncleanable and soon flakes. Rice's Mill White, on the contrary, is firm, glossy, easily cleaned and under ordinary conditions will not yellow—*it stays white longer than any and all other gloss whites.*

RICES MILL WHITE
Not a Cold Water Paint

"The Paint that Brims Over with Sunlight"

possesses an *elastic quality* that makes *cracking and scaling an impossibility.* This is the result of a secret process of treating the vehicle which also causes Rice's Mill White to flow freely and greatly increases the economy of its use.

If you have 20,000 or more square feet of ceiling and wall space to cover, write us on your letter head for a free sample board showing its fine surface and high reflective power, and our booklet, "Make the Most of Daylight in Your Plant." Address

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.,
18 Dudley St., Providence, R. I.

Originators of the Mill White Idea.

Interior of Spinning Room after using Rice's Mill White

ORIGINAL—GENUINE

HORLICK'S

Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch.

Delicious, Invigorating

MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.
Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Avoid Imitations—Ask for "HORLICK'S"—Everywhere

Campaigning for the Vote

(Concluded from page 21)

kitchens was at stake. This sentiment was led by a woman who had worked in the post office for eighteen years. According to the men's opinion, she should have been the postmaster long ago but for the fact that she was a woman.

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN

HER reasons for fighting the enfranchisement of women were being set forth in a high-keyed voice when we appeared in the post-office door. She was making a semipublic address, passing out mail with one hand and waving the other dramatically. Everything she said and did was distinctly observable through the wire of the post-office screen. And her main argument, that woman's work is in the home, seemed amusingly out of place there. No amount of contra-argument could make her see how out of place it was—her sharp, insistent voice kept right on urging the home-husband-and-baby theory which her own life had exploded so many years before.

Some of the men who stood in the mail line had a sufficient sense of humor to get the fun of this. Some others, tired of the nagging voice, preferred to join ranks with the smiling young Eleanor outside. When the crowd outside numbered fifteen the C. S. D. could resist the temptation no longer. She took the stump, or rather a neighboring horse block, to give the change-in-work reason for the fact that the postmaster's assistant is really not in her home. The C. S. D. was brimming over with arguments; she could have gone much further, to show why the assistant, not being in her home, is not even in her job—merely doing the work while a cousin of the borough representative in the State Legislature wheels around in an invalid's chair with the postmaster's honors in one hand and his comfortable salary in the other. The assistant refused to come even to the door to hear the true story of her life. And the housewives of the town, frightened at the audacity of a woman who would speak on the street, scurried past us like chickens and made for their homes. The sheriff and the barber and the butcher and the editor of the biweekly "Gazette" stood cheerfully to the end. And when it was all over the sheriff scratched his head and, turning heavily toward the crowd (he was much too fat to catch a thief), roared: "By hickory, let's let the women vote!"

You see "Barkis was willin'" in Bitford. If it hadn't been for St. Valentine's Day, we might have called a turn on the antis. But pause and consider that the minds of antis are not above cunning.

INGENIOUS OPPOSITION

ST. VALENTINE'S feast fell on the night of our meeting, and the antis grouped themselves in fours. There were just twelve of them, and each group gave a Valentine party in the largest of their four houses, inviting all the friends and acquaintances of the four. By this ingenuity they covered the entire town. The sheriff was not only invited to all the parties—he went. Our meeting was called to order by the minister, who had pledged himself to us so long before that he dared not change his mind. The audience was made up of his wife, the janitor of the hall, and four boys.

At the end of my speech, which, being the worst, led off, a party of Valentiners flocked in. From that moment the idea seemed to strike the unwitting Valentine guests that they might go the rounds and miss nothing. They came to us en route across the green. To meet the emergency the orators talked loud and fast, keeping homes and husbands and babies in the center of the platform, with the spotlight alternating between them and the postmaster's assistant. However this went with the Valentines, we got forty-eight signatures and enough money in collection to half pay for the hall. And when we crossed the green on our way to the car, we looked at the shuttered houses and called a triumphant: "Ha! Ha!"

The little city of L—— is all factory, as homely as nature will permit, although the hills of Connecticut are not easily undone. When we first reached town it was to find that the local chairwoman had changed her mind about the meeting place. She had engaged a hall seating two hundred people. Then her mind began to picture a thousand people clamoring for seats. So at the last moment, without a word of warning, she changed to a larger hall and it was up to the campaigners to furnish the thousand. By no choice of ours, as you see, we were plunged into a week of sensational advertising. In this week we had sufficient proof of the fact that the public takes you at your own value and treats you accordingly—it is not what you do that counts, but how you do it.

We peddled handbills on the street corner, which is against the city ordinance, but the policeman at the corner said he wouldn't look if we didn't. We carried sandwich boards and some small boys who saw us shouted: "It's a parade, a parade!" and lined up behind us, seven strong and troublesome.

But the C. S. D. said: "Now, boys, if you want to march with us you must remember this is just as serious as the Fourth of July parade. Hold your cards so the people can see them and don't laugh."

And in that fashion we went down the street, the seven five-year-olds, as solemn as owls, feeling their honors and responsibilities as keenly as our one grown-up recruit felt her humiliation. That one recruit had joined us from Bryn Mawr. She knew that if we carried sandwich boards she must too, although she sniffed suspiciously as the boards went over her shoulders. It was a relief to all of us when the C. S. D. said, and she was somewhat new to sandwich boards herself: "I can't wear it around my neck; it seems to take all my self-respect. Couldn't we just carry them?"

And so we did carry them, marching in single file down past the stores and into a cross street where the mills line either side. When the mill people came back from lunch they found us standing there with arms full of leaflets. The policeman on that beat had gone around the corner where his conscience would not trouble him.

Most of the mill girls laughed and said they were with us. "If a girl could support her mother she could vote," one of them put it. And many of the men said "Wish you luck" in passing. Now and again an old man would stop to pat us on the shoulder and say: "Ye're brave girls and I'm wid ye; the country could do better ner keepin' ye from havin' the vote."

The Bryn Mawr girl, who had no experience with simple, straightforward people, kept whispering: "Isn't it wonderful! Isn't it wonderful!"

And I, too, was overcome with wonder when an old man thrust his arm out of a factory window, calling: "I want to shake hands with ye!"

I put my cold hand into his work-hardened one. His face was lined and weather beaten, not only with work, but with suffering. His mouth quivered, and there was a quick look of pain in his eyes as he said: "God bless ye and help ye; when the women can vote they'll do something to stop this traffic in liquor and crime. My boy went that way."

I answered: "We'll try!" And then I was suddenly engulfed with fear, for we are not making pledges and no one knows what women will do when the time comes.

And so it seems that the emblem on the news bags does not mean just "Votes for Women," but what it does mean is that all women, strong or weak, must put a shoulder to the yoke and actually pull the lumbering American band wagon a little farther out of the old-time frontier mire. The question as to their strength and their pulling together is something to keep a nervous suffragist awake nights.

JANE ADDAMS, LEADER

YET when a woman like Miss Jane Addams says they must pull, it means they can and will. No one has sounded the mire more thoroughly or has carried the message of need more widely among women. The women of this country, through the habit of their clubs, have come to the belief that what she tells them is true. Even on the crossroads of Connecticut, where the only club is the Grange, farm women know and believe in her.

So we learned to plant her as we did our banner. "Who'll mention Jane?" the little New Yorker, who came to make five of our band, used to say. We all wanted her; we fought for her, and I who was weakest and needed her most was forced to say savagely: "I came from Chicago; she's mine."

After several weeks I became conscious that always when I mentioned her name some one told me how well I had spoken. And when, as occasionally must happen, I failed to get her in, although I knew I had spoken better than usual, there came no word of comment.

MOST varnish problems can be solved simply by selecting one of the following Berry Brothers' Varnishes. The trade mark label is the same on all of them—with the name of each kind shown at the top.

Liquid Granite—For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible. There is no substitute.

Wood Luxeberry Finish—For the finest rubbed dull or polished finish on interior woodwork.

Elastic Interior Finish—For interior woodwork exposed to severe wear, or action of soap and water.

Elastic Outside Finish—For front doors and all other surfaces exposed to the weather. Great durability under trying conditions.

Spar Luxeberry Varnish—For marine use or any surface exposed to wind, wave or weather. Has never turned white under water.

THE selection of the varnish is always worth your personal attention.

If you are as wise in your choice as Berry Brothers' users are, you will get a large return in economy and permanent satisfaction.

BERRY BROTHERS' VARNISHES

Don't think one floor, or the woodwork of one room, or the refinishing of the front door too small a job to pay for the extra trouble it may take to say and get "Berry Brothers."

For any job you can always afford to use Berry Brothers' Varnish. It costs just as much in labor to apply cheaper varnish as it does Berry Brothers'—and labor is two-thirds of the cost. Cheaper varnishes bring the labor-cost around years earlier on the refinishing.

Any dealer or painter can supply Berry Brothers' Varnishes. If you have any difficulty in finding them write us and get the name of a dealer who believes in Berry Brothers' standard of quality.

Send for free booklet: "Choosing Your Varnish Maker."

Berry Brothers, Ltd.

Established 1858

Factories:
DETROIT, MICH. WALKERVILLE, ONT.

Brickbats and Bouquets

COLLIER'S says it believes in "regulated competition," which is much like trying to run a prize fight without allowing a knockout or awarding a decision.—Louisville (Ky.) *Herald.*

✣

". . . a Bull Moose, muckraking organ, for which decent people in North Carolina can have only contempt. I refer to COLLIER'S WEEKLY.—S. L. ROGERS, Manager for Senator Simmons in Raleigh (N. C.) *News and Observer.*

✣

If Wilson is elected and Simmons is returned, he will be to Wilson's administration what Gorman of Maryland and Smith of New Jersey were to Cleveland's. *And* COLLIER'S *is supporting Woodrow Wilson.*—GEORGE W. PASCHAL in Raleigh (N. C.) *News and Observer.*

✣

Now for the animus of COLLIER'S WEEKLY: it wanted cheap print paper for itself and cheaper food products and raw materials for the people of the big cities and the manufacturers of New England and the North, and it is malignant toward those Southern Senators who could not be hoodwinked, cajoled, or bullied into lending themselves to those selfish schemes to make hewers of wood and drawers of water of the people of the South.—SENATOR SIMMONS.

✣

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, one of the journals of the country distinguished by clear thinking, declares the most important question of this campaign to be this: Shall we have regulated competition or regulated monopoly?

—Baltimore (Md.) *Sun.*

✣

The reputation that COLLIER'S has damaged the most, in our opinion, is its own. It used facsimile copies of confidential business letters to make its point. We have always been taught that to betray a confidence is a base thing.
—Parkersburg (W. Va.) *State Journal.*

✣

COLLIER'S WEEKLY and "Everybody's Magazine" are about the only muckrakers left out of a hundred or so a year or two ago. The American people like humbug, but they don't like it for a continuous performance.

—Springfield (Mo.) *Republican.*

✣

COLLIER'S magazine stops clarifying the political situation and saving the country long enough to discuss the more momentous question of the "passing of a batter." . . . In view of the fact that this burning topic has been throbbing around in the brains of the editor of COLLIER'S for some time, it is at least strange that Colonel Roosevelt failed to mention it in his bill of popular rights or in the Chicago platform.—Wheeling (W. Va.) *Intelligencer.*

✣

COLLIER'S WEEKLY appears to be elbowing up to Woodrow nicely, believing that he is a winner, but is putting in some mighty heavy licks for Teddy.

—Pensacola (Fla.) *News.*

✣

In spite of the fact that neither Colonel Roosevelt nor COLLIER'S WEEKLY told us how to do it, the Centennial was quite a success.—Columbus (Ohio) *Journal.*

✣

COLLIER'S WEEKLY may be wrong, but it comes with poor grace from some papers to criticize the paper just now merely because it attacks a certain Senator, when for years they have been quoting from the paper on various subjects, especially when it boomed the South, and noted in high glee that COLLIER'S is advocating Woodrow Wilson.

—Wilmington (N. C.) *Dispatch.*

✣

That ably thrilling publication, COLLIER'S WEEKLY, in opening an attack on a Western Senator, for which it has been long preparing, takes a somewhat dejected editorial view of its own work.

—Denver (Colo.) *Republican.*

✣

If what COLLIER'S WEEKLY alleges against Senator Warren of Wyoming is true, Warren should be in the penitentiary instead of in the United States Senate. If it is not true, the editor of COLLIER'S deserves to go to jail for criminal libel. The editor does not seem to be afraid of the jail.

—Newark (N. J.) *Evening News.*

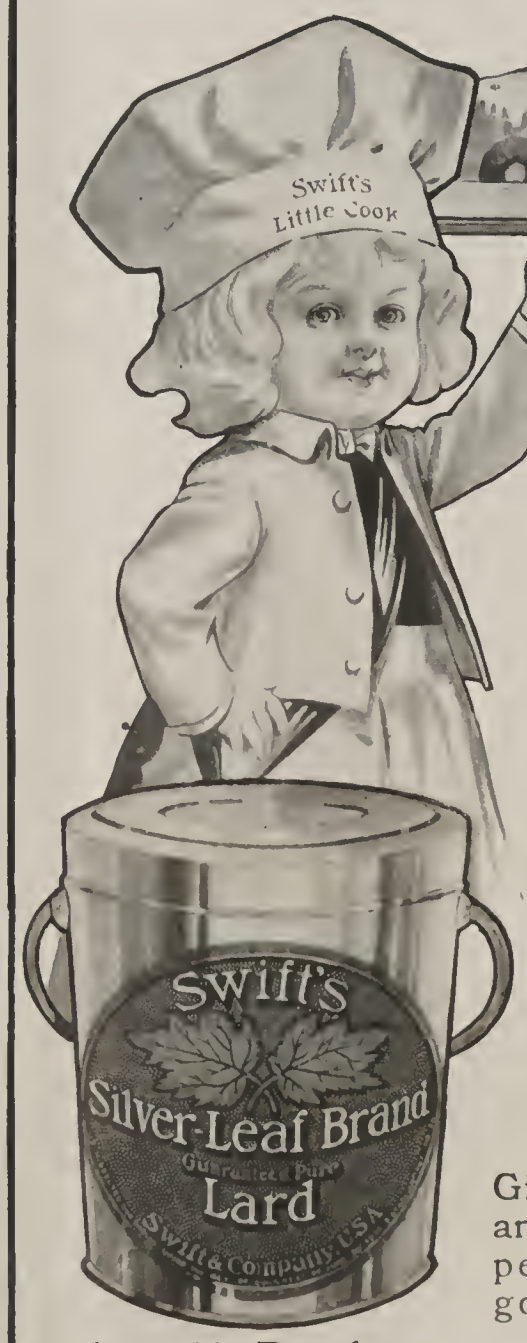
G. Washington's INSTANT Coffee

Just pure coffee *refined* like sugar—use it as you do sugar—½ to ¾ teaspoonful in a cup—pour on boiling water—sugar and cream to taste—the flavor is *always* perfect—*you* control the strength. Sold by grocers at 30c and 85c per tin except in extreme West and South. If your grocer hasn't it, send us his name and 30c and receive a full size tin.

Made in the cup at the table

A book telling how to prepare 24 delicious "New Desserts and Delicacies" mailed free upon request by post card

G. WASHINGTON COFFEE SALES CO., 79 Wall St., New York



The Right Shortening for any pastry is

Swift's Silver-Leaf Lard

Gives a delicious crispness and makes the baking brown perfectly. Famous with good cooks everywhere.

U. S. Government Inspected and Passed.

At all Dealers

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

COPYRIGHT BY WHITMAN

Helen Keller

This wonderful woman, blind, deaf and dumb since infancy, who has not only educated herself in spite of these odds, but made herself a leader in the thought of our time, has written a series of articles for the METROPOLITAN on the "woman question" which, for clear vision and plain speaking, have never been surpassed.

Miss Keller is constantly in receipt of letters from women inquiring how they may help those afflicted like herself. Her reply in these articles, sublimely intelligent, points them to an infinitely larger field of service than that of the physically afflicted. The first article, in the October METROPOLITAN, is called "The Educated Woman."

You will find this October METROPOLITAN the livest magazine you ever laid your hands on. In addition to Helen Keller, Arnold Bennett writes on "The Case of the Plain Man," Morris Hillquit on Socialism, J. W. McConaughy on "Save the Nation!" Maude Radford Warren on "The New Ireland." And there are a number of complete stories—the kind you talk about, in the

METROPOLITAN
for October
ALL NEWSDEALERS 15 CENTS

Introductory Offer
for 30 days only

45 CENTS WORTH OF
MAGAZINE READING FOR 25 CENTS

We will mail you the METROPOLITAN for three months, beginning with the October issue, on receipt of this coupon and 25 cents. Just write your name and address on the margin, tear off the corner of this ad and mail with a quarter to

THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE
286 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Cleanser

(*Concluded from page 15*)

publication of instances where, after inspection, restaurants, factories, markets, drug stores, laundries, dairies, and ice-cream parlors have been warned or closed, has had a salutary effect upon other establishments of the same kind, and has awakened the people to a new observation of dirt.

New Orleans is a picturesque city. Old houses, old streets, old alleyways, with cats asleep in the sun, and singing negro boys dragging lazy brooms over uneven sidewalks, and ancient French signs swinging out over the pavement, are all romantic. Tourists are delighted with "queer old nooks"; the artist's eye brightens. But Dowling complains because the dignity of age is lost among the indignities of uncleanliness, and the New Orleans people, with the help of the press, now believe he is right.

An example of the thoroughness of the work is to be found in the "scoring" of all the dairies serving the city. Out of 287, twenty-five were closed. A list of those with the best record was published. The dairymen were invited to come to the offices of the Board of Health for instruction in improving their condition. They were told that a second inspection would be made, and the "scores" and reports of sanitary condition would be published in the daily papers to give the public knowledge of the sources of their milk supply.

The dairymen passed through a new set of sensations; likewise the restaurant keepers. The latter found that there was a wide variation between the conception of a clean kitchen and a clean refrigerator as it existed in their own mind and as it existed in the mind of Dowling's inspectors. The astonishing fact was that even after a warning many failed to clean house. This meant an order to close up business. In fighting the orders, the constitutionality of the sanitary code had been attacked, and a case was lingering in the State courts without decision. Dowling and Waldo, the attorney for the board, found, however, power to act under the general powers and that it was possible to obtain injunctions against the operation of establishments menacing the public health. Here was a summary remedy, and one which was sufficient to make a delinquent writhe under loss of business. And restaurant keepers, hotel, market, and dairymen began to take notice.

SOAP FOR THE BIG AND THE LITTLE

THE crusade was not confined to little places. Criticism was made of the famous old French Market, and closing signs went up on some of the proud and far-famed cafés.

The Y. M. C. A. building was found unclean, a large cigar factory was hit, large laundries were marked for improvements, and meat shops felt the hard hand of the law.

One fine day an inspector was riding on a street car when his eye was attracted by a huge sign painted on the wall of a cleaning and dyeing works. The proprietors were sharp in the matter of advertising. "For Cleanliness" was the burden of the sign. "We Come First, Dr. Dowling Comes Second." The inspector smiled, jumped off the car, made an inspection of the premises, and found conditions which made it impossible for him to "pass" the establishment. The much-advertised cleaners were not clean!

In another case a large restaurant having been closed, cleaned, and then reopened, the manager felt that he was an "immune." He allowed the old unsanitary conditions to grow up within a few weeks. Dr. Dowling closed his place again.

That there has been no protest is not to be supposed. All the power of law, politics, and shyster trickery have been used against the Board of Health and Dowling.

One keeper of a large café and bar, rich in political influence, sent a delegation of politicians to "see" Dowling.

"This man can't be closed up," said the delegation.

"He *has* been closed up," said Dowling.

"He is a friend of ours," the delegation replied with significant glances. "We must take care of him even if we do something against your interest, doctor."

Dowling smiled.

"If he is your friend, advise him to clean his place," said he.

REAL HOUSECLEANING

DOWLING is not without a sense of humor. He had obtained an injunction against "one of the best restaurants," and the proprietor had made an attempt to clean so that he might be allowed to open again. Unfortunately his attempt at cleaning did not satisfy the inspectors.

Thereupon the proprietor came to Dr. Dowling's office.

"I've done what I could," said he woefully. "I told my people I would open again, and now see the fix I'm in! You say I haven't cleaned my place. What will you charge to come and clean it for yourself?"

Dowling smiled. "My labor is cheap," said he. "Dollar and a half a day. Get me a gang of twenty-five men. We'll start this afternoon."

They did. The doctor worked until two in the morning. There were about two dump carts of dirt outside in the end, and the manager had permission to reopen on the morrow. He paid Dowling a check of fifty dollars, and the doctor distributed the money among four charitable institutions.

"We will teach cleanliness in the end," says Dr. E. S. Kelly, secretary of the State board. "The stage has already been reached when **some of the oldest and largest places are advertising in daily papers that the inspectors have passed them.** They reproduce our inspection card and call it a 'clean bill of health.'"

"It stands to reason," says the doctor himself, "that the gospel of health, which means immunity from suffering, a greater earning capacity, and a saving in dollars will appeal to sensible people. It is too much to expect that they will change their habits of living at once on a board of health recommendation. But conditions are relative. Even a slight improvement in a community means better health for the citizens."

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Too many women fear to smile because a misdirected care of the teeth has robbed them of their greatest claim to beauty.

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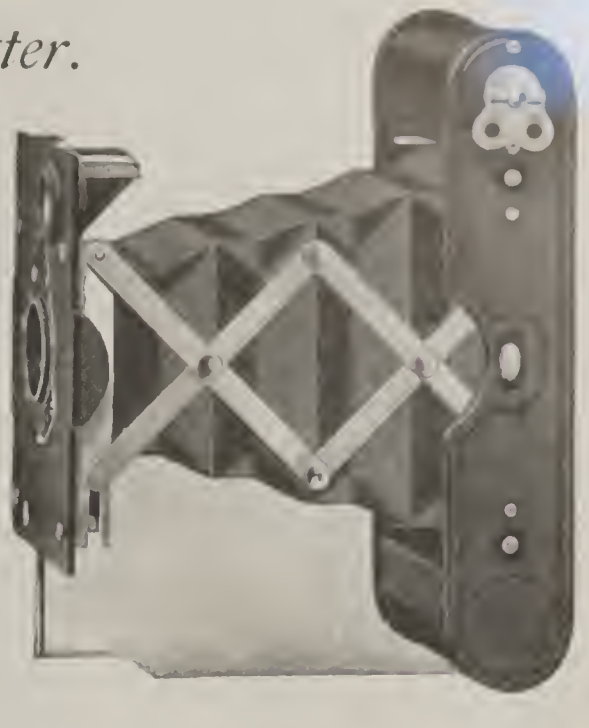

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Very truly yours, E. DEETS PICKETT.

Braddock, Pa., December 16, 1911.

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GENTLEMEN:—Some time since I had occasion to write you regarding the record of U. S. Senator Oliver and the information you gave me on that occasion proved very valuable.
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Very truly yours, E. CLYDE KELLY.

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Collier's Washington Bureau,
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GENTLEMEN:—Can you direct me to the source of Senator Bristow's statements regarding former Senator Aldrich's affiliations with the world-wide rubber trust?
Very truly yours, MARVIN W. WALLACH.

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Druggists and General Merchants
Orlinda, Tenn. February 22, 1912.

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Very truly yours, H. W. McNEELEY.

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The Man Who Wouldn't Stay Put

(*Continued from page 19*)

gently with the palms of his hands, smiled up at the stars, and commenced to walk, carefully, catlike. For a half hour he traveled slowly, choosing every foothold. It worked on his nerves and he summoned his every shred of will to hold himself to the slow pace. He glanced behind him and laughed softly—if nervously—as he saw the camp lights receding slowly into the distance. At last he crossed a little stream that babbled down a rocky bed. He trotted a few steps, certain that the sound would be covered, and then settled to a swift walk. For a little while he followed the road, and then, when the moon shoved its yellow rim above the hills to the east, he struck out across the almost barren country.

LIEUTENANT JAMES CROGAN, alone between two hostile armies, breakfasted on prickly pear, scraping the minute barbs off with a sharp stone. He drank from a water hole, crept under a bush and settled down to wait the long day through. He could see the hilltop from where he lay, could see things that looked like flies swarming over it.

Once the shrill wail of a strange bugle call reached him. He saw a thin line of color that was lighter than the rest of the hill grow longer. Intrenchments, he told himself. He saw squads of men come down the hill and wander about crazily, though with a purpose. Spinning webs of barbed wire, he was certain. He saw two treeless belts, one three-quarters of the way up the hill, and the other right at the top. Late in the afternoon he slept a little and awoke in a sweat, feeling faint and empty. For a moment he did not realize things connectedly. Then it all came back to him and he gloried in the realization that the sun was setting.

Night came after centuries of waiting and he left his shelter. He walked a mile, perhaps. Then he crouched and crawled at times, seldom standing erect. Always he kept his eyes on the wavering lights above him; at frequent intervals he paused and strained his ears. The lights died out, one at a time, and bugles blew the army before him to sleep. He went on, up the rise. For hours he worked along, stooping, crawling, worming his way through heavy brush, grasped at by thorns and catching his feet in gnarled roots and vines. At last he worked his way to the edge of the first treeless belt. It was several hundred yards wide and he stood up to look about him.

From the top of the rise above him shot a blinding eye of light. It pierced the distance to the northward for an instant, settled to the ground with a jerk and swept in a gigantic arc over the country, slowly, scouring the open places, illuminating the brush. Jimmy dropped just before it reached him, flattening his face in the sand. He could see the white glare all about him for a time. Then it became dark again and he looked up to see the finger of white drilling the night far away.

THE man took a long chance on the open country and made a cautious run for it. He went quietly until his foot slipped and he went down, banging his head on a rock. The blow made him dizzy and the noise he made terrified him. But he got up and stumbled along in the darkness, ready to flop to the ground the instant the searchlight turned his way again. He gained the timbered stretch that was above and breathed easier. It was more difficult to travel, of course, for the brush was stiff and thick, but he was under cover at least. Jimmy reached out his hand to draw aside what, in the darkness, looked like a vine. The points of barbed wire dug into the flesh of his hands and he stood very still for a long time, listening for footsteps. Once more came the finger of light and he squatted in the bushes while it made the stunted forest glow.

With great difficulty Jimmy wormed his way through the wire. It cut his clothing and it pricked his flesh, but he did not heed. On he went again, making every move take him nearer the crest of the hill and making every motion as near noiseless as was possible. He worked his way through another wire net, worse than the first. Then the light came back and he lay still for a long time. Perhaps it was a fortunate thing that he did feel compelled to lay still, for he heard something—a faint and regular sound. He pressed his ear to the ground and strained to listen. It grew stronger, stopped, receded, and died away. After a time it came back again, growing stronger but not strong, stopping, and, after a deliberate interval, resuming, only to die off.

Lieutenant Crogan crawled with greater care than ever. He struck his hand against a mescal plant and gritted his teeth to keep back a cry of surprise and pain. He suddenly thought that if he had eaten something he might have been steadier. However, there was nothing to eat, so he set his mind back to his work. He went on, like a careful cat. After he had crawled fifty yards more and stopped to listen, he heard the sound plainly. In fact, he could hear the boots that made it swishing through the grass. He waited until the sentry reached the end of his post and turned back. With utmost caution, then, he hurried along for many yards, stopped, scarcely breathing, and waited while the soldier came and went again.

Thus he proceeded. Two more wire webs ripped his clothing and haggled his flesh; three more sentries patrolled the path he took. Out of the brush he worked, into the open strip, not four hundred yards from the ridge, where low bushes and heavy grasses grew thickly. He crawled a short way into this and then sat up, looking about boldly. He held his breath as he turned his head this way and that, but the only sound he could hear was the occasional footstep of the sentry he had last left behind.

JIMMY laughed crazily. War! This was it! This was that for which he had worked and waited and deserted and broken from the guardhouse! He wanted just one thing now. He wanted to gain the top and see what was there. Then—well, they could shoot and shoot and shoot. He cared not. The information he might get would help no one. But this was war!

Again he realized that he had eaten nothing for a long time.

Jimmy got up and ran. It was a crazy thing to do. He realized that, and wondered if he was crazy. Then he tripped and fell and was content to lie still again. He became penitent—more sane. He heard the tramp of feet and sensed the presence of humans. They passed close to him. He could even hear the men breathe. It was a small squad, evidently a change of guard. The sound of their marching was sufficient to cover any noise he might make, so Jimmy started on.

Worming like a snake, keeping his body tight against the ground, stopping only when a shaft of brilliance swept over him. Lieutenant Crogan, scout extraordinary, worked his way forward. For a long time he encountered no entanglements. Finally he shoved his head and shoulders into thonged wire; rather than risk rising, he scraped away the earth and crawled underneath.

It was the last one. A dark hump rose before him, and when he raised his head he could see it running in both directions, like a long welt, across the hilltop. He crawled to it, touched fresh earth, and knew that he was before the trenches! No men were there. He made sure of it. Then he crawled up to the top of the embankment and slipped down inside, sheltered from the searchlight. He crawled along the trench cautiously. He was in the heart of the enemy's stronghold.

THE return: it was agony. Jimmy wanted to run and dance and sing. He worked carelessly through the first few yards of grass. Then a swoop of the light brought him to himself and he went cautiously. He gained the cover of the brush and realized the presence of some new element. For a moment it puzzled him. Then he laughed and looked to the east, where the yellow moon glowed on the horizon.

But the laugh died. To the left he heard a shot. Then a shout. Then silence. After a moment he distinguished footsteps descending the hill hurriedly. He stood still and reeked cold sweat, vaguely aware that he had been acting as though in a dream. The searchlight riveted itself on a group of men in uniform. They were clustered informally about some central object, evidently of engrossing interest.

"I'm glad it wasn't me," said Jimmy, half aloud. A sob was in his voice.

He could not distinguish the thing that had attracted a shot and a shout and men and the searchlight, but he guessed it was some man who had been crawling up the hill and who, under the rules of war, had no right to be there.

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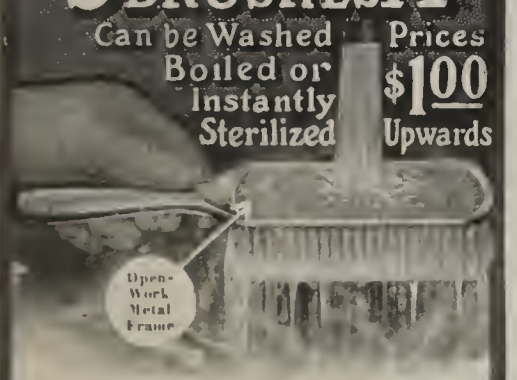

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The Man

(*Continued from page 30*)

Jimmy moved softly through the underbrush. The moonlight made it a bit easier for him. The searchlight bothered now and then, but, somehow, he was growing accustomed to it. Either that or else reckless. He took the precaution, though, to listen attentively every few dozen yards. He gained once more the lower treeless strip and wriggled his way across it under the shadow of the bushes. He raised his head once and saw two pacing men, the light of the moon caught and scattered by their bayonet tips. Once more he came out of the daze in which he had been working for so long. He entered the taller growth and tore his legs badly getting through the next to the last wire entanglement. Then he stood up. He wondered why he was going back. He had tasted war. He had triumphed. He was on his way to disgrace, now, in the hour of his glory!

THE voice was that of a foreigner. But it was unmistakable. The intonation carried the challenge.

Jimmy started to run. The man was behind—perhaps fifty yards. He fired before the fleeing lieutenant could make his second move. The bullet ripped through the brush. Jimmy went faster, going over and through the brush, tripping now and then, but always keeping on. Again the gun behind him spoke; this time the bullet buried itself in a tree, a few feet to his right. He was aware of an increased glow and knew that the searchlight was trying to find him, but its rays were so broken and scattered by leaf and limb that the glare did not reveal him clearly. He crashed into the last barrier of wire and wrestled his way through, leaving his blood on the foliage about the place.

He heard others coming. To his strained ears the brush seemed alive with floundering men. A rifle to the right banged dully and he heard the bullet drone, close overhead. The man behind shot again, and, from the sound, Jimmy knew that he was increasing his lead. He slid down into a little gully and climbed up the other side. Once he was forced to run across a moonlit patch of open ground, but none saw him; at least, not in time to shoot. Always, the searchlight played over the country, trying to pick Jimmy out, baffled by wood and topography. To keep away from the rifles was another matter.

JIMMY struck a road and followed it a short distance. He could hear men running behind him, when he stopped to listen. He climbed an abrupt outcropping of rock, and, hiding behind a boulder, scanned the country while he panted desperately. He was very hungry. He saw a little group of men, four or five, perhaps, run along the road and then disappear in the trees. He took a course which would lead him away from them, but still carry him in the general direction of his army.

His army? He wondered why.

He wondered that he did not feel faint, for he remembered the prickly pear and the water. Perhaps that gnawing emptiness was the thing that made him continually conscious in a vague sort of a way of some great presence, the exact identity of which he did not have time to determine because of all these details. Anyhow, it was war—!

War! That was it! He laughed aloud at the thought. All those years at the Point; all that time in service; the waiting, the routine, the hopes that had been chilled so often. He remembered, too, that he had been left at a post somewhere. Oh, yes—that was disagreeable, indeed. Why, it was growing light! Very light. The attack? Was there to be an attack? Of course! It was about time—about time for the attack—

He got up from the rock on which he had been sitting and gazed about. It was daylight, the chill of morning was in the air. He looked behind him and could see no hill. He was out of sight, in a little arroyo. Then he remembered, and moaned as he made his legs carry him on. The sun came up and he blinked at it, standing motionless in the road until he could call it by name. Then he walked some more

THE staff was all but in a funk. The army was moved up. The attack had been planned. The one thing lacking was first-hand information from the top of the hill. Without it they were stalled.

A colonel, who felt no desire to sleep, even after the long march of the night

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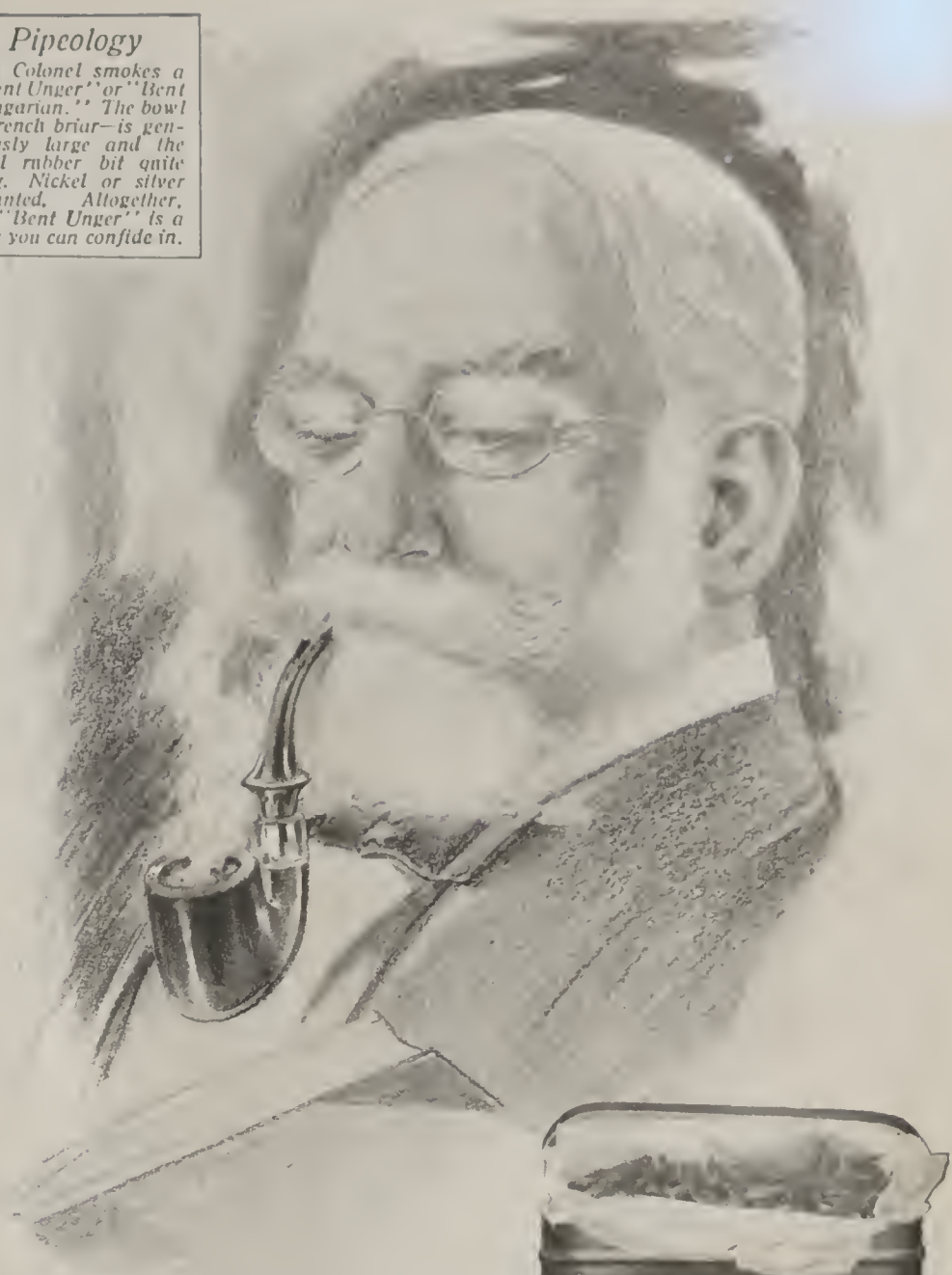

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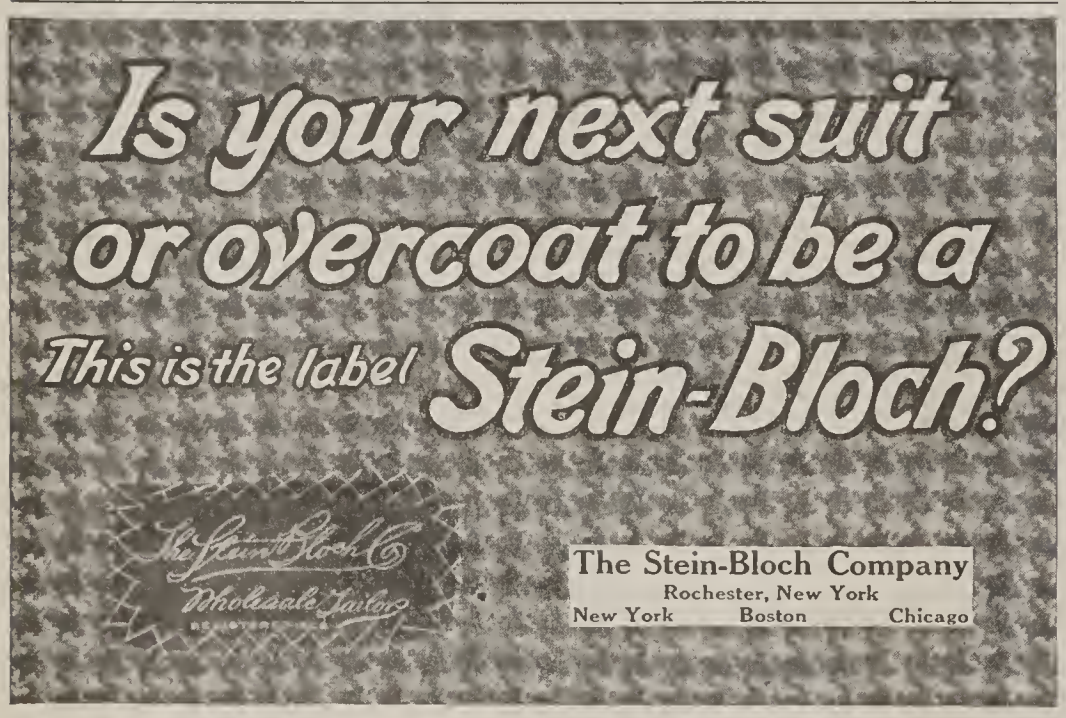

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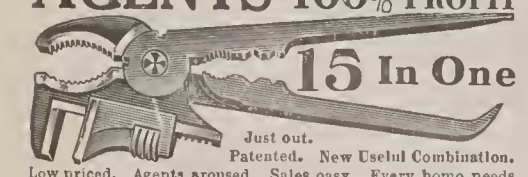

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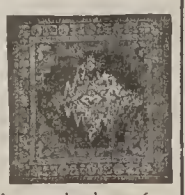

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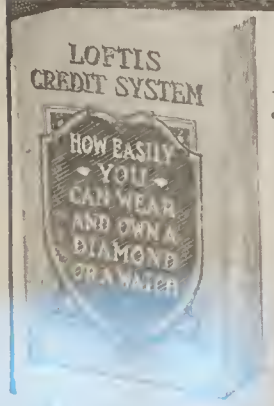

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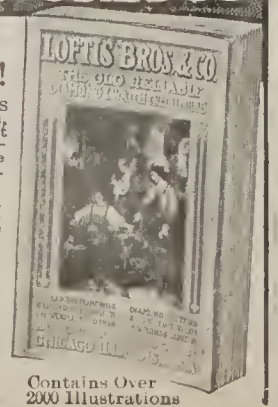

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The Man Who Wouldn't Stay Put

(*Concluded from page 31*)

and the racking strain under which he had labored, walked out from headquarters.

"They should have been back an hour after midnight," he said to another colonel. "That is—if they're coming back." He spoke in a whisper of the men who had gone up the hill the night before.

Just then two soldiers, half carrying a limp, tattered thing that could not manipulate its feet, came toward them.

"Well, I'll be ——!" roared the first colonel, coming to a halt before the trio. They, too, stopped.

"Well, I'll be—" He could only sputter in his rage.

The thing between the two men forced its head to stay erect. Then an arm, cut and torn under the ribbons that had once been a sleeve, went slowly upward in salute.

"Yes, sir," said Lieutenant Jimmy Crogan, forcing his knees to keep steady inside his blood-starched trousers. "Yes, sir—their trenches extend from the shoulder of the hill to—battery—and— And barbed wire, sir!" he cried. Then, with a gulp and a lurch, he leaned forward and screamed hoarsely in his colonel's face: "Why don't you get me—me paper? I—can't—can't talk—can—draw—draw—dr—"

The colonel himself caught Jimmy as he reeled over.

The next morning, just at dawn, the army started to move. A nurse in one of the hospital tents hurled himself toward what he thought was a wildly delirious patient who was struggling into a tattered uniform. He looked into the face of a big blue revolver.

"Back up there, party!" cried the patient. "Keep away! We're going up that hump. *We!* Understand? *We're* going!"

The Schoolmarm at Big Breezes

(*Continued from page 22*)

were both nearly frozen, and it was a long time before I could speak through my steadily chattering teeth.

THE next morning, just at dawn, another stage driver came for me. He was an old man with a long, slow glance, which seemed to be always searching the horizon. His mouth had a pleasant, expectant curve. He was well built and robust, but he was nearly eighty and could "still hold as much whisky as the toughest of them."

All that morning we traveled over the flat. There was nothing to be seen but snow and sky, with an occasional straggling bunch of sagebrush. The wind was blowing in great gusts and we had to break a road through that stretch of long, creepy, patient solitude.

And all the way the driver was lamenting the overcrowded condition of Montana.

"All this country," he moaned, "used to be covered with herds of buffalo and thousands of head of cattle. Now it's only people, hundreds of them, and they're crowding in so that soon we can't make a living out here."

"But it's been eight or ten miles since we passed a house."

"Yes, but it used to be twenty-five and thirty."

"Ugh!" I shuddered. "Why do people want to live in such a country?"

"Why, it's the greatest country in the world. A good time and plenty of money. In the first place, they get their land from the Government, then in the spring they simply turn on the water and the hay grows. During haying they work real hard for three weeks, then they take it easy, feeding steers a few hours every day during the winter months. Just think of the money they make these days with beef prices soaring and this basin holding the world's record for hay-fed steers. I'd a-been rich if I'd gone to ranching, but it was prospecting for mine. Got a little rich copper hole alongside of that peak you see setting there, but everybody's got prospects, and much good they are so far off from a railroad! Some day—but I'll be dead then."

At noon we slid down a great hill into the first capital of Montana. It was a worn-out little placer gold town with only a few dilapidated cabins. The log hotel where we stopped for dinner had once been the Governor's palace, and the town was creeping with bloody tales and memories of the early days.

AS we pulled out of the gruesome place, the driver pointed with pride to Hangman's Gulch, the Road Agent's Rock, and the piles of stones that marked the robbers' graves. There was one little haunted cabin, the rafters of which had held the swinging bodies of twelve road agents. All the trees around were spruce and fir, and not suitable for hanging purposes. The old man himself had been one of the "vigilantes," and he told me many crawling, red tales that began with "In '64" and ended with the quivers of the dying.

"Them was the times to live; somebody killed nearly three times a week, and now it's sometimes not more than three times a year. We used to could gamble away $8,000 worth of gold dust in a night, but now the only excitement is getting drunk on rotten whisky and freezing to death. "I wouldn't stay around here only it's still the toughest part of Montana, and there's Big Breezes. Everybody loves it. They come in from miles around, and nobody ever leaves till they have to walk out for loss of cash. But even that town ain't the real original stuff; the graveyard's filling up with people that died natural deaths."

We mounted to the top of another divide and caught sight of the main range of the Rocky Mountains, whose tall, cloud-scarfed summits the last sun was just leaving with a warm, friendly little hug.

For two hours we rode toward the mountains without seeming to get any nearer. Then the driver suddenly exclaimed:

"See it? There it is, a-setting on the ledge of rock over there. That's Big Breezes, and all them bottles you see along the road is a sign we're approaching the town. Now look close, it's getting dark, but you can just see it if you'll skin your eyes—that little cabin with the snow on top what looks like a frosted ginger cake! Well, that's your destination, that's the Devil's Dot Broncho School. And may the good Lord and your guardian angels take care of you, sissy; them kids has got the toughest hides in the State."

And he threw out the mail sack marked "Worth's Ranch."

THE hotel where I obtain my daily nourishment bears the sign "Livery and Feed." This does not cast any reflection on the quality of the inmates, but merely signifies that the place was first intended for the housing of horses.

The degree of social standing of the guest is determined upon entering. If he strips off his overalls and jumper in the office, and displays a pair of trousers to match his coat, he is a cattle buyer or some other mystery, and must be treated as such. The fact that he wears overalls is a sign of character, and the fact that he takes them off signifies high social standing.

He is forthwith assigned to a room heated from the dining-room stove, and furnished with a bed and a box used as a washstand. Furthermore, he is given a basin and a towel all his own.

If, on the other hand, the guest keeps on his overalls or is a cowboy in chaps, he is a "rousy guy" and one of "our boys." He is supposed to rustle for himself, wash in the kitchen basin, hunt the cleanest spot on the roller towel, and comb his hair with the hotel comb. At night he must crawl up into the garret to sleep in a cold-storage room at a temperature of from fifteen to twenty-five below.

When a boarder finishes his meal, he tosses his fifty cents to the grass-widow proprietor. She always retaliates with:

"You blamed stingy cuss! Ain't you goin' to give me a tip after all I've did for you?"

"You're the greedy one, all right!" But he generally throws her a quarter. Then he scrapes his plate in the pig bucket by the stove, piles up his thick dishes, and slides them into the dish pan.

The hotel grass widow has ropy sinews and hard joints. Everyone calls her Fingy. Her chief office is to do the joshing and wield the can opener. Her father was a poor rancher and raised his girls on the range as cow-punchers. She is, therefore, quite capable of managing her own drunks and acting as her own bouncer. She

No. 352—One of seventy-five designs
Covered by four patents

A *real* desk and a *handsome* library table combined in the space of one; and at the price of one.

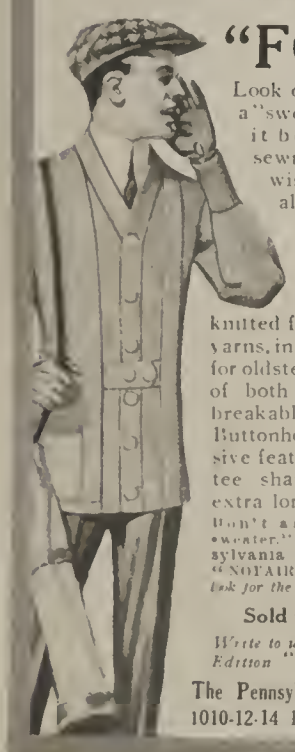
Simply pulling open the drawer provides desk space with non-spillable inkwell and pen groove, with a large roomy drawer beneath the lid for stationery and correspondence. To use desk, nothing on the table need be disturbed.

Your choice of seventy-five designs (in all staple woods) at prices to suit.

Cadillac Desk-Tables—**The Table with the Metal Slides**—are carried by leading furniture dealers. If yours cannot supply you, send for catalog No. 15, illustrating our full line.

WOLVERINE MFG. CO. DETROIT ORGANIZED 1907

Pennsylvania Knit Coat
Notair
BUTTONHOLES



"FORE!"

Look out when you buy a "sweater" and see that it bears the above sewn-on label. Otherwise you won't get all that it's possible to get for your money.

These body-fitting coats are knitted from finest quality yarns, in many smart styles for oldsters and youngsters of both sexes. The unbreakable "NOTAIR" Buttonholes are an exclusive feature. They guarantee shape retention and extra long service.

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Write to us for latest Style Book, Edition "C," sent free to you.

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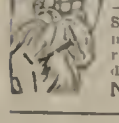

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—makes stained glass out of plain glass. **SPECIAL OFFER**: Simply send with $1.00 and names of 2 dealers, size of window, or describe decoration of room, and we will furnish an appropriate design with border. Dealers wanted. Free booklet.
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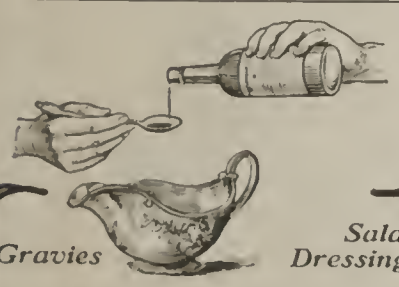

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A Famous Sauce

It is remarkable how the use of Lea & Perrins' Sauce adds to the enjoyment of every meal.

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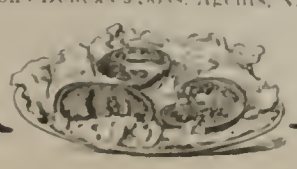
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

An Appetizer; A Digestive.

Try it on Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roasts, Hashes, Chafing Dish Cooking and Welsh Rarebits.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N. Y.



The Schoolmarm

(Concluded from page 32)

is especially fond of wearing large pink and blue bows in her hair. These completely overawe and attract the "rousy guys" and at least interest the "mysteries."

"I still have more fellows than the rest of the smudge put together," she boasts, and when the supper dishes are done she sits on the trunk behind the kitchen door and talks sweets and holds hands with some large, muscular, bashful but delighted cowboy. The next day there is a new man at the dishes and a strong cowpuncher arm is turning the washing machine. In return for this trouble, she calls him "huggins" and the "proper dope," and during mealtime allows him to stick his gum on the kitchen-door sill, where it will be under her personal supervision and will not get mixed with the other fellow's "chaws."

ONE of the cowboys rapped impatiently on his cup.

Still Madgy, the hired girl, sat unconcernedly on the side table, swinging her feet and dreamily chewing her gum.

There was another impatient rap that threatened even that hotel cup. The cowboy was evidently exasperated.

"Say, kid, ain't you goin' to get a fellow no more hot coffee?"

The hired girl's mouth twitched haughtily.

"Well, if you ain't got your green oats, expecting a poor wore-out girl to wait on a big slumpy chunker like you. If you don't know where the coffeepot sets, I'll learn you pretty quick, gosh darn you!"

"Well, I'll be boiled and skinned," exploded the cowboy as he rose with his cup, "you women is sure the stuff!"

"Gee, but my feet hurts!" continued the hired girl; "at the Holdout last night I never missed a single dance, and I stayed with it from nine till about six this morning. Say, did you fellows see the nifty looking jigger I danced the Endurance with?"

"Who, that scoundrel whose hair ain't growed out yet from being in the pen?"

"Gosh, but he's a hero! I had a fierce time getting him; all the girls was after him. He stole three hundred head of beef and beat it clear to Idaho before he got dumped. You cheesy fellows can only have little road fights and shoots and then brag when the other fellow's nose bleeds, but that jigger, he kilt two or three and he never blows none."

Madgy is a great acquisition to our hotel. For in this rigid, womanless part of the West the hotel potatoes may be burned, the hotel meat may be half boiled, but the one essential to making the place a success is to have a young lady who has "hooking ways" and is a good josher, and although the crowds come to the hotel largely out of curiosity about the new schoolmarm, it is the hired girl who makes them enjoy themselves and who keeps them there.

ONE day I was helping Madgy clean house. This arduous task consisted principally in scraping the gum from the window frames and throwing the whisky bottles out of the windows.

"Well, my sugars," she comforted, "you'll do up here when you learn how not to act so ignorant. Them fellows would just die for you, but they'll make fires for me. They sit up and stare at you, but they sit up and swear at me. I'm game, you bet, but I'm a lady all right. But ain't this the country for hired girls and schoolmarms?

"Now, them married women. Lord! Lonesome ranch, nothin' crackin', snowed in, fifty below, scrubbin', carryin' water, husband a-feedin' his beef and a-chewin' his tobacco, and all the beaux and dances she could be enjoyin'. 'Tain't no wonder she dumps her jigger and strikes out for another improvement and marries three or four times. You can't hardly cuss at her even if she goes to the bad. Did it ever hit you how this is God's own country to go to the devil in? No, I wouldn't be no rancher's woman for nothing. Can't stand a hay bunch even in the summer." She was tossing the last bottle out of the window.

"I cooked out to Jones's place during haying last summer, got two dollars a day straight, and wouldn't touch a dish; but never again, not for mine! Too darned external lonesome."

"But I thought they hired quite a crew there, Madgy?"

"Lord, woman, there was only fifteen men; just think, only fifteen, and the very same blamed fifteen every day."

Homes in thousands of cities tonight rest secure under the protection of the

Smith & Wesson

Its mere possession gives the sense of perfect safety.

Used and recommended by the police of the big cities—it is *your* safest choice for any emergency.

See to it that *your* family and *your* valuables are properly protected.

Ask your dealer for the Smith & Wesson today.

Write for free booklet "The Revolver."

Smith & Wesson, 430 Stockbridge Street, Springfield, Mass.

For 56 Years Manufacturers of Superior Revolvers

ÆTNA-IZED?

$3,250 INSURANCE FOR $10

LIFE and ACCIDENT Insurance under the famous

ÆTNA TEN DOLLAR COMBINATION

Issued by the ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Connecticut the largest company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance.

In extent and variety of protection this policy is without a rival.

For $10 a Year (In "Preferred" Occupations) this policy pays:

$2,000 for death from Travel, Elevator or Burning Building Accident.
$1,000 for death from Ordinary Accident.
$2,000 for loss of limbs or sight as a result of Travel Accident.
$1,000 for loss of limbs or sight, as a result of Ordinary Accident.

The above amounts accumulate Ten Per Cent. each year for five years without additional cost.

$250 FOR DEATH FROM ANY CAUSE No Medical Examination Required.

The Accumulations, Double Benefits and Life Insurance provided by this Ten Dollar Combination make possible the payment of $3,250 at a cost of less than THREE CENTS A DAY in addition to weekly indemnity for total or partial disability from accident.

SEND IN THE COUPON TO-DAY

ÆEtna Life Insurance Co. (Drawer 1341) Hartford, Conn.

I am under 55 years of age and in good health. Tell me about ÆTNA Ten Dollar Combination
My name, business address and occupation are written below.

The $5 to $40 Saved By Our Reduced Factory Prices

Most Up-to-Date Stoves —CASH or CREDIT

Kalamazoo Stoves *always* have stood at the head of the procession and *now* with the *latest improvements* they're *better than ever*. Yet the prices have been reduced and you still can buy them *cash or credit* as you please. Don't wait a minute about asking for our free book of stoves and our offer.

We Ship In 24 Hours —You Are Allowed 30 Days' Trial, 360 Days' Approval Test—

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That's enough to prove our offer *fair and square* and *right*. Don't wait but ask us for our book of 400 Stoves. You must have these stove facts before you. Don't buy until you've seen them and gotten every detail of our offer —backed by $100,000 bank bond. Write for catalog No. 176 and please give name of this paper.

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Manufacturers, Kalamazoo, Mich.
We also make Furnaces and Gas Stoves, too. Ask for special catalogs if interested.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You" Trade Mark Registered — And Gas Stoves Too

DUSTY CONCRETE FLOORS — **WHICH?** — **SANITARY TILE-LIKE SURFACE**

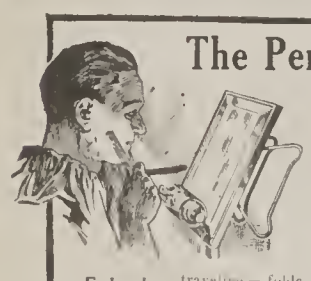
Trus-Con Floor Enamel produces a smooth, hard, wear-resisting surface on all interior cement or concrete floors. Washable—easily mopped off. Oil-proof. Stain-proof.

TRUS-CON FLOOR ENAMEL

Protects floors in factories, hospitals, hotels, schools, office buildings, printing plants, etc. Saves machinery from abrasion by concrete dust. Guards health of employees.

Easily applied with brush. Does not crack or peel off. Variety of colors. Write for ***free*** color card.

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL CO.
1442 TRUSSED CONCRETE BLDG., DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Waterproofings—Dampproofings—Technical Paints



The Perfect Light

Combination mirror and electric lamp. Adjustable searchlight reflector concentrates all the light on the face, below the eyes. No light is thrown into eyes or the mirror to dazzle them. Attaches to any electric lamp socket by cord. Use it anywhere — home or traveling — folds compactly. Mirror in best French bevel plate, 8 in. square, mounted on strong, handsome folding frame. Stands or hangs at any desired angle. Delivered with 6 ft. silk connecting cord and plug, all charges prepaid, $3.50. If not satisfactory, money refunded.

Federal Shaving Mirror (Patented)

Dealers write for discounts

Federal Sign System (Electric)
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Globe-Wernicke Filing Equipment

You may think your business "peculiar" and that it requires special filing equipment. Chances are there is a Globe-Wernicke device that fits your need as if it was made to your order. Consult our agent in your locality or *write for Catalog C. 810.*

The Globe-Wernicke Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Genuine Perfect Cut DIAMONDS — Direct from the IMPORTER to You $66 to $97.50 PER CARAT

This astonishing low price made possible by enormous sales, elimination of unnecessary expenses and importing direct to you. **L. Basch & Co.** have been established 34 years and have satisfied customers in every community. References, Union Bank of Chicago, Cap. $600,000. **Basch Money Back Guarantee**, a legal contract to buy back every diamond we sell for **90% in cash** any time within two years, enabling you to secure money quickly if needed. Exact weight, quality and [illegible] legally in writing.

No. L330— Basch Engagement and Solitaire Ring, 14K solid gold. Mounting priced at manufacturing cost, $3.75. Complete with ⅛ C. dia. $12.00. Complete with ½ C. dia. $48.75. (See price list at left for other size diamonds.)

The Wonderful Basch Plan enables you to select a diamond at an enormous saving. Any diamond sent for your inspection at our expense—without deposit or obligation. This book **Free!** One of a $10,000.00 edition. **Write Now** for new Basch Diamond Book. Illustrated in colors. Most complete and authoritative diamond, watch and jewelry guide ever produced. **FREE!**

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Learn How to Become a Newspaper Artist and Earn Big Money

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per. Simplified method
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Virtue Rewarded

(*Concluded from page 17*)

fended them. Many of those attacked were accustomed to it, and dodged like a pup that is used to kicks.

Others emitted loud roars of rage, and these resulted in the discharge of two reporters, who were replaced with others who were induced to lease the "Statesman." The places they vacated were filled in turn by the former "Inquirer" reporters, and the game went merrily on as before.

Here the publisher of the "Inquirer" prepared to wash his hands of the matter. But he had created a Frankenstein monster that he could not contend with.

The "Daily Statesman" jumped into the breach and opened a fund for the heroine of the sob story. She walked through the streets or rode in the street cars daily for two hours, and a prize of $10 in gold was offered to any and all who should recognize her and present her with a copy of the "Statesman." The police courts immediately became congested with the trials of men who accosted unescorted women in street cars, and a number of avaricious youths had their faces slapped by irate matrons.

No one claimed a prize, for the reason that all tried to identify the woman by means of her newspaper pictures, which of course bore no resemblance to her whatever. Interest in the case rose again and another wave of sentimentality held the public in its grip.

Every morning the front page of the "Statesman" flamed with striking features. Clever writers produced gems of fiction, which were embellished with masterly examples of the photographer's art. One day it was a pose of the little one learning her prayers at her mother's knee, and the next morning it was little Violet Marbleheart, aged two years and six months, who was so touched by the tale of misery and suffering published in the "Statesman" that she broke open her toy bank and sent the contents, $100 exactly, to swell the fund.

The public applauded the generosity and startling precocity of the child, and admired her picture, posed with her grandmother, the socially ambitious Mrs. Climber.

The circulation of the "Statesman" rose by leaps and bounds, and the publisher of the "Inquirer" grew frantic with rage as he contemplated the cheap and effective method by which his rival had stolen the news prize of the day from under his very nose. He telegraphed to New York for the $100,000-a-year expert, but that gentleman was busy with a crusade to compel all owners of house cats to inoculate their pets with bubonic plague virus.

The $50,000-a-year assistant expert was sent instead, but he merely cudgeled his brains for twenty-four hours and surrendered in despair.

Six days after the attempted suicide, "Hungry" Fletcher, the greenest "cub" on the "Inquirer's" staff, was suddenly seized of a brilliant idea. He approached the Presence and suggested that a fund be opened for the hero.

His suggestion was instantly approved and he was rewarded by promotion to the post of Freak Editor, with a salary of fabulous proportions. The sudden rise of Fletcher, who was no longer hungry, from his meager stipend of $12 weekly, was never known by the paper's subscribers. The readers read on, and the rest looked at the pictures.

Violet broke open her toy bank

Attention was turned away from the "Statesman" and checks began to pour into the "Inquirer" fund. Thereupon the publisher of the "Statesman," being wise in his generation, turned over $1,632.48 to the woman and retired to his sanctum to lie in wait for the next carrion feast.

On Tuesday morning the "Inquirer" announced that the subscriptions to the hero fund totaled $1,487, and in a burst of generosity agreed to donate the odd $13 to make a total of $1,500 and close the fund.

Physicians at the hospital, where the rescuer had been lying between life and death, stated that he might be taken to the "Inquirer" office for the purpose of formally accepting the fund.

The publisher's own luxurious limousine was pressed into service, and Mr. Pringle convoyed the hero to an outfitter's shop where he was suitably arrayed for the occasion. Splendidly attired from head to foot, the hero then continued his triumphal progress to the "Inquirer" office, where, leaning on Mr. Pringle's arm, he painfully made his way to the editorial rooms.

Awaiting him here was the woman he had saved. She carried her baby in her arms, and was prepared to take a prominent position in the flash-light picture of the publisher placing a plethoric roll of bills in the hands of her rescuer.

A photographer stood ready, his flash-light in his hand, and reporters and copy readers crowded around to watch the proceedings. The hero puffed hard on the perfecto which Mr. Pringle had thoughtfully provided for him, and looked about in search of inspiration for the speech of thanks he felt was incumbent upon him.

As he looked about the group his eye rested for an instant on the woman he had saved from the river, and he turned and fled from the place.

Reporters pursued him. Copy boys shouted after him. It was of no avail, for the hero ran as if pursued by all the powers of darkness, and he was never seen again.

So they gave his fund to the woman.

She was his wife.

The public admired her picture, posed with her grandmother, the socially ambitious Mrs. Climber

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Containing

MR. HEARST'S FORGERIES

VOL. FIFTY NO 3

OCTOBER 3, 1912

Electric Self-Starter—
Electric Lighting—Standard Equipment

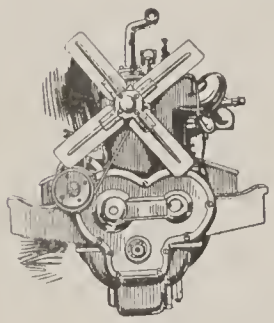
Abbott-Detroit Power Plants—(Continued)

THE **elimination** of **noise** and those features which **cause** it, has been the **greatest** aim of automobile engineers during the last year.

As much of the sound from the motor emanated from the gears and valves, everything has been done to improve these parts of the mechanism.

NOISELESS TIMING GEARS

The timing gears, which transfer the power from the main shaft to the shafts operating the valves, magneto and pump are "helically" cut, that is, on an angle—the best way to prevent noise and stripping of teeth.



Front view of motor, showing aluminum fan and timing gear case.

The gears are **enclosed** and **run in oil**—hence are practically **noiseless, even at high speeds;**—and in **Abbott-Detroit cars** they **remain** noiseless.

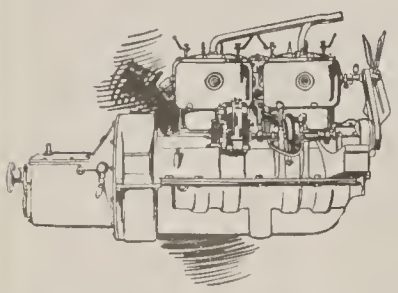
The cam shafts are forged from a single piece of low-carbon steel and the cams are integral with the shaft.

These shafts run in long nickel bronze bearings and are lubricated from special oil pockets cast in the side of the crank case for this purpose.

Owing to the necessity of great accurateness in cam-shaft construction, they are first roughly machined, then subjected to a **special** process of **heat-treatment** which thoroughly hardens them.

They are then **ground so accurately** that they are **noiseless** in their operation. This is **very** important—a point frequently overlooked.

LUBRICATION



Right side of power plant, showing magneto, pump and general form of crank and gear case.

A double plunger pump taking the oil from a reservoir in the bottom of the crank shaft case, forces the lubricant to the timing and starting gears in front and over the main rear bearings.

The middle crank shaft and connecting rod bearings receive the oil from splash system.

The amount of oil in the crank case is indicated at all times by an oil gauge on the motor.

IGNITION SYSTEM

A dual ignition system is employed, the current being taken from the storage battery for starting.

A heavy cable conveys the current through a conduit, insuring **perfect insulation, eliminating short-circuiting troubles,** also doing away with a large number of wires which are sometimes found hanging loose on automobile motors.

The spark plugs are placed over inlet valves where the **gas mixture** is always **fresh** and where combustion will take place **rapidly** and **completely.**

They are also conveniently located for inspection.

"The demand of the day is that an organization shall be judged by its product and not by what it claims for itself."

Abbott-Detroit advertising for 1913 will be printed in serial form.

This is the fourth of the series. The fifth will appear in the Saturday Evening Post, Nov. 16th; Collier's, Nov. 9th; Life, Nov. 23; Literary Digest, Nov. 2.

Copies of previous advertisements sent on request.

ABBOTT-DETROIT ELECTRIC SELF-STARTER

All 1913 Abbott-Detroit cars are equipped with our own specially designed, self-contained electric self-starter. Connected to crankshaft with independent train of gears. When gasoline motor starts, over-running clutch releases gears and they remain idle while gasoline motor is running.

Not an experiment—not an attempted combination of ignition, lighting and starting, but a real, dependable self-starter, built as a part of the engine, included as a regular equipment.

Visit our sales rooms and have its operation explained.

THE CARBURETOR

The Abbott-Detroit carburetor is of the **most improved double jet type** with a **special, hot water heated,** mixing chamber which makes it **particularly efficient in winter.**

It is very economical and responds readily at all speeds.

It is simplicity itself in the matter of adjustment.

Abbott-Detroit cars can be throttled down to four miles per hour and then almost instantly increased in speed to 45 miles per hour: a **remarkable proof of flexibility.**

COOLING SYSTEM

The water used for cooling the cylinders is circulated through the water jacket of the engine and the radiator, by means of a large centrifugal pump which has a capacity of from six to eight gallons per minute at 1400 revolutions.

A **genuine cellular** tube radiator cooled by an aluminum fan, operated by a belt from the engine shaft, keeps the water at a suitable temperature under the most severe conditions.

We have been called upon many times to test the efficiency of the Abbott-Detroit cooling system, not only in road races where it was necessary to cover hundreds of miles at the rate of 70 to 90 miles per hour, but over deserts and mountains in every state of the Union as well.

In every instance it has performed perfectly.

Abbott-Detroit

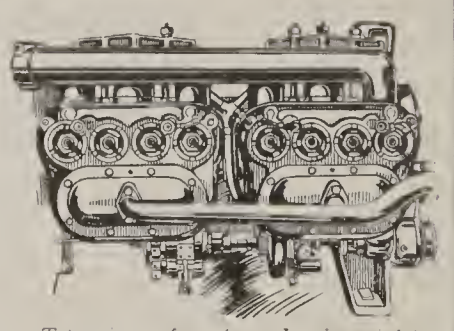
Built for Permanence and Guaranteed for Life

ACCURATE BALANCING NECESSARY

Assuming that all the component parts of the power plant are well made and assembled, there still remains another very important thing to be done—namely, to properly balance the fly wheels, crank shafts, connecting rods and pistons, so that their motion shall not set up destructive vibration and needless noise.

Various methods of balancing have been advocated.

We have tried them all and we consider our method of balancing motors **superior** to any of the older ones.



Top view of motor, showing inlet and exhaust pipes, water jacket covers and piping.

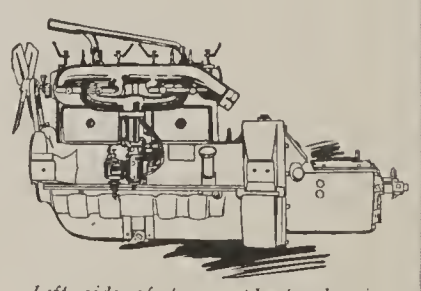
The fly wheels and crank shafts are carefully drilled and weighted for both a **running** and **standing balance.**

The pistons, connecting rods, piston pins, etc., are likewise weighted and **equalized.**

As a result of this accurate balancing, we secure **smoothly running engines,** free from jerks and jars, knocks and squeaks.

NOTE:—This is **another** point of **Abbott-Detroit superiority** which you cannot detect by a superficial examination.

The 1913 line of Abbott-Detroit cars has been **carefully thought out** and **scientifically designed.**



Left side of power plant, showing carburetor and valve covers.

The material has been purchased with much deliberation and comparison.

The workmanship and inspection are as accurate as intelligent supervision can make them.

As a result, you will find that **Abbott-Detroit cars possess value** such as **you have never seen before in cars of this price class.**

Let our dealers show them to you.

Models and Prices

34-40 Fore-Door Roadster, 116-inch wheel base	$1700
34-40 5-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, 116-inch wheel base	$1700
44-50 5-Passenger, Fore-Door Demi-Tonneau, 121-inch wheel base	$1975
44-50 7-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, 121-inch wheel base	$2000
44-50 Battleship Roadster, 121-inch wheel base	$2150
44-50 7-Passenger, Fore-Door Limousine, 121-inch wheel base	$3050

Advance catalog on request.

ABBOTT MOTOR COMPANY

602 Waterloo Street **Detroit, Michigan**

Am I Too Particular?

By R. E. Olds, Designer

Some men in this line call me an extremist. Some use the word "old-maidish."

They say that I waste $200 per car on features that men don't appreciate.

These are some of those features. Do you, as a car buyer, regard these things as wasteful?

Tires 34 x 4

My latest extreme—adopted Oct. 1—is 34x4-inch tires.

That means 22 per cent greater tire capacity than I used on this car before.

It means a vastly over-tired car, for its size and weight, according to usual standards.

But tire makers say that 22 per cent will add 65 per cent to the average tire mileage. Does it seem extravagant to add 22 per cent to save you 65?

190 Drop Forgings

Another extreme lies in costly drop forgings. In Reo the Fifth as made to-day I use 190.

But each one gives both lightness and strength to some important part. Together they give me these racy lines, with even more strength than heavy, cumbersome cars.

The cost comes back to you, over and over, in the saving on tires.

Roller Bearings

Another useless expense, so some men say, lies in these roller bearings. What buyer sees the bearings?

But I have found that ball bearings do not stand the strain. So I have thrown them out. In Reo the Fifth I use 15 roller bearings—11 of them Timken, 4 Hyatt High Duty.

Over-Capacity

Each driving part, by actual test, is made amply sufficient for 45 horsepower. That gives a big margin of safety.

My springs are made two inches wide, and of seven leaves of steel. The front springs are 38 inches long, the rear are 46. That means both strength and comfort.

In my cooling system I use a centrifugal pump, to give positive circulation. Some say a syphon will do.

My carburetor is doubly heated—with hot air and hot water—to save the troubles due to low-grade gasoline.

I use a $75 magneto, to give a hot spark at low tension. You can start on this magneto.

I use 14-inch brake drums for safety. Also cable connections, not noisy rods.

Extreme Tests

Each lot of steel is analyzed twice, before and after treating. So there's never a weakness here.

Each gear tooth must stand 75,000 pounds, and prove it in a crushing machine.

Each engine is tested 20 hours on blocks, and 28 hours in the chassis. There are five long-continued tests.

The cars are built slowly and carefully. Parts are ground over and over—ground to utter exactness. Each car gets a thousand inspections.

I limit my output to 50 cars daily, so these things can all be done.

Rare Finish

I use a special, costly body, because it saves you 50 pounds in weight. And it takes a wonderful finish. Each body is finished with 17 coats.

I use the best genuine leather and the best curled hair—also springs in both the back and seats—to give you this comfortable upholstery.

Every detail shows the final touch. Even the engine is nickel trimmed.

Center Control

As for center control and left-side drive, you will note that the best cars for next year have come to them. But no control compares with mine, where all the gear shifting is done by moving a handle only three inches in each of four directions.

I operate both brakes by foot pedals, so the front of the car is kept entirely clear. Those are some of the features which I have contributed to the modern motor car.

After 60,000 Cars

In 25 years I have built some 60,000 cars. I have created in that time 24 models, each better than the last.

I have watched these cars under every condition, and I've watched other makers' cars. I know pretty well, after 25 years, where cars fail to meet the test.

No builder can be over-cautious. One can't build cars too well. And petty skimping is what leads to trouble.

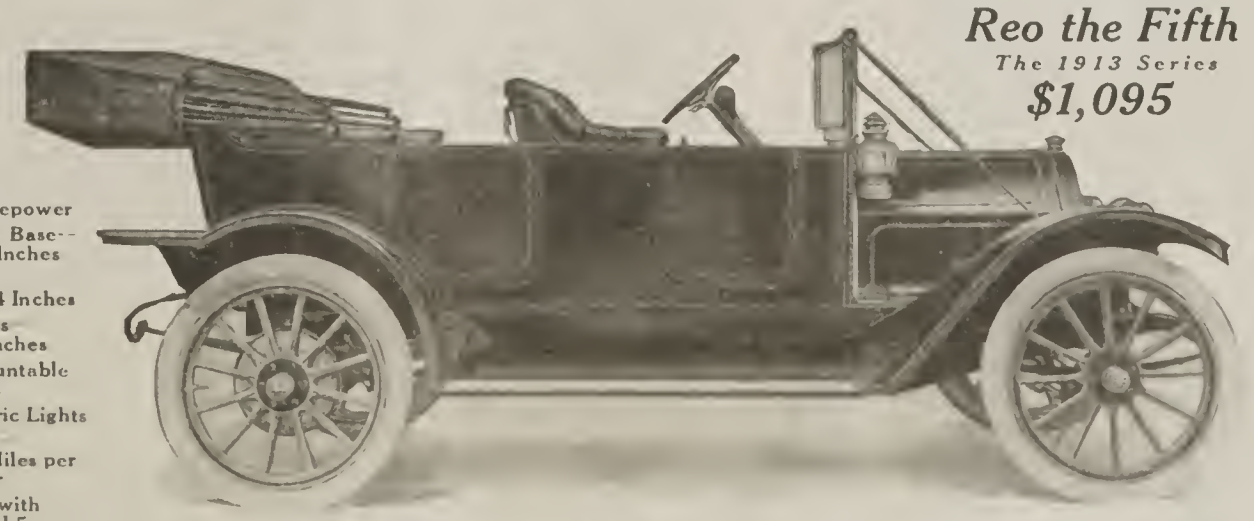
It is true I might save $200 per car. But in time I should lose that splendid faith which men now show in me.

And you would lose—two, three, maybe ten times over—all you saved on price.

So I offer you only the best car I can build. And I offer the car at an underprice, so my extremes cost you little.

I know that enough men want cars like this to take all I can ever make.

A thousand dealers now are ready to show the Fall model of Reo the Fifth. Write for our catalog, showing various bodies, and we'll direct you to the nearest Reo salesroom.



Reo the Fifth
The 1913 Series
$1,095

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Tires—34 x 4 Inches
Wheels 34 Inches
Demountable Rims
3 Electric Lights
Speed 45 Miles per Hour
Made with 2 and 5 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank for headlights, speedometer and self-starter—all for $100 extra.

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

STUDY LAW

AT HOME

Become an LL.B.

The Only Law School of its Kind in America

Special and Exclusive Features

ONLY recoguized resident law school in the United States conferring Degree of Bachelor of Laws—LL.B —by correspoudence. ONLY law school in U. S. conducting standard resident school and giving same instruction for whole course, by mail. ONLY law school giving over 450 class-room lectures to its extension students. ONLY law school giving a full 3-year, University Law Course by mail, having an actual faculty of over 30 promiuent lawyers, (3 of whom are Asst. United States' Attorneys) in active practice. ONLY law school giving by mail Complete Course in Oratory and Public Speaking, in conjunction with its law course.

Other Good Features

The Hamilton College of Law IS a College of Law—not an institute, correspondence school, etc. We guarantee to prepare our students to pass bar examinations. Our system of conducting examinations is the most thorough, complete and expensive (to us) of any examinations ever given. A student can, if he chooses, take part of our course by mail and finish in our resident school, where he will receive full credit for all work done by mail. Our resident school is a recoguized staudard law school.

Our Degree Bachelor of Law, LL.B. NOT a Diploma or Certificate

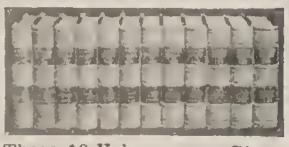
School Highly Endorsed

From Lecture Room to Studeat
No Other Law School Can Use This Illustration

and recommended by Government Officials, Business Men, Noted Lawyers and Students. We have as students a number of practicing lawyers (not graduates of recognized law colleges) who are now earning their Degree LL.B. A Probate Judge (one of our students) says: "I am delighted with the course prescribed and your method of teaching law. It is far in advance of what I expected to receive."

Law Library Given This library consists of 12 volumes of standard text books, used in conjunction with our class-room lectures. These law books, if purchased at retail, would cost almost one-half the cost of our entire 3 year course.

Price and Terms



These 12 Volumes are Given to Studeuts

including the Law Library, over 450 Class-Room Lectures, Course in Oratory and Public Speaking, and everything complete, is considerably less than the tuition alone of any resident law school, and is no more than that charged by the many make-shift law courses (issuing diplomas, certificates, etc.) now offered the public. The terms of payment are so easy that the course is within reach of all.

Illustrated Prospectus Free Also a great deal of "Evidence" substantiating all our claims. Send today and get the complete story—all the facts—then judge for yourself. A postal will do. The answering of this ad may mean the turning point in your career.

HAMILTON COLLEGE OF LAW
1121 Ellsworth Bldg. - Chicago, Ill.

NOTE.—We have prepared and offer to business men five special and distinct business courses as follows: Business Men's, Bankers', Commercial, Real Estate, and Credit Men's Law Courses. These are fully described in our regular prospectus.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

20% DOWN—10% PER MONTH

Why wait for your Diamond until you have saved the price? Pay for it by the Lyon Method. Lyon's Diamonds are guaranteed perfect blue-white. A written guarantee accompanies each Diamond. All goods sent prepaid for inspection. 10% discount for cash. Send now for catalogue No. 24

Established 1843.

J·M·LYON & CO·
[illegible] NASSAU ST·N·Y·

Weekly letter to readers on advertising *No. 91*

LOOKING back through the magazines of a generation ago I find some things that would surprise you.

For instance, as far back as the middle sixties, when the war was just over and the country was getting its breath, such standard American products as Sapolio, Waltham and Elgin Watches, Steinway Pianos, Yale Locks and Tiffany Jewelry were being regularly and consistently advertised.

A few years later Sozodont had come into the magazine field, along with Royal Baking Powder, Baker's Cocoa and Knabe Pianos; and from year to year the goodly company grew, till it included such household words as Pears', Williams', Colgate's, Mennen's, Kellogg's, Huyler's, Ivory, Pearline, Quaker Oats, "Kodak" and "Gold Medal."

The list could be extended into hundreds and the mere mention of the firm names would recall instantly the articles advertised.

Their growth has been as the growth of a great oak: sure, steady, enduring. Their rain has been the sweat of men who thought hard and worked hard. Their sun has been the sun of publicity. And because neither this rain nor this sun has ever been spared, they have kept on growing.

E. L. Patterson.
Manager Advertising Department

Read This Letter and Then Decide

the Trunk Question for All Time

NO 525

CITIZENS TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK

PAID UP CAPITAL $500 000

OFFICERS
ORRIE E. HUNNETTE, President
R. W. KENNY, Vice President
GEO. W. WALKER, Vice President
CHAS. G. GREENE, Vice President
H. A. KEHLER, Cashier
ROBERT M. ANDREWS, Asst. to the Pres't

308-310 SOUTH BROADWAY

STEAMSHIP DEPARTMENT
D. F. ROBERTSON, Manager

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 16th, 1912.

National Veneer Products Company,
Mishawaka, Indiana.

Gentlemen:

As requested, enclosed please find guarantee registry card for the Indestructo Dreadnaught trunk, which I purchased a few days ago.

It may be of interest for you to know I have now made six trips Around the World, and up to four years ago had no end of trouble with my luggage, it some times being necessary to purchase from one to three trunks on each trip, they stood up so unsatisfactorily.

September, 1906, I was persuaded to purchase an Indestructo. This trunk I have taken Around the World four times covering about 105,000 miles, and visiting the following countries: Honolulu, Japan, Korea, Manchuria, China, Siam, Malay Peninsula, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Burmah, India, Ceylon, Arabia, Egypt, Palestine, Smyrna, Gresos, Cyprus, Africa, Spain and all parts of Europe.

This Indestructo has certainly done what no other trunk has ever done for me, to date giving me at least three times as much service as any other trunk that I have ever had, and with the exception of a few scratches which it has received from baggage smashers the world over, it is as good as new.

During the past two years I have booked over three hundred persons on tours Around the World, and always recommend them to purchase Indestructo luggage, as the most economical in the end.

I would be more than pleased to be used as a reference on Indestructo luggage should you feel that it would be a benefit to you at any time.

Yours very truly,
D. F. Robertson
Manager Steamship Department.

BUY INDESTRUCTO BAGGAGE

"Most Miles for the Least Money"

Write today for the Indestructo Travel Book

National Veneer Products Company

710 Beiger Street Mishawaka, Indiana

Smoke Five With Me

Here is the sweetest smoke that I ever knew, and I've smoked for 40 years.

It was handed me once by a connoisseur, who told me where to get it. Later I had it made specially for me—made as a Panatela, the size of this picture, for a short, sweet smoke. It is made solely from Havana leaf. So are many others. But I call this the finest-flavored leaf that ever came from Cuba.

All my friends think likewise. Now I order these cigars in 50,000 lots to keep my friends supplied.

It occurs to me now that countless men would be glad to share this discovery. I am going to let some of them do it. Not for profit so much as a hobby.

I will supply a few men, who love good cigars, at **$4.50 per hundred,** mail or express prepaid. That's not far from my cost.

If you must have big, heavy cigars, these won't please you. These are for men who like mild and exquisite smokes. I have never tasted anything like them.

Five Cigars Free

I will send to 500 men five cigars free. Just send me 10 cents to cover postage, packing and revenue stamp. I will supply the cigars. I only ask this 10 cents to pick out the right sort of people.

If you like them, order as wanted—50 or 100 at a time. I will send them prepaid at $4.50 per hundred (fifty for $2.35), and if you prefer will open a 30 day charge account with you. **Write now for the five cigars.**

(6) J. ROGERS WARNER
520 Marine Bank Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

Shorty and Patrick

By Stephen French Whitman

The marvelous adventures of two sailormen on shore-leave—told with a spontaneous humor that is irresistible.

$1.00 in the shops.
$1.12 from us, postpaid.

P. F. COLLIER & SON
416 West 13th Street New York

WASHINGTON, D.C.

HOTEL DRISCOLL

New, modern. Facing U. S. Capitol and park. Near Union Station and points of interest. Free baths. Music is a feature. American, $2.50. European, $1.00. Booklet. Ask Collier's Travel Bureau.

A gentleman nearer the age of 60 than 50 wants a wife answerable to his years. She must be of a BEHAVIOR to do DIGNITY at the TABLE, and in the house of a man of fortune; of a cheerful disposition without any deformity in her person. Her age implies that no external beauty is required but she must be plump, not haggard and lean.

Just such peculiar announcements as the above formed the beginnings of advertising. They are the forefathers of the "Want Ad" and through the many years since their birth—though grown less humorous and more practical—have held a wealth of interest for millions of readers.

As there is fundamental value in these universally interesting "liners," Collier's began in the issue of September 21st an improved "Classified" department under the title *Collier's National Directory*.

By adding such classifications as "Best Books to Read"—"For Your Home"—"How to Entertain"—"Business Builders"—"Increase Your Efficiency"—"For Your Children"—etc., we have started a selective process which will bring to you descriptions of books—of odd bits of furniture—hints for gifts—things for your children—and many other items of merchandise news which you will be glad to know about during the course of a year.

Advertising is news. *Collier's National Directory* will be a leader of "merchandise newspapers." Learn to scan it regularly—the unreliable items will be barred.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

OCTOBER 5, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME FIFTY NO. 3

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED, PUBLISHERS

ROBERT J. COLLIER, *President* CHARLES F. MINER, *Secretary*
FRANKLIN COL, *Vice President* JOHN P. OLTROGGE, *Treasurer*

416 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET NEW YORK CITY

Entered as second-class matter February 10, 1905, at the Post Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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LONDON: 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C. For sale by Saatbach's News Exchange in the principal cities of Europe and Egypt, also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, London, W. C.
TORONTO, ONTARIO, 6-8 Colborne Street.

Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, $5.50 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, $6.80 a year. Christmas and Easter Special Issues, 25 Cents.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address. Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

Collier's National Directory

Small advertisements classified for the convenience of Collier readers

416 West 13th Street New York City

Do You Like to Draw?
That's all we want to know

Now, we will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can **make money**, send a copy of this picture with 6c in stamps for **portfolio** of **cartoons** and **sample lesson plate**, and let us explain.
The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning
314 Ball Bldg. Cleveland O.

ILLINOIS TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES

Offers to young women a three years' course of unexcelled, practical and theoretical training in Cook County Hospital, of 1,300 beds, including large children's and contagious departments. Special obstetrics in Lying-in Hospital. Private duty in private institutions. Practical courses in Dietetics, Physical Culture, and Massage. Six Scholarships. Monthly payments during entire training. Commodious Home. Address Supt.
521 HONORE STREET, CHICAGO

STUDY LAW High-Grade Instruction by Correspondence

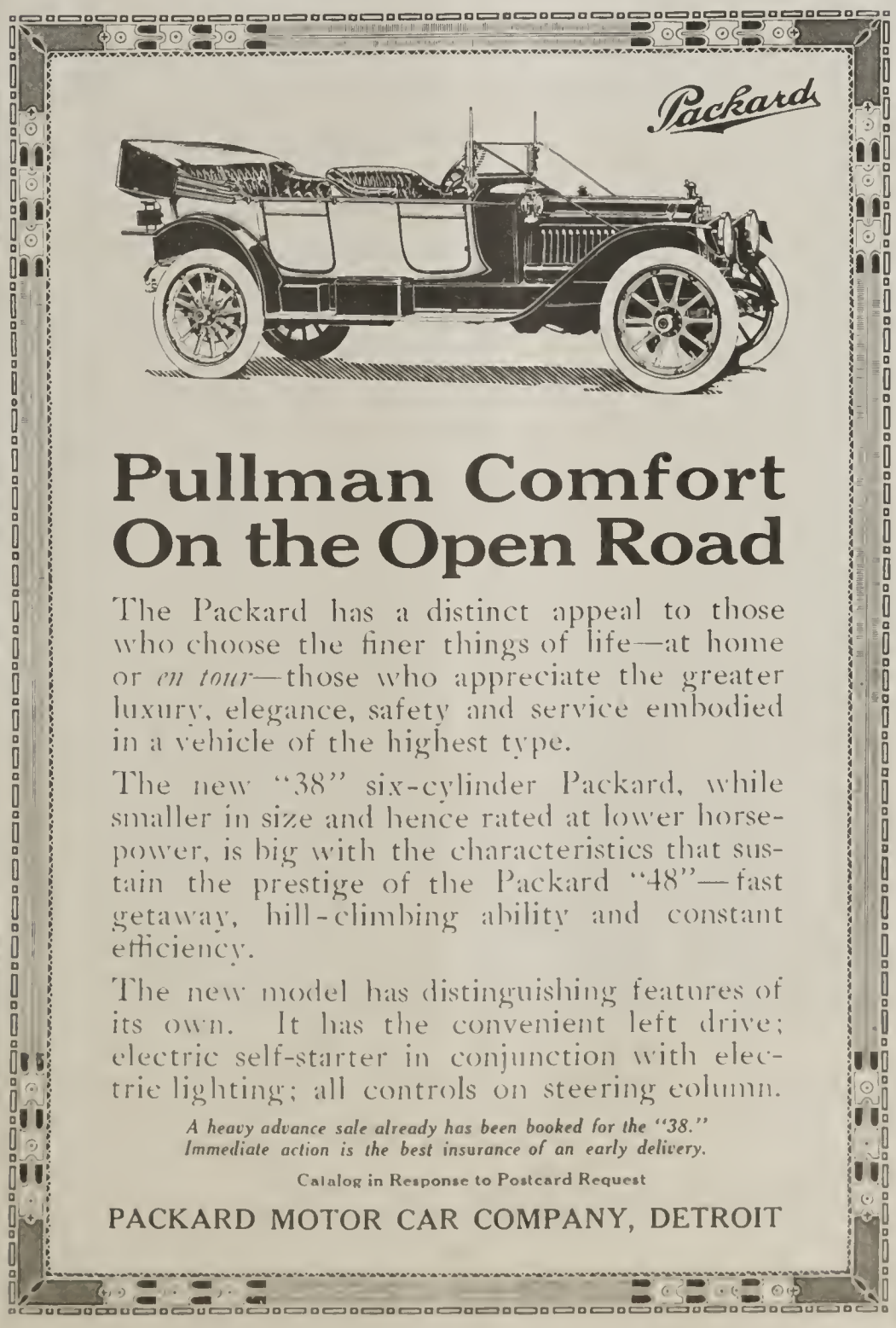
Prepares for the bar. Three Courses: College, Post-Graduate and Business Law. Twentieth year. Classes begin each month. Send for catalog giving rules for admission to the bar of the several states.
Chicago Correspondence School of Law
505 Reaper Block, Chicago

If YOU Would Be Successful Stop Forgetting
MEMORY the BASIS of all KNOWLEDGE
Send today for my FREE BOOK, "HOW TO REMEMBER"—Faces, Names, Studies—Develops Will, Concentration, Self-Confidence, Conversation, Public Speaking. Increases income. Address
DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 571 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

The University of Chicago
Correspondence-Study Dept.
HOME STUDY
20th Year
offers 350 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, Etc. Begin any time.
U. of C. (Div. A) Chicago, Ill.

Taxidermy Book FREE

Mount Birds
We teach you by mail to stuff and mount all kinds of Birds, Animals, Game Heads. Also to tan skins and make rugs. Decorate your home with your beautiful trophies, or command big income selling specimens and mounting for others. Easily, quickly learned in spare time by men and women. Success guaranteed. Write today for our free book "How to Mount Birds and Animals" *absolutely free*
N. W. SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY
4027 Elwood Bldg. Omaha, Neb.



Pullman Comfort On the Open Road

The Packard has a distinct appeal to those who choose the finer things of life—at home or *en tour*—those who appreciate the greater luxury, elegance, safety and service embodied in a vehicle of the highest type.

The new "38" six-cylinder Packard, while smaller in size and hence rated at lower horsepower, is big with the characteristics that sustain the prestige of the Packard "48"—fast getaway, hill-climbing ability and constant efficiency.

The new model has distinguishing features of its own. It has the convenient left drive; electric self-starter in conjunction with electric lighting; all controls on steering column.

A heavy advance sale already has been booked for the "38." Immediate action is the best insurance of an early delivery.

Catalog in Response to Postcard Request

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

They Won't Slip

CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

50¢ Attached
All Dealers

The moment you have a pair of **Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels** *attached to your shoes you feel a greater degree of safety*

Because of the **Friction plug**—a patented feature which **positively prevents slipping** on wet sidewalks or pavements—and makes them wear much longer.

The extra quality of rubber affords greater resiliency.

There are no holes in the heels to track mud and dirt into the house.

And best of all they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

The name is easy to remember. Get a pair today.

Send us the name of your shoe dealer, and we will mail you a Cat's Paw Bangle Pin free.

To The Retail Trade.

It pays to give the public what they want. The majority want Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels. Order from your jobber today.

THE FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

Chalmers 1913

Made in the Chalmers Shops

"Thirty-Six" $1950
"Six" 2, 4 or 5 Passenger - $2400
"Six" Seven Passenger - $2600
(Fully equipped)

"Thirty-Six" $1950 *(Fully Equipped)*

Let's Reason Together—*about Price*

TO YOU who are considering buying a motor car, we want to offer a few suggestions on the subject of price. Please do not think these are wholly selfish. Of course, we want to sell you a Chalmers car if possible. But whether you buy a Chalmers or not, we believe we can help you. For the suggestions we make are based on the experience of thousands of buyers.

And so we say to you, first of all: Buy a real car. Don't economize too closely on the purchase price. Economy is not merely spending the least money; it is getting the most for your money. And buying an automobile at too low a price is the worst economy in the world.

If a man is going to pay $1000 for a motor car, he surely is not so pressed for funds that he could not afford to add enough more to that $1000 to get him a really high grade motor car—a car of genuine quality. The additional cost, distributed over the years he will use the quality car, is nothing compared to the satisfaction of owning it.

If a buyer doesn't get a car of real quality to start on, he will surely want one later. Many who purchase low priced cars graduate from what they buy to what they should have had to begin with. But in doing this they pay from $300 to $600 for so-called "automobile experience."

You don't need this costly experience. For nowadays anyone can learn to handle the most expensive car as easily as the cheapest. So buy a quality car to start with.

We are glad to see so many low priced cars sold, because we believe they educate buyers for medium priced quality cars—such as ours. But in *your* case why not save the time and money by buying the quality car now?

We believe the great majority of motorists are rapidly coming to this idea of buying a quality car at a medium price. We believe the big future in the automobile business lies in this field. We believe it so firmly that we are backing our opinion with a little over $6,000,000 in money, in order to be ready with buildings, equipment, and the latest machinery of all kinds to keep on building high grade quality cars at a quantity price. We are now building from 8,000 to 10,000 such cars each year—and building practically all the parts in the Chalmers shops.

If you investigate you will find that there is a great difference between a $1000 car and a $1950 Chalmers—even greater than the price indicates. Of course, there is some resemblance in these cars. They all have four wheels. They all have a motor. They have transmissions—and other things necessary to make the car go. In these respects, all motor cars are alike. Just as all horses are alike, because all horses have four legs, two eyes, a nose and a mouth.

But what makes one horse carry off all the blue ribbons while another is only a common hack? It is a difference in the *quality* of the two horses. And there is the same sort of difference in the quality of motor cars.

You can't buy more *quality* than we have put into the 1913 Chalmers "Thirty-Six"—no matter what price you pay. You would realize this if you could go through the Chalmers factory, if you could see these cars being made practically complete in our own shops—from front axle to rear license bracket.

You would see that there are no extravagances in the Chalmers organization, that we are a compact business team, working in harmony and with the fullest cooperation. We have all the advantages of quantity production—all the saving of making our own parts instead of paying a profit to parts-makers. And these savings we make we pass on to you in added quality—at a medium price.

We believe that from the beginning we could have added $100 to our prices and could probably have done so for five or six years. But we decided on the other policy as the right one: To take small profits per car, to earn a reputation for quality; and thus to build up a volume that would give us a fair return on our investment.

We are building for the future. We believe firmly that those concerns that will be doing a big business five or ten years from now will be the ones that laid the foundation by putting honesty of construction and honesty of purpose back of the cars they are building now.

So we say to all those who are going to pay $1000 or more for a motor car: It is to your interest to examine the design, the features and the construction of the 1913 Chalmers "Thirty-Six" at $1950, fully equipped, and see if you really are not money in pocket by laying out the extra few hundred dollars in the original purchase price rather than buying a car at a lesser price only to trade it in later on at a big discount from the original purchase price.

Remember, too, that the depreciation on the low priced car is always relatively greater than on the high grade Chalmers. For Chalmers cars always command the highest second hand prices. You rarely see Chalmers cars advertised at second-hand. Their owners can usually sell them to their friends at a good price—without advertising.

Think over this price question and give us an opportunity of talking it over with you, so that you may at least be sure of having all the facts before signing the check for the car.

So see the 1913 models at our dealers. And send in the coupon for "Story of the Chalmers Car." This is not the usual automobile story. We have been told by friends, even in the business, that it is the best automobile book written. Write for it.

These cars have all the Comfort, Luxury, Good Looks and Convenience of any cars at any price.

On these points we believe you positively cannot buy more in any automobile than you get in the 1913 Chalmers cars.

"Thirty-Six" (four cylinders)....$1950
"Six," 5-passenger.....$2400
"Six," 7-passenger.....$2600
(Prices include full equipment)
"Thirty-Six" Limousine.....$3250
"Six" Limousine.....$3700

Note these splendid features and judge for yourself the superiority of the 1913 Chalmers cars.

Electric Lights. Gray & Davis electric lighting system, acknowledged the best on the market, is regular equipment. Simple, dependable, light weight.

Turkish Cushions. Most comfortable and highest automobile cushions made. Soft as a down pillow. Covered with genuine pebble-grained leather.

Eleven-Inch Upholstery. Featured on some of the highest priced cars. Seats are as comfortable as your favorite armchair.

Chalmers Self-Starter. A year's use has proved it the simplest, most economical and reliable on the market. Operates by compressed air.

Long Stroke Motor. 4¼" bore; 5¼" stroke. A motor of unusual power. Built complete in the Chalmers shops. Four-forward speed transmission gives maximum of flexibility; provides a proper gear for every condition.

Continental Demountable Rims. Make it possible to change tires in a few minutes and without hard work.

Large Wheels and Tires. Insure easy riding and low tire upkeep. 36" x 4" tires on "Thirty-Six;" 36" x 4½" tires on "Six."

Beautiful Bodies. The new-design, flush-sided metal bodies are exceptionally roomy. Twenty-one coats of paint and varnish give unsurpassed finish.

Nickel Trimmings. Handsome; easy to keep clean and bright, regular equipment.

Dual Ignition. Most reliable ignition system built; maximum range of spark control.

Improved Carburetor. Readily adjustable from dash to suit all driving conditions.

Speedometer. A jeweled magnetic speedometer, specially designed for Chalmers cars, is regular equipment.

Silk Mohair Top. A splendid, perfectly fitting top, tailor-made in Chalmers shops.

Rain-Vision Windshield. Easily adjustable, good-looking, made especially to fit the Chalmers built-in dash.

Please send "Story of the Chalmers Car" and 1913 catalog.

Name.....

Address.....

Collier's, Oct. 5

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NORMAN HAPGOOD
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR

W. H. T. — *Why, my dear old friend, what have they done to you!!!*

Collier's and Union Labor

A GOOD MANY YEARS ago Mr. P. F. COLLIER attended for the first time a meeting of the employers and the employees of the bookbinding trades of New York. Before that he had had no relation to other employers. He had been the pioneer, in his field, in supporting unionism, having recognized the unions from the very beginning. At the meeting to which we refer the men had no chance to win if it came to controversy, as they fully recognized. They were making requests simply as requests. Mr. COLLIER did not wait for the employers to answer. He said: "Gentlemen, these men *deserve* what they ask. That is the only question." Through his action the unions obtained every request, although not prepared to fight for any. Mr. COLLIER then said to the union representatives: "You ought to unionize the rest of the houses." The union men replied that such a move would require time and money. Mr. COLLIER thereupon moved a resolution that every employer present should give $200 a week for ten weeks to help the union men extend their campaign.

Such was his attitude toward union labor from the beginning. He died on the 24th of April, 1909. It was only in the last week that the present head of this business had his first trouble with any of his force, and that with a comparatively small number working in the bindery. The principle at stake is clearly indicated in a statement issued by the president of P. F. Collier & Son, Inc.:

> As far as I know, this is the first time there has been a strike in this house. For nearly forty years my father and myself have conducted this business on terms of friendship with our employees. It was his pride, as it is mine, that P. F. Collier & Son were the first publishers to recognize union labor, the first to raise wages, the first to shorten hours, the first to improve conditions of work.
>
> It seems strange that our first strike should be on no question of wages, or labor, or working conditions, and that it should affect only a small portion of our working men and women.
>
> But it is stranger still to find that it is a strike where the employees are fighting against union labor and the house is fighting for union labor.
>
> You men and women now on strike had no complaint against your treatment by this house; but you are willing to set back the cause of unionism throughout this country by rebelling against the deliberate rulings of the Executive Council.
>
> How can you expect employers to respect organizations of labor if you do not yourselves respect them?
>
> You have been warned by a convention of your own people that if you did not join the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders you would be considered non-union men. That decision leaves me no choice. COLLIER'S will remain a union shop.

The truth is, the rebel union, now declared nonunion by its own last court of appeal, while made up mainly of honest and experienced workmen, has been misled into following the Sam Parks type of leadership, in which intimidation played so large a part. The Federation of Labor, and organized labor in general, are made up of reasonable, industrious, useful men, and COLLIER'S stands now, as it has stood always, not only for the rights of labor but also for the necessity of organization. Had the little rebel group succeeded in defying the Executive Council, which was supported by the courts, a heavy blow would have been dealt to the power of organized labor over the whole United States. As a friend of union labor, COLLIER'S had but one course to take.

THE FOOD ISSUE

WHEN WOODROW WILSON came out energetically in favor of continuing the movement for pure food, he was but carrying further his main issue, which is the cost of living. We agree that the appointment of the Remsen Board was unfortunate, but are sure it was done by Mr. ROOSEVELT with the best of motives. As a matter of fact, the mistake was in the organization of the Department of Agriculture. That department should have at its head a man who will need no Remsen Board; whose own reputation will be of the very highest; and who will have under him men whose characters and special fitness are unquestioned. The Government, in enforcing the food law, should be entirely fair to manufacturers; it should not interfere except where actual harm is done; but when it does interfere it should be relentless. The new Sherley amendment strengthens the machinery of the law in the medicine clause, and probably the language of the act regarding medical claims needs to be made still more sweeping. This amendment meets the limitation which the Supreme Court of the United States put on the label law (against the dissent delivered for himself and others by Justice HUGHES), and forbids lies about cures on the label, but apparently does not extend to circulars distributed in the same package. If not, Congress should make the extension at the next session.

STATE AND NATIONAL ISSUES

ON WHAT might be called the Lloyd-George part of its program, we agree with the spirit of the Bull Moose party. Such social and industrial advances are, however, properly State issues. Massachusetts or Wisconsin goes ahead toward a minimum wage, or Oregon, Illinois, or Ohio toward limiting the hours of women's work. The National Government can conduct similar experiments in Alaska or the District of Columbia, but it is decidedly secondary to the State movements. The issues of this campaign are the tariff and the trusts. The Bull Moose says that as the unintelligent application of a badly drawn law has thus far been inadequate to undo the worst monopolies, we should give up the effort to undo them—to unscramble the eggs. The Democrats say that proper amendments to the law and a more comprehending enforcement will carry us far. Mr. ROOSEVELT, when President, said: "The only relation of the tariff to big business as a whole is that the tariff makes manufactures profitable." Whether the trusts and the tariff influence each other, and influence the cost of living, is the question of this campaign.

CONCENTRATION

THE STEEL CORPORATION has an outstanding capitalization of nearly fifteen hundred million dollars. That amount is very nearly as great as the aggregate assessed value of all the property of the great cities of Chicago and St. Louis combined, with their 2,876,554 inhabitants. With that huge capital this single corporation acquired more than two hundred other companies. Through these companies it owns the principal iron ore supplies in the United States; it owns strategic transportation systems; it owns a large part of the steel mills of the country. The corporation is in turn controlled by a few men—its directors. These few men are directors also in fifty-nine banks and trust and insurance companies, which together hold quick capital—the lifeblood of business—of more than double the amount of the Steel Corporation's capital.

The Steel Trust's advantage over competitors of three dollars a ton in cost of production, due not to superior efficiency but to the ownership of certain strategic railroads and steamship lines, is greatly enhanced by its relations to many other carriers. The few men who control the Steel Corporation are directors also in twenty-nine other railroad systems, with 126,000 miles of line—more than half the railroad mileage of the United States—and in steamship companies. These men are also directors in twelve steel-using street railway systems, including some of the largest in the world; they are directors in forty machinery and similar steel-using companies; in many gas, oil, and water companies, extensive users of iron products; and in the great wire-using telephone and telegraph companies. The aggregate assets of these different corporations exceed sixteen billion dollars. Sixteen billion dollars is more than twice the assessed value of all the property in all New England. It is more than one and one-half times the assessed value of all the property in the thirteen Southern States. It is larger than the assessed value of all the property in the twenty-two States, North and South, lying west of the Mississippi River, except only Texas.

The new party resolutely declares in its platform: "We do not fear commercial power."

The modest bill recommended by the Stanley Committee would prohibit any owner, officer, or employee of a concern which sells railroad equipment, rails, steel, or coal to railroads, from acting as an officer or director of a railroad company engaged in interstate commerce.

Of the great wealth of Massachusetts a large part is represented by deposits in its savings banks. On November 1, 1911, these deposits equaled $228.97 for every man, woman, and child in the Commonwealth. These deposits are distributed among one hundred and ninety-two different banks. These one hundred and ninety-two banks are separate and distinct, not only in form, but in fact. In order that the banks might be really banks of the people and not of the financiers, the Massachusetts law provides that no executive officer or trustee (director) of any savings bank can hold any office in any other savings bank. That statute was passed in 1876. A few years ago it was supplemented by providing that none of the executive officers of a savings bank could hold a similar office in any national bank. When that act was passed the aggregate deposits in its savings banks were $243,340,642; the number of deposit accounts 739,289; the average deposit to each person of the population $144. To-day the aggregate deposits are $802,220,707; the number of deposit accounts 2,137,543; the average deposit to each person in the population $228.97. Massachusetts has shown that curbing the power of the few does not necessarily impair either the efficiency or the prosperity of the whole people.

Should unlimited concentration of commercial power be encouraged in a country dedicated to equality of opportunity?

TRUSTS AND THE COMMISSION

THE EXPERIENCE of the Interstate Commerce Commission furnishes a strong argument that the evils of monopoly are ineradicable, that the most efficient of commissions has been unable to control fully the most powerful trusts, and that the great successes of the commission have been as regulator of competition. Yet the single relatively uniform and stable business of transportation presents problems which are very simple as compared to those which would arise in the extensive, varied, and ever-changing field of industry. There are only two large regions of the country in which a transportation monopoly has existed for any appreciable period of time: New England, under the domination of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, and parts of the Pacific Coast, under the domination of the Southern Pacific. In New England the complaints became so numerous that the Interstate Commerce Commission recently ordered a general investigation which is now in progress. Chairman PROUTY said in opening the hearings on July 1, 1912:

> Since the taking over of the Boston & Maine by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, especially since the New Haven Road came into the virtual management of the Boston & Maine Road, the commission has received a great many complaints, usually as to the service, and the allegation has been that this was due in some way to the merger.

That the whole commission recognizes the continuing need of competition in transportation appears from Chairman PROUTY'S letter to the President, written March 12, 1912, concerning the Panama Canal, but referring to all water transportation, in which he says:

> The commission, after consideration, is unanimously of the opinion that if the waterways of this country are to be of any substantial benefit in the way of reducing the rates of transportation it is absolutely essential that rail carriers be prohibited from owning or controlling, directly or indirectly, competing water carriers.

Congress, also, by an overwhelming majority, recently showed its conviction that competition in transportation is essential to prosperity. It not only prohibited railroad-owned steamships from using the Panama Canal, but insisted upon inserting in the canal bill a general provision by which all railroads engaged in interstate commerce are prohibited from owning or operating any competing water lines on any routes after July 1, 1914, unless the commission should, upon investigation of the particular line, find that its operation is of advantage to the convenience and commerce of the people or that such service would not retard competition by other vessels.

In December, 1910, the commission declared:

> The fight against discrimination is by no means won. Those practices still remaining are more insidious and more difficult of extirpation than open rebating, by reason of the fact that they are hidden in contractual arrangements entirely legal except for the effect produced.

We should be the last to undervalue the great services now being performed by the Interstate Commerce Commission; but the experience of that commission certainly does not form any excuse for the encouragement of industrial monopoly.

FINAL STATE CONTROL

SO MANY SOCIALISTS are writing to us, disagreeing with our arguments on the trust problem, and with those of Mr. BRANDEIS, and approving of the Bull Moose policy, or at least of the policy represented by Mr. PERKINS and Colonel ROOSEVELT, that we think it advisable to state publicly our belief that any person who starts with the premises of a Socialist is perfectly logical in his approval of the attitude toward monopoly expressed by some of the new party leaders. Our opinion happens to be that, although big business has come to stay, and ought to stay, it is a mere matter of intelligence to maintain some of the more important advantages of competition. The Socialists dislike competition in its very essence. In all probability a great many of them will vote for Mr. ROOSEVELT for this reason, and they will be acting with entire consistency.

CHEERING THEM UP

FROM 1880 to 1912 Chicago nine times won the pennant in the National League, while no other city was winning it more than six times, the six-times winner being Boston. From 1906 to 1911 Chicago, under FRANK CHANCE, won four times, no other club winning more than once; Chicago also coming in second the times it did not win. So cheer up, Cubs: you made the most brilliant dash of the year; you played under the disadvantage of having no great pitchers; and you are likely, according to your custom, to be somewhere near the finish in 1913, not so much because you are a collection of great players as because you are a great team.

OLD-FASHIONED PROTECTION

FRANK MUNSEY, on buying the New York "Press," immediately made it a protection organ of the type characteristic of the Republican party in the days of Mr. HANNA. He can see no evils at all in the system as it has existed. He thinks it has nothing to do with the growth of our great trusts, nothing to do with the high cost of living, nothing to do with the immense gap between the poor and the rich, nothing to do with the growth of cities at the expense of the country. Anybody who wishes to make even as limited and gradual changes in it as Governor WILSON, strikes Mr. MUNSEY as a person who is tearing down American prosperity, putting us into the hands of foreign pauper labor, stopping the tall chimneys from smoking, tearing money out of the pay envelope, and generally committing all the high crimes and misdemeanors that the Republican leaders and their corporation allies painted in such glowing colors while they were building up the system with which we are now struggling. Such an attitude is outworn and lamentable. If reactionaries, of whom Mr. MUNSEY, in spite of his prominence in the Progressive party, is a thorough type, would allow some of the gross wrongs of the tariff to be removed, so that the public mind and conscience would be satisfied, business would go on smoothly on a much solider foundation. As long as the public is convinced that immense sums are being taken away from the consumer every day by law, to be handed over to the favored few, the tariff question will never be at rest, and business conditions in the United States will never be as stable as they could easily be made by a little fairness.

AN IDEA BY MR. PERKINS

IN MR. MUNSEY'S paper Mr. PERKINS makes the interesting suggestion that the court which passes upon railroad matters should be made up of railroad men like JAMES J. HILL. To the ordinary mind this is "going some." The solution of our industrial trust problem seems very clear to Mr. PERKINS, and he would no doubt like to be at the head of a commission which should have absolute power to settle it. He and the other men who have been instrumental in building up the big monopolies ought to have a fair hearing in the solution, but it is rather extreme to request the public to put the solution mainly and confidingly in their hands. It is almost a universal law of psychology that a system which a man has given his life to building up seems to him the best of all possible systems.

THE DECLINE OF BOASTING

MEN NOW IN MIDDLE LIFE can easily remember a time when boasting about our country was part of the duty of a good American; when the famous toast to her, involving the Aurora Borealis and the precession of the equinoxes, was scarcely a burlesque. It was at a still earlier period that EMERSON wrote:

> Our America has a bad name for superficialities. Great men, great nations, have not been boasters and buffoons, but perceivers of the terror of life, and have manned themselves to face it.

In the philosopher's opinion, our people then had "a little gas" on the brain. We have improved in that. The American is beginning to understand that modesty, or at least moderation, may be a virtue not only in a person but in a nation. A striking lesson in manners to the whole world was given when Japan, at the time of the Russian war, became the center of attention.

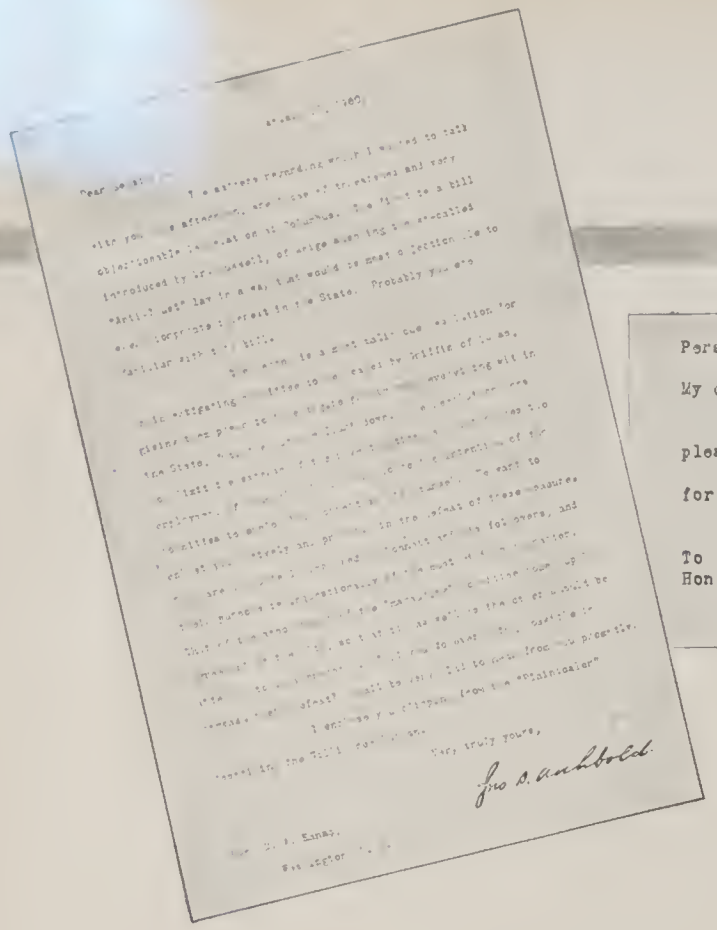
ANOTHER REASON

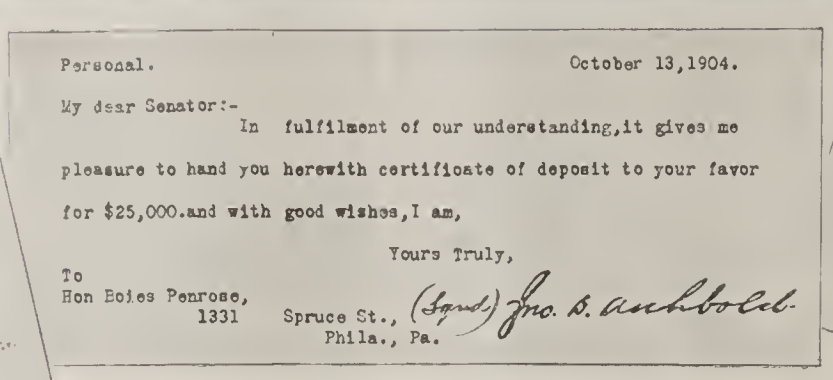
SPEAKING of how much more attractive, from the point of view of personal charm, SHAKESPEARE'S women are than his men, we suggested three weeks ago that the explanation lay in the circumstance that the author was a man. Another reason is doubtless to be found in the fact that, in SHAKESPEARE'S time, as in most complex civilizations, women have been judged from their attractiveness, men from their ability in action. Reflecting the world, therefore, SHAKESPEARE set about naturally to give to his heroes and heroines what the world expected—to the women the quality that is loved, to the men some distinction in character or in deed. Naturally it follows that the leading women are mostly young, Lady MACBETH, who may be in middle life, being an exception, and CLEOPATRA almost a *tour de force*; while the great men characters, on the other hand—LEAR, OTHELLO, SHYLOCK, PROSPERO, FALSTAFF, DOGBERRY, Sir TOBY—are more often than not painted regardless of whether they are at the mating time of life—painted for something unusual in their make-up. This is often true even where, as in "Hamlet," the hero is at the marriageable age. The doctrine of BYRON has been the doctrine of the world:

> Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
> 'Tis woman's whole existence.

And that is why to the Shakespearean heroine are given, first of all, the attributes that attract a man.

Mr. Hearst's





Personal. October 13,1904.

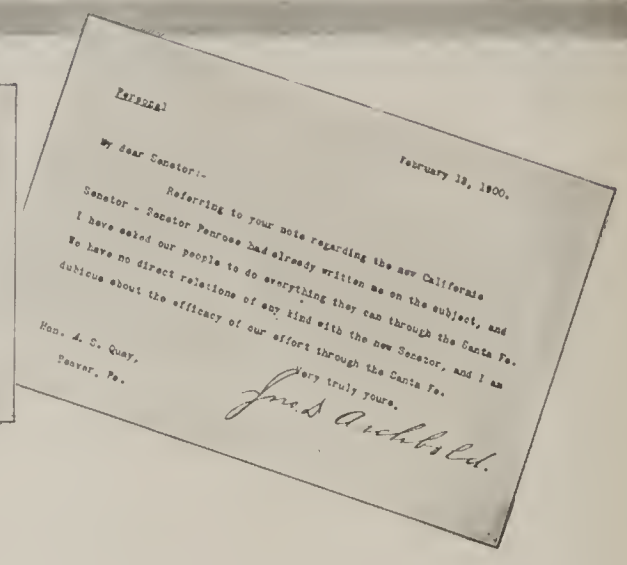
My dear Senator:-

In fulfilment of our understanding,it gives me pleasure to hand you herewith certificate of deposit to your favor for $25,000.and with good wishes,I am,

Yours Truly,

(Sgnd) Jno. D. Archbold.

To
Hon Boies Penrose,
1331 Spruce St.,
Phila., Pa.



Personal

February 13, 1900.

My dear Senator:-

Referring to your note regarding the new California Senator - Senator Penrose had already written me on the subject, and I have asked our people to do everything they can through the Santa Fe. We have no direct relations of any kind with the new Senator, and I am dubious about the efficacy of our effort through the Santa Fe.

Very truly yours.

Jno D Archbold.

Hon. M. S. Quay,
Beaver, Pa.

By ARTHUR H. GLEASON

CERTAIN of the facsimile "Standard Oil" letters which are being published in "Hearst's Magazine" are forgeries. The famous note to Boies Penrose, telling of $25,000 deposited to his credit, is a forgery. The signature of John D. Archbold, attached to that letter, is a forgery.

Here is the letter:

26 Broadway, New York, October 13, 1904.

(Personal)

My dear Senator:

In fulfillment of our understanding, it gives me great pleasure to hand you herewith certificate of deposit to your favor for $25,000, and with good wishes, I am, Yours truly,

Jno. D. Archbold.

Hon. Boies Penrose,
1331 Spruce Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

The long letter of John D. Archbold to Senator Hanna, carrying the date of January 19, 1900, is a forgery. The signature of Archbold at the bottom of that letter is a forgery.

Here is the letter:

26 Broadway, New York, January 19, 1900.

Dear Senator:

The matters regarding which I wanted to talk with you this afternoon are those of threatened and very objectionable legislation at Columbus. The first is a bill introduced by Mr. Russell of Meigs, amending the so-called "antitrust" law in a way that would be most objectionable to every corporate interest in the State. Probably you are familiar with this bill.

The second is a most malicious resolution for an investigating committee to be headed by Griffin of Lucas, giving them power to investigate pretty much everything within the State, from the Supreme Court down. The resolution does not limit the expense of the investigation, and authorizes the employment of counsel. It is said to be the intention of the committee to employ Mr. Monnett as its counsel. We want to enlist you actively and promptly to the defeat of these measures. They are undoubtedly inspired by Monnett and his followers, and their purpose is unquestionably of the most vicious character. That appointment of the "marauding" committee comes up by agreement on the 25th, so that it, as well as the other, should be attended to very promptly. Will you do everything possible to compass their defeat? Shall be glad to hear from you promptly.

I inclose you clipping from the "Plaindealer" describing the Willis resolution.

Very truly yours, Jno. D. Archbold.

Hon. M. A. Hanna,
Washington, D. C.

The letter of General Grosvenor to Mr. Archbold, with the date of September 27, 1904, is a forgery.

Here is the letter:

COMMITTEE ON THE MERCHANT MARINE AND FISHERIES

House of Representatives, U. S.
Charles H. Grosvenor, Chairman.

Athens, O., September 27, 1904.

John D. Archbold, Esq., New York City, N. Y.

My dear Sir:

I have had some correspondence with our mutual friend Sibley which you will understand, and he has suggested that I go in person to see you. It is quite difficult for me to get away from here by reason of my local campaign, but if you think it necessary I will come to New York, but if I do could I see you on Sunday, the 9th of October? I must make a hurried dash to New York and back, and I would like very much to meet you, if it is possible, at your residence on the morning of Sunday. Could you meet the emergencies just as well without my coming to New York? I think you will understand it, as you know I have come to you for friends, but never for myself, and now there is a great necessity at home. I am not complaining of the general tendency of my campaign, but it is most burdensome and one that requires the utmost care, and the utmost ability to meet great emergencies. There are 10,000 coal miners in this Congressional district, and there are seven counties, stretching from the Ohio River on the south to within twelve miles of Columbus on the north and covering about forty-five per cent of the coal output of Ohio. You can see something of what I have got on my hands with a State Committee unable to assist anybody and a fight all myself alone practically. Now if it is best for me to come to New York, please say you will see me as suggested.

Yours truly, C. H. Grosvenor.

The statement that proves five of Mr. Hearst's Standard Oil letters forgeries. The typewriter that wrote the 1898 letter, the two 1900 letters, the two 1904 letters of the "Standard Oil Letters," was not put on the market till the middle of 1905. This is the official statement of the president of the typewriting company

Theee letters, namely letter alleged to have been written by Mr. John D. Archbold to Hon. M. S. Quay, February 13, 1900;

Letter alleged to have been written by General Grosvenor to Mr. Archbold, September 27, 1904;

Letter alleged to have been written by Mr. Archbold to Senator Quay July 18, 1898;

Letter alleged to have been written by Mr. Archbold to Senator Hanna on January 19, 1900;

Letter alleged to have been written by Mr. Archbold to Senator Penrose October 13, 1904;

are all of them unmistakably written on the L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter containing elite type, or known to us as #6 type. No single machine equipped with Elite or #6 type was placed upon the market or manufactured earlier than June 15, 1905.

* L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriting

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER CO.

L C Smith
President.

The writer in "Hearst's Magazine," in introducing that forgery into his column, says:

> *"General Grosvenor's subtlety and delicacy is shown not only in his* use of the official paper of his committee, *but—etc."*

An examination of the forged facsimile on the next page will show that the letterhead of the "Committee on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries, House of Representatives, U. S. Charles H. Grosvenor, Chairman," is pasted on top of another sheet of paper on which is typewritten the forged letter of General Grosvenor. The sheet had on it numerals—"250" and more figures. The last loop of the other numerals is still visible under the pasted-on letterhead. A clumsy job. There are other proofs of forgery in this letter which we shall expose in a moment.

The letter of Mr. Archbold to Senator Quay, under the date of July 18, 1898, is a forgery. This letter reads:

July 18, 1898.

(Personal)

My dear Senator:

I have your favor of the 15th and will do as you request, provided you finally say that you need so much. Please ask for it in installments, as needed, from time to time, not all at once.

I have your kind note about Walter and will do as you suggest.

Very truly yours,

Jno. D. Archbold.

Hon. M. S. Quay,
Mountville,
Lancaster Co., Pa.

The letter of Mr. Archbold to Senator Quay with the date of February 13, 1900, is a forgery. This letter reads:

(Personal) February 13, 1900.

My dear Senator:

Referring to your note regarding the new California Senator—Senator Penrose had already written to me on the subject, and I have asked our people to do everything they can through the Santa Fe. We have no direct relations of any kind with the new Senator, and I am dubious about the efficacy of our effort through the Santa Fe.

Very truly yours,

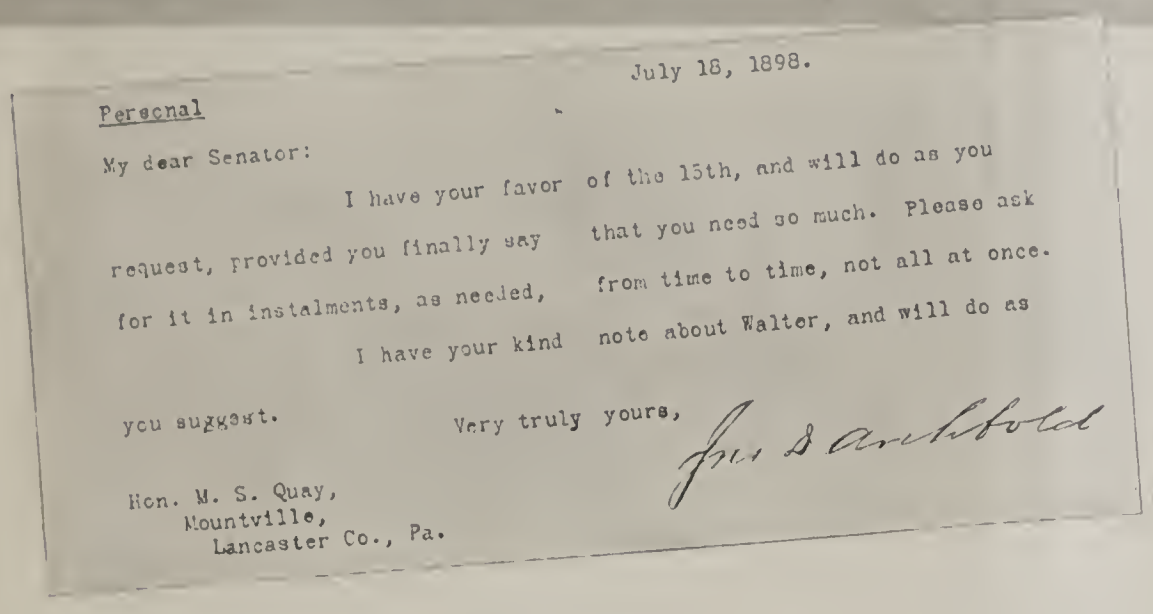
Jno. D. Archbold.

Hon. M. S. Quay,
Beaver, Pa.

These five letters (dated one of them 1898, two of them 1900, two of them 1904) are written on a typewriting machine of which the first instrument did not reach the market till the middle of 1905, and of which the particular letters and characteristics used in writing the five documents were not in existence till 1907.

Even a careless reader of what the editor of "Hearst's Magazine" calls his "proof in black and white" and his "documentary evidence" saw that the dollar sign of the $25,000 in the letter to Senator Penrose has only one bar instead of the usual two. He saw that the lower curve of the

Forgeries



July 18, 1898.

Personal

My dear Senator:

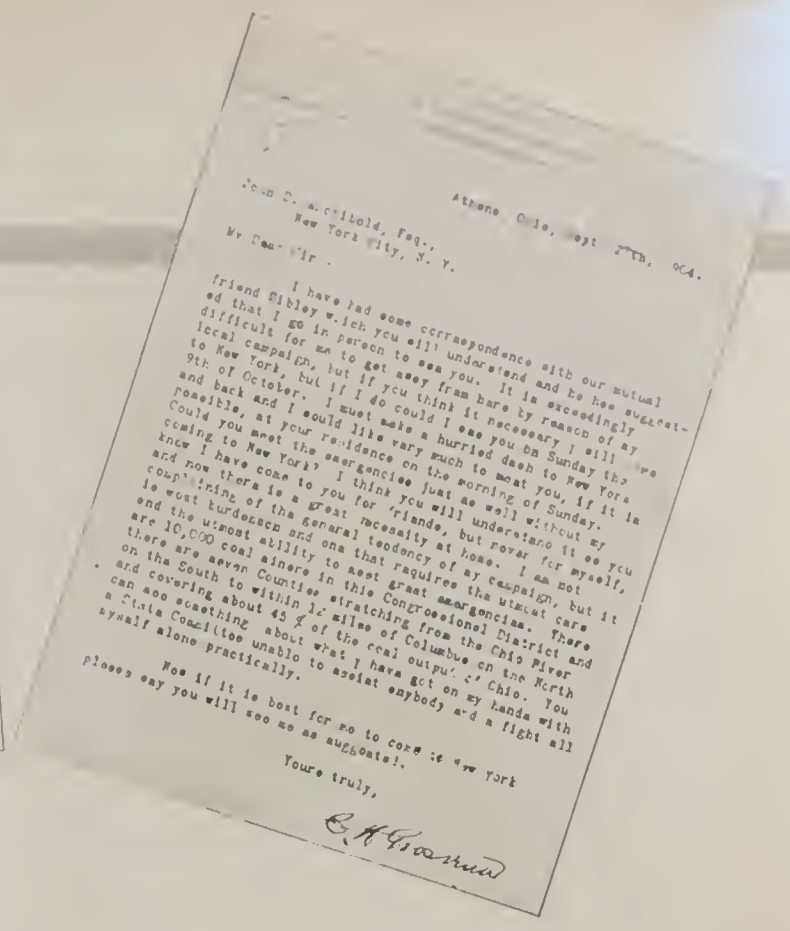
I have your favor of the 15th, and will do as you request, provided you finally say that you need so much. Please ask for it in instalments, as needed, from time to time, not all at once.

I have your kind note about Walter, and will do as you suggest.

Very truly youre,

Jno D Archbold

Hon. M. S. Quay,
Mountville,
Lancaster Co., Pa.



Athens, Ohio, Sept 27th, 04.

John D. Archbold, Esq.,
New York City, N. Y.

My Dear Sir.

I have had some correspondence with our mutual friend Gibley which you will understand and he has suggested that I go in person to see you. It is exceedingly difficult for me to get away from here by reason of my local campaign, but if you think it necessary I will go to New York, but if I do could I see you on Sunday the 9th of October. I must make a hurried dash to New York and back and I would like very much to meet you, if it is possible, at your residence on the morning of Sunday. Could you meet the emergencies just as well without my coming to New York? I think you will understand it so you know I have come to you for friendship, but never for myself, and now there is a great necessity at home. I am not complaining of the general tendency of my campaign, but it is most burdensom and one that requires the utmost care and the utmost ability to meet great emergencies. There are 10,000 coal miners in this Congressional District and there are seven Counties stretching from the Ohio River on the South to within 15 miles of Columbus on the North and covering about 45 % of the coal output of Ohio. You can see something about what I have got on my hands with a State Committee unable to assist anybody and a fight all myself alone practically.

Now if it is best for me to come to New York please say you will see me as suggested.

Youre truly,

E. A. Grosvenor

comma in each of the documents swung far to the left, instead of the usual up and down comma. The interrogation point, the breadth of the loop in d, p, and b; the lower case f, the r, the t, and at least twenty other characteristics are obvious to even a casual reader. The typewriting machine is honest and does not lend itself to fraud. On the contrary, each machine is distinctive and laden with personality. It has its own way of printing letters, its own quality, weight of impression, scale, alignment. It reveals its origin. A forgery cannot be perpetrated on the typewriter, if the success of the forgery is dependent on disguising the machine that wrote it.

One at all familiar with the various makes of machines could see that these five documents were written on an "L. C. Smith and Bros." elite machine. No such machine existed till 1905, and the particular alphabet letters, appearing in the Archbold correspondence, were not created till 1907.

The facsimile letters were taken to Syracuse and shown to W. L. Smith, president of the company. He did not concern himself with the authorship or the destination of the letters, but solely with the typewriting in the body of the letters. At the first glance he noted many of the characteristics of his machine. He summoned a conference of his superintendent, and of the expert engraver who from the beginning has carved the Smith letters and characters. Naturally the expert recognized the children of his skilled fingers and brain. He had made those very characters and letters appearing in the five documents. He and no other man had created them. From 3 to 4 P. M. on September 19 these men held a careful examination under instruments. At the end of the hour of testing, the following statement was drawn up:

These letters, namely, letter alleged to have been written by Mr. John D. Archbold to Hon. M. S. Quay, February 13, 1900; letter alleged to have been written by General Grosvenor to Mr. Archbold, September 27, 1904; letter alleged to have been written by Mr. Archbold to Senator Quay, July 18, 1898; letter alleged to have been written by Mr. Archbold to Senator Hanna on January 19, 1900; letter alleged to have been written by Mr. Archbold to Senator Penrose, October 13, 1904, are all of them unmistakably written on the L. C. Smith and Bros. typewriter containing elite type, or known to us as No. 6 type. No L. C. Smith and Bros. typewriting machine equipped with elite or No. 6 type was placed upon the market or manufactured earlier than June 15, 1905.

L. C. SMITH AND BROTHERS TYPEWRITER CO.,
W. L. SMITH, President.

It is Mr. Smith's conviction that some unknown trickster has grossly deceived Mr. Hearst.

The Archbold signature to the Boies Penrose letter, photographed on these pages, and the Archbold signature to the Senator Hanna letter are identical. When the two letters are brought to their original size and then superimposed, the two "Jno. D. Archbolds" become a single "Jno. D. Archbold" (as shown by the small photograph below). The three periods are at precisely the same distance from each other. The middle period has the same defect of being a trifle large and a little overinked. A few of the many other duplications are the hump over the o, the white spot in the capital J, the notch in the lower part of the h, the hump at the bottom of the e, and the square end to the final d. Think of a man writing a second signature four years after the first, and duplicating at least forty peculiarities of detail, and reproducing the exact size for his total signature, so that when superimposed the two signatures become exactly and perfectly one signature. Of course, Mr. Archbold signed neither of these fraudulent documents. What is given as his signature is merely an identical reproduction of an engraver's block.

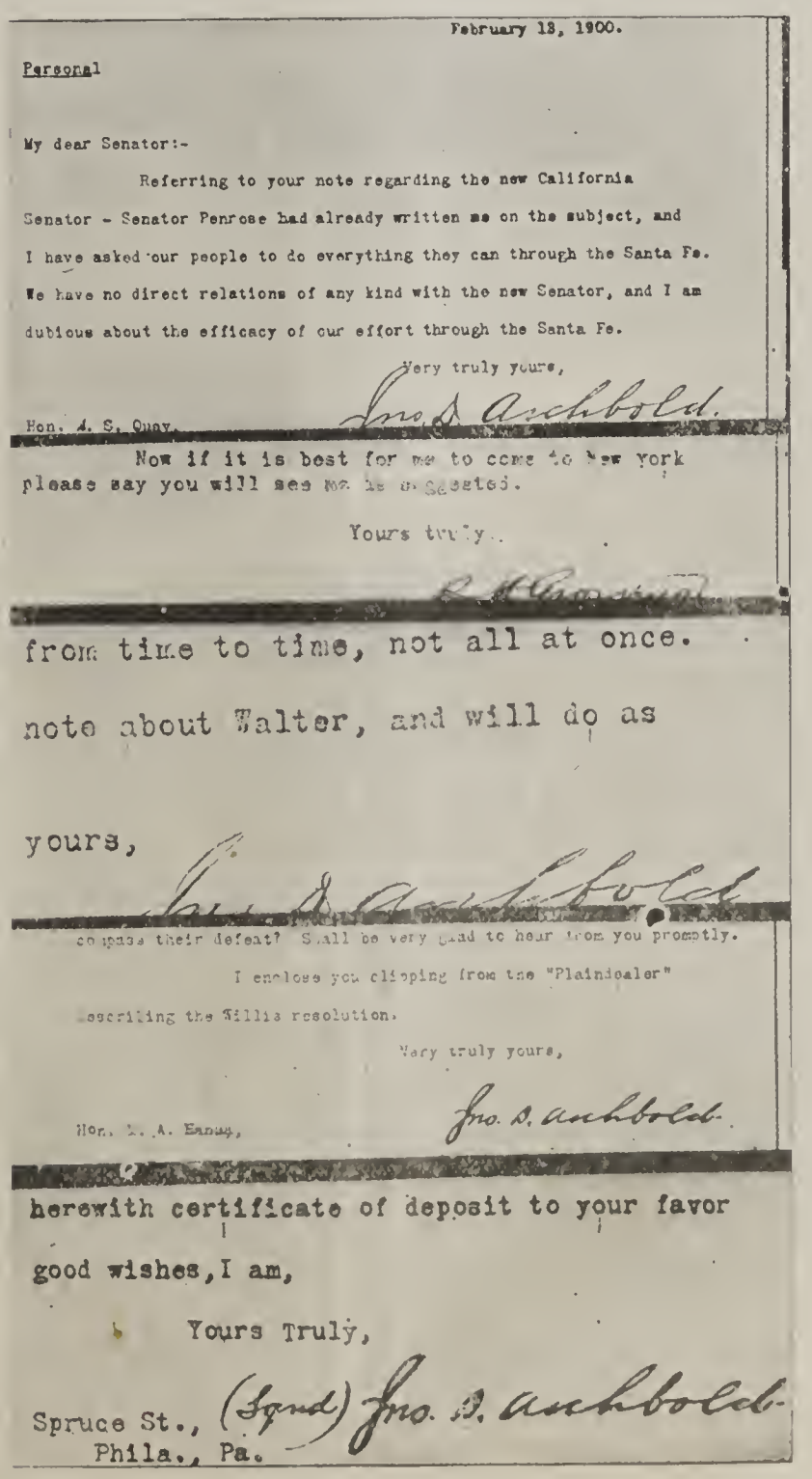
Eight letters published in "Hearst's Magazine," in addition to the five we have just analyzed, are signed with a "Jno. D. Archbold" signature which is identical. No man ever wrote his signature alike eight times running. There is just one way of obtaining the identity revealed in these eight signatures, and that is by tracing from the same model.

But almost the prettiest touch of all is in the Grosvenor forgery (at the top of this page). For that letter, dated at "Athens, Ohio," is written on the identical individual typewriter that wrote the so-called Archbold letter to Senator Penrose. Mr. Hearst asks us to believe that General Grosvenor was using the faithful, hardworking typewriter at Athens, Ohio, on September 27, 1904, and then boxed and shipped the machine by express to Mr. Archbold, who banged out his letter to Senator Penrose on it on October 13, 1904. The identities are innumerable. Let the reader take time to study just a few. Let him see how the dot over the i is always too close to the i itself. Let him note how the period is always too high. **As a matter of fact all five forgeries were written on one individual machine. There were skillful alterations of ribbon, in order to alter the surface impression.**

The Penrose letter was done with a wet copying ribbon to give a different weight of impression from the fainter Hanna letter. Three of the leading manufacturers of typewriters in the United States gave us their unanimous judgment a few weeks ago that the five letters are the product of an individual machine.

That the creator of these articles, presenting these fraudulent documents, was well aware of his criminality and the need of trying to hide it is proved by the different degrees of reduction and enlargement used on the facsimiles in order to disguise the identity of the signatures and of the typewriting. We present a photograph of the five documents, showing the different sizes of the photographic reproduction employed by "Hearst's Magazine." Those five facsimiles, when first written out on the Smith machine, were all five exactly the same size for both letters and characters. But as published in "Hearst's Magazine" not one of the five documents is published at its correct original size. One is made very large (as, for instance, the Penrose or one of the Quay letters), another is made very small (as, for instance, the Hanna letter). It was the hope of the author of these articles that by this trick of false reproduction he could hide the fact that the typewriting was identical and forged, and that the signatures of, for instance, the Penrose and the Hanna letters were identical and forged. The careless reader, glancing at the Archbold signature to the Hanna letter and then to the Archbold signature of the Penrose letter, would only see that they are of

continued on page 14



February 13, 1900.

Personal

My dear Senator:-

Referring to your note regarding the new California Senator - Senator Penrose had already written me on the subject, and I have asked our people to do everything they can through the Santa Fe. We have no direct relations of any kind with the new Senator, and I am dubious about the efficacy of our effort through the Santa Fe.

Very truly yours,

Jno D Archbold.

Hon. M. S. Quay.

Now if it is best for me to come to New York please say you will see me as suggested.

Yours truly.

from time to time, not all at once.

note about Walter, and will do as

yours,

Jno D Archbold

compass their defeat? Shall be very glad to hear from you promptly.

I enclose you clipping from the "Plaindealer" describing the Willis resolution.

Very truly yours,

Jno D. Archbold.

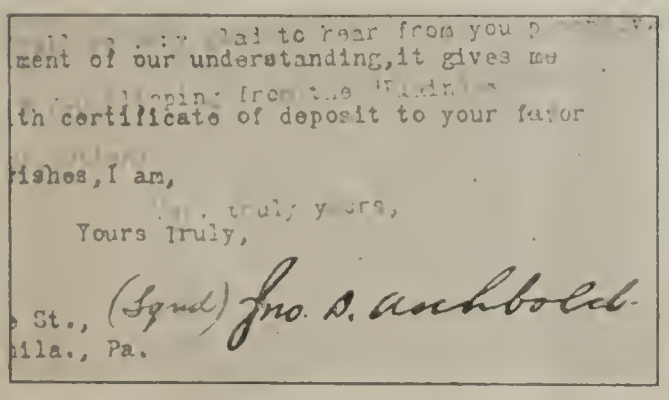
Hon. M. A. Hanna,

herewith certificate of deposit to your favor

good wishes, I am,

Yours Truly,

Spruce St., (Sgnd) Jno. D. Archbold.
Phila., Pa.



...al to hear from you ?
ment of our understanding, it gives me
...clipping from the "Plaindealer"
th certificate of deposit to your favor
wishes, I am,
... truly yours,
Yours Truly,
... St., (Sgnd) Jno. D. Archbold
hila., Pa.

Forgeries of John D. Archbold's signature. When his alleged signatures to the Hanna letter and to the Penrose letter are brought to the same scale and superimposed, they are identical in every detail. They show the same faults of reproduction—a splattered period, white specks in letters, and numerous other duplications. The five specimens show how the Hearst office tried to disguise their forgeries by tricks of enlargement and reduction. All these five were originally the same size, written on the same machine. Note the two identical Archbold signatures at the bottom, and how their size is altered to hide identity

The Alps Photographed from a Balloon During a Cross-Mountain Flight

Captain Edouard Spelterini, a Swiss aeronaut, and M Console, a photographer, made a cross-mountain balloon journey which lasted from 3.45 one afternoon until 6 o'clock the following morning. They started from Interlaken and drifted across the Alps to Unter Ammergau in Upper Bavaria. There both pilot and passenger were detained by the police for an hour and a half, presumably on the suspicion of being spies. The distance covered in the 14 1-4 hours' journey was 250 miles. An altitude of 17,550 feet was reached

A Beautiful Alpine Sunrise Caught by the Aerial Photographer's Camera

This remarkable picture, showing the mountain-tops tinted with the first light at dawn, was taken after a night-long journey over the snow-capped mountains. The aeronauts, describing the magnificent scenery which was unfolded before their eyes as they drifted at a speed of about 30 miles an hour over the Alps, said: "In the half-light the snow-covered mountains looked like great ghosts." The crossing of the Central Alps by balloon was in itself a feat never before accomplished. Bitterly cold weather was experienced, during the night particularly

Preparing for the Emperor's Funeral

Simplicity marked the funeral ceremonies of the late Emperor of Japan. They were held on the Aoyama parade ground before a temporary shrine erected for the purpose. The shrine was white and in the style of a Shinto temple, and the scene was lighted by tall lanterns draped in black and white. The picture shows the oxen being trained to draw the cart on which was placed the body of Mutsuhito as he went to his last resting place. General Nogi and his wife attended the ceremony before committing suicide as a last tribute to the dead Emperor

Leaving the Japanese Parliament

The new Emperor of Japan began his reign by holding a session of the Imperial Parliament. The picture shows the members of the House of Peers leaving in jinrikishas. The transition period through which Japan is now passing is interestingly illustrated by the European costume which the noblemen are wearing and the vehicles in which they are riding. The jinrikisha is a mode of conveyance which is an adaptation of the very ancient vehicle, the kago, and which is peculiar to the Orient. The Japanese Parliament is modeled upon that of England

"A United Party"

By MARK SULLIVAN

GOVERNOR WILSON, in his campaign speeches, makes much of the allegation that if he is elected he will have "a united party" behind him in Congress. In his Labor Day speech at Buffalo he expressed it this way:

"But if Roosevelt were elected you would have a candidate belonging to a new party, with party lines criss-crossed and variegated all through Congress, and out of that there wouldn't come a combined force to accomplish anything."

On other occasions Governor Wilson has compared the state of himself and his party, if successful, to the well-drilled discipline of a football team, tackling the tariff question with the solidarity of a flying wedge. Governor Wilson has either too little knowledge or too much hope. If the Democrats succeed this year in electing a President and a Congress, there will be centrifugal forces at work in the latter which will produce results painfully disturbing to the former.

SIMMONS OF NORTH CAROLINA

CONSIDER first the man who is likely to be chairman of the Finance Committee. (That is the position which Aldrich held so long; the occupant of it is, by virtue of his position, in command of the making of tariffs.) Simmons of North Carolina is in line for this position. Just now Simmons is running for reelection; so confident is he that in the first sentence of his speech opening his campaign he said that if he was not made chairman of the Finance Committee he would resign. Simmons is not a Democrat; he is a protectionist, and belongs in the party that supports protection. Simmons was a member of the Committee on Resolutions at the National Democratic Convention of 1908, which put *lumber on the free list*. Within a year Simmons, as a United States Senator, voted repeatedly *against* free lumber. He voted also *against* free iron ore and *against* a reduction of the duty on coal.

SOME DEMOCRATIC ACHIEVEMENTS

BUT for the action of Simmons and the other Democrats who voted with him, the people of the United States would have had free lumber for the last three years.

During the making of the Payne-Aldrich Bill, thirty-eight Democratic Congressmen voted against free lumber.

Twenty-nine Democratic Congressmen voted in favor of a protective duty on hides.

Georgia has eleven Congressmen, all Democrats; seven of them, in the tariff session of 1909, voted *against* free lumber. (To the credit of the Democrats of Georgia be it said that most of these seven have since been repudiated and retired.)

Louisiana's delegation in Congress consists of seven Democrats; all seven voted *against* free lumber.

Only ten Democratic Senators out of a total of thirty-two voted *for* free iron ore; more Republicans (the Insurgents) than Democrats were found fighting *against* free iron ore.

ONE DEMOCRATIC SENTIMENT

ONE of the Democrats who voted *against* free lumber was Frank Clark, then and now Congressman from Florida. For his repudiation of the platform, Clark was taken to task by the Florida Legislature. In replying, Clark said:

"Now I want to tell you one thing, my brethren. I spoke of the great lumber interests of this State. You know what they are. You know what they are worth to Florida. You know whether it is worth while to build up the material interests of this State, or *whether it is best to follow a sickening fanatic sentiment or not.*"

"We have been following a fatuous light. *We have been traveling through the desert and eating the husks, while our brethren above the divide have been living on the fat of the land.*"

If Mr. Wilson is made President, he will be compelled, as Cleveland was, to take account of this sentiment in one section of his party.

SOUTHERN PUBLIC OPINION

PUBLIC opinion throughout the South, both among newspapers and the public men not involved, thoroughly disapproved the action of Simmons and his fellow protectionists. One utterance was widely quoted at the time:

"I have tried to make myself plain, that I do not advocate a thing as proper and right because it is 'down South' and oppose the same thing as improper and wrong because it is not 'down South.' [Applause.] In the matter of legislation which affects a whole people, I want to look beyond my district, beyond my State. I want to look at 90,000,000 American people; and, sir, if the people of my district wish their Representative to vote for a measure which will take, not by labor, not for value received, but by the dry, naked law, millions of dollars from all the people and put it into the pockets of a very few of my people 'down South,' I would say to them that they ought to send here not me, not a Democrat, but a Republican from my district. [Applause.]

"I wish to ask you, can you, as a Democrat, justify your position in advocating protection on lumber because it is your home industry? Does not the gentleman from Pennsylvania, in asking for a tariff upon the Steel Trust articles, put it upon the ground that it is his home industry? Do not the Representatives from the Woolen Trust districts come here and ask protection on woolen goods because it is their home industry? Does not every member from the districts of the trusts put their demands upon the ground that it is their home industry? [Applause on the Democratic side.]"

ONE OHIO DEMOCRAT

IN THE present session of Congress only one Democrat voted against reducing the duties on wool. He is William Bates Francis of Martins Ferry, Ohio.

FLORIDA ON THE TARIFF

FLORIDA has three Representatives in Congress: Stephen M. Sparkman of Tampa, Dannitte Hill Mays of Monticello, and Frank Clark of Gainesville. On the roll call to give enlarged power to the committee investigating the "Money Trust," all three of these members are recorded as not voting. On the bill to reduce the woolen duties, all three are recorded as not voting. On the bill to reduce iron and metal duties, Mays voted "yea," Clark answered "present," and Sparkman is recorded as not voting. On the roll call to pass the reduced woolen duties over the President's veto, Sparkman answered "present"; the other two are recorded as not voting. On the bill to pass the reduced iron and metal duties over the President's veto, all three are recorded as not voting. On the bill to place sugar on the free list, Mays and Sparkman voted "yea," and Clark is recorded as not voting.

SUGGESTIONS

THE committee now investigating campaign contributions has called ex-Speaker Cannon. If the committee's powers are broad enough to take up contributions other than those made to Presidential campaigns, why not call various beneficiaries of the tariff. It is a safe prediction, for example, that if Henry T. Oxnard of Oxnard, Cal., president of the American Beet Sugar Company, would tell in detail about the money he has spent, directly and indirectly, during the past twenty years, to get and keep tariff and other Government favors, the revelations would be both important and entertaining.

HONEST GRAFT

THE "Daily Gazette" of Champaign, Ill., loves its local Republican Congressman, William McKinley, in many respects the most powerful of the Standpatters left in Washington, and hopes he will be reelected. Therefore it prints a large picture of the United States Marine Band with these words beneath:

"Pet musical organization of the United States Government, the band which played the funeral dirges for the lamented Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, and others of the Presidents, which is coming to Champaign to give a concert at two o'clock on Monday afternoon, September 30, as a compliment to Congressman William B. McKinley. In the evening of the same day it will give a concert at Decatur, which is also in Congressman McKinley's district. The band is now on its way back to Washington from the Pacific Coast, where it was sent by the Government and makes only this one stop in Illinois."

There is a quality about this which opens up a broad field of humor, but the serious aspects of this sort of thing are more important. Why "only this one stop in Illinois"? Why not the district of James M. Graham, Democrat, also? Congressman McKinley gauges the political morals of the people of the middle of Illinois about this way: the number of persons who will be favorably impressed by his ability to "get things" (things which are within the control of the Standpat machine, like post offices, Federal buildings, and river and harbor improvements) is greater than the number who will pause to reflect as to just what gifts he made to the machine in return for those favors—gifts, for example, like his vote in favor of a high tariff on sugar, on lumber, on cotton, and on wool. One thing is sure, the tone of Congress will continue to be lower than it ought to be until constituents cease to use the "pork barrel" gauge in measuring their Congressmen.

The Silent Fight at Wheaton

Mr. Jerome Travers Wins the National Amateur Golf Championship for the Third Time

By ARTHUR RUHL

Mr. Travers looking infinitely more concerned than ever he did while playing

LET politicians rage, England and Germany pile up battleships, aeroplanes fly three miles a minute, and Dr. Ostwald discover the microbe of happiness if he will; leave banging trolley cars, steam riveters, extras, and gasoline smoke behind, and transport yourself, if you please, to the tranquil green spaces of the golf course at Wheaton, Ill. Mr. Travis and Mr. Travers, even up, are approaching their twenty-first hole and Mr. Travers has sliced a long drive off into the "rough"—here is something really serious.

In the sun-drenched silence—for even the gallery, a deferential fifty yards behind, has ceased to whisper—the freed senses catch the far-off note of a meadow lark, the smell of trampled grass. You can almost hear it grow. Serious indeed! People may nominate a President, break a treaty, or go to war with a whoop and a hurrah, but they cannot so approach a difficult pitch out of a sand pit or running down a twenty-foot putt. These matters are too delicately balanced, too irrevocable. Where the shade between the cunning of one man's eye and hand and another's is so slight, and art becomes so nearly an exact science, the whole issue of six days' unremitting self-control and calculation may hang on a single stroke.

Therein, of course, lies much of the charm of the game—its delightful finality. In a world full of doubts, half-truths, and mirages, here is something fixed and irrevocable. Doubtless it is much more than mere sunshine and gentle exercise that makes the game appeal to Mr. Taft. You're in the cup or not in, and there's an end of it. There is a convincingness and satisfaction in the sound and sight and feel of a 250-yard drive such as the more important victories of life seldom bestow. Hitting the "pill" may seem a trivial task, but it is one on which, for the instant, you concentrate your whole being, and, in the same instant, come accomplishment and reward. You have tried supremely to say something and have said it. No eloquence like the clean click of a perfectly timed club, and the white spot bounding lightly on the turf an eighth of a mile away. As the red Indian used to say—"I have spoken."

However, here we are at the third hole in the second round of the third day's play, surveying Mr. Travis and Mr. Travers. They well repay that scrutiny. Both are tournament golfers par excellence. And a man may play beautiful golf and still be of little use in a tournament. These experienced artists have not only technique but the training and temperament—unhurried, never revealing irritation when a shot goes wrong, and instead of going to pieces when the other man is ahead, only playing the more perfectly and boring right after him with the relentlessness of fate.

Mr Travis wears a tan pongee coat, buttoned up, while he plays, and, like General Grant, always smokes a cigar. He won the amateur championship at Garden City in 1900, at Atlantic City in 1901, and at Nassau in 1903, and the gallery speak of him familiarly as the "old man." The grizzled stubble showing beneath his greenish hat, the heavy, deeply tanned face with its tightly gripped cigar—a trifle "like Punch with the laugh left out"—the slight stoop, bear out this appellation, and these, with that sinister air of concentration and gravity, must make Mr. Travis, to a youngster at the game, a vision completely terrifying.

He is not the "stylist" that Mr. Travers is, for instance. He has a curious bend of the knees when he drives, and the swing itself is lacking in finesse—a trifle jerky, more of a "wallop." Yet no player is more impressive. A gallery follower would no sooner think of talking out loud or stirring from his tracks while Travis is addressing the ball than he would of interrupting the President. One feels vaguely reproved for one knows not quite what when the "old man," after neatly pitching his ball out of a sand pit over a sod bunker into the green, gravely stoops and smooths the sand before moving on, and after both have holed out, he silently returns his opponent's ball, and the two repair to the tee without a word.

Equally self-contained, Mr. Travers is younger and more debonair. As he leaves the tee he lights a cigarette, puffs it once or twice, strolling down the fairway, and then, just before concentrating on the delicate business of putting, negligently flips it with a thumb and finger off into the longer grass. He plays without a coat, shirt sleeves turned back. A slender, well-made young man, with a clean-cut, slightly ironic Irish face, he, too, from long practice in such encounters—Mr. Travers won at Cleveland in 1907 and at Garden City in 1908—ambles nonchalantly across the turf as if he were the only person in the world. The gallery, held in check by a rope and a droll creature with a megaphone—held sidewise lest the players be disturbed and emitting hoarse croaks of "Fore!" "Stop where you are!" "No - applause - please - till - the-players-have-holed-out!"—scramble and stumble often, whispering absurdly as they come. No effect on Mr. Travis. Carefully examining the distance, the quality of the lie, the slope of the turf on which the ball is to alight—he was, you will recall, about to play out of the "rough"—he shoots. An irrepressible "Ah!" breathes out from the gallery—many of whom are the unregenerate sort-of-man-who-never-got-below-100. For the ball not only leaves the long grass; it goes right on for another hundred or two hundred yards, as if lifted from the finest lie in the world. It is in these recoveries—and when holes are done in an average of four strokes for each, one after another, thirty-six holes running, a sliced or pulled drive must be neutralized at once or not at all—that these technicians are particularly impressive. It is no case of mere getting out with them. They must not only get out but go on as if there were no obstacle at all.

Mr. Travis's playing is always a delight to the eye. His weakness at Wheaton was a tendency to slice and pull his drives. So much did this bother him that he often gave up his wooden club and used an iron from the tee. The duel between the two former champions resolved itself finally into accuracy on the greens. The older man was more reliable in his longer game, but in short approaches and in putting, Travers was like an expert playing billiards. He holed out four times with a single putt in the morning round, as Travis did also, and in the afternoon ran down five single putts, three of them of about twelve feet each. For the seventh, eighth, and ninth holes he took but a total of eight strokes—3, 3, 2. Travers won in the morning round of eighteen holes, one up: in the afternoon, although two down at one time, he came through, and with a halved five on the thirty-fifth hole won the match, two up and one to play. The score of this match was as follows:

MORNING ROUND

Travers—Out	5	4	4	5	4	5	4	5	3—39
Travis—Out	6	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	5—39
Travers—In	3	5	6	5	3	4	3	4	4—37—76
Travis—In	5	5	5	5	4	4	3	5	4—40—79

AFTERNOON ROUND

Travers—Out	4	5	5	5	3	5	3	3	2—35
Travis—Out	4	4	4	4	4	6	4	4	4—38
Travers—In	5	5	4	5	4	4	3	5	x—
Travis—In	5	5	5	5	3	4	2	5	x—

The course at Wheaton is laid out over typical northern Illinois rolling prairie country, too level to provide any spectacular natural hazards. There are plenty of ingeniously laid sand pits, bunkers, and traps, however; the turf on one or two of the greens is undulated into tricky waves, and the ninth hole is over a pond. It is a short hole of only 130 yards, but it must be done very neatly or the player is in trouble. The green is raised on a sort of table, and unless the ball is pitched from the tee directly on to this, it rolls at once into difficulties. It was

Concluded on page 41

The genial Mr. Evans of Chicago, who finished as runner-up

SUMMARY OF NATIONAL GOLF TOURNAMENT.

Qual.	1st round.	2d round.	3d round.	Semi-finals.	Final.
163..M. E. Phelps, Midlothian	Phelps 10—9				
161..L. W. Maxwell, Exmoor					
161..H. Weber, Inverness	Weber 3—2	Phelps 6—5			
158..E. M. Byers, Allegheny			Travers 2—1		
166..J. D. Travers, Upper Montclair	Travers 5—4				
163..S. Sherman, Tahnundasis		Travers 2—1		Travers 7—5	
159..W. J. Travis, Garden City	Travis 3—1				
157—H. G. Legg, Minikahda					
162..C. G. Waldo Jr., Brooklawn	Waldo 2—1				
152..H. Hilton, England		Hunter 3—2			
153..P. Hunter, Midlothian	Hunter 10—8		Kerr 1 up 37 h.		
155..W. I. Howland Jr., Glen View					
154..H. K. Kerr, Ekwanok	Kerr 2 up				
164..K. P. Edwards, Midlothian		Kerr 1 up			
154..A. Seckel, Riverside	Seckel 1 up 37 h.				
169..C. W. Inslee, Oneida					
156..H. B. Lee, Detroit	Lee 4—3				
162..O. Kirkby, Englewood, N. J.		Evans 9—8			
152..C. Evans Jr., Edgewater	Evans 3—2		Evans 6—5		
163..A. W. Tillinghast, Buffalo					
155..R. E. Hunter, Midlothian	Hunter 5—4				
155..D. E. Sawyer, Wheaton		Schmidt 6—4		Evans 4—3	
164..H. Schmidt, Worcester	Schmidt 3—2				
163..K. L. Ames, Chicago					
160..W. P. Smith, Philadelphia	Smith 9—8				
163..A. Stillwell, Midlothian		Hunter 4—3			
161..N. F. Hunter, Scotland	Hunter 3—2		Wood 2 up 19 h.		
157..R. C. Watson, Westbrook					
163..W. C. Fownes Jr., Oakmont	Fownes 3—2				
156..H. A. Fleager, Skokie		Wood 7—6			
162..W. K. Wood, Homewood	Wood 5—3				
155..C. B. Devol, Riverside					

TRAVERS, 7—6.

The gallery circling the pond toward the tricky ninth hole during the Travers-Evans match

The automobiles were manned by the none-too-militant members of the New Haven league

Campaigning

Part II

By ANNE FORSYTH

IT WAS typical spring weather; the rain came down in torrents, and he was a heartless conductor who could push us out, even though we had reached the town hall of G——. When we stepped down in the dark, the mud of a red Connecticut road oozed up to our shins. Not one of us but would have gone on in the warmth and light of the trolley and not minded where it went. For six weeks we had been stumping Connecticut under the banners of the State Suffrage Association. There were five of us, led by the State organizer, and grown as wildly enthusiastic as she. By day we gave out handbills and suffrage literature from store to store or house to house. By night we held forth in town halls. We laughed at the snow and cold of Bridgeport and at the raw spring winds of New Britain. But when it rained for a week we were somewhat the worse for wear. The night we reached G—— it was hard for us to show proper interest in the enfranchisement of the sex.

THE ONLY SUFFRAGETTE IN TOWN

EVEN the New Yorker, who is bent on getting the vote for working girls, now said flatly: "Anyone who comes out to hear us talk a night like this is a goose."

"Don't say that with the hall costing ten dollars," protested the campaign organizer. She was still the Conscientious Slave Driver, but she was out of her soaking shoes and seated in front of the town-hall stove when she spoke. It had been a case of swim from the car door to the hall door; not a trace of sidewalk could be found. And the hall was none too cheerful. The smell of kerosene lamps, mingled with the drying fur of our coats, made it distinctly uninviting for an audience. The Bryn Mawr girl, with her naturally curly hair, of course, longed for the crowd. It was she who gave Mrs. Deutchman her heartiest greeting. The janitor brought Mrs. Deutchman in to us, followed by the town clerk, who had offices across the hall and was bound to see the fun.

"This here's the only suffragette in town," said the janitor in a loud voice. Naturally we flocked toward her, saying: "Have you voted?"

Mrs. Deutchman smiled so appealingly that we knew she had come for moral support and not to boast. "I vas in town meeting to speag von dem galvonized roads," she said simply.

"Did they let you speak?" asked the C. S. D. She is a Connecticutan herself and knows the ways of town meetings.

"They couldn't to help it," Mrs. Deutchman answered. "I yust vent on spcaging. Und they vas saying: 'Sit down, your a tam voman, you couldn't to speag.'"

ELOQUENCE COMES FROM THE HEART

WE HAD huddled about her, quite forgetting our stockinged feet. "What did you say?" begged the Bryn Mawr girl.

"I said all von dem galvonized roads. Last spring already they vas putting that galvonize down there. They tell't me the city costed it und I vas glad ve get it so fine. All somer die vasser vagen geht op und down, und der automobiles made fast on dat road. I vas rocking on my porch und not a bit dust vas comming. How could I know die vasser vas not costet by city? How could I know?"

She paused dramatically and looked about at each one of us, but none of us knew.

"Ven my taxes come I find oud alright. I got to pay von dat vasser. It ain't von city. I shouldn't to pay such a ting; I ain't voting to get it. I made to go in town meeting und say how I could do. Und a man got op vhat ain't got one cent to pay on taxes und he says ve should have more von dem galvonized roads."

Her voice rose higher and higher. As people straggled in to the meeting they joined our admiring circle about her.

"Yah, I am vid ye," she ended. "I vant vat der menner got vich makes it they could speag out in a meeting von taxes. I ain't paid no taxes; I ain't going t[illegible] Dem taxes is vaiting, und I says to hell vid 'em. I [illegible] no taxes."

[illegible] with laughter as they settled themselves, wet but cheerful, in the seats. Quite unconscious, Mrs. Deutchman grasped the C. S. D. with powerful hand. "If I could speag I vould make my living speaging, but I lack expression. It's too bad; I could speag about votes von vimen."

The meeting went off with great zest after that. Mrs. Deutchman never knew how well she had spoken for women. To tell the truth, each speaker was fired with ambition to reach her pitch of dramatic interest. And it was rather a height to reach, wherefore small wonder that we got fifty-nine signatures out of the sixty people present. That means so many enrolled members for the State Suffrage Association. We always called the signatures "scalps" and counted them on the car going home. Together with the collection, they represented a definite result for the evening's work. To be sure, the collection stood for something much more tangible. We packed it in a green baize bag and carried it to a small fried-egg establishment which was recommended by the railroad ticket agent as just the restaurant for ladies at midnight. There we each indulged in a fried-egg sandwich and a cup of queer tea. Notwithstanding some unmentionable features of the establishment, this tasted good to six hungry, weather-worn women.

The restaurant manager, like all the men we met, thought woman suffrage must be a joke. But the charity nurse artfully and gently gave him a pamphlet each night as she paid the bill. And in the first hours of the morning, when an occasional trainman was his only customer, he read this literature and seriously pondered the situation. At the end of the week he had convinced himself and some of the trainmen that we were right. An engineer offered to put one of our "Votes for Women" banners in his cab window; the brakeman on a way freight took another for his caboose, and the restaurant keeper begged for free literature to distribute from his cigar counter.

Friendliness and suffrage must go together. Because we smiled everyone we met smiled back

THE SUFFRAGE SMILE

EVERY little thing of this sort carries the propaganda so much further. The campaign party undoubtedly made as many friends for suffrage outside the halls as in them. The C. S. D. is a happy soul; she was born that way and can't help herself. And all the members of her crew, seeing how far a smile carries, made themselves over on the pattern of cheerfulness. Friendliness and suffrage must go together. As an old aunt of mine wrote from California: "It is so wonderful to be a human being. I never wanted to vote, but this is different; everyone is so friendly and so happy about it; women have come out of their shells and we all seem to be united in a big human family." It is the same feeling which the suffrage smile carried through Connecticut. Because we smiled everyone we met smiled back. Working women, caught by a feeling of kinship, would stop us on the street to tell why they needed the vote.

An elderly woman who clerks in a store told her tale thus:

"We have to work two nights a week, and we would be working six nights, but the club ladies fought it. They got us stools to sit on, too. Women are more apt to know what working women can stand and what they can't stand—they are more interested. It would be good to have women vote."

And there was another woman, whom we shall not forget, who came to us from a crowded tenement, just as dangerous as any tenement that could be found in New York.

"Couldn't you ladies help me?" she asked, holding out her baby. "The bad sewers is killing this one, and my boy died two months ago."

"Why don't you move?" we said.

"Move?" She smiled sadly. "I pay eight dollars a month for three rooms here. I can't get no place as cheap, and it's all the money I've got. How can I move?"

"I'M NOT SO IGNORANT I COULDN'T VOTE"

THERE were a dozen things wrong with the building, as she pointed out to us, and each one of them was covered by a city ordinance that might be enforced.

"Women ought to vote in this town, there's no doubt of that," burst from the outraged enthusiast, our C. S. D.

The woman's face brightened at the mention of voting. "So that's what ye're out for, are ye? Well, I want to vote too. I could fix this up if I had a say about it. I could use my vote better than some of these men around here do. You wouldn't catch me selling my vote for two dollars and then taking it out in drink. I'm not so ignorant I couldn't vote."

We looked at her, worn with the struggle, not a decent rag on, but what she had on was clean. "You could vote just as well as the best of them and perhaps better," we agreed.

She nodded her head, adding: "About some things, because I know. And there's not a woman in that tenement but would do the same thing."

At just this time we were working our way slowly up through the Connecticut River country, where charming bits of Colonial architecture are shuffled in with the meanest, cheapest barracks for foreign workmen. The rich people all live on the hilltops and the poor people live in the valley. The woman on the hill is so rich she says she doesn't want anything more. And the woman in the valley is so heavy with debt and work she can seldom pause to think what she wants. The feeling of the hill woman came out clearly at a suffrage tea which three antis attended for the purpose of heckling. As it happened, the speaker was our little New Yorker, who is an enthusiastic warrior of words. When questions and answers had gone back and forth for some time, she asked: "Is the questioner an anti? And will she state why she is opposed to other women's voting?"

THE NEEDS OF OTHER WOMEN

THE anti, unused to the rough ways of the world, made this rash answer: "My husband doesn't want me to vote. He gives me everything I ask for, and I have no reason to complain."

The little New Yorker was brutally frank: "Unfortunate husband to have a wife who is so comfortable that she cannot think of the needs of other women, and who is so unsisterly that she isn't interested in the women who have to take care of themselves and sometimes of their children, too, and of their sick husbands."

At this, of course, the panic-stricken hostess chocked the speaker with cakes and tea. And the anti, as she left the house, was heard to remark: "Poor Carrie, two

We had only to give out handbills and to ride back and forth in Main Street with advertising signs

for the Vote

An Account of the Adventures of Woman Enthusiasts Who Toured Connecticut for Suffrage

months ago she was my dearest friend, and now she chooses to associate with such creatures as that."

Many a woman, not interested in suffrage, had a hard time of it during the campaign, for she made the issue personal, and the personal is bound to be absurd. In that same city one day three fashionably dressed women sat in an uptown car when four of our campaigners got on wearing their news bags.

"Oh, dear, here they are," said one woman; "I hope no one gets up to give them a seat."

The men who sat near them overheard the remark and smiled. The Bryn Mawr girl, who also overheard, smiled charmingly. In amused bravado the men rose and bowed toward their seats. When the suffragists left the car some man on the platform said: "If they get off backward they ain't fit to vote."

But again the Bryn Mawr girl overheard, and with great effort she alighted her party face forward.

Luck was not always with the suffragists. Alas, far from it. What member of the campaign will forget the day when we entered the prettiest city of Hartford County, intending to stay a week? There was a working girls' home in that city, too, with a manager who thought campaigners should be content to sleep double in three-quarter beds, even when the beds stood in the hall.

Campaign and comfort were not synonymous terms that day, and our good cheer was too forced to carry weight. There was a morning's work behind us and an afternoon of bill posting to be survived before the evening meeting. If the hotel near the station looked comfortable it was because there was a hint of spring in the air, and we were bound to make the best of it.

A COUNTRY HOTEL

LATE that night things looked different. The hotel tea was poorer than usual; the fried eggs were hard and the beds, though large, were lumpy. As the fever of oratory died from my brain, I suddenly thought of Mary at home. Then came her parting and prophetic words: "Beware of a country hotel in America." This time the thought did not emanate from the brain, to the consternation of my lesser anatomy. First of all, there was a peculiar feeling of something running from elbow to shoulder, then suddenly came the thought of Mary and her unpatriotic remark. One can think these things, I know, with astonishing vividness, but one cannot catch the thought and impale it on a pin. I was soon content to wrap myself in a fur coat and curl up in a wicker rocking chair. Another American invention, that chair—it would rock, and every time a street car passed it burst into uncontrollable motion.

So I sat rocking, with eyes of reproach for the bed; it looked so innocent and white in the light. The milk carts passed and the sun came up. I tried to bathe in the private bathroom, which cost me a dollar extra. But the water was cold and the tub was dirty, and there was just enough towel for one's face, including the ears.

The first person we met as we left the hotel was a miserable fellow who carried our bags to the station. Yet even he said: "You're worn out with that hotel, Miss, I can see that all right. Nobody ever stays in this place overnight; they goes up to Hartford, where there's something you might call a hotel. You take it from me, Miss, and don't stay here."

We took it from him, the C. S. D. and I caught the next train for Hartford. When the nurse joined us at five, it was to say that she, too, had troubles. She had left us in the morning to carry window cards through several small towns on the route. At noon she entered a restaurant and chose a seat near the one other woman in the room. Very shortly the woman finished her lunch and went out, leaving the door open behind her. A very cross man who sat near got up at once and slammed the door, saying:

"Nothing but suffragettes and hogs in here."

Our shy nurse was so embarrassed at this that she did not finish her lunch, but rose to leave. As she paid her check the sympathetic smile of the cashier stirred her sense of humor. "All the suffragists are gone now," she said in a low voice, for the cashier alone to hear.

The man who stood behind her heard the remark, and, being no respecter of persons, he called in a loud voice: "Yes, the suffragettes are all gone; there's nothing left but the hogs."

Of course the restaurant crowd laughed, just as we did, and our poor little nurse was so embarrassed she fairly melted into tears.

Altogether that was a sad day. And yet, looking back on the weeks that followed, one discovers many a sadder occasion. That very night we came to a town

In Hartford we burst into cart-tail oratory. Bank presidents and prominent business men appeared in our midst. They discussed the possibility of electing a mayor on a moral issue

hall where the Christian Endeavor Society had given an amateur performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The village artist painted the scenery, and there it stood in bright green fields, with fences put on in perpendicular rows and daubs of white paint to represent cotton. Every time one of us rose to speak a small boy at the back of the hall would sing out: "Ah, there, Eva."

THE SPINNING WHEEL AND FALL RIVER

WE WERE saved only by the smallness of the boy and by the fact that we turned on all the voice we had and shouted the audience into silence. There is no telling what an audience will do when it gets started. Therein, to an extent, lies the excitement of public speaking, and the amateur orator of a local suffrage campaign has all the zest of uncertainty that could possibly come to a Presidential candidate. We had a pathetic and, at the same time, amusing evidence of this at one of our meetings on the Massachusetts border. The town grocer had suggested to our bill peddlers that we have the local representative for chairman. And we were on the point of doing so when the girl who had come from a Massachusetts college to take Eleanor's place said: "I don't believe I would do it; I think there's something wrong." She was one of the handbill people and had met the grocer, [illegible] we took her advice.

The night came, and with it came a whispered rumor that the representative had been elected as a joke. A small boy at the hall door told us further that he had asked all the town girls to marry him, and they had one and all refused. So when the meeting opened, the C. S. D. sent word down our line to look out for trouble when the representative arrived. The nurse had been forced, rebellious and trembling, into the chairmanship, and I was the first speaker—"Our Children and the Home."

A boy laughed at my sad story, and I was hypnotized into telling a story that did not fit; but, on the whole, all went well with me. It is strange how those irrelevant tales trouble one. Learning to speak is just like learning the bicycle—you get nicely started when up looms something in your mind which should not be there, and you make for it as straight as a die. Real live politicians have told me they have the same feeling, so it is not just one of the limitations of woman's mind. On this occasion I escaped very well; there was no header, and most of the audience failed to notice a scramble to get back on the right thought.

When I sat down the little New Yorker who knows working girls began to make the connection between our grandmother's spinning wheel and Fall River. The C. S. D. was to wind it up with a flourish of democracy—rather a neat piece of teamwork, we thought.

"BRAZEN HUSSIES"

ALAS for the spinning wheel. It was just getting nicely under way when a titter of laughter from the back of the hall turned every eye toward the door. At the door stood a tall, thin, angular creature, gotten up in the very latest fashion for evening wear, and topped off with a silk hat. It was our friend the representative, come late to show the village people, and the suffragists perhaps, just how grandly citified he could be. Scarcely a person in the audience had seen a top hat and swallow tail in actual operation. One wave of laughter followed another. The boys whistled and beat their feet; the uproar was hopeless. The spinning wheel retired to a corner and would not come forth again. When the little New Yorker could get the attention of the audience, she told the saddest story she knew and sat down amid gay applause.

A brief quotation from Abraham Lincoln, favoring woman suffrage, and a long quotation from Miss Jane Addams saved the hour for democracy. When the collection basket went around, the representative put in a dollar bill. But, although that just made up the hall rent, the C. S. D. said savagely:

"Five dollars wouldn't cover the damage."

As night followed night we came to expect some little stir of excitement. One night a mother sent her son to ask which we were, "Daughters of the Revolution or suffragists," and we sent back word that we were both.

One night we arrived at the hall to find that it held just twenty people and was filled with suffragists, while out in the street stood two hundred people who represented our future hope. We trust the inside people never knew, but our best speakers held forth outside.

And again, may it never be known to twenty-eight maiden ladies and six widows who live on one street in the quaint old town of K——, we wagered to get their signatures and failed. They rattled the jet on their bonnets as we worked over them. Then, whispering "brazen hussies," they slipped quietly out of the hall.

In Hartford we burst into cart-tail oratory. We had tried hard enough to be quiet and [illegible] the temptation was irresistible. Given a sleepy day, an automobile, and a Sparks from the [illegible] were off. The Mayor gave us a [illegible] some very good advice. The Chief of Police [illegible]

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His clothes were torn—and it appeared that he, the scoffer, still wore next his heart the thin thread, the holy thread, of his caste

Strength of the Little Thin Thread

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES SARKA

IBRAHIM FADLALLAH shrugged his shoulders: "You do not understand, my friend. You cannot get it through your head that it is impossible to destroy caste and to create fraternity by Act of Parliament. Allah—you can't even do it in your own country."

"But modern progress—the telegraph—the democracy of the railway carriage—" interrupted the American.

"You can compel a Brahmin to sit in the same office and to ride in the same railway compartment with a man of low caste, but you can never force him to eat with him or to give him his daughter in marriage. You spoke of those who are educated abroad—and even they, my friend, when they return to Hind, drift back into caste and the ways of caste. For there is a little thread—oh, such a tiny, thin little thread—which binds them to their own land, their own kin, their own caste. And it seems that they have not the strength to break it—this little thread. Ah, yes! Let me tell you something which occurred last year—a true tale—and please do not forget the thread, the little thread—

"Now the whole thing was like a play in one of your theatres—it was staged, dear one, and well staged. The scene was the great hall in which meets the caste tribunal of a certain Brahmin clan. Imagine, if you please, a huge quadrangle, impressively bare but for a low dais at one end, covered with a few Bengali shawls and an antelope skin or two—ah!—and then the dramatic atmosphere. Not the atmosphere of death—oh, no!—much worse than death, much worse. For what is death compared to the loss of caste? And that afternoon they were going to try a man who had polluted his blood, who had sinned a great sin, a sin more heinous than the killing of cows—not a sin according to your code of laws—but then they were men of a different race, and [illegible] your sins—eh?—and mayhap their [illegible] your virtues.

[illegible] his Holiness Srimat Muniswamappa Rama-Swami, and on either side of him stood anxious disciples who looked with awe at his thin, clean-shaven lips and fanned his holy old poll with silver-handled yak tails. Near him sat the pleader and a few Brahmin grandees, whom he was in the habit of consulting in cases of importance. At a respectful distance were the men of the clan: they filed in slowly, prostrating themselves in turn before the Swami and uttering the name of the presiding deity with trembling lips, while his Holiness smiled a contemplative smile, and while his fingers counted the beads on his rosary. The proceeding opened with a sermon pronounced by the Swami. First, he praised Ganesa, Sarasvati, and half a dozen other assorted deities, and then with a great abundance of detail and many long-winded quotations he set forth the duties of the twice-born. He told them that a Brahmin should not break up clods of earth nor tear up the grass under his feet; that he should not look at the setting sun, the rising sun, the sun in eclipse, the image of the sun in a pool of water; that he should not point at the stars with fingers of irreverence; that he should not sleep with his head turned toward the north or west; that he should abstain from cutting his nails with his teeth, from using the same toothstick more than once, from eating off plates used by others, and from wearing sandals worn by strangers—and a thousand such foolish injunctions. The assembly was politely bored, but the Swami enjoyed himself hugely. For it gave him an opportunity to show his great learning and his wonderful memory, and then, like most holy men, he loved to lay stress on the outward emblems of his faith. He illustrated his sermon by relating several horrid examples, chiefly that of a wicked barber who had shaved a Brahmin with a razor which had been polluted by the shadow of a low-caste falling on it. Finally, he commented on the advent of modernity and expounded with more lengthy and tiresome quotations how the devils of progress, skepticism, irreverence, and anarchy were making headway amongst the twice-born, how the young Brahmins were making their names a name of scorn in the present world and spoiling their chances for the future world.

"Then he whispered a word to the pleader, who called up the case of Chaganti Samashiva Rao, a young Brahmin accused of having sullied his caste by marrying an infidel. There was a commotion at the door, and then Rao appeared, struggling furiously in the arms of half a dozen muscular youngsters. The pleader explained that Rao had studied in Boston and that he had brought home with him a girl, a native of the land of the foreigners and a Christian, whom he had married according to the laws of the Americans. He had thus polluted himself, his father, his mother, his cow, and his caste. Here the pleader was silent for a few moments to let the atrocity of the crime soak into all hearts, and then he asked the assembly for a verdict. And the assembly shouted like one man: 'Let him lose caste. Drive him out. Drive him out.' But Rao rose and declared he was going to make a speech. He said he would tell the old fossils, including his Holiness Srimat Muniswamappa Rama-Swami, what he thought of them. There were roars of: 'Throw him out!' 'Stop his unclean mouth!' and angry hands were raised. But his Holiness smiled a thin, mocking smile and bade the assembly be quiet and listen to what the defendant would have to say for himself. Rao acknowledged this permission with a sarcastic bow of gratitude, pulled out his cuffs—he wore English clothes—and proceeded to shock the grave assembly greatly by declaring that he did not give a 'whoop in Hades'—such was the expression he used, he being a perfect English scholar—for all the Brahmins, all the Swamis, and all the caste tribunals in the length and breadth of Hindustan. He

(*Continued on page 39*)

A Big Breezes Kaleidoscope

The Montana Schoolmarm's View of Daily Life in a Town That's Still Wild and Woolly

By MARION SHERRARD

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

¶ *The second of a series of three papers, by Marion Sherrard, giving the experiences of a University of Chicago woman in teaching a Rocky Mountain school in Montana.*

The Pioneer Family

THE mother and father of the Prowley family came to Montana across the prairies in '65. They therefore insist upon making life a continual struggle. They are always wishing for the good old times, when there were no roads, when they were snowed in fifteen feet in the winter time, when the ranches were twenty-five miles apart, and flour and sugar were a dollar a pound.

The father is tall, silent, and severe. He has wide, rusty wrinkles around his eyes and mouth. His forehead is like a threatening precipice. He thinks only of beef steers and the price of hay, and when his temper gets "wriggled," he swears like a sawmill gone mad.

The mother's one achievement in life was the ride out from Missouri on the top of a sack of potatoes on a freight wagon, pursued night and day by Indians. Since then she has been gloomily scrubbing, washing, milking, piecing quilts out of old pants and overall legs, and ripping up flour sacks to make dresses for the girls. When the cows do not come home until twelve, she crawls out of her warm bed and goes out into the twenty below to milk.

Her watchword is: "My God, this house is dirty!" and when she smiles she looks as if she were committing a deadly sin.

The old couple seem to have no yearning for the things of either this world or the next, and live only that when they die the district schoolmarm may write a long eulogy, beginning with death claims one of our oldest and best-beloved pioneers, etc., which will be published in the town paper.

Visiting with the pioneer family is a series of bald privations. They still sleep on hay mattresses and dwell under a mud roof, which leaks when it rains or snows. There are wide cracks in the walls where the daubing has fallen out. Quite recently they have allowed themselves the luxury of a rough lumber floor, where before they walked on frozen ground. In a few months the woman has planed and smoothed the rough planks with her knees and a scrubbing brush.

The eight children, who are not supposed to possess any particular personality or sex, sit on long benches and pore over catalogues. The only event in their lives is meals, and they all eat as if in camp pursued by Indians. Breakfast, at five, consists of frozen butter spread on cold bread in thirty-below weather. There is always a pail of rich cream in the cupboard, yet we must drink skimmed milk in our coffee. The hens sometimes lay a dozen eggs a day, but those that cannot be sold are saved. When they kill a beef they eat the insides boiled and sell the rest.

Only the kitchen is heated, but they allow themselves the luxury of taking off their shoes and stockings by the stove. Then they crawl into icy beds, where all night the wakeful cold nags at their spines and the whole house pops and grunts in the wind. And yet, with all these spectacular hardships, the pioneer family is worth seventy thousand dollars.

It was a cold, bleak morning. The clock said seven, yet there was only a gray blur of day. It was very silent in the Prowley household. I tiptoed to the kitchen; the stove was cold and all was desolate. The family were seated around the stove, the children on the long benches, the parents in the two stiffbacked chairs. I shivered—they all looked so uncanny and dead. I wondered if they could have frozen there in the night. Creepily, I touched the nearest boy. He started, and then I realized that the pioneer family had all gone to sleep waiting for daylight.

The "Little God" of Big Breezes

THE Big Breezes saloon keeper has hard, shiny eyes with gray-blue pupils, like little oyster shells. When he talks, his lips fairly squirm. They say that he was a very bad man before he changed his name and came to Big Breezes to open the "Hot Spot" saloon. But now he is one of the most respected and feared men in the Basin; his friends even boast that he can drink a gallon of whisky straight without ever showing it.

Mr. Muggins, besides being the proprietor of the most exclusive saloon in town, is the sheriff, justice of the peace, notary public, clerk of the school, and general "Little God" of the Basin, for, although he spends his nights handing out drinks and kicking out drunks, he spends his days reading ancient history and preaching on brotherly love, with himself as the text.

He, his wife, and their five children live in the log cabin next to the saloon, and, as a special favor, they have taken me to board.

Mrs. Muggins considers herself the most exclusive aristocrat in the Basin. She is a pretty little scandal-thinking woman, who is very much married down and seems to somehow have lost the juice of things.

THE saloon keeper furnishes us with a great deal of excitement and scenery. We hear all of the big saloon brawls and go to sleep to the clashing of glasses and scuffling of unsteady feet.

In the middle of the night those who are still able to be abroad fall up against our house, sometimes smashing in the windowpanes. On Sundays the "loose drunks" lie on our front porch, trying all day vainly to lift an arm or a foot.

On special occasions—the saloon keeper's birthday, for instance, when Mr. Muggins treats the entire Basin—there is not a sober man in town, except the bunch who can't drink enough to get drunk; the streets are almost carpeted with those "in soak," and new people coming to town must tie their teams and thread their way on foot through the jumble of arms and legs. And still there is hardly packing room in the saloon.

"You see all them drunks lying out there?" remarked Mrs. Muggins. "Well, each one of them means at least five dollars, and my husband's got a hundred or two out of some of them. You see, he gets their last nickel if it ain't in the bank, and, even then, he gets their dough as long as they're able to sign checks. Of course next morning they come to him and complain that they've been robbed. Then he persuades them that they really never had no money, but only felt rich because they was drunk. Then he lends them five dollars and they think

(Continued on page 32)

When Bachy Bum rode into town on Halloween night, his horse was going so fast that you couldn't see his feet

Nobs

Being an Accurate Record of the Experiences of Lord Montague Porringer in His Endeavor to Exploit the Nobility of England

By J. STORER CLOUSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

IV—Exposing the Peerage

ON THE pavement of New Bond Street stood a small group of men who appeared unfamiliar with that fashionable thoroughfare. In a street where everybody makes a point of looking as though he had either just come out of a jeweler's shop with a fifty-guinea trinket in his pocket, or just paid a five-guinea fee to the latest fortune-telling phenomenon from Egypt, or just met a duke, or at the very least just got out of his motor car, this group attracted considerable attention. The door immediately opposite bore the number 546, and from a window over it Lord Montague Porringer happened to glance down into the street. Though exceedingly busy with the details of his now enormous business, he was a young man of an observant habit, and he paused on principle to contemplate, and if possible diagnose, these strange visitants. His secretary, who was the soul of curiosity, laid down his pen and joined him instantly.

"What do you think they are?" said he.

"They are in their best clothes," said Monty, "and they have never been in Bond Street before. They are therefore either part of a cheap trip from Sheffield, come to see a football match, a party of constituents, come to embarrass their member, or a deputation of sorts."

"Yes," said Algie, who always received his cousin's opinions with the greatest respect, "I suppose they must be."

"They don't look lively enough to have just stepped out of a public house," continued Monty, "so they can't have come up for a football match. Constituents don't generally wander so far from the House of Commons; therefore they must be a deputation."

"They are staring at this house!" exclaimed Algie.

THE group seemed indeed to have its attention riveted on No. 546, and presently they crossed the street. The next moment a number of heavy footfalls, accompanied by the gentle squeaking of shoe leather, could be heard ascending the stairs. On the floor below the offices of "Nobs" were the apartments of a mesmeric and massage expert, but the footsteps passed his door and continued to ascend. On the floor above a company formed for the removal of superfluous hairs had its headquarters. The strangers were bearded to a man, and for a moment Lord Montague supposed they must be ambitious of presenting a smoother surface. But no, they paused upon his own landing, and after a minute or two's earnest conversation in hushed voices, there came a firm knock upon the door.

"They have made a mistake evidently," said Monty. "However, open the door, Algie."

THE strangers entered, five strong, headed by a grave, determined-looking individual, whose boots had the loudest squeak of any. Their heads all remained covered.

"Won't you take off your hats?" Lord Montague suggested politely.

In a voice as firm as his countenance, the leader replied:

"We don't take off our 'ats to members of the aristocracy."

"I respect your sentiments," said his lordship politely; "I only trust they do not prevent your taking a seat."

The five had apparently no conscientious scruples on this point, for they seated themselves deliberately.

"And now, gentlemen—" began Monty in his blandest accents.

He was interrupted instantly.

"Don't 'gentlemen' us!" said the leader sternly. "No 'ated class distinctions for me!"

"Nor for me!" echoed each of the other four.

His lordship tried again.

"Comrades!" he said—and a low murmur of assent rewarded his discernment—"what can I do for you?"

The leader looked at him fixedly.

"Is it understood that what we says is strictly private and confidential?"

"Nothing that transpires in this apartment is ever revealed."

"Well," said the stern man with a reassured air, "it's all right if we have the word of a gentleman—"

He interrupted himself hurriedly, and his friends coughed. When he resumed, it was in a sterner tone than ever.

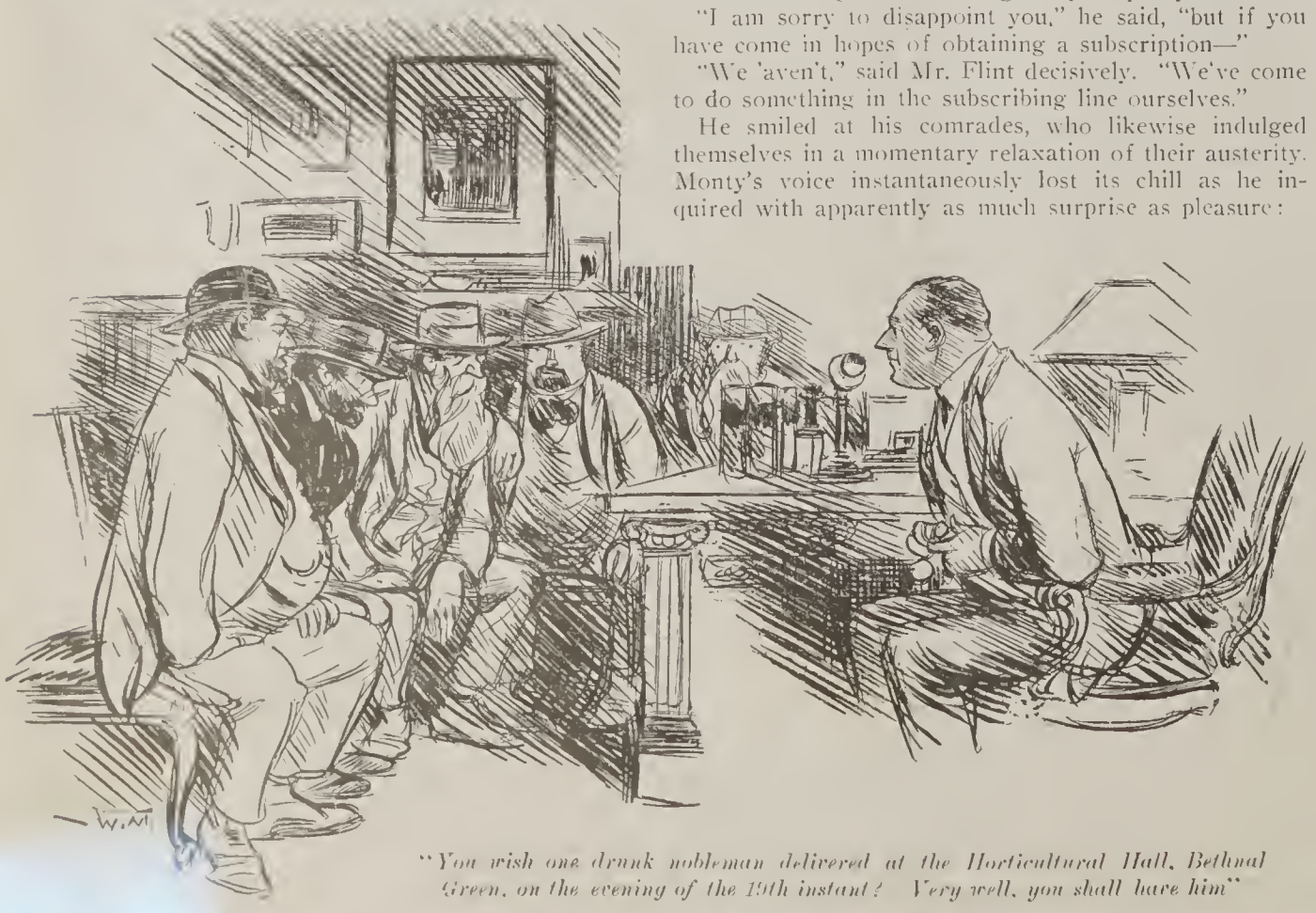
"My name," he announced, "is Flint; these 'ere are Comrades Cook, Byles, Dickson, and Squelch. We have come as a deputation from the East London Socialistic Federation."

Lord Montague's manner grew perceptibly chillier.

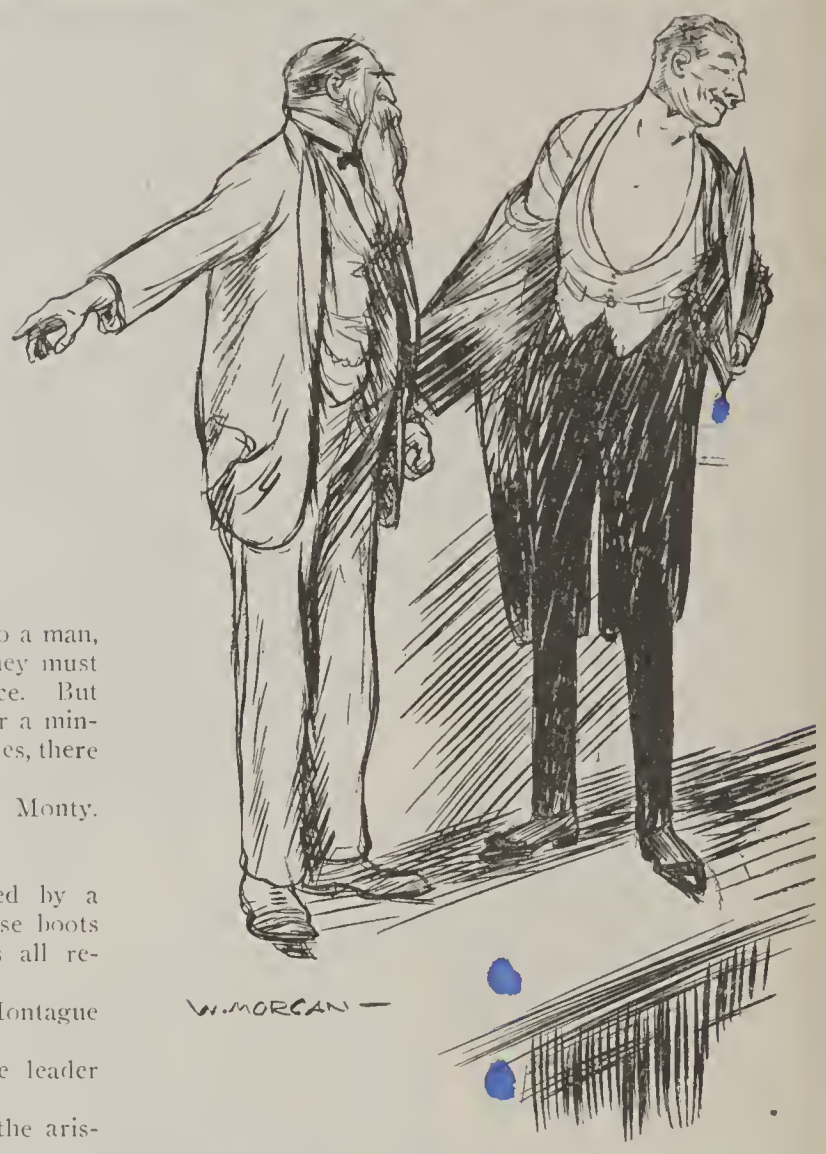
"I am sorry to disappoint you," he said, "but if you have come in hopes of obtaining a subscription—"

"We 'aven't," said Mr. Flint decisively. "We've come to do something in the subscribing line ourselves."

He smiled at his comrades, who likewise indulged themselves in a momentary relaxation of their austerity. Monty's voice instantaneously lost its chill as he inquired with apparently as much surprise as pleasure:



"You wish one drunk nobleman delivered at the Horticultural Hall, Bethnal Green, on the evening of the 19th instant? Very well, you shall have him"



"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, taking off his coat, "the nex' item will be a six-roun' contest between me and—"

"You have come to consult me professionally, gentle—er—comrades?"

Mr. Flint nodded gravely, bent forward in his chair, and in a confidential voice inquired:

"You 'ires out peers, I b'lieve?"

"Good heavens!" said Lord Montague to himself, "they're a dashed swimming club!"

Aloud he explained with as little irritation as possible:

"I deal in P-E-E-R-S, not P-I-E-R-S."

"Well," said Mr. Flint, "that's the sort we're after."

"You actually want a peer of the realm—a nobleman?"

"We do."

"My dear fellows," said Monty with a serious expression, "I'm willing to do practically anything in the way of business, but you must tell me a little more about this. What do you mean to do with the body?"

"We don't mean to *'arm* him!" cried Mr. Flint.

Monty looked relieved.

"Oh?" he said. "Only a little tar and feathering—that sort of thing? If you don't mind paying rather a fancy price, I could easily get you a peer who'd place himself at your disposal."

THE deputation shook their heads.

"We wants to expose 'im!" cried Mr. Squelch, a short, prosperous-looking Socialist.

"That's it!" said Mr. Flint. "We wants to show the people of England the peerage as it really is! We wants to put a nobleman—a real nob—on the platform of the Bethnal Green 'Orticultural Society's 'all on the hevening of the 19th instant, and show him up!"

"Show him up?" repeated Monty.

"Yes, comrade, that's what we mean to do! That 'all can 'old seven 'undred people, and by opening the windows 'undreds more can get a peep! We propose to *convince* the workingmen of England that the bloated aristocracy is rotten—convince 'em by showing 'em an *example*—that's what we propose!"

"Do you want him to talk to them—or what?"

Mr. Flint grew still more confidential, and the rest of the deputation hitched their chairs forward with a secretive air.

"Yes," said the leader, "we want him to talk; the more he talks the better—providing he's 'ad his dinner first!"

"His dinner?" repeated Monty.

The deputation exchanged glances which seemed to indicate a delicate disbelief that a member of the aristocracy could be so ignorant of the failings of his order.

"Well, come now," smiled Mr. Flint, "what does a nob 'ave to drink with his dinner? Champagne, o' course! And what 'appens when he's had his whack of champagne?"

"Gets drunk," said Mr. Squelch emphatically.

Lord Montague smiled with full comprehension and took out his notebook.

"You wish one drunk nobleman delivered at the Horticultural Hall, Bethnal Green, on the evening of the

19th instant? Very well; you shall have him. The fee is one hundred guineas."

The deputation started and looked at one another.

"Can't you make it eighty-five?" suggested Mr. Flint.

"My dear comrade," smiled his lordship, "think what you are getting for your money! And remember that this is inclusive of the cost of a champagne dinner."

"It's the Federation's funds, comrade," whispered Mr. Squelch.

A few minutes later the deputation withdrew with a satisfied air.

"HOW many do you see?" inquired Monty.

Lord Rockington gazed solemnly at the electric lamps on the table.

"Still only one," he replied.

Monty refilled his glass.

"I don't want to hurry you, my dear fellow," he said, "but time is passing, and my professional reputation is at stake. I've undertaken to deliver a certain article in a certain condition. Come along, Rockington; be a man!"

Lord Rockington sighed.

"It's an extraordinary thing," said he, "how having to do a thing puts one off doing it. You should have told me to keep dead sober, Monty. Then, by gad, you'd have had me in fighting form inside half an hour!"

"My dear old boy," his friend replied, "it's the fault of your infernal constitution. You're far too fit; that's what's the matter. But don't let yourself get discouraged. Keep pegging away. You must get the better of any constitution soon!"

Lord Rockington was indeed a healthy animal. He stood six feet two in his socks, measured forty-four inches round the chest, and had a fist like a dumpling. Under ordinary circumstances his face was perpetually wreathed in the happiest and most infectious smile; even his recent bankruptcy had been unable to chase away that gift of the good fairies, but to-night it had vanished.

Lord Rockington was seated in a comfortable attitude upon the floor of the platform with Comrades Flint and Squelch at either shoulder, endeavoring apparently to persuade him to rise; but his lordship mirthfully shook his head

"If I could only afford it, I'd send the beastly check back and go off to the club and play bridge!" he exclaimed moodily. "It's the sense of responsibility that's so sobering—even more than my constitution."

It was at this crisis that Monty was visited by one of those flashes of inspiration which distinguished the man of genius from the mere mortal.

"Waiter!" he cried, "bring me a sheet of paper and an envelope." He turned again to his friend. "And now," he said, "hand me back that check."

"What!" cried Rockington. "You really mean to send it back?"

"I do."

Lord Rockington's smile returned.

"Now," he cried hilariously, "I can begin to enjoy myself!"

And with that he emptied his glass and filled it again in a trice with a hand that already quivered.

Lord Montague took a fountain pen from his pocket and had just addressed the envelope when he was startled by a low exclamation from his friend.

"Good Heavens!" he cried, gazing intently at the lamp. "I—I shee three!"

Monty put the envelope in his pocket and rose with a triumphant air.

"Come!" he said.

THE Bethnal Green Horticultural Hall had seen many impressive spectacles, from prize cabbages to prize fights, but never in all its history had it held a more crowded and expectant audience. The night was fortunately warm, so that the windows could be kept open, and the crowd without were able to obtain a very fair view of the proceedings. On the posters the names of Flint and Squelch were conspicuous, but in even larger capitals (of a patrician purple) gleamed the two words, "Lord Rockington." For some days past reports had been industriously circulated concerning this debased nobleman's character and exploits, and as these had been obtained by the scientific method of adding together the failings of six typical peers and dividing them by one, the result was well calculated to instruct the proletariat.

Comrade Squelch had already excited his audience to the highest degree of fervor by an impassioned oration; and Comrade Flint, with the skill of a practiced speaker, was now making the minutes pass pleasantly and profitably till the sensation of the evening should commence. He had told them several anecdotes in his best style, and asked a number of the most popular conundrums, such as: "Why is a duke like a carrot?" and "What is the difference between a peer's brains and his trousers?" when he heard at last the hum of an approaching car.

MR. FLINT paused dramatically, listened tensely for an instant, and then in a hoarse whisper and a manner that would have done credit to any actor on the stage exclaimed: "'Is lordship comes!" So much humor did he instill into this phrase that the mirth had not yet subsided as his lordship stepped upon the platform.

Gradually the laughter died away; a grin or two lingered, but even these faded out, and the profoundest silence fell upon that expectant audience. What precisely they had expected to happen, they would have found it hard to say. What actually was happening was that they were being solemnly stared at by a very big and formidable-looking young man, with frowning brows and an extraordinarily serious expression. Gravely and in perfect silence he surveyed the meeting, and then suddenly the blandest smile broke over his sunburnt face. It widened and grew ever more infectious till, like a ray of sunshine gradually flooding a whole room, the smile was reflected from every face in the hall. And then his lordship began to laugh.

Sitting outside in the car, wrapped in modest obscurity, Monty was startled by what seemed for a moment a species of explosion. Suddenly and violently hundreds of people were laughing. He had intended to remain in obscurity, but there was something so alarming in the vehemence of this demonstration that he leaped out and hurried toward an open window. Looking over the heads of the crowd, he could see that Lord Rockington was seated in a comfortable attitude upon the floor of the platform, with Comrades Flint and Squelch at either shoulder, endeavoring apparently to persuade him to rise. By this time the laughter had become drowned by cries of "Speech!" rising from all parts of the hall; but for some minutes his lordship mirthfully shook his head.

At last, moved by the very earnest solicitations of Messrs. Squelch and Flint, he made a violent effort and rose waveringly to his feet. Then, in a confidential and almost affectionate manner, he addressed the assembled democrats:

"Gen'lemen and ladies, being shomewhat unaccustomed to public shpeaking, I pr'pose to give you a song (I only know two. Which'll you have—'Pop Goes the King' or 'God Shave the Weasel'?"

"The weasel!" cried the delighted audience, and in response to this appeal, his lordship, in a powerful and pleasant barytone voice, surprised and gratified them by singing: "'Way Down Upon the Suwanee River."

"That's nothing to do with a weasel, I'm 'traid," he explained apologetically at the conclusion of this ditty, "but I kep' on thinking somehow a weasel would pop in, don't you know. However, I tell you what, I'll try another and see if that has a weasel in it."

THE next experiment was "Off to Philadelphia in the Morning," and, though it was equally deficient in weasels, his audience joined so heartily in the chorus that his confidence seemed quite restored.

"Tell you what!" he cried, "I'll dance a weasel hornpipe!"

And thereupon, with agility, he danced a hornpipe.

By this time his audience were on such good terms with their noble entertainer that they positively refused to listen to his request for a rest, and his lordship thereupon called for a pack of cards and a hat.

Meanwhile Comrades Flint and Squelch were having a sharp argument with Lord Montague.

"We'll 'ave our money back if we 'ave to sue you in every court in England!" cried Mr. Flint. "We didn't order no music 'all star; we ordered a peer!"

"But he is!" protested Monty.

"A peer doing all them things as well as that!" cried Mr. Squelch. "I don't believe you!"

"And, any'ow, he's got to stop and clear out o' this!" said Mr. Flint. "He's doing *'arm*—that's what he's doing! Paying a hundred guineas for doing all this mischief to the cause! 'E's got to stop this blessed concert quick!"

The two indignant comrades hastened back into the hall just as a bowler hat and a pack of cards had been collected.

"'Ere!" cried Mr. Flint, springing up on to the platform. "You've made a fool of yourself long enough; you've got to get out!"

Lord Rockington looked Mr. Flint up and down, at first with genial surprise and then with a rather different expression. Then he turned to the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, deliberately taking off his coat, "the nex' item will be a six-roun' contest between me and—"

But Mr. Flint had quitted the platform; nor could the earnest objurgations of a sport-loving audience induce any member of the Federation to enter the ring.

"Very, very, very sorry to dis'point you," said his lordship with the most ingenuous regret, "but that bein' so, the only possible conceivable thing to do is to sing you my other song, 'Pop'—no—'God Save the King!' Mind, you all join in the chorus!"

THE stern protests of the Federation leaders went quite unheeded. The hall rang with the hated monarchical anthem, and then Lord Rockington, in a brief humorous speech, largely about weasels, declared the meeting dissolved.

"I say, dear old fellow," he said to his fellow patrician as they drove westward, "can't you get that Sosh'listic Fed'ration 'to gi' me a regular engagement'?"

Lord Montague promised to do his best, but though he sounded the Federation on the subject he received no reply whatever to his communication.

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The Campaig

"The thing that the bosses ain't got ont

DRAWN BY FL

the Crossroads

hat the people are goin' to rule themselves"

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"The music starts. It makes me dream that I can see the British redcoats bombarding old Fort McHenry at Baltimore, way back in 1814.

"I can see an unknown poet of Maryland, Francis Scott Key, putting out in a small boat to the British lines. He wants the British to release a civilian friend whom they've captured. Instead they take Key a prisoner, too.

"I hear the sounds of battle by night. I can see the prisoner on the British frigate, straining at his irons, to see by the cannon flashes if the stars and stripes still wave over old Fort McHenry.

"When at last the ghostly gray dawn steals through the sky, he sees the colors still floating in the breeze. And the music makes me picture Francis Scott Key, seized with that immortal inspiration, writing with trembling emotion:

"'Oh, say does that star spangled banner still wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?'"

(*Name on Request.*)

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John Drew, Nina Sevening (to his right); Mary Boland (to his left), and Margaret Watson in "The Perplexed Husband"

Some of the New Plays

Shaw's and Pinero's Latest — and Others of a Crowded Opening Season

By ARTHUR RUHL

MR. JOHN DREW is again on Broadway, Mr. Belasco has made his autumn bow; Shaw, Pinero, Augustus Thomas, and various native sons are on view. First nights fall like autumn leaves—else how, say the managers, can the yawning chains of theatres on the "road" be filled?—and the dizzy reporter can but dip here and there, and then on to the next one.

Here are a few such dips, and, first of all, let us salute our old friend Mr. Shaw and his deliciously funny "Fanny's First Play."

It is, in a way, a new Mr. Shaw who greets us here—or is it merely that his audience has changed? The steely unconcern which hurt people's feelings, when Mr. Shaw first began to cut and slash at cant and try to pierce the crust which incases the Englishman as its shell incases the lobster, is mellowed a bit. The Puritan relaxes. Mr. Shaw has had his say—something may be taken for granted now. He is not above joining in the general gayety with his own dry smile.

"FANNY'S FIRST PLAY"

FANNY is a very modern young woman —a Cambridge coed—to whom the Shavian fireworks are a mere matter of course.

She writes a play, for which an indulgent father, a century or so less "advanced" than she, arranges a private performance to be witnessed by four representative London critics. These gentlemen are to express their opinions without knowing the author.

Mr. Shaw has always maintained that he could criticize his own plays better than anyone else—"Bring on your critic," as he put it, "and I'll criticize his head off." And here he does it, to the queen's taste.

We first are treated to "Fanny's First Play"—a characteristic Shaw satire on British lower middle-class ideas and ideals—then the four critics solemnly march out and tell what they think of it. One finds in the piece the "hackneyed Shaw touch," and sums it all up as the oldest sort of "Ibsenite drivel": one recalls that he has already proved Shaw "physiologically incapable of passion"; another, a deliciously boneheaded, rather sporting young man, whose criticisms are immensely valuable to the manager, because you may be sure that if *he* likes a play there'll be thousands in London who'll like it too—can't give any opinion, naturally, until he knows who the author is. "Yes," he demands, "but who wrote it? You don't say the same thing about a play by Pinero, for instance, that you do about one by Henry Arthur Jones, now *do* you? If it's a good author it's a good play. If it's a bad author it's a bad play, and there you are—what?"

In short, through these four men—each easily identified in London, and quite real enough as types elsewhere—Mr. Shaw, in as amusing a bit of work as he has ever done, stands up his critics in a row and pricks them like so many toy balloons.

Talking about the wittiest man now writing for the English stage is, however, rather useless—see the play if you can. Compared to the fancy skating of this eccentric genius, most of the other authors of the moment seem to be shuffling about on the ice in their galoshes.

"WITHIN THE LAW"

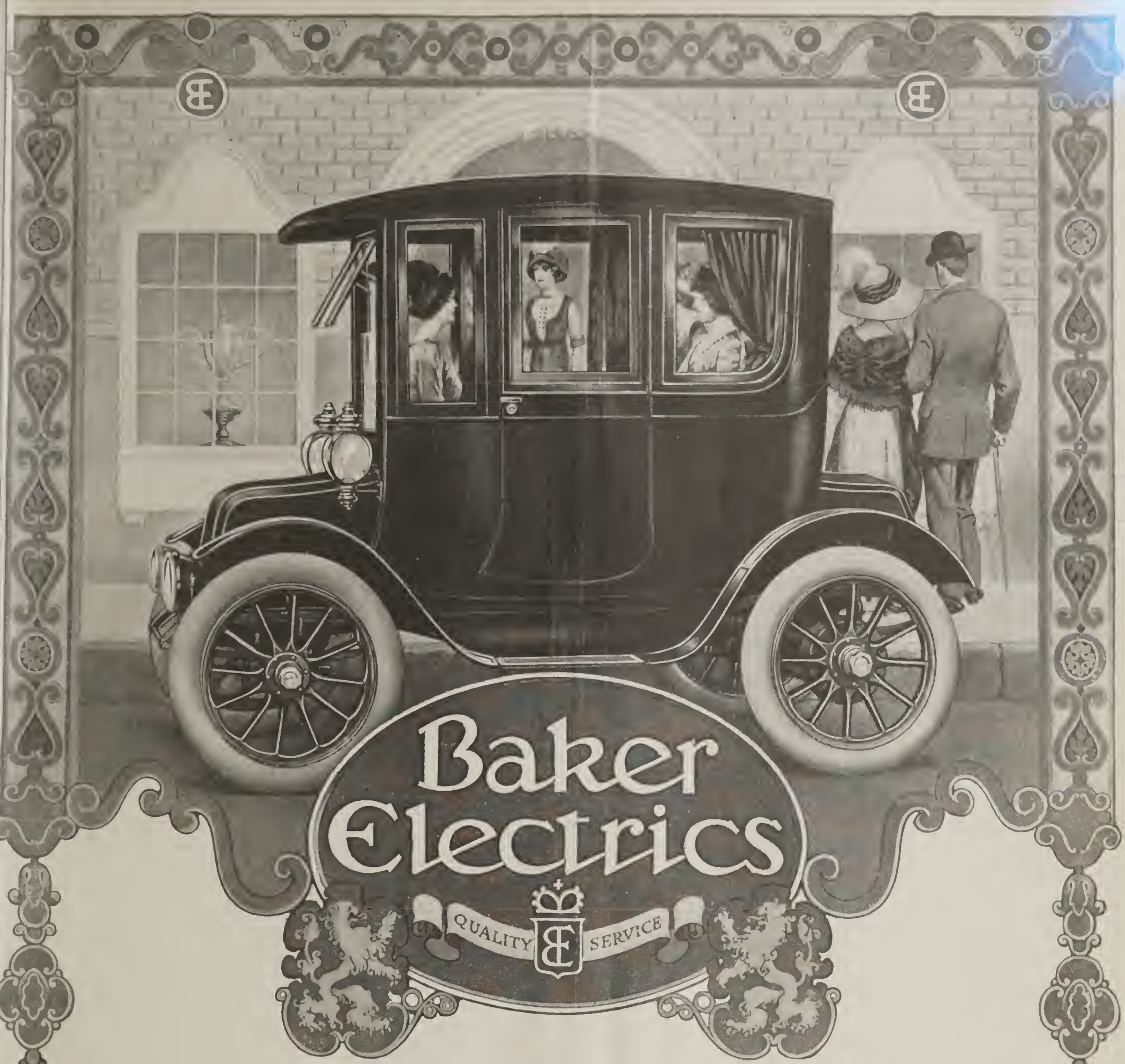
ONE may heartily recommend, nevertheless, the "Within the Law" of one of our own writers, Mr. Bayard Veiller. This is timely detective melodrama—terse and amusing from beginning to end. A shop girl, sent to prison for three years for a theft of goods of which she was innocent, swears that she will make those who put her there pay. And pay they do. Starting out in a mood of genuine sympathy, we presently find ourselves hissing the villain in the jolly fashion of true melodrama. Down with the wicked department store magnate who won't pay his girls enough to live on! Ha-ha for the chuckle-headed police whom these "wise," self-contained crooks, with their ironic slang, outwit in action as easily as they do in repartee. And the particularly quaint part is that their victories are kept—by the help of a lawyer and the former shop girl's wits—within the law. Here is the "crook play" with a new twist. The proprieties are satisfied—the spectator is stern about this, however much he enjoys the crimes vicariously committed earlier in a piece—by the punishment of one of the band who goes outside the pact and breaks the law, and by the girl's final decision to fall in love with her former employer's son, reform, and live respectably ever after.

Miss Jane Cowl's velvety beauty and often absent-minded manner are not in the least suited to the keen, crisp necessities of the principal part, but as she gets the better of the enemy just the same nobody minds that. Mr. William Mack plays a crook part in his usual repressed and telling style, and Miss Florence Nash as an ingénue blackmailer (how wondrous is our tongue!) is a constant delight. The baby stare and drawl are the same she has used heretofore, but their combination with Mr. Veiller's "wise" slang and the situations into which she is thrust, especially her cross-examination by the fatuous police inspector—excellently done by Mr. Wilton Taylor—produce a peculiarly hilarious irony.

"THE NE'ER-DO-WELL"

AT the risk of taxing the reader's credulity it may be said that "The Ne'er-Do-Well" is the worst play yet written by Mr. Charles Klein. It is certainly the worst play in New York. The Panama Canal is a new and promising background, but none of this promise is fulfilled—all we get is a brief backdrop picture of the big ditch and American jingoism of the vulgarest.

The characters are absurd, their language commonplace, and the methods by which they are sometimes got on and off the stage crude beyond belief. In short, all the qualities which suggest the presence of a guiding human intelligence



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GRAY & DAVIS
ELECTRIC STARTER
(6 VOLTS)

GRAY & DAVIS Electric Starter is absolutely positive in operation. Zero weather or adverse conditions will not prevent its operation. It is a specially designed electric motor of remarkable power, which rotates the fly-wheel. Current is supplied by a *small 6-volt* battery which is charged automatically by the Dynamo without trouble or expense.

This Starter will not only spin the heaviest "Six" for an hour and a half, but it will propel a car two miles if necessary. It will "spin" the large 5x7 Peerless "Six"—one of the largest motors—hundreds of times with ease. It will drive a car on second speed up a 7% grade. It will start an engine that has stopped on "dead center." It is the simplest of *all* starters, having no complicated electrical controls —only a simple switch.

1913 Peerless Cars are Equipped with Our Electric Lamps, Lighting Dynamo, Electric Starter

The GRAY & DAVIS Electric Starter is a real necessity. It adds greatly to safety, convenience and comfort. The great big feature is the 6-volt battery.

Demand It On The Car You Buy

America's foremost automobile builders have adopted the GRAY & DAVIS Electric Starter for 1913. It is not sold direct to owners, but is *built into* the car. Therefore, it is necessary to request it as part equipment.

We will be pleased to send complete information. Write us today

ELECTRIC LAMPS **LIGHTING DYNAMO**

GRAY & DAVIS Electric Lamps produce maximum illumination. They are lamps of QUALITY. The GRAY & DAVIS Dynamo is the only Constant Speed machine for automobile use. It is operated by the engine and lights the lamps, charges the batteries and furnishes current for the Starting Motor. It has been in service over four years and is giving satisfaction to thousands of car owners and is standard equipment on a large number of 1913 cars.

GRAY & DAVIS, Inc., 55 Lansdowne St., BOSTON, MASS.

Manufacturers of Automobile Lamps, Dynamos and Electric Starters

Some of the Plays

(Continued from page 24

are so absent that doubt seems removed, if any existed, that plays may be stamped or knit by machines.

"THE GOVERNOR'S LADY"

BARBARITIES of this sort you will escape in the theatre next door. The assaults on one's taste there are of a subtler and more searching kind. "The Governor's Lady" is ascribed on the program to Miss Alice Bradley, but the trail of Mr. Belasco is everywhere plain.

Here is the familiar external realism and inner absurdity, the familiar attack on the easiest emotions—impossible character changes accompanying mother's real Irish stew, crocodile tears wept into the real gravy.

Part of the time, to be sure, Mr. Belasco permits a stiff-necked consistency as unusual as it is refreshing. The Governor's lady is a little old-fashioned woman who has not grown as fast as her husband. She has been cooking and washing while this self-made marvel improved himself. They started very humbly. When he "arrives" she is still, socially, where she was twenty years ago. She has no social graces, shrinks from meeting his new fine friends.

The ambitious, coming man, needing a woman to preside over his fine establishment, is already at his wits' ends when he meets a keen young woman, whose natural taste for managing things is sharpened by coming back, after a few years in Europe, to her humdrum Western town. She is not, she thinks, above a marriage of convenience. The politician is a man who wants what he wants when he wants it, and his plan for a separation from his outgrown wife develops into that of divorce.

The wife at first knows nothing of the other woman, and her stubborn refusal to "desert" the boy whose fortune she has helped to make, whatever his grown foolishness about politics,—this mouse's defiance of the lion is admirable and stirring. The spectator's sympathy is still with her, when, after a very effective scene between the girl and herself, at the end of which the remorseful young woman breaks down and goes to the young man who has been waiting for her, the wife refuses to be reconciled and demands the divorce.

When, several years later, on a winter night, in a Childs restaurant in New York, the two meet again—the Governor has been speaking in the East, the wife is going to Europe—it is reassuring to hear her "No, Dan!" as if she meant it. At last, one thinks, even in a Belasco play, here is somebody with genuine backbone. Presently the clock will strike midnight, the man browning butter cakes by the frosted windows will turn off the gas, the pale cashier tap the bell for closing. "No, Dan!" the little old lady will say, quietly but irrevocably. The successful man will go back to his successes, paying for them a little; the little lady will go her way, quiet and self-contained. The slangy waiter will make some quaintly irrelevant comment and down will go the curtain on the Broadway lights and falling snow.

The sad fact must be recorded that this

Florence Nash as Agnes Lynch, the "ingénue blackmailer," in "Within the Law"

is not what happens. Into this harmonious nocturne comes the jarring, "happy ending." The Governor grabs his willing wife and riotously hustles her out. When will the people who try to give the public what it wants learn to let us be agreeably melancholy if we want to—that of all unhappy things the "happy ending" is often the worst?

Miss Emma Dunn plays the wife with all her really extraordinary naturalness. Her work goes far toward making the play's effectiveness, but wouldn't it be possible for her to leave in, once in a while, just one little "g"? Even the homespun folk, whom Miss Dunn aims to represent, do not, with such uncanny clearness, invariably say "gettin'" and "goin'." Here, as in "Mother," this attempt at naturalism seems in danger of becoming a stereotyped mannerism.

"THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND"

HOW warm and homelike a feeling steals o'er the willing mind as one encounters the phrase, "Mr. John Drew in 'The Perplexed Husband.'" Again one sees the Empire Theatre, and Mr. Drew entering in his well-made clothes, supported by a smooth, agreeable company and a general air of polite good-humor.

This particular husband is perplexed because his young wife has seen "The Doll's House," and suddenly discovered that she, too, has been "living with a strange man." He gets her back by apparently falling in with her views and inviting to their house —ostensibly to raise her to a higher plane of constructive thought and sex equality —a poetic young typist whom he had just discharged because she changed her business letters into language she thought more "beautiful" and dreamed all the time of going to Athens and becoming caretaker in a temple.

In "Fanny's First Play" Mr. Shaw stands up his critics in a row and punctures them like so many toy balloons

Get All You Can

While seventy-two makers of 40-horsepower cars fight it out for supremacy, now is your chance to reap the benefit.

It is up to you this year to get all you can out of this fight of the Forties.

There are 72 makers in fierce competition, with cars around 40 horsepower.

As a result of this rivalry, Forties of the highest grade cost half what they used to cost. And the best of these Forties stand today among the finest cars in existence.

If you watch these offers, and make your comparisons, you can get a wonderful deal in a Forty.

Points to Insist On

In selecting a "40," for years to come, these are some points to insist on.

You want wide tires, for in width lies capacity. Wide tires save their extra cost over and over, by cutting the cost of upkeep.

You want the coming features, like four forward speeds, center control and left side drive. They are being adopted very fast on the high-grade cars.

You want electric lights with dynamo. To add them later would cost $125.

You want the acme of comfort. That means easy springs, wide seats, deep cushions, and plenty of room. Compare these details carefully.

You want big brakes, big margins of safety, for they mean your protection.

On none of these things do you want to skimp. You want them all at the lowest price which a first-class maker will offer. That's how to get the utmost from this war of "40's."

Cameron's Great Car

Consider now the men who build the car—whose reputation is the sponsor for things you cannot see.

W. H. Cameron, our designer-in-chief, is the man mainly responsible for the Michigan "40." He has built 100,000 successful cars. And the Michigan "40" shows the countless perfections which can only be learned by experience.

To John A. Campbell we owe this matchless body—its graceful lines, its finish, its upholstering. Campbell has designed equipages for kings, but this he considers his greatest production.

We have worked for four years in perfecting this car. 5,000 cars have been sent out and tested. Over 300 improvements have been worked out in four years by the experts in charge of the Michigan.

Now the chassis is the best that Cameron can build. The body is Campbell's masterpiece. Consider these facts when somebody says that a higher price means a better car.

We Will Win This War

The Michigan will win the leading place in Forties. We have waited four years to make this announcement—to make sure that the car could do it.

We have the men and the money, the modern equipment, the factory capacity which cuts down cost. We have a car which no man has excelled. And we have the will and the wish to sell that car at a price which none will meet.

We may not win men who buy on impulse, without making fair comparisons. But we shall win the shrewd and the careful who seek the most for their money. Men who weigh and compare and won't take less than we offer. Nor will they pay more than we ask.

Send this coupon for our catalog, picturing the basis for every comparison, showing all styles of body. We will then direct you where to see the car.

MICHIGAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Kalamazoo, Michigan

Owned by the Owners of the Michigan Buggy Company

111

$1,585 Michigan "40"

Read the Big Features

Four-forward-speed transmission, as used today in all the best foreign cars.

Oversize tires—35 x 4½ inches wider, we think, than on any rival car.

Electric lights with dynamo.

Center control.

Left side drive, to which all the best cars are coming.

40 to 46 horsepower.

Cylinders 4¼ x 5¼ inches.

Drive shaft of 1⅜-inch chrome nickel steel, sufficient for 60 horsepower.

Brakes extra efficient—drums 16 x 2½ inches.

Springs 2¼ inches wide front, 37 inches long; rear, 50 inches long.

Steering post adjustable. So are clutch and brake pedals, insuring perfect comfort to every driver.

Shortsville wheels, with 1¾-inch spokes 12 to each wheel.

Demountable rims—Firestone quick-detachable, with extra rim.

Wheel base, 118 inches.

Straight-line body, designed by John A. Campbell. Finished with 22 coats.

14-inch Turkish cushions. All upholstering of the finest hand-buffed leather, filled with the best curled hair.

Rear seat 50 inches wide inside—22 inches deep. Doors 20 inches wide. Tonneau room 50 inches either way.

Nickel mountings.

Headlights electric 12½ inches diameter, very powerful.

Sidelights set in dash—flush with it.

Windshield built as part of body, easily inclined.

Mohair top, side curtains and envelope complete.

Electric horn.

Speedometer $50, four-inch instrument.

Foot rail—robe rail—rear tire irons—tool chests, with all tools, under running board.

Over-capacity. Every driving part made sufficient for a 60-horsepower motor.

Self-Starter

There is such a difference of opinion about the relative merits of the various types of self-starters that we have not adopted any one type as regular equipment.

We prefer to leave this selection to the buyer.

However, we equip with either the gas starter or a positively efficient electric starter, at a very moderate extra price.

MAIL THIS COUPON

Michigan Motor Car Company
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Mail me your 1913 Catalog.

_____

_____

Clear Vision Brougham

Model 42

Arrived!

IT'S here—the electric automobile for which you have been waiting—*The Detroit Electric Clear Vision Brougham.*

It is driven from the front seat, all seats facing forward. You not only have a clear vision of the road ahead, but in addition you have a clear view at either side or the rear as there are no corner panels to obstruct the view. Glass has even replaced these rear corners, formerly made of wood.

After years of effort, we have solved the problem of a standard body design that is destined to be a classic of the body builder's art—always in style. For comfort, ease of handling and appearance, *The Detroit Electric Clear Vision Brougham* must appeal to you as being *fundamentally* right. It's the most logical, common sense, practical—yes, and lawful—electric automobile for the congested traffic of city streets.

It's not too large, not too small; not too heavy, not too light. It's compact and unusually comfortable. A new and clever seating arrangement permits all of the occupants to face forward and still enjoy the privacy, sociability and dignity characteristic of electric automobiles. The driver's seat is not in an isolated position—way up in front. It's centrally located, thus ensuring an appearance of easy grace and balance, even when one person is using the car. The beautiful body panels, the graceful roof, and sweeping full-skirted fenders are ALL made of pure aluminum. Even all glass is set in hand-hammered aluminum mouldings which will not check or crack.

Larger wheels will be used in 1913—34"x4" Pneumatic or 36" x 4" Cushion Tires being optional.

The battery capacity has been increased. This applies to both the Edison and Detroit Electric Guaranteed Lead Batteries. *All* battery cells are immediately accessible.

Our motors, controllers, bodies—even our Guaranteed Lead Batteries—are all made in our own factory, the largest in the world devoted exclusively to the manufacture of electric automobiles. *We do not assemble—we build.*

For 1913 we also offer a selection of seven other Models which includes Gentlemen's Roadsters, Victorias, Coupes and Limousines.

Our new illustrated catalog is now ready. Write us or call on any of our branches.

Anderson Electric Car Co. 414 Clay Avenue Detroit, U.S.A.

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Selling representatives in all leading cities

Some of the New Plays

Concluded from page 26

The device is not original, but the young woman is, and so, too, is the indolent, middle-aged feminist—"The Master," as his women disciples call him—who likes good food and is quite incapable of "clearing the decks" and taking the vigorous action demanded by those fired by his fatal eloquence. This whimsical pair, the more or less timely quality of the subject, and the general smoothness of the representation combine in a thoroughly amiable if not startling evening. Mr. Drew's familiar impersonation is ably supported by Miss Boland as the Bloomsbury Athenian and Mr. Herbert Druce as the indolent agitator.

Emma Dunn plays the wife in "The Governor's Lady" with all her extraordinary naturalness

"THE 'MIND-THE-PAINT' GIRL"

A PINERO play is, of course, a Pinero play, which is to say that the carpentry is well done. People come and go naturally, stand in the right places and say bright and telling things, and there is always interest and suspense. Notwithstanding these merits, an evening spent in the society of "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl" and her friends is not an unmixed delight.

Sir Arthur Pinero can be curiously unpleasant when he tries. Essentially a man of the theatre rather than a poet or thinker, when he essays "relentless realism" he is likely to achieve the realist's drabness and sordidness without his moral enthusiasm or conviction.

He starts in here to show, apparently, that the "Gaiety Girl"—a somewhat specialized London equivalent of our "show girl"—is a menace to British society, yet the attack must not be bitter enough to permit us to lose a sentimental sympathy for his lovely heroine. The result is neither one thing nor the other. The piece is neither a serious social study nor a particularly agreeable play. The people seem curiously unimportant and local. None of them has the courage to be really bad, yet all are trivial, soaked with a distressing calculation and pettiness.

It may be urged, of course, that that is precisely the sort of people these are, that most life is a texture of compromises and half-enthusiasms. That is all very well, but the effect in Sir Arthur Pinero's play is much as it would be in a novel if the author, in order to prove that a person was a bore, should, instead of conveying that impression in a few of his own words, make his bore talk for twenty pages on end. Miss Billie Burke has a good deal of natural fitness for the part of Lily Parrodell, and in the "big," and very adroitly written, scene between the Gaiety Girl and her two admirers—the surly watchdog who has been waiting for her for years, and the ingenuous young Viscount just drawn into her net—she plays with a strength and conviction not hitherto revealed.

"THE MODEL"

MR. AUGUSTUS THOMAS'S "The Model" is a workmanlike presentation of the author's sane feelings about the nude in art.

There is a slight plot, the outcome of which is readily foreseen, and there is a robust vivacity in the character of a French novelist which keeps the air stirred. The piece is really sound conversation presented in stage form rather than a play in the dramatic sense of the word.

The "Booze List"

Partial List—More to Follow—EDITOR COLLIER'S

Revised list of alcoholic medicinal preparations for the sale of which special tax is required

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE,
Washington, D. C., August 23, 1912

To collectors of internal revenue, revenue agents, and others:

THE accompanying list of alcoholic medicinal preparations which have been examined by this office and held to be insufficiently medicated to render them unfit for use as a beverage is published for the information of all concerned:

(That is to say, these are the patent medicines which, while masquerading as "medicinal," are really beverages.—EDITOR.)

Ale and Beef—Ale & Beef Co., Dayton, Ohio.
Allen's Restorative Tonic—Faxon & Gallagher Drug Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Alps Bitters—Peter Rostenkowski, Chicago, Ill.
American Alimentary Elixir—American Drug Store, 1115 Canal Street, New Orleans, La.
American Elixir—Beggs Manufacturing Co., Chicago, Ill.
American Stomach Bitters—American Drug Store, New Orleans, La.
Amer Picon—G. Picon (imported).
Angostura Aromatic Tincture Bitters—E. R. Behlers, St. Louis, Mo.
Apshinte—The Cordial Panna Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
Arbaugh's Newport Bitters—Daniel Stewart Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Aroma Bitters—V. Gautier, 287 Hudson Street, New York.
Aromatic Bitters—Hanigan Bros., Denver, Colo.
Aroma Stomach Bitters—J. S. Smith & Co., Burlington, Iowa.
Aromatic Bitters—C. N. Prior, Middletown, N. Y.
Aromatic Stomach Bitters—The S. Holtzman Co., Johnstown, Pa.
Atwood's La Grippe Specific—Excelsior Medicine Co., Chicago, Ill.
Angauer Bitters—Angauer Bitters Co., Chicago, Ill.
Angauer Kidney-Aid—Angauer Bitters Co., Chicago, Ill.
Augustiner Health and Stomach Bitters—A. M. August, Milwaukee, Wis.
Beef, Wine and Iron—Waudby, Son & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Beef, Iron and Wine—Crown Supply Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Beef, Iron and Wine—The Jarmuth Co., Providence, R. I.
Beef, Iron and Wine—Lion Drug Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
Beef, Iron and Wine—Owl Drug Co., San Francisco, Cal.
Ben Hur Kidney and Liver Bitters—Fred. Reynolds, Detroit, Mich.
Berg's Hawkeye Bitters—Berg Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa.
Belvedere Stomach Bitters—Loewy Drug Co., Baltimore, Md.
Bismark Laxative Bitters—C. Lange & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Bismarck's Royal Nerve Tonic—R. A. Smith & Co., Pana, Ill.
Bitter Wine—Struzynski Bros., Chicago, Ill.
Bitter Wine—Aug. W. Burggraf, Johnstown, Pa.
Bitters—The Atlantic Vineyard & Wine Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

ROYAL E. CABELL, *Commissioner.*

Mitchell 1913

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

YOU want—we know what you want; we've put it all into the new 1913 Mitchell.

You want a **long-stroke T head motor,** a **real long stroke;** we make ours **6** and **7 inches long;** there's power, high efficiency, flexibility in a long-stroke motor.

All moving parts are wholly enclosed; and everything but the lighting generator gear-driven, direct from the motor; the lighting generator is gear-driven from the transmission.

You want a **long wheel-base;** it means the maximum of comfort in riding. You want **36-inch wheels,** with tapered spokes for strength. You want the body hung as low as will allow good road clearance.

You want Mitchell **seven-eighths elliptical springs;** one of our new features for your comfort.

You want a **left-side drive** with **center control levers;** you've wanted that for years. It's a wonder American makers didn't come to it long ago; the common sense arrangement for American cars.

You want a **cut-back door** at the driver's side, so you can enter the front seats easily from either side.

You want an **electric self starter** and complete **electric lighting system;** operated from the driver's seat.

ALL FIVE MODELS EQUIPPED WITH

Silk mohair top and covers — **Rain-vision wind shield** — **Firestone demountable rims**
Jones speedometer — **Electric self-starter** — **Electric lighting system** — **Bosch ignition**
Timken front axle bearings — **Turkish trimmings**

	U.S. Prices	Canadian Prices F O B. Racine, Duty Paid
7-passenger Six, 60 H.P., 144-in. wheel base, 4¼ x 7 in. stroke, T head motor, 36-in. wheels	$2,500	$3,400
5-passenger Six, 50 H.P., 132-in. wheel base, 3¾ x 6 in. stroke, T head motor, 36-in. wheels	1,850	2,400
2-passenger Six, 50 H.P., 132-in. wheel base, 3¾ x 6 in. stroke, T head motor, 36-in. wheels	1,850	2,400
5-passenger Four, 40 H.P., 120-in. wheel base, 4¼ x 7 in. stroke, T head motor, 36-in. wheels	1,500	1,950
2-passenger Four, 40 H.P., 120-in. wheel base, 4¼ x 7 in. stroke, T head motor, 36-in. wheels	1,500	1,950

It's an American built French car

The French builders were the pioneers in motor car construction; and they're still leaders. American makers have followed them closely.

We brought over an expert French automobile engineer; the Mitchell 1913 cars are of his designing; built by one of the best mechanical plants in the country. Associated with our French expert we have one of the best American engineers in the country, who is able to "temper" French ideas to American practice, and American drivers. French design, American built; it's a combination you can't beat.

Mitchell cars are built for the man who can't afford to make a mistake, by men who have avoided mistakes in automobile construction and in automobile prices.

We've been making vehicles for 78 years and are the largest builders of 6-cylinder cars in the world

Dealers everywhere. November delivery.

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company, Racine, Wisconsin

Branches: New York Philadelphia Atlanta Dallas Kansas City London Paris

Stevens-Duryea

"Nearly a Quarter-Century of Leadership"

For nearly a Quarter-Century the Stevens-Duryea has originated, and put into successful practice, the most important, vital and most imitated mechanical principles in the fine motor-car of today.

And now, having been the leader in establishing these principles, the Stevens-Duryea has brought out the new Model C-Six, an entirely new car with a still further advancement of these fundamentals. At the same time it assumes

A New Leadership

The result of which is to give the motorist the greatest possible enjoyment of his motoring, and pride in his car.

This means first, **the maximum of active power delivered to the rear wheels,** power-loss being reduced to the minimum by the Three-Point Support of the Unit Power Plant. Wheel-power is what you want — not wasted engine-power. It means going more miles a day, more easily than was ever possible before in any car of any power.

This means next, **the new quietness and smooth-running,** which have been obtained by an infinite number of improvements in design and manufacture. The Model C-Six is by far the quietest car we have ever seen.

The new motoring enjoyment is also due to the entire ease with which the motorist rests in the car. A new design of springs dampens the recoil. The Three-Point Support prevents the lurching of the engine from being communicated to the passengers, who rest in an easy position in a wealth of depth of upholstery. The patented rear seat of the tonneau is entirely adjustable. There is plenty of room and the doors are wide. The rail of the car is upholstered for the entire length. The windshield thoroughly ventilates the driver's compartment, and the top, when up, attaches firmly to it—no rattle, or noise. Equipment is complete. Control is easy, and precision instruments are within easy reach, and are distinctly separated so as not to confuse the driver.

The new idea of beauty creates, for the first time, one true and artistic unit out of all the exterior elements of the car, with graceful lines flowing from the radiator to the rear of the car. This is a distinctive and beautiful style, and so correct and sound that it will compel admiration for a long time to come.

In the new Model C-Six the motorist is constantly in a position of rest and free from care or strain. He can go about his motoring feeling that he is in just the right car — the handsomest, most advanced, latest and best creation in the motor-car world.

$4500 to $5950 — Open and Enclosed Bodies, two to seven passengers
Shall we send the new catalogue?

Stevens-Duryea Company Chicopee Falls Mass
"Pioneer Builders of American Sixes"

Model C-Six
Seven Passengers
$4750

Brickbats & Bouquets

COLLIER'S is one of the nonprogressive magazines. It was founded more than one hundred years ago, and it still lives and breathes and has its being in the year of its birth. It is blind to the march of events, not only along insurance lines, but along the industrial and economic lines. COLLIER'S is a standpatter from Standpatville.—*The Yeoman Shield.*

✣

ALBANY, N. Y.

I have just read your article in COLLIER'S for September 14, entitled "Mr. Barnes of Albany," and I now say *never* send me another copy of COLLIER'S. The publication of such an unfair article ends the paper with me. CHAS. F. BRIDGE.

✣

If only half of what COLLIER'S publishes about Barnes is true, then the unprincipled Albany boss ought to be doing time in some State prison.

If COLLIER'S charges are untrue, then its article is a rank libel and Barnes ought to be able to recover a fabulous sum for damages.—Shamokin (Pa.) *Dispatch.*

✣

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is becoming famous all over the State as a feature of the Senatorial campaign. . . . If we were running for an office in North Carolina and wanted to get in the game with a boomerang, we would be sure to pick up COLLIER'S WEEKLY for a ten-strike against our chances. We hope all North Carolinians will drop it like they would a hot poker. It won't do anybody any good to quote it as authority.

—Wilmington (N. C.) *Star.*

✣

Since COLLIER'S WEEKLY, one of the trust organs and a periodical noted for its antagonism to the South, essays to advise the Democrats of North Carolina what to do as to the Senatorship, the voters of the State may reasonably expect to hear of Marion Butler, the most despised and disreputable political trickster in the South, trying to give advice to the loyal Democrats.—Nashville (N. C.) *Graphic.*

✣

We hold no brief for COLLIER'S, but it is amusing to behold how some papers have just seen fit to jump upon that periodical at this late day and with such reasons, simply because it doesn't happen to agree with its Senatorial ideas.

—Wilmington (N. C.) *Dispatch.*

✣

Governor Johnson went personally to Alameda County to help Stetson, and all the powers that the Progressives could muster, from COLLIER'S WEEKLY downward, were invoked in his aid. Yet when the votes were counted it was seen that Knowland had simply submerged him.

—Chico (Cal.) *Record.*

✣

Louis D. Brandeis . . . achieved some measure of notoriety as the attorney for the Pinchot-COLLIER'S combine in the anti-Ballinger fight and some degree of fame by his advocacy of greater efficiency as the practical means whereby the railroads should meet the demand for increased wages without advancing freight and passenger charges. . . .

CHARLES D. HILLES,
Chairman of the Republican National Committee, in New York *American.*

✣

As for the opposition of COLLIER'S WEEKLY—that is really not worth discussing.—Charlotte (N. C.) *News.*

✣

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is after Warren of Wyoming. Warren belongs to the old order and the Old Guard. He does things in the old way, and if all the charges which COLLIER'S prints concerning him are true he should long since have been securely locked behind prison walls.

—Council Bluffs (Ia.) *Nonpareil.*

✣

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is teaching Senator Warren that public office was not intended for a private meal ticket.

—East St. Louis (Ill.) *Journal.*

✣

COLLIER'S is training its guns at present, for his defeat next January, upon Wyoming's more or less famous Senator, Warren. It has little hope of landing him in private life because of the peculiarly efficient organization this political degenerate has contrived to build in Wyoming.

Yet, if popular government has any vitality in Wyoming, Warren may be beaten.—Topeka (Kans.) *Capital.*

✣

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is telling a story of thrilling and almost appalling interest. It is the story of a criminal. . . . Why is the man not in jail? Why does he still pass among his fellows free and "respected"? Because he is a United States Senator.—Los Angeles (Cal.) *Tribune.*

✣

The exposure of Senator Warren of Wyoming in this week's COLLIER'S WEEKLY is of more than local interest.

It is not conceivable that his colleagues in the Senate would have consented to all of his robberies unless they were receiving something in return.

The exposure is timely in view of the fact that President Taft is under great obligations to the Warren machine for an important part of the dirty work of the Chicago convention, which brought him his nomination.

—Chicago (Ill.) *Tribune.*

✣

The current COLLIER'S prints an attack upon Senator Warren of Wyoming, which, if true, marks out that Senator as one of the Senatorial plunderbund who richly deserves to be retired to private life.—Macon (Ga.) *News.*

✣

There is evidence that a large proportion of the recent issue of COLLIER'S WEEKLY sent to Wyoming was "suppressed," but as it was not done by the postal authorities the matter can create no scandal. The paper contained matter so detrimental to the interests of Senator Warren that his friends bought out the news-stand supply as soon as the papers reached the State and promptly destroyed them.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

✣

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, that most wonderful publication of the present day, has shown up the true character of many of West Virginia's newspaper men.

—Sistersville (W. Va.) *Review.*

✣

It is characteristic of the Colonel that he should endeavor to escape the consequences of the revelation by abusing Archbold, but it is surprising to find COLLIER'S WEEKLY taking to that shifty manner of defense.—Nashville (Tenn.) *Banner.*

✣

In defense of Roosevelt's exposed campaign boodle system COLLIER'S WEEKLY suggests that when a statesman has a high and well-earned reputation for integrity, slander does not injure him. We move to amend so that the article shall read that when a politician is not a statesman and has a bad reputation his sins will find him out.—Los Angeles (Cal.) *Times.*

✣

Colonel Roosevelt has had no more loyal friends in his fight against Mr. Taft than COLLIER'S WEEKLY, and no publication has done greater service to the third-term candidate in baring the frauds through which a Presidential nomination was stolen at Chicago; but COLLIER'S seems unwilling to back up the Colonel and his new party in the declaration that individual monopoly is a natural economic development which the Government should not seek to destroy but to regulate.

—Wheeling (W. Va.) *Register.*

✣

COLLIER'S, most ardent of all Roosevelt supporters, refuses to swallow all over again the theory that "the Government will see that the tariff graft stops in the pay envelope." It was bad enough when Mark Hanna hoodwinked the public with it sixteen and a dozen years ago; the third-term candidate's attempt to palm it off now is the final straw.

—Worcester (Mass.) *Post.*

✣

In the hurry, clash, and confusion of nailing lies, hurling back insinuations, and gibbeting unscrupulous combinations to the honest popular gaze, many people are going to get excited, and up to this time we had the gravest fears that large numbers would hurt themselves or cripple others in the mad, unchecked stampede. But everything is all right now. COLLIER'S WEEKLY has kindly volunteered to ramrod the affair and see that needless calamities are obviated.

—Ft. Worth (Texas) *Telegram.*

Have You Ever Eaten Beans in Boston Town?

—Home-baked in a *real* oven—in the good New England way?

And has your appetite a *memory?*

Well, just sit down to a dish of Heinz *Baked* Beans—served smoking hot—close your eyes, and you'll be back again in Boston.

For Heinz Baked Beans are baked in ovens with dry heat—they are like the beans from the famous New England bean-pots—not boiled or steamed like most canned beans.

Heinz Baked Beans

One of the 57 Varieties

are so baked that the heat gets all through them—so that every drop of excess moisture is driven out—only the pure nutriment and the flavor of their rich tomato sauce remains.

That's the *why* of their delicious aroma that tempts the laggard appetite.

When buying beans, see that the word "Baked" is on the label. The Government forbids its use when beans are not baked. You will find the word "Baked" on every tin of Heinz Beans.

There are four kinds of Heinz Baked Beans:

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce.
Heinz Baked Pork and Beans without Tomato Sauce—Boston Style.
Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Pork. (Vegetarian.)
Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans.

Others of the famous "57" are: **Heinz Preserved Sweet Pickles, the rich, appetizing Euchred Pickle—the latest and the best—Chili Sauce, Pure Vinegars, Tomato Ketchup, Fruit Preserves, Apple Butter, Grape Fruit Marmalade, etc., etc.**

H. J. Heinz Company—57 Varieties

Member of Association for the Promotion of Purity in Foods

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The UNDERFEED Makes Money For Its Owner

YOU can laugh at an early winter by installing *your* Underfeed NOW. Don't delay. Write TODAY for Free Furnace or Boiler Book and information *where* and *how* to get the Underfeed.

The saving, *every winter*, of ⅓ to ⅔ in heat expense by the Underfeed is due to Three Vital Causes—

Lower Coal Cost

Inexpensive grades of hard and soft coal which would smother fire in other heaters, burn freely, evenly and completely in the Underfeed—saving $2 to $3 a ton—producing more heat per ton than topfeed heaters do with expensive grades.

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Complete Combustion

Smoke and gases, heat units wasted in other heaters, pass up through the fire in the Underfeed and are consumed, saving 25% to 10%. Further result no noxious, health-destroying gases in your home.

Intensified Radiation

In the Underfeed Coal is fed from below. ALL heat is utilized because the white hot coals, on top and sides, are in *direct contact* with most effective radiating surfaces—entirely different from ordinary heaters wherein the fire is far removed from the heating surfaces smothered and blanketed by the fresh coal.

Cut-Out View of Underfeed Furnace

H. C. Laird, 400 Westover Ave., Norfork, Va., writes: "I started the winter with 15 tons of No. 2 Pea (Buckwheat) anthracite at $3.50 per ton. At present rate this will last us three years, my total coal bill being $17.50 per winter. Before I had an Underfeed I spent $90 a winter. I DIVIDED MY COAL BILL BY FIVE."

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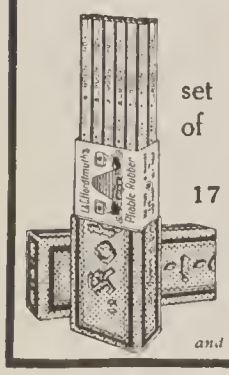

set too high a standard of quality for successful imitation.

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use Lea & Perrins' Sauce. It has a rare and subtle flavor which no other condiment possesses.

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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Imparts a delightful relish to Soups, Fish, Gravies, Stews, Chops and Salad Dressings. *An Appetizer. A Digestive.*

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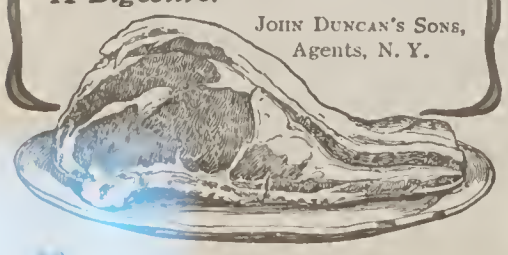

Big Breezes

(Continued from page 19)

he's the whole works. What with the gamblin' and the pickin's, he sometimes clears a thousand dollars as a birthday present."

"But," I shivered, "the law?"

"What law? My husband makes the only law here, and it satisfies all them other jiggers what elects him to everything. The whole town bunch hangs together, ditches all strangers, and keeps their mouths as shut as death. They're mostly ex-convicts and ones that's skipped their bail. If anybody asks who they is or what they've did or where they've come from, they're likely to get full of lead. Ranchers can't do nothing; they're fools. A preacher come in once to hold a service and they stripped him in the saloon and shot at his feet to make him dance. He never come back.

"Schoolmarms is bad enough on business. All them young crows spruce up and strut around town like Perfection in new overalls. But when she gives up the school and picks one out, or shows she ain't goin' to have none of the likes of them, then they gets continuous drunk for two weeks."

I have stayed with the Mugginses for two months. Yesterday when I paid my board she told me sorrowfully that she could keep me no longer.

"I can stand what people say about me," she explained, "but when they runs down my man—well, it's all off."

"What did I say about your husband?"

"Well, you spoke of him as an ordinary saloon keeper, and I want you to know that he is the deputy sheriff, the justice of the peace, the notary public, the best lawyer and lawmaker in the State. Besides, he's the only person in the Basin that can doctor the sick; he can lecture more interesting than Taft. He's an expert blacksmith and harness maker. You can't tell him anything about electricity or playing the mandolin. Then he's the clerk of the school and knows more about teaching than you do. He can also write something grand. Why, he only runs a saloon to make a living!"

A HALLOWEEN VISIT FROM "THE DEVIL AND HIS TEN HORNS"

BACHY BUM rides for the Cow Creek Company. He is popping full of recklessness and cussedness. The recklessness and cussedness of other cowboys may sound like funeral notices, but the recklessness and cussedness of Bachy sound like blizzards.

This big cow-puncher stands six feet in his ankles. Both of them were broken in a broncho-busting contest at the county fair. All the valiant and mighty cowboys in the country round tried for the prize that day. But there was one little bay broncho that had the "one real original devil" in him. He kicked off all those mighty saddle sitters, all but Bachy Bum. He tied himself into regular little knots; he stretched himself into space like a rainbow, and still Bachy stuck to his saddle.

Finally, disgusted, the mad thing rushed head first against the side of a barn and fell dead. Ever since, Bachy, his rider, has lunged about in loose ankles with a wicked unsteadiness, like a saloon in an earthquake.

When Bachy Bum rode into town on Halloween night, his horse was going so fast that you couldn't see his feet.

"Gosh," exclaimed the hotel widow, "whatever will happen to us now? There's that devil's head and his ten aggravating horns.

"But you hadn't ought to be scared: none of them has got a split crumb of meanness in him. They never drink too much, except on the Fourth of July and Election Day, and that's just on account of their love for their country. But *honery!* Gosh!"

Among the "ten horns" were Buffalo Spotty, who claims to have killed the last buffalo on the foothills of the Rockies; old Split Bones, who helped to hang the road agents near Bannack in '65, and is still as "tough as they ride." Then there was Cold Back Bunky, who had frozen five times while trapping on the Peaks.

There was also Grinny Buck, who had sat in his cabin for three days watching a hungry mountain bear visitor that had pushed through the door. Grinny's gun was almost within reach, but he had not dared move, not even a finger. The end of this story has never been told by Grinny. It must have been very tame.

Hungry Dick was along, too. Once he

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There are two reasons why we can put a binding, Money-Back Guarantee on every sack of OCCIDENT Flour. First: we use only the choicest selection of the hard, glutinous Spring wheats of North Dakota which are the most valuable bread wheats grown. Second: we wash and scour the wheat and purify the flour so thoroughly that OCCIDENT is absolutely clean.

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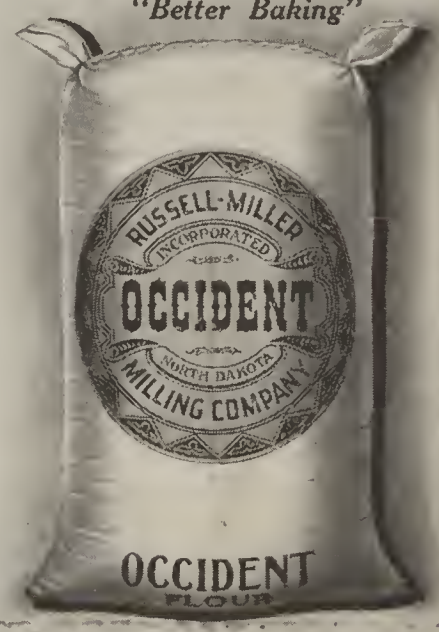

Costs More —Worth It OCCIDENT costs but a few cents more than other flour, but it is the most economical in making more and better bread, and bread that keeps sweet and fresh longer than any other bread. This saves many tiring baking days.

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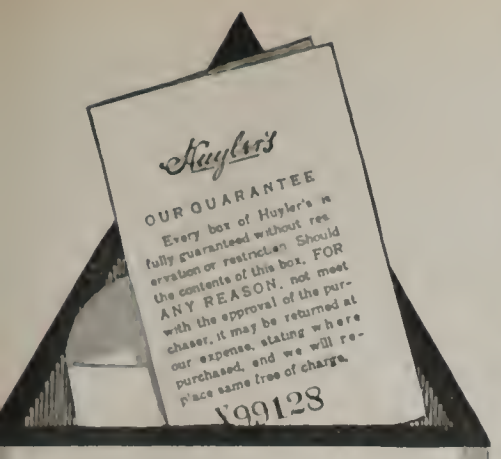

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We enclose this guarantee because after taking all the pains we do to make our candy pure and delicious we want to know of *any* purchaser who does not get it in its original perfect condition.

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To assure freshness we maintain 14 different establishments for candy making, over 4,000 Sales Agents and 56 retail stores of our own. Huyler's Sales Agents are the best druggists in their respective localities.

We instruct them to order from us frequently and to return to us promptly for full credit every box of Huyler's not in perfect condition.

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It tells how purity, quality and freshness are assured in all Huyler's products. When we send the book we also tell you where you can buy Huyler's most conveniently. Address

Huyler's 64 Irving Place, New York

Ask your grocer for Huyler's Cocoa and Huyler's Baking Chocolate.

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You are not asked to deposit or pay or advance a cent in any way until you write us and say that the MEISTER is entirely satisfactory and you wish to keep it. Then these are the terms of sale:

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No cash payment down. No interest on payments. No extras of any kind. Piano stool and scarf free. Sold direct from the maker to you. No dealer's profit for you to pay.

Send now for our beautiful Free Catalog which shows eight styles of Meister Pianos.

Our resources exceed $4,000,000. We sell more pianos direct to the home than any other concern in the world.

Rothschild & Company

Dept. 10V Chicago, Illinois

Big Breezes

(*Continued from page 32*)

was snowed in in a prospect hole and had boiled and chewed on his leather boots for three days.

In fact, all of these valiant riders would have been flames had not the glare and crackle of Bachy made them mere glow-worms.

When, half an hour later, their massive forms appeared in the door of our hotel, there was a promise of mysterious activity about their drooping eyelashes and stationary expressions that made us all stand aside with open mouths and let them take possession.

"Lasso them women," ordered Bachy, "and if you ain't awful tender with your hands and your lariats, I'll feed the skin of your teeth to my dog. And that ain't no josh either."

Which shows how very gentle and kind Bachy really is.

THEN, by a deft looping and whirling of ropes, the "devil's horns" bound us tightly to ironing boards and set us up in corners of the pantry.

"Now, ladies, we've got you tight tied. We will, therefore, entertain you with one of our intoxicating song mixtures what we clubbed up ourselves, being sure that you can't get away, with apologies to our throats and your nerves."

Then they all stood in a row and began, some in great surging voices, like tidal waves, some in little drippings, like faucets. The first line wandered faltering up the scale, then the next came rushing down again, and so on alternately:

Montana ain't what it used to be,
So bury me under a big fir tree.
But pile some big rocks over me,
So the skunks can't dig me up, O gee!

And if I die when on a spree,
Bury a little drop with me,
So, when the jasper streets I see,
I'll not feel alone in that slow countree.

So bury me up in the foothills alone,
Where the blizzards howl with awful groan;
But cover me up with a great big stone,
So the wolves can't gnaw on my jawbone.

Having relieved themselves of this melancholy strain, they each breathed a thick sigh of accomplishment and marched solemnly out.

Said the hotel widow: "I ain't complaining, for I'm reasonably comfortable, but why did they have to stand me up behind the barrel of onions?"

"That wouldn't worry me," I assured her, "if only I knew what they'll do next."

"The Lord knows! They get smarty like this every year. But them's the best fellows—their hearts is as warm and soft as poultices. Why, they'd loan you anything they got. If you said the least little word they'd let you alone. But I'd be game if I was you on Halloween night. I'd never let 'em know I care a darn."

She had hardly finished speaking when the devil and his horns came swaggering in again, as if they had the whole world round the waist.

"Ain't they *honery?*" whispered the hotel widow. "Don't shake so, they'll think you're scared. Make out like you enjoyed it fine."

"Now," roared Bachy joyfully, beginning to cut the ropes, "we've got a little surprise for you ladies." Then he huddled us into big fur overcoats and made us wrap our heads in blankets, for a hard blizzard was trying to make the night even more devilish and ghastly.

THERE was a two-wheeled cart waiting at the door. The cowboys gallantly helped us in, then they took hold of the shafts and began to pull. It was a fast, bumpy, exciting ride, but the cowpunchers seemed to enjoy it even if we didn't. They laughed and screamed, took us over one fence and raced us down the thin ice of the creek. It broke once, but they were the ones who got the icy wetting, for the water came up only to the hub of our wheels.

Finally they took us back to town, right up to the rear of the hotel. They then knotted ropes around the wheels of our conveyance and threw the end up to some of their companions who had climbed on the roof. Before we realized what was going on we were being lifted up the two stories. Very slowly they elevated us, one false move, one slip, and we would have been dashed to the ground. When we reached the top, our cart was

Here is a business story that reads like a romance.

It has a message for you.

Read it.

The story begins with my father, Dr. Wm. L. Johnson. He was a lover of all humanity.

During his practice of forty-two years, he observed that many, many people were suffering from the lack of food elements which their bodies needed.

He knew that all the elements—necessary to sustain physical and mental energy—are stored away in the grain of wheat.

But most of these elements are milled out in the making of white flour—while human bodies deteriorate for want of them.

Then my father reasoned that if **all** the elements of the **whole wheat** were made into a food of delicate texture, exquisite crispness and delicious flavor—every appetite would be satisfied—and people greatly benefited.

He hit upon the cracker as the most practical form of food for this purpo e—and after long experiment, succeeded beyond his greatest dreams. This was the idea that resulted in

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

My father first made these crackers for his own family and friends. He had no thought of selling them. But the news spread so rapidly that many others began to ask for them also. Then, and only then, did he consent to make **Educator Crackers** on a commercial basis—so that all the people who wanted them—in every part of the world—could be supplied.

The benefits of my father's idea to mankind are increasing year by year. I, who helped him in the beginning, and know best his wishes and ideals, am carrying on his work—constantly developing the old time-honored methods—to meet the changing needs of present-day conditions.

The **Educator Flour** is still freshly ground by good old-fashioned millstones. Then, under my supervision, **Educator Crackers** are baked in the old-style ovens—just as they were twenty-seven years ago.

And I personally sample each day's bake—to make sure that my father's standard of pure food excellence is strictly maintained.

Now, I ask you—for your own and your children's sake—to get acquainted with **Educator Crackers.**

Taste the flavor that's so sweet and nut-like. Then you'll realize that the most nutritious food can be delicious as well.

You can buy **Educator Crackers** from any dealer, but be sure to look for the name **Educator** on the package. The name is also stamped on every cracker.

If your dealer doesn't have in stock the kinds you want, send 10 cents and his name for large trial assorted box.

Watch for my next little talk in the Grocers' Number of Collier's—November 2. You'll find it interesting.

A FEW OF MANY KINDS

EDUCATOR WAFERS

—spread with fresh, creamy butter—a delightful change from bread. Their natural, sweet, **whole wheat** flavor is unique and fascinating. Unsurpassed for children's luncheons, peanut butter sandwiches and between-meat nibbles. Get acquainted with them today. Your dealer will introduce you.

EDUCATOR TOASTERETTES

are delicious with soup or salad. A delicate, **whole wheat** wafer salted, buttered and toasted to a crispness that makes their eating a delight. Nothing gives more distinction to any dainty function than **Toasterettes.** For the sake of your soup and salad service—try them.

EDUCATOR WATER CRACKERS

are a delightful finale to any dinner, when served with cheese and coffee. Some water crackers, though good to taste, are too hard to eat with pleasure. **Educator Water Crackers** have the natural, sweet flavor of **whole wheat** and are "Just Hard Enough" to make their eating a genuine treat.

FRUITED EDUCATORS

are ideal for children's luncheons, because they're **real** food and the little folks like them better than candy. Made from two delicate crusts of **whole wheat** flour—between which are baked imported Sultana Catabuna Raisins. The only cracker of its kind. And you'll like them, too—as well as the children.

BABY EDUCATOR

a food teething ring comforts the fretful child—and **makes teeth-cutting easy.** Made from wholesome, honey-sweetened cereals, pulverized and baked so hard that only a little can be eaten at a time. If your dealer cannot supply you, we'll mail a box of **Baby Educators** postage prepaid on receipt of 25 cents.

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Soldiers with bent feet bones lose 20% in efficiency, the Army Board found. That is why the Board has recommended to the War Department, a shoe similar to the *Educator*. Write us for New York Sun's interesting story of the Board's 4-year investigation.

Educators let men's and women's bent feet-bones straighten out — great relief! Educators "let the child's feet grow as they should." And while good sense in shape, Educators are also aristocratic in looks.

Look for the name *Educator* branded on the sole. If your dealer does not carry Educators write for catalog and we'll see that you are supplied. Prices from $1.35 for infants' to $5.50 for Men's Specials.

We also make the famous All America and Signet shoes for men, and Mayfair for women.

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"Comfortable As an Old Shoe, Yet Proud to Pass a Mirror"

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They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10 cents for a sample box.*

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Write for photo-illustrations of all the beautiful designs in Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Chests. Protect furs and woolens from moths, mice, dust and damp. Finest Christmas, birthday or wedding gift! Factory prices. Freight prepaid. 56 page catalog, also book, "The Story of Red Cedar," and all particulars of our free offer, postpaid free. Write now, today.

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THE BEST LIGHT CO.
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Big Breezes

Concluded from page 33

set astride the point of the roof and pulled up to the front of the building. The shaft ends were placed under a beam that ran along the eaves, and the devil's horns knotted their ropes to some spikes which they had driven in the beam and slid down.

"We'll see you later maybe," called Bachy, "we've a little unladylike work to do over there in the saloon."

SOON the silence was broken by a sound of glasses smashing behind the door of the saloon. Then there was a pistol shot.

I found myself shaking again, but it may have been with cold. "Maybe they'll get drunk and forget us," I suggested.

"Oh, no," the hotel widow assured me, "they're just smashing in everything in the saloon, including the saloon keeper's face. They do that every year: it's part of Halloween. They'll drink a whole lot, I guess, but they can load in nearly a barrel without showing it, except to those who are experienced."

The blizzard, which seemed to have stopped a while to catch its breath, was beginning rudely to puff out great gusts of wind and snow right in our faces, when the saloon door opened and from our perilous grand stand we beheld the Cow Creek boys file out. They climbed up and lowered us with ropes, until we were safely sitting on the ground again, but the cart remained on top of the hotel.

"Well, ladies," said Bachy as they escorted us into the hotel, "we've enjoyed your society very much. We only regret that it is getting so late that we will have to be going to work and cannot play with you no longer." Then he turned to me: "I understand that you're a schoolmarm. Well, if I'd knew that at first, I'd never have been caught even stepping in your foot tracks.

"Such skyey institorshins of larning is generally above our wildest notice. But we see you never fainted or called us a dastardly, cowardly set of disphragrus, or any other educated cursing.

"Maybe schoolmarms is the real tobacco, after all, so if you ever need anything stole for you, just call on the Cow Creek Company Cow-punchers. And that ain't no josh neither."

All that night there was a sound as of the world falling down, but when the first light of morning began to cut brave little gashes in the eastern darkness, we heard a wild roaring and a great pounding of horses' hoofs, and we knew that the devil and his horns had fled.

At eight o'clock that morning I crept downstairs and, slipping on a fur coat, peeped outside.

The saloon glasses were tied on ropes and strung from one chimney to another, all the dining-room tables in town were astride of the telephone wires; the stoves were perched perilously on top of the chimneys. The kitchen doors had been removed from all the houses and had been sunk in a hole in the ice of the creek.

ALTHOUGH it was below zero, the people were wandering about in the streets looking for hinges from doors, pieces of harness, screws from wagons, teacups, knives, forks, and cooking utensils, but the night's blizzard had obliterated all.

Upstairs in the hotel three half-broken horses were restless, pacing the hall. It seemed that the floor would break in with their every footfall. They had kicked in several of the doors and had knocked down and walked on the stovepipe. It must have been a great deal of trouble to get them to go up there, but to get them down—

I walked toward the kitchen. Every chair in the house was on the roof, and a great hayrack had been taken to pieces, carried into the dining room and set up again with all the screws and nuts put on as tight as massive cow-punchers could get them.

In the kitchen the hotel widow, assisted by four men, was trying to adjust the stovepipe. When she saw me shivering in the doorway, she let forth a cheer of joy.

"Well, ain't we the luckiest that ever was? Gosh! this year's been a dandy."

I, who had expected a great flood of swearing eloquence, stood there in compressed silence.

"Why, can't you see, Honey-bunch, can't you see?—them angel boys never even set the town on fire."

"Our Treat"

We want to send you this Sunshine "Revelation-Box"—14 kinds of biscuit bonbons, different from anything you ever tasted. Finger biscuits, deliciously crispy; wafer sticks with crisp walls and creamy centers that melt in the mouth; chocolate cream biscuits that are as good as they sound, and other dainties.

Sunshine Specialties

Send for Your Sunshine "Revelation-Box"

Send us your name and address with 10c (stamps or coin) for postage only and you will receive this box, free, by return mail. Or, if you prefer, send a postal for the Sunshine "Taste-Box", containing five kinds. Free and postpaid. Send the name of your grocer, please.

This is the Box Sent Free

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY
Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits
491 Causeway Street, Boston

Simplicity

of construction, making them easiest to operate and unbreakable from wear, characterize

Krementz Bodkin-Clutch Studs and Vest Buttons

With Sleeve Links to Match

Made in a wide range of designs from plain rolled gold plate for business wear to the finest mother-of-pearl set with pearls or precious stones and mounted with gold or platinum for semi-dress and evening wear. For use with French or Soft Cuffs these Sleeve Links are unsurpassed.

They Go in Like a Needle

No hinges, tubes or spiral springs to bother with or to rumple the shirt. No loose parts to loose.

They Hold Like an Anchor

Yet may be instantly released. Ask your jeweler or haberdasher, or write for booklet to

Krementz & Co., 46 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

Makers of the Famous Krementz Collar Buttons and largest manufacturers of high grade Jewelery in the world.

Learn a Paying Profession

that assures you a good income and position for life. For seventeen years we have successfully taught

PHOTOGRAPHY

Photo-Engraving and Three-Color Work

Our graduates earn large salaries. We assist them to secure these positions. Learn how you can become successful. Terms easy—living inexpensive. Write for catalogue—NOW!

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
949 Wabash Avenue, Effingham, Illinois

TYPEWRITERS
FACTORY REBUILT

Save $25 to $50 on manufacturers' prices. Buy our Factory Rebuilt Typewriters. Nearest-to-new on the market. Have trade-mark and guarantee like new machines. Are thoroughly rebuilt, highly polished, and perfect in appearance. Satisfaction guaranteed. We are the largest rebuilt typewriter concern in the world. Branch stores in leading cities. Write for catalog of standard makes.

American Writing Machine Co., Inc., 345 Broadway, N. Y.

This label marks

Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

"58 years of knowing how"

Booklet free upon request.

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WHAT IS AN

"agate line?" Of course it is the standard of measurement for advertising, but have you ever considered what it really is? It is a line of 5½ point type (1/14 of an inch) like this:

Write to-day for our illustrated mail-order catalogue.

A very little thing seemingly for what it costs even in the lowest rate publications.

A very BIG thing in fact when you consider that in Farm Journal it carries a selling message to 3 or 4 millions of substantial country folks with universal needs and with the wherewith to supply them

Wilmer Atkinson Company
Publishers
FARM JOURNAL
Philadelphia

Dec. forms close 11/5

UNLIKE ANY OTHER PAPER

This Box of Candy

is for You

to introduce you to

Reymers BEST

There are 10 of these wonderful confections in each box—exquisite fruit and nut and cream centered chocolates—all different, each a surprise.

Sent to you without charge if you will pay the postage—inclose five two-cent stamps in your letter—and mention your dealer's name.

Reymers' Best Chocolates are the product of a firm that starts to cultivated tastes.

High priced, of course. Good chocolates must be.

In Pittsburgh, where they are made, they outsell all other candies. And Pittsburgh people are acknowledged judges of the luxuries of life.

Packed in very handsome boxes—most suitable for gifts. We send you a descriptive booklet with the sample box. Dealers. Write for particulars.

REYMER & BROTHERS
1400 Pride St. Pittsburgh, Pa

Remoh Gems

Look and wear like diamonds. Brilliancy guaranteed forever. Stand file, acid and fire like diamonds. Have no paste, foil or backing. Set only in 14 karat solid gold mountings. About 1-30th the price of diamonds. A marvelous synthetic gem—will cut glass. *Guaranteed not an imitation, and to contain no glass.* Sent C.O.D. subject to examination. Write today for our 4 color catalog DeLuxe, It's free.

Remoh Jewelry Co. 638 Washington Ave. St. Louis

GLASS PINS

Medals, Badges, Fraternity Pins for Schools, Colleges and Societies. Handsomely illustrated Catalog with attractive prices mailed free. DORRETY, Dept C, Boston, Mass.

Campaigning

Continued from page 17

and gave more advice. The crossing policeman cocked his Irish eye and laughed when we told him what place the Chief had given us.

"They're putting ye where they put the fakers, lady," he said. "Do ye drive up in front of the City Hall now; and, mind ye, get busy."

"But will they like it?" we asked foolishly.

"Well, there's no one lookin', is there?" he answered, winking his Irish eye.

That was the first of out-of-door speaking for me. And even if they did pull me down at the end of five minutes with a muttered "You're getting the ten-hour law all wrong." Even if they did say afterward: "We'd never have dared but for your beautiful hat." Even if they did, it was life while it lasted. I no longer understand how men can sit comfortably at home when there is an empty soap box handy and a campaign coming on.

"WHAT WOULD THE PLATFORM BE?"

As the street meeting came to be a daily affair, bank presidents and prominent business men appeared in our crowds. They listened intently and took our literature, often stopping one of our bill peddlers to say: "I believe you are on the right track." At this same time a mayoralty campaign was in progress, and we carried a huge paper device lettered: "If women could vote, what would the Mayor's platform be?" Everyone knew what the women would try to make it; they had just finished a hopeless crusade for improved tenements, and a white-slave battle was even then being waged. The candidates refused to be interviewed on the subject; but one of them explained his position by saying that tenement conditions do not belong in a platform because they are within the jurisdiction of the law.

The zest of the noon meeting is best illustrated by the story of what happened one day when we talked in front of an insurance office. We had purposely chosen the insurance company employing the greatest number of women. There were some three hundred in this one building. Our automobile crowded into the narrow street and stopped in front of the door by which the women employees entered. It was at the noon hour and the girls had gone to lunch, but they came back very soon with just a few minutes to listen before they rushed in to work. As they passed us they all held out their hands for literature, and every now and again one of the girls would say savagely: "We'll show them whether we want to vote or not!"

Finally one girl volunteered to explain: "The wife of one of our managers is an anti, and last week she sent down a paper asking us to sign against suffrage. The paper said that woman's place is in the home. Well, that made us mad, insulting us flat like that! Perhaps she has got a home she can stay in, but how about us? We've got to take care of ourselves. I'm supporting my mother, and there's no one voting for me. Perhaps she has got a voter; she has a handsome house, too; of course she doesn't want to be bothered. But I've got to be bothered, and I'd like to say what I shall be bothered about. There wasn't a girl in our department would sign. We are coming to your meeting, and we are going to join you. We have got to look out for ourselves."

In the course of ten minutes, as these girls went in to work, our speaker gave them an outline of the chief suffrage arguments and the bill peddlers gave them other arguments in printed form. The three hundred girls then and there began to talk about suffrage as something vital to them. Each one of them became a good suffrage agitator because, conscious or otherwise, she would carry the propaganda wherever she went. She would discuss it with friends at home and at church, reaching people in an ever-widening circle. The fire which the anti-suffragist so unwittingly kindled will keep the subject boiling for some time.

Perhaps the same thing might be said of the campaign—it is one thing to start such a movement and quite another thing to stop it, and the Connecticut campaign is not stopped; it is still going on. Many a farmer in an out-of-the-way county, having picked up a handbill while shopping in Hartford, is still wondering when "them suffragettes is comin' around." The legislative representative in every district the campaign did touch, having been at home and with time to attend our meet-

"It Won't Hurt Valspar"

You know how water spoils the varnish on your floors! It makes it turn white like hoarfrost, and next time you look you find the wood bare of varnish.

The turning white is the surrender flag of the varnish. It means that its "life," its elasticity, its strength are all gone. Then under a little friction it rubs away like so much dry powder.

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR
"The Varnish That Won't Turn White"

Valspar is the only varnish that won't turn white in water—but that's only part of it!

Valspar has the durability of the old long-oil varnishes, plus the ability to dry hard in twenty-four hours, making this supreme type of varnish available for the first time *for household use.*

It is the one sanitary finish, for it can be washed with hot water and soap without injury.

Radiators leak and drip hot water unobserved, but—*it won't hurt Valspar.*

Wet feet leave prints on the floor, water splashes, but—*it won't hurt Valspar.*

The bedroom window, left open at night, admits the storm, leaving a puddle of rain water or a heap of snow on the varnished floor and sill, but—*it won't hurt Valspar.*

We authorize every dealer to guarantee that on inside work Valspar will give at least twice the service of any other varnish made for that purpose, and that on outside work it will outlast *any* other varnish, and that it won't turn white. If directions are followed and this doesn't prove true, we will cheerfully refund your money.

Prices: Gallon Can $4.50; Half-Gallon $2.25; Quart $1.20; Pint 60c.

Valspar costs more than ordinary varnishes, but revarnishing costs more than Valspar. Valspar is the varnish you can test *before* you use it.

We furnish a sample free and full directions.

TRADE VALENTINES VARNISHES MARK

Valentine & Company, 452 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Chicago Boston Toronto *Established 1832* London Paris Amsterdam

W. P. FULLER & COMPANY, San Francisco, Cal., Sole Agents for the Pacific Slope and the Hawaiian Islands

The few things that your garters have to do are very important.

PARIS GARTERS

will give you more comfort in the way they fit your leg and the way they hold up your hose than any other garter. Prices 25 and 50 cents.

Made with rubber cushion loop fasteners that will not tear the thinnest hose.

Look for the name PARIS on every garter.

No metal can touch you

A. Stein & Company
Makers
Chicago, Illinois

Invest Your Money in High-Grade Bonds

When you buy high-grade bonds your money is secured by mortgage on property of demonstrated and seasoned earning capacity or by municipal credit supported by taxing power.

Money in stocks is risked on the success of an enterprise. This is the difference between sound investment for assured income, and speculation for uncertain profit.

E. H. Rollins & Sons deal exclusively in investment bonds that measure up to a high and definite standard.

Our reputation for reliability is the result of 36 years' dealings in investment bonds with success to our clients and ourselves. If you have $100 or $25,000 to invest, take advantage of our experience and extensive service.

Bond issues that we have recently purchased outright after thorough investigation include municipal, railroad and public service bonds, yielding 4 to 6%. Every investor should write for the October number of the Rollins Magazine and Circular No. 593.

E. H. ROLLINS & SONS
Founded 1876
INVESTMENT BONDS
200 Devonshire St., Boston
New York Philadelphia Chicago
Denver San Francisco Los Angeles

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

The tobacco with a regret.

The regret is that you have wasted so many years before you began smoking ARCADIA.

The great brotherhood of pipe smokers, who appreciate a soothing and meditative pipe, and are trying to find a tobacco that satisfies perfectly, will find their ideal in ARCADIA MIXTURE.

If you have never had the luxury of smoking ARCADIA

Send 10 Cents and we will send a sample.

THE SURBRUG CO., 204 Broadway, New York

Campaigning

(*Concluded from page 35*)

ing, is now wondering what will happen when the suffrage bill comes up in the Legislature next year. The conductors and motormen on the trolleys throughout Fairfield, New Haven, and Hartford counties are still wearing that green and purple button on their caps. The sheriff up Windsor Locks way is still telling, as a great joke, how he made a whole car full of people take the literature our little nurse was so beset to hand around.

CRUSADING ARMOR A LIFE FIT

THE campaigners packed their suit cases after the Hartford theatre meeting and went grudgingly back to humdrum things. They have plenty of baths and good food and easy work. But the little nurse says the only fun she has now is carrying signature blanks in her apron pocket and making her patients sign. Once the crusader's armor is well on, you see, it is hard to get off; in fact, no one wants to take it off. The once inactive members of the Connecticut movement are already looking toward New Hampshire and wondering if there is not a place on the firing line for them.

Suffrage has become suddenly very important to these once inactive members. They are like the son of one of their leaders. Son considers himself well up on suffrage matters, and, after hearing the campaigners gossip at his mother's luncheon table, he went to school one day and began to wave his hand. At the end of a half hour, when his hand was still waving, his teacher said: "I can't let you speak unless you have something very important to say."

Small son said: "It's very important."

"Then you may speak," said the teacher, and the children looked with admiration at their six-year-old friend while he explained proudly: "The women of California have got the vote."

The fact that there are eight Californias this year instead of one, and each the campaign ground for suffragists, stirs the inactive member to take voice. There is not a suffragist, inactive or otherwise, but is just now waiting and straining to hear the magic word—campaign.

One West Virginia Paper

IN ITS article on West Virginia papers recently COLLIER'S omitted to mention that the "Virginia Free Press" of Charles Town was the first paper to expose the Trevitt correspondence. The letter which the editor of the "Free Press" sent in response to its solicitation to print editorials for pay read as follows:

C. L. TREVITT, ESQ., Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir—I have your letter of the 6th inst., enjoining me to secrecy as to its contents.

Believing it to be against public policy to treat such communications as you propose, and the ethics of the case seeming to demand publicity, I must decline to regard your letter as confidential.

It is to be regretted that you do not give the names of those authorizing you to offer "one thousand dollars and as much more as circumstances will permit" for the influence of my paper during the pending campaign.

I beg to advise you that the editorial columns of the "Free Press" are not for sale at any price.

The submission of the Prohibition Amendment involves a great moral and not a political question, and must be passed on by each voter according to the dictates of his conscience.

To try to influence the result by the use of money is, in my judgment, a crime against the State.

The editor of the "Free Press" has the honor to belong to the Democratic and not to the Prohibition party.

Believing, however, that the existence of the saloon is detrimental to the welfare of our people, he has opposed the granting of license in this county, and will continne to do so.

He begs to assure you that if his convictions were that the saloon is a benefit, instead of a curse to this community, that it would be unnecessary to tender the "Free Press" anything for advocating such principles.

Yours truly, W. CAMPBELL, Editor.

For rising young men!

Big Ben

LA SALLE, Illinois was named after a man who was always up early in the morning.—The men whose names go ringing past their century usually see the dawn before the rest of the world.

Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle was always on the march towards the Golden West before 7 A. M.—And out at La Salle, the *Westclox* people design sleepmeters for men who, like La Salle, will get under way while the East is still gray.

Big Ben is an admirable example of these clockmakers' skill.—Slender, handsome, yet massive, he stands 7 inches tall with clean-cut, well shaped hands and a frank, friendly face, distinctly visible in the dim morning light.

He rings just when you want and either way you want, *five straight minutes* or *every other half minute during ten minutes* unless you flag him off.—His keys are large, strong, pleasing to wind—his voice deep, cheerful pleasing to hear.

Big Ben is sold by 18,000 jewelers. His price is $2.50 anywhere in the States.—If you can't find him at your jeweler's, a money order sent to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will bring him to you express prepaid.

Get Your Canadian Home From the Canadian Pacific

The Home Maker

THE richest virgin soil is waiting for you in **Manitoba, Saskatchewan** and **Alberta.** Go where you can prosper, earn a farm home in a few years—farmers have paid for their farms with one crop. First prize of $1000.00 for best wheat in the world was awarded by American judges at the New York Land Show to a western Canadian farmer. Anyone can own land in Western Canada.

Land From $10 to $30 An Acre Ten Years in Which to Pay

The Canadian Pacific Railway offers you the finest irrigated land for intensive farming and non-irrigated land with ample rainfall for mixed and grain farming near established towns along its lines. Land adapted to grain growing, to poultry raising, dairying, mixed farming, and cattle, hog, sheep and horse raising. Select your own land. Decide what kind of farming you want to follow, and let the Canadian Pacific Railway put you on the road to fortune.

To workers of farms in the United States having sufficient agricultural experience and equipment, the Canadian Pacific will loan money for a period of ten years at 6% for the purposes of erecting buildings and completing the improvements on their newly purchased Western Canadian farms.

Ask for our handsome illustrated books on Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—mention the one you wish. Also maps with full information free. Write today.

J. E. Thornton, Colonization Commissioner

Canadian Pacific Railway
Colonization Department
112 W. Adams St., Chicago

FOR SALE—Town lots in all growing towns—Ask for information concerning Industrial and Business openings in all towns.

Prints by Gaslight

The best finishers of Kodak work use Velox exclusively.

There's only one possible reason for using anything else—the price. Don't let your finisher use a cheap paper at *your expense.*

The Velox Book, free at your dealers or by mail, tells all about Velox and how to handle it.

NEPERA DIVISION,
EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co., receive free notice in the **Scientific American.**

MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F Street, Washington, D. C.

At Last! The Pipe-Smoke of Your Dreams

Edgeworth Tobacco is All that You Have Longed For, but Hardly Dared to Expect. Ready-Rubbed or Sliced Plug as You Prefer.

A delight awaits you in Edgeworth Tobacco if you've never tried it.

Get a package. Fill your pipe. Light up and puff away. You will have a delicious surprise. It'll be your dream smoke *come true*. How sure this is, any smoker of "Edgeworth" (and their name is legion) will tell you gladly.

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE
Smoking Tobacco
Ready-Rubbed or Sliced Plug

"Edgeworth" Tobacco is the finest Burley-leaf the ground can yield. There's *never* a bite for the tongue. The aroma is as inviting as a man could find.

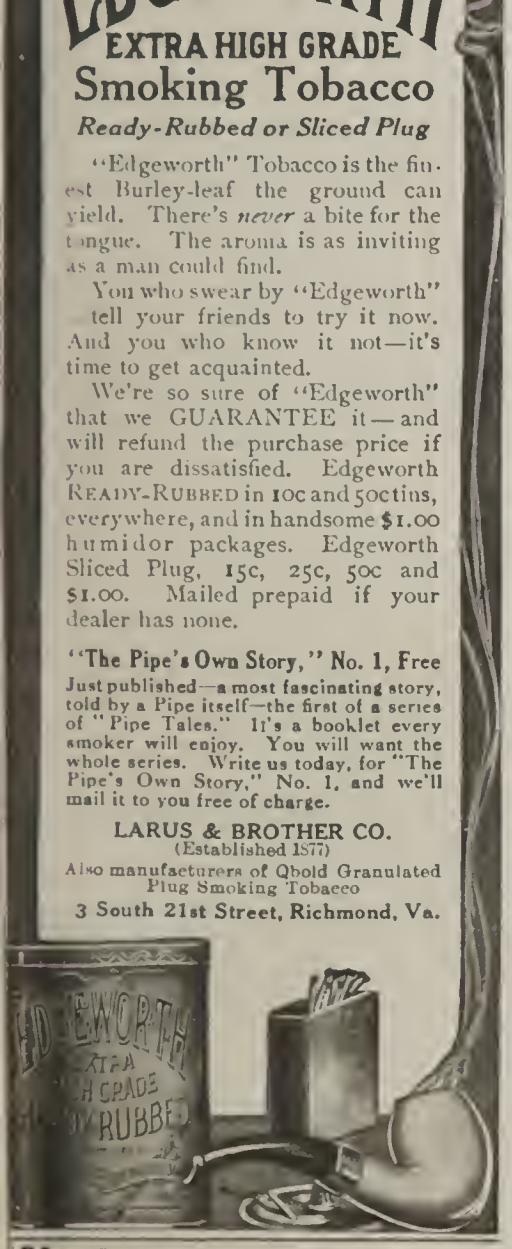
You who swear by "Edgeworth" tell your friends to try it now. And you who know it not—it's time to get acquainted.

We're so sure of "Edgeworth" that we GUARANTEE it—and will refund the purchase price if you are dissatisfied. Edgeworth READY-RUBBED in 10c and 50c tins, everywhere, and in handsome $1.00 humidor packages. Edgeworth Sliced Plug, 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Mailed prepaid if your dealer has none.

"The Pipe's Own Story," No. 1, Free

Just published—a most fascinating story, told by a Pipe itself—the first of a series of "Pipe Tales." It's a booklet every smoker will enjoy. You will want the whole series. Write us today, for "The Pipe's Own Story," No. 1, and we'll mail it to you free of charge.

LARUS & BROTHER CO.
(Established 1877)
Also manufacturers of Qbold Granulated Plug Smoking Tobacco
3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.



We Need Salesmen

If you wish to sell a safe, reliable investment; to work for a strong corporation, composed mainly of Philadelphia and New Jersey bankers; to sell an investment that is conservative and non-speculative; if you can get responsible people to certify to your good character and ability, *we need you*. We pay the highest commissions and give exclusive territory to men who are *willing to work hard*.

Railroads are opening to development thousands of square miles of prairies, mountains, forests, mineral, agricultural and grazing lands in the Northwest—bringing into existence thousands of hamlets and villages. Hundreds of these will become cities—some of them Omahas, Denvers, Seattles.

We own choice building lots in *seventeen* of the most carefully selected and rapidly growing of these young cities—birthright towns, "preferred risks." Our agents sell five building lots—one in each of five of these prospective great cities (one in each of five different states, if desired) for a total of $725, on easy monthly payments. This is the safest possible investment—insurance!

We give highest banking references. Our plan appeals only to conservative investors of small means. Write us, giving references.

NORTHWEST TOWNSITE CO.
308 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

lahnemann Medical College

53d regular session opened September 26th

[illegible] equipment complete. Clinical facilities unsurpassed. [illegible] years' course. For detailed information address HENRY [illegible]SON, Registrar, 3179 Rhodes Ave., Chicago, Ill.

uly,

d) Jno. D. Archbold

Forgery of Mr. Archbold's signature to the Penrose letter

y truly yours,

Jno. D. Archbold

The same identical forgery used to sign the Hanna letter

Forgeries

(*Continued from page* 11)

a different size. By that cheap trick Mr. Hearst hoped to escape exposure.

One further point, and this the most damaging. Mr. Hearst in his own person has tripped up and contributed the largest item in the volume of internal evidence of fraud which these Standard Oil articles carry. In his own introduction to the series in "Hearst's Magazine" on the Standard Oil letters William Randolph Hearst says:

"On the afternoon of the day on which I was to speak at Columbus, A GENTLEMAN CALLED ON ME AT MY HOTEL *and submitted to me a number of letters which have since become known as the Standard Oil Letters. There appeared to be no doubt about the genuineness of the letters. I will not discuss further, however, the letters as they appeared in the campaign, but will allow Mr.* ——, THE WRITER OF THIS SERIES OF ARTICLES, *to take them up consecutively and chronologically and completely."*

And the editor of "Hearst's Magazine," in introducing "J. E——" (the "gentleman"), says:

"EDITOR'S NOTE.—Nearly four years have passed since the AUTHOR OF THIS SERIES OF ARTICLES *made public through Mr. Hearst's speeches, some remarkable letters written by John D. Archbold. These letters revealed the Standard Oil Company in the definite act of corrupting America's public servants. In the series of articles of which this is the first* THE AUTHOR, WHO MUST STILL REMAIN *ANONYMOUS, makes public new and even more important letters."*

The author of the series, then, appearing in "Hearst's Magazine," is the mysterious "gentleman" who brought the batch of facsimiles to Mr. Hearst at Columbus in 1908. Now listen to Mr. Hearst again, still speaking in the May "Hearst's":

"The Standard Oil letters have become famous. A PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ONCE SAID TO ME *that the value of the Standard Oil letters was not so much that they revealed anything new, but that they proved what everybody suspected but had not before been able to establish."*

May to September is a long time when you are carrying out a fraud. Mr. Hearst's memory is short. For in the September "Hearst's Magazine" we read in "J. E.'s" article:

"AS A PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES SAID TO THE WRITER, *these letters are vitally important, not because they indicate the existence of conditions which we did not suspect, but because they absolutely prove the existence of conditions which we only suspected before, but which we now know to be actualities."*

Mr. Hearst, then, is the writer of the "Hearst Magazine" articles. Of course he is—Mr. Hearst, carrying out his series through his editorial staff. There was no unknown mysterious "gentleman." J. E—— was part of the plot. The mask is pulled off by the same blundering hands that used the 1907 machine to write an 1898 letter, that pasted on a letterhead, that used the same individual machine to write letters alleged to have been written a thousand miles away from each other within a few days of each other. The man of mystery is Mr. Hearst himself. But we already knew this. We knew it four years ago.

COLLIER'S knew it, and in the issue of October 24, 1908, told how the colored employee of Standard Oil, Willie W. Winfield, stepson of Mr. Archbold's butler,

New Linen Catalogue
Free on Request

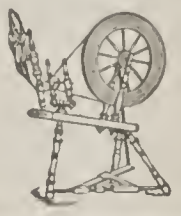
Our new Fall Catalogue is ready for distribution.

It is handsomely illustrated.

It not only includes the newest styles and models in Housekeeping Linens of every kind, but illustrates a very large variety of the latest designs in Pure Linen Handkerchiefs, for which "The Linen Store" has long been famous.

Besides these, it shows the newest Fall and Winter models in French and Domestic Lingerie and Corsets, Infants' and Children's Wear, Ladies' Hosiery, Neckwear and Outer Garments.

Every woman who loves Fine Linen should send for a copy. Ask for Catalogue No. 15.



James McCutcheon & Co.
"The Linen Store"
Fifth Avenue & 34th St., N. Y.

"My Wife"

With Palmolive her daily companion, a clear, bright complexion will ever inspire a hearty throb of pride in his two greatest words — "My Wife"

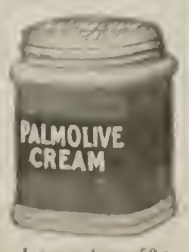
How Palmolive Conquers Hard Water

Palmolive is able to *do* more than mere soap, because of two *oils*—Palm and Olive. These two oils are *scientifically blended* in Palmolive. This is why Palmolive is so *different* from any other soap. This is why it produces a full, creamy lather in *hard* water as *well* as soft.

Palmolive thoroughly cleanses, then *nourishes*. The oils do this. Famous historical beauties used olive and palm oils for their complexions. Today these two beautifying oils are blended in a pure soap—Palmolive.

Free Jar of Palmolive Cream

Send us a band from a cake of Palmolive Soap and we will send a sample jar of this beauty bringing face cream.



Large Size 50c

Baby's First Bath is in Olive Oil

The first bath an infant gets is in olive oil—before water is allowed to touch the sensitive skin.

Then Nurse and Doctor prescribe Palmolive for the child's future bath. For they know Palmolive contains the needed olive oil. Since Palmolive is the best soap for baby's delicate body, you may be sure it is the best for *yours*.

Unwrap a cake of Palmolive. Observe the light green hue the oils give it. There is no artificial coloring in Palmolive.

Note the inviting fragrance—the dainty Oriental odor—the suggestion of rare oils and spices. It's pure enough to eat!

Palmolive costs *less* at 15c than many mere soaps at a lower price, for it remains firm and compact even when reduced to the thinnest wafer.

Send two 2c stamps for sample and free booklet, "The Easy Way to Beauty."

Price 15c

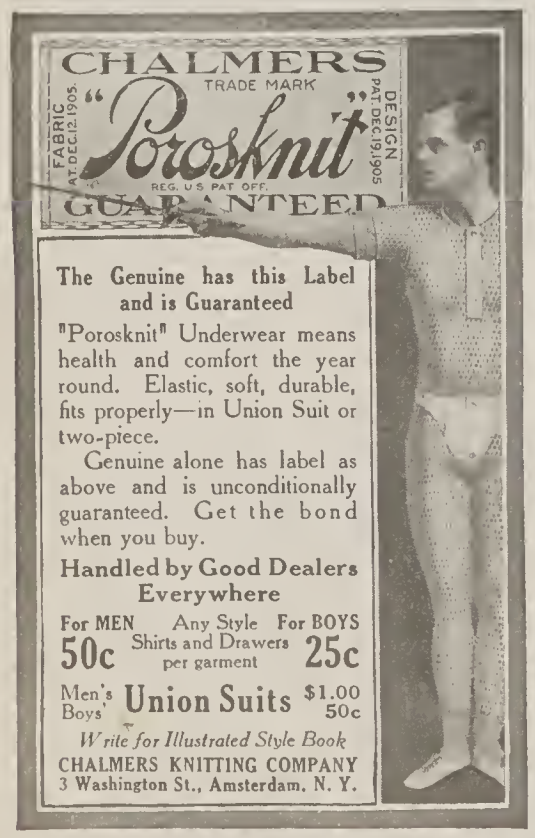
B. J. JOHNSON SOAP COMPANY
488 Fowler Street, Milwaukee, Wis

D.&P. GLOVES for Gentlefolk.

STYLE is baffling. We can't put it *into print*, but we put it *into gloves*—into D. & P. Gloves. Their smartness is not *effusive*, but *unobtrusive*—the gentle air that denotes gentlefolk.

Instead of asking for "Gloves" at the Glove Counter, ask for D. & P. Gloves and make sure that "D. & P." is *stamped inside the wrist*. $1.50, $2, $2.50 and upward. If your regular dealer can't supply you, write to us for the name of a dealer near you and for our Glove Book "A" from which you can order by mail. Address

The Dempster & Place Co.
Gloversville, N. Y.



The Genuine has this Label and is Guaranteed

"Porosknit" Underwear means health and comfort the year round. Elastic, soft, durable, fits properly—in Union Suit or two-piece.

Genuine alone has label as above and is unconditionally guaranteed. Get the bond when you buy.

Handled by Good Dealers Everywhere

For MEN 50c Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment For BOYS 25c

Men's Boys' **Union Suits** $1.00 50c

Write for Illustrated Style Book

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
3 Washington St., Amsterdam, N. Y.

¶ Lock speed is all important.
¶ Cornell University timed our lock
¶ Ithaca lock operates in 6/100 of a second.
¶ This lightning speed will increase your score.
¶ Beautiful catalog FREE, 18 grades, $17.75 net to $400 list.
¶ Five bores—28, 20, 16, 12 and 410.
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Forgeries

(Concluded from page 37)

stole the files and notebooks, the records of correspondence to and from Mr. Archbold.

COLLIER'S told how Winfield turned it over to Charles Stump, a white employee of Standard Oil. This man, acting with a reputable man whose name we suppressed because of his recent excellent record, brought the plunder to the Hearst office, which jotted down and photographed what the editors needed. Practically all the stolen goods were then returned to the Standard Oil office. The two thieves received just over $12,000 from the Hearst office for their dexterity. We told that the plunder contained letters, at that time unpublished by Mr. Hearst, to and from Senator Hanna, and to and from Senator Penrose, and that these would result in sensational exposures. As Stump said to COLLIER'S at that time: "Mr. Hearst hasn't begun to read the best of the letters. What's happening now is nothing."

Mr. Hearst has many genuine facsimiles in his possession. Photographs were made in his "American" office of genuine original documents. Why is he using forgeries? In particular, why has he used forged documents in the Penrose exposure? Stump told me that he carried original Penrose material to the "American" office, just as he carried Hanna originals.

Mr. Hearst must now produce the numerous genuine facsimiles which he actually has, and he must impart the correct information built up from notes and similar leakages, and he must tell the sources of his correct information, which he is now imparting by means of forged documents. His sources were insiders located at Standard Oil headquarters. It will now be necessary for him to explain to the Senate Investigating Committee, meeting this week in Washington, just what the rich kernel of truth is about which he has built his rotten shell. How foolish of him to pull a real leak on the invisible relationship of Standard Oil with the Government, and then create a series of forgeries in order to exploit that secret accurate information!

A Statement from Mr. Roger Sullivan

CHICAGO, Sept. 17, 1912.

EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

DEAR SIR—Inclosed is a clipping from COLLIER'S WEEKLY of September 7. The statement is absolutely untrue. The Democratic ticket nominated in Illinois was nominated by the direct vote of the people under a direct-primary law. Roger C. Sullivan had nothing to do with the designating of these candidates, either before the primaries or otherwise. On several occasions in the past your publication, and in articles written by Mr. Mark Sullivan, associate editor, have printed statements about Roger C. Sullivan that were absolutely incorrect. Is it the desire of COLLIER'S to always misrepresent some men? Even a Roger C. Sullivan is entitled to an honest statement of fact now and then. Will the time ever come when editors of great journals shall quit misinforming the many, even at the expense of enough time and labor to ascertain the facts? Very respectfully,

ROGER C. SULLIVAN.

WE are glad to publish Mr. Sullivan's view. Saying nothing about the rest of his letter, we wish to admit that the language we used was so sweeping as to be easily misunderstood. Our position is that the nominees for Lieutenant Governor and for Attorney General are distinctly Sullivan men, and that the nominee for Treasurer is in general pro-Sullivan. From the language we used, however, the average reader would assume that Mr. Dunne was a Sullivan man, which he is not.

As to the degree of personal participation by Mr. Sullivan in the doings of his faction we have nothing to say. It has been freely rumored of late that Mr. Sullivan feels strongly about the career of his newly graduated son, and is very proud of him, and was influenced mainly by this fact in finally giving up his fight against Woodrow Wilson at Baltimore. We hope this is true. If Mr. Roger Sullivan from now on makes a good record in Illinois politics nobody will proclaim the fact more enthusiastically than this weekly.

EDITOR COLLIER'S.

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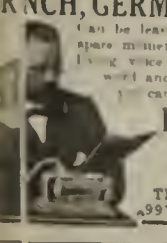

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The Thin Thread

(*Concluded from page 18*)

had been brought into court by force, he indignantly complained, and he absolutely denied the power and the right of the assembly to punish him. For he had lived several years in America, had become an American citizen, and had voluntarily thrown away his caste as he would a pair of worn-out sandals. His Holiness interrupted him, saying that he would now pass sentence on him. But Rao exclaimed: 'Sentence—the devil—you've neither the right nor the might to sentence me.' The Swami, never heeding the interruption, continued with a calm and even voice: 'I sentence you to the living death of the outcast until such time as you expiate your crime, acknowledge your errors, and regain your caste status, which you forfeit to-day, through the regular methods as laid down in the holy books. Your friends and relatives will assemble on the first unlucky day of next week, and will offer, as if to your manes, a libation in a pot of water which a slave girl shall dash against the walls of your house, and all who take part in this ceremony shall be regarded as impure for three days. Your friends and relatives shall not be permitted to accept your hospitality, nor shall you be allowed to share theirs. Your touch shall be pollution unspeakable. Your children shall be outcasts and shall not marry anybody but Mangs and Mahars. Your own father and mother shall be forbidden your house under the risk of losing caste. Neither your barber, your tailor, your cook, nor your washerwoman shall work for you. Nobody shall assist you in any way, not even at the funeral of a member of your household. You shall be debarred access to the temples—'

"HERE Rao, who had mocked and laughed during all this sentence, cried: 'Save your breath, oh holy one, for indeed all this tommyrot can never affect me. As to hospitality, I don't care to invite those old fossils of Brahmins into my house, nor could I ever bring myself to set foot in theirs and listen to their tiresome dissertations about the Veda and the Upanishads; besides, I've plenty of European friends. As to my children being outcasts, know, revered uncle, that I have none, and that if ever I should have any they will be Americans like myself and marry like myself. As to my father and mother being forbidden my house—well, they're both dead. As to my being debarred access to your temples—by the great God Shiva—I never go there anyway—'

"His Holiness waited until Rao had finished, and then he said, with the same inscrutable smile playing about the corners of his thin lips: 'I furthermore sentence you to have torn from your body the sacred thread of your caste, though'—here he smiled again—'I hardly believe that you, who have voluntarily given up your caste and who mock at everything connected with it, can by any chance still have the thread about your person.'

"Here Rao made a wild dash in the direction of the door, but he was stopped by many willing hands. There was a short and furious struggle, his clothes were torn—and, my friend, it appeared that he, the scoffer, the atheist, the expatriate, who had renounced India, who had thrown much filth at caste, who had become an American, a free-thinker, and a scoffer at superstitions—still wore next his heart the thin thread, the holy thread of his caste—the holiest, the most intimate, the most exclusive, the most secret, the most important emblem of the caste which he affected to despise—"

Ibrahim was silent, and the American asked: "Well—what happened?"

THE Egyptian lit a cigarette and continued:

"Oh, the usual thing. Rao did penance, he feasted the priests, he went through the regular process of ceremonious purification—"

"But what about the girl?"

"His wife? Oh—he sent her back to her own country—" Ibrahim gave a dry little laugh. "Yes, my friend, you assuredly understand India. You can reform the world with your progress, your modernity, your splendid democracy—you wonderful Anglo-Saxons. Only it appears that there is a little thread—Allah, what a tiny little thread!—which brings to naught all your wonderful civilization, your liberty, your democracy. Ah, such a tiny little thread, my friend—"

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The Silent Fight at Wheaton

Concluded from page 15

city to watch one after another of these perts drop the little white spot within few feet of the hole—and distressing ion they occasionally missed. This was e of the places where young Mr. Waldo Bridgeport, Conn., after defeating the nglish champion Hilton, got into trouble his disastrous second round, and Evans, ming on it just as Travers was wearing n down in their finals, drove plump o the lake.

It was in this same second round, in vich Travis was put out, that Waldo opped from the risky pinnacle to which had climbed the day before. He is just t of Yale, and has held the Connecticut ate championship for two years. For first round he had drawn Hilton, the nglish golfer who won the American ateur championship last year, and to rybody's surprise put him out, two and one to play. Mr. Hilton was a off his game, and the young man from nnecticut distinctly on.

MR. WALDO'S SKYROCKET COMES DOWN

THIS second day, however, smiling and very happy, as he had a right to be, was promptly gathered in by Mr. Paul nter of the Midlothian Club, three down two to play. There were six other nches besides these two, all going on nce, so that there was plenty of work the gallery. Young Mr. Wood of cago, runner-up last year at Brook-n, was playing Mr. Fownes of Pitts-gh, last year's champion. Hovering r Mr. Wood, and tramping bravely r him through the heat—it was 95° in shade—was little Mrs. Wood, in white a pale, lemon-colored parasol. Mr. nes had nobody under a parasol to urage him, and he succumbed, seven and six to play.

r Norman Hunter of Edinburgh, the British contender, now that Hilton out, was playing Mr. W. P. Smith Philadelphia. Hunter is a slashing er, with a follow-through on his drive nearly touches his rear heel—a sur-r of the old days of the hard ball, a "wallop" was neeessary. Nowa-y it is timing and accuraey rather than gth that counts. The weather hadn't ed with him, and he was far from fit, he insisted on playing with a heavy buttoned up, and the wintriest stock-cap, and shoes. The British theory aying with a coat is partly a matter eneral appearance and partly, so a in the gallery told me, to cover up nders. The reasoning is that if a wears "braces" when he isn't playing ght to wear them when he is, lest too suddenly and wildly free. And body could wear braces and *not* them up—why, there you are. At rate, round the poor Scot tramped, ing like a furnace, and although Smith—a hardy campaigner, short on but long on efficiency and experi-and not in the least, as somebody , "afraid of the cars"—had him down e morning round, he pulled out in fternoon, four up and three to play. nd Wood came together the next but the Scotchman's indisposition nything but a joke by that time, he doctor told him he was liable to rostration if he kept on. He played gh the morning round and then d, very reluctantly, two down.

THE FINAL MATCH

became increasingly likely, mean-while, that the finals would be fought etween Travers and young Mr. " Evans of Chicago. Evans's first nes Charles—hence the "Chick." He ayed all over this country and on her side as well, and reached the als in the championship several s. He is an unassuming, likable with a genial grin and very popu-hut Chicago. Without much trouble reched through the lower tier of ants, defeating in turn Mr. A. W. hast of Philadelphia, Mr. H. B. f Detroit, Mr H Schmidt of ter, Mass., and finally the already hed Mr Wood. Travers, mean-after putting Travis out, had dis-of Mr M E Phelps of Midlothian Hamilton Kerr of the Ekwanok Manchester, Vt. This eliminated Travers and Evans and brought ls down to a contest, as Chicago ly saw it, between East and West. s is a "natural born" golfer. Not han twenty-two or twenty-four now apparently, he has played expertly for years—one of those boys who, when they have a spare half hour, will take a club out in the back yard and practice approaches or pitching balls over the barn. As a medal player, except for occasional weakness in putting, he is pretty close to unbeatable. In the qualifying round he tied with Hilton at 152 for the lowest score, and when he and Hilton played off the tie, after the tournament, young Evans won with a perfect score of 72 for the eighteen holes. Medal play is another thing than tournament play, however, and to keep the tension taut, match after match, for a week, with every stroke played in nerve-racking silence before several hundred pairs of gimletlike eyes, and never to weaken and get rattled, takes a very special sort of training and equipment.

In the first round the younger man started out chipper enough. "Don't hit me!" he grinned, as he and Travis shook hands for the benefit of some newspaper photographers, and then away they went, a gallery of several hundred trampling along behind. Evans won the first two and the next three were halved. The pond at the ninth hole was neatly erossed, both getting a three. The sixteenth was especially pretty. Evans was stymied on his third shot, and it looked as if he must halve the hole. Squinting at it a moment, he took his mashie, executed the neatest of pop-overs, and was in in four. This left him still two up. They halved the next in four, and then Travers took the eighteenth in three with an uncanny putt of thirty feet, which followed the invisible slopes of the turf as if drawn by a magnet and about a foot from the cup turned a corner and rolled in. This left Evans one up on the morning's round.

The afternoon brought another story. They halved the first in fours, then Travers, half-stymied, skimmed by with one of his wizard putts for a three on the next, and they were even up.

THE KIND OF GOLF YOU CAN'T BEAT

IT was a jolt for Evans, and on the next hole he missed an eighteen-inch putt. He got another discouragement on the fourth, when Travers, after pulling his drive and very nearly going out of bounds, made a magnificent 200-yard recover out of the rough and landed within fourteen feet of the eup. The gallery, trampling over one another behind the quaint, red-faeed trolls who held the ropes and guarded them, didn't realize it at the time, but it seems probable, as one looks back over the score, that it was just about at this point that the important thing happened. It was a hard thing to see beeause it happened inside young Mr. Evans's head or Mr. Travers's head or in that vague region in which one will grips and turns another. The imperturbable Mr. Travers, ambling nonchalantly across the turf puffing his occasional cigarette, and instead of being rattled by his opponent's good plays or his own poor ones, only boring in a little harder and playing a little better, had broken through the younger man's smiling good humor. The balance, so nicely and rigidly kept hitherto, began to swing, and all at once, before anyone knew what had happened, the rout was on. On the sixth hole Evans slieed into a bunker and played out into the rough. He lost the two next. On the ninth—the pond hole—he plumped into the water.

Travers, meanwhile, was playing the game people dream of. He did the first nine holes in 34, the best outcard of the week, and three under par. He won the next three, and there, on the twelfth green, the match ended, 7 up and 6 to play.

Then the president of the United States Golf Association fished out a gold medal for Mr. Travers and a silver one for Mr. Evans, as runner-up, and the gallery, loath to stop in the middle of a fine afternoon, tried to get the winner to make a speech. They were not very successful in this, for Mr. Travers's silence appears to be something more than a mere player's mask, but, as somebody said, his game spoke for itself. Then everybody trooped back across the grass in the blaze of a westerly sun, and the bright minds who were waiting on top of the bunker at the thirteenth hole, in the hope of beating the gallery and seeing the play approach, head on, looked and looked, and finally came along too.

"The man who knows and knows that he knows is a wise man."—*Oriental Proverb.*

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The Call of the Harvest

By C. L. MELLER

"HEY there, boys, looking for work?" No immediate answer, and the question is repeated. After staring at each other and at the man seeking to hire them, one finally asks:

"What d'you pay?"

"Easy work, boys; $2.25 a day."

They look at you a bit insolently and tell you that the farmers are paying $2.50 to $2.75 and board. Off they go, and you feel as if the workingman did get the best of it sometimes.

The harvest must be garnered in and city jobs can wait. Each spring the employer can have his pick of men; homeless, penniless, and hungry, they beg for a job and whine for a board order. In fall, though not quite each fall, for crops are not always good, conditions are reversed. The employer now plays second fiddle; like a beggar, he must go up and down the street and ask each lord in jeans and jumpers if he be not looking for work. It all affords a good opportunity to study human nature in the rough, only the employer with work to be done and no workers has neither time nor inclination to take a philosophical view of the matter. It is rather rough on his plans and he feels decidedly gruff. The few men that he does manage to gather in have a pretty clear, ofttimes an exaggerated, idea of their employer's need of them.

Just to make this manifest to all concerned, they take their time about everything they do. Say a word more to him than the laborer thinks the occasion warrants, and he will leave you your pick and shovel and ask for his time. But the harvest must be garnered in.

THE HARVEST HAND

GRAIN farming, such as they do on the prairies, means short spells of intense work with long intervals of comparative ease. When the grain is growing, there is nothing to do but watch it grow. When the grain is ripe for the reaper, it must be harvested in a hurry or the loss will be considerable.

The harvest hand—the transient laborer—is a necessity in the great Northwest, and his migrations are an equal necessity. A product of conditions, he is about as irresponsible as a child. When the harvest fields are stubble and the grain garnered, he comes to town with his money in his jeans. If ever money troubled a man, it is the harvest hand and his small earnings. He generally comes to town, intending to rest up a bit before he hits for the woods. After a shave, a shine, and a bath, he begins to feel like a man of leisure, and to ask him to go to work about this time would be an insult. He will just take in the town a bit, which wears such a pleasant aspect to him now. He is a sociable fellow, and soon meets some other fellow who is mighty glad to get acquainted with such a sociable fellow. Does he play cards? A little bit. And is he a sport? Show him. And after feeling like a sport for a little, little while, he is broke. Penniless, he can't seem to find his former friend. After sponging a few meals and sleeping almost anywhere, he is ready to work and willing to work, and he begs for work, never asking what you pay. Just give him a board order. Any job is a job to him now.

THE VACATION CALL

POSSIBLY he does not play cards or fails to meet a sociable fellow who does. No matter, he takes a drink or two, and before he knows it he wakes up in some ditch or lockup. It comes to the same thing.

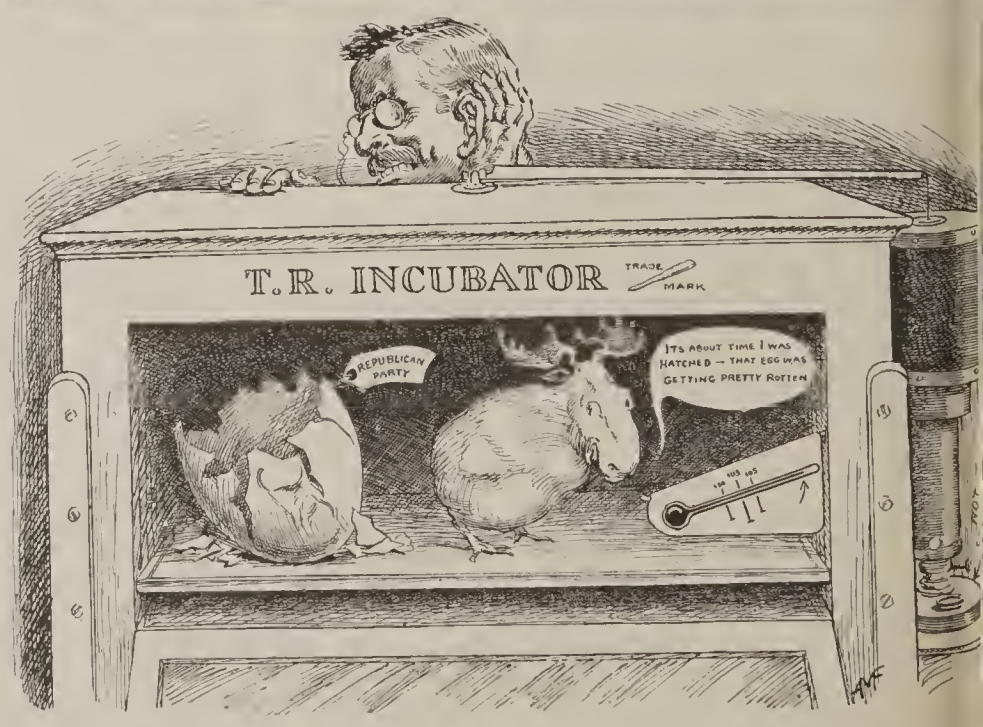
When the grain is ripening and the street talk is of harvest, then the laborer begins to feel a good deal like the schoolboy waiting for vacation. He is nothing more or less than weary of the monotony of his work; he wants something else to happen. It is the same with all of us. That feeling is responsible for vacations, people's summer resorts, and swells the income of many a physician. The workingman knows that he must work to live. He cannot afford to go to a doctor and be advised of a change. The harvest fields are his excuse, his excuse to his employer, his excuse to himself. Steady men holding a job all the year round become restless. They cease to laugh, their troubles are uppermost in their mind. They know they are money out of pocket by giving up a steady job and running out into the harvest field.

Two out of every three that run to the fields are really not fit for harvest work. In the harvest fields the hours are long, the work is hard. No whistles blow. From sunrise to sunset the work goes on. The poorest workers, however, ask as much pay as the best, do the most grumbling, and hold on as long as the need or the patience of the farmer lasts. The farmer who employs labor has still as much trouble along this line as the city man, and perhaps even a little more.

The call of the harvest field is heard by the servant in the house almost as much as the laborer in the street. The maid can leave her mistress and make bigger pay for a little while in the country. A thrashing crew needs some one to cook for them, and the cook needs some one to wash her pots and pans, peel her potatoes, clean her vegetables, and help her generally. A girl that is a willing worker is a welcome addition, and the pay is good. The work is hard, but it is a change from city confinement and routine housework. Many an incompetent seeks this change. The washerwoman leaves her patron with a week or even two weeks' washing on her hands, and hires out as a cook. The servant, table and anxious to go, takes the world of her mistress amiss and runs off at short notice.

ALL ARE WELCOME

AN oddly assorted lot of humanity they are, the men and women that help seek to help so that the country need not lack for bread. Many tongues and many nations are represented, and all are welcome. Good pay awaits them, for the harvest must be garnered in and city jobs can wait.



Busted Wide Open

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Harvest

VOL. FIFTY NO. 4 NEWS-STAND EDITION OCTOBER 12 19[illegible]

PIPEOLOGY

Away back, somewhere, this fellow's great-granddad discovered the corncob jimmy pipe. He cut a fat cob in half and dug out the soft dry centre. Then he bored a hole at the side close to the bottom, jammed in a short reed stem—and went to it!

Prince Albert hits the palate just as bully fine in the lowly corncob as in the costliest meerschaum. It isn't the pipe that makes the real smoke, gentlemen, it's the tobacco!

"Here's a hunch:

P. A.'s got a bunch of imitators—right smart proof it's all wool and a yard wide!"

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Let this sink deep: Every time that chaff's handed you, make a bee line for a tin of Prince Albert. Then you're in O. K. Realize that *imitation is the bulliest advertisement P. A. can have!* Get that?

There's just one "joy smoke" in this world for *you*, no matter what kind of a jimmy pipe you like best—clay, corncob, briar or meerschaum or whether it's a cigarette—and that's the now *internationally* famous brand that's sold in the toppy red bag for 5c and the tidy red tin for 10c—it's

PRINCE ALBERT

Also sold in handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

the national joy smoke

Say, start to gallop while the goin's good!

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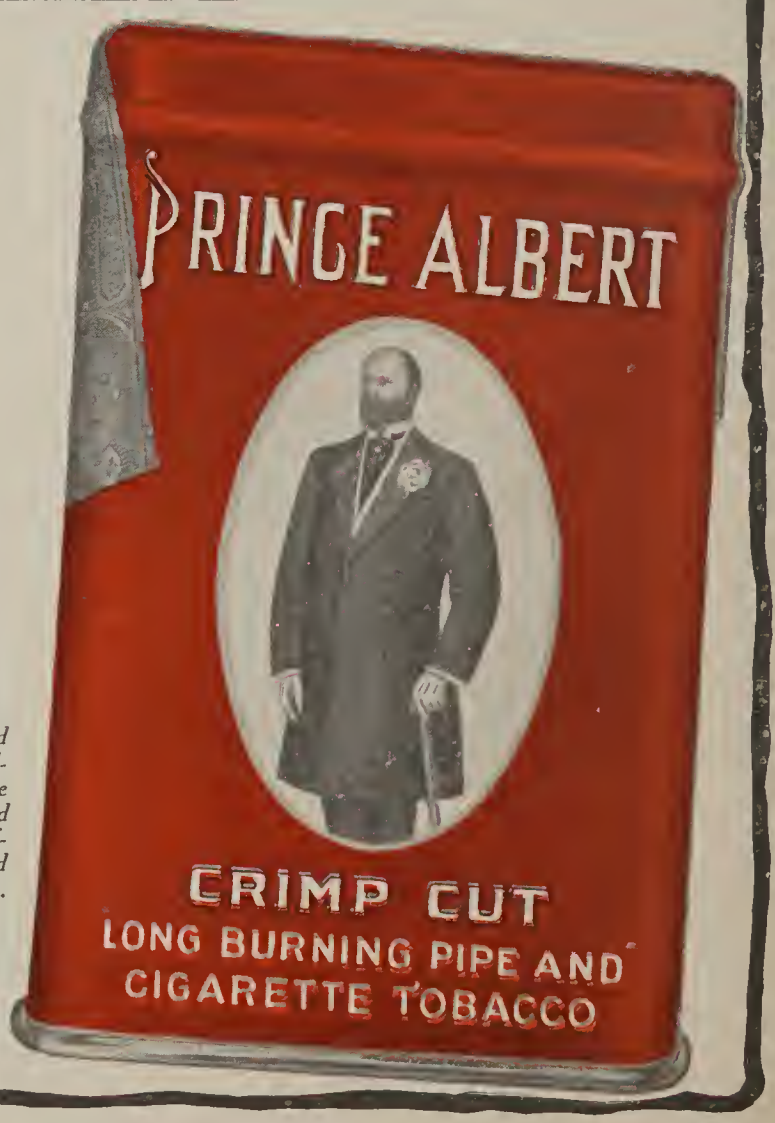
Winston-Salem, N. C.



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Model 37-A
30-40 H. P.

COMPLETELY EQUIPPED—$1475

Disco Self-Starter
Prest-O-Lite Tank
Warner Speedometer
Center Control
Deep Upholstering
Dynamo Electric Lighting System
Q. D. Demountable Rims, One Extra
Ventilating Plate Glass Windshield
Brewster Green or Deep Wine Color
Mohair Top, Boot, Storm Curtains
80-Hour Storage Battery
Nickel-Plated Trimmings
Concealed Tool Boxes
Tire Irons, Tools, Tire Kit
112-Inch Wheelbase

The Men Behind the Marion Are Men Who Have Done Big Things

THEY have contributed largely—yes, very largely—to the successful building of eleven big strong automobile companies. Today the earmarks of their energy and ability stand out conspicuously in many of America's most noted cars.

They have now pinned their faith to the Marion. They have banded together here in the greatly expanded Marion Company, with the avowed determination to make the Marion 37-A the greatest motor car value of the year.

The spirit of the Marion organization is genuinely cooperative. Every executive is a partner and is drawing only a living salary. In other words—every mother's son of them is staking his money, his time, his experience, his brains and his *reputation* upon the definite success of this car.

Moreover, they are winning. In fact they have won. Their car is here now! You no longer need "imagine" nor "guess". You can *see* for yourself what wonderful results have come from the unified determination of such a body of *real workers.*

The "proof of the pudding is in the eating" and *this car shows for itself.* Look at it. Measure it. Feel of it. Ride in it—and you will find that its every line, its tone and refinement reflect the genius of an able engineer, and that the workmanship and finish prove the builder's wonderful attention to detail.

The high quality of materials used throughout, the generous proportions of the car as a whole—and the price—reflect the policy of a company which is building for the future as well as for to-day, and is determined to give every patron the fullest measure of real value.

You can boast of owning a Marion car. Its style and beauty give it distinction. Park it beside cars of the highest price and class and you will be proud of your Marion. Quality is apparent in every line. It is a car remembered at sight. In the completeness of its equipment, its grace and dignity, the beauty of its finish, and its strength and durability, it is a car which justifies every promise which we make to you.

Not an item of motor car equipment has been omitted. The Marion 37-A is absolutely complete. You have the most successful gas self-starter. The dynamo electric lighting system enables you to light all five lamps from the seat and gives you a keen, penetrating light. Windshield and top protect you against inclement weather. Demountable rims make tire changes easy. All these and more are regular equipment. There are many other conveniences which add to your comfort and the charm of this car, such as center control and carburetor adjustment on the steering column.

It is a large five-passenger car, with luxurious upholstery. Lots of width, lots of breadth. You have the option of a rich brewster green or deep wine color—either is exclusive. Its metal trimmings are nickel-plated and its wood trimmings are mahogany. A long wheel-base and springs of flexible imported steel make it a car with exceptional riding qualities.

Of its mechanical construction you need have no concern. It has been simplified and refined through ten years of manufacturing. The fact that Marion owners are always touring proves its reliable and satisfactory service. Look at these specifications. Their standardization is self-evident. Their superiority is being continuously proven by Marion cars.

Furthermore our care of the Marion 37-A does not cease when it leaves the factory. Any dealer who offers a 1913 Marion for sale is a solid reputable business man. Financial stability is not his sole qualification. He must be a man who will be a Marion representative in succeeding years. He stands behind the Marior 37-A and all Marion models every day of the year.

For those who want a still larger and more powerful car we build the Marion 34-A—$1,850—fully equipped. For the "speedy boys" we have the famous Marion "Bobcat," a mile-a-minute roadster, $1,425, fully equipped.

We can not begin to enumerate here all the points you will note and instantly like about the 1913 Marion line. Let us send to you illustrated literature in regard to the 37-A; the Marion de Luxe, the 48-A; and the Marion "Bobcat." Write to us to-day.

Important Features Marion 37-A

MOTOR—30-40 horsepower, four cylinders, long stroke, cast in pairs, bore and stroke 4x5 inches; large valves, valve springs enclosed; automatic carburetor; dual ignition, magneto and batteries; water-cooling; 3-point suspension; constant level oiling system (circulating).

DRIVING MECHANISM—Cone clutch, spring inserts to give gradual engagement. Drive by shaft, enclosed in torsion tube. Selective sliding gear transmission located on rear axle, directly connected with bevel gear differential and axle shafts. Three speeds forward.

CHASSIS—Pressed steel frame, wide channel sections, strongly reinforced. Springs, genuine imported steel, front semi-elliptic, rear three-quarter elliptic, all extra long, wide and flexible. Front axle I-beam drop forging. Rear axle double trussed. Four double acting brakes, large and effective. Strong steering gear. Artillery wheels. 34x4 inch tires.

To automobile dealers we offer the fairest sales agreement ever written. Ask us about territory.

The Marion Motor Car Company, 914 Oliver Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana

Oct 12 . .

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[illegible] system for beginners; a post-graduate course for stenographers. Highest world's records for speed and accuracy and a greater number of court reporters than any other system in the last seven years. Instruction by mail; satisfaction guaranteed. Write for FREE catalog.

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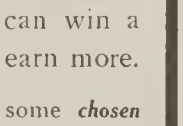

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You ***can*** succeed in some ***chosen*** line of work, just as thousands of other ambitious men have succeeded through the help of the International Correspondence Schools. Over four hundred every month ***voluntarily*** report advancement due to I. C. S. help. The same opportunity to earn more is open to you, no matter who you are or what you do.

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Mechanical Draftsman	Commercial Law
Civil Engineer	Teacher
Mine Superintendent	English Branches
Stationary Engineer	Poultry Farming
Plumbing & Steam Fitting	Agriculture — Spanish
Gas Engines	Chemist — French
Automobile Running	Salesman — German

Name
Present Occupation
Street and No.
City State

Weekly letter to readers on advertising *No. 92*

A change in the personnel, but not the policies, of Collier's Advertising Department

THE advertising department is passed on to the control and supervision of Mr. A. C. G. Hammesfahr, as Advertising Manager, who has filled the office of Western Manager for the past five years and has been identified with this department for ten years.

Mr. J. G. Berrien will continue as Eastern Manager and Mr. J. E. Williams becomes Western Manager.

F. L. Patterson.
General Manager

The White Berline Limousine

The Latest Production of the Most Progressive Motor Car Company of America

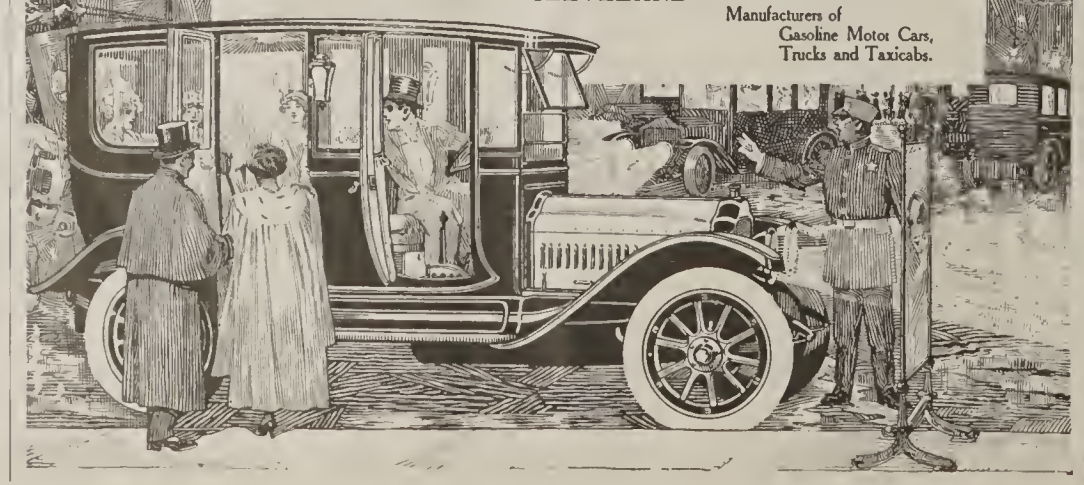
THE White Berline marks the highest development of the modern motor car, both in beauty of body design, and merit of chassis construction. Every small detail which adds to comfort, convenience, and safety of operation has been carefully and successfully executed.

The logical combination of left-side drive with right-hand control, places the driver in the proper position to handle the car with the greatest amount of safety in traffic, a very important factor in closed cars. The left-side position of the steering wheel, together with the White Electrical Starting and Lighting System, makes it possible to reach the driving seat, start, and light the car without the necessity of stepping into the street. When the services of the chauffeur are not required, the glass partition back of the driving seat can be instantly dropped out of sight, throwing the entire interior into one compartment.

White Berline Limousines are built in Forty and Sixty horse-power models.

The White Company
CLEVELAND

Manufacturers of Gasoline Motor Cars, Trucks and Taxicabs.



Read of the antics of two sailormen on shore leave

SHORTY and PATRICK

By Stephen French Whitman

SHORTY and PATRICK, U. S. S. Oklahoma, is the latest book by Stephen French Whitman, the author of Predestined and other well known stories. It contains in all six short stories; but not short stories in the sense that they are unrelated and disconnected—for Shorty and Patrick are in all of them. The settings are in Coney Island and Hong Kong and pretty nearly every place between where Shorty and Patrick can find excitement and experiences to make you laugh.

Get it at your Bookseller's To-day
Price fixed at $1.00. (Postage 12c extra)

P. F. COLLIER & SON, 416 W. 13th St., New York

CLEAN-POLISH

3-IN-ONE oil immediately removes stains, spots and scars from piano cases and all fine furniture. It restores the original lustre and a bright lasting finish. Just a gent'e rub with a rag moistened with 3-IN-ONE and any varnished or veneered surface will shine like new. Contains no grease or acid to soil or injure; has no disagreeable varnish odor. Try it at our expense.

FREE Write at once. Give name of your dealer. Get a sample bottle and *"the new way"* to polish pianos absolutely free. Library slip packed with every bottle.

3-IN-ONE OIL CO., 42ANH Broadway
New York City

AGENTS—Big Money

Go after the Xmas orders. We have a complete line of silver mesh bags, fobs, stick pins, cuff buttons, hat pins, rings, necklaces, rosaries, watches, table silverware, silk hosiery, neckties, books, pictures, and a complete line of the very latest toys. A regular department store choice. Big profits in this line. The early Xmas agent gets the business. Write today for handsome outfit to workers.

THOMAS MFG. COMPANY, 1329 Home St., Dayton, O.

Honest Man or Woman Wanted

A large well known company about to spend $100,000 on a tremendous advertising campaign requires the services of a bright man or woman in each town and city. The work is easy, pleasant and highly respectable and no previous experience is necessary. We will pay a good salary and offer an unusual opportunity for advancement, to the person who can furnish good references. In addition to this salary, we offer a Maxwell Automobile, a Ford Automobile and over $3000 in prizes to the representatives doing the best work up to December 31. In your letter give age and references. Address

Ira B. Robinson, Adv. Manager, 352 Doty Bldg., Boston, Mass.

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co., receive free notice in the **Scientific American.**

MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Inventions Sought by Capital. Write for free Book,

PATENTS that PAY BEST

R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 12, Washington, D. C.

Character Make-Up, Black Bald Wig, Whiskers, Skull Cap, Wax Nose, Imitation Diamond Stud and Grease Paint, $1.40. Send three 2c stamps for complete catalog of Wigs, Plays and Make-Up Material; also Art of Making Up.

B. TRADEMORE CO. - TOLEDO, O.

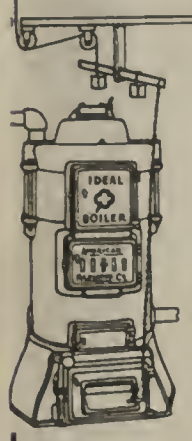
Even heating a sure thing!

Look forward to coming chilly Fall days, and zero Winter spells, with ease of mind by assigning much of your responsibility for home warmth to an

IDEAL SYLPHON **Regitherm**

It controls draft and check dampers of your heater night and day far better than any person could do—a silent, sure "little man of metal." You set a pointer hand on REGITHERM at any degree of heat wanted (between 60° to 80°); a permanent fluid inside the Sylphon brass bellows is affected by slightest changes of room temperature, and instantly the dampers in cellar are changed just enough to make more or less heat, insuring even room temperatures.

Prevents the fire from burning out from high winds, or sudden drops at night, or overheated spells in mild Fall or Spring days;—cuts off fuel wastes. *Easily added to an old outfit; costs little.* Has no electricity, compression pipes, diaphragms, clockwork or machinery—never needs mending.



REGITHERM will also control heat for Turkish baths, stores, dry-kilns and factory rooms where glueing, painting, varnishing or drying work demands even temperatures.

Write for free booklet: "New Aids to Ideal Heating." It tells about the REGITHERM and how to improve radiator heating by Sylphon Packless Valves, Norwall Air Valves, and Sylphon Boiler Regulators—save coal and fussing.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department K CHICAGO

Makers of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

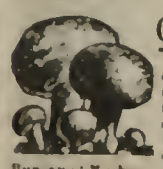
The Pie *and the* Pirate

By ALBERT LEE

It is a merry tale, cleverly illustrated, and beautifully printed on antique deckle-edge paper. Don't forget to ask for it to-day at the book stores, 50 cents; or mailed direct for 55 cents.

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

416 W. 13th St., New York City



QUICK MONEY Growing Mushrooms

Learn things many growers never knew before, explained in new book, "Truth About Mushrooms." Add big money every week to your income. Small capital starts. Demand exceeds supply. Grow in cellars, sheds, boxes, etc. Now is best time. Profits bigger, quicker. Anyone can do it. Send for the book, it's free.

Bureau of Mushroom Industry, Dept. 25, 1342 N. Clark St., Chicago

ORIENT CLARK'S FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CRUISE, February 15, 72 days, $400 and up, by new Cunarder "Laconia." Hotels, drives, guides included. F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., NEW YORK

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

OCTOBER 12, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME FIFTY NO. 4

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED, PUBLISHERS

ROBERT J. COLLIER, *President* FRANKLIN COE, *Treasurer*

E. C. PATTERSON, *Vice President and General Manager* CHARLES F. MINER, *Secretary*

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require strength to stand up under much handling, durability to make them worth anything at all as records, and good quality and finish to give clearness to typewriting, printing and lithographing. The stock for your next lot of forms will cost from 33 to 50% less than you are accustomed to paying for papers for such purposes if you specify

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The Best Paper for Every Business Use

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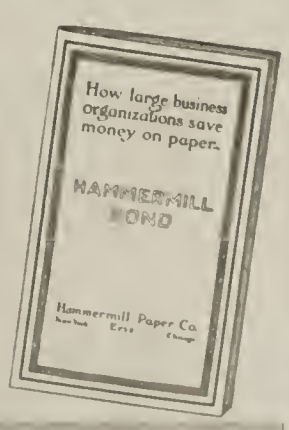
Hammermill Bond will cut your paper bills in two, and save time as well as money by furnishing you a standard paper for all your inter-office correspondence, letterheads, circular letters and business forms.



Write on your letterhead—NOW—for FREE book of samples and for list of jobbers carrying Hammermill throughout the country.

HAMMERMILL PAPER CO.
ERIE, PA.

They Won't Slip

After all is said and done, the Question is—TO SLIP OR NOT TO SLIP.

CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

50¢ Attached All Dealers

THAT PLUG PREVENTS SLIPPING

THAT PLUG PREVENTS SLIPPING

NON SLIP CAT'S PAW CUSHION HEEL 7 8 FOSTER RUBBER CO.

Over 65% of Rubber Heels sold in eighteen of the largest cities of the United States are Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels.

You will prefer them too, because of the Friction Plug—a patented feature—which positively prevents slipping, and makes them wear longer. Hence, the most economical heel to buy.

Then again, the extra quality rubber affords greater resiliency—and there are no holes in the heels to track mud into the house.

Insist upon Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels of your dealer. **The name is easy to remember** and they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

If you will send us the name of your shoe dealer we will mail you a Cat's Paw Badge Pin free.

To The Retail Trade

In placing the name of your shoe dealer who sells you Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels on our Order Book you [illegible]

THE FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY
105 Federal St., Boston, Mass

Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

THE best judges of clothes—wearers and dealers—tell us that in our new Varsity models for young men, both suits and overcoats, we've reached the highest point of perfection yet gained in clothes-making; that for distinction, smartness of design and cut, and finish, these garments are the best yet produced.

We think so ourselves; but it's nice to have our judgment confirmed in this way; it's difficult to be impartial about one's own creations.

You really ought to see them

You'll find some of the liveliest new models in overcoats among them; the belt feature, which has become so popular among the young men, is dealt with in a variety of interesting ways.

Young men in college, as in business where smart style is an asset, will do well to see the Varsity line before finally selecting fall or winter clothes.

If it were possible, we'd give you the names of good clothing concerns who sell our goods; there are more than we have room for. But a glance at your local newspaper will tell you who, in your locality, can show you these new models. A merchant who handles our goods usually wants the fact known.

Send six cents for the Fall Style Book

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago New York

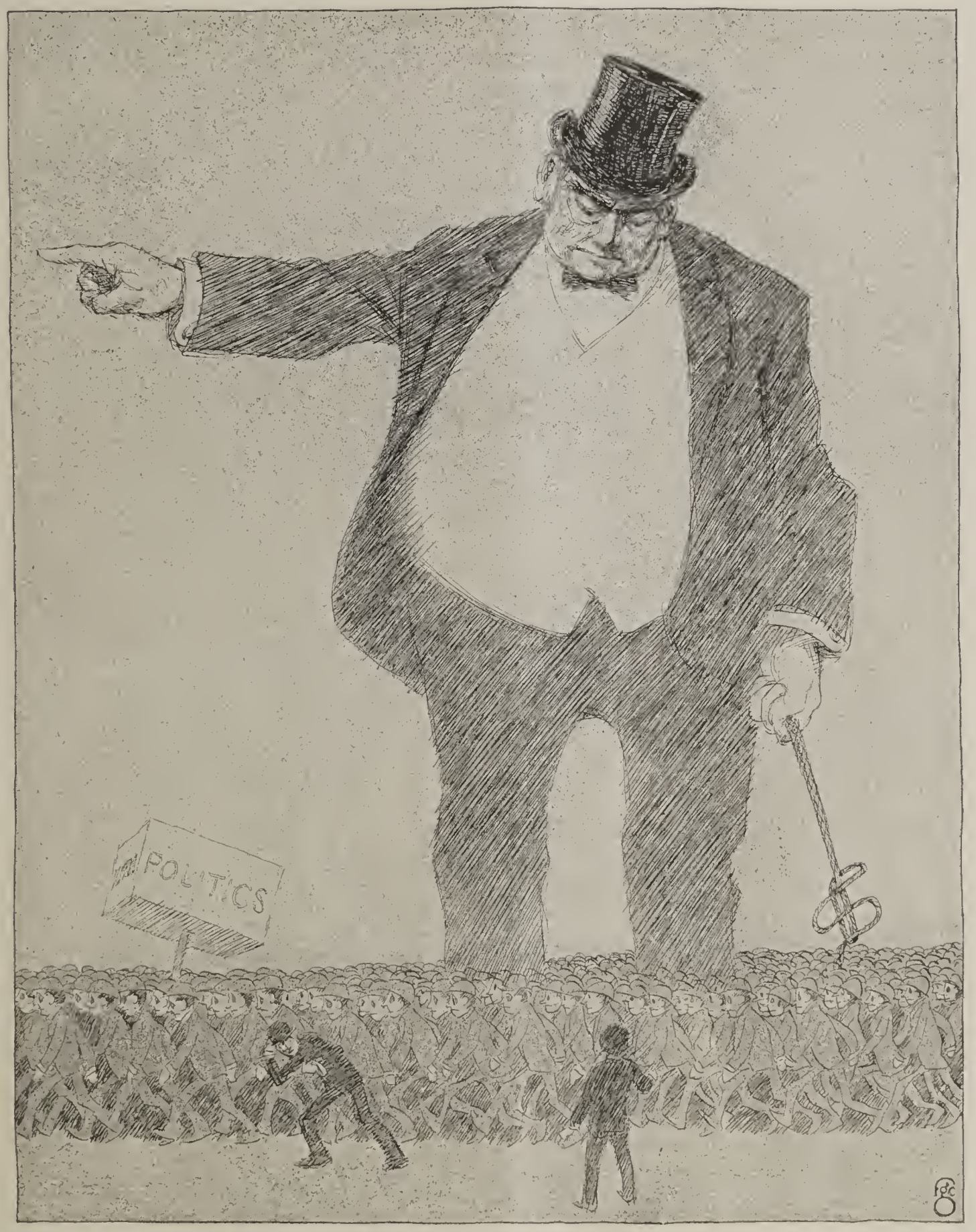
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NORMAN HAPGOOD
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

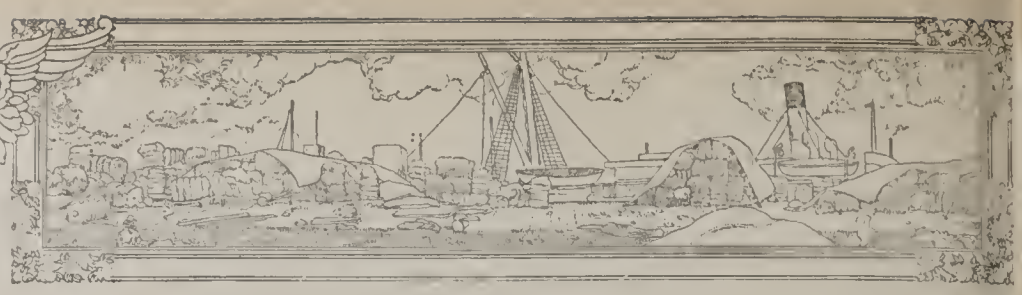
STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

—POPE

Big Business!



THE GLORY OF THE MOOSE

ENTHUSIASM AND HOPE are the glory of the Moose. The very children take an interest. Artists, professors, settlement workers, quiet stay-at-homes, earnest women, all have been filled with the feeling of a crusade. They have been long discouraged, seeing the machines at work, and feeling the helplessness of it all. They have been rather ashamed of their country's public business. They are coming out now, bringing new blood, warm ideals, active faith. In creating the spirit of which the new party is a birth, many thousands have had their part; BRYAN, LA FOLLETTE, HUGHES, and dozens of others have been leaders; but no other single contemporary has done as much to inspire the young men as THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

RATHER SAD

COLONEL ROOSEVELT, speaking in Joplin, Mo., a region in which CHAMP CLARK is popular, made, according to the press reports, which he has not denied, the following remarks:

If you would know what boss domination did for the people at Baltimore, think for a moment of what happened to CHAMP CLARK. The bosses didn't want him nominated. They wanted another candidate, and they got him by overriding the vote of the people. It was as willful a disregard of the votes as was evidenced in the Republican Convention in Chicago. The nomination at Baltimore belonged to Mr. CLARK, but the bosses handed it over to Mr. WILSON.

We have often celebrated Mr. ROOSEVELT's virtues and his services, and hope to do so often in the future. We do not forget any of these things when we express a rather deep regret that he could make such a statement as the above. The following letter is from a delegate to the convention at Baltimore:

EDITOR OF COLLIER'S. PHILADELPHIA.

Sir—It must be a matter of great regret to you, as well to thousands of your readers, that THEODORE ROOSEVELT is not more mindful of his speech. When he first publicly declared that WOODROW WILSON owed his nomination to the bosses of the Democratic party, I felt sure that he had been misquoted, but as he repeats it daily he must have some reason for his statement. He may think because THOMAS TAGGART of Indiana and ROGER SULLIVAN of Illinois voted their delegations for him that that fact must be construed that they were for Mr. WILSON. They came in because they could no longer hold the men from Indiana and Illinois. WOODROW WILSON was nominated without the vote of Tammany. He will carry New York in November from that fact. It is also noteworthy that PAT CALHOUN of California did not allow the delegation of that State to vote for WILSON even at the end. So much for Mr. ROOSEVELT's accusations. He is unfortunate in making them. He stands for so much that is for the betterment of mankind, and has such an army of right-thinking people behind him, that he owes it to himself and them to set himself right on this question. RYERSON W. JENNINGS.

This is typical of many letters we receive, and we are sure that the Colonel is making a mistake, even in CHAMP CLARK's own State, in trying to attack Governor WILSON on wrong grounds. When he attacks WILSON's position on the minimum wage, or on the necessary powers of government, or on the tariff, he is expressing a legitimate difference of opinion, but when he tries to make the country believe that WILSON is a man whom the bosses wanted, he is doing something that we find it extremely difficult to understand.

STATE ELECTIONS

IN MANY PLACES the reform movements which are now in progress, the fruit of years of effort against odds, depend for their encouragement upon the success of the new party State tickets. In Illinois, for example, the third party State ticket fully deserves to win. In New Hampshire the Democrats have put up a fairly good ticket, but the fine movement headed by Governor BASS and WINSTON CHURCHILL has deserved well of the people, and it has thrown in its fortunes with the Moose. A Democratic victory in New Hampshire would probably mean a continuation of this progressive work, but not certainly. A victory for the regular Republicans would mean putting the State back into the hands of the Gallinger-Boston & Maine machine. In Wisconsin it is obvious that Senator LA FOLLETTE hopes for the election of MCGOVERN at the same time that he hopes for the election of WILSON. So each citizen can study for himself the situation in his own community. Whether he is for WILSON, ROOSEVELT, or TAFT, let him vote for that State ticket which is identified with honesty and progress.

MONEY AND ELECTIONS

CHARLES R. CRANE, who is now in charge of the Wilson campaign fund in the West, has steadily made it a principle of action that the more he aided any cause financially, the less he was willing to use influence or even to proffer advice. That is a sound principle, and we recommend it to Messrs. PERKINS and MUNSEY. The extreme care that Governor WILSON is taking about the sources of his campaign fund is a matter of considerable importance.

A GOLDEN EGG

A HEARTFELT protest against our exposure of certain West Virginia journals, which was incidental to our determination to do justice to certain liquor interests which had been misrepresented, comes to us from JAMES R. COMBS, editor of a paper in Piedmont, W. Va., which bears the suggestive name of "The Independent." COMBS says:

There is published in New York a journal that we think the country could well do without. We don't know what it is, why it is, or whether it has any honorable object or not. Perhaps it can give some excuse for existence outside of questionable financial support to an owner who doesn't want to go to work, but its latest "exposures" do not strengthen our belief in that respect.

This paper is called COLLIER'S WEEKLY. It is more weakly now than heretofore, having fallen from grace into slime and mud.

It poses as an exposer of formulas of medicines and injures people's business wherever it can get its scattering readers interested. Peruna was a splendid medicine, yet it went after that to break it up and many others equally as good, all doing business as fairly as this weakly itself.

He writes a good deal more, but he concludes his editorial of over a column with the remark: "I do not believe in killing the goose that lays the golden egg." Turning back from the editorial page to page 2 in the same number, we observe a picture of three men smoking together happily and drinking coffee, while in the center of the table reposes a bottle of whisky. The merits of the whisky are set out in the accompanying advertisement. We do not know the price of the advertisement, but is this "the golden egg" to which Mr. COMBS refers?

CUT IT OUT

SENATOR WARREN has replied to our attack on him. He has emitted his views in the Wyoming "Tribune." He begins by saying that he saw

what appeared to be the same article in the form prepared by one of its authors before it was published in COLLIER'S, when it was placed in my possession to read. Furthermore, I received the information, through the devious channels in which offers of that kind usually arrive, that for the modest sum of $10,000 I could purchase the article and thus prevent its publication.

This is characteristic of WARREN. He knows he never saw the COLLIER article before its publication, and he knows, further, that no one ever remotely connected with COLLIER'S ever made any such proposition. In giving the public buildings on which Government funds have been lavished in Wyoming, we mentioned St. George. WARREN says there is no such town as St. George in Wyoming. In the Congressional Record of March 29, 1912, Senator KENYON of Iowa, in a running debate with WARREN, mentions this town. WARREN did not deny its existence then. In the same debate Senator LEA said Sun Dance had a population of 281 people. WARREN said these figures were incorrect, but through three pages of the Congressional Record he evades giving the figures. WARREN does not deny that he inclosed public lands, but quotes FRED DENNETT, the present commissioner of the General Land Office, who ran afoul of COLLIER'S in the Ballinger investigation, as saying "that in August, 1907, the date when *final* investigation had been completed, no unlawful inclosure was being maintained" by the Warren Live Stock Company. DENNETT refrains from saying that these lands had not been unlawfully inclosed up to the time the investigation was begun, and even after. He says that no law was violated when the Warren Mercantile Company leased the Warren Block in Cheyenne, but fails to say that the building was owned by WARREN personally and not by his Mercantile Company. The lease with the Government shows that it was signed by HIRAM SAPP as agent for FRANCIS E. WARREN. WARREN admits the drawing of money from the Government by his clerks and relatives, but attempts to excuse it on the ground that he had paid out of his own pocket much more money to others on behalf of the Government. He is shifty, crafty, and unscrupulous. His defense so far is idiotic, and he would lose nothing by cutting it out and keeping still. These predatory gentlemen seem to think alike. When COLLIER'S exposed ANKENY of Washington, the Seattle "Times" charged that we were paid $6,000 for printing the article. When we exposed Senator HOPKINS of Illinois, a paper in that State, called the "Herald-Transcript," said we had been hired to print the article. Such is the favorite device by which the bunch consoles itself.

FAR AWAY

"THE TIME APPROACHES," says PAUL ADAM, in his "Triumph of the Mediocre," "when the guardians of life shall surpass in popularity those who are heroes because they are ushers of death." Perhaps, but slowly. The day when the average pe n's heart beats faster at the name of PASTEUR than at the name of NAPOLEON is a day which we would fain live to see, but shall not, by many decades.

A MODERN NOTE

ADVERTISERS, like the rest of us, become more intelligent about public opinion. They study the public more carefully and deal with their customers more frankly. The following remarks are from an advertisement of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company:

> We believe that active competition, better than anything else, insures justice to consumers.
>
> It makes quality essential, compels fair prices, induces a square deal.
>
> Under free competition the best man wins, and that's best for all concerned.
>
> So we maintain complete independence. We have no trade alliances, no gentlemen's agreements. And consolidation, when proposed, has met our earnest opposition.
>
> Even our patents are licensed to others, to avoid the slightest taint of monopoly.

In no respect are current business changes more interesting than in this tendency of advertisers to extend their field and intelligently to discuss with the general public what is really in the public's mind.

GOING AHEAD

AT THE RECENT MEETING of the Illinois Bankers' Association the president, B. F. HARRIS, speaking from the text, "No man liveth unto himself alone," made an address which is characteristic of changing times. He argued that it was the duty of the bankers to take as active a part as possible in the general promotion of public welfare; he recommended following the Kansas "blue sky" bill to save the people from the enormous losses suffered through the purchase of "wildcat" securities; he spoke of the loan-shark situation, the immigrant bankers who prey on foreigners, and other evils, and treated it as a privilege of all good bankers to assist in driving out of the State all the classes of human sharks who pose as bankers. This is another illustration, and there are many to-day, that successful business men, in larger and larger numbers, are bending themselves to the work of progressive citizenship.

WHAT IS PROGRESS?

MANKIND ADVANCES in many directions, never exclusively in one. Often we are retrograding in some directions while moving forward in others. The word "progressive," as used in American politics to-day, thoroughly illustrates this fact. ARTHUR CAPPER, for instance, Bull Moose candidate for Governor of Kansas, is a most excellent man, and if elected will make a first-class Governor. His papers have done good; his part in public affairs has always been a good part; yet if there is one thing clear, it is that for a newspaper to lend itself to the poison and fraud of the patent-medicine industry is altogether the opposite of progress. Read any one of Mr. CAPPER'S papers and you will see that Swamp Root brings to those papers part of the money which their owner uses to excellent advantage. You will find a magic rheumatic cure, an offer to cure consumption, and a full-page advertisement of the prince of quacks, Dr. JAMES W. KIDD of Fort Wayne, Ind. You will see that paralysis and locomotor ataxia are conquered at last by CHASE'S blood and nerve tablets.

The Hon. S. L. SHANK, the Mayor of Indianapolis, candidate for higher public distinction, has had a number of progressive ideas. We invite attention to the following document:

Suffers No Longer With Stomach Trouble

Monnett's Kan-Do-Its, the Liver and Kidney Remedy, Drive all Poisons From the System. Conkey's and A. G. Luken's Pharmacy Guarantee It

> For years I suffered with stomach trouble. I had tried many remedies when the Monnett Medicine pamphlet came into my hands and MONNETT gave me a box, and I concluded to try the remedy, Kan-do-Its. I have taken several boxes and now I am not suffering at all, and have not been for several months. I write this in the hope that it will attract the attention of others who suffer as I did.
>
> S. L. SHANK, Mayor of Indianapolis.

No label, not even the most honorable label, ought to free men from the obligation of thinking for themselves and accepting their own responsibilities. The new Progressive party is much more enlightened and modern, on the average, than either of the old parties; but its individual members certainly cannot go to sleep with the idea that if they say they believe in the initiative, referendum, and recall they are thereby made progressive and may end the subject there.

WHICH IS WHICH?

"AS TO BODY AND MIND," says SCOTT in his "Journal," "I fancy I might as well inquire whether the fiddle or fiddlestring makes the tune." This is one of the best illustrations we know of a truth always recognized, recently greatly popularized by related thought movements, most widespread of which is Christian Science; and marked by PLATO in the declaration that the medical profession in his day made too sharp a distinction between the mind and the body.

A WONDERFUL DOCUMENT

SPEAKING OF SCOTT'S "JOURNAL," by the way, the simple nobility of the book makes it one that everybody should be encouraged to know early in life. When he had first decided he had walked his last in the domains he had planted, sate the last time in the halls he had built, he said:

> In prosperous times I have sometimes felt my fancy and powers of language flag, but adversity is, to me at least, a tonic and bracer.

Men are tested by the way they take adversity; and also, for the matter of that, by the way they take prosperity. Unaffected courage, kindness, truth, modesty—all the most real virtues—crowd the "Journal" and form the picture of a man whom it is good to know.

VOTE FOR CHURCHILL

YEARS AGO, when the Boston & Maine owned New Hampshire, and the Gallinger political machine was the agent through which the railroad ran the State, WINSTON CHURCHILL was the first leader in the effort to shake off the bondage. That effort was successful, and Governor BASS has given a splendid administration. The Gallinger crowd and the railroad crowd are now struggling to get back. They are using their usual tools. The most influential paper in the State has been easily handled through the political ambition of the owner and of the principal editorial writer. The Manchester "Union," speaking for its owner, declares that no one can say "that he ever knew R. W. PILLSBURY to bolt the Republican nominee, to threaten to do so, or to say that he would have done so under any given circumstances." A simple-minded and out-of-date exhibition of pride that, an easy spirit to play upon, and one that the Bull Moose is rightly undertaking to destroy. The citizens of New Hampshire owe it to themselves to make Mr. CHURCHILL their next Governor.

LABELS

SPEAKING of Senator LA FOLLETTE as an "unconquerable champion of progressive ideas," Governor WILSON adds:

> I feel myself close kin to those men who have been fighting the battle of progressive Democracy, whatever the label.

Thinking, indeed, consists largely in the ability to look behind the label. Without that power, men are little more than sheep.

JAPANESE COST OF LIVING

THE BEGINNING of the end of the Japanese-competition menace may perhaps be read in the fact that the cost of living has gone up in that country. Those British Columbians who know and fear the ability of the Japs to produce more goods at a less cost might find some solace by allowing also for the fact that with success in business the Jap will begin to raise his standard of living and, therefore, his costs. Even now, we are informed from the Consular reports, the Japanese are buying more and better goods. Heavy taxation for the public works of various kinds necessary to a successful commercial power has caused the price of food to rise from 50 to 100 per cent. Salt, for example, which cost about $1.05 per koku (about five bushels) in 1894, now costs $2.54. Sugar has advanced from $5.10 to $8.16 per 100 kin (say 132.27 pounds); brown sugar from $3.56 to $5.60; and coal oil from $1.31 to $2.04 per case. These commodities are absolute necessities to the Japanese. Even rice is costing them from 20 to 30 per cent more, while in times of bad crops it costs 50 to 60 per cent more than eighteen years ago. Ground rents and house rents have doubled in ten years. As yet, however, wages have increased only 20 to 30 per cent for operatives. These, of course, will be bound to rise. The threat that the Orient holds over the Occident is both military and economic, and it is very real; but social and economic changes are likely to be rapid in the Orient, and to put those people more on a level of fair competition with our part of the world. Twenty-five years from now the Japanese will not fight so well, because the individual will have more interest in his own life, and the Japanese and the Chinese will not work for so little, because modern ideas of the possibilities of labor will have begun to count in those countries.

PITCHER AND BATTER

FOLLOWING UP our suggestion that pitchers ought not to be allowed to pass the best batter intentionally, Mr. GEORGE B. [illegible], a newspaper man and fan of Seattle, suggests that if four balls are given to a batter he should have the privilege of allowing a substitute to take first base while he himself again becomes the next batter. This is very ingenious, and might well be the best way of meeting the [illegible]

The Slaughter of the Inhabitants of San Felipe del Agua

The descriptive matter with this photograph is from an eyewitness. It follows: "On September 13 the city of Oaxaca (Mexico) was attacked by rebels, who were repulsed with artillery fire. As the rebels retired, the Federal troops advanced and occupied the suburb of San Felipe del Agua, where the rebels had commenced the battle. The Federal commander, infuriated, had the noncombatant citizens of the village driven from their homes into a corral and there shot down by his troops with no sort of trial. This photograph shows the bodies of thirty-four of the thirty-nine persons who were killed. There is no suspension of guarantees here, and those who were shot were not taken with arms"

The Police Halting a Parade at Lawrence

Two days of street warfare between the mill workers of Lawrence, Mass., and the police rang up the curtain on the trial of Ettor, Giorannitti, and Carnso, Industrial Workers of the World leaders charged with murder because of the death last spring in a strike riot of a young woman onlooker. No lives were lost in the second outbreak, although many heads were broken. The disturbance on Sunday, September 29, arose when the police halted a memorial parade. On Monday, September 30, the workers began a twenty-four-hour sympathetic strike of protest against the trial, and the fighting was serious throughout the day. The police used wagon tongues as riot weapons. The trial of Ettor and his companions, who have been in jail without bail since their arrest, is being held at Salem

The Veterans of Germany

The veterans of Germany's past wars held a huge reunion at Berlin during September. The occasion was the annual mass for soldiers held out of doors on Tempelhofer Field, when all the surviving veterans of Germany's past military achievements gather together in a common religious rite. They are distinguished from other gatherings of soldiers by the fact that instead of wearing their uniforms they wear the conventional dress for public worship. They made a soberly impressive spectacle, appealing to the imagination, to sentiment, and to patriotism

The King of England at the Maneuvers

The final phase of the English army maneuvers of 1912 came to a close with the hot fighting of September 17 and 18. The King was present at the last engagements and viewed with the greatest interest the brilliant work of the rival armies. The battles were among the most scientifically realistic that have ever been fought in time of peace. The picture shows a battery of artillery in action. The maneuvers were finally brought to a rather indeterminate end after a long-drawn-out conflict. The efficiency of airmen scouts was notably

...rson and Powers Engraving Co.

"Nap" Rucker

Christy Mathewson

Ed Walsh

Joe Wood

Walter Johnson

Jimmy Archer

"Chief" Meyers

The Pick of the Game

By GRANTLAND RICE

THE baseball reporter is now in the act of opening his daily mail. The first screed is signed by one who, with original touch, labels himself "A Fan." It is to this effect: "If you owned a big-league ball club and had your choice, which pitcher would you take—*Johnson* or *Marquard?*"

Screed Number Two will likely request the batting average of Johnny Evers in all games against the Giants—or possibly the number of hits that Wagner has secured from Mathewson in contests up to date. But Screed Number Three veers to the main subject again—with "Fanatic" back of the fountain pen: "If you were in charge of a major league franchise and had your pick of first basemen, would you select Chase, Daubert, Merkle, or McInnis? Please answer through your column for the benefit of a daily reader."

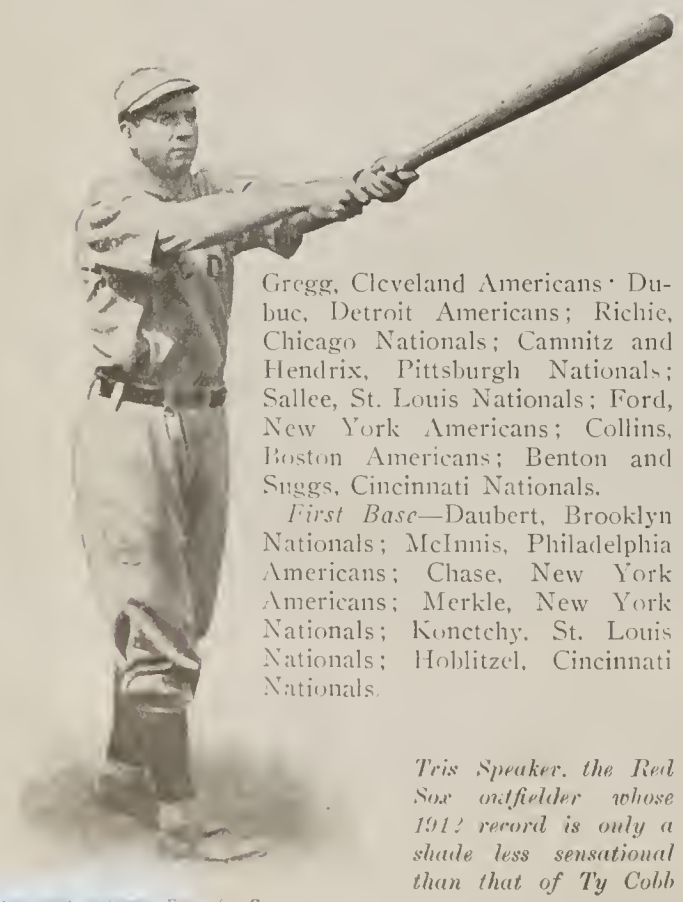
Through a season's run, the average of these fan letters will be two out of five, involving the opinion built around one star ball player against another—a comparison of Baker and Zimmerman, Johnson and Wood, Collins and Evers, Merkle and McInnis, Speaker and Milan, Tinker and Barry, and on through the bulk of those outlined beneath the great white spotlight of the game.

Selecting the best sixteen men from a field of five hundred who belong, and from a cluster of seventy-five who are stars, is probably the toughest of all angles in what one might term the diagnosis of the dope. But we are willing to proceed with the details of selecting the one best team from among those who earn their living with the bat, ball, and glove of modern warfare. The safest method is to first compile a larger list of the undoubted stars who twinkle above their brother luminaries and then arrive at our ultimate choice by a gradual process of subtraction.

We have the first big list before us:

Catchers—Archer, Chicago Cubs; Meyers, New York Giants; Sweeney, New York Americans; Ainsmith and Henry, Washington Americans; Kelly, Pittsburgh Nationals.

Pitchers—Johnson, Washington Americans; Wood, Boston Americans; Walsh, Chicago Americans; Mathewson, Tesreau, and Marquard, New York Nationals; Coombs and Plank, Philadelphia Americans; Alexander, Philadelphia Nationals; Rucker, Brooklyn Nationals; Gregg, Cleveland Americans; Dubuc, Detroit Americans; Richie, Chicago Nationals; Camnitz and Hendrix, Pittsburgh Nationals; Sallee, St. Louis Nationals; Ford, New York Americans; Collins, Boston Americans; Benton and Suggs, Cincinnati Nationals.



Tris Speaker, the Red Sox outfielder whose 1912 record is only a shade less sensational than that of Ty Cobb

...t ...s Engraving Co.

First Base—Daubert, Brooklyn Nationals; McInnis, Philadelphia Americans; Chase, New York Americans; Merkle, New York Nationals; Konetchy, St. Louis Nationals; Hoblitzel, Cincinnati Nationals.

Copyright by Paul Thompson

The picked basemen come from the Philadelphia Athletics—Frank Baker, third base; Eddie Collins, second base; "Stuffy" McInnis, first base

Second Base—Collins, Philadelphia Americans; Doyle, New York Nationals; Evers, Chicago Nationals; Sweeney, Boston Nationals; Lajoie, Cleveland Americans; Knabe, Philadelphia Nationals; Huggins, St. Louis Nationals.

Shortstops—Honus Wagner, Pittsburgh Nationals; Heinie Wagner, Boston Americans; Barry, Philadelphia Americans; Tinker, Chicago Nationals.

Third Base—Baker, Philadelphia Americans; Zimmerman, Chicago Nationals; Lord, Chicago Americans; Foster, Washington Americans; Gardner, Boston Americans; Herzog, New York Nationals.

Outfield—Cobb, Detroit Americans; Speaker, Boston Americans; Jackson, Cleveland Americans; Milan, Washington Americans; Marsans and Bescher, Cincinnati Nationals; Paskert, Philadelphia Nationals.

At this stage further technicalities develop. We are picking this team for just one season's work, regardless of the years to come. We are viewing the players for what they are to-day, not what they were or will be when polished down by time and experience.

PICKING THE CATCHERS

NO GREAT length of time nor any great amount of worry would be required to select the two men we wanted for duty back of the bat. There would be something of a shock to leave out such good workers as Ed Sweeney of the New York Americans; the brilliant-throwing Ainsmith of Washington; the all-round effectiveness of Kelly from Pittsburgh, and the general hustle attached to Charles Dooin of the Philadelphia Nationals. But in spite of this we feel that we could stand pat upon the versatile, brainy, keen-throwing Archer of the Chicago Cubs, and the steady, effective, hard-hitting "Chief" Meyers of the New York Giants. Archer can throw with any catcher in the game and he excels all in picking dreamy runners from first and third. In addition to this, he is a wonderfully sure receiver, a brainy worker with his pitchers, and one of the most dangerous men in a pinch from either league. Meyers lacks Archer's versatile brilliancy, but the Indian is dependable, a good thrower, and the best batting catcher baseball has known for a decade.

THE PITCHING TANGLE

ELIMINATING the number of star slabmen who must be allowed to go brings on the severest wrench of all. Four right-handers and one left-hander only can be retained.

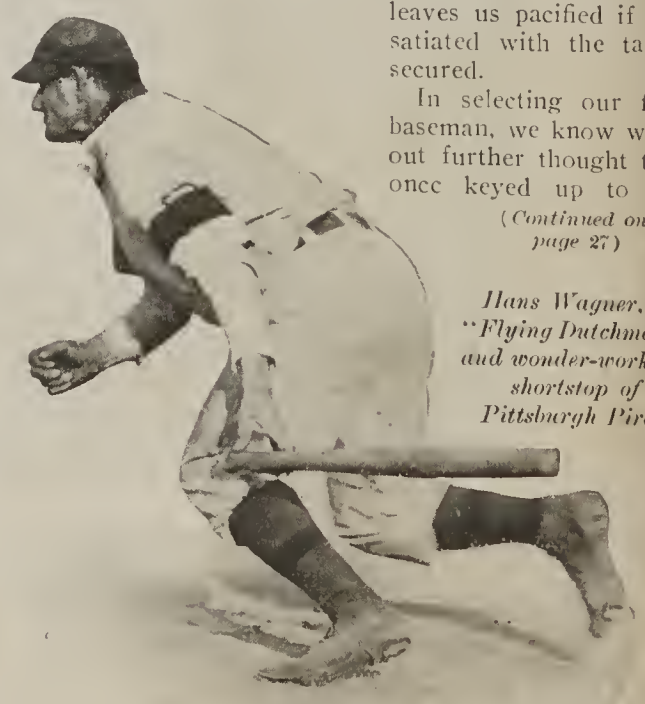
First in the list we know that we want Walter Johnson, who steps forth where Mathewson left off as the grandest pitcher of the game. The Washington pitcher stands alone as the premier of the firing line—a worthy companion to Christy Mathewson before time and taxing service called for their relentless pay. A man of imposing physique, blessed with all the physical requirements, Johnson has an even temper, a well-ordered brain, effective control, and the swiftest ball that ever traveled from pitching fingers to a catcher's big mitt. And close behind Johnson follows Joe Wood, the star of the Boston Americans; Wood's speed is only a trifle below Johnson's, and his curve ball is even sharper and harder to hit. Wood, too, is steady and heady and always game through the final inning. There could be no mistake here.

With this great pair safely packed away, it would not take us long to reach forth and annex Ed Walsh, the "Big Reel" of the Chicago White Sox, for our next pick. Walsh is the master "spitball" artist of the game; a truck horse for work and a Colin for speed. Worked in his routine turn, it's something of a question if any man would lead him to the wire.

But one more right-hander remains on the list—and there before us are Mathewson, Alexander, Coombs, Richie, Camnitz, Hendrix, Bender, Ford, and many others. Mathewson undoubtedly has drifted back from his unchallenged reign of 1904 and 1905, but the Big Gun of the Giants has met but few, very few, coming forward to meet him. There are others who excel him in speed and possibly in curves. But the game has yet to produce even his near equal as a genius of the game's rifle pit. There is no one to class with him in the true science of pitching and in the almost uncanny control he has of every pitched ball. Long years of untiring work which have lessened his physical powers have only added to his wizardry in other respects. So we'll add Mathewson in his fourteenth year to Johnson, Wood, and Walsh, and rest passably content, though Coombs, Alexander, and Richie go elsewhere. Selecting the lone southpaw required to round out the staff brings on further mental twangs. There are at least four of first rank—Marquard, Rucker, Plank, and Gregg. Plank and Marquard, pitching for winning teams, have all the advantage in averages over Rucker and Gregg. Of the four, Marquard looms well above his rivals in the physical attributes. He has more speed and a better "hop" or "jump" to his fast one. Plank and Rucker are steadier and know much more about the art of pitching. Neither is as brilliant as the Giant southpaw and neither is as likely to crack at some unexpected moment. Gregg classes with all three as a well-balanced, even worker. It's hard to lose a man who has won nineteen straight or a left-hander who leads the American League's left-handers, but we can't afford to see Nap Rucker of Brooklyn get away. Worked in turn with a winning team, Rucker, grouped with the four picked above, leaves us pacified if not satiated with the talent secured.

In selecting our first baseman, we know without further thought that once keyed up to the

(Continued on page 27)



Hans Wagner, the "Flying Dutchman" and wonder-working shortstop of the Pittsburgh Pirates

What It's All About

By MARK SULLIVAN

EVERYBODY agrees that there is something in the atmosphere, something unlike anything else since the Civil War. It is largely spiritual, frankly emotional; it expresses itself in political conventions which sing Onward, Christian Soldier and the Battle Hymn of the Republic; conventions which, as one old veteran said, look like a cross between a prayer meeting and a Civil War recruiting station. We call it intangible and undefinable, and it is. Of course there is that five-thousand-word platform, but the allegiance of its most loyal devotees, those who constitute its most remarkable phenomena, was got not by the platform but by something in the spirit back of it. To persons of temperament and ardor it is highly infectious, and so it has embraced whole little worlds which formerly regarded politics either with indifference or strong distaste—artists, authors, teachers, actors, social workers; and that other eternal abiding place of ardor and enthusiasm, youth—youth is on fire with it. Just because it is so emotional is the reason why many hard-headed persons regard it with suspicion, and send their money to the Taft campaign fund.

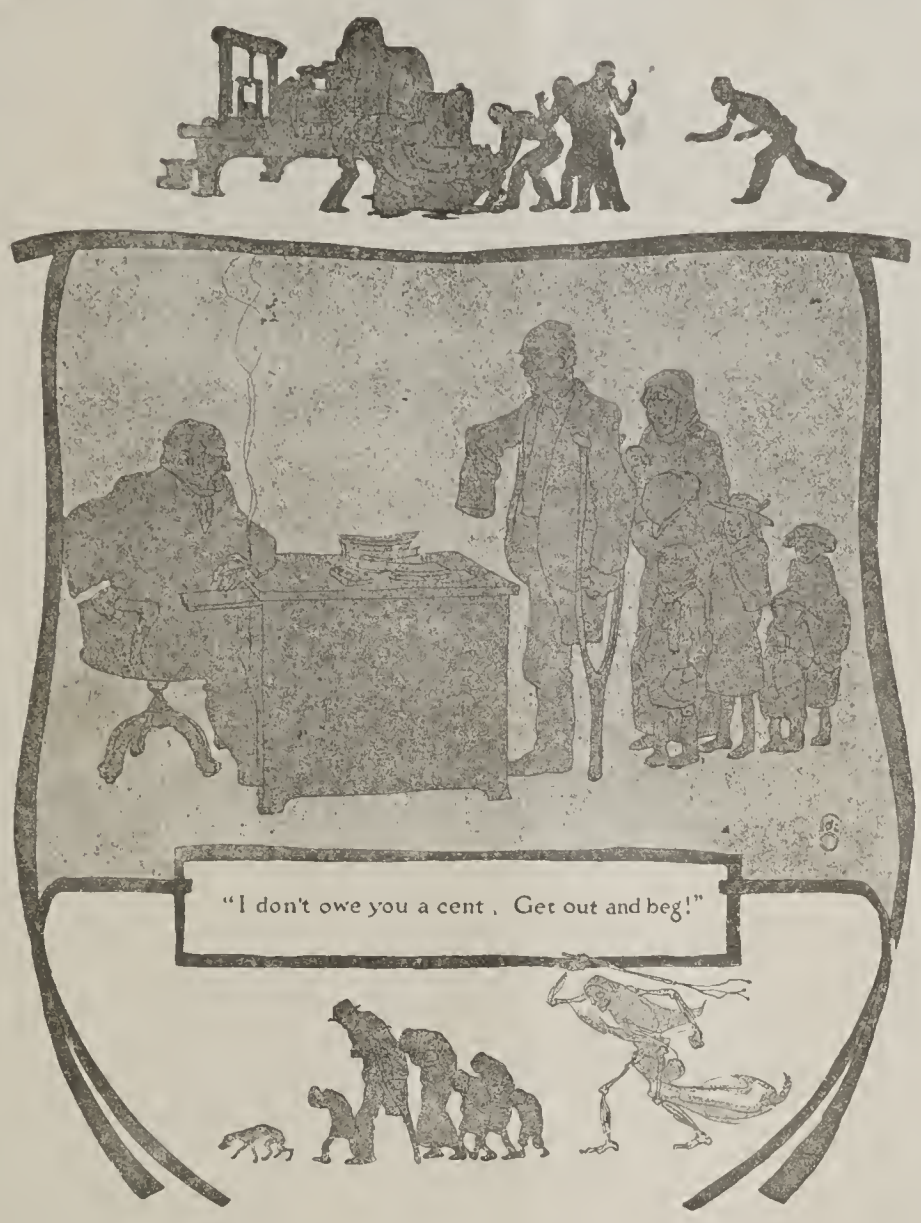
This spirit is for the most part indefinable, but light can be thrown on its causes. To do so is the purpose of this page: When the *Titanic* went down one of those drowned was Robert L. Barker, a Middlesex young man who had spent fourteen years in the White Star Company's service. In due course Barker's widowed mother applied to his employers for her compensation, £250 ($1,500), under the British Workmen's Compensation Act. The employers replied that she was not entitled to any compensation because her son had been receiving over £250 ($1,250) a year. (The British law doesn't give compensation to the family of an employee who earns over $1,250 a year—presumably on the theory that out of such a salary the deceased ought to have saved up an independent estate. But let's not sneer at the British law; we shall see soon that it is better than our own law by exactly as much as something is better than nothing.)

Barker's mother wrote back in some indignation. Her son had not got $1,250 a year; his pay was $75 a month while on sea and half pay while in port, amounting to between $800 and $850 a year. "But," said the company—however, let us not paraphrase or condense their letter. We might do them injustice. Let us quote their exact words:

". . . The purser is privileged to take his meals in the first-class saloon, a fair cost for which we have estimated at 5 shillings ($1.25) a day . . ."

And by this adroit calculation the company figured that Barker's pay was just above the legal limit.

Pause now, reader, and look once more at the picture which was put on this page to call your attention more forcibly than plain type could. Doubtless, when your eye first struck it, you thought it was a somewhat sensational journalistic exaggeration. Very well, read this extract



from the further correspondence between the lawyers for a widowed mother and the managers of the White Star Line—Messrs. Ismay, Imrie & Co. (Oh, yes, you have guessed right; it was the same Ismay who filled most of the newspapers after the *Titanic* went down last April. But read:)

". . . If Mrs. Barker's case is in any sense a necessitous one, we feel sure it would receive sympathetic consideration on the part of any one of the committees which have been organized for the distribution of the very large relief funds that have been raised throughout the country."

Get out and hustle for alms; we don't owe you anything. But save a little of your indignation for a moment. Ismay, Imrie & Co. are capable of depths a little more incredible yet. They wrote that Barker "had at the time of death £500 ($2,500) *on loan* from the company." The company took unctuous credit to itself for having "no intention to claim for this on his estate." But yet, of course, if the widow continued to be obstreperous, they might. *This £500 was merely a fund intrusted to each purser for the convenience of changing money on board, and, of course, with its custodian, went down with the ship.*

Some details might be added to make this case even more harrowing than the words of Ismay, Imrie & Co. have done. It might be pointed out that the White Star Company paid a dividend of sixty per cent last year; that while apparently English, it is really an American case, for the White Star is owned entirely by the International Mercantile Marine, the ownership of which rests with a famous American banking firm whose partners will actually get for their own pockets the very dollars which their capable agents saved from the clutches of Mrs. Barker. But the moral indignation which vitalizes the Progressive party is not directed against any man or any corporation, but against the system, a system as inefficient and wasteful as it is brutal, the system which keeps an army of men—lawyers, clerks, stenographers, to say nothing of judges and court officers—at work day after day fending off widows and orphans from the money which every human being knows they ought to have. If the money which the corporations spend on their own lawyers were added to the money the public pays for judges and courts (to say nothing of orphanages), the sum would give adequate compensation to every injured workman and orphaned family.

Consider now a New York case: About two years ago, after many years of opposition from corporation influences in the Legislature, there was passed a law giving to a carefully restricted class of workers on railroads and in other dangerous occupations compensation for injuries received in their work. A few weeks later the first case came up: A railroad switchman in Buffalo, Earl Ives, signaled the engineer (we quote the official documents) "to take up the slack in the train . . . and upon the engineer so doing the jar caused Ives to fall to the ground and he . . . was bruised and injured," and was out of work for five weeks. The railroad "admitted each and every allegation."

Under the new law Ives sued for $50. In the Supreme Court (the court of first resort in New York State) he won. The railroad appealed one step higher, to the Appellate Division; again Ives won. Then the railroad appealed to the court of last resort, the New York Court of Appeals. This court admitted that but for the act this workman would have no redress; they admitted that every European country except one has such an act; they admitted that humanity demanded it—but they found the act unconstitutional. About this decision many thousands of words have been written; important things have hung upon it, and the end is not yet. Many able judges have disagreed with it. This decision in the Ives case is perhaps more than any other one among many elements the cause of Roosevelt's running for the Presidency and of the birth of the Progressive party

The Undergraduate Roosevelt

His Four Years at Harvard and Their Influence on His Career

By
DONALD WILHELM

THIN of chest, spectacled, nervous, a precocious youth of but ninety pounds journeyed from Boston to Cambridge on the rear platform of a horse car early in the fall of 1876. He was one of hundreds of timid boys who were entering Harvard as freshmen. Arrived at Harvard Square, he left the car and lugged his hand bag toward a break in the low rail fence bounding the little village of red brick, elm-shaded college buildings that for four years was to be his home. Harvard College was but a village; students boasted that they knew personally every member of their classes; the first of the private dormitories—great palaces for the hundreds—was uncompleted; there was no stadium seating its forty thousand, merely an athletic field to be covered by a single college building, where athletes with all sorts of uniforms played within a fence of spectators; tennis was a new college sport, football and crew were new and our precocious freshman himself was to establish intercollegiate track meets. It was a small college, yet it loomed quite as large in the Commonwealth as it does to-day, and within it the measure of a student's success in attaining friends and distinction was likely to be the measure of his success in the big world outside.

Early in his college course, Theodore Roosevelt impressed upon his classmates his indifference to criticism. His was the only registration blank showing a membership in the Dutch Reformed Church, and one of his first public speeches was made when he rose at the first meeting of his class to correct an instructor who pronounced his name "Roos-e-velt" instead of "Rose-felt."

He was by nature a disputatious youth. The twoscore of undergraduates in Geology 4, a course conducted by Professor Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, still remember a scene in a low-ceiled classroom more than thirty years ago. The tall, light-haired instructor, with his bright eyes gleaming above a bushy beard, moved about with startling activity on a small platform. He talked and illustrated, now facing a chart, now facing the students gathered in a semicircle at long, uncomfortable red plank desks. Professor Shaler's lectures were like the pleasant discourse of a father to his sons. He made them feel free to show their interest by asking questions, but they felt that questions bothered him, trying as he was to review a large field of knowledge in a short time.

They had settled on the hard benches and the lecture had just begun. Professor Shaler was facing a chart, pointer in hand, speaking.

In a few moments they were sitting erect, marveling at a point as it was driven skillfully to the close of a perfect rhetorical climax. Then a disharmonizing question broke in and anticipated the conclusion.

A PERSISTENT QUESTIONER

AGAIN they were sitting erect, following with eager interest the course of a long periodic sentence. Again a question, in that same vehement voice, interposed, and again the master answered. He turned back to the chart:

"As I was saying, gentlemen, when Mr. Roosevelt asked his second question."

Those who were near the spry, spectacled youth in the second row saw his bright eyes twinkle. Then, from him, sharp as two taps of the pointer on the chart, they heard two questions pop into the expectant air. The bearded teacher whirled about and a storm came and went in his bright blue eyes.

"Now look here, Roosevelt," he said persuasively, "let me talk a few minutes. I'm running this course."

And those same roommates, for roommates were classmates then, remember a slender, nervous young man with side whiskers, eyeglasses, and cheeks red-hued from a bright necktie, who climbed with them in freshman year to a small recitation room on the top floor of University Hall. "We were having problems from Todhunter's Plane Trigonometry," relates one of them, "and they were more difficult than any given before, and many of the men were unprepared.

"In those days if the instructor did not arrive before five minutes past the hour at which the lecture was to commence we were allowed a 'cut.' This day we looked into the room, eagerly compared our watches and lingered in the hall until the time was up. Then we romped downstairs, that is, most of us did: but there was one who didn't. He went into the room, looked at the blackboard just at the right of the door, found it covered with trigonometric formulas, got interested, and followed the blackboard round the room with the wonderful concentration he often showed. He had almost [illegible] door again when he all but bumped into the engrossed instructor writing behind the open door. We were sauntering across the yard joyously, when we heard Roosevelt shout from the outside steps: 'Come on back, fellows, he's behind the door.'"

The Freshman Roosevelt, 1876—a slender, nervous young man with side whiskers, and cheeks red-hued from a bright necktie

A POLITICIAN EVEN IN COLLEGE

ROOSEVELT'S predilection for politics early showed itself, though he had not as yet confessed, as later to a Cambridge audience he did confess, that he was deliberately and completely a politician. The great variety of serious and social organizations to which he belonged indicates not only his popularity, the wonderful variety of his interests in which he participated, and his enthusiasm for some activities, such as music and athletics, for which he was by nature unfitted, but also the true political tenor of his mind. In one of the college clubs, the "O. K.," after the Junius Letters had been discussed in three monthly meetings and he had read a paper on "The Machine in Politics," a motion was originated, evidently by him, to have a straw vote in the college to show its choice of a President of the United States.

Before the nominating conventions in 1880 had met, and the Blaine and Conkling factions were warring in the Republican party, Roosevelt himself was in charge of the polls at this "straw vote." The candidates most considered were Grant, Sherman, Blaine, and Bayard.

They were to be voted for as men, not as members of any political party. It is certain that Roosevelt voted for one of two men—either for Grant, a third-term candidate, or for Bayard, a Democrat. It was not until several years later, after he had served as a member of the New York Legislature and retired to his Dakota ranch, that he definitely allied himself with the Republican party. The vote for Bayard was 233, for Grant 146, for Sherman 139. At Yale the result was: Grant 213, Sherman 205, and Bayard 82.

That Roosevelt voted for one of the winning candidates is indicated by his participation in a parade to Boston the subsequent evening. The future President might then have been seen setting out for Boston with a torch on his shoulder and the dusty road underfoot, in the van of a torchlight procession, at the head of which boomed forth a band. Band, parade, and all were progressing noisily through a Cambridge street, when down from the second story of a house a disturbed sleeper bawled: "Aw shut up, ye bloomin' idiots!"

FATHERED A STRAW VOTE

"EVERY student there," relates one of Roosevelt's classmates, "was profoundly indignant. I noticed one little man, small but firmly knit. He had slammed his torch to the street. His fists quivered like steel springs and swished through the air as if plugging a hole through a mattress. He danced with anger and halted the whole parade. I had never seen a man so angry before. I asked who he was. 'It's Roosevelt from New York,' some one told me."

From editorials in the "Harvard Advocate," the college weekly, it appears that Roosevelt fathered the movement for a straw vote, to show "that intelligent and conservative men will not allow party affiliation to rule their better judgment and force them to support an unfit or corrupt candidate." In its appeal to the students to come to the polls, the paper said that "No doubt there are some who think taking an informal vote for President is a departure from the sphere of the student to that of the politician, and others who regard it as only time thrown away. . . . It should not be forgotten that a . . . small force is not infrequently big in result, and that the indication of the choice of the university in this matter may be effective in securing the nomination of some man who is a type of the best American citizen. The *gentleman* in charge of the polls is a proof that the movement is not one of idle curiosity, but of earnest purpose."

AN EDITORIAL WRITER, TOO

THE last sentence in the editorial of the "Advocate" is a singular tribute to an undergraduate by a college paper. It ought to show, as nothing else could show, that Roosevelt was a leader of undergraduate opinion. Roosevelt, to be sure, was on the editorial board of the paper in which this unique commendation appeared, but he seldom attended the meetings of the editors, and during his senior year was swerved almost completely from all association with them by a multitude of overwhelming interests.

A few editorials, signed with the initial R., were read with interest by the students. In one of them he wrote:

"The football season is now fairly opened, and it is well to take a glance at what our rivals are doing. . . . At present it hardly seems as if the team would be as good as last year's, but their playing is improving every day, and nothing but very hard work will enable our men to win the victory [over Yale]. . . . What is most necessary is that every man should realize the necessity of faithful and honest work, *every afternoon*. [The italics are Roosevelt's.] Last year we had good individual players, but they did not work together nearly as well as the Princeton team, and were not in as good condition as the Yale men. The football season is short; and while it does last, the men ought to work faithfully, if they expect to win back for Harvard the position she held three years ago."

In college the activities of the future President were very broad. He was not physically fitted for athletics as a member of any college team or crew, yet classmates recall him as a football scrub with a bright red jersey, rushing about Holmes Field, a young man with the morning in his face. He had announced his intention of entering a lightweight sparring contest from which his classmate, William A. Gaston—later a candidate for Governor of Massachusetts and now one of the strongest individual forces in Boston politics—a heavier and larger man, withdrew to make a place for him. For this courtesy Roosevelt was anxious to assist his friend, so he encouraged him to enter a wrestling match. Mr. Gaston tells about it:

A WARLIKE PEACEMAKER

"THE rules for college wrestling matches in those days were arbitrary—differed at each meeting, according to the mood of the umpire. If you thought a decision unfair, all you could do was to appeal to the committee in charge of athletics.

"There was going to be a lightweight wrestling match. I hesitated about entering it. Roosevelt said: 'Come on, Bill, I'll train you.' He didn't know any more about wrestling than I did. The first day I threw two men and had just got the first fall from a third, when the umpire called off the sports for the day, insisting that the last fall I had got should not count. Of course, that meant that I should have to throw my opponent three times and he throw me but twice to win a victory. Roosevelt banged his foot down on the floor. 'Outrageous! Bill, it's outrageous! Come on, we'll go and appeal to the committee.'

"'Now, Bill, you're hot-tempered,' he warned as we approached them. 'I don't want you to say a word I'll talk to them. I'll explain this thing calmly.' In ten minutes Roosevelt had offered to fight every one of them. I had to pacify him and then set to smoothing things over. We won our point, though."

Roosevelt weighed but 135 pounds when he entered the lightweight sparring contest, the only athletic event in college that he ever entered. "There were only six contestants," the "Advocate" said. "In the first bout Mr. Hanks won. The second bout, between Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Roosevelt, was won by the latter, who displayed more skill and coolness than his opponent. Mr. Cushing easily won the last bout.

"Mr. Hanks was then paired with Mr. Roosevelt, and

a spirited contest followed, in which Mr Hanks succeeded in getting the best of his opponent by his quickness and power of endurance."

"It was no fight at all," says a student who was by the ringside. "Hanks had the longer reach and was stronger, and Roosevelt was handicapped by his eyesight. I can see that little fellow yet, staggering about and banging into air. His opponent could not put him out, and he would not give up. He showed his fighting qualities, but he never entered another bout."

A HUNTER FROM HIS YOUTH

DURING his vacations, and during one Christmas recess, while hunting in the Maine woods, the youthful Roosevelt showed his grit in other ways. He was undersized for eighteen years of age, William W. Sewall, his guide, writes, but what he lacked in strength he made up for in courage. "He had enough moral and physical courage for a man who weighed a ton." One day, when the snow was deep and they were tramping through the white woods after caribou, Roosevelt lost one of his snowshoes while fording a rapid stream. He refused to accept one from his guide, but insisted on climbing with him the side of Mount Katahdin to the point where they were camped. "His feet were badly bruised, and he was tired as a dead horse, but he didn't utter a whimper," the guide says. In the West, shortly after he had been graduated from college, Roosevelt's horse reared and fell on him, breaking the point of his shoulder blade, yet he kept to the trail for three days before the injury was dressed by a physician.

In the parlance of undergraduate life, a "grind" is not merely a hard worker, but also a student disinterested in everything except classroom work. Roosevelt was certainly not a "grind." Unfitted for athletics, by his enthusiasm he accomplished more for college athletics than perhaps any man in his class, or, indeed, in his generation. To Roosevelt, in fact, is due the credit, or at least very much of it, of founding the track meets between Harvard and Yale, from which grew the "Intercollegiates," the greatest meet of its kind in America.

In his senior year Roosevelt urged, in a letter to the "Advocate," that the impulse needed to make track athletics what they should be was a series of contests with Yale in the spring and fall of each year. The suggestion was immediately taken up at both universities. The Yale papers upheld the scheme, but lamented that Yale was without "any official association to act in the matter."

BRIMMING WITH ENTHUSIASMS

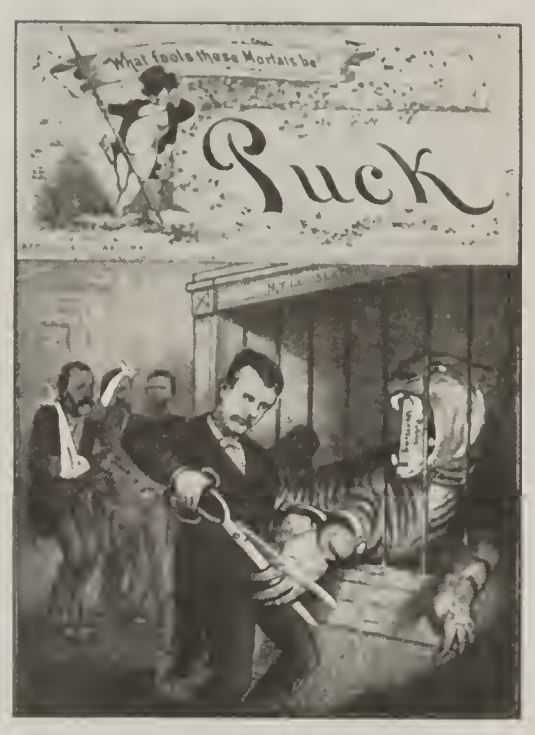
HARVARD played her first football game with Yale in the fall of 1876, when Roosevelt was a freshman. Her team had played Canadian teams as early as 1874, in both the spring and fall. In 1875 it lost to Princeton, but won from Columbia, Tufts, and McGill. No game was played with Yale, because Yale insisted on playing with eleven men and Harvard's games had all been played with fifteen. The difference was finally settled, and enthusiasm ran high when the first Harvard-Yale football game was announced for November 18, 1876, at New Haven.

In baseball Harvard had been winning consistently year after year. In 1876 her team was victorious in two of the three games played, and again in 1877, in 1878 and 1879 the Crimson team won three of five games in each year, one of those in the latter year a shut-out. In 1880, the year of Roosevelt's graduation, each team won two games. In crew races also Harvard was victorious over Yale every year that Roosevelt was in college except the year that he was graduated.

Lacrosse and cricket were almost unknown in Roosevelt's time at Harvard, and to play tennis left one open to what Roosevelt later designated as a mollycoddle. The undergraduate papers were continually poking fun at the effeminate men who were addicted to this new pastime. It was not until 1883 that a tennis team to represent the university was chosen.

In this day of beginnings, indoor athletics, till the completion of the Hemenway Gymnasium in 1880, were held in what is now called the Germanic Museum. In some of the meets there were often as few as two entries. The accommodations were so inadequate that in Roosevelt's freshman year one of the papers said that "there are freshmen, playing around like calves in a meadow, getting in every one's way. . . ."

The future President of the United States might himself have been one of those furtive freshmen playing "like calves in a meadow," for in this stuffy gymnasium he forced himself to exercise religiously every day, and here more than one other freshman met him. One man, who was then a freshman, says that he was exercising one day when he observed next to the apparatus he was using another lad who was pushing himself backward and forward more violently than any of the rest. When all out of breath this strenuous one dropped to the floor, lay on his back and gasped: "My name's Roosevelt, what's yours?"



Roosevelt, the youthful Legislator—1884—enjoying himself as he sought to clip the Tiger's toes, and even then a cartoon subject

Most students take their exercise as some go to church—sighing on their way, carrying a subject to cogitate upon, and exulting when the thing is done with. But Roosevelt exercised through all his undergraduate days as if his life depended upon his zeal.

Roosevelt never got over his college habit of trying to learn something about everything.

"Never have I seen or read of a man with such an amazing array of interests," says John Woodbury, one of his classmates. "He used to stop men in the yard, or call them to him. Then he would block the narrow gravel path and make sparks from some argument fly. He was so enthusiastic, and had such a startling array of deeply rooted interests, that we all expected him to become a great journalist."

"During a performance of 'Medea,'" says the "History of the Boston Theatre," "Theodore Roosevelt, afterward President of the United States, was ejected from the gallery for creating a disturbance. He was then a freshman at Harvard College and was 'running' for one of the secret societies. He had been ordered to go into the upper gallery in evening clothes and applaud vociferously in all quiet scenes. This he did faithfully, with the above disastrous effect upon his dignity."

True to their traditions, the Boston papers took up this incident and exaggerated it to show the lawlessness and rowdyism of Harvard students. Indeed, their charges were startling enough to rouse Professors Shaler and Dunbar and to elicit from them open letters dwelling on the innocence of Roosevelt's achievement, and reminding the editors that boys would be playful. Both dwelt with biting sarcasm on the efforts of the Boston press to exaggerate any event that concerned a Harvard undergraduate. The Boston "Herald" designated Professor Shaler's letter as a "turgid stream of rhetoric," and the college papers took issue with the "Herald." The events in the whole Eastern half of America to young Roosevelt must have seemed revolving about him. He must have begun to realize then the sensation of being thrust into the limelight.

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The Ranchman Roosevelt—1885—a photograph taken during the two years he lived on a North Dakota ranch and rode and hunted with his cowboys

At the beginning of his senior year he was engaged to teach the Sunday school at Christ Church, the oldest church edifice in Cambridge, in which, as a sign over the door indicates, "divine service was held December 31, 1775, General and Mrs. Washington being present." For several weeks he turned up regularly every Sunday afternoon to teach young persons religion, text as he conceived them.

ONE FOR THE COLONY HOUSE

THEN came a new rector, Dr. James Field Spaulding. Theodore, the teacher, went on teaching doctrines that to Dr. Spaulding, the rector, were abhorrent. There was great conflict in the small confines of the church for several Sundays. Some members of the congregation defended him, some sided with the new rector. Suddenly Theodore the teacher was expelled. With him from the congregation went a college instructor, who spoke against religious prejudice to a class the following day and was cheered, and also a college professor who never returned to the ranks of the congregation.

"The news spread about the college like flames through a burning building," says one of Roosevelt's friends. "Everybody lauded Roosevelt, but he didn't take the occurrence to heart. The next three Sundays he taught at the Church of the Ascension in East Cambridge, and then continued in a church in Chestnut Hill, the home of Miss Lee, to whom he was engaged."

The friends of Dr. Spaulding maintain that the ejection of Teacher Roosevelt was not due to differences about religious freedom, even though Roosevelt's views in relation to the subject might presuppose such differences to have arisen. One of them says that a lad entered the Sunday school crying and Roosevelt gave another lad a dollar to "lick" the boy who caused him to cry. This act, according to Dr. Spaulding's friends, constituted bad example.

Roosevelt was interested in everything, doing many things and doing them strenuously. He and seven other men, all destined for prominence in after life, broke away from the main body of students dining at Memorial Hall and organized a dining club a short distance from the college buildings. Visitors to his rooms would have found in his senior year, among college pennants, hunting trophies, pictures of trap and chase, the insignia of a dozen of the chosen organizations in Harvard.

Of those devoted primarily to good fellowship, the Hasty Pudding Club was the most difficult to attain. To this usually were graduated in their senior year the members of the Institute of 1770, the oldest of the societies in Harvard. Roosevelt was among the first fifteen from his class to be chosen for the Institute and was later its secretary; the fifth to be chosen for the Pudding and later its treasurer. He was, moreover, a member of the Porcelain, a discriminating and expensive organization, of the Alpha Delta Phi, and an honorary member of the Glee Club. Roosevelt was also elected to the Phi Beta Kappa. Among its graduate members whom he undoubtedly met were Oliver Wendell Holmes, president of the Harvard Chapter; Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and Rev. Phillips Brooks, both of whom attended its meetings.

JOINED RIFLE, ART, AND FINANCE CLUBS—ALL TURF

ROOSEVELT joined the Rifle Club, an organization founded in his freshman year, and, although he did not win in competitions held on the grounds of the Watertown Arsenal, yet he learned to use an army rifle. He joined the Art Club, over which Professor Charles Eliot Norton presided, and the Natural History Society, flourishing under the presidency of Professor Shaler. Indeed, for a time he presided over it. Its purpose was to foster a practical interest among students in the college in natural history.

In his sophomore year Roosevelt organized, his classmates say, a club which is recalled as one of the bright memories of their undergraduate life. It was called the Finance Club, and was the outcome of a course given by Professor Dunbar on the financial history of the United States. It was organized to make a study of the financial history of the other nations, particularly of England. For a time Roosevelt presided and probably the extraordinary swath the Club cut in the field of undergraduate activities was due largely to his energy.

"No man ever came to Harvard more serious in his purpose to secure, first of all, an education," ex-Governor Guild, now Ambassador to Russia, says. "He was forever at it, and probably no man of his time ever read more extensively or deeply, especially in directions that did not count on the honor list or marking slips. He had the happy power of abstraction, and nothing was more common than a noisy roomful of college mates and Roosevelt frowning with intense absorption over a

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Busting A Broncho School

The Final Test of the Schoolmarm Who Undertook to Teach the School at Big Breezes

By MARION SHERRARD

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

¶ *This is the concluding paper of a series describing the experiences of a graduate of the University of Chicago in teaching a prairie school in Montana.*

"WELL, how's the broncho school this year?" asked the man from down the creek facetiously.

I twisted in my chair and swallowed a mouthful of very hot coffee.

"Really, it's one of the best schools for its size that I have ever taught. The children are obedient and study well, and are no trouble at all."

Everyone looked at me with the expression: "Poor innocent little lamb."

"Maybe they ain't started yet," ventured one of the bachelor ranchers. "The later they starts, the worser they is. They was six weeks beginning with Miss Soren, then Big Tom's brother led the gang that baptized her in the creek. She's the one that married Sparks up there in the hills and has never showed her face around here since."

"Yes, be golly," smiled the barber, "and you remember how they brought their six-shooters to school when Miss Jones, the pretty little kid, resisted. She had the devil of a time. Binks, what found that little gold pocket up in the hills, he got her."

"Oh," grunted the blacksmith disgustedly, "it's all b e c a u s e them blamed fool teachers wants to run things. If they just let them kids have their own way, there wouldn't be no trouble. That's what Miss Mattes done, but then the trustees fired her. Said she wasn't running the school right. Them trustees ain't got no more sense than the teachers. In this country, them what has the power has to be the best fighters. And when a little five-foot schoolmarm, whose feet is so tender that they're actually peeling, expects to feed little chocolate-frosted hollows to big, brawny, thumny kids like that Red Tooth and that Half-Breed—well, they ain't nothing to it at all. Just wait till they starts."

And that very morning they did start. At ten o'clock I was wondering what could have happened to my school, when, suddenly, I heard horses' hoofs in the yard. In the lead were the seventh and eighth grades, all full-fledged cowboys, their bronchos flying and kicking and their chap-clad knees clinching the ribs of their steeds.

There was the Half-Breed, with his black, luxuriant hair and little, quick, sly eyes; also Blizzard's little brother Breezy, who, with his fair curls and crimson cheeks, might have been taken for a child of the gods, had not the wicked demon lurked in the dimples of his smile. Blupps rode with the chosen band because his brother had been famous as the torture of all schoolmarms; he had baptized one, buried one in the snow, driven another to nervous prostration, and finally married one; and, it is reported, is giving her a hard time. The others were leaders, not from innate ability, but because they belonged to the higher grades and their fathers or mothers were the school trustees.

BEHIND these rode some of the smaller boys and girls, and still farther behind came the crowd that was walking.

All twenty hurled themselves into their desks and began studying very diligently. Then, suddenly, there started the low, mysterious yelp of far-away coyotes. It seemed to come from all over the room, yet not a pair of lips moved as the pupils glued their eyes to their work.

I walked along the aisles trying to locate the noise, [illegible] silent around me, the low yelps coming from [illegible] part of the room. I started a little pedagogical talk. They smiled indulgently, but the coyotes continued. I threatened, then implored them.

"Hush what?" one asked innocently, but the noise kept up. All that afternoon, whichever way I turned, mysterious books, hurled from apparently nowhere, whirled past the back of my head. I had taught tough schools for some five years, and considered myself quite a detective and paper-wad expert, but was hopelessly rattled by the sudden and skillful boldness of these maneuvers.

A CREEPY, chilly weakness seemed to crawl through my muscles, and my face felt as if it were turning to chalk.

At four o'clock, with wild hurrahs, they plunged out of the schoolroom and defiantly slammed the door.

It was growing dark when, tired and harassed with wild planning, I started to go home. The heavy school door was tightly fastened. Looking through the keyhole, I could see a large bar which had been quietly slipped through the big metal handle of the door, holding it fast. All the windows were rendered snowball-proof with close iron gratings, fastened in with large screws which were coated with two inches of frozen snow. There was not a stick of wood in the room and the fire was nearly dead. The town of Big Breezes was a mile away and hidden around the curve of a hill. The windows were all nailed in, but I broke out one of the glasses and went vigorously to work with a ruler and pair of scissors.

The air was icy and munching. It was getting dark, too, and I realized that I was slowly freezing. Frantically going to work with my teeth and nails, I finally succeeded in loosening one screw, then threw my body against the grating. It bent outward, making an opening large enough for me to put my feet through. My body slid out as far as my head, and for a while it looked as if I must dangle there with my feet only a few inches from the ground.

DETERMINED to either break my neck or get through, I made one terrible effort, and my head came, scratched and bleeding. A half hour later, when I arrived in town, all torn and bruised, I met the saloon keeper, clerk of the school, coming to the rescue. And there on the side of the saloon, illuminated with a lantern, was a blackboard bearing the inscription:

"Teacher locked in. Kids on top. Rattle in. Easy money."

I turned angrily to the saloon keeper.

"That bulletin is a disgrace," I sputtered.

"Oh, now, little one, don't get spuzzy over that; it's a josh. The jiggers in this hard country has to have something to grin over. They wants to know about their money. Then the bets is running high—they're twenty to one already. You're so small and wuzzy-looking that you don't stand a bit of a show."

"Why didn't you tell me about this school?"

"Well, we think maybe every teacher will have nerve enough to tie her own shoes. And then when a school offers ninety dollars you had ought to have sense enough to expect something stirring. Most of these districts pays sixty or seventy. There's one school down the creek; that's a disgrace to the West. They's ten kids—most of them children of our bucked-off schoolmarms—and they's regular l i t t l e cold-storage angels. Not a case of corporal punishment once in five years.

"But, thank God, they's a few schools left in the West with muscle to buck for their rights, just like they's some bronchos left with legs enough to kick for their rights and some cowboys left with devil enough to break them. We ain't all schoolmarms' kids, raised in fleece-lined, steam-heated brooders yet.

"This country believes in success. If the kids can make a fool of the teacher, then it shows that she ain't qualified to teach them. Then everybody yells for the kids. But if the teacher makes fools of the kids, they all call her the real goods."

"I should think you would get a man," I feebly suggested.

"They'd sure kill a man—they's perfect gentlemen and respects a lady. Miss Brown, she was a dandy all right. She busted that push; did it with a six-shooter and scalping knife."

My hair fairly squirmed at the roots.

"I should think it would be against the law."

"Well, you see, I'm the clerk here, and it hits me that the object of a school is to make them mind and learn them something. It ain't none of my business how it's done."

"Well, what would you do about it?"

"I'd bust that school, or get out."

THAT morning it was forty-five below. There was no fire in the schoolroom stove, the head of the ax was hidden, and not a stick of kindling had been cut.

Having dug around in the snow for a while, I succeeded in gathering a few frozen chips, and with these and a great deal of paper started a fire. But it only smoked a while and went out. So with one hand already frozen and a foot fast becoming useless, I climbed up the logs of the schoolhouse. A row of fresh footprints in the frozen snow told the story. Crawling along the

(*Continued on page 31*)

"Now, schoolmarm, the whole darn smear gets fifteen licks acrost the shoulders. Give them stingers; a little loss of blood will only be good for the cause"

It was a very foggy morning. The boats, as they replaced one another, slowly dissolved and emerged

The Whistler

By JAMES BARNES

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

ON a certain evening in early April, 1900, an evening when winter had apparently struggled back to have a parting slap at the thermometer, Mr. "Pink" Hogan, proprietor of a dingy little saloon on upper First Avenue, frequented mostly by his compatriots, observed three customers, who were unknown to him personally, enter quietly by the side entrance. They were swarthy of complexion and spoke a foreign tongue, so Mr. Hogan classified them as "Wops," synonymous now on the East Side with the all-but-discarded term "Dago."

The three dark-complexioned gentlemen thus designated were discussing their beers at the corner of the bar near the cigar lighter, when through the door that opened on the avenue came two more strangers to the neighborhood. One was a short, stout man of sixty with a very red complexion and grizzled beard; the other was a thin-faced, keen-eyed, very well dressed individual of uncertain age, who was evidently at home in his surroundings, for, without preamble, he asked Mr. Hogan for the dice box.

When back of the bar in this particular locality, it is best not to be too inquisitive as to what goes on in front of it; so when the keen-faced young man and his companion had somehow scraped acquaintance with the three aliens, Mr. Hogan displayed little interest. When the five, accompanied by the dice box, adjourned to the back room, Mr. Hogan took their orders without comment and left them alone.

HAD Mr. Hogan's curiosity been awakened in the slightest degree, he might have been surprised at the fact that the keen faced one and his somewhat elderly companion, although rattling the dice and occasionally calling out orders, were conversing fluently with the "Wops" in the foreign tongue.

In about an hour the party broke up, the three first comers leaving together by the front door, that opened on the avenue, and a few minutes later the strangely assorted pair also departed, this time by the side entrance.

At the corner, under the lamp-post, they stopped for a moment, and here occurs the first conversation that we are privileged to listen to.

"Smart sort of fellow, that Martinez," observed the younger man; "you've had dealings with him before, Captain Bickmore?"

"Yes, sure I have," replied the bearded man. "In 1901 I ran a cargo into Carupano with him, for the Mattos people; good pay they were, and on the nail—eight thousand stands of rifles, half a million cartridges, two quick-firing three-pounders, and a machine gun. Getting out of New York was a joke in those days compared to what it is now; why, we loaded up right over here in South Brooklyn; 'mining machinery and pianos,' that's what the cases were marked, and we cleared all proper and not a question asked—it was like robbing your blind grandmother."

"Well, it's different now," observed the younger man. "It's getting riskier and riskier. They've even got spies up at the factory; yes, and in most of the offices, too. It doesn't pay to carry certain correspondence on the books; once the Government gets a black mark against you, they watch you closer than ever. You ought to know that, Captain Bickmore."

"Sure I do, Mr. Fallon," laughed the grizzled man. "They have had their eyes on me and my son-in-law, Barry, ever since this last trouble broke out, and if I'd ever set foot on the deck of the *San Blas* they would have known it in Washington in an hour; if I'd been seen talking to Carlos Martinez in any public place, the newspapers would have had it in the next day's issue; but they don't know Martinez is in the country. I made the mistake one time of spinning a yarn to one of those newspaper fellows, and he printed it in one of the Sunday papers; no use a-tellin' 'em now that Barry and I have chucked all that and gone into the tugboat business; they won't believe it."

The younger man laughed.

"Well," he said, "this looks safe enough now. The *San Blas* has got her papers and clears for Trinidad day after to-morrow. I go on board to-morrow night. Barry takes the tow through and lays the barge alongside early the next morning, and his job is over."

"And ours begins," put in the captain. "I'll be glad when we've cleared the Hook." As he spoke he took out of his pocket a great gold watch and looked at the time. "Excuse me, Mr. Fallon," he said suddenly, "but you'll have to hurry if you're going to catch the twelve o'clock train for Bridgeport. I'm going back to Brooklyn, and, mark my word, the *Penora* and the barge will be tied up alongside day after to-morrow, and just before you sail I'll join you. Good night; Barry understands, sir. There'll be no hitch."

As they parted, Fallon, the agent, turned and saw the older man cross the avenue and disappear down one of the side streets. Then he hurried westward.

Now if Captain Bickmore had not taken out that gold watch and held it in the glare of the corner light, what subsequently took place might never have happened.

He had gone but a few steps when he thought he heard some one hurrying to overtake him. Thinking it might be Fallon, he turned. Indistinctly he saw, right at his heels, two figures; the first had an arm uplifted and hand extended before him. Before Bickmore could speak, his throat was grasped; the raised arm descended viciously!

Once, when before the mast, he had been felled by the blow of a belaying pin—even as he reeled and half fell, Captain Bickmore recalled the sensation of that blow! He tried to shout, but again there came a crashing, sickening explosion in his brain, and he knew nothing more.

IN a vacant lot between a decrepit stable and a cast-iron fence that rose about the huge gas tanks, a patrolman on his beat discovered just after daylight the body of a man. A glance showed that his clothes were ripped, his pockets turned inside out, and even his shoes removed. A close inspection proved that he was still alive, for he was breathing stentoriously, although he failed to respond to the patrolman's rough restorative methods, that consisted of shaking the poor unfortunate and bellowing in his ears repeatedly: "Hey, wake up there! What's your name? Where do you live?" Even when the ambulance at last arrived and the latest victim of the "Gas House Gang" was trundled off to the hospital, there was no sign of consciousness.

After an hour's work in the operating room the patient was trundled to a cot in the emergency ward where he lay breathing heavily but still unconscious, his case marked: "Shock; slight depressed fracture of the cerebellum." He was entered as "unknown" and his age approximated.

The notice of this occurrence did not [illegible] inch in the evening papers. Such items [illegible] day you will find them entered on the police [illegible] without any unusual comments. When the hospital [illegible]

(Continued on page 36)

Somewhere Safe to Sea

Being the Story of a Locked Room and an Empty Heart

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

Silently we threaded our way along the slippery trail and down toward the valley

I WAS mowing a lawn on North Nevada Avenue, and was cussing the wire grass out by the gate when all of a sudden I looked up and seen somebody swinging a cane. He was a kinda tallish man with good clothes on and big brown eyes that seemed to twinkle and laugh at me when I put my hand around to my back to get the kink out of it. There was a bit of a smile on his lips, too—like it was a fixture there. Altogether he wasn't oldish, you know; couldn't have been more than thirty at the most, but just the same, around the temples, the gray was beginning to show up more and more in his dark, glossy hair.

"Lived long in Colorado?" he asked, just as if I'd spoken to him, and, come to think of it, I'd have done it if he'd given me time. It wasn't the first time we'd seen each other; I'd caught his straw hat for him three or four days before down at the Busy Corner, and a couple of times after that he'd passed by places where I was working and stopped to watch me a minute or so, like he was sizing me up. But this was the first time he'd done any real talking. I tried to be just as pert as he was.

"Sure, all my life. Why?" I couldn't see just what he was driving at.

"Not much in particular"—he was flipping a few blades of grass around with his cane—"only I just took a liking to you. Know how to cook?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Now you're getting about fifty cents for mowing that lawn. If you have good luck, you'll get over three lawns in a day. That's a dollar and a half. You've got to live out of that."

I DIDN'T know just what to say, so I kept still. I couldn't figure him out. For a half minute or so he just knocked the grass around the sidewalk—and then he looked up real sudden.

"I'll give you ten dollars a week, board, and room. You'll cook for me, take care of my little house, and be somebody to talk to and go fishing with—what's your name?"

"Jim Aldrich." I guess I kinda stammered. He came awfully fast for me.

"I'll call you George. Like that better; it's classier. Now, George, you're hired. Meet me at the depot tomorrow morning at eight o'clock and we're off for Green Mountain Falls. You're not wild about the [illegible] away, are you?"

"I—[illegible]" I spluttered. "Say, I can't catch the

But by that time he was off down the street, swinging his cane again and whistling to himself. I looked after him for a minute, and noticed how straight and strong and generally all groomed up he was—and I wondered more than ever about it as I went back to that wire grass. But I guess there's a little of the adventurer about me, and then Green Mountain Falls is only seventeen miles from Colorado Springs, and the walking's good. Besides, there's always lawns, and when there isn't lawns there's snow on the sidewalks, and I needed a vacation anyway. And so I was at the station the next morning.

"George," said the boss when we got to the Falls and walked up the long, graveled street toward a perky little stucco bugalow that was perched on the side of a foothill, "there's our domicile. Now, you haven't got much of a job; three meals a day, the general cleaning up, and a little excursion into the mountains once in a while when the notion strikes me. I don't think we want to know anybody in this hamlet; I'm just here to be here, and so don't grow overtalkative. No offense meant, old man," he added with that little smile of his. "I'm a funny brute about keeping things to myself, that's all, and there's a certain room in this little house of ours that I don't want talked about."

I WAS beginning to see. He was a counterfeiter or something of the kind, but I said to myself that I'd hang on anyway. Besides, I could show I was just hired as a cook. So I just nodded my head and then we went inside.

That was the prettiest little house I ever set my foot in. There was a great big room just as you walked through the front door, with great big chairs in it and a piano with a lot of music strung all over, and a big fireplace with bookshelves on each side, and a lot of pictures around on the walls, and everything so dainty and neat that I'd 'a' sworn it'd been fixed up by the little girl that lived in the house on North Nevada Avenue, and she was the neatest, prettiest little thing I ever seen. But when I spoke about it he just smiled and shook his head, and started whistling to himself kinda soft, and stuck his hands in his pockets, and led the way on through the big dining room and the bedrooms and everything, and out to the kitchen. I noticed there was one door he passed by without opening. But I didn't think it was any business of mine to say anything.

"Here you are," he says—I've forgotten to mention he'd told me his name was Mr. William Jordan—"and what do you think of the rig-out?"

"It's swell," I says, "it's a humdinger, that's what."

And right then I was at home. I didn't know how to use a lot of the new-fangled cooking things he had there, but we got along first-rate. Just as he said, there wasn't much to do, and half the time I was reading the paper out on the back steps or looking away off at the purple and green of the hills a-laying in the distance, all sorta folded up in a comforter of blue haze or sparklinglike in the sun. And sometimes, when I'd be setting there, he'd come to the back door and lean against the jam and smile down on me like he thought it was nice to have company around. That's what I couldn't understand. Those big, brown eyes were always a-twinkling; he was always whistling or strolling around humming to himself—or playing at the piano, and how he could play! I usta think sometimes, I'd wiggle my feet off when he'd be playing out there in the big room—and then things'd change. The music'd grow soft and weepinglike, and it just seemed like his fingers were velvet. Then I'd feel something creep up inside me and wrap itself around my heart and cramp it—there'd come a lump in my throat once in a while, too. And, funny thing, every time he'd play that way I'd think of that locked room and what was in it, and what it was that laid under the smile on Mr. Jordan's face and the twinkle in his eyes. Somehow or other I'd always find myself thinking of a woman, too—some woman I'd never seen.

ONE night, after he'd been playing like that, I sat out on the back porch for a long, long time, just a-looking at the stars and wondering—well, wondering about a lot of things. By and by the music stopped and I heard Mr. Jordan walk around a bit. Then everything was still.

But I just kept on setting there, with my hands folded up tight, a-watching the sky and the forms of the hills where they ran along like some big crumpled coat in the darkness. The little town turned out its lights one by one, till after a while there was just me and the stars and the night birds and the old mountains left. The air off the peaks got chill after a spell, and at last I pulled off my shoes so's not to make any noise, and started to tiptoe into bed. I got through the kitchen and to the hallway. Then I stopped and stared. There was a light in the locked room, the door had swung open an inch or so, and I could see inside.

And with one look life just turned back all its pages, back to when I roamed the hills and slept in my little loghouse by nights, mining the *Ethel C.* by days and hoping for, hoping for—but that's got nothing to do with the story. Before me was the sleeping room of a poor little mountain cabin, with the rough, chinked walls, the smoky, grimy fireplace, the lumpy board floors, and the bunks. There was a mountain lion skin on the wall, I could see, and a rifle hanging beside it. There were the old pegs with clothes on them, and an ax in the corner and snowshoes, three sets of them—two big pairs and some baby ones. There was a table, too, rough pine and battered—but with it all there was a lot of difference from the old place I used to roost in. Mine didn't have any dainty counterpanes on the bunks—there were two of them in the locked room, a big one and a tiny one. There were pillows and pillow slips, too, with initials worked in the corners. The old table had an embroidered cover on it, one that took a long, long time to make. Over in one corner was a hobby horse, not one of those like a good-sized baby has, but one of them things where there's a set of rockers and a horse on each side and a seat in the middle—for a little bit of a kid. It didn't come from any store either; it'd been made right out of the new wood and carved and trimmed with a jackknife and painted red and black, kinda splotchy. I sorta felt my breath catching in my throat; don't know why. I looked around the room again. Up on one wall hung a big piece of bark with some initials in it. There were Mr. Jordan's and somebody else's I didn't know.

AND the man I saw there in the middle of all this was a lot different from the Mr. Jordan I knew in the daytime. He was kinda half kneeling between the bunks, a hand on each one, his head bowed. All the twinkle had gone out of the eyes, and his hard-pressed teeth had long ago taken the smile away from the lips. Now and then I could hear him draw in his breath with a sorta half gasp as though something was trying to choke him. The fingers on the bunks were spread wide, then closed, then spread again. I stood there a minute, then I turned and tiptoed out to the back steps. I wanted to see the old hills again and the stars and the sighing pines. I wanted to see them and talk to them in whispers, and ask them if they thought the same thing I did.

It was a long time after that when I heard a turn in the lock, a few steps, and then the shutting of a desk top. I wished I hadn't heard that last, because I knew now where he kept the key, and it would be

a foundation to me—just like it was to that little girl in the fairy story. But I tried not to think about that. Besides, the pines were whispering answers now, and the old hills were giving me a lot of the experience they'd gained from being in the world as long as they had. The moon was coming up; I could see the glow over the top of Old Baldy. A train went rushing along Silver Cut, just off to the left. It sounded noisy and out of place.

AND then when things grew quiet I just sat there and figured it out. Here was Mr. Jordan, just a young fellow; nothing but a kid alongside me. Yet he was a-trying to bury a whole lot more'n I'd ever had happen to me in my whole life, something that was eating his heart out. It couldn't be anybody dead, because then he wouldn't keep it all to himself and try to hide it the way he did. No, that room and everything in it pointed to something else, to somebody who'd gone away, somebody that his heart was a-crying out for. And it hurt; oh, how it hurt to see him grieving that way, grieving with a smile on his face, and the tears covered up where the world wouldn't see them. I just closed my eyes and leaned back against the stucco. I'd a-given most anything to help him.

I guess I must have fallen asleep, because the next thing I knew it was day and I was looking up into those twinkling brown eyes and wondering how on earth Mr. Jordan could have gotten close enough to me to put his hand on my shoulder without me hearing him.

"Coming in or going out?" he laughed at me. "Get a move on yourself, George. The trout are biting."

And almost before I knew it we had eaten a snack and were trudging along out into the hills to where the Sweetwater tumbled down the slopes, rested a while in deep, swirling pools, then went rushing along again. Mr. Jordan walked ahead, swinging his rod, picking columbines now and then and sticking them in the buttonholes of my coat until I looked like a flower store; whistling and singing like he never had known a care in all the world. But I don't guess I was very gay. The picture of the night before was in my brain, and I knew that all his jollity didn't go much farther down than the surface. It made me feel sneaking to see how he worked just to keep it all to himself—and, besides, I was bracing myself to say something I hadn't ought to.

WE CAME to where the great rocks were jumbled and wide strewn, where the pine cones lay thick on the ground and the tang of the forest was sweet and pungent. There the Sweetwater rushed into its greatest pool and there Mr. Jordan joined his rod, spun his reel, took his flies from the book and got ready to cast. He stepped out on a great stone and then turned to me. I was looking at the ground.

"Come out of it," he bantered, "come out of it."

"Mr. Jordan," I said back at him, "I guess I'm going to get fired. I don't reckon it makes no difference, though, because I haven't been used to good jobs for a few years. I just wanted to say that you needn't try to keep on smiling and whistling and singing and thinking that an old fellow like me couldn't give no help and sympathy, because—well, I've just guessed it, that's all."

"Guessed what?" There was a little snap in his voice as he stepped down from the rock and came close to me. I knew what he'd say next, that I'd rushed into something that wasn't my business and that he'd find a new house man. Maybe that made me reckless.

"I've guessed about the locked room," I says.

"Well?"

I LOOKED into his eyes. They were cold and going right through me. But something was on my mind and it had to come out.

"I seen in there last night," I said, "and then I went out on the back porch and did a lot of thinking, all by myself—and I made up my mind that I'd come to you and ask you if you wouldn't let me try to help you some way. Maybe I'm fired for feeling that way—but if I'm not, Mr. Jordan," I says, "I want you to know I said what I just did be-

There the Sweetwater rushed into its greatest pool, and there Mr. Jordan took his flies from the book and got ready to cast

cause I felt like maybe I could do something, maybe I could take some of your trouble off your shoulders and talk to you heart to heartlike sometimes and be real company, instead of having you go around all the time smiling and laughing and making believe you're happy when you're just ready to bust out and sob. That's why, Mr. Jordan."

He didn't even look at me for five minutes. I waited for him to tell me to go, and when he didn't I took heart.

"Won't you trust me, Mr. Jordan—" I guess there was begging in my voice—"I know it's about somebody who's gone—a woman and a little kid you loved—and that's enough. I've figured that out, but I've locked it in my brain, Mr. Jordan. I'll never speak of it if you don't want me to. I'll—"

I STOPPED, real shortlike. He was talking.

"Along about five years ago there was a man, a woman, and a little boy living up here in the hills," he began kinda slow. "There wasn't much money, things were going wrong in general, the man was working his head off for the other two and he forgot about the hundred little things that a woman's nature is always just longing for—by and by it began to hurt. Then things got worse and—and finally there was the end staring him right in the face. He was angry at first, angry enough to let her go and angry enough to wish that he'd never see her again; then he understood just too late. After she'd gone back to where she'd come from he, too, went away, tried to forget by making a lot of money, but couldn't. And now, George," he ended up, "he's back, he doesn't know where they are or whatever became of them. There isn't any way for him to find them. The little town where she once lived doesn't know her any more. There's no means for him to show them that he understands now and sees things as they should be seen, and so—" He stopped with a little sigh and just stood there, looking at the ground. His lips trembled a little bit. He dropped his fishing rod and clasped his hands until the blood went out of them. At last he turned toward the pool. I was silent a long time.

"It takes a lot of gameness to smile when things is that way," I says.

"There's a reason for everything, George," he said, "and there's a reason for smiling. I don't guess you know Swinburne."

"No," I told him, "but, then, I'm better acquainted higher up in the range—"

"He was poet," Mr. Jordan broke in, "and it is what he wrote that I am trying to believe. 'Dead men rise up never; we that live and love must die forever,' he said, 'dead men rise up never; even the weariest river winds somewhere, safe to sea.' And that's why I try to smile and laugh and joke [illegible] thus, George," he added, and he kinda [illegible] and laid a hand on my shoulder. "I'll never forget that. "Here's the Sweetwater, a pure, clear, happy-go-lucky mountain stream. It tumbles over precipices, but still it goes on and laughs as it rolls along. It swirls through creviced rocks, through dark tunnels and cold grottos, but yet it chuckles with its every ripple. By and by it reaches the lowlands, it feeds itself into the maw of some sluggish, plodding river, but still it smiles, still it sparkles. On and on, one river to the next, each more tiresome, each more imprisoning, yet when the sunlight touches it, it tries its best to answer and be cheerful. Miles and miles, league upon league, it goes; wearier and wearier and wearier it becomes, but still it strives, until at last there shows before it the open, the free, blue sea, the haven of its hopes. There may it dance and frolic; there may it pout and threaten; there may it again be happy-go-lucky, irresponsible, unfettered. And you see, George, the maker of rimes took his lesson from the brooklet; I take my lesson from him and I try to smile. George," he looked me square in the eyes, "I have talked to you, not like a man should talk to—but I won't say it. You understand, don't you?"

I HELD out my hand, and when he grasped it I tried to show by my eyes what I never could have told with my tongue. Then I understood what it is in the heart of a dog when he turns his eyes to his master in trouble. I was dumb; but I was happy in a kinda sorrowful way, because I knew Mr. Jordan could see and understand. He passed a hand across his face.

"This was our trysting place," he said, half to himself. "Every anniversary we would come here and have our little camp fire over there by the big rocks, and—and I had thought that maybe some time she'd remember. To-day's the—"

A roar from above sent our eyes to the sky. It was greenish black and heavy. A few jagged shots of lightning and then came the rain, solid, like it was being dumped out all at once. We grabbed for our rods and, bending against the wind, hurried for the big cleft about fifty feet away. Then, both of us dripping, we stood there, watching the hills and trees fading in the wall of water.

"It's just a mountain shower," Mr. Jordan said; "it'll be over in ten minutes—and then we'll hit for home."

I knew that our fishing was over. Neither of us was very much in the humor for it, I guess. I looked into his face and saw it was just like it had been the night before when I peeked into the locked room. I wished I could just reach into his heart and take out some of the sorrow there and put it into mine. But I couldn't; there wasn't anything I could do but just stand there and stare straight ahead and say something once in a while about the storm. I knew he wouldn't hear me anyhow, he was too busy turning back the years and remembering every little thing and thinking of what might have been—if he'd only known. And when a man's that way, there isn't much you can do or say. His mind's too full to appreciate anything from the outside. So we just stayed silent.

THE rain didn't stop in ten minutes—or fifteen. Instead, it just got heavier, and the thunder seemed to roll harder and harder. I looked over toward the Sweetwater and saw that it was gushing out between the rocks where he had been standing. The mountain air was getting heavy and hard to breathe. It was thick with the odors of the pine and the scent of disturbed loam and leaves. An hour went by. Still the rain kept on. Two hours. Three. And in all the time Mr. Jordan had just stood there, his jaws clenched hard, looking out at something I could not see. It made something throb within me to see him suffering like that. Almost anything was better; so I grabbed him by the arm and put my mouth close to his ear.

"This is going to keep up, Lord knows how long," I yelled [illegible] the rattle of the [illegible] "maybe we'd better [illegible] We might as well [illegible]

(Continued on page [illegible])

Some Unpublished Verses
by the Late

Emperor of Japan

TRANSLATED BY SUYUKI

THE *old farmer plows his rugged mountain fields,*
While off to the war his strong sons have started.
Lonely his soul, yet works he contented.
They fight for their country, loyal, true-hearted.

I sit within my window large the long, hot summer day.
My fan moves slowly back and forth to coax the lagging breeze,
While underneath the blazing sun shines on the worker hard.
My pity rises as I watch: I feel for him his cares.

My prayer, my longing wish, is this:
To make my land, so dear to me, so dear,
The peer of all the nations in the world;
That she may harbor in her heart the good,
Leaving untouched the evil—this is my prayer.

Slow sets the sun, the evening shadows fall,
And deeply hidden in the forest shade
The cicadas are singing,
Singing to the murmuring autumn wind.

William Rader

The Preaching Vigilante of San Francisco

By

PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

¶ **THIS** *is the final article in the successful series on "Preachers of America." But this chapter of the story of the pulpits and the pulpiteers of to-day is to end only that another may begin. Mr. Macfarlane, in a new journey over the country, already has gathered material for the opening articles of a broadly human series:* **"Man-to-Man Preachers."** *This by no means is to say that others of whom Mr. Macfarlane previously has written do not come at close grips with the world and its problems. Nor is this to say that those in the new group are not great preachers. It means rather that they stand preeminent in dealing with individuals, and in the management of the practical problems that have grown out of or been created by their ministry. Said the managing editor of a Chicago daily newspaper to a representative of Collier's the other day: "That Preacher Series has proven of amazing interest to me. You have been peculiarly happy in the selection of your men." We can assure our editorial friend in Chicago, and all our readers, that the new group will not only lack nothing on the score of interest, but will actually grow in richness and appeal. The men in* **"Man-to-Man Preachers"** *will include a city slum worker of remarkable personality, a preacher whose parishioners are range-riding cowboys, a crusader who smote a great city for its sins, a missionary to the lumber jacks of the North, a priest to the miners of a troubled industrial region, and an evangelist who revived Revivalism. Their names will be announced soon*

A REVOLVER lay on the table. Beside the revolver was a pile of copy paper, upon which a white, sturdy hand wrote with firm strokes, making short Anglo-Saxon words and forming them into terse, jabbing sentences. The hand belonged to a man in shirt sleeves who sat before the table. His face was like his hand, round and firm. He wore glasses through which his eyes beamed with a steady, earnest gaze. Sweat stood out in drops on his brow. At times his body shook and chair and table creaked with the overflow of that nervous vigor with which he drove his writing hand. On one side of the table as he wrote sat Francis J. Heney; on the other was William J. Burns. Rudolph Spreckels had a chair by the window. Fremont Older stood with his back against the wall, and his tall head almost reached the wooden ceiling of the small, unpainted room, the rough walls of which were plastered with illustrations from the Sunday supplements of newspapers.

The subjects of these illustrations ranged widely from posing prize fighters to copies of Madonnas, with the great preponderance on the side of pugilism. This room was the editorial office of the San Francisco "Bulletin" in the first year after the great fire. It was perched like a hencoop on the top of a cold-storage warehouse down near the water front which had escaped destruction, and which was particularly chosen as the site for the temporary printing office, because power was available at that point.

The man in his shirt sleeves was the Reverend William Rader, who at the time was chief editorial writer for the San Francisco "Bulletin." The revolver was not upon the table by chance, nor as a matter of ornament, but because the brood of political vampires who were sucking the city's life blood, had been stung by the cleric's editorials to threats of personal violence, and the minister was prepared to defend himself and to fight for his right to preach with his pencil. The "Bulletin" editorial rooms were in these days a sort of war office for the graft prosecution.

Fremont Older, its managing editor, had been the personal initiatory force of the prosecution. It was he who first broached the idea of a private prosecution fund and a secret investigation to Rudolph Spreckels; it was he who went to President Roosevelt and secured the loan of Francis J. Heney and William J. Burns.

TWO PICTURES OF DRAMATIC CONTRAST

THE group of graft prosecutors were gathered in the newspaper office on this particular day because a critical situation had arisen in their affairs, a situation wherein public opinion must be wisely and safely guided, when what the "Bulletin" would say became of vast importance, and so as the pages slipped from under minister-editor Rader's hand, Fremont Older picked them up and glanced them over through the smoke of his upturned black cigar, his long eyebrows lifting themselves meditatively as he weighed the written words in his mind; after which they were passed on to Heney and to Spreckels, and last of all to Burns, who bored into them with his canny blue eye and passed them back with never a comment, or if he had an observation to offer dropped it as an aside into the ear of Spreckels.

And now, supposing this were Saturday, you might see the writer of the editorials again, if you would, within less than another twenty-four hours. Let your feet take their way up Fillmore Street on Sunday morning to the corner of Jackson Street. You would find there a huge Greek temple with modern trimmings. You would read upon a bronze tablet that this is Calvary Presbyterian Church. The grandeur of the massy columns, the noble dignity of the wide entrance, and the impressive effect of the whole structure would inform you that this was the worshiping place of a people that accounted itself to be somewhat in the community.

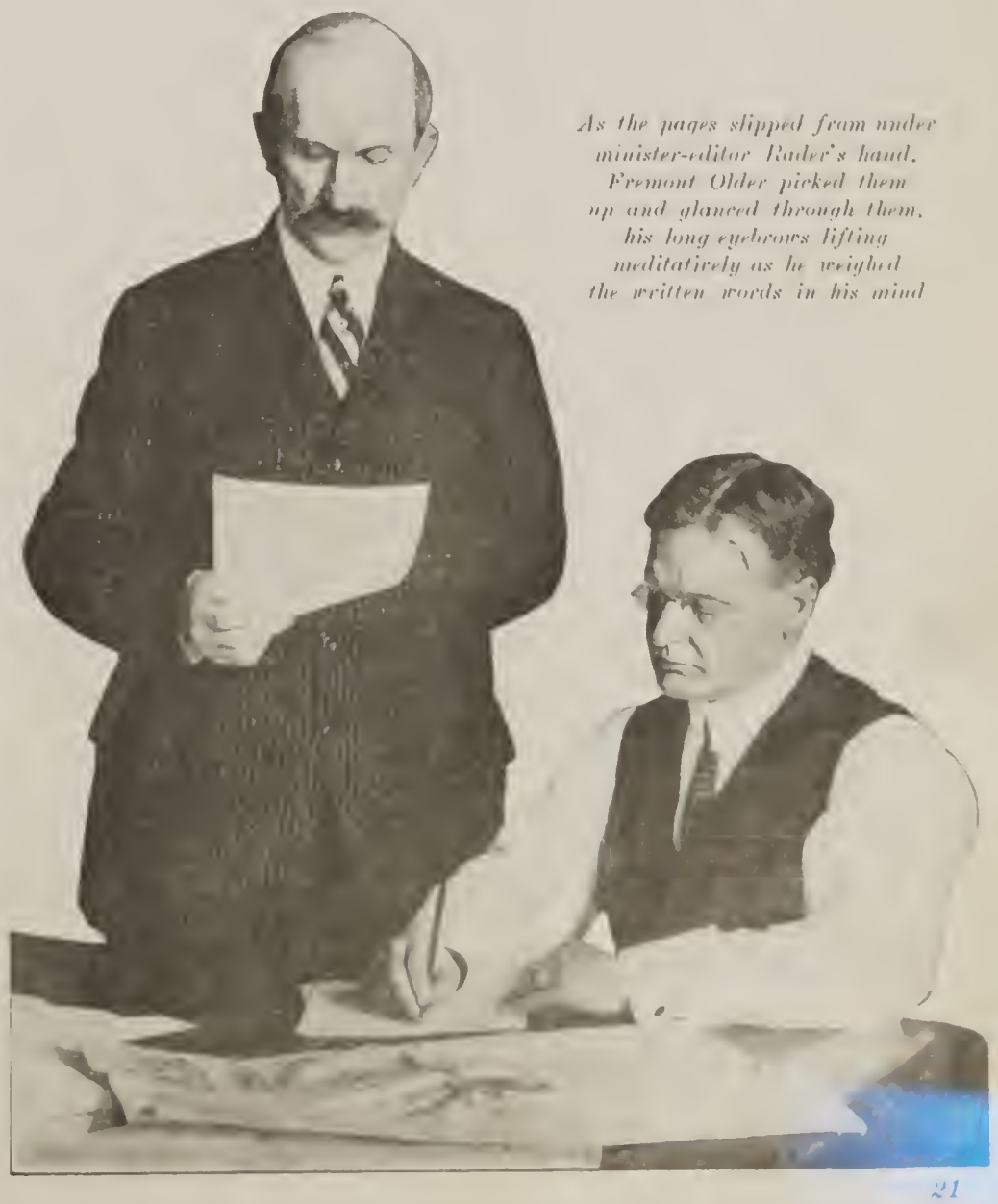
When you entered the sanctuary itself you would find every confirmation of this first impression. The setting is solemn and churchly. The chaste interior is a suggestion to holiness. Organ and choir are high and lifted up. The light that floats down through stained-glass windows is classically dim and religious. The order of service is measured and precise. The organ sounds. The quartet trills a soft melodious note. The minister, black-frocked and white-tied, stands with close-buttoned dignity, to breathe an invocation, and the heads of the people bow in one decorous billowing movement at the lifting of his hand.

His hand! You look at it closely. Why, it is the very hand that yesterday drove with such nervous energy across the pile of copy paper. Yes, and the man is the same; the same determined jaw, the same steady gleam of the eye; the same uprightness of soul bristles out of him. His situation now would seem as far removed as possible from that little raw room with its atmosphere of heavy tobacco smoke and its pugilists' pictures upon the walls. Still, you thought somehow that the man writing yesterday in the newspaper office became his environment, and this is true, for it was an environment of earnestness. You shall not often in your lifetime see a more earnest group of men upon a nobler business than they who gathered in that sweat-hot writing room yesterday, and this priest was one of them. But to-day, also, you see him in a becoming environment; for this pulpit with its heavy Bible, these hymns that rise and sweep, these people who bow and pray, these aisles that echo with his eloquence; they become him, too, for they are an environment of earnestness, of people who are here upon a holy business. But there is this difference. You see the preacher here in the manner to which he was born, a militant, fervid, cultured orator, whose sentences have rhythm and swing to them except when for a moment the warrior overcomes the prophet and he forgets to mind the turn of his phrase and stands stock-still and beats out white-hot, jerky sentences, while one emphatic palm comes smashing down upon the other, blow on blow, impact upon impact, assault upon assault, as if ringing upon the shield of an enemy.

Readers of the San Francisco "Bulletin" in those days sometimes found its editorials swinging like sermons; and worshipers in Calvary Church sometimes heard in their sermons the impatient battering-ram blows of militant editorializing.

American preachers have had much to do with American public life, yet it may be doubted if in the present generation it has fallen to any minister to play a part at once so practical and so dramatic in the life of his city as has fallen to William Rader. And it is quite probable that Rader did not at first intend to be this sort of a preacher. The outfall of events overmastered him. He is as much a product to-day of his San Francisco battle-ax environment as is Gunsaulus part and parcel of Chicago's dominating enthusiasms. For William Rader started out to be something nice and smooth and polished and—almost—ornamental. At seventeen he was preaching. The sobriquet of "The Boy Preacher" was his and clung to and plagued him when he was no longer a boy. He got his ministerial education at Andover—peaceful Andover. In those days William Rader, theologue, was an earnest youth with a passion for the naughtily radical in theology and for the higher frills of literature. He claimed the friendship of John G. Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes, and sunned his expanding youth in their presence whenever opportunity afforded or could be created. He had a liking for Browning, too, in those days, which still clings to him, and one of the most popular of his lectures deals with the forty-third problem of literature.

From Andover to California is quite a remove, but Rader was not less venturesome in his young manhood than now, and up to this present opportunity has never offered him a dare that he refused to take. It was some twenty years ago that he became the associate pastor of a large Congregational Church in Oakland. In time a change of pastors occurred, and there were some who thought the young assistant, who was richly endowed so-



As the pages slipped from under minister-editor Rader's hand, Fremont Older picked them up and glanced through them, his long eyebrows lifting meditatively as he weighed the written words in his mind

...rits of brumming eloquence, should have ...out nothing of the kind happened, and ... Rader was in San Francisco, pastor of the ... Congregational Church, which was located in ... District of that city. For ten years he preached the strict Gospel on Sunday mornings, but devoted his Sunday evenings very largely to the unraveling of moral threads in literature and history. Those ten years of Sunday nights became a kind of perpetual Chautauqua course. The people enjoyed them and the minister enjoyed them; and at the same time he was coming into closer and closer touch with the many-sided lives of his parishioners in that great and peculiarly distinctive city. He opened his heart to the needy, he brought first-aid to the mourning. He pleased with his wit at the banquet table, he charmed with his eloquence on patriotic occasions; he married and he buried; he helped dying men to write their wills and assisted deserted women to prepare their appeals to the redress of law, when every effort to reunite the family or bring back a husband and a father to his sense of duty had failed. In short, William Rader was all to the members of his church and to the great unchurched, who sometimes call upon a minister's assistance, that any faithful pastor could be.

At the time he was making himself a reputation as a lecturer and public speaker throughout the Pacific Coast on civic and religious themes. Also he was preaching some sermons that were getting into the columns of the newspapers, sermons that savored so strongly of radicalism that the heresy hunters trained their range finders upon him, but by the time they trained their guns also Rader had become of enough importance to attract the attention of Lyman Abbott. That astute theologian defended Dr. Rader effectively in the columns of the "Outlook."

But for the earthquake and fire this experience with the theologian might have remained Dr. Rader's chiefest claim to fame; but those twin catastrophes disclosed the stout reenforced concrete of the man's character and gave him a claim to greatness, a claim which perhaps he had all along, but which the blind populace of magazine writers might not have discovered save for that great cataclysm and its attendant dramaturgy, in which the naked virility of the man stood revealed. It must be admitted, however, that in the moments immediately succeeding the earthquake's shock the reverend doctor did not make a very heroic figure. Credible witnesses aver that he appeared on the streets while the buildings were still swaying, shouting to his neighbors: "Be calm! Be calm!" and all the while, as the clerical gentleman paraded excitedly in front of his house, he was clad only in a sleeping robe of something less than ankle length and a pair of bathroom slippers. The fact that he was also wearing a silk hat with sprinklings of plaster upon its shiny top, and twirled a ridiculously swagger little cane, seemed to accentuate rather than to make up for the other lack in his apparel.

INSPIRATION FROM FIRE-SWEPT RUINS

YET he soon girt himself with more wit and garments. All that first day of the city's burning he and his family trudged about from fire line to fire line like other San Franciscans, and when night came found themselves upon a barren hill in the midst of the seas of flame. The next day they compelled an Italian teamster, who had previously acquired all their ready money, to take them to the sea wall, from which they got across the bay to Oakland and climbed into railroad cars, where they became a part of the remarkable hiatus of burned-out families that continued for a week, at the end of which the refugees were scattered into every State in the Union. The Rader exodus ended at his home city, Philadelphia.

The minute Dr. Rader saw his family safe and secure from want, his own mind reverted to San Francisco. He got back as fast as the trains could take him. But his church in the Mission District was ashes. Its membership was scattered over the continent. To try to gather even a nucleus was hopeless. Yet never was there a greater inspiration to preach than the acres upon acres of ruined walls, and the miles upon miles of débris-cluttered streets, with the people by tens of thousands threading their way over the scarred blocks and a thousand foundations bravely scraped bare for the building of the new city.

Never did the ardor of the prophet of God burn more fiercely in his breast than now. But there were no churches, no halls, no pulpits. Yet the will of Rader found a way. One of the first temporary structures to ... of the burned district was the Cen... It was a crude piece of architecture with an old canvas from a circus tent for a roof. Rader appropriated this on Sundays. Chairs were got from somewhere, and a man was found to pass the hat—yes, a hat—and all the money from the collection, every cent of it, was used to hire music. San Franciscans love music, though they may not exactly dote on preaching; but Dr. Rader preached every Sunday under the flapping canvas from August till Christmas, and the music was the very best that money could get. Nor were the sermons literary essays either. The conditions were not such as inspired dilettanteism. The best the man had in his heart he thundered out, week after week under the sighing, soughing canvas roof. For months his was the only preaching voice heard in all that four hundred blocks of ashes.

INTO THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

BUT what to do on week days? There was no parish work. His congregation was almost entirely masculine and largely nomadic. On Monday morning half of it would be on the restless move hither and yon about the bay cities, seeking to get settled, while the other half would be wearing flannel shirts, overalls or corduroys.

Calvary Presbyterian Church, from whose pulpit the editor of week days continued as the preacher of Sundays to rouse the conscience of San Francisco

with miners' boots, and sweating amid brick dust and ashes and the tangle of twisted iron. Yet, to be exactly chronological, the minister had found his week-day job before his Sunday one. For a long time it had been known that he had printers' ink in his veins. The "Bulletin" had once sent him to England to interview Balfour, Chamberlain, and others on certain great British policies that at the time seemed to affect the weal of the Anglo-Saxon world. He had acquitted himself creditably. Before the fire, too, he had been contributing three or four articles a week to the "Bulletin" over his own name.

Still, even in an emergency, a daily newspaper would hardly expect to find its chief editorial writer in a minister; but Fremont Older, managing editor of the "Bulletin," is a genius. Precedents are nothing to him. He had a remarkable capacity for scenting a story. He also scented the editorial writer in Rader and put the pencil in his hand.

These were the days when Ruef's "paint eaters" were known to be at their hungriest and boldest. These were the nights when that huge sum, hundreds of thousands of dollars, was said to have gone wrapped in shirt boxes from the office of a business man to the hands of the boss, who held his supervisors in the palm of his hand.

The public had more than an inkling of what was going on. The clerical editorial writer was unafraid. He wrote things that had a thrust in them. Some of his paragraphs planted nitroglycerine. When the vampires threatened the life of Older and the life of Rader, the revolver was laid on the table beside the minister's right hand; and the hand went on writing, and there was not a line of his grist that faltered or scanned like the sigh of a sucking dove.

CALLED TO CALVARY CHURCH

BUT on Sundays Dr. Rader continued to preach. By Christmas time the Colonial Theatre building in the burned district was completed, and Dr. Rader moved his pulpit there, but continued to sound his evangel, until in May a remarkable thing happened. Calvary Presbyterian Church did an almost impossibly sensible thing. It—the most dignified Presbyterian Church in San Francisco, a congregation of wealth, of Nob Hill aristocracy, with long and honorable traditions—called William Rader, a churchless Congregationalist, to be its minister. His action in preaching in the fire-gutted theatre had been interpreted by some as a sensational bid for notoriety; his newspaper work had always been viewed askance by certain kinds of religionists; yet during the whole of the period succeeding the earthquake he had been sitting in his shirt sleeves writing editorials in the smoke-laden atmosphere of the office of a newspaper that was bitterly hated by the very class from which this church drew its membership. This entire range of facts would seem to have completely disqualified him in the eyes of that church for its pastorate, considering how human church congregations are. Besides, Rader's name was so very common. Everybody knew him. Everybody had heard him. There was no particular prestige for Calvary in calling him. His was no new voice. Why did they not go off across the country and choose some unknown with only half as much ability, but with the glamour of distance surrounding him like a halo? That is what they might have been expected to do; but they did not. They were practical, hard-headed men, those trustees of Calvary. They said: "Here is a San Franciscan, a man of parts, a man of powers and graces; a man who can shovel verbal brickbats in a newspaper office all day and come out with no stain upon his garments. We could not get a better man. Let us call him."

What finer compliment was ever paid by a congregation to the probity of a preacher's character than this call of Calvary to William Rader! Events have proved the soundness of Calvary's judgment. Dr. Rader's hold upon his people has grown steadily during the more than five years since he entered their pulpit. But he did not at the time lay down his editorial pen. His work in the newspaper office was by no means finished, nor his service in behalf of the graft prosecution. Neither was his work in that behalf confined to writing and the council board. He had rare gifts of platform power. There was no more forceful speaker upon civic themes in the entire Pacific Coast ministry, which numbers many able and eminent men. These platform gifts of Rader; his forceful logic, his deadly earnestness, his impassioned bursts of eloquence, the keenness of his wit and the bite of his satire, were all at the call of the prosecution. From his own pulpit in Calvary he frequently let the vials of his wrath overflow, as when the Appellate Court released Schmitz from the consequences of a jury's verdict upon a shimmering technicality.

When the great crisis in the history of the graft prosecution came, it brought with it the most dramatic moment in the life of William Rader. It was on a late afternoon in November that the news that Heney had been shot down in open court quivered through the city like an earthquake shock. Men heard of it with blanched faces. Honest men who had grown apathetic over the graft prosecution felt a burning self-reproach in their hearts as they turned and stared into each other's eyes and asked questions that were without words. The Citizens' League of Justice called a mass meeting in Dreamland Rink. Dreamland Rink will hold seven thousand people; but it was filled within a few minutes after the doors were opened, and fifteen thousand people unable to get in milled round the outside like a stampede. It seemed almost as if the whole city had run together.

MASTER IN A REAL MOMENT

THE problem of the speakers at that meeting was a delicate one because of the fear that the passionate spirit of resentment burning in the breasts of the crowding thousands might flame out in some terrible act of violent reprisal.

Mayor Taylor in opening the meeting had said: "Let us see to it that no matter who else breaks the law we shall not break it."

And then he introduced as the first of the speakers of the evening the Rev. William Rader. Never in his life had the minister spoken to an audience like this. He glanced over it, and knew as he did so that it was just a seven-thousand-stringed instrument of human passion. One unwise sentence and this pent-up passion would explode like some vast human Pelée. Mad packs, thirsting for revenge, would sweep through the streets like streams of lava, and that night would make a history beside which the story of San Francisco's earlier Vigilantes would read like the report of a cricket game. On the other hand, the minister understood something of the psychology of crowds. He knew that blood had to be spilled to-night—the blood of the moment's passion must be drawn in some way or it would become a seething cinder in the soul to which reason could make no appeal. It was a dangerous rôle, but Rader resolved to be the safety valve for the turbulent soul of the crowd that night. There was a Niagara of feeling, unmoving, but potential. Rader moved it, daringly. He let it pour itself over falls; he led it leaping through narrow gorges, and rioting with excitement into whirlpools. He

(Concluded on page 26)

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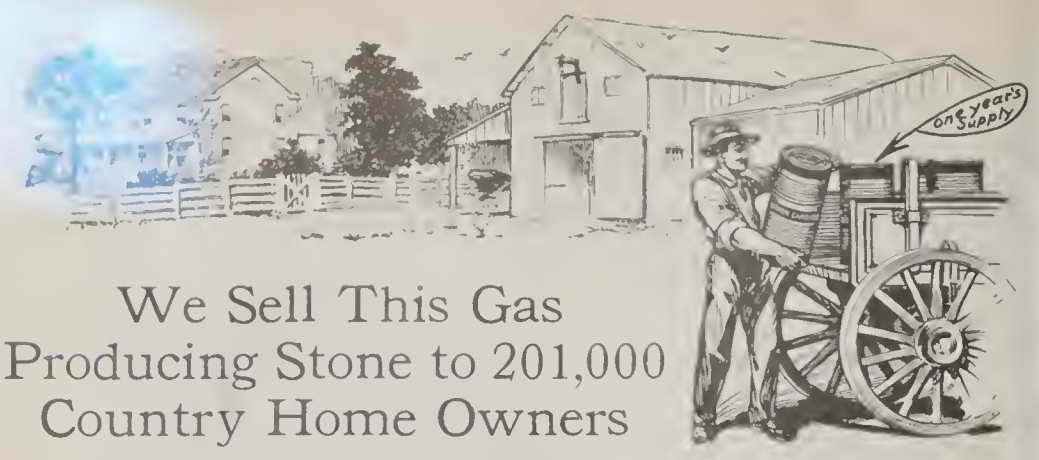

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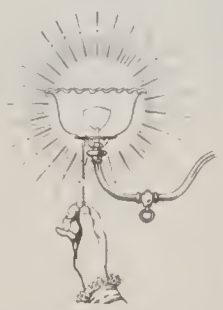

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The Undergraduate Roosevelt

(*Concluded from page 15*)

book in the corner. He did not read for examinations but for information."

Of academic distinctions he won but few. He did not win a prize for reading, nor for English composition; the center table in his room was not adorned with a "Detur," a book given as a special mark of merit; he won neither second-year nor final honors in a single subject; and he did not deliver the "dissertation" to which he was entitled at commencement. The only honorable mention set down in his degree was in natural history.

HE SELECTED "PRACTICAL" COURSES

THERE were just enough elective courses when Roosevelt was in Harvard College to give a student some freedom to follow natural "bent" along a frame of stiffly prescribed work. Those courses elected by Roosevelt reflect clearly his inclinations as an undergraduate. Viewed as a whole they are essentially "practical," as that word is ordinarily used, as distinguished from "literary" or "esthetic." He knew the keen value of mathematics and of science, he felt the absolute need of modern languages. Each year his love for and appreciation of these studies grew, and, at the end, the plan of his college work was well-molded and consistent.

At a luncheon in the Roosevelt home three years before young Theodore left for college, a guest noticed him, a little fellow with spectacles and a mouth like a band of blue steel. Round his plate were scattered dead butterflies and beetles, and these, as if alone in a deep forest, he studied while the family conversed. Such concentration the guest had never seen. She inquired who that odd little fellow was, and was told, in a voice softened with respect, that he was "little Theodore."

With such an early predilection for natural history, it is not surprising that one-half of Roosevelt's elective work in college was given to that study. Almost a third was given to modern languages, but not a single hour beyond that required to be given did he devote to Latin and Greek, not a single hour to English composition and history. He took no more of history than he was required to take.

Toward the end of the college year, the "Crimson," the college daily newspaper, observed that a "prominent member of '80 has of late turned editor." That "prominent member" was Roosevelt. One autumn afternoon in his senior year he was moving about among the shelves of the college library seeking a subject for a forensic theme. Now he stood with his hands deep in his trousers pockets glancing over the titles before him, now he pulled down a book only to rest it in his left hand, turn the leaves with his right, and shove it energetically back into place. Finally he reached for a dusty, green-backed old volume crowded against the wall. With real affection he glanced at the well-worn name of the author—the author he had loved as a boy for his tales of sea and of war, that popular writer of a few generations ago, James Fenimore Cooper. He remembered that his uncle, a naval officer, had regretted that there was no trustworthy historian of the naval aspects of the War of 1812. At a time when unprejudiced assertion was unlooked for and partiality was considered patriotism, James had written for Englishmen, Cooper and others for Americans. Only absolute fairness, Roosevelt knew, could reconcile prejudice and fact. He seated himself at one of the long reading tables with the dusty volume before him and thought no more of his college theme that day. It took him two years to complete his "Naval War of 1812," and so instant was its recognition that Englishmen themselves hastened to ask the young American to write the chapter on the war for the "History of the Queen's Navy."

The students in sophomore rhetoric remember that Roosevelt was the first to question the instructor, that thin-voiced, sandy-haired, blue-eyed rhetorician, Adams Sherman Hill. "Roosevelt was always pinning the instructor down to hairbreadth points," says a man who was in the class, and Professor Hill grew tired, as professors do, of having this overzealous censor wait on his remarks. "Suddenly, one day when he was reading a theme on precocious sentimentality or something of that sort, he looked up and asked Roosevelt to state specifically what he thought of undergraduates falling in love. Roosevelt stammered and was quiet. . . ."

In his single course in history, as in most of his prescribed courses—rhetoric, logic, and psychology—Roosevelt's rank was high. In all of his elective courses, except one in French given once a week, his name is found on the rank-list well toward the top; in eight of these elective courses his mark is eighty-nine per cent or over, and in one of them, a popular but not easy course in political economy, his name is first upon the printed rank-list. In his advanced courses in political economy his ranks were commendable. Of his German courses one was "historical prose" and the other two were devoted to composition and oral exercise. His courses in Italian required a great deal of reading and approached more nearly to pure literature than any other of his chosen studies.

His natural history courses—let it be told for the benefit of whoever has accused him, or have been accused by him, of being a "nature faker"—included comparative anatomy and physiology of vertebrates, elementary botany, physical geography and meteorology, geology, elementary and advanced zoology. In these courses he received marks so high that he could have succeeded easily in securing "final honors," prized much more highly than "honorable mention," by taking extra examinations; but having got substantially all he could from his college course, he cared little for the laurel—he went to college not for fine marks but for a broad education.

Some of the friendships that have been most valuable to him in after life were established during his college course. There was George von Lengerke Meyer, of the class of 1879, with whom the student Roosevelt was wont to argue about undergraduate athletics, later to swing alongside and be his Postmaster General in the conduct of a nation; there was Robert Bacon, near college friend, whose election as captain of the freshman crew Roosevelt opposed in his first stump speech; Leonard Wood, a student in the Medical School, whom Roosevelt, after meeting in the Spanish war, had elected an honorary member of the class of 1880, and Curtis Guild, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, only an acquaintance in college, but, like General Wood, a firm friend after the war. Henry Cabot Lodge was a writer and college instructor in Harvard whom Roosevelt did not like because "he marked too hard." C. S. Hanks, who pummeled Roosevelt in the boxing match, years later bobbed into publicity with the assertion that he could get from scheming railroads information that the President had failed to get, was told to go ahead, failed, and died soon afterward.

A PROPHETIC INCIDENT

THERE were other friendships, too, that suffered in later days, such as that with Professor Sumner of Yale, who addressed the Finance Club while Roosevelt was one of its officers, and Professor Charles Eliot Norton, president of the Art Club—two old guards of anti-imperialism, two strong foes of territorial expansion, whom Roosevelt later opposed with all his might. And there was his friendship, too, for President Charles William Eliot.

An incident, well-nigh too prophetic to be believed, but nevertheless true, brought Roosevelt into sharp contrast with the great educator one day in his senior year. There was a grievance which the students sought to complain of. A committee of them climbed to the office of the austere Puritan college president, who rose from his chair to greet them. There was a long awkward pause, broken at last by President Eliot. "Well, gentlemen?" he said, expectantly. Then Roosevelt, the student with the most words to his tongue, stepped forward as spokesman. He had met the president repeatedly before, yet he felt it necessary to introduce himself once more. At first he seemed unable to find his own name, then he stammered forth: "Mr. Eliot—Mr. Eliot—I am President Roosevelt." Then the college president laughed softly, and Roosevelt corrected himself and apologized.

The years went by, and time after time President Eliot held up the excitable undergraduate as a type of the true undergraduate gentleman. To-day their portraits — both by Sargent — hang in the Harvard Union, the big club to which every student is eligible. They face each other in a high-ceiled room—the one kindly, patient, persistent, in black academic gown; the other an aggressive, gray-locked figure, trying to step from its frame—both looking down on the endless procession of youth which flows through the oldest college in America.

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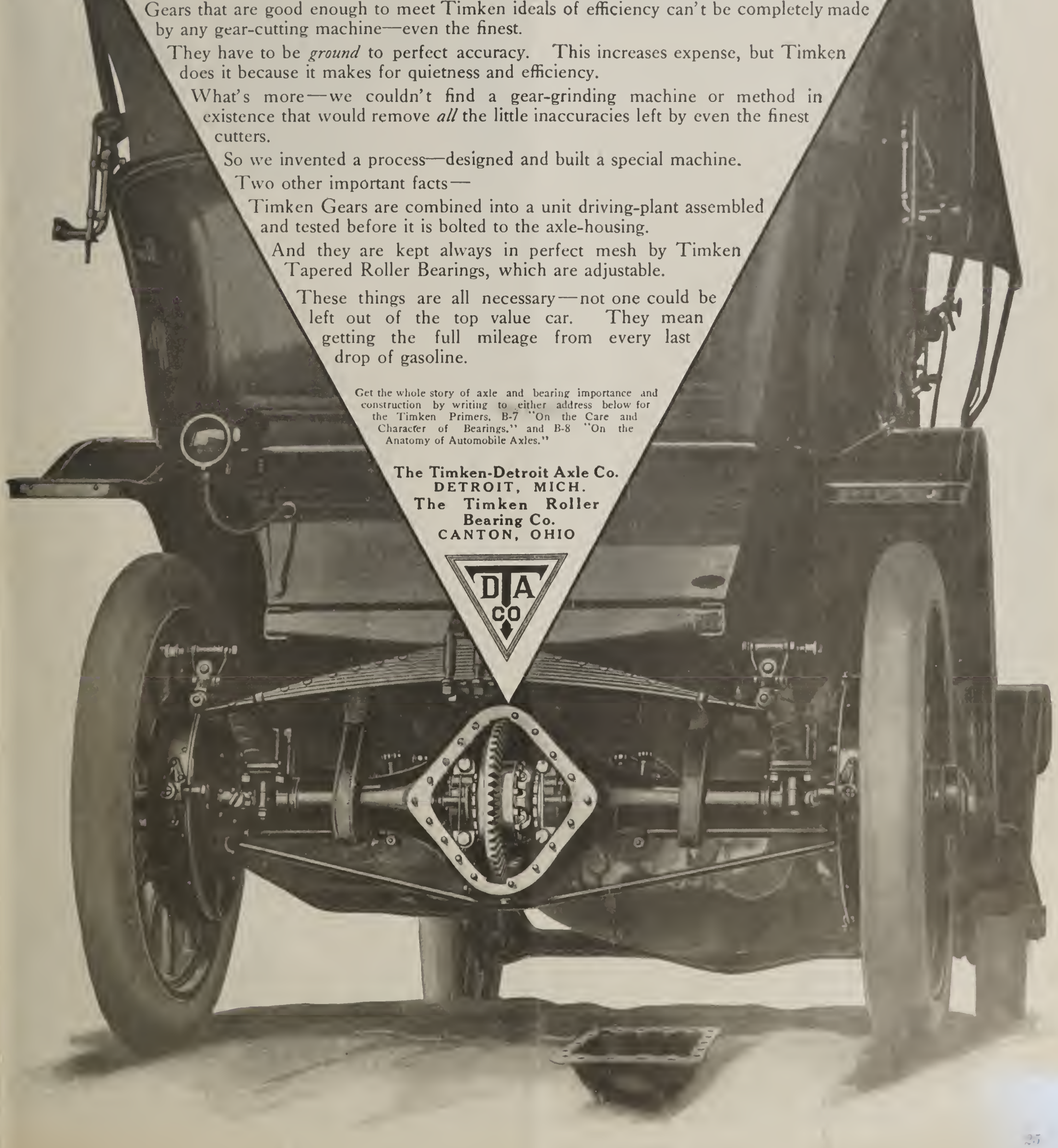

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William Rader

(*Concluded from page 22*)

praised the devotion of Heney; he unscathingly denounced the poisoned press which had both contributed to the state of public apathy and fanned hot waves of resentment against Heney until one man of limited understanding was moved by them and the obsession of a fancied grievance to attempt the life of the public prosecutor.

He also praised the courage and self-control of the trial court.

"Thank God for Judge Dunne!" he exclaimed with a burst of eloquence, and the whole seven thousand men rose, cheering madly, to their feet. But they were under the control of the orator. At a motion of his hand they settled back into their seats, and he told them next of the heroism of Hiram W. Johnson, now Governor of California, and Matt I. Sullivan, whom he announced would take up the work where Heney laid it down.

A GREAT DRAMA

YET all this time the pointing of the minister's finger was away from mob violence, away from the small bravery of hasty acts of passion, and toward that supreme courage and that truer patriotism which supports the law and waits patiently for it to exact its own vengeance.

When the preacher finished, the danger point was passed.

But outside Dreamland Rink were fifteen thousand more storm-tossed souls of men, twice as many as within; and the sound of impassioned voices, the roar of applause and handclapping and foot stamping, the cheers and the groans, were working them into a frenzy. Word was sent inside that something must be done or this gathering would pass beyond control. Dr. Rader had just concluded his address. This new responsibility was laid upon him.

He made his way to a point of vantage upon the steps and a circle of mounted police closed round him. Speaking over their heads to that second and larger audience, he made the greatest oratorical effort of his life. No notes of that sermon remain—for it was a sermon. The newspapers had no account of it. Dr. Rader himself could hardly put a dozen scattered sentences of it together now. He only knows that he breathed out to that vast flood of excited men the full deeps of his own faith in the ultimate triumph of right, of his own allegiance to the orderly processes of law, of his own intense feeling that every citizen should do his duty now, and to-morrow and the day after to-morrow, with no cooling purpose, with no weakening of moral fiber. He declared his conviction that there should be made evident a new heart and a new conscience in San Francisco to-morrow, one which the ribald press and the jeering tools of corruption, as well as the sleek-fed corporations that had profited by crime and now dared openly to defend the criminal, would be bound to respect.

The graft prosecution has passed into history. In one way it failed. But it was not the failure of San Francisco. It was not the failure of Heney and Spreckels and Older and Rader. They succeeded. They were able to get juries that would convict; but they found the State had courts that would not affirm those convictions.

A PROPHET'S FULL SHARE

BUT in the better and more important way the graft prosecutions succeeded. It put an end to one carnival of graft. It branded bribery as bribery, and it branded the bribe giver as equally guilty with the bribe taker, whether that bribe giver were high-perched or humble; but it did much more than this. It made Hiram W. Johnson Governor of California; it turned the Southern Pacific political machine out of power in the State organization of the Republican party; it has given California two of the best Legislatures the State ever had; it put an independent man in the place of a railroad tool in the United States Senate; it gave California voters the initiative and the referendum, the recall of judges, the direct primary, perhaps woman suffrage, and a whole new body of legislation greater than any State has ever written into its statute books within so short a time.

And the Rev. William Rader, the pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church, had more than a prophet's full share in bringing all this about. Long since he laid down the editorial pencil.

He is not an editor. He is a preacher.

What is the "Bull" Durham Secret?

WHAT is the astonishing *"something"* that gives this tobacco its *hold?*

For three generations—52 years—it has kept on breaking all records.

GENUINE
"BULL" DURHAM
SMOKING TOBACCO

has long outsold all other high-grade tobaccos *combined!*

This means that it's had to "make good" with more men than has any other tobacco.

How has it stood such a test as this? What is the secret of its goodness?

Simply this: It is *pure* and *clean* and it sticks to its own honest, "Bull" Durham flavor. "Bull" Durham has let *other* brands stand for "doctoring" and "adulteration" and "processes". "Bull" Durham is just pure *tobacco!*

Find out how good a *pure* smoke is. Smoke some "Bull" Durham today.

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.

Wherever they sell tobacco you will find "Bull" Durham.

Only the *right* varnish can give the right result.

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To get a good job of varnishing is not as difficult as your past experience may have led you to believe.

First: Be sure you are buying GOOD varnish. Berry Brothers' trade-mark label will guide you to that.

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Half the varnishing blunders come through the use of cheap varnish, and cheap workmanship.

The other half through using varnish not intended for the work and not suited to it.

By knowing and buying Berry Brothers' it is easy to avoid these blunders.

Most any dealer or painter can supply you with Berry Brothers' Varnishes.

You will be well repaid for any slight trouble you may take to get them.

TRADE LIQUID GRANITE MARK
For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible. There is no substitute

WOOD LUXEBERRY FINISH
For the finest rubbed (dull) or polished finish on interior woodwork.

ELASTIC INTERIOR FINISH
For interior woodwork exposed to severe wear, or action of soap and water.

ELASTIC OUTSIDE FINISH
For front doors and all other surfaces exposed to the weather. Great durability under trying conditions.

SPAR LUXEBERRY VARNISH
For marine use or any surface exposed to cold, wave or weather. Has never turned white under water.

For Floors and Stairs

For Interiors Rubbed or Polished

For Interiors Full Gloss

For Front Doors

For Marine Use

Berry Brothers, Ltd.
Established 1858
Factories:
Detroit, Mich. Walkerville, Ont.

Clyde Milan *Joe Jackson*

Pick of the Game

(*Continued from page 12*)

situation there is no one to equal Hal Chase, the bewildering genius of the New York Americans. Chase combines a wonderful brain with amazing speed of hands, quickness of eye, and complete versatility. But in the seven years' play we know that Chase only becomes "keyed up" at odd spots through the year. One thing and another cut in upon his effectiveness and we are now looking for a full season's results. Jake Daubert of Brooklyn might be a quick choice if he had only drawn the master coaching of a McGraw, a Chance, or a Mack. But he has missed this instruction and has been left to grope for himself. Merkle of New York and Konetchy of St. Louis are both steady and efficient, but combining all this steadiness with a big part of the brilliancy owned by Chase, we turn to young Mr. McInnis of the Philadelphia Athletics. McInnis can hit and run; he stands as a brilliant infielder and a quick thinker. But above all he is a tireless worker for his club—a magnetic cog within his machine. The vital spark is always there with the tireless "Stuffy." We'll take him without a sigh for what we must miss in observing Chase, Daubert, and Merkle fade out.

AROUND SECOND

LAJOIE of Cleveland and Evers of Chicago have always been our ideals of two widely different types of second basemen. Lajoie, greatest of all batsmen, with a fifteen-year average of .365; wonderful as an infielder and a master hand at tagging runners. Evers, quick, brainy, alert, and aggressive. Evers has never played better than this season, where he has been of great aid to his club all through the year, and especially in the driving stretches of the race. Sweeney of the Boston Nationals is a better batsman and almost as fine an infielder. But for a general combination of batting, infielding, speed, and quick thinking, we are confident enough that Eddie Collins of Philadelphia could stand any test and make us forget that Evers, Lajoie, or Doyle might have fallen to our pick. Collins is faster than Evers and a better hitter. His brain and his hands are as alert. His aggressiveness doesn't show, for the simple reason that Manager Mack, in charge of his club, frowns upon any overzealous ardor directed at the umpires or the rival club. In which we believe that Manager Mack is exactly correct. And not holding this against Collins, we are content to go no further once his name is upon our roster.

THERE IS ONLY ONE

THERE are many great shortstops, but we need only one. And having Hans Wagner, the "Flying Dutchman" of the Pittsburgh Pirates, we pause abruptly in the hunt. Barry of Philadelphia is a master magician at his work—resourceful and sure. Joe Tinker of Chicago is Barry's peer. Heinie Wagner of the Boston Americans classes with either, and Hauser of St. Louis isn't far behind. But if the best points of all those mentioned were segregated and then boiled into one bow-legged, swiftly moving mass, it is extremely doubtful if the sum and substance of the experiment would be upon a par with the virile activities of Pittsburgh's magic Honus. Wagner is a wonder-worker in every department of the game. A slashing hitter—a dashing infielder—a good base runner—a quick thinker—and a star at any other detail overlooked. He stands as the most valuable ball player in the game to his club—the greatest of all time for all-round service. With those wide-spreading palms of his shadowing the infield and portions of the outfield, we cheerfully permit the Barrys and the Tinkers to move along to another camp.

OVER AT THIRD

THERE was a time when in selecting a man for third base, Harry Lord of the Chicago White Sox would have been plucked quickly. But the premier of 1911 was not the premier of 1912. His work

The Hose of Silkiest Softness Are Guaranteed Six Months

Every Stitch Is Protected

"Holeproof," for men, women, children and infants, are made with the softest cotton yarns. The average price that we pay for these yarns is seventy cents a pound. We could buy common yarn for thirty cents, but our standard demands the best. We could not, otherwise, protect every stitch, guarantee every thread, as we do in "Holeproof."

Our Million Friends

More than a million men, women and children are wearing "Holeproof" now. All are fast friends of this brand. Some of these wearers are friends of yours probably. Ask them what they think. See if one of them would go back to the old kind, to hose that wear out in a week. Let them tell you what "Holeproof" has brought to them—the things that "Holeproof" will also bring to you. Try these hose on their say-so. Note the results.

We originated guaranteed hose after 26 years of hose-making experience. "Holeproof" have been for 13 years a phenomenal success.

Cotton or Silk—Both Guaranteed

Men and women can get Holeproof Hose in silk. Three pairs of men's cost $2.00. Three pairs of women's cost $3.00. The three pairs are guaranteed three months. So one may wear silk hose—if they are "Holeproof"—*the best of silk hose*, with economy. The silk comes from Japan. It is long-fibred and strong, light weight and lustrous. These hose are the silkiest silk hose made.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Carl Freschl
This signature always on the toe

Sold Everywhere

Holeproof Hose are sold everywhere, in almost every town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

"Holeproof" in cotton cost 25c to 50c a pair in boxes of six pairs, every pair guaranteed six months. The lightest weights, the sheerest "Holeproof," are guaranteed just the same as the heavier grades. Even the silk hose are guaranteed three months. No hose were ever softer or finer. There is no reason whatever that hose should be darned when there are hose like these at these prices. Try them and see.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy." 373

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Freschl

Holeproof Hosiery Company, Milwaukee, Wis.
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Can.

Are Your Hose Insured?

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Shove Mills, Fall River, Mass. Roofed along the lines of the Barrett Specification in 1876

Low Cost—Long Service

METAL roofs require painting every few years; most ready roofings require coating regularly, but with Barrett Specification Roofs *there is no maintenance expense.*

Barrett Specification Roofs are roofs of coal tar pitch and tarred felt, with a top surface of slag, gravel or tile, *laid according to the Barrett Specification.*

This specification is simply the standard formula for building a first-class roof of this character.

It is possible, of course, to make an inferior roof of these materials either by poor workmanship or by using insufficient and poor goods. But if the Barrett Specification *is followed absolutely and the materials called for are used*, you are certain of getting the best value in roof coverings.

Such roofs usually last twenty years and over without leaks or repairs.

Barrett Specification Roofs are almost universally used on factories and buildings of large roof areas and where costs are carefully figured. They are equally good for city dwellings, warehouses, railroad buildings, etc.

Copy of the Barrett Specification, with diagrams, mailed free on request to nearest office.

Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

If any abbreviated form is desired however the following is suggested:

ROOFING — Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified, and subject to the inspection requirements.

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New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Kansas City, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, Seattle, Carey, Ala.

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BECAUSE of materials and methods, because of skill and experience, because of care and *conscience* in the making—Walk-Overs command a world-wide sale.

Because of the *very* things you pay for in shoes, because of the money's worth you expect to get from your shoes—you should wear Walk-Overs.

Their quality is *more* than a name, their style is *more* than a pretense, their fit is *more* easing and pleasing than you ever imagined in shoes!

$4.50 and $5.00, standard prices. Other grades down to $3.50 and up to $7.00; and all are *good.*

Exclusive Walk-Over stores or agencies are established in all cities and towns of the United States and in the principal cities of the world.

Call at your local Walk-Over dealer's and be fitted in the Walk-Over way.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY

Manufacturers of Walk-Overs for Men and Women

Campello (Brockton) Mass.

"Empire" Model

$5.00

The Pick of the Game

(*Concluded from page 27*)

fell away and Manager Callahan was forced to move his star to the outfield. Foster of Washington and Gardner of Boston are two high types. But for team value we come at last to Heinie Zimmerman of the Cubs and Franklin Baker of the Athletics. Both can hit with the slugging kings of the tribe, with Zimmerman a trifle to the good. But Baker is a steadier infielder and will have far less trouble with umpires, meeting no suspensions at critical points of the race. Baker has driven across more runs than any player in his league, and at the "psychological moment" is the most feared man in the profession. While outbatted by Zimmerman, he leads the slugging Cub in ability to drive his mates home. And while he neither is a Bill Bradley nor a Jimmy Collins around third, Baker is the surer and the steadier of the two.

THE OUTFIELD

WE need four outfielders —three regulars and a substitute—and without wasting a moment's time we pick them in order—Ty Cobb of Detroit, Tris Speaker of the Boston Americans, Joe Jackson of Cleveland, and Clyde Milan of Washington. Cobb, Speaker, and Jackson will have a combined batting average of .400. All three are fast—all three can throw, and all three are better than bogey in their outfield play. Milan is probably the greatest outfielder of the three and one of the game's greatest base runners, but the Senatorial star is 60 or 70 points back of the trio selected as regulars when we come to securing the often-needed base hits. Cobb is undoubtedly the most valuable outfielder of all time—just as Wagner tops the infield. But Speaker through 1912 has been only a shade back of the famed Tiger and will be a worthy playing mate in all angles of the sport.

Ty Cobb of Detroit, undoubtedly the most valuable outfielder of the game

THE ROUND-UP

WITH the team picked we find that we face the start next April with this line-up:

Catchers—Archer (National), Meyers (National).

Pitchers—Johnson (American), Wood (American), Walsh (American), Mathewson (National), Rucker (National).

First Base—McInnis (American).

Second Base—Collins (American).

Shortstop—Wagner (National).

Third Base—Baker (American).

Outfield—Cobb (American), Speaker (American), Jackson (American), Milan (American).

This list shows eleven from the American League circuit and five from the National. We have no prejudice for or against either league, but, regardless of where they have played, have selected the team which appeals to us as the strongest which might be gathered under conditions named above. We know well enough that you won't agree with our choice in many instances. But then this is *our* team—not *yours.* And in spite of your discontent with the choice, we are fairly sure that Our Team, as gathered, will be somewhere in the race and a fairly spirited contender through the greater part of the stretch. Another better one might be picked? Very well—it is your next choice.

Somewhere Safe to Sea

(*Continued from page 19*)

as after a while. We'll get into dry clothes all the sooner."

He said something, kinda half under his breath, and then, ducking his head, stepped out into the weather. I followed him, and silently we threaded our way along the slippery trail and down toward the valley.

A half hour and we were out of the trail and down on the level. Then, slowly through the rain, the little bungalow began to show perched up on its little hill, pretty and whitish against the glaring, shiny yellowness of Silver Cut. Then, as we drew nearer, I felt Mr. Jordan's hand jerked from mine and pointed straight ahead.

"Look!" he urged, "it's going to slide!"

I followed where he pointed through the driving rain. Far up on the sloping sides of Silver Cut great cracks were showing in the earth and the rocks. A pine tree or two were rocking unsteadily. A few stones were beginning to roll downward. Something within us made us start forward at a run, our faces white. There came the whistle of a locomotive around the curve. We looked at each other with that queer little sharp glance men have when they know death is ahead; then our lips gripped, and, throwing away our rods, we ran as hard as we could to head off the train before it went into the pass.

The rain whipped into our faces. Straight from my head my hat was blown. I did not stop to look for it. There came another whistle, and we knew that time was short. The crevices and cracks were growing bigger. Greater stones were toppling and tumbling down the side of the cut.

"We can't make it," I panted. "That's the transcontinental, and it's going fast."

"We've got to make it," came back the voice at my side. "Once it gets into the cut, George, with its vibration, there'll be—"

He stopped and gasped. His face went white—and I guess mine did, too. The great engine had swung into the cut and was thundering along with its string of passenger coaches huddled behind it. We raised our hands. We screamed—as though the train could hear us. Our eyes went wide as we saw the great slab of earth and stone above slip a few feet, hesitate, as it were, then go crashing, thundering, grumbling downward, gathering strength and more power with every foot, swooping down, it seemed, upon the train below. A great sounding, sliding roar. The whole mountain seemed to tremble and sway. Flying stones hurled themselves far toward us. Then the whole mass settled itself like a monster beast upon the coaches. And, like some crushed serpent, the long string of steel and wood struggled and writhed and fought to free itself and glide away. But it failed. Where the earth and trees and rocks piled heaviest in the center of the train, it lay trembling and overpowered. At the front the engine, torn loose by the sudden check, rushed forward, whirled from the tracks and rolled into the opposite embankment. On behind, the cars wavered on the tracks, then turned, toppling to their sides. Then all seemed still.

We stood still a minute, then, with a cry in our throats that could get no farther, we hurried forward. I looked above again. Another great fissure was beginning to show; I could see that there would be another slide, and that this time all would be gone. My voice found strength to come forth; with a little shout I pointed to the threatening earth above, and Mr. Jordan's eyes followed my hand.

"Yes," he shouted, "I see. All the more reason for hurry. George, get at the back of the train, see what you can do, and then hurry everybody you can to our house. Throw it open. We'll take care of all we can. I'm going to work where the slide is worst."

I felt the blood leave my cheeks.

"Where it's worst?" I called, and the rain seemed to come colder in my face than ever. "But the slide above—it's coming. It'll swoop down on—"

"It makes no difference," Mr. Jordan answered. He was running with the speed and training of a professional. His face was set. I tried to grasp his arm.

"It does make a difference," I shouted. "It means death to work there, Mr. Jordan. Can't you see the rest of the cut is liable to cave in at any minute? You can't do any good up there. There's not

WALTHAM WATCHES

WHY RIVERSIDE

WE have frequently been asked why we have named our most important line of watch movements, "Riverside." We are pleased to present the above sketch, showing our unexcelled position on the banks of the Charles River and the general surroundings and beautiful grounds of the Waltham factory, famous all over the world as being the highest type of industrial organization in any land, not only for beauty and general fitness of surroundings, but for the excellence of its products.

The Riverside grade is supplied in Five Sizes, for Ladies and Gentlemen. Ask your Jeweller.

Send this Coupon for FREE Riverside Booklet

WALTHAM WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, Waltham, Mass.
Gentlemen: You may send me the Riverside Booklet.

I Want Some of

THE BLACK SHELLS

Our free book on shells contains much practical and useful information about modern improvements in ammunition. Write for it.

Here are some things it will tell you about:

Modern Construction — THE BLACK SHELLS have a solid brass head, no battery cup, no crevices through which the gases of explosion are wasted through leaking backward.

Waterproofing—THE BLACK SHELLS are better waterproofed even than our famous old CLIMAX shells. You know how strong a claim that is.

Modern Crimping—THE BLACK SHELLS are crimped with exceeding firmness and smoothness. They work through an automatic or pump gun as though they were greased.

The finest new thing in 20 years of ammunition history is our Non-Mercuric Primer. It sets new standards of uniformity and speed. Don't fail to read the paragraphs upon this subject in the book.

Our Flash Passage is double the ordinary size—allowing twice as much of the Primer flame to rush directly into the main charge.

Any one of these modernisms is enough to make the reputation of a shell. Think of getting all five combined together. Try the shells. Send for book. There are three classes of THE BLACK SHELLS:

ROMAX, a black powder shell with 5-16-in. brass.

CLIMAX, the most popular smokeless (both dense and bulk) shell made (⅝ inch brass).

AJAX, is the highest grade smokeless (both bulk and dense) shell made. Has a long one-inch brass.

United States Cartridge Co.

Dept. 9 LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

CALOX The OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

Clean Teeth Never Decay

The nearest approach to perfect cleanliness of the teeth is obtained by the daily use of Calox.

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DON'T PAY TWO PRICES

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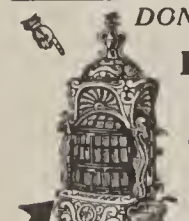

Base Burner

Why not buy the Best when you can buy them at such low unheard-of Factory Prices. Our new improvements absolutely surpass anything ever produced. Save enough on a single stove to buy your winter's fuel. Thirty Days Free Trial in your own home before you buy. Send postal today for large free catalog and prices.

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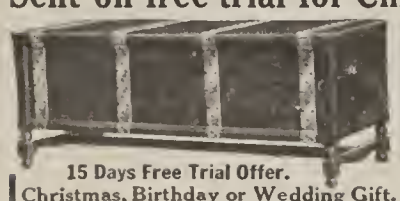
Sent on free trial for Christmas



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Strong Arms

For 10c in stamps or coin

Illustrated with 20 full page halftone cuts, showing exercises that will quickly **develop, beautify, and gain great strength in your shoulders, arms, and hands,** without any apparatus.

PROF. ANTHONY BARKER

22 Barker Bldg. 110 W. 42d St., New York

Safe to Sea

(*Continued from page 28*)

a chance in a hundred that anybody's left alive. And it'd be just throwing your—"

He stopped and looked at me for just a second.

"To go that way, George, would be honorable and fair and brave," he told me, and his voice seemed to have a note of thankfulness in it. "Many a time I've fought to keep from going in a lot more cowardly way."

With that he was gone, leaping across the ditches, hurrying through clumps of scratchweed and scrub pine and on toward where a few forms were beginning to show, and where the hissing steam and smoke told of danger and of death. I tried to follow, but for a minute all I could do was to watch that hurrying form as it sped along, anxious, it seemed, to reach a place at last where there was the chance of forgetting, and forgetting honorably, forever. I saw him summon men. I saw him order them about like a gang of laborers. I saw him mount the great pile of earth and begin to tear at the massed rocks as though he could free the train with his bare hands. I looked above and saw that the fissure at the head of the cut was widening.

Then, from the rear of the train, I saw the men Mr. Jordan had sent there begin to carry forth persons and start with them toward our little house on the hill. My work was before me now, and I ran ahead as fast as I could.

One by one they brought them in, then by twos and by threes, silent figures sometimes — ones that wouldn't speak again. There were others, too, that groaned. There were some whose faces were white and whose ears and lips showed red—and the doctors from town who looked at them shook their heads. There were others whose eyes were closed, but who still breathed. There were women, there were men, and there were babies.

And as they came we tried to do what we could. The beds went first. Then, palleted on the floor, side by side, we put them. And as I helped, tearing sheets into bandages, spreading pallets, doubling even the carpets that they might make a resting place for some one, my ears were still on the outside, waiting for that second sullen roar that would tell of the other landslide; my heart was out there in the cut, where I knew Mr. Jordan was working, working and hoping that the rocks above would come upon him—and bring him forgetfulness.

TIME after time I went to the window, just for a peek at the cut. I couldn't see the train or the workingmen, but more than once my eyes went above to where the slippery mass still hung threatening. I guess I prayed a little; I don't know. Then I screamed. The mountain had torn itself loose. It had started downward. I rushed from the house and out to the graveled walk.

Then the tears came to my eyes. I felt myself quake and reach out my arms. Mr. Jordan, half reeling, dirty and grimy, and wet and stern faced, was coming up the walk, while behind him walked men with picks and shovels — their work stopped at last. I kinda half cried, I guess, because I remember that Mr. Jordan stepped forth quickly and grabbed me.

"George," he said sharplike, "where's your nerve—where's your nerve! Come on, there's work to do yet! How are they in the house?"

"I've been trying to take care of them," I answered, "as many as we could. They've taken some farther on. A lot are dead."

I reached out and clasped his hand in both of mine. Nothing mattered much to me right then, now that he was all right. I followed him as he walked into the house.

One quick look at those on the floors and in the rooms, and then something crossed his face—like a cloud. He stepped—almost ran—across the house and down into the hallway. I knew what it was. I knew the sacrifice he had made. He saw the key in the door of the locked room, and I knew what was going on in his heart—just like a priest that must profane a shrine. But he didn't say anything. He just brought his lips into a straight line, and hesitated a minute and folded his hands. Then something seemed to seize him, and he stepped forward and swung open the door.

A step or so inside and he whirled. His face was ghastly. His arms were stretched out far from his body. He gave one more wild glance at the two

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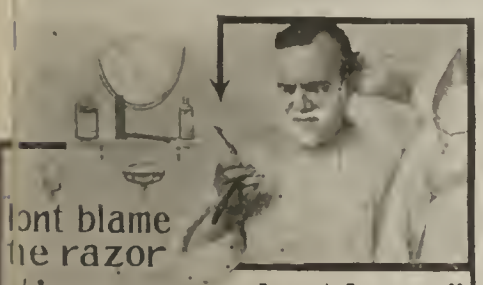

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Safe to Sea

(*Concluded from page* 30)

forms that lay on the bunks, their eyes closed, and he seemed to gasp for breath. He grasped my arms, and I could feel the cut of the clutching fingers.

"Hurt—" he asked, stammeringly, "hurt—?"

"Just shock," I said. "They're asleep now, I guess. Maybe I oughtn't have used up the room for somebody that wasn't injured, but all the rest of the place was filled up and—"

HE wasn't listening. Instead there had come another little gasp from his lips, and he had sprung across the room and knelt between the bunks. I saw his arms go out as though he would crush the form of the woman and the little boy to him and hold them there forever. Then the hands shook; I could see that the tears were beginning to stream down his weary face. The lips trembled, tried to straighten, and failed. His head bent forward.

"Somewhere," he murmured, and his voice was strange and husky, "somewhere—safe to sea!"

A Broncho School

(*Continued from page* 16)

slippery incline, and stopping every minute to beat my numbing hands together, I finally arrived at the top of the roof. The stovepipe was stuffed with gunny sacks and large rocks.

This was only a variation of the regular program, for that whole week had been positively bristling. One day the boys had ridden into the room on their horses and dismounted at their desks. A calf had been shut up overnight, tied to the stovepipe.

AFTER sleepless nights of wild scheming, I had set forth every morning to the conflict. The sting of struggle had become one of the feelings of life, but I had resolved that this week must end it. All of my best pedagogy had been scorned; there was no hope of a peaceful solution; it was a trial of strategy or strength. I realized that I was up against a well-established organization, the heads of which had a reputation to sustain, and, as the town declared, there was "simply nothing to it." I knew that they meant to do me no violence; their object was simply to make me either "get under or get off."

On the particular Thursday they began to carry out their program, painted in green on the back of the door:

"10-10.15—Opening of school. General conversation. To 10.30—Arithmetic. To 11—Recess. Water horses. To 11.30—Smoke and chewing gum. To 11.45—Spelling. To 1.45—Noon. To 2—Short nap. To 2.15—Language. To 2.30—Social period. To 3—Recess. To 3.30—Wood-splitting. Wednesday and Friday afternoons off."

This may have been a well-rounded schedule for the development of mind and body, but it certainly did not coincide with the course of study.

All that afternoon I tried to appear calm and cheerful, in spite of the general chaos and cigarette smoke. The pupils studied well and called on me to hear their lessons.

When dismissal time arrived, I stood up defiantly: "You will all stay after school."

My voice sounded strangely unconvincing. But while an answered wink went around the room I managed to gain the door. All was silent for a few minutes, then there was a half-heard guttural signal, and the whole school rushed toward the door.

I grabbed for the ax handle, which was just outside, and, brandishing my weapon, rushed toward the oncoming mob. Surprised and at last frightened, they slunk back. Hitting to right and left, I followed them up until they slunk into their seats again. It was a small triumph, yet I shuddered to think of the six-shooters and baptizing that might come on the morrow. I had resisted and knew that it would go hard with me.

AS I paced the back of the room, back and forth past the door, waving my ax handle heroically, yet trembling in every limb and trying to swallow the great frightened gasps, I beheld a little bunch of cattle lazily ambling along, rumpling up

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A Broncho School

(*Concluded from page* 31)

the snowshoe track on the hillside. The great cowboy bulk driver wore long white woolly chaps and had massive shoulders. It was Bachy Bum taking his early beef steers to the railroad. They were mousing along very slowly, and Bachy was holding them back so that they would not lose a single pound by the exertion of walking fast.

But even while I marveled at the unusual serenity and peacefulness of the scene, an inspiration seized the cowboy, and he dug his heels into the broncho's ribs. Right into the school yard he rode and, dismounting, fastened his bridle to a stirrup. Then he untied his lariat and his big cattle whip, and, slipping them into his sheepskin coat, walked into the schoolroom.

A dangerous spark was swimming in his big, blue, untamed eyes. I could feel my upper lip beginning to shrivel.

He walked up to the desk, his six-shooter dangling threateningly from his belt.

"I got it in for this darn squirm. Somebody turned out my calves yesterday, and it must have been them."

THE children sat motionless in their seats, their eyes fixed with congealed terror.

"Then, besides, I wishes to give you some stiff jaw about the fierce way you have done treated this schoolmarm. Now, if she was spotty like some, I wouldn't have nothing to say, but she ain't called you no bunch of galoots and toughs. She ain't never preached soapy religion and weeped for you to repent of your thick, black-dyed sins; she ain't called on none of you pa's to lick you; she ain't even looked at you and spoke to you with that sugared doughnut schoolmarm smile. No, she ain't; she's acted like the real solid meat through and through.

"But I ain't never come here this evening to hand out no little nursing bottle dope to young devils what need their hides branded, so we will now proceed to the frisky round-up.

"And you better not dare to move a hair of your head."

He took out the lasso and ordered the Half-Breed to step forth. He roped him to the chair and handed me the cattle whip.

"Now, schoolmarm, the whole darn smear gets fifteen licks acrost the shoulders. Give them stingers; a little loss of blood will only be good for the cause."

My hands had often fairly ached to have Half-Breed under my lash, but as he sat there, humbled, frightened, and at my mercy, somehow the game lost all of its tang. I gave him two spiritless licks.

"Ain't you got no muscle? Give them the real fear of God."

He called them up solemnly, one by one, and they came, white and obedient. A smoldering delight hovered in the cowboy's reckless eyes as I whipped five of them gingerly. Then, worn out, I handed him the whip.

"Say, there's still two more; you got to bust this school. Don't be no regular sissy; be the real stiff stuff."

THE seven biggest had been licked. I slunk down in a corner, trembling and trying to strangle back my tears, yet I felt victory in every tingle of me. Bachy made the whole school line up and file out. Then he was seized with one of his fits of glee. He doubled up on the floor and gurgled.

"Bachy," he chuckled; "well, my own dear son, you've got the makings of one of the finest schoolmarms in the State."

"And you," he continued, straightening up and smoothing out his wolf-skin chaps, "you'd do all right if you wasn't so swampy hearted and easy wizzled out."

Late that evening I got on my skis and slid down the hill toward Big Breezes. I heard Bachy yelling up in the hills, still trying to get his scattered cattle together again. The last level of a sleepy winter sun was lighting the heads of the crowd stretching and pushing and squeezing to see the bulletin board. They made way for me to edge up close, slapping me heartily on the back.

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The Whistles

(*Continued from page 17*)

such a case the police apparently lose interest

Although what is now about to be related may often have been denied, nevertheless it has the truth behind it—as those who are in the secret know. Most hospitals strive to keep down their mortality list in their yearly reports, and one way of doing it is to transfer the apparently friendless moribund to another hospital. The big, gray, stone building near the river front, whose support does not depend on voluntary contributions, receives most of them. If "the transfer" dies *en route*, why, of course, there is no entry made; a certain regular mode of procedure that there is no use of going into minutely follows in certain seasons. All medical schools are near the sources of supply—the big cities.

SHORTLY after the work in the operating room an inspection was held; without a dissenting voice the unknown was put down as a "goner" by the young surgeons, and the interne thought proper to transfer him to the city's care. So they put him once more in the ambulance and the driver drove away very slowly.

The "House" of the grim, gray building swore, as usual, at the driver, the orderly, and the whole staff of the "privately supported," but had to take in the unwelcome guest, who, to the driver's surprise, could still be referred to as a "he" and not as an "it."

There was no use of making any further examination and, swathed in his bandages, the patient was taken up to the east ward and placed in a cot. Here he remained in a state of coma all that day and night.

It was a very foggy morning. The great ferry slips extended themselves into indistinct vanishing points; the boats, as they replaced one another, slowly dissolved and emerged like huge stereopticon views thrown on a damp, gray wall.

There was a clangor of bells and an uproar of challenging toots and blares from Ward's Island to the Battery. The windows of the grim, gray building shook with the sound.

The nurse on duty in the east ward suddenly called the orderly's attention and pointed down the row of cots. The occupant of the last one had raised himself to a sitting position; before they could reach him, he lurched forward to his knees and grasped the railing at the foot of the cot. He turned his head slowly from side to side. From beneath the bandages the grizzled heard protruded and the firm lips could be seen compressed together.

"Port a little, Barry; it's the *South Star*. She's keeping to the main channel—right in the middle of it. . . . Darn it, doesn't she know we've got a tow. . . . Blow again."

As if obeying the order, there followed a long, warning whistle, followed by two short ones. Out of the confusion of sounds there came a deep-toned roaring blast as if in return.

"Got his helm to port," said the kneeling man, and he extended one hand over his head, as if reaching for the whistle pull. "Steady," he went on, "we must be close in; can you see the shore? Keep a taut line! . . . There's a big yacht just astern of him and dead ahead. Starboard, now! The tide's got the barge." Again the hand was extended over his head. "Give over, you big bully!" again he cried. "Can't you see we've got a tow? Full speed ahead; straighten her out! We've got to risk it!"

THE orderly seized the raving man by his shoulders. "Come, come," he said, "lie down and take it easy. Easy now."

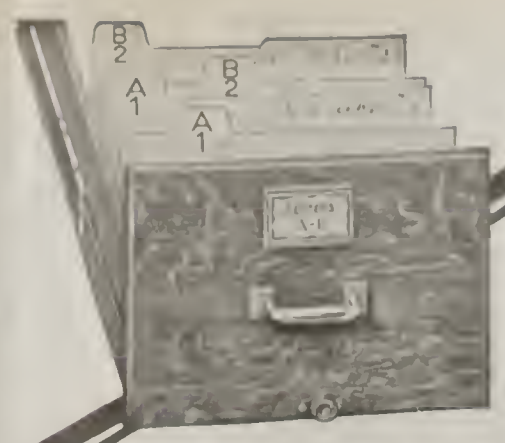
"Don't talk to me; no time to talk. We're in a deuce of a fix! . . . Doesn't he see where he's going; he'll hit the barge, sure. Swing her over! Here—give me the wheel!"

He took a firmer grasp of the railing. "My God, the wheel's jammed!"

There sounded three low, jarring notes in quick succession from out in the river.

"No use in backing now." The words came in a groan. "He'll hit the barge. Stop her! Full speed astern! God help us all! She's crossed our bows!"

The window frames, and it seemed as if the walls, too, of the gray building quivered. There was a tinkle of broken glass from the big window in the corridor—the blast of a tremendous explosion rent the enshrouding mist and echoed and reverberated from both shores. For an in-



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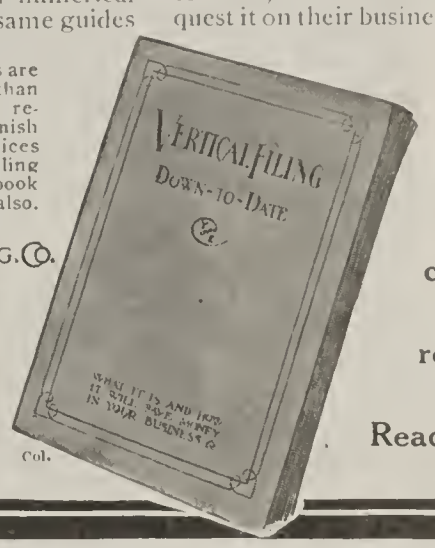

A valuable booklet for file clerks, and those responsible for filing. Read about it.

Col.

First Aid Always,—

Dioxogen

keeps little hurts from getting big

TYPEWRITING SPEED PAYS

Study the TULLOSS TOUCH SYSTEM. Gain speed—accuracy—ease of writing. Spare time study. No interference with regular work. Will bring the speed and the salary of the expert. Tulloss writers are fastest and best-paid. Send for our

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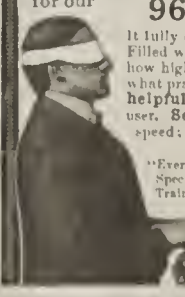
It fully describes this fast and accurate method. Filled with new ideas and valuable helps. Tells how high speed is gained—how to avoid errors—what practice work is best;—**96 pages of vital, helpful facts.** Worth dollars to any typewriter user. **Sent absolutely free.** If you want more speed; more accuracy; more salary—send for this book today—Now.



The Tulloss School of Touch Typewriting
1529 College Hill
Springfield, O.

Rust-Proof

A rusty can easily becomes battered and split, spreading garbage and disease-bearing odors.

Witt's Cans and Pails are heavily galvanized, and *resist rust indefinitely.* Unaffected by the worst winter snows and rains. Three sizes of can and pail—at your dealer's or direct. *Look for the yellow label.*

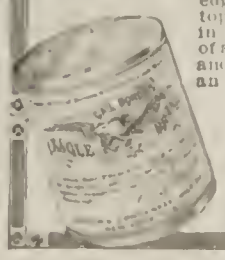
THE WITT CORNICE CO.
Dept. 7 Cincinnati, Ohio

Dutch Apple Cake

One traveling in Europe sees much of the Dutch Apple Cake. It is fruity, easily digested, and altogether a wholesome dish. The crust is important. To get it crisp, creamy, and fine flavor, use

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

RECIPE—Mix together two cupfuls sifted flour, half a teaspoonful salt, one generous teaspoonful baking powder; rub into this one heaping tablespoonful butter. Beat one egg, add to it four tablespoonfuls Eagle Brand Condensed Milk diluted with three-fourths cup water, and stir this into the dry mixture. Beat well and spread the dough half an inch thick in a shallow baking pan. Pare six apples, cut into eighths, lay them sharp edges down, in parallel rows on top of the dough, pressing them in slightly. Sprinkle one-third of a cup of sugar over the apples, and bake in a hot oven about half an hour.



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BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
Est. 1857 New York

Here is Your Chance to Own

Dr. Eliot's Famous Five-Foot Shelf of Books

DR. ELIOT'S original conception, in planning the Harvard Classics (The Five-Foot Shelf of Books), was to place the essentials of a liberal university education within reach of everyone who might have the desire for knowledge.

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The publication of this great work was historic. In scope and in contents it has no parallel in literature.

We are now able to offer a popular edition at a popular price. This famous library is now within everybody's means.

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One of the readers of the Five-Foot Shelf calls it "the world's civilization on a bookshelf." Can you afford not to read a work that deserves this title?

The Popular Edition contains every word found in the expensive sets. It is complete in every detail.

64-Page Book Free

Mail the coupon cut from this advertisement for full particulars of price and terms. At the same time we will send you our attractive 64-page book, which describes every feature of the Popular Edition.

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P. F. COLLIER & SON, INC.,
416 W. 13th St.
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Please send to me by mail, free of charge, the 64-page booklet describing The Eliot Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

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P. F. Collier & Son, Inc.
Publishers of Good Books
New York

The Whistles

(*Concluded from page 33*)

stant the whistles were stilled, and then above the pandemonium that broke loose could be heard the long-drawn, hoarse wailing of a siren calling for help. The kneeling figure relaxed and fell back on the bed. From everywhere nurses and doctors came running to the windows. The general supposition was that there had been a collision and the boilers of some steamship had blown up.

When silence had been restored the orderly directed the doctor's attention to the occupant of the last cot. He lay there quietly. As the doctor bent over him, the orderly went on explaining.

"It was just as if he saw something was going to happen, sir. He seemed to be right in the middle of it and collapsed just as the explosion took place."

The doctor lifted the bandages; the patient's eyes fluttered a little and opened.

"What's your name?" asked the doctor.

"Bicknore," came the reply. "Captain of tug *Penora*. Is Dan Barry saved? The *South Star* hit the barge we had in tow. Is she damaged—is the steamer sunk? Any lives lost?"

"No," said the doctor, reassuringly humoring a person evidently in delirium. "No lives were lost. It's all right."

"The *San Blas* won't get her cargo," murmured the captain, and relapsed into silence.

The doctor had made some notes on his writing pad.

"He's asleep," he said at last, turning to the orderly. "I think he'll pull through, now." Then he added: "A strange puzzle box, this thing we call a brain."

The papers had it all wrong in their early issues; the *Penora*, that luckily escaped destruction, was supposed to be towing a load of high explosives for use in the quarries up the Hudson. The *South Star*, whose bow had been completely wrecked, and her forward compartment flooded, comprised the greatest damage except for broken windows on the shores. It was not until a week later, when they had dredged out of the channel some half dozen B. L. R. guns, a few thousand repeating rifles, and a scow load of scattered ammunition, that the truth came out.

It was a matter of some debate as to whom the joke was on. Whether it could be charged to the account of the big manufacturing concern, whose bill for the illicit cargo had not been paid by the intermittent Central American Republic, for whom it was intended, or the captain of the *South Star*, who ran the risk of bumping pretty hard an innocent-looking barge rather than give over a few feet of what he considered was his "right of way." Perhaps, after all, the joke was on the doctor, who had diagnosed the correct reading of the whistles as "delirium induced by shock and a slight fracture of the cerebellum." Maybe it was on the other doctors of the "privately supported," who had not counted on the strength of the captain's constitution. He fully recovered his health and the gold watch turned up in a Second Avenue pawnshop.

"My Comrade"

By CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

ON a day when Youth was winging,
Lo! I heard a comrade singing;
And he beckoned me and beckoned
Till I joined him on his way.
"Come," he said, "for Time is flying—
Age is hastening, Youth is dying—
Come and we will turn September
Back into the bloom of May!"

Oh! I thanked my Comrade kindly,
And I followed him right blindly;
He was such a merry fellow
As he sang his roundelay.
All my happy heart I showed him—
For the fairy gift I owed him—
He who taught me that September
Still could hold the joy of May!

So, my Comrade, I was ready
With a spirit stanch and steady,
Quick to snatch the fickle moment
Of our fleeting holiday.
How we laughed, the hours whiling,
Though we knew that no beguiling
Could do aught but cheat September
With a masquerade of May!

. . . . . .

Sometimes still I hear him calling,
But the Autumn leaves are falling,
And his voice has lost its lilting,
Luring music, blithe and gay—
And his song is faint and hollow,
For I may not rise and follow—
I who know that bleak November
Is a mockery of May!

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL FIFTY NO 5

OCTOBER 19 1912

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Ways That Won

Some two dozen makers started out to build tires.

Perhaps half of these makers did their level best. Each sought the leading place.

The verdict was left to the hundreds of thousands who buy automobile tires. And they judged solely by the service, by lack of trouble, by the cost per mile.

That verdict, after 13 years, favors Goodyear tires. They now outsell all others.

They are used, perhaps, on 250,000 cars. Their present sale is 100,000 monthly.

Their sale today is 12 times larger than three years ago. Which shows how overwhelming is the final choice.

Every tire user—every man in business—will wish to know what won this war of giants.

Here we tell you—read it.

The Goodyear Business Code

Getting Able Men

The one thing certain is that motorists can't long be fooled on tires.

Tires are too important.

In the long run, none but the best tires can hope for leading plaee. And the way to build the best tire is to get the ablest men.

So we started a system for getting and developing men of unusual ealibre.

Part of that system, still in use, is to send men yearly to great teehnieal sehools to pick the most promising graduates. We are great believers in young men.

Thus we gathered here, in the course of years, an army of expert tire men. And their futures and fortunes depend solely on perfeeting Goodyear tires.

Active Rivalry

To get from these men the very best that was in them, we ereated rivalry.

We arranged to test, by metered mileage, every promising idea and suggestion.

We have eompared in this way some 240 formulas and fabries. Methods of making, of wrapping, of vulcanizing, were all submitted to this mileage test.

Any old idea was promptly discarded when a new one proved the better. Then the new was disearded for something better still.

This eeasless advaneement, eontinued 13 years, has made Goodyear tires as you know them now. They are pretty elose to finality.

The Winners Were Made Partners

The leading plaees in our faetory went to the men who won. And those men also came to share in our profits.

In our faetory building tires there are now 49 stoekholders, whom we helped to aequire their stoek.

And those 49 partners are watching the faetors which make men want Goodyear tires.

Insuring a Square Deal

Free Competition

We stand in the tire business for free competition. To this end we maintain the most complete independence.

We have no alliances, no agreements with competitors. We shall never consolidate with them.

Free competition puts men on their mettle. It forces fair prices. It eompels a square deal.

Under free competition, the best tire will win. And that's the result we are after.

No Monopoly

We have invented and patented features and machines which might, if we wished, give us enormous advantage.

One machine on which we hold patents, for instance, enables one man to do the work of ten. It also insures perfect wrapping.

Another patented feature eontrols the only way to make a satisfactory tire which doesn't hook to the rim.

But all of our patents are licensed to others, and all who will may use them.

Thus we avoid even patent monopoly, which is considered the due of inventors.

Only $10,000,000 Capital

This is the world's largest tire business, and our sales this year will exeeed $25,000,000.

Yet all of this business is being dono on a capital of $10.000,000, every dollar of which represents aetual assets. Our patents and good-will are, on our books, valued at $1.

Users of our tires are not asked to pay dividends on any fietitious eapital.

Profit, 8½ Per Cent

This eondition permits us to eut our profits down to the lowest margin. Our profit last year on No-Rim-Cut tires averaged 8½ per cent.

Our eost is eut by labor-saving maehinery, by enormous output, by modern equipment. So, when we add to that cost 8½ per cent profit, it means the greatest value men ean ever give in tires.

The Men You Meet Are Partners

Our branch managers, by our aid, are partners in our profits. So are 33 men in our office, dealing with men who buy tires.

Thus the men who render Goodyear service share the Goodyear profits. We know of no better way to insure you the serviee whieh we intend.

Ninety per eent of the Goodyear eommon stock is owned by the men who are doing most to add to these tires' popularity.

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Saving Half the Ruin

Savings That You Can See

Next these men of ours perfected a tire which can't be rim-cut.

It's a new-type tire—a hookless tire. There are six flat bands of 126 braided wires vulcanized into the base of it.

Your removable rim flanges, when you use this tire, are set to curve outward rather than inward. For you don't need to hook these patent tires to the rim.

When these tires are wholly or partly deflated they rest on a rounded edge. Rim-cutting is simply impossible.

These No-Rim-Cut tires, to avoid overloading, are made 10 per cent over the rated size.

See for Yourself

These are visible advantages. One glance will prove them to you.

Quality is something which you can't see. Time alone can tell it. And time has told it about Goodyear tires.

But you can see that No-Rim-Cut tires end this sort of damage forever.

And you can see the extra air capacity. We call it 10 per cent. But actual comparison with six makes of clinchers proves the average oversize to be 16.7 per cent.

23 + 25 Per Cent

Statistics show that rim-cutting occurs on 23 per cent of all old-type tires. And rim-cut ruin cannot be repaired.

It has never occurred, and can never occur, on a No-Rim-Cut tire.

So rim-cut prevention means an average saving of 23 per cent.

Tire experts agree that each 5 per cent added capacity adds 15 per cent to the tire mileage. So it is safe to say that 10 per cent oversize adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These two savings together mean 48 per cent. That is what they will average. And that means to cut tire bills in two.

No-Rim-Cut tires are saving to motorists, in all probability, a million dollars monthly.

Over 1,500,000 Sold

543,000 in the Past Six Months

Last March we announced that a million Goodyear automobile tires had then gone into use. That was after 12 years of tire making.

Now, six months later, the sales exceed a million and a half.

The last six months' demand has been half as large as for all the 12 years preceding.

That clearly shows what motor car owners are saying about these tires.

Nothing Like It

In all the history of Motordom there has been nothing comparable with this rush of demand to No-Rim-Cut tires.

Our sales have doubled six times in three years. They are doubling now once in eight months.

For the 1912 season, 127 motor car makers contracted for Goodyear tires. And they equipped with these tires, during that season, over 100,000 new cars.

All the figures available indicate now that one-third of all cars running now use these premier tires.

A 6-Mile Factory

Our factory additions for the year 1912 will equal 13 acres of floor space.

When they are completed they will give us a total of 1,600,000 square feet.

Were the factory 50 feet wide and one story high, it would be more than six miles long.

This factory runs constantly, with three shifts of men, 24 hours a day. Its output now exceeds 100,000 tires monthly, and will soon be increased to 6,000 tires a day.

Our whole year's output in 1909 was scarcely more than one month's output now.

All Due to These Matchless Tires

All this is due to building tires which have never been excelled.

It is due to policies which every man approves.

It is due to small profit, to oversize tires, and to tires that can't be rim-cut.

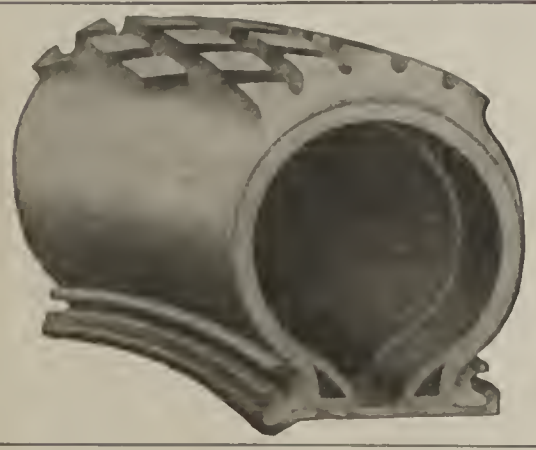
Thus we have won some quarter-million men to the use of Goodyear tires. And those men are winning others.

Ask one of these men what No-Rim-Cut tires have done for his tire upkeep.

Or go to some Goodyear dealer and see them. Judge for yourself the advantage.

When you do that you will ever after insist on the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

The Goodyear Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.



GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

The tire shown here is a No-Rim-Cut tire with the Goodyear Non-Skid tread. This is a double-thick tread, made of very tough rubber. The blocks are deep-cut, and are immensely enduring. They present to the road surface countless edges and angles. They are wide at the base, so the strain is distributed, just as with smooth-tread tires. These are the best winter tires, the most effective Non-Skids which have ever been invented. They grasp the road with a bull-dog grip.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

My Hobby

Here's the sweetest smoke

that I ever discovered, and I've smoked for 40 years.

It is made of Cuban-grown tobacco, of a mild and wondrous flavor. A connoisseur first gave it to me, and told me where to get the leaf.

Then I had this Havana made up to my order—made as a small Panatela, the size of this picture. For I like short, sweet smokes.

Every man who smokes one asks me where to get it. Lately I have ordered in 50,000 lots to keep my friends supplied. This cigar has become my hobby.

It occurs to me now that hundreds of others would enjoy this exquisite smoke.

So I have decided to invite them to try it.

I will send five free—and gladly—to any man who likes a rare, short, sweet, Havana smoke. If you are delighted, I will keep you supplied at $4.50 per hundred, mail or express prepaid. That is close to my cost, for this is simply a pastime. Profit is not important.

Five Free

Exact Size

Smoke Five with Me

I will mail five of these cigars for trial to any man who writes on his letter-head. Just send me 10 cents to cover postage, packing and revenue stamp. I will supply the cigars. I only ask this 10 cents to pick out the right sort of people. If you like them, order as wanted—50 or 100 at a time—at $4.50 per hundred (50 for $2.35), mail or express prepaid.

Write now for the five cigars

J. Rogers Warner
520 Marine Bank Building
Buffalo, N. Y. (8)

Weekly letter to readers on advertising *No. 93*

AS advertising manager of Collier's Weekly, the keynote of Mr. Patterson's work has been service to advertisers, advertising agencies and subscribers. This shall be before me constantly in trying to follow in his footsteps and shall always be uppermost in the mind of every member of the Advertising Department.

A. B. Hammond Jr.

Advertising Manager

Only $2.50 puts this typewriter in your home

You can soon make it your own, with no additional outlay, by co-operating with us on an original sales-plan which requires practically no effort on your part. No canvassing necessary. You will be interested in this opportunity, and will be surprised to learn how easily you can become owner of this strictly high-grade machine. Simply fill in and mail coupon below. Details will reach you promptly.

Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter

A Standard Machine for Twenty Years

Fully guaranteed. Has all the newest improvements, including back spacer, tabulator, two-color ribbon. Perfect touch. Quick action. Absolute alignment. Writing always visible. Universal keyboard. Don't miss this exceptional chance. Mail the coupon now.

Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Co.
Dept. 52, Union Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Co.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Will be glad to know how I can become owner of one of your machines.

Name_____

Street_____

P. O._____ State_____

Prest-O-Lite

In buying a car or a motorcycle, look sharply at the lighting equipment

If the price of any motor vehicle includes lighting equipment, remember you aren't getting it free—you're paying for it.

If the machine you buy is sold frankly without lighting equipment, well and good! That leaves you free to buy your own equipment, and you'll probably buy a Prest-O-Lite Gas Tank.

But if you are not supposed to pay extra for lighting equipment, don't accept a make-shift! Insist on having Prest-O-Lite.

Generators "included in the equipment," have been thrown away in disgust by thousands upon thousands of motorists.

Any experienced motorist will tell you that Prest-O-Lite ready-to-use gas costs no more—usually costs less—than the carbide consumed in any effort to make your own gas.

So the cleanliness, convenience, dependability and brilliance of Prest-O-Lite are your clear gain.

Steady, unflickering light that floods the road far ahead, turned on and off like a gas jet.

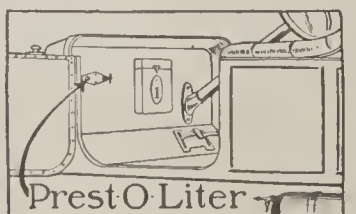
This kind of light prevents accidents, makes night riding a keen pleasure, and gives you satisfaction the year around.

For AUTOMOBILES

The very simplicity of Prest-O-Lite makes it the *dependable* lighting system. It has no delicate parts or complications, involves no costly repairs, and needs no attention that any dealer cannot quickly and intelligently give.

Light your lamps from the seat

By equipping your car with the Prest-O-Liter, you can light, lower or extinguish your lamps from the seat. For headlights alone or head and dash lights, if you prefer. Oil lamps are easily converted—new lamps are not needed. The flame is automatically prevented from rising too high. This gives you, at small expense, all the convenience of the most expensive lighting systems.



For MOTORCYCLES

Prest-O-Lite is the ONLY lighting system that makes night riding possible and safe for the motorcyclist. Easily attached to any motorcycle.

The first cost of the tank itself is low and the money invested in it is not spent, because a genuine Prest-O-Lite Tank never gets to be second-hand and is always a READY CASH ASSET.

Talk it over with your nearest dealer (automobile or motorcycle), or write us.

Don't Let Anyone Cheat You with an Imitation.

The genuine Prest-O-Lite Tank, when empty, can be immediately exchanged for a full one, ANYWHERE and ALWAYS. Imitations cannot.

The dealer who slips on a counterfeit in exchange for your Prest-O-Lite Tank gets the best of you. Don't let him! Watch it!

We will not be responsible for short measure or poor gas in tanks not filled by us. Protect yourself by looking for our label.

If you have any trouble in realizing the perfect satisfaction which we aim to give, write us.

The Prest-O-Lite Co., Indianapolis Indiana

Branch Offices and Service Stations in all Principal Cities.
Charging plants in all parts of the country.
Extensive foreign service.

Exchange Agencies Everywhere

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

20% DOWN—10% PER MONTH

Why wait for your Diamond until you have saved the price? Pay for it by the Lyon Method. Lyon's Diamonds are guaranteed perfect blue-white. A written guarantee accompanies each Diamond. All goods sent prepaid for inspection. 10% discount for cash. Send now for catalogue No. 24

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J·M·LYON & CO·
71-73 NASSAU ST·N·Y·

COAL COST— HOW TO REDUCE IT

REMEMBER the big coal bills of last winter? Coal prices are higher this year. You can off-set this increase, get more comfort and avoid much labor and annoyance if you equip your furnace or boiler with

THE JEWELL HEAT CONTROLLER

This automatic regulator controls dampers and drafts—detects and acts on the variation of one degree, preventing over-heating and fuel waste.

With the Clock Attachment you can reduce the heat during sleeping hours; and automatically increase it to the day temperature, and by the time you rise the Jewell will have the house as warm as toast. Don't *wish* your house warm in the morning. Buy a Jewell and *have* it so. Guaranteed efficient with any kind of heating plant. Nothing to wear out, will last a lifetime.

Send today for the book "The House Comfortable"—and folder with the whimsical story of "IMA JEWELL"—Both will interest and surprise you.

Send postal NOW to

JEWELL MFG. CO., 23 Green St., Auburn, N. Y.

The Perfect Light

Combination mirror and electric lamp. Adjustable searchlight reflector concentrates all the light on the face, below the eyes. No light is thrown into eyes or the mirror to dazzle them. Attaches to any electric lamp socket by cord. Use it anywhere—home or traveling—folds compactly. Mirror in best French-bevel plate, 8 in. square, mounted on strong, handsome folding frame. Stands or hangs at any desired angle. Delivered with 6 ft. silk connecting cord and plug, all charges prepaid, $3.50. If not satisfactory, money refunded.

Federal Shaving Mirror (Patented)

Dealers write for discounts

Federal Sign System
(Electric)
503 Home Ins. Bldg., Chicago

"ZIPP—It Lights"

The Magic Household Lighter

No matches—a bright flame. Thousands of lights without refilling. A truly remarkable opportunity for **Agents to make money fast. Write today.**

Every housewife will want one the minute she sees it. Send postpaid on receipt of price.

25c

NOVITAS SALES CO., Sole Manufacturers
144 High St., Waltham, Mass.

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The Only Law School of its Kind in America

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The Hamilton College of Law IS a College of Law—not an institute, correspondence school, etc. We guarantee to prepare our students to pass bar examinations. Our system of conducting examinations is the most thorough, complete and expensive to us) of any examinations ever given. A student can, if he chooses, take part of our course by mail and finish in our resident school, where he will receive full credit for all work done by mail. Our resident school is a recognized standard law school.

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and recommended by Government Officials, Business Men, Noted Lawyers and Students. We have as students a number of practicing lawyers (not graduates of recognized law colleges) who are now arguing their Degree LL.B. A Probate Judge (one of our students) says: "I am delighted with the course prescribed and your method of teaching law. It is far in advance of what I expected to receive."

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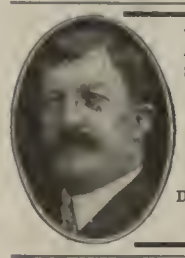

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

OCTOBER 19, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME FIFTY NO. 5

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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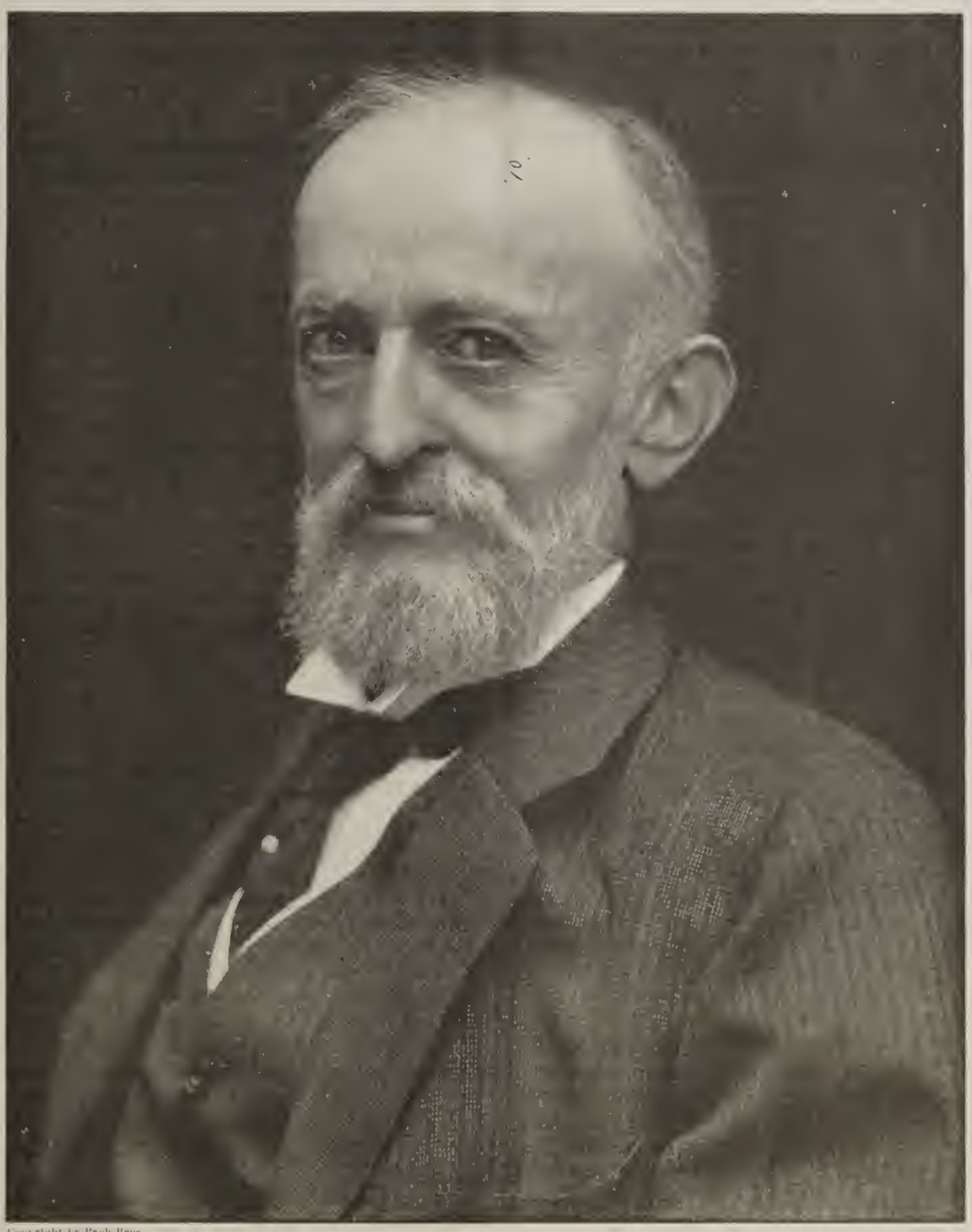

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For Governor of New York, Oscar S. Straus

This man is a Jew. He is the Progressive party candidate for the highest office in a community larger than France at the time of Charlemagne, than England under Cromwell, or Prussia under Frederick the Great—greater than these in population and wealth and beyond them to a degree that is immeasurable in the aggregate of human intelligence. Mr. Straus ought to be successful. Throughout his life he has given fully a tithe of his income and more than a tithe of his high intelligence to the good of the people. His is the only candidacy that holds out any dependable promise for the reform of some conditions which are intolerable. Some other States in which the Progressive candidate for Governor is clearly better than the others and ought to be elected are:

Massachusetts, Charles Sumner Bird
Indiana, Albert J. Beveridge
New Hampshire, Winston Churchill
Illinois, Frank Funk

THE METHOD

SINCE MR. BRANDEIS'S essays on the trust question were printed in COLLIER'S many inquiries have come in about just *how* he proposed to regulate competition and what the *practical* differences are between his plan, which in general has been approved by WOODROW WILSON, and the new party program. Briefly stated, his position is:

Competition can and should be maintained in every branch of private industry; it can and should be restored in those branches of industry in which it has been suppressed; and if at any time monopoly should appear to be desirable, the monopoly should be a public one.

As to the *machinery* to be employed to "regulate" industry, the differences of opinion would be in detail or such as result from differences in the ends sought. The new party would have no use for legal or administrative machinery by which existing trusts might be disintegrated. The Democratic party would have no use for a price-fixing board.

The Sherman Antitrust Act has in the past been little more than a declaration of our economic policy. The experience gained in the twenty-two years since the act was passed has, however, established the soundness of the economic policy which it embodies, and has shown what the defects in the statute are. New legislation should:

FIRST: *Remove the Uncertainties in the Sherman Law*—This can be largely accomplished by making the prohibitions upon combinations more definite, somewhat as the La Follette-Stanley Antitrust Bills propose. The Sherman Law, as interpreted by the United States Supreme Court, prohibits monopolies and combinations "unreasonably" in restraint of trade. Experience has taught us, in the main, what combinations are thus "unreasonable." They are the combinations which suppress competition. Competition is never suppressed by the greater efficiency of one concern. It is suppressed either by agreement to form a monopoly or by those excesses of competition which are designed to crush a rival. Some specific methods by which the great trusts, utilizing their huge resources or particularly favored positions, commonly crush rivals are: "Cutthroat" competition; discrimination against customers who do not deal exclusively with the combination; excluding competitors from access to essential raw material; espionage; doing business under false names or as "fake independents"; securing unfair advantage through railroad rebates; acquiring, otherwise than through efficiency, such control over the market as to dominate the trade. The time has come to embody this experience into rules of law which will instruct the many business men who desire to obey the statute what they should avoid.

SECOND: *Facilitate the Enforcement of the Law by the Courts*—It is hardly conceivable that private monopoly would have acquired its present sway in America if the judicial machinery for enforcing the prohibitions of the Sherman Law had been adequate; and it is certain that the lamentable failure of the proceedings against the Standard Oil and the Tobacco Trust could have been averted. The failure of the decrees to restore competition is due mainly to the fact that the court, in dividing the trust properties into several segments, did not make these segments separate and distinct. That would have been accomplished if for a limited period no person had been permitted to own at the same time stock in more than one of the segments. The La Follette-Stanley Antitrust Bills provide for this change in the methods of "disintegration."

The Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust suits fail to afford redress for wrongs done in the past. Each of these trusts had extorted hundreds of millions of dollars from the public, and in the process had ruthlessly crushed hundreds and possibly thousands of independent business concerns. Upon the admitted facts the Supreme Court declared unanimously that the combinations and their acts were illegal, but the corporation was left in undisputed possession of their gains, and no reparation was made to anyone. Judicial determination of the illegality of a combination and its practices should result, under any proper system of law, as a matter of course, in compensation to the injured. The Sherman Law provided that anyone injured by an illegal combination might recover three times the damages suffered, but that provision has been practically a dead letter, because under the general rules of law the decisions in proceedings instituted by the Government do not inure to the individual benefit of those who have been injured. The pending bills provide that whenever in a proceeding instituted by the Government a final judgment is rendered, declaring that the defendant has entered into a combination in unreasonable restraint of trade, that finding shall be conclusive as against the defendant in any other proceeding brought against the defendant by anyone, so that the injured person would thereafter merely have to establish the amount of the loss suffered; and the danger of losing the right to compensation while awaiting the results of the Government suit is averted by providing that the statute of limitations shall not run while the Government suit is pending.

THIRD: *Create a Board or Commission to Aid in Administering the Sherman Law*—For the enforcement of the Sherman Law and regulation of competition is needed an administrative board with broad powers. What the precise powers of such a board should be is a subject which will require the most careful consideration of Congress. The duties should be broad, and probably whatever powers are conferred at the outset will be increased from time to time as we learn from experience. The bill introduced by Senator NEWLANDS, August 21, 1911, and the Federal Commission Bill, introduced later by Senator LA FOLLETTE, contain suggestions of value.

WOODROW WILSON has said that on all such complicated topics he intends, if elected, to confer and cooperate carefully with many kinds of persons; but the above outline, we fancy, comes pretty near stating the most definite intentions thus far formed by the Democratic party with regard to the curbing of monopoly.

THE HUMAN MIND

MAN is an animal that grows restive when he sees a nice distinction. He desires broad and simple issues: black and white, not gray; hero and villain; absolute right and wrong, not relative degrees of right and wrong. A sad amusement creeps over us as we see the protests against our praising the new party while taking sides on the two leading national issues with the Democrats. Our position, correct or erroneous, looks at least clear enough for a child to grasp, yet it is treated as obscure by many readers. Thousands of beings in this land still like to think only in sheer choices, taking sides altogether, without limitation. No wonder some of the reporters were puzzled by the fact that CHARLES R. CRANE, in the campaign for the nomination, gave money to both LA FOLLETTE and WILSON, because he thought both were able and honest Progressives, and little he cared whether either happened to be called Republican or Democrat. Does Mr. CRANE'S attitude puzzle you, O reader, or does it seem the most natural posture in the world?

A large part of the third party's platform, the Lloyd-George part, is taken up with what are primarily State issues. Also, they have made splendid nominations in many of the States. By looking at the writing under Mr. STRAUS'S picture, on the page preceding this, you will see a list of some of the States in which independent citizens, even if they are supporting the Democratic national ticket, might well vote for the Bull Moose State officials.

THE HEARST FORGERIES

NATURALLY the Hearst papers are indignant at our exposure of the use of forgery in the Archbold letters. If it had been the first offense we might have been more lenient. It happens often, but we will confine the present illustration to a matter of importance. Everybody knows that the Chicago "Tribune" is entitled to the credit of prosecuting the Lorimer case. It was the "Tribune" which paid $1,500 to WHITE for the original confession which opened the whole matter up. It was the "Tribune" which employed detectives and lawyers and spent weeks in time and thousands in money to verify this confession. It was the "Tribune" which first printed the story, and which by printing the details of the various trials at length and with prominence finally succeeded in making the country thoroughly familiar with the case. That the "Tribune" was the prosecutor was perfectly understood at the hearings and in Congress. The "Tribune's" lawyers conducted the cross-examination of LORIMER'S witnesses. Indeed, the records of the hearings as well as the debates in Congress teem with references to the "Tribune's" activity. Nevertheless, the day after LORIMER was cast out of the Senate HEARST'S Chicago "Examiner" printed in heavy type, all the way across the seven columns of its front page, these words:

"Two Years' Fight of Chicago Examiner and Hearst Papers Is Won

Chicago Examiner's First Exposure of the Lorimer Bribery

Facsimile of Part of First Page of Chicago Examiner of April 30, 1910"

The Hearst paper's "first exposure of the Lorimer bribery" was hastily written at five o'clock in the morning by a Hearst editor, who, in a manner familiar to newspaper workers, "lifted" it from the early editions of its rival, the "Tribune," where it had been exclusive. The genius who performed this act of appreciation and appropriation, being torn between enterprise and prudence, spoke guardedly of

the signed confession *alleged* to have been made.

Two years later, when the Hearst paper wanted to reproduce a facsimile to prove its priority, the "alleged" was as embarrassing as it had been useful before. And so it became necessary to scissor the "facsimile" so that the word "alleged" disappeared.

WHO GETS THE BENEFIT OF THE TARIFF?

COPPER AND PETROLEUM are on the free list. Wages in those lines are extremely high, going to as much as six and seven dollars a day. The textile trades are protected by an average tariff of not far from eighty per cent, but workers find it difficult to avoid starvation, their average wages being about as much per week as many copper workers get per day.

WILSON'S HUMANE RECORD

SOCIAL WORKERS have gone mainly for the Bull Moose, quite naturally and properly, since the Moose platform gives such emphasis to their work. It is often overlooked that WILSON, although he is not bringing it much into the national campaign, has shown in his Governorship how he stands in this field. Under his leadership the Jersey Legislature has, in two years, limited the employment of working women to sixty hours a week, this being the first law relating to women wage earners ever enacted in New Jersey. Several other laws, of less importance, relate to the welfare of women in various directions, including improvements in the penal system. About a dozen laws for the protection of children have been passed. In the domain of health much progress has been made. New Jersey has taken a decided stand in the campaign against tuberculosis, a step has been taken toward controlling feeble-mindedness, a remedy for prenatal blindness is to be furnished free of charge, and the use of the common drinking cup has been restricted. Among the commissions appointed were those on prison labor, employers' liability, ameliorating the condition of the blind, and playgrounds. The New Jersey State Federation of Labor passed a resolution praising the Governor "for his unremitting and untiring efforts in assisting to bring about better conditions for the wage earners of New Jersey." Although he looks upon the trusts and the tariff as the great *national* issues of the campaign, his work as Governor is the best proof of his interest in social and industrial amelioration.

IMMIGRATION

WHEREVER VOTERS ABOUND there will be found some hypocrisy among politicians. There are, of course, an enormous number of voters who are either immigrants or friends or relatives of them. We have already spoken of the hypocritical way in which WOODROW WILSON's history has been misinterpreted on this subject by many who really agree with him. Whoever conducts the difficult post of Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island is perfectly sure of abuse, altogether regardless of the truth. WILLIAM WILLIAMS has done remarkably thorough, fair, and kind work there, and yet he was attacked by Congressman SULZER (the same who is now running for Governor of New York), egged on by HEARST, and more recently by Congressman SABATH of Illinois, who handed out a peculiarly complete series of lies (under leave to print), and then energetically circulated them under his frank. The falsity of some of them was shown by the very record from which he quoted. Commissioner WILLIAMS is doing his part admirably. It is up to Congress, both in the matter of adequate appropriations and in the matter of exclusions. Doubtless a few cases of personal hardship occur, but doubtless also many are still let in who ought to be kept out. We plan, by the way, to run a series of four articles on immigration, by Mrs. WILSHE, beginning in a few weeks. Will they be good? Time will tell. The topic is extremely difficult, but also she is extremely able, so the betting ought to be about even.

THE PAY OF MINERS

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention to the fact that the Phelps-Dodge Company and the Calumet and Arizona Company at Bisbee, Ariz., pay muckers, the lowest grade of miners, $4 for an eight-hour day. He says these wages are higher than those paid the Butte miners, which he quotes us as saying are paid $3. This is the rate of wages we gave as prevailing not for miners, as he imagines, but for smelter employees at Butte, who are paid much less than the miners. Butte is a strong union center, while Bisbee is known as an open camp, no discrimination being made in favor of or against unions. Whether there is rivalry between Butte and Bisbee for first honors in fair play to the miners makes little difference. What COLLIER'S would like to see is fair play for the miners everywhere. They dig out of the earth the treasure which frequently costs the owner little more than the expense of extraction. The hazard of capital justifies, of course, large profits, but the life is very dangerous, and there is scarcely an occupation which year after year proves the worth of so many modest heroes, who sacrifice themselves in the conquest of the earth for the pittance which none too well supports them.

LAW AND PROGRESS

A STATUTE passed in Ohio by the last Legislature compels the election of judges on a separate independent judicial ticket, with no party names or designations. Judge R. M. WANAMAKER of Akron, at present a justice of the Common Pleas Court, is running for Supreme Court justice of Ohio on a platform calling for the abolition of needless delays, needless expense, outworn technical rules, and trespass by courts on legislative rights. Judge WANAMAKER was nominated and elected a Common Pleas judge in 1905 in spite of the political organization of his party, led by United States Senator CHARLES DICK. During his six years on the bench the longest civil case, with or without a jury, occupied but three days. When he became judge the average time litigants were compelled to wait for the trial of their causes was from two to two and a half years. He insisted upon litigants and lawyers settling their cases wherever possible, and instituted a regular "settlement docket." Ohio is starting off with a new constitution. It ought to elect Supreme Court judges who are progressive enough to construe these provisions in the spirit in which they were adopted by the people.

WOMEN AND SHAKESPEARE

ONE PHILOSOPHER thinks the reason women take so little sentimental interest in SHAKESPEARE's men is that they don't read SHAKESPEARE. For his part he has known women who studied SHAKESPEARE, who liked certain characters, and perhaps a single play, but almost none who were deeply stirred by the poet's criticism of life and portrayal of the human pageant. Our own experience with women has been rather different, but we should like uncommonly well to hear from teachers of English in coeducation colleges.

CANDIDATES FOR MATRIMONY

CHARACTERS IN LITERATURE who would be desirable as husbands or wives pour in. The Richmond "Virginian" advises any man reader to hunt for an AGNES, and if he cannot find her to avoid the mistake of DAVID COPPERFIELD, refrain from choosing DORA. The "Times-Union" of Jacksonville, Fla., observes:

> COLLIER'S WEEKLY thinks a woman would expect PORTIA to make the best wife, while a man would choose VIOLA or JULIET, but COLLIER'S is usually in the wrong.

The sapient editor himself takes a look at CLEOPATRA, chooses CORDELIA, and thinks reason would lead a young man to let his father select a wife for him. VIRGILIA, wife of CORIOLANUS, is picked by a man well versed in SHAKESPEARE, and DESDEMONA by another. A particularly well-read person thinks that in all English literature ELIZABETH of "Pride and Prejudice" would suit him best. VIOLA he rejects on the ground that he does not care for a home flooded with poetry. Of the women readers, one goes to "The Tale of Two Cities" to reform SYDNEY CARTON; another is attracted by LYDGATE in "Middlemarch"; one likes JOHN RIDD in "Lorna Doone"; one selects the hero of "John Halifax, Gentleman"; and one takes WALLACE of "Scottish Chiefs." A man thinks the ladies would like HOTSPUR, but advises them to try the BRUTUS of "Julius Cæsar." BRUTUS, like HAMLET, strikes us as too contemplative to capture the general untrained female imagination, which usually desires in one form or another the warrior type. Of course women actually marry every type, as men do, but there is a prevailing ideal, and a charming literary essay could be written, by MONTAIGNE or CHARLES LAMB, on desirable consorts to be found in books.

WHO CHOOSES?

"MAN AND SUPERMAN" is back on the stage of this country now —SHAW's rollicking picture of the woman relentlessly pursuing and obtaining the man who appears to her fitted to be her mate and the father of her children. The prevailing convention once was that the man selected the girl, who usually was reluctant. Between that view and SHAW's is ours—that it is in general not a pursuit at all, but a head-on collision; not a conscious choice, but a desire. Taking only those cases, however, which do involve intelligent, conscious selection, and subsequent angling, who does the most of it? Our guess would be that the clearest cases of selection, for excellent reasons, were by women, who have more often a clearer idea of what they need than young men have; but that, as under our present economic system the man still usually "supports" the family, the woman still hangs back on the average, waiting modestly for the man to choose. In the future men will choose more intelligently, and less for looks; but women, as they get more public recognition and pecuniary independence for their share of the world's work, will assume more leadership in selection. They have the heavy burden of reproduction, and the complex adjustment to it, and they will probably always have more sense about husbands than men will ever have about wives.

Suffrage in Wales

The path of the suffragette in Wales is more stormy even than the same path in Ireland and in England. The excitable Welsh populace have not the easy tolerance of the English. During Mr. Lloyd-George's speech at Llanystymdwy, a suffragette interrupted the proceedings and attempted violence. She was attacked by the crowd and was being mobbed when official rescuers reached her. The police had a difficult time protecting her from serious injury. The picture shows the policeman covering her face with his hands to shield her from blows

The Funeral of the Emperor Mutsuhito

The veneration in which he was held by his people was displayed when the body of the late Emperor of Japan was taken through the streets of Tokyo on its final journey to the ancient capital, Kyoto. Dense throngs of mourners lined the way. The coffin, on a car drawn by five oxen, was escorted by the whole of the Guards' Division and by a naval guard of honor of 10,000 men. The procession moved first from the Palace to the Aoyama parade ground, where the new Emperor made an affecting address of lamentation

What It's All About

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE most remarkable phenomenon of half a generation in American politics is the existence of a new political party, supplanting large fractions of both the old parties, and taking, within a few weeks of its birth, a position as one of the two great parties of the nation—this and the other fact that is fundamentally bound up with it, the candidacy of Mr. Roosevelt for a third term. The causes which enter into such a situation are necessarily complex and various, and many of them trail back over a long period of time. To pick out any one of these and call it the leading one necessarily involves an exercise of judgment with which others may differ; the writer of this page would assign as the most important single element a case at law to which, conceivably, future historians may attach some of the importance of the Dred Scott decision.

For many years social workers and all other persons who take a humanitarian interest in their fellow human beings deplored the lack in New York (and in practically every other State as well) of an employees' compensation act. To state this in simpler terms: If a worker was crippled in the course of his employment, without negligence, by one of the ordinary hazards of his work, he had no redress; he got no money from his employer or from any other source—he and his family became alms seekers. Year after year efforts were made to pass a law that would remedy this; year after year the effort was defeated by the corporations, sometimes working through the Democratic party, sometimes through the Republican party, always having enough members in their pay to defeat the bill. Finally, the friends of the bill, backed by powerful public opinion, got as far as a comparatively mild concession: a legislative commission was appointed to study the question. The commission happened to be strong in its personnel and had able counsel. The Court of Appeals, in that later decision which is the ultimate subject of this page, conceded that "no word of praise could overstate the industry and intelligence of the commission." The commission framed a bill; it was a very mild bill and was meant to be only a beginning. It applied only to a severely limited class of workmen, workmen in trades in which, to quote the words of the act itself, "extraordinary risks to the life and limb of workmen engaged therein are inherent, necessary, or substantially unavoidable." Specifically, the act named workers on steam trains, electric cars, on high scaffolds, elevators, and derricks.

This act was introduced into the New York Legislature; after much debating, it was passed and signed by Governor Hughes. It was a law: the moral sense of the community had been enacted into a statute. Let us now see what happened to it:

Earl Ives was a switchman working for the South Buffalo Railway Company and receiving a usual wage. On September 2, 1910 (a few months after the act for the benefit of him and others like him had been passed), Ives was at his usual work. The following is the official legal description of what happened: (The railway company, in the suit that followed, formally admitted "each and every allegation," so that there was never any dispute about the facts.)

"While so engaged, plaintiff stood on about the thirty-second car of said train, and gave a signal to the engineer of the locomotive attached to said train to take up the slack in the train, and that upon the engineer so doing the jar in taking up the slack caused plaintiff to be thrown to the ground. . . ."

Pause here while the thing that happened is vivid in your mind and reflect on this question, which is the root of the whole matter: Would *you* personally prefer that Ives himself should bear the entire cost of this accident, the loss of pay while out of work, the doctors' bills, and all? Or would you prefer that the South Buffalo Railway should pay it and charge it up to you and your neighbors in the shape of your share of the added freight rates, say a thousandth of a cent in the course of a year. The later decision of the Court of Appeals of New York, hostile as it was, admitted the theory of the law, which had been passed to protect Ives and others like him:

"There can be no doubt [this is the language of the hostile court] of the theory of this law. It is based upon the proposition that the inherent risks of an employment should in justice be placed upon the shoulders of the employer, *who can protect himself against loss by insurance, and by such an addition to the price of his wares as to cast the burden ultimately upon the consumer;* that indemnity to an injured employee should be as much a charge upon the business as the cost of replacing disabled or defective machinery, appliances, or tools."

Mark that point: if a machine is broken, the employer pays; if it's a human being, the employer need not pay.

"That under our present system the loss falls immediately upon the employee, who is almost invariably unable to bear it, and *ultimately upon the community, which is taxed for the support of the indigent.* . . ."

Note that last point carefully. Note two things about it: note, first, that the present system does the incredibly brutal thing, compels decent, self-respecting men, with their wives and children, through no defect in their own characters, to become seekers of alms. Note, secondly, that *you pay anyhow.* Which would you prefer, to pay in the shape of an extra half cent a year for the clothes you wear, or pay in the shape of taxes to support almshouses? And bear in mind that what you pay now is more. The Court of Appeals admitted that, too. The very next sentence of their decision said:

". . . *Our present system is uncertain, unscientific, and wasteful,* and fosters a spirit of antagonism between employer and employee which it is for the interest of the State to remedy."

These words are not those of any social worker, not of any advocate of Employees' Compensation Acts, but of the very court which in the next breath decided in substance that the people of New York had not the power to change the very conditions which they admitted were intolerable

But let us follow the orderly history of the Ives case. In the lower court the switchman won; the case was put through promptly because both sides wanted a final decision which would settle the law forever. In the Court of Appeals it ceased to become merely a case between a railroad and one of its switchmen; it was recognized that a vital principle of public morality was involved, and the same humanitarian organizations which had worked to pass the law now intervened before the court with briefs in its favor.

The court admitted the necessity for the law. Read their lumbering language:

"We desire to present no purely technical or hypercritical obstacles to any plan for the beneficent reformation of a branch of our jurisprudence in which, it may be conceded, reform is a consummation devoutly to be wished"

The court admitted further that:

"Our own system of dealing with industrial accidents is economically, morally, and legally unsound."

But all these admitted considerations of public policy, justice, and world-wide conviction were set aside; the court conceded them all, but solemnly declared they were

"subordinate to the primary question whether they can be molded into statutes without infringing upon our own written Constitution."

The court decided that the Ives family could get no redress—that was a small matter perhaps, merely one more case of individual suffering; it decided that the law was unconstitutional—that is a phrase. But the court went further and said in substance that such cases as Ives's must go on forever, that the Legislature and people of New York never can pass such a law.

The feeling with which thoughtful men received this decision, thoughtful judges and teachers of law among them, can hardly be described as indignation; it was something deeper, slower moving, and more irresistible than that. No one was more stirred than Mr. Roosevelt. There appeared in the "Outlook" a powerful editorial entitled "Can a Free People be Free?"

It was this decision and the blank wall it presented to progress that caused Mr. Roosevelt to invent the idea which was quite generally called "the recall of judicial decisions." And the recall of judicial decisions means, not what its enemies and Mr. Roosevelt's have said; it does not mean appealing from the umpire to the bleachers; it does not mean that the question shall be referred to the people whether Earl Ives shall get a certain sum of money from the South Buffalo Railway; what is to be referred to the people under this theory is the general question whether the Employees' Compensation Law shall stand or be null and void. And, in a democracy, that question should be decided by no other power. It was this case and the theory of the recall of judicial decisions that inspired Mr. Roosevelt's speech to the Ohio Constitutional Convention the day before he "threw his hat into the ring." More than any other immediate thing, this case inspired the candidacy for the Presidency which finally resulted in the existence of the Progressive party.

An Umpire's American League Team

By WILLIAM EVANS

PICKING an all-star team is merely a matter of opinion. A star in the eyes of one critic may look only ordinary to another. Perhaps no one in baseball is in a better position to judge the relative merits of the various players than the umpire. The judges of play see the various teams in action in 154 games, contested under all kinds of conditions. Undoubtedly no field of sport offers a greater opportunity for diversity of opinion than baseball. Thus it is very questionable, if it would be possible, for anyone to select an all-star aggregation that would meet with popular approval.

Not caring to parade my opinion alone on an all-star team, I called on the judgment of the nine other men who make up the American League staff of umpires. Nothing proves more the difference of opinion that can exist than the selections of the men who judge play in the younger major organization. No two umpires selected exactly the same team. The selections offered above are a composite selection of the players favored by the various officials.

On five of the positions of the mythical All-American team there was a unanimity of opinion. On four positions—first base, second base, catcher, and shortstop—the judges of play differed to a certain extent. Three arbitrators looked on Oscar Stanage of the Detroit Club as the best receiver, while Ed. Sweeney, John Henry, and Bill Carrigan had two umpires each who espoused their cause. First-base honors were divided between Johnny McInnis of the Athletics and Hal Chase of the Highlanders. Five of the arbitrators leaned toward McInnis, while four favored the peerless Chase.

Shortstop honors found "Heinie" Wagner of the Red Sox, Jack Barry of the Athletics, George McBride of Washington, and Bobby Wallace of the lowly St. Louis Browns with their champions. Four liked Wagner best, three regarded Jack Barry as the leader, while two favored McBride and Wallace. Third base also had its champions. Five of the umpires could see no one but "Home Run" Baker, while Larry Gardner and Eddie Foster had two each on their side. On the positions of pitcher, second base, and the outfield, all the umpires agreed on the same men.

In selecting a team of stars from the American League, the umpires considered 1912 form alone. Two years ago, if anyone asked any member of the American League, player or umpire, who was the greatest first baseman in that organization, without the slightest hesitation the reply would have been: "Why, Hal Chase, of course; he is the greatest first baseman in the world." The Hal Chase of the past two years, however, has not been the Hal Chase of old. Injuries and very serious illness have severely handicapped his work. In fact, when one considers Chase's condition, it is really remarkable the ball he has played. I have seen Chase play day after day on his nerve alone.

If, at the close of the 1911 season or the World Series, some one had inquired as to the greatest shortstop in the American League, he would have received the same reply from everyone connected with the organization, "Jack Barry." Barry's work during the seasons of 1910 and 1911 was the feature of the Athletics' play. No one man contributed more to the success of Connie Mack's club than the brilliant shortstop. Frank Chance of the Cubs and John McGraw of the Giants were free to admit that Barry was the man who broke up many of their best laid plans in the two series in which the Athletics triumphed. Jack Barry did not show his true form in 1912 because of a series of accidents, one a very serious injury to his shoulder. Just to illustrate this point, I mention a conversation that I had on the bench with Connie Mack during one of the final contests of the season. I was waiting for the bell to ring to start the game, and in the interim I watched the Athletics at fielding practice. Barry was evidently on edge, for he was constantly pulling off some kind of a phenomenal play. While marveling at his work, I looked in the direction of Connie Mack, the strategic leader of the Athletics. Connie was evidently intent on Barry's play, from the conversation that followed.

"What a wonderful shortstop, Connie," I remarked after Barry had pulled off a particularly remarkable play.

"The greatest shortstop in the world," suggested one of the Athletic players who was sitting near by on a bench. All the time Mack was listening and watching.

"Yes, Jack is the greatest shortstop in the world this afternoon," added Connie. "What a difference it would have made if he had been in shape to play that kind of ball all year," sighed the tall leader of the two-times champions of the world. Evidently he was thinking of a hope blasted, the winning of the greatest honor in baseball the third time in succession.

When he offers an opinion on any subject pertaining to baseball, you may rest assured it is worth while. I was an attentive listener to his comment on the play of the wonderful Barry. Anxious to know what shortstop Connie looked on with most favor, I asked him to whom he thought the 1912 honors belonged.

"The American League is rich in shortstops," said Connie. "Barry, Wallace, McBride, Bush, and Wagner are brilliant performers in the veteran class, while Weaver, Chapman, and McMillan appear to be youngsters of much promise. To Wagner, however, belong the laurels of the present season. His work at shortstop has been simply phenomenal. No one has been a more prominent factor in the success of the Boston Club than he." Then the bell rang, the discussion on shortstops ended, and the real battle was on.

Great catchers are a wonderful asset to any ball team. In baseball it is often related that no club ever won a pennant unless it was rich in catching material. A research of the records will bear out this statement to a large extent. The wonderful work of those two great young catchers, Henry and Ainsmith, ably assisted by Williams, was a great aid to Clarke Griffith at Washington. Jake Stahl will tell you that Carrigan, Cady, Nunamaker, and Thomas were of great aid to his club in the fight for the pennant.

Oscar Stanage, who was favored by a majority for the stellar honors among the backstops, is an ideal catcher. Endowed with a splendid physique, he is an excellent mark for the pitchers to shoot at. It is surprising what part this plays in a pitcher's control. His judgment of batters would be hard to improve upon. He has a grand throwing arm and is a very fair hitter. His only fault is a slowness of foot.

Of the star pitchers, Walter Johnson is the master twirler. I have never yet heard anyone closely connected with the game deny the wonderful prowess of the Washington speed merchant. He has terrific speed, a good curve, and a nice slow ball.

Hughey Jennings's comment on Johnson, in relation to the great Amos Rusie, is of interest.

"Most of the old-timers will tell you that no one was ever as fast as Rusie, but I must take issue with my former comrades on the field. I believe Walter Johnson is the speediest pitcher that has ever stepped on the rubber. I have batted against Rusie when he was in his prime, but Amos never showed me as much stuff as I have seen Johnson dish up to my players. You must also remember that Rusie pitched from a distance considerably closer to the plate than Johnson, which, of course, made him look faster.

Despite his wonderful stock in trade, Johnson has no greater asset than his even disposition. Nothing worries him. He never fumes at the umpires. Errors by his team mates do not peeve him in the least. He is a glutton for work and game to the core. In a pinch he always shows to the best advantage. Pitchers of the Johnson type are few and far between. Ed. Walsh is a wonder with the spitball, Vean Gregg is a grand left-hander, Joe Wood and Jack Coombs are stars, but there is just one Walter Johnson. That is what they all say.

Just to illustrate what sort of a chap Johnson is, I quote a little happening of the past summer:

Johnson, with sixteen consecutive victories to his credit, threatened to tie, if not surpass, the wonderful achievement of "Rube" Marquard in winning nineteen straight games. Johnson had scored his sixteenth win over Detroit. St. Louis followed Detroit into Washington. Then, in the seventh inning of a St. Louis game, with Washington one run in the lead, Johnson was sent to the rescue of Hughes, who had gotten into trouble. When Johnson went on the mound there were men on first and second and one out. A wild pitch moved up the runners a base, and a single sent the two men over the pan with the runs that won the game.

(*Concluded on page* 34)

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Oscar Stanage
Catcher,
Detroit

Walter Johnson
Pitcher,
Washington

Frank Baker
Third Base,
Philadelphia

Eddie Collins
Second Base,
Philadelphia

Catcher	Stanage	*Detroit*
Pitcher	Johnson	*Washington*
Shortstop	Wagner	*Boston*
First Base	McInnis	*Athletics*
Second Base	Collins	*Athletics*
Third Base	Baker	*Athletics*
Right Field	Cobb	*Detroit*
Center Field	Speaker	*Boston*
Left Field	Jackson	*Cleveland*
Utility Infielder	Barry	*Athletics*
Utility Outfielder	Milan	*Washington*

Johnny McInnis
First Base
Philadelphia

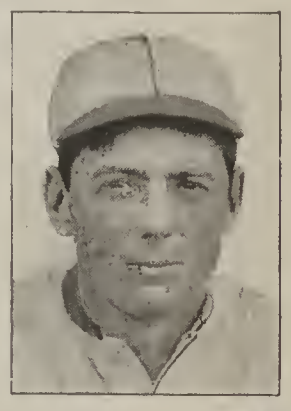
"Heinie" Wagner
Shortstop,
Boston

Tyrus Cobb
Outfielder,
Detroit

Tris Speaker
Outfielder,
Boston

Joe Jackson
Outfielder,
Cleveland

Jack Barry
Shortstop,
Philadelphia



Clyde Milan
Outfielder,
Washington

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Jimmy Archer
Catcher,
Chicago

"Chief" Meyers
Catcher,
New York

Richard Marquard
Pitcher,
New York

"Jeff" Tesreau
Pitcher,
New York

"Nap" Rucker
Pitcher,
Brooklyn

Christy Mathewson
Pitcher,
New York

Hans Wagner
Shortstop,
Pittsburgh

Another Selection From The National League

By WILLIAM J. KLEM

MY JOB, umpiring in a big league, calls for "tough decisions" right along, but not many of them are tougher than the task of picking an all-star team from among 150 ball players good enough to get this far along in their profession.

But as every fan has an opinion on this subject, an umpire, who works among them all and at much closer range, should be entitled to give his opinion as well. I haven't any prejudices on the subject, no one to favor or to knock, but I will pick the team that I would rather own or manage from National League players if I had first choice from the field.

The National League has had a good, well-played season through 1912, with many veterans still in great form and a big crop of youngsters coming forward. In looking over the list, I believe I can pick a team well able to take care of itself against the field—or against any other team picked from any other league.

Starting out with the catchers, I don't believe I have ever seen a season where there were more first-class men. Among the veterans and near-veterans we have Bresnahan, Kling, Dooin, McLean, Archer, Meyers, and Gibson. Among new men who have come forward we have Kelley of Pittsburgh, Killifer of Philadelphia, Clarke of Cincinnati, and Wingo of St. Louis. But, after all, there are two men that outclass the others in almost every way upon 1912 form.

The first is James Archer, the Cubs' great receiver; the other is "Chief" Meyers, the slugging backstopper of the Giants. Archer is the greatest catcher of them all—brainy, active, sure, and quick with his arm and a dangerous man in the pinches. I have seen him break up game after game by his hitting and save game after game by his individual work back of the bat.

"Chief" Meyers of the Giants is not as active a catcher as Archer, but he is an even better batsman and almost as steady in other ways. With Archer and Meyers on guard the only problem would be as to which of the two I should give most work.

THE PITCHERS AND THE INFIELD

IN MY opinion the New York pitching staff was one of the big factors in the Giants' success. Marquard first put them out in front, Mathewson helped hold them there, and Tesreau did the rest, coming through in time to give the final boost under the wire. So in picking my pitchers I would turn to New York first. Alexander, Hendrix, Richie, Sallee, Suggs, Benton, and others are all first-class men. But if I had McGraw's three stars, with "Nap" Rucker added, I wouldn't worry much about the box. And in the list I would place Rucker first, as, in my opinion, he is one of the greatest left-handers ever developed, and with a winning team would be almost unbeatable.

Marquard did some wonderful pitching in the first three months of the race. I worked behind him and know what he "had on the ball." And, believe me, it was a lot. As for Mathewson, he looked about the same—maybe a little bit slower, maybe with a little less curve—but still a wonderful artist, and one always in there working the right way.

I have never seen a youngster show more than Tesreau, and in my opinion he will be one of the greatest pitchers ever developed by the end of another year. Tesreau has far more speed than most people think he has, as his immense bulk gives a false impression in this respect. And I have found him to be game and always working with good judgment. I have worked behind them all—have seen everything they had to show—and at the end I'll take Mathewson and Tesreau for my right-handers, Rucker and Marquard for my southpaws and call it even.

It didn't take me many minutes to figure out the list wanted for infield work. Merkle, Konetchy, Hoblitzel, Saier, and Luderus are first-class first basemen, but Jake Daubert is the best man in the league at this job. Daubert is quick, a wonderful infielder, a high-grade man with the bat, and a tall hustler. I've seen him save too many games almost unaided not to know his worth.

Second base settles quickly between Larry Doyle of New York and Johnny Evers of Chicago. Evers is a great ball player, one who has had a fine season in every way. But to my mind Doyle is one of the most valuable ball players I ever saw. He can hit, field, run bases, and the rest of it; and, better still, is always in there fighting through every second of every game. He never slows up, never loafs, and knows how to pull his infield together and carry the rest of them along. I've seen a good many second basemen in my time, but none that I would rather have than Doyle.

Catchers	Archer	*Chicago*
	Meyers	*New York*
Pitchers	Mathewson	*New York*
	Marquard	*New York*
	Tesreau	*New York*
	Rucker	*Brooklyn*
First Base	Daubert	*Brooklyn*
Second Base	Doyle	*New York*
Third Base	Zimmerman	*Chicago*
Shortstop	Wagner	*Pittsburgh*
Outfield	Bescher	*Cincinnati*
	Magee	*Philadelphia*
	Wilson	*Pittsburgh*
	Schulte	*Chicago*
Utility Infielder	Sweeney	*Boston*

Moving over toward shortstop, there isn't much to say except Wagner. For all-round value—for all that goes into the make-up of a wonderful artist—Pittsburgh's wonderful Dutchman hasn't a rival. I have seen him make plays that I knew were impossible—and make them look easy. I have seen him tried at every turn of the game, and while he has made his errors, I have yet to see him make the wrong play. Twenty seasons haven't shown another like him. And I doubt if twenty more seasons will come any closer to the answer. Tinker, Doolan, and Fletcher are all wonderful shortstops well above the average, but there is only one Wagner.

Added to Daubert, Doyle, and Wagner comes Zimmerman of the Cubs. Herzog of New York and others may outfield this Chicago player, but a man who can hit like Zimmerman and hold his own at third is good enough for me. He isn't the best third baseman I have ever seen, but what is more to the point, he is one of the most valuable. In my opinion, Zimmerman did more toward putting the Cubs up in the race this season and holding them there than any other one man.

Another thing about Zimmerman is the factor that he has played his best ball in the closest games, and against New York and Pittsburgh, Chicago's hardest rivals. He will make his error here and there, but he will also hit them all—and drive in double the number of runs he may lose at third.

My choice for utility infielder is Sweeney of Boston, a driving hitter, a fine second baseman, and a brainy, scrappy worker. Sweeney could fill any infield gap, and fill it nicely. And he can always hit.

THE OUTFIELD

THERE are any number of good outfielders to pick from—good, steady men who would hold their own against any field. In the list I find Wilson, Bescher, Schulte, Marsans, Wheat, Magee, Murray, Sheckard, and a dozen more. This selection is the hardest of them all to make; but in the end I believe I would be well enough satisfied with Bescher of Cincinnati in left, Magee of Philadelphia in center, and Wilson of Pittsburgh in right, with Frank Schulte of Chicago next choice as utility candidate. These four have something on the others for all-round value. Bescher, a good hitter and a grand outfielder, is the best base runner in his league. Magee has pursued an entirely different course this season, and has done fine work. He is a fine man with the bat and a brilliant outfielder. Wilson of Pittsburgh can hit, field, and throw, and he is far from being slow on his feet. I have seen of just what value each outfielder has been to his club all the year, and it is from this that I make my choice.

There may be a better pick, but not from the work I have followed closely from close range all the year. And while I have been forced to leave out many stars, those selected belong slightly above their team mates.

Jake Daubert
First Base,
Brooklyn

Larry Doyle
Second Base,
New York

"Heinie" Zimmerman
Third Base,
Chicago

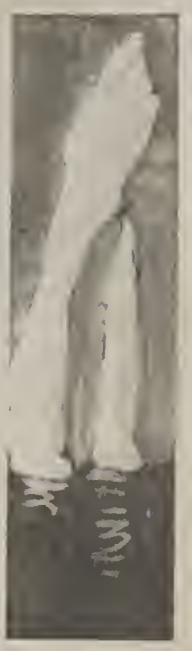
Robert Bescher
Outfielder,
Cincinnati

Sherwood Magee
Outfielder,
Philadelphia

"Chief" Wilson
Outfielder,
Pittsburgh

The Humble Opinions of A Flatfoot

Frank Criticism and Intimate Pictures of Our Navy by a Bluejacketed "Gob"



I—Target and Battle Practice

The letters published here were written by a sailor aboard one of the battleships of the Atlantic Fleet to an author whose books he admires

SKETCHES BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

DEAR BLANK—"Uniform same as yesterday"—it is Easter Sunday, but we don't blossom out on gala days in this outfit. It is fine weather, however, and the air here on the Southern Drill Grounds, off the Capes of Virginia, would shame the air in any church in Christendom.

At 7 A. M. the firing squadron got under way—it was target practice. We were stake ship this morning, and defined the range. The *Mississippi* towed the targets, and as soon as the third division of ships cleared the line between us and the *Minnesota* (the other station ship), the five ships of the firing line opened up with broadsides from all their twelve-inch turrets.

Target practice in the Atlantic fleet is a grand sight, and not to be comprehended at all from the moving-picture samples.

Of course the whole spectacle is meaningless: it is all raw physics, a drama of the elements, Nitrogen starring, but a suddener, noisier, more violent liberation of material force couldn't be wished for in anything that is to be gaped at and wondered at. And at the same time, modern gunnery shows an unparalleled antithesis of violence and control. Our range finders, with their closely figured angles, have robbed geometry of all its innocence. Our guns hit! And they would hit a hundred times oftener if lined up against a battleship, instead of a tiny little target screen at a distance of twelve and fourteen thousand yards.

NOWADAYS it isn't a question of keeping your powder dry. Our guncotton is all used wet, except for the primer. The lenses of the telescopic sights and range finders are the things to keep dry.

Our target practice is all done in formation at a speed of fifteen knots, and at the proper distance the target division tows the targets. The distance between ships in column (that of the firing division) is five hundred yards, and this is the best distance to witness the firing. When our own ship is firing, the jolt is too great, and the air gets full of smoke and bits of the powder bags, so that there is no fun in it.

But it is a great sight to see the ship ahead of us fire. The smokeless-powder smoke is yellowish, and not at all dense, as you see it in the photographs. And pictures miss the incandescence that rolls out in a great cloud as the gun is fired. The smoke you see in pictures is a yellow sheet of fire at the instant of discharge, then instantly it begins to cool and changes to yellowish smoke. It is not a flash, but a big curling wave of fire.

It is another day of target practice. This time our ships have the rafts in tow. The squadron that is to fire is far away on the horizon but coming closer every minute. Soon the gray column steams up on the firing line. We need but one glance at the billowy volumes of smoke pouring out from their stacks to realize the speed being forced into these huge masses of steel.

Now they are in range. A red flag flutters up the mast of the leader. It is the firing signal—a knife thrust of flame leaps out at the same instant—a ranging shot. It falls short—the spotters make an estimate, while the tall white fountain of spray still hangs in the air over where the shell hit. The next shot will know better where the target lies.

THE spotting shots over, the whole thundering column is at it hammer and tongs. These grim dreadnoughts, silent so long, are now alive. Now they begin to talk up: this is their life. A big, spiteful lick of flame tells us of each shot fired. In firing salvos the firing ship is veiled for an instant in a fierce yellow curtain of flame like a flag thrown to the wind and as quickly whisked away. The firing squadron is fifteen thousand yards away, but the sharp, heavy jolt of noise these guns make has a vitality that reaches. First a sharp, stinging report, then it reverberates like distant thunder and sometimes ends in a peculiar *crunch* that damps it altogether. The targets are screens of wood with battens—strips of light wood nailed across like lathing—the frame secured to a heavy towing raft. The rafts are towed four hundred yards astern of the towing ship. When the distance to the firing ship is so great, [illegible] the angle is that would train the shells on the towing ship, especially when the windage and deflection are almost unknown quantities when the first spotting shots are fired. Well, three times, so far, in target practice we have had shells whiz across our quarter-deck.

Of course, everyone in the ship's company laughs hard at such things. I know I laughed as hard as anyone, but I couldn't help but think—supposing just one man was slightly injured! Not a great strain on the imagination to bring the shells down a few feet lower. What a change in the psychology of the situation!

I saw a fellow knocked over the side by a coal bag, a couple of months ago. (He was found a week later washed up on the beach.) And I hated to see the effect of the mere close idea of death. Isn't there a

"What are you giving orders for? You are dead!"

hailstorm of death all over the surface of the earth? What if it does strike close?

These ships are big murdering machines. They are all on the side of killing and death. What place has mild pathos behind these guns?

The Aztecs used to restrain themselves from exterminating their weaker neighbors, so as not to spoil their annual war games. A genuine fighting nation should keep in the element. A good war would be the finest thing that could happen to our navy, from the standpoint of efficiency.

BATTLE PRACTICE

DEAR BLANK—We have just got through a long, hard week of battle practice. I don't know how much or how little interest the public really takes in this topic—it is sometimes inked up heavy in the papers, but is too anemic for people brought up on civil-war histories. Still, the amount of coal we consume should interest everybody. Let me include another "nevertheless" to the effect that Nietzsche (a fine word for drill message) says what man likes most is the most dangerous toy.

Some fine champion bouts; they are refereed by some cool-headed officer

We split up into forces—the Red Force and the Blue Force. Each is made up of four dreadnoughts, four battleship cruisers, and eight torpedo-boat destroyers.

The destroyers cannot stand very heavy weather, but are wonders for speed, and on a dark night are almost invisible. So they are excellent pickets and scouts before an engagement, and in opening an action can cut a path through a mine field, leaving a safe wake for the battleship column, and during a battle have all the agility of a picador, not to speak of their deadliness. It is only a fair compliment to their value in action that our ship carries sixteen six-inch guns and six three-inch guns—all these together constituting our defense battery.

In our game, the destroyers were naturally used as a screen. At night they formed a network of pickets, and even on a bright moonlit night their presence on the flank had to be taken on trust. That is, without the aid of searchlights. But as soon as an enemy is positively ascertained to be within range a blaze of light is thrown upon it, and it becomes a beautiful target.

Our night steaming formation consisted of a main column of battleships, a vanguard and rear-guard of destroyers, outposts of battleships on each flank, and destroyers for pickets beyond the outposts. The order for steaming at night prescribes that ships be completely darkened—no running lights and no signals except those absolutely necessary.

TO PREVENT our firing on our own outposts and pickets, a recognition signal is provided, a blinker light in a tube screened with six layers of cheesecloth. Now, if we are uncertain whether a ship is a friend or enemy, we point this tube at it and it answers with the proper flashes from a similar tube. In such a case if no answer comes back we fire a green star from Very's pistol, turn on all our searchlights and train all our guns, and the bugler blows the call for "Commence firing!" Then the enemy is required by the rules of the game to turn on her running lights and steam out of range. But if she gets well within range before discovery she fires a red star, turns her searchlights on us, and we are done for. Our ship was an outpost in our left formation and we always spotted the enemy first, but the *Minnesota*, our sister outpost, was blown up by torpedoes. What she needed was not thicker armor, but a better grade of binoculars. But, taken altogether, our "night screen" was a complete success.

Of course, a battleship, once she turns on her searchlights, makes herself a perfect target, but it is figured out that only five per cent of torpedoes fired at full range will hit. A torpedo is very erratic, and will sometimes turn back and hit the ship it was fired from. And all the time a torpedo boat is advancing it is exposed to an awful fire from a battleship's secondary battery. It is taken for granted in our war games that once a destroyer has come within range she cannot reasonably be supposed to escape. She can give her little jolt and that is the end of her.

In night maneuvers, it is all a matter of efficient lookout service. Of course, the ships also get good practice in steaming in formation without running lights, the searchlight crews get well under control, and the fire control system gets exercised in estimating ranges the instant the searchlights pick up a target. Then, too, the guns are all manned, the telescopic sights being used in exploring the horizon for the enemy, and once an enemy's ship is picked up and illuminated by searchlights all the operations of pointing, loading, and firing are carried through with dummy shells and a subcaliber rifle mounted on the gun to get the gun crew used to noise.

BUT at night there is no absolute scoring of points such as we have in our day-battle practice. In the daytime the signal "boy" comes to the front and looks out for the skipper. "Stand from under" if you don't get the flag hoists up with a rush. Every ship that we fire on must be indicated by a flag hoist. When the enemy's ship sees that we are firing on her, maybe you wonder how she can tell whether or not she is hit by our Christian Science shells. It's simple enough—there is a big sheet tabulating all the possible damages a ship might meet with when under fire—the strength of battery and different ranges in different columns—and each possible hit and resulting loss of speed, stability or fighting capacity—all the chances of war spelled out in terms of the spots on a pair of dice. These are thrown each

space of three minutes that a ship is under fire. If the dice declare her to be sunk she breaks the breakdown flag and sheers out of formation. She may only have different compartments flooded, lose one knot's speed, have the helm jammed, the conning tower shot away and all officers and men in it killed, the steering engine room disabled, different gun batteries out of commission, masts shot away and fire control disorganized, torpedo tubes damaged, etc. —and in every case must act accordingly. Once the skipper shouted up to the navigator, "What are you giving orders for? You are dead!" And we were sunk in the deep blue sea one day.

We use mines, too, to add to the fun—empty five-gallon oil tins painted black. If we run into one of these we suffer accordingly. One of the "problems" this week was to test out the interference of mines in battle maneuvers, how much they will stand in the way of our pretty formations. Another problem was the testing out of a "fast wing" of dreadnought cruisers, a new type of ship that we simulate by pasting the proper trademark on cruisers like the *North Carolina*.

A chart is made out every five minutes of the grouping of all the ships, the red and blue coloring showing the opposing forces. These charts are studied over after the fights. When the ships come in port in the bay, discussions are held at the officers' club. I overheard the captain say to the executive officer that last night's session was more fun than a barrel of monkeys.

Our fun is in the prolonged extra watches. The minute the enemy comes in sight the word is passed, "Signalmen take their battle stations," and we cart all our hundred and ten flags down—a set on the fo'castle and a set on the quarter-deck, and every time the turret is trained to the opposite beam we have to wrestle with our flag racks and get them across the lee side of the barbette. Then, if the flags don't go up like skyrockets at the least sound of an order from up above, it's all up with us—we are everything bad.

At captain's inspection this morning, the old man asked me how long I had been a signalman. I said since last June. He passed along. I didn't know whether he was going to bust me back to the decks or not. Well, my shoes were shined, I was shaved, and uniform spotless. He looked me all over. Maybe he is getting a bead on me.

More about this game in my next.

THE WAR GAME ENDS

DEAR BLANK—Well, our latest war game came to an end yesterday with a pitched battle on the open sea. Our squadron was supposed to be an invading force with an option on three points of attack—Ambrose Channel, Delaware Breakwater, or Cape Henry. We had been given time to lose ourselves from the defending force. At night we steamed without lights and during the day a rigorous lookout was kept for the enemy's scouts. They had laid a network of destroyers, and even with all that great length of seaboard to take account of we were neatly caught. This is a naval drill that is fine and profitable. It is easy to see what an excellent scouting instrument a torpedo destroyer has turned out to be. Every time we have war games they make rings around the fleet and no one the wiser.

Early yesterday afternoon we got the first sign that we were located. A lookout reported "Smoke ho!" on the port beam. A telescope showed up the tops of two cage masts sticking up from where they were sharply cut off by the line of the horizon. On the assumption that this ship was the van of the enemy's main column we changed course and made inward toward the coast. Here was where we ran our nose straight into trouble. We ran right into the main column—the other ship we had made out was only a scout.

We engaged battle, with Maxim silencers working marvelously. But these silent battles are far from being smokeless. When a ship puts on reserve speed to gain a position she becomes a black cloud of swirling smoke. If she hoists a flag signal no one can see it. And if it was real war we would think she was blowing up.

Well, it was a good, sharp battle—a fine drill—and we won.

Now we are going to Hampton Roads, and next comes target practice off Cape Henry.

THE SMOKER

DEAR BLANK—We are down here in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and to pass the time we had a smoker on our ship last night. The committee had passed the hat for all kinds of funds: there is nobody like a bluejacket for being free-handed in the interests of a jolly good time. You hear a lot about the rough times we have. But it is a thing to open your eyes to see how the bunch here can forget all these rough times all at one jump and be head over heels in any sport that comes their way.

You will run across bluejackets in the art gallery

Talk about a red blooded gang of fellows! You will see a ship finish coaling—everybody black as the ace of spades and all played out at the end of the long, hard day. All played out? Well, just you pass the word for a visiting party to go to a smoker. The fellows wash up like magic, and you see them at the smoker all dolled up in their clean uniforms. A gentleman of leisure isn't in the race for looking fine and getting all the fun there is.

Well, our ship was "it" last night. A good feed, a classy amateur vaudeville, and some fine championship bouts. Maybe you think prize fighting is vulgar. Maybe you think navy boxing is extra tough. If so, you are wrong. You are thinking of the "ring" as it is on the "outside," with its line-up of "rummies" and saloon keepers shouting and practicing profanity. With this picture in your mind our matches would look to you like some impossible dream.

The ship's carpenter rigs up an amphitheatre of benches on the fo'castle. It may be a hot night, but here is a breeze of fresh air—too much for the unlimited cigars and cigarettes that are passed around.

Every man present is in perfect uniform, smooth-shaven and sober. Down here in Cuba the uniform is always white, and it is a great sight to see this multitude of men all in white uniforms with black neckerchiefs—the uniforms snow-white, the faces brown and ruddy and eager for the fun. The officers look fine, too, and have as jolly a time as the men. Some of the officers bring their wives and lady friends, and, never fear! they will find nothing to be offended at. The bouts are refereed by a cool-headed officer—probably some ex-champion of the academy.

BETWEEN times we have our ship's band to help out, reenforced by talent from other ships.

But the finest feature of these smokers is the meeting of old shipmates who have been separated by transfers from ship to ship. Sometimes you have even forgotten there was such a fellow in creation, and then a glimpse of his face brings it all back. Or perhaps he was your one best side kicker when you went around the world on one of the old ships, and you talk over the times you had together in China.

I have friends all through the fleet. All kinds—but they all wear the blue and so do I—there is the tie.

Well, our smoker was a big success.

As the visiting parties left the gangway a good many hearty cheers went up by way of thanks for the good sport. Each ship tries to outdo the others in affairs of this kind. I guess they will have to go some to beat ours.

It only goes to show how slick a bluejacket is at inventing a good time when there is none in sight.

Believe me, we need what little fun we can get down here in Cuba. There is a lot of salt water between us and the States. The other night one of the ships got up anchor and started back for [illegible] made us think of a lot of things to [illegible] the water, moving along silent and [illegible] running lights telling a story of [illegible]

MORE LIBERTY

DEAR BLANK—I want to tell [illegible] liberty is to a bluejacket.

At last the old ship is standing in the harbor and the word is passed: "Lay aft all the liberty party!" We shift into our dress blues in the twinkling of an eye. We line up on the quarter-deck and are inspected—our uniform must be clean and "regulation." The full pressure of the regulations squeezes down on us to the last minute.

But once on the dock, we are out of this cannon of rules, and a funny, loose feeling comes over us. Now we can do anything we please. The great free world has thrown open its doors. We think over all the things we might do, then we split the difference and go and buy a beer.

"I assure you all bluejackets act like perfect gentlemen when ashore"—so the young recruit wrote to his grandmother. It was an awful insult when men in uniform were debarred from admittance to certain dance halls and theatres. In the same way, if a man came to your house and smashed the furniture you would insult him dreadfully if you weren't hospitable to him thereafter.

We go ashore to explode—to tear loose. We have been in an ungodly sober frame of mind for a long space of time and we are going to get even. We do. There are more ways than one. Down in Buenos Aires there was a certain section so tough that it was a terror to the local police. Well, some one in one of the dives did a sailor "dirt." Then it was "Charge bayonets!" with bare fists, beer bottles, and chairs; and the American sailors cleaned out the section for further orders. I may mention that the same improper frame of mind has been known to win famous victories.

If the flags don't go up like skyrockets we are everything bad

But New York City is *the* burg—this is real pillage for the Goths.

The fleet comes ponderously up the North River, their mud hooks take a large jawful of New York mud, and in a matter of minutes the city is infested with blue uniforms. You will run across bluejackets in the art galleries; and as for you—you, of course, won't run across them in the rankest holes on the Bowery. In New York we see all points of historic interest—for instance, Tom Sharkey's joint.

ON the ship we are like children whose mothers are always saying "Mustn't, mustn't!" Ashore we can do as we please; a great and glorious privilege while it lasts.

You think of the freedom of the boundless sea—fine dope in poetry. But when a battleship is steaming four bells and a jingle on a great stretch of ocean entirely surrounded by fresh air, just remember that the ship represents several hundred hot spots of gray matter full of Broadway and such. After a few weeks out on the bounding main, I could write swell poetry about Times Square.

Talking of shore leave, our last was in Salem. And maybe we didn't own the town. I regret to say that some of the actions of bluejackets ashore offend certain good people. One "gob" had a great eye for comfort. He went into a millinery store, got into the show window, "demished" down on a heap of spring bonnets, and nothing could disturb his peaceful slumbers. This was a novel way of advertising hats, and it drew the crowd. Another humorous sailor stalled a grocery wagon in the middle of a busy street and talked affectionately to the horse, calling it "Jimmy." One sailor, slightly intoxicated, was seen with bucket and swab going sailor fashion at swabbing up the sidewalk in front of a saloon. The poor "gob" had the habit. It is a dirty trick for fate to get on your trail like that.

As to our spending money, it is "fire at will." What we don't spend we give away. All the bums of the town are our friends for life. They all used to be in the navy, all old shipmates, so they tell us. Our cash is as fidgety as the rest of us when we're in the beach. It goes for candy, *[illegible]* of cigars, moving picture shows, post cards, ginger ale highballs, etc.

Leave it to us to pick the strawberries in the patch

Don't think it isn't [illegible] spent [illegible] ashore. Other people [illegible] stocking [illegible]

Nobs

Being the Accurate Record of the Experiences of Lord Montague Porringer in His Endeavor to Exploit the Nobility of England

V. The Macallum

"Excuse me," said the host in an agitated voice, "but did Lor — er—that—er—gentleman pay you those £75?"

By

J. S. CLOUSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

THROUGH the little station of Achnacallum precisely four trains passed daily, two going south and two going north. Of these, two stopped at Achnacallum as it were spontaneously, and the other two if notice were given to the guard or half a crown to the station master. It was, naturally, an event of some local importance when one of these trains was due, sometimes as many as six or seven persons gathering from the adjacent glens and assembling on the platform. At the very least, the station master always made a point of putting in an appearance on such occasions. But on a certain morning in June, just before the south-going train was due, the station of Achnacallum saw a quite exceptional scene of bustle and excitement. For an hour or two previously, stray clansmen had dropped in, or rather down, since the Macallum country towered high on all sides above the railway, all in their best clothes and with an air of quiet expectation, till nearly a dozen were assembled. Then up drove a carriage and pair laden with luggage, and out stepped a tall and brawny young man and an ancient and erect lady. The clansmen raised their hats respectfully as Callum Macallum of Callum, augustly styled "The Macallum," conducted his grandmother along the platform.

The old lady regarded the gathering with evident satisfaction.

"This is a very gratifying send-off for you, Callum," she said.

"Not so bad," said the chieftain circumspectly.

The old lady seemed equally pleased with the prudence of his reply. "Never give yourself away, nor anything else that you can help," had been the maxim on which (and porridge) she had brought him up.

"And now, Callum," she said to him earnestly as they stood waiting for the train, "you'll mind the warnings I've given you. London's a terrible place. It's fifty years since I was there myself, and, from all I can hear, it's got even worse since then. People will be trying to get money out of you just right and left. There are bad men waiting for the chance of getting hold of young men who have never been in the town before, and representing themselves to be this and that, friends of your family and what not, and just fairly cleaning you out if you trust a word they say!"

"I'm not likely to do that!" said the young chief with a stern smile.

"Well, Callum, I hope and pray you won't! You're going to London to get money, not to spend money. Mind that always! I'd never have let you go at all if the lawyers hadn't said it was necessary. But it can't be helped, and I've just got to trust to your sense."

"I think you can do that," said Macallum, modestly yet firmly.

At that moment the train came in, and with a last earnest word of advice the old lady bade a Spartan farewell to her grandson; the clansmen again saluted him, and he stepped resolutely into a first-class carriage. The question of which class he should travel had been debated by his grandmother for several weeks previously, his rent roll indicating third and his dignity first. Seeing the company which had assembled to do him honor, she could not feel too thankful that she had allowed dignity to carry the day. At the same time, just before the train moved off, she added a postscript of caution, reminding him in a whisper that people who traveled first class had to economize in other directions.

THE young chief, finding himself for the first time alone in one of these richly upholstered conveyances, and embarked on his first journey to London, naturally grew extremely thoughtful. Both his parents had died in his infancy, and The Macallum himself and his encumbered estate had during a long minority been managed by the capable dowager. He had not yet quite reached his twenty-first birthday, and it had been her intention that till that date, and if possible for long after, he should remain in the dignified seclusion of Castle Callum, thus maintaining inviolate his innocence of mind and simplicity of habit. But the business that required his presence in London concerned a legacy, and since something had to be risked, she prudently decided it should not be the money. It was a courageous decision, considering what the temptations of a great city are to a youth of twenty, but the chieftain's reflections at this crisis were extremely reassuring. During all the hours he spent on the journey he only debated one question: How to escape being taken in by the unscrupulous inhabitants of the metropolis?

IN THIS commendable frame of mind he arrived at Fuller's Hotel, a quiet hostelry near Russell Square, ate a frugal meal, and retired early to bed. After breakfast, finding that newspapers were supplied by the management without extra charge, he was glancing down the columns of the "Morning Post," when he observed that among the notabilities whose arrivals in town were chronicled appeared the name of The Macallum at Fuller's Hotel. For a few minutes his pleasure was extreme, but this sensation was short-lived. The shocking thought struck him—"Now they all know I'm here; they know where to get at me; heaven help Macallum if his vigilance is relaxed!"

In this sober frame of mind he visited his lawyers and produced upon their minds the gratifying impression of being the most cautious young man who had ever baffled a solicitor (even his name and age were only extracted after a prolonged cross-examination). He then lunched at one of the Aerated Bread Company's establishments, visited the British Museum and National Gallery since he found it was a free day at both, and returned about tea time to his hotel.

There he picked up an evening paper and, in an even higher degree, experienced the same conflicting emotions. There was an article, half a column long, all about himself! It gave a really glowing account of the history of his famous race, the number of acres he possessed, the age and grandeur of his castle, and his own interesting personality. It made really very pleasant reading; but, then, what a dangerous amount of information it disseminated!

At that moment a servant approached him bearing a card on a salver. On it was engraved the name of "Lord Montague Porringer."

"The gentleman is waiting in the hall," said the servant.

The Macallum remained for several minutes in silent and intense thought. He was not much inclined to be impressed by the peerage, since he had been brought up to believe that their titles were all of comparatively recent origin, dating at the earliest from, say, the reign of the fifteenth chieftain of Macallum. At the same time they were generally taken as implying a certain degree of respectability. He decided that it would be safe enough to see the man.

Lord Montague entered with his most gracious and smiling air, and introduced himself as a fifth cousin, a member of his mother's family having, he said, once married a lady of the famous race of Macallum. The young chief knew his pedigree by heart and made no comment on this statement. His manner, however, so to speak, contracted.

His lordship then proceeded to exhibit a remarkably intimate knowledge of the chieftain's circumstances, with the result that Macallum's replies became confined to monosyllables. Nothing discouraged, however, Lord Montague next alluded to the Macallum article in the evening paper, saying that it would immediately establish his young kinsman as a social celebrity, and adding with a significant smile that there were possibilities of making something *substantial* out of that nowadays. At this, for the first time, a faint hint of emotion was perceptible in the chief's countenance, and though it seemed of an ambiguous character and instantly vanished, his new friend was encouraged to still greater frankness.

"Who do you suppose, my dear fellow, wrote that article?" he inquired with a still more confidential smile.

Macallum deliberated over his answer.

"I don't know," he replied in a moment, adding to himself: "He won't get much out of that!"

Lord Montague laid his hand on his shoulder genially.

"I wrote it myself!"

The young chief's self-restraint was remarkable. Though this statement finally disposed of his visitor's claim to be a kinsman and a lord (since no one in either capacity could conceivably be imagined as contributing half a column to an evening paper), and though his sinister hand still lay on his shoulder, he never moved a muscle. All he did was to remark in a subdued voice: "Oh!"

"Yes, my dear Macallum, it is I who has made you a celebrity! And now, what about taking advantage of your fame?" He drew a chair close to The Macallum's side and continued confidentially: "I can lay my hand on fifty people in London who will give you anything from fifty to a hundred guineas for appearing at one of their entertainments! Dear old boy, how does that strike you?"

It seemed to strike the dear old boy dumb.

"You don't believe me? Well, I make you an offer on the spot. Got your kilt with you, by the way?"

The chief murmured something that seemed intended for assent.

"Well, then, you put it on and turn up at a certain house, which I'll name if you consent, at 10.30 to-night and I'll get you seventy-five guineas!"

The Macallum looked at him fixedly. Then, in a tone whose irony was so dry that it was lost upon a mere Englishman, he said:

"I'd like to be seeing some of that money."

"Now?"

"Aye," said the chief in the same tone.

LORD MONTAGUE drew out a crackly bit of paper. "Here's a beginning," he smiled.

The chief looked at it warily. It purported to be a £10 note. He rose with a firm and even menacing air.

"Just you wait here for a moment," he said; "I'm going to change this."

He smiled grimly as he went to the office. It was very likely they would change an imitation £10 note! And then should he hand the man over to the police for circulating false money, or just get rid of him quietly?

To his stupefaction he saw the sovereigns counted into his hand. He dropped them thoughtfully into his purse, buttoned it again into his secret inner pocket, and returned slowly and thoughtfully to his guest. This affair was deeper and darker even than he had suspected. Clearly he was going to be swindled; but how? What was the policy of this bogus kinsman? Suddenly he saw it in a flash: the man was going to start by giving him £10 and then ask him for £50 in return! The Macallum smiled again; he could meet him at *that* game!

When he rejoined Lord Montague the smile had gone and his face was a mask once more.

"Well," smiled his lordship, "got the ten golden quid? And now for making the other sixty-five; what?"

"Yes," said the chief grimly. "I'm wondering how that's to be done."

"Just as I told you. You turn up to-night in your full war paint—kilt, sporran, dirk, and all the rest of it—at No. 310 Cromwell Road, put in an hour there, and you'll get the money. The hosts, by the way, are called Montgomery-Cohen—Jews, of course, like many of my best clients, but you'll meet a very smart lot of people, and you can drink as much champagne as you like—that's thrown in!"

HIS lordship laughed pleasantly and seemed to assume that the arrangement was made. The chieftain, on the other hand, showed no such confidence.

"A very nice lot of people, you say?" he repeated in an odd tone. "You couldn't give me some of their names, I suppose?"

Lord Montague again became very confidential.

"Between ourselves, my dear Macallum," said he, "I'm supplying all the celebrities myself, so I can tell you. You'll meet the Marquis of Orpington, Lord Rockington, Lord Perivale, the Dowager Duchess of Guildford, Lady Fiddlewood, and Lady Gwendolen Harebell. I've booked them all for to-night's show."

"And they're all getting paid?"

"Every one, my dear fellow; it's an everyday thing nowadays."

The Macallum pondered over this extraordinary story. That a gentleman or a lady should receive a monetary reward for rendering social services was, of course, out of the question; but what could be the man's game?

"You'll be there yourself, I presume?" he said presently.

"I? Well, my dear fellow, I'm getting to be a little too well known. It might be embarrassing to some of my clients if I put in an appearance. But, look here, if you feel at all shy about it, I could meet you somewhere and just take you into the house."

"And pay me the money?"

"If you insist, I've no doubt I could get Mr. Cohen to pay me in advance and then I could hand it over to you."

"Sixty-five pounds in sovereigns?"

"They'd be rather heavy, wouldn't they?"

"I'll risk that," said the chief firmly.

"Very well, then. Will you call for me at my club?"

"No fear!" said Macallum. "I'll meet you outside the house at half past ten. It's a lighted street, I suppose—oh, of course, they're all that in London."

"A lighted street!" exclaimed his lordship. "Why—"

"Oh, just so that I can recognize you," said The Macallum hurriedly. He wasn't going to explain his suspicions, no fear!

"Well, then, till 10.30!" said Lord Montague, holding out his hand.

The Macallum bowed, but drew the line at shaking hands with such a character.

The instant his visitor had gone he went straight to the London Directory and looked up 310 Cromwell Road. It actually was tenanted by a Mr. Montgomery-Cohen! The mystery grew even darker. What *could* be the precise nature of the swindle? Would the man fail to turn up? But if so, what was the point of the plot? He even said he would go with him into the house—at this point the astute young chief gave a smothered exclamation. He understood the infernal plot now!

A stern voice hissed in his ear: "If you try and get loose I'll open your throat like a haggis!"

He next debated the question of whether he should go and meet the miscreant. But his spirit was firm, his muscles were strong; and then 65 sovereigns had been mentioned. He decided to risk it.

At 10.25 The Macallum stood outside a gayly lit-up mansion in the Cromwell Road. He wore a cloak of Harris tweed, and beneath it the costume of his race—including the dirk. At 10.30 he was joined by a portly figure in a fur coat.

"Well, my dear fellow, shall we come in?" said his lordship brightly.

"There is something first," replied the chieftain.

"What—you want your money now—before we go in?" smiled Lord Montague.

"I do."

The Macallum experienced yet another shock of surprise. He was actually paid 65 sovereigns before he even entered! Prudence counseled his instant retreat with the sovereigns in his sporran; but he had a high sense of his duty to society and he decided to do it.

"After you," he said, as they passed through the door.

Lord Montague stepped in front and [illegible] felt a muscular hand grasp him [illegible] point of a dirk prick his neck. A [illegible] voice hissed in his ear:

"If you try and get loose I'll [illegible] haggis!"

And then he was propelled sharply [illegible]

The Macallums in their day had performed many striking and dramatic actions, but none had ever been more striking or more dramatic than the young chief's entry into the drawing-room of Mr. Montgomery-Cohen. Still holding his victim sternly in front of him, he broke the hush of astonishment which greeted his entry by demanding in a firm and grave voice:

"Is Mr. Cohen here?"

"I—er—I am he," said a short, stout gentleman with shining black hair and diamond shirt studs.

"I've caught you a burglar," announced the chief.

"A burglar!" cried Mr. Cohen; and then staggered back. "It's—it's—" he began, and then broke off; for there were certain delicate reasons for not pronouncing the name of Lord Montague Porringer aloud in that assembly.

"I don't know who he really is," said The Macallum, "but he calls himself Lord Montague Porringer, and he pretends he has hired out a lot of lords and ladies for your party!"

As a rule Macallum made no pretense of being a humorist, but he did expect a laugh at this. Instead, there was an awful and embarrassed silence. He came to the conclusion he had not made his point sufficiently clear.

"He came to me," he continued, "and said you wanted to pay me 75 guineas for coming here in my kilt!"

"The Macallum!" exclaimed several voices.

BEING unaware that his arrival had been looked forward to as one of the events of the evening, the young chief looked extremely surprised.

"It was just to get into your house, of course," he explained. "I soon enough saw that was his game; and I'm thinking it's very few spoons you'd have left if I hadn't seen it! What shall I do with him? Perhaps you'd like to introduce him to the nobility he's hired you!"

Surely he should have got a laugh this time; but no, the jest again fell absolutely flat.

"Let go of him! Leave him to me! It—it's all right," cried Mr. Cohen desperately.

The Macallum let go, and his victim sank into a chair and gurgled faintly. He seemed to be half choked. Then the chief bowed stiffly and withdrew.

He was overtaken in the hall by Mr. Cohen.

"Excuse me," cried the host in an agitated voice, "but did Lord—er—that—er—gentleman pay you those £75?"

Macallum looked at him warily.

"Supposing he did?"

"They are mine!"

The Macallum did not even condescend to reply. As if, with his experience of London, he could be done as easily as that! As he walked home with his sovereigns clinking in his sporran he had only one regret, and that was comparatively slight.

"If I'd traveled third class it would have made it over £70 clear profit!" he sighed.

"This is a very gratifying send-off for you, Callum," she said

The Great Naval Review on the Hudson.—The A

FROM A PAINTING

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nerican fleet steaming up the river to its anchorage

HENRY REUTERDAHL

Far out upon the smiling waters a small, blunt skiff, empty save for a black cloak across the thwarts, drifted into the golden track of the sun

The Out-Trail

It Leads Toward Liberty but Away from Love

By
ELIZABETH FRAZER

Illustrated by
THORNTON D. SKIDMORE

IT WAS not an auspicious day for suicide either by land or by sea. The sun was already afield, and across the high, bare escarpments, which like two giant arms landlocked the brilliant little bay, a strong offshore breeze was blowing. High overhead, a flying white squadron of clouds sped under sealed orders to some uncharted aerial harbor, flags on the tops of summer hotels streamed and sang taut at their halyards, the tide, swimming at the flood, washed with a soft plop-plop against the sides of boats and jetties and far out where upon the smiling waters a small, blunt skiff, empty save for a black cloak across the thwarts, drifted into the golden track of the sun. Sidney Cochran, with a motor coat thrown hastily over her nightgown and the mists of sleep still clinging in her eyes, stepped out upon her airy balcony to survey the day. Far beneath her on the shore, in the bluish shadows of the cliff, a clustered knot of men arrested her gaze. Ten minutes before, a woman with bowed neck rowed steadily out from the rippling shore, past piers and bobbing anchor buoys, and in full sunshine stood up, dropped her enveloping cloak, and, without a look around, stepped over the side. A man, lying in the lee of a tall crane, who had raised himself on one elbow to watch the receding boat, ejaculated in sudden dismay, sprang to his feet, and, shedding his jersey, raced toward the water. Ten minutes later Sidney Cochran, holding her coat close to her bare throat, and with the wind making spindrift of her tawny hair, hung far out over the balcony, the better to observe that little group, momently augmenting. And Chance, having set the mimic stage, and neatly synchronized the opening events, one falling pat upon the other, abandoned the players, without a line, without a cue, to perpetrate a comedy or a tragedy or a summer roof-garden performance, as they jolly well liked.

SIDNEY bathed and dressed leisurely and donned her soundless slippers (everybody in that house wore soundless slippers), with one ear alert toward the sun parlor on the wing below from which floated up voices, one a deep, fluent rumble as of a man reading aloud, the other exploding at intervals in sharp, violent staccatos. Sidney grimaced and rang the bell. She decided on a quiet breakfast in her own room before descending to the seat of war. An hour later she ran lightly downstairs and met the young secretary fleeing like a hare before the hounds, his face as white as his flannels.

"Thank heaven you're here, Miss Cochran," he burst out, "for I'm off! Absolutely. He's fired me out of the house. It's the third time overnight, and, by Jove, I'm going to bolt!"

"Poor you!" smiled Sidney. "I heard father training his guns on you early this morning. Did you have a terrible night, Mr. Coutts? Didn't he sleep at all?"

Archibald Coutts threw up despairing hands. "Sleep! He's forgotten the word." He stole a quick glance behind him and lowered his voice. "You know he drowses for half a second, and then, when I think he's off at last and lay down my book, he opens one eye and says in that hot, still voice of his, which sounds as if it just came off a bed of live coals: 'Coutts, where are you? For God's sake, wake up and read to me. What do I pay you for?' And this morning, after a night like that, he—he kicked my shins! Actually, Miss Cochran. And so I'm going."

SIDNEY bit her lips to repress a smile. "Oh, surely he did not!" she said. "My father has an impatient habit of stretching his legs. And please don't leave us." She laid a soft hand on his arm. "We'll have some one to help you by to-night. Go take a dip in the sea, then a nap and a spin along the headland. Tell Hodges to put you up a lunch. And don't hurry. I'll spell you for the rest of the day."

With a final nod and smile, she turned to the sun parlor. At the far end of the room a man all in white, with a white visored cap drawn low over his brows, sat immovable and mute, staring at the sunlit space of floor between his knees.

"Good morning, dear," called Sidney cheerfully. With lithe, graceful steps she crossed to his side, seated herself on the arm of his wicker easy-chair, and pressed a cool, fresh kiss on his cheek. "How are the D. O. N. (d—— old nerves) to-day? Better? Did you sleep?" She removed his cap and smoked glasses, revealing stiff, iron-gray hair and fine-carved, choleric features. Her fingers, moving softly about his temples, affected his tortured nerves like a strain of gentle music. For perhaps a moment, leaning his head against her shoulder, he slept.

"Has Coutts gone?" he inquired abruptly, opening one eye. "There are wells of dullness in that fool."

Sidney laughed.

"Poor Archie! He's not so deep as all that. Yes, he's gone—for the day." Still stroking his brow, she said in a lowered tone: "Father dear."

He bent a slow, smoldering gaze in her direction. "Well? What now?"

"Our extra man has failed us. I had a wire this morning. But perhaps we may pick up some one in the village for a few days. Shall you mind—much?"

COCHRAN drew his palms down his face with a passionate, despairing gesture, and stood up. "No, child," he said with a kind of violent calm, "*I* don't mind! Anybody with ordinary brute intelligence will suit me. But no more fools."

"Good!" Sidney cried gayly. "A brute intelligence we'll find for you this very day if there's such a thing on the island. But, father dear"—she held up a guileful finger—"if I procure this rare commodity, you in return must solemnly promise one thing."

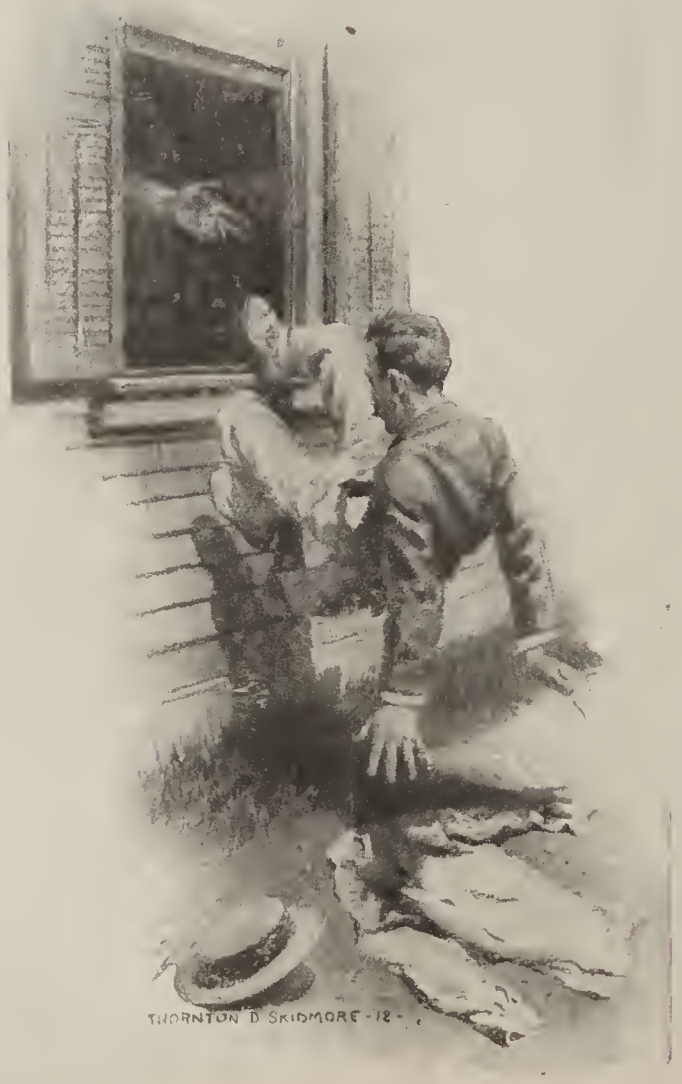
"What?" growled Cochran.

"Not to kick its shins. That the ordinary brute intelligence will not stand—even from a higher brute!"

Cochran laughed shortly. None but his own girl would have dared such an allusion.

"We'll try the beach first," continued Sidney. "They're bringing in the seine. I saw them this morning from my window. Shall we have a look?"

With infinite tact and an occasional gentle touch on his elbow, she guided him from the room and down the steps, within a foot of Coutts, who, with towels over his arm, had stopped dead in his tracks, rigid as a pointer dog. Cochran went by without a glance.



"He chucked me through the window. I brought him clothes to make a hit with your father"

"Lift up your head, dear," said Sidney. "This air is glorious." Describing in lively colors the brilliant, windy day and the dazzling belt of water, she got him in safety down the rugged cliff path and upon the shingle, which glistened like a wet mackintosh beneath their feet.

"They're not fishing after all," announced Sidney. "It's some object lying upon the sand. Perhaps Major Bannister has landed his tuna."

"Perhaps some one's drowned," suggested Cochran with grim hopefulness.

"Father!" Sidney exclaimed. A few minutes later, with serene young authority parting to right and left the beach men and women, she broke to the core of the circle.

"Oh, my dear," her shocked voice sounded low at his ear, "it is some one drowned! Oh, poor creature! She's young, too, and quite pretty—but so ghastly pale! They're working over her—a queer, outlandish man swinging her arms. There! She breathes. Oh, father, she's come to!" In her excitement she dropped to her knees.

"Clear out," muttered the man between his teeth, but without looking up. "Give her air."

A light, soft sigh lifted the bosom of the immobile figure, a breath which struggled like a bird in her breast to be free. Her brows bent in a faint frown; she opened her eyes, unsmiling and dreadfully pale, and tried weakly to sit up.

Sidney's outlandish young man laid a firm, sunburned hand on her chest.

"There, there!" he said. "Not so fast. Lie still a bit. You've done enough for one day!"

HE SAT back on his haunches, squatting lightly on his toes, one palm pressing the sand like a runner. His keen, hardy glance just touched Sidney, then slid above her head to the dado of rough faces. A slight vapor rose from his body, where his undershirt, stretched skin-tight between powerful shoulders, was drying rapidly in the sun.

"Where's that old party I heard screeching a while back?" he demanded.

Several hands from behind thrust forward an elderly woman, sketchily dressed in a draggled red kimono and shawl.

"Ah, there you are, mother. Step out. Now, what's the row with this girl of yours? Speak up and stop wringing your hands." The woman's lips moved tremblingly. Her face was dim and swollen with weeping. "What—a lover, eh? I thought as much. And you wouldn't have it? A hot-blooded lover and a cold-blooded mother—and the girl jumps into the bay. Well, I fished her out this time, so in a sense she's mine—salvaged goods—and if I give her back, it's on condition you do as I say. And what I say is just this: Give him to her. If she hankers for him, give him to her. I'll bet he's a chump, not worth his salt. That's the kind women mostly die for. No matter. She's bound to have him. So give him to her as you'd give castor oil to a kid. She'll holler loud enough before the whole dose is down! But better that than the bay."

HE LAUGHED softly, and his straight, smiling glance dropped like a plummet into the depths of Sidney's clear, uplifted eyes. "How's that for advice?" he challenged.

"I—I—" she stammered, pink with confusion and dimly angry at the familiarity of his lowered tone. She became suddenly aware that for the past few kneeling minutes she had been caught clean out of herself, swallowed and absorbed in this person's identity. There was something bright and casual about him, like a loaded gun lying in the sunshine, which at once attracted and repelled her. She decided he was not a gentleman, and felt obscurely relieved.

"Ought you not to move her out of this heat?" she asked coldly.

"Oh, she'll do now," he said indifferently. "But for a while it was touch and go. A funny thing," he meditated. "I felt away down

deep she was fighting me, fighting hard. She didn't want to come back. That's why it took so long."

He bent down, gathered the girl firmly under the arms and knees, and, squaring his shoulders, stood up buoyantly. Suddenly he gave a great start.

"Take away that wet braid," he ordered sharply. "It feels like a snake."

Sidney moved the long black tresses with gentle fingers. He bowed his neck to her touch, shuddering faintly.

"Now lift that arm higher—around my neck. That's right. She's still mad at me," he whispered. "Look at that mouth."

Sidney looked. "Poor thing!" she murmured. With a swift little burst of pity, she leaned over and kissed the dead-white sullen lips. As she bent, the man's breath was on her ear, and the faint scent of her hair and clothes was in his nostrils. Suddenly ashamed of her demonstration, she broke away to her father and stood tightly clasping his hand. The man, after one level look, drooped his eyelids. The girl stirred in his arms. He eased her, took a step forward, and spoke across his shoulder:

"Now, mother, lead the way home. The matinée's over."

The beachers dissolved into twos and threes, some still curious ones following the flexible, striding figure with its burden to a small drab tent pitched on the high sand.

"They're campers," explained Sidney to her father.

COCHRAN laid an imperious hand on her shoulder. "Who is that man? What is he like?"

Sidney knit her golden brows. She was used to making thumb-nail sketches for her father. "I can't describe him exactly," she said. "He's different. He looks like Kipling's blond beast, not tall but compact, and awfully alive." She pondered over this aliveness a moment. "He's not a gentleman," she finished.

Cochran let out a little sardonic grunt. "He doesn't have to be, my dear, because he's something better. God made man and women made gentlemen. That chap's an original—primitive stock. He belongs by instinct to the quarter-deck. Did you hear how he handled that girl? Run after him, child, and fetch him back. I've decided to engage him."

Sidney hesitated. Like her father, she had a nose for novelty, the same reckless, autocratic streak, but sweetened by youth, and there was something in this new personality which provoked and baffled her. "You talk to him yourself, dear," she urged. "Ah, he's coming back." She beckoned with a fluttering handkerchief.

The man vanished inside the tent and the next instant reappeared, swinging along bareheaded, with feet that seemed scarcely to touch the sand. He stopped abruptly before the girl.

"You flagged me," he notified her.

Sidney nodded and pressed her father's arm.

"He's here, dear," she whispered in rapid French, "but do be careful. The man's an active volcano. He looks hot to the touch. And just now he has lowered his head at us and is pawing the ground as if he were going to charge!"

The man had indeed shifted his feet and was staring at them a little wildly. It had flashed over him that the grim, old, visored party was a lunatic, and the stunning girl in the white frock, with the palpitant white throat and the cool, smiling, unafraid eyes, was his keeper.

"What is your name?" asked Cochran.

"Content."

"What!" Cochran was taken aback. "Content, eh? Well—are you?"

The man looked swiftly about for escape. "Am I what? Am I Content? Yes—Harry Content. How do you like it?"

"What is your occupation?"

HARRY CONTENT had curved one arm above his head as a shield from the scorching sun. Beneath it, supply poised, he eyed his man with a sideloog, narrowed stare.

"Fishing mermaids out of the bay," he proffered carelessly. He brought down his arm and straightened himself. "What do you want?" he asked, a little roughly. "I see you're not crazy."

Cochran laughed outright at the tribute. "I want you, my man," he retorted.

"What for?"

"For a companion, to talk with me, walk with me, amuse me—"

"Amuse the devil!" broke in Harry Content scornfully. "What do you take me for? Companion, eh? Say trained goat." He snapped his teeth together. "I'd last about an hour at that kind of a hangdog job. Then I'd kick the confounded door off it hinges and march out into the open. No—thanks just the same. I serve no boss, man or woman. What's under my hide is mine!" He turned on his heel and walked rapidly away.

Sidney ran forward and caught his sleeve. "Oh, please!" she cried, panting as she kept pace with his big, angry strides, but resolutely holding on. "Please let me explain."

HARRY CONTENT stopped and drew a deep breath.

"That guy made me hot with his precious job," he confessed. "I see myself sticking my head into such a noose. The high-nosed old pirate!"

"You don't understand—" began Sidney.

"Oh, don't I? I've eyes in my head. I've seen his like before. D—— autocrats!" He kicked the shingle savagely, dealing, as it were, all the autocrats of the world one compact, universal kick.

"It's just because of that," she said eagerly. "He's tired of gentlemen, and he says you're not one, but an original, God-made, untouched by women."

"You don't understand," she said again, gently. "My father is blind."

"What?" he cried, amazed. "Blind?" He stood in a stare. "I saw there was something wrong with the old boy. I guessed he was a bit mad. The way he held down his head. . . . But blind—" He mused intelligently. "And he wants me to lead him about, tip off things to him, explain the blooming show. . . . Still, I don't just see—" He darted a keen, suspicious look at her. "If he's blind, how can he tell what I'm like—that I'm the right party. I'm jolly well not, you know."

"It's just because of that," she said eagerly. "Because you're unusual that he wants you. He's tired of gentlemen, and he says you're not one, but an original, God-made, untouched by women."

Harry Content's thick brows shot up in a queer ridge; beneath them his blue eyes were very gay.

"I don't know about God!" he murmured, with a laugh. He looked down at her hand, resting light and warm against his arm, and held his peace about women.

"Halloo!" he said, turning his head. "What's that?"

COCHRAN'S irritable voice was heard calling: "Sidney! Sidney!" They watched as he came with tapping and uncertain steps across the sand. The girl turned to Harry Content. "You'll come?" she whispered.

He looked straight into her eyes. "I'd like to oblige you," he said. "But the job is out of my line. I pass. It's not as if he were [illegible] help—"

"Ah, but he is!" he cried [illegible] than the veriest beggar in the land [illegible] with him one day and watch [illegible] pressed her palms together, [illegible] 'Burning torments—!' she whispered. 'It [illegible] the sight comes and goes [illegible] and has people about who don't [illegible] oh, surprisingly well. And he [illegible] comes a bad night, or a scene—the slightest sound [illegible] him—and the light blows out like a candle."

"I see," murmured Content. He hung above her, motionless, profoundly attentive, as in low, hurried tones she explained the complications of her father's malady, his fits of melancholy and brooding, black despair. The tide with its scarf of yellow foam swam almost to their feet, mingling its soft gurgle with her voice.

"Now," she said, "he has taken this fancy to you. He is always looking for the healing personality which he hopes will make him well. And if you would consent to try us," she smiled winningly, "my father would make it worth your while."

"I dare say!" he said dryly.

She perceived she had made a false step, and added hastily: "I know money doesn't interest you—"

Harry Content uttered a big, throaty chuckle. "Don't it, though! Now you're talking like a school miss. Money's about the most interesting stuff in the world—especially when it's in the other fellow's pocket."

"Well, then," she began eagerly, but he cut her off sharply.

"Wait a minute. Let's get this thing straight. It's not a case of loving money less, but of hating bosses more. There's blood in me, a sort of wild mustang streak, that bucks at the first show of authority. Call it a mania. I've tried to beat it down; tried various 'sure cures'! You'd laugh if I told you. . . . Time and again I've taken on a job, nailed myself hard and fast into the coffin and said: 'Stay there and sleep through life like the ordinary dub.' It's no good. I've got to come out." . . . He heaved a big chest as though bursting invisible grave bonds upon him, and muttered in a strange voice: "Freedom! Head room to turn in. It's a hanker in me like the hanker of a sailor for the sea, or a lover for the lips of his girl." He shook himself and spoke in a changed voice. "And now I'll be off. So long to you, Miss Sidney."

"No, no!"

She took a step toward him.

"Don't go. You shall be free as air."

HE SHOOK his head, a little half-smile on his lips as he watched her.

"For a day, a week. If father likes you he will be very good—"

"No," he said resolutely, "no." He looked at her, dazzling white in the sunshine, the patch of throat visible beneath her chin, a soft, throbbing shadow. "You don't know what you're asking."

Cochran bore down upon them. "Sidney?" he cried nervously. "Sidney, where have you got to?" She laid a caressing hand on his shoulder. "Where's Harry Content?" he demanded. "I like that name. I believe he's the man I'm looking for to make me well."

"I've been discussing the matter with Mr. Content," said Sidney slowly. "He—he is very independent."

"Of course he is," agreed Cochran genially, leaning on his stick. "That's what I'm going to hire him for—to be independent!" He raised his voice a shade. "Give me your arm, Content. Tell me how you resuscitated that stubborn girl."

Harry Content wheeled, and the same instant Sidney, divining his intent, executed a swift flank movement. With a little gesture of determination, she caught her father's arm and thrust it through Harry Content's.

"Here he is, dear," she panted. "Hold on to him!" She stood away from the pair, a little pale, but triumphant and laughing.

HARRY CONTENT gazed at her fixedly, perfectly still all over save for a steady enlargement of his pupils. Sidney stared back like an obstinate child. A flash passed between them. Then, unsmiling, brows drawn in a somber line, he turned to his new employer.

The next morning Sidney awoke a half hour earlier than usual. For a few precious moments she lay looking in a sweet, drowsy haze, vaguely conscious of a little glow in the back of her mind that something pleasant had happened. Something suddenly her mind focused. Harry Content. Harry Content had happened. She sprang gayly out of bed, [illegible] through her setting-up exercises with [illegible]

(Continued on page [illegible])

The Flying Fighters of France

There was a review of the aeroplanes of the French army at Villacoublay, near Paris, on September 28, at which Alexandre Millerand, Minister of War, watched the fleet and congratulated the aviators on their promise of usefulness as instruments of war. There were seventy-two aeroplanes present with their pilots, mechanics, observers, and repair and supply trucks. Thousands attended the review. The picture shows the monoplanes lined up in front of their tentlike hangars. Twenty aeroplanes left the field for their posts near the German frontier

The Wreck on the New York, New Haven & Hartford

Seven persons were killed and more than forty injured in a wreck on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad on the afternoon of October 3. The train, an express, made up of wooden coaches, attempted to take a crossover near the Westport-Saugatuck station while going at a speed of fifty miles an hour. The company's rules forbid taking crossovers at more than fifteen miles an hour, but the engineer was trying to make up twelve minutes lost time. Greater punctuality had recently been urged by the road officials

After 60,000 Cars

By R. E. Olds, Designer

I have built to date over 60,000 cars.

For 25 years I have watched their performance. I have found out and corrected a myriad shortcomings. I've acquired a world of caution.

Some say I'm "old-maidish"—too careful, too slow. But I call these things standards. I've made them my code.

My Latest Extreme—Big Tires

The new Reo the Fifth—out Oct. 1—is equipped with 34x4-inch tires.

That is 22 per cent greater tire capacity than I ever have used on a car of this size. Yet this car was always much over-tired, compared with usual standards.

These oversize tires add 30 per cent to my tire cost. But they add 65 per cent to the average tire mileage. They should save you in tire waste some hundreds of dollars during the life of the car.

Remember this fact when you come to compare cars. The tires on Reo the Fifth are now 34x4.

Make Some Other Comparisons

In judging cars, in these days of close prices, it is very important to make other comparisons.

There are dollars saved sometimes which cost buyers ten dollars. What you want is final economy.

Watch points like these:

Reo the Fifth has *190 drop forgings*. All makers use some of them to get lightness and strength. But Reo the Fifth has 190. And its racy lines, its lightness and strength are due largely to those costly forgings.

My springs are *two inches wide*. Each spring has *seven leaves*. The front springs are 38 inches long—the rear are 46.

I use *fifteen roller bearings*—11 of the Timken, 4 of the Hyatt High Duty.

Every important bearing has *bronze bushings*—even the smallest of them.

For safety's sake I use *14-inch brake drums*. I use a centrifugal pump.

I use a $75 magneto, to insure a hot spark when the car runs slowly. You can start on this magneto.

My carburetor is *double heated*—with hot air and hot water. So poor gasoline can't give trouble.

For big margin of safety, every driving part in this car is built for *45-horsepower requirements*.

No Chances

I take no chances on any part of this car, for chances sometimes cost dearly.

Each lot of steel is *analyzed twice*. Gears are tested in a crushing machine, to stand 75,000 pounds.

Each engine gets *five tests*—about ten hours each. It is run for 28 hours in the chassis.

I limit my output to an easy capacity of 50 cars a day. So the cars are built slowly and carefully—no man is ever rushed.

Parts are ground over and over. Our factory system insures a thousand inspections.

Petty Savings

I abhor petty savings. I could save, perhaps, $50 to $75 per car in the finish and upholstering if I cared to skimp.

But I put on this car a special body which costs more than wood or metal. I save by this 50 pounds in weight, and the body takes a wondrous finish.

I give 17 coats to each body. The fenders, radiator, hood, etc., have two coats of rubber enamel baked on.

The upholstering is deep, and of genuine leather. It is filled with the best curled hair. The backs as well as the seats are filled with springs, to give you the utmost comfort.

Every part shows the final touch. Even the engine is nickel trimmed. I believe that folks like these perfections.

Center Control

Reo the Fifth has my center control—a single light handle, out of the way, which does all the gear shifting by moving *three inches* in each of four directions.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. So there are no levers to clog the front doors.

The driver sits on the left side, as in electrics, close to the cars he passes. Yet the gear-shifting lever is at his right hand. Note how many great cars are following me in this. The old way of driving will be soon out of date.

Do These Precautions Pay?

The result of all this is that Reo the Fifth sells on a mighty small margin. I am keeping the price under $1,100, with all the new features, including these big tires.

Our profit per car is now a very small item, despite the fact that we make every part ourselves.

Yet there are cars which, at passing glance, seem to undersell this car.

I have told you the facts, so you may judge for yourself if these are things which you care to go without. Would you wish me to save you a little on price by trebling your cost of upkeep.

I am sure you'll say no. I am also sure that the time is coming when most cars must be built like this. Men won't have them otherwise.

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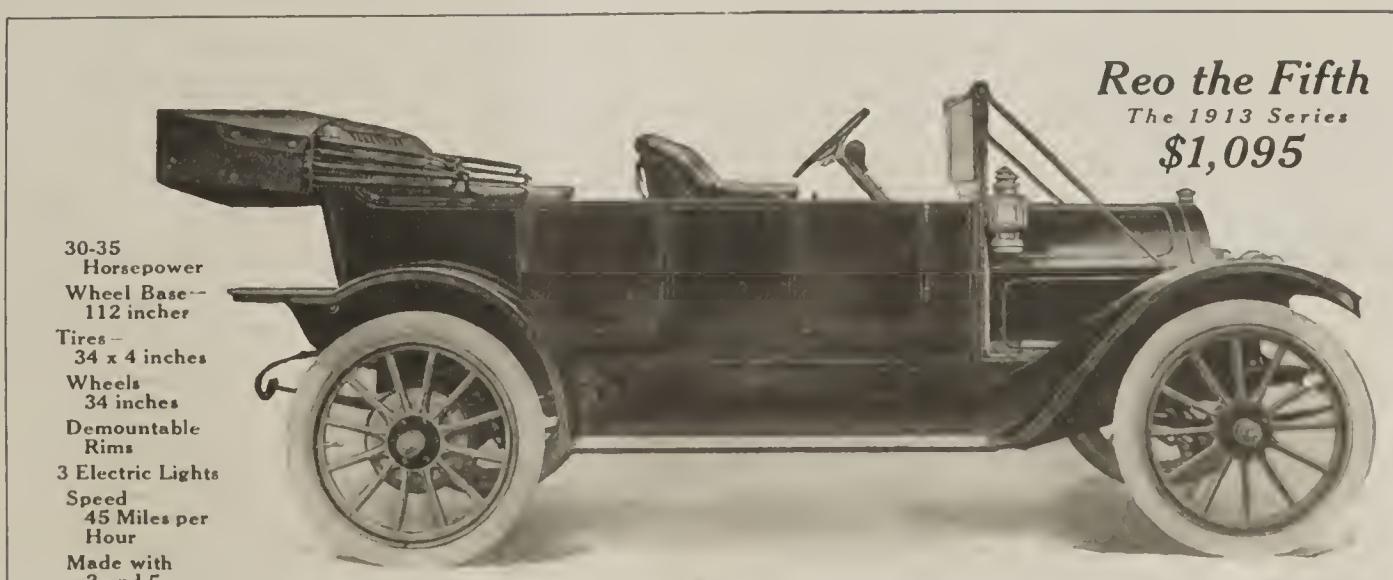

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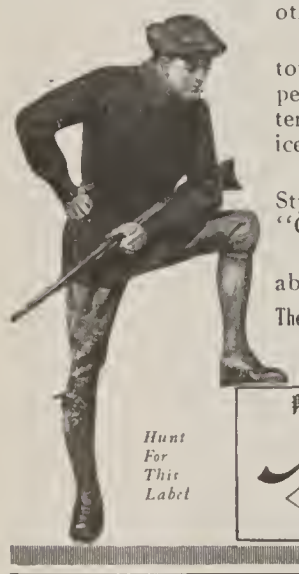

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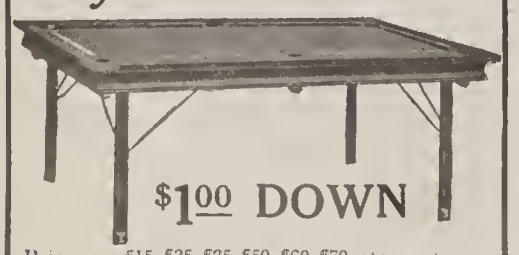

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Flatfoot

(*Concluded from page 15*)

and we are playing light opera for the benefit of the kids and older people sick of their old drudgeries.

There is one thing that alone is worth the price of admission to the U. S. N. And that is that when we go ashore everybody is our friend. I have told bums I was broke and then have them offer to buy me a drink. And I have ridden in the smoking compartment of a Pullman and talked to men of enormous respectability and been given cordial treatment. No one has his suspicions—we are not amateur sleuths nor are we selling books about the *Titanic* disaster. It is too bad that life insurance men don't wear a neatly designed uniform.

Sometimes we may act like a bunch of rowdies. But don't tell one we haven't earned the right! We ship to see the world, and we end by seeing very little of the world and a whole lot of a big, dreary ship. When aboard, a fly in a sugar bowl leads the simple life compared with a flatfoot. The idea is to shoo us up the instant our cheeks sag into the faintest unregulation line of comfort. The decks must have been wired, so that the act of sitting down operates an annunciator somewhere indicating the dreadful fact. It is always "Break out of here!" or "On the top-side all the deck force!" and up you go. And if you get on the sick list you will shine all the bright work in the sick bay to earn your light diet.

So when we walk over the gangway to liberty we have got to have our fun. Leave it to us to pick all the strawberries in the patch!

WHEN some sailors come back to the ship their heads have an increased displacement. But with a sudden tautening of the muscles they "check in" sober on the quarter-deck. Then, as they go forward, this nervous tension suddenly fades. And before the word sober is dry on the books opposite their names they collapse. This momentarily interrupted state of intoxication is known as a "smokestack jag." If you keep under cover later the game works all right. The main thing is to get back on time. If you don't the penalties are thick.

To me it is a picture with a human meaning I can't express to see a "gob" back from a big liberty. He sits down on a chest and faces the old navy again with a dazed, faraway look in his eyes. The hard fact of just what the navy is to him has caught him on the point of the jaw. Well, give him time and he will forget it a little.

On the outside, I hate to think of an office plug crawling up on his stool after a hard night. Here we turn to with a big scrubber and hammer our vengeance out of the deck in the midst of a torrent of salt water from the deck hose.

Don't you believe in sailors drinking? Then you had better favor total disarmament. For my part, I don't believe in booze on board ship—forward or aft—but if a sailor is strictly temperate ashore the odds are big there is something wrong with him somewhere. Ship's routine has a pressure so many pounds to the square inch. And, as an Irishman might say it: "If you want to get all the fun out of shore liberty, never go ashore."

The Out-Trail

(*Continued from page 21*)

ing softly as she swung her milk-white arms:

The wild man from Borneo has just come to town,
The wild man from Borneo has just come to town.

A disturbance in the room under her own arrested her arms, rigid in midair, like a young pagan priestess. A window on the ground floor ran up with a shock. There followed the sound of a concussion and of a cry.

Sidney flew to the window, nipped the curtains discreetly beneath her chin, and gazed interestedly below.

UPON the gravel walk lay Archie Coutts, and strewn about him, as if rained down from heaven, Sidney's startled eyes beheld gay articles of haberdashery, a pale lilac shirt, a black morning coat, and a pair of immaculate white trousers, spread-eagled on the grass. And above the pros-

Call For and Insist on Having

GOTHAM

Color-Fast Guaranteed

SHIRTS

THEY are made from especially woven fabrics of beautiful color and design. GOTHAM SHIRTS represent the culminating point in Shirt achitecture and are splendidly tailored.

In point of **comfortable fit, proportions and quality,** they maintain the standard implied by the Gotham label. $1.00 to $10.00 at all good shops.

Your personal copy of the Gotham Style Book De Luxe is worth while asking for. Request it today of

Gotham Mfg. Co.
200 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
Makers of GOTHAM PAJAMAS & ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR

Aims Easy As Pointing Your Finger

10 Shots Quick

That Finger will Save *Your Life*

THAT finger knows how to point.

Sometime, no telling when, its straight pointing will come to your defense. In a flash that finger's instinct — inherited from all its ancestors — will bring the Savage Automatic point blank on the burglar determined to take your life.

Forever after you'll be thankful for the inspiration which shaped the Savage pistol as it is, with the barrel true to the pointing line of the forefinger.

The Savage shoots only one bullet when the trigger is pulled. But in less than 3 seconds, the trigger can be pulled 10 times and 10 shots fired. Other automatics hold only 6 to 8 bullets.

Detectives, bank messengers, etc., carry 10 extra shots in a ready loaded magazine, which can be slipped in in half a second.

No other firearm was ever so urgently recommended by famous men for protection against burglars. 'Phone your dealer to send a Savage before tonight.

Information by authorities on what to do if a burglar is in the house, sent for 6 cents in stamps.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 8210 SAVAGE AVENUE, UTICA, N. Y.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

Why it is possible to give Styleplus value at the price

Because 63 years' study of medium-priced clothes, and the making and selling of more than 50,000,000 suits and overcoats, have taught us just how to produce the maximum of clothes value.

Because our tremendous demand for cloth is a buying power that obtains for us the choice of the entire fabric market—sometimes taking the total output of mills—at the lowest possible prices.

Styleplus Clothes $17

The same price the world over

Because we pay salaries that attract to our employ the most proficient designers in the clothing industry—men of ideas, artists who know how to get style and comfort out of fabrics.

Because our immense manufacturing facilities permit economies we have coined into dollars of savings for our customers. Ours is the most competent clothes-making organization ever developed.

Styleplus suits and overcoats are all-wool or all-wool-and-silk. Absolute satisfaction is assured by an ironclad guarantee.

Look for the Styleplus label in the coat.
Look for the Styleplus guarantee in the pocket.

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO.
Baltimore, Md.

The Out-Trail

(Continued from page 24)

irate figure, from the fingers of a bare, outstretched arm, motionless as a semaphore, sifted a pair of lavender silken socks. Sidney's fresh laughter trilled forth unrestrained. The semaphoric arm withdrew. From the grass, Coutts raised an aggrieved voice to the ruthful face above.

"He chucked me through the window. I brought him clothes to make a hit with your father. And he chucked them out of the window. And then he chucked me out."

Sidney laughed again and dropped the curtain. Ten minutes later, in the dining room, she regaled her father with the scene. Cochran, who had confessed to the first decent night of a week, chuckled over the recital.

"Content is a sixty-horsepower man," he said, "and Coutts will have to get out of his road."

"He's a sixty-horsepower animal," amended Sidney. "You should see him walk, dear—on the soles of his feet!" She imitated his stride, rolling a bit with a delicate, undulant swagger. "Is he eating with us?"

"Certainly," said Cochran, marching back and forth.

"I'm going to watch his table manners then!" She fell into step beside him.

BUT she was not destined to observe his table manners that morning. Archie Coutts entered with the information that Harry Content had lighted out, with a piece of bread in his pocket, to take a swim in the sea. To the secretary's intense surprise, this gross breach of discipline, instead of enraging Cochran, seemed positively to delight him. He inquired blandly after the sartorial wreck, and they sat down to breakfast.

In the days following the advent among them of the healing personality, Sidney found herself figuring in a dreary twosome with Coutts, while her father and Harry Content swam, fished, tramped, or rode horseback in the daytime, and at night held long, inspired conversations on the dusky porch, punctuated by much laughter. Sidney marveled. Toward herself Harry Content pursued what he apparently deemed were the Queensberry rules for dealing with a young female opponent who had euchred him out of his freedom. Impersonally and without malice, he let her severely alone. Direct questions he responded to with equal directness, and lapsed into cool, uninvolved silence. Her affectionate rallies with her father, her gay caricature of Coutts, and an occasional sly shot at himself, he met in the same fashion, staring straight before him, grave, negligent, mute.

About this time Sidney began to box the compass with her moods, and to exhibit strange barometric fluctuations: one day a laughing bubble of a girl, the next a chill young iceberg with vague and distant manners, the manners of the classes toward the masses, and the next day shining clear weather again, when she openly repudiated Coutts's society, and crossed over to play with her father and Harry Content. But deep within her breast was a queer pent feeling of hurt, which resulted in nocturnal wakings, and such a passionate and troubled ache of all her young senses as drove her to take her pillows out on the balcony and lie wide-eyed and solemn, listening to the quiet pulse and flow of the wakeful shadowy sea.

ONE evening, wandering like a restless ghost in a pale trailing gown, she found her father seated by the open window with his reading lamp lighted on the table. It was the close of a vivid, scorching day. The sun had sunk in a burst of hard, metallic light, making the ocean's surface pure gold and shining like the floor of heaven. The intense clarity of the twin headlands against the sky line wounded the eye. Later a faint breeze had sprung up. The day had ravaged Cochran's nerves, and he sat a frigid figure of gloom, with Dante's Inferno on his knee, grimly prepared to harass and harry the unfortunate Coutts. Lately he had begun to have agonizing doubts of Harry Content's healing personality.

Sidney seated herself on the wide arm of his chair. "Father, dear," she began in a low voice, "I want to go away from here. I—I'm not happy." She captured a rising sob. "I want to go home."

Cochran extended his legs with an impatient grunt. "We'll all go home if this

(Continued on page 28)

This Underwear gives Warmth in all weathers— Comfort at all times—

WINTER is the real season of good health—when the blood tingles in the veins when the joy of living is at its height. But you must be dressed to suit it. Not heavily dressed—but correctly dressed. Right underwear is the most important item.

Wright's

Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear

is built on the right principle to give the utmost in comfort, warmth and wear. It keeps the cold out and the body heat in. Wright's Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear is knitted on machines that give it a wonderful elasticity. The fabric stretches to fit any form and when taken off springs back to shape again—and keeps that shape even under extreme hard usage. Our patented collarette never sags or stretches out of shape.

Wright's Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear is made in cotton, cotton-and-wool and pure wool, so you are sure of getting just exactly the kind you want. In separate garments or union suits with the closed crotch.

Ask your dealer to show you this perfect-fitting, long-wearing, comfortable underwear, and know it by this label, in red:

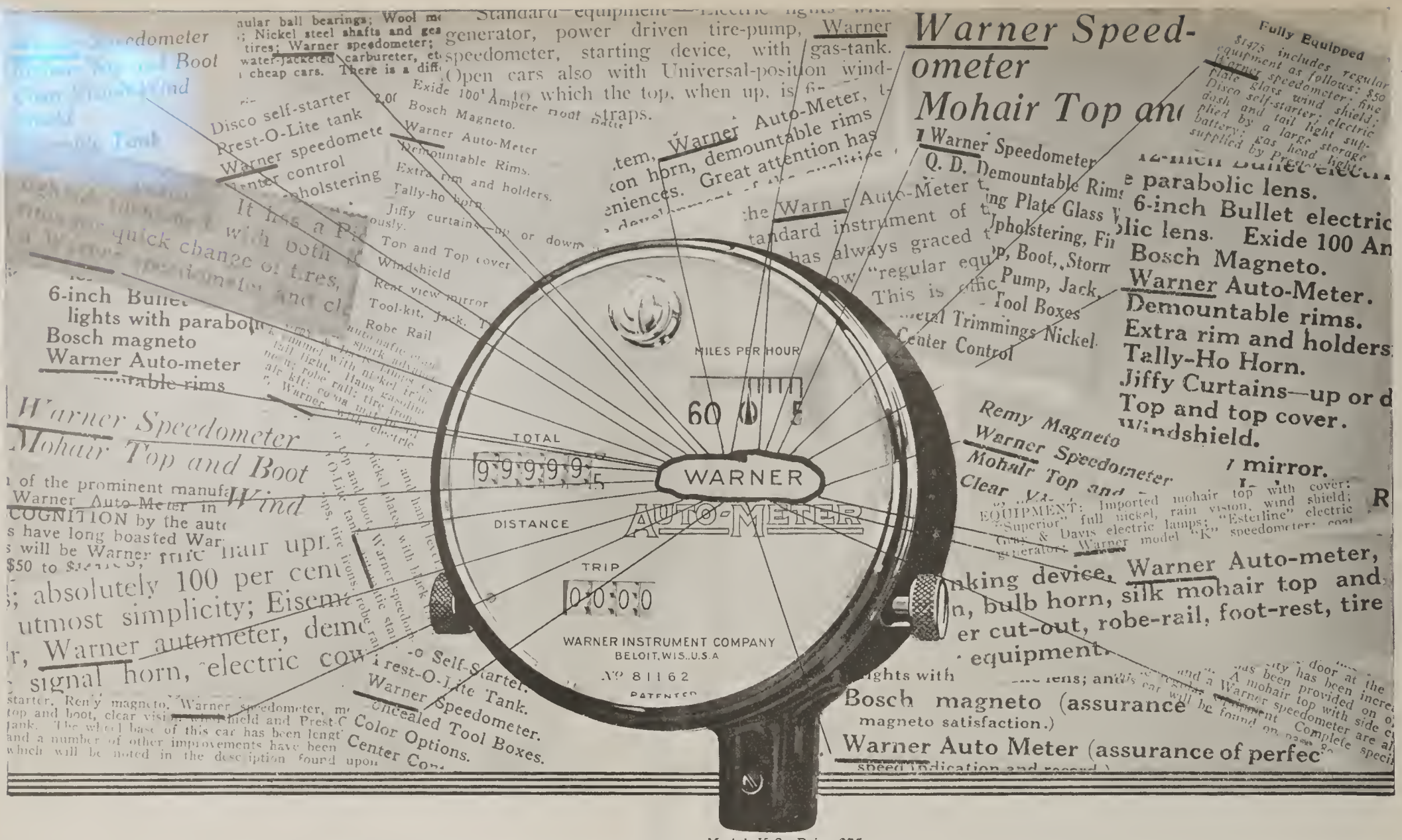
WRIGHT'S SPRING NEEDLE TRADE MARK RIBBED UNDERWEAR

The Underwear that is good to the skin

Wright's Health Underwear

The underwear with the soft fleece inside that is so soothing to a tender skin, lets the pores breathe and carries off all perspiration. The fleece holds an air space between the skin and the woven fabric which forms a non-conductor, keeping the body heat in and the cold out. Wright's Health Underwear is knitted so as to give the elastic properties that make it fit perfectly and hold its shape. Ask your dealer to show you Wright's Health Underwear—the real healthful underwear.

WRIGHT'S HEALTH UNDERWEAR CO.
75 Franklin Street, New York



Model K-2—Price $75

How manufacturers advertise who equip with Warners

WARNER
AUTO-METER

This is the Most Prominently and Conspicuously Specified Speed and Mileage Indicator in the World

WE show on these two pages a number of clippings taken from recent automobile advertisements and catalogues. Glance over them carefully. They illustrate a vital point. They explain in a forceful yet simple way the truth about the speed indicator situation.

All of these cars are using the Warner Auto-Meter for their equipment. The group of clippings on this page was taken from literature issued about the following cars:

Ahrens Fox	*Grant*	*National* (Optional)	*Republic*
American	*Haynes*		*S. G. V.*
Armleder	*Hupp-Yeats*	*Ohio Electric*	*Simplex*
Austin	*Jenkins*	*Overland*	*Stafford*
Cadillac	*Knickerbocker*	*Packard* (Optional)	*Staver*
Church Field Electric	*Lozier*		*Stearns*
Cinco	*Marion*	*Patterson*	*Stevens-Duryea*
Cunningham	*Marmon*	*Pierce-Arrow*	*Vera Six*
Delauney-Bellville	*Matheson*	*Pilot*	
Flanders	*McFarlan*	*R-C-H*	
Grand Rapids Truck			

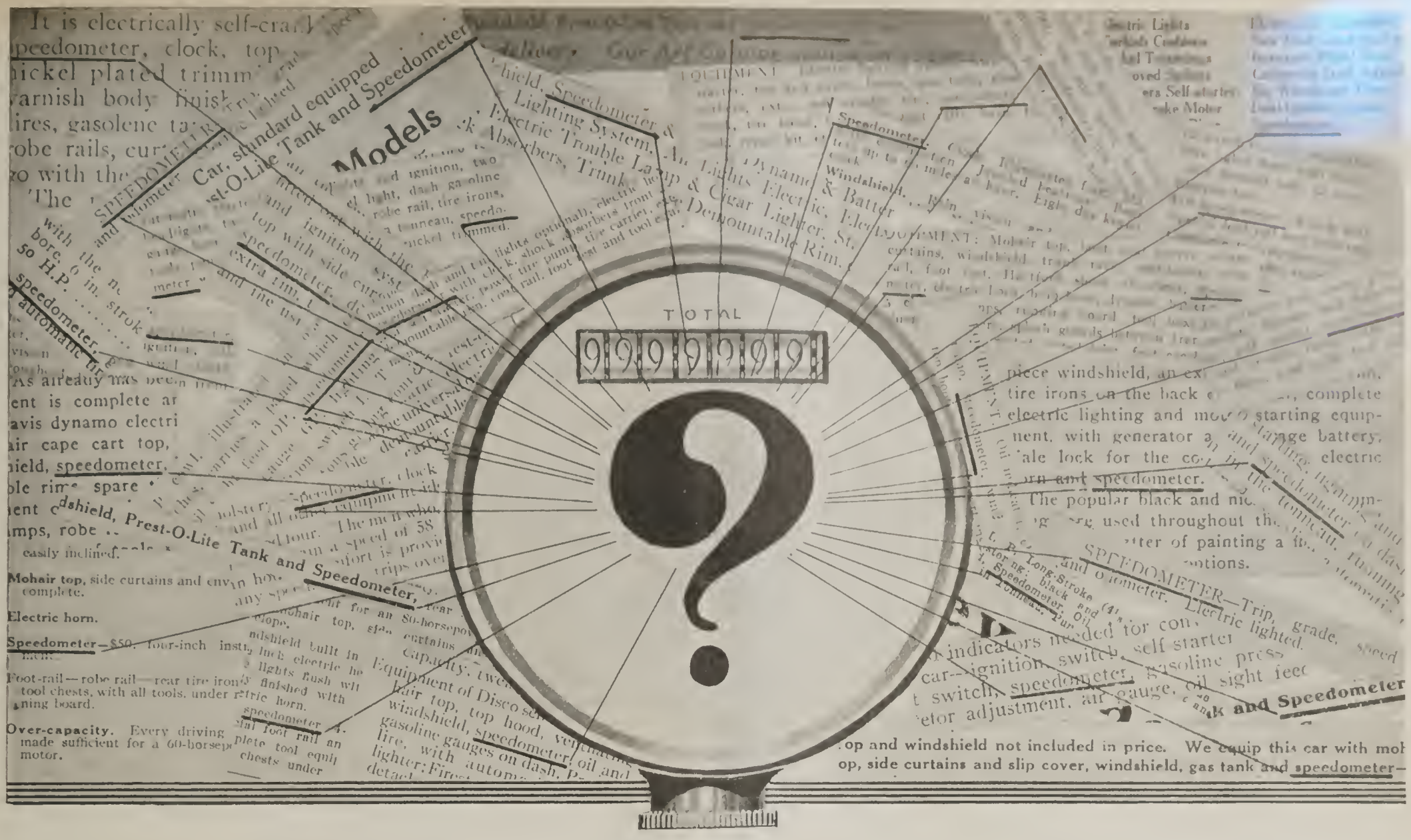
¶ The group on the left hand page was taken from literature of the leading automobile manufacturers of America. Here is the printed and published approval of the highest priced and highest grade automobile producers of this country.

¶ You can see for yourself how they value the Warner speedometer. They know the name "Warner" stands for quality, accuracy, and reliability in speed and mileage indication. They realize that it has a known value. They go out of their way to get this fact to you. They lay particular stress on the Warner, for it is an aid in establishing the value of their car.

¶ See how they feature it! How they advertise it! How they spend money and time calling your attention to the fact that part of their 1913 equipment is the Warner speedometer! They are proud of the Warner and point to it, as a part of their car, with real satisfaction.

¶ Now look at the group of clippings on the right hand page. These, too, are all clipped from 1913 literature. They are right up-to-date. In fact, it is the most recent automobile literature published. This tells another story—an entirely different one. See how the name of the speedometer equipment is omitted. In every single case the make of the speed indicator has been entirely eliminated.

¶ Why are the names left out? Are these manufacturers ashamed, or afraid, of the instruments on their cars? Surely—in their estimation—these instruments must fail to square up with the quality of their product, or else they, like the makers who



How manufacturers advertise who do not equip with Warners

are "Warner equipping," would not fail to call your attention to the maker's name. But they do fail to, and the reason is obvious.

¶ That which is kept from you is generally subject to the most careful examination.

¶ Evidence of this kind cannot fail to clearly explain a great deal to intelligent motor car buyers. It must surely clear up the speedometer problem in the minds of those few who are still on the fence.

¶ Everything in this world is judged by its name. This is true of pianos, clothes, furniture, talking machines, automobiles and speed indicators. A name indicates standing—quality—reputation. Merchandise without a name is usually questionable.

¶ In buying automobiles you are accustomed to having various features in construction or finish pointed out by name. That is—your attention is called to Vanadium steel gears or Krupp steel springs. You are told a car has a certain magneto, a certain axle, a certain carburetor, certain imported roller bearings, and a certain gas tank.

¶ In the same way your attention is called to the Warner Auto-Meter. These big facts are featured for they represent big values—known values. But when the name of a speed indicator, or anything else, is omitted, and avoided, there must be something fundamentally wrong. Any manufacturer who neglects, fails, or avoids, mentioning the name or identification of any part of his product must feel a little guilty about that part's reputation and working dependability.

¶ For over eight years the Warner Auto-Meter has been recognized as the most highly developed speed and mileage indicator in the world. It is for just this reason that it was selected as part of the regular equipment for the cream of the highest priced American automobiles. Over 100,000 1913 cars will go on the market Warner equipped.

¶ This list is given here. All these cars you know. They are the representative high grade cars of America. Anything and everything that is a part of these cars must measure up to their high quality, and high standing.

¶ The producers of these cars could not afford to tamper with unknown values.

¶ They chose the Warner for their speedometer equipment. Their stamp of approval is your guarantee of quality.

¶ Watch all the current automobile advertising. Look through the big national magazines and daily newspapers. See how the automobile manufacturers are proudly featuring the Warner, and how others neglect to mention the name of the instrument they are using. There must be a reason. Draw your own conclusions.

¶ The Warner Auto-Meter is the most highly developed speed and mileage indicator in the world. It has been keeping accurate registration on tens of thousands of cars for over eight years. We have never known one to wear out.

¶ Those that were first made eight years ago are still giving perfect, accurate and reliable service today. We have not changed our basic patents and principles. We are making the same instrument, fundamentally, today, that we did back in 1904.

¶ The Warner instrument is the simplest instrument made. Inside of the heavy brass case you do not find an intricacy of moving parts that are bound to continually get out of order.

¶ The construction of the Warner is on a par with the very highest priced watches. It is a thoroughly jeweled instrument. All jewels used in the interior construction are genuine sapphires. The ball bearings used are the famous imported Hoffman's. The Warner factories are the model of the industry.

¶ Be sure the car you buy is Warner equipped. Make a point of this. If you fail to find it, ask the dealer why his car is equipped with any instrument that cannot measure up to the high Warner quality. Take this precaution and safeguard your entire automobile investment, for a Warner on a car indicates the quality of the entire job.

¶ Warner instruments are priced from $50 to $145. These prices are rigidly maintained. They are never cut. For sale by leading dealers all over the world and at our own branches listed below. Handsome catalogue on request.

The Warner Instrument Company, Beloit, Wisconsin

BRANCHES

Atlanta	Cincinnati	Indianapolis	Philadelphia	Seattle	Chicago	Detroit	New York	San Francisco
Buffalo	Denver	Los Angeles	Portland, Ore.	Boston	Cleveland	Kansas City	Pittsburgh	St. Louis

Canadian Branch:—559 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Deep Breathing

By D. D. HARRELL, M. D.

I BELIEVE we must admit that deep breathing is a very desirable practice. Furthermore, we know it to be a fact that not one person in twenty, or perhaps one person in a hundred, really breathes deeply. Every physician can verify the statement that we are daily called upon to prescribe drugs for ailments that owe their cause directly to insufficient and improper breathing—Oxygen Starvation.

Breathing is the Vital Force of Life. Every muscle, nerve cell, in fact every fiber of our body, is directly dependent upon the air we breathe. Health, Strength, and Endurance are impossible without well oxygenated blood. The food we eat must combine with abundant oxygen, before it can become of any value to the body. Breathing is to the body what free draught is to the steam boiler. Shut off the draught and you will kill your fire, no matter how excellent coal you use. Similarly, if you breathe shallowly, you must become anaemic, weak, and thin, no matter how carefully you may select your diet.

I might continue indefinitely to cite examples of the great physiological value of deep breathing. For instance, it is a well-known fact that intense mental concentration and nerve strain paralyze the diaphragm, the great breathing muscle. This depressing condition can be entirely counteracted through conscious deep breathing.

The main benefit of physical exercise lies in the activity it gives the lungs. What we term "lack of healthful exercise," in reality means insufficient lung exercise. Since few persons have the strength and endurance to exercise violently enough to stir the lungs into rapid action, common sense dictates that the lungs should be exercised independently, through conscious breathing. Exercise that fails to excite vigorous lung action is of little real value.

Unfortunately, few persons have the slightest conception of what is really meant by deep breathing. One tells you it means the full expansion of the chest, another tells you it means abdominal breathing, the third declares it means diaphragmatic breathing, and so on.

Recently there has been brought to my notice a brochure on this important subject of respiration, that to my knowledge for the first time really treats the subject in a thoroughly scientific and practical manner. I refer to the booklet entitled "Deep Breathing," by Paul Von Boeckmann, R.S., 105 Park Ave., New York. In this treatise, the author describes proper breathing, so that even the most uninformed layman can get a correct idea of the act. The booklet contains a mass of common sense teaching on the subject of Deep Breathing, Exercise, and Body Building. The author has had the courage to think for himself and to expose the weaknesses in our modern systems of physical culture.

I believe this booklet gives us the real key to constitutional strength. It shows us plainly the danger of excessive exercise, that is, the danger of developing the external body at the expense of the internal body. The author's arguments are so logical it is self-evident that his theories must be based upon vast experience. Personally, I know that his teachings are most profoundly scientific and thoroughly practical, for I have had occasion to see them tested in a number of my patients.

The booklet to which I refer can be had from the author directly upon payment of 10 cents in coin or stamps. The simple exercises he describes therein are in themselves well worth ten times the small price demanded.— *Advertisement.*

The Out-Trail

(Continued from page 25)

internal heat continues. Where is Harry Content?"

"Swimming."

Cochran laughed. "That man, I swear, is incarnated from a sea horse. If he travels with me next fall I'll have to attach a special car with a swimming pool."

Sidney's heart gave a great beat and turned over inside of her. "Has he consented to travel with you?"

"Not yet. He's like the Irishman's flea. To-day nothing would do but we must row out to a tramp steamer lying in the bay. For a while I thought I'd lost him! But I'll anchor him. The fellow is fond of me."

"You're fond of him!" Sidney corrected with a smothered little laugh. "'Fess up, dear. You're daffodilly over Harry Content, and you know it. But why do you like him? He's not a gentleman—as one uses the word. Doesn't that matter?"

"Not for my purpose."

"Does it matter for any purpose?" She spoke just above her breath. "For any big and—let us say—serious purpose?"

COCHRAN slewed round on her a humorous eye. "I don't know just what big and serious purpose you have in mind, dear girl, but, mark me, Harry Content could play the cards with the best of them if he wanted to. That's the rub. He doesn't want to. He thinks they're not worth picking up from the table. Maybe he's right!" A sigh escaped him. "One thing," he mused, "he likes travel."

A silence fell between them. "Am I going to travel, too?" Sidney asked in a still voice.

"If you're a good girl."

"Oh, I'll be good," she whispered unsteadily. "I'll be so good you won't know me!" She bent and kissed his ear.

There was the sound of hurried footsteps, and Coutts entered a moment late. Sidney fled to the veranda. A figure, motionless as bronze, sat on the upper step. An edge of light fell on his sidehead, a powerfully turned shoulder, a big embrowned fist resting on one knee. Sidney drifted over and dropped down beside him on the step.

In the upper air a flush of light still lingered, through which stars, like shining pinheads, were beginning to pierce, and from the dark ocean was blown up to them the gentle murmuration of the tide.

"It's too lovely!" sighed Sidney. She sat bowed forward, her hair a glimmering aureole, clasping her knees. A scarf, heavy with silver sequins, had fallen down to her elbows, and the light from the window, concentrated upon a patch of shoulder, blanched it to dazzling whiteness.

Harry Content swung round and surveyed, not the night but the pale figure of the girl who sat so close that he could have reached out an arm and encircled her waist.

"Charming!" he agreed dryly.

"Like a Whistler nocturne," she said dreamily.

Content tapped his foot. "There you go!" he exclaimed impatiently. "Why can't you let the night alone, to stand on its own beauty, without dragging in a confounded bigwig to standardize it and give it authority? Forget your bigwigs, I say. That's what ails you, Miss Sidney. You're a walking rag bag full of other people's notions. Why don't you think and feel a little on your own—give yourself a chance? Some morning I'd like to take you down to the sea and wash all this second-hand stuff out of you, and see how much real original girl is left. What's your idea of living, anyhow? To take the other fellow's word for it every time? You'll find it a mighty dull business. Look here. May I ask you a question?"

"You've asked six already."

HE laughed shortly. "Six, eh? Well, this is the one that counts—a sort of topping big seventh wave."

"Let her top!" breathed Sidney very low.

"It's just this. How would you like to walk out of this house with nothing but that pretty white frock to your back, not knowing if you'd ever return?"

Sidney got warm all over with a deep blush. "With—with—" she whispered. She stared into his face. "I mean—I don't quite understand. Go away—by myself?"

He nodded. "That's it. By yourself.

USL USL USL USL

Photo of Fire Apparatus in Springfield, Mass., driven by U-S-L Batteries

Where the Test is Severest

Storage USL Battery

TRADE MARK

THE UNITED STATES LIGHT AND HEATING CO.

(Formerly National)

The demand for speed and power, for sustained voltage dependability and general high efficiency, has led to the selection of the U-S-L Storage Battery for every important installation of electrically-driven fire equipment in the United States.

In Springfield, Mass., four pieces of apparatus—weighing from 7½ to 10 tons—are propelled from 23 to 36 miles an hour by U-S-L Batteries. Endorsing their service, Chief Engineer W. H. Daggett says: "The apparatus has not been an hour out of service on account of battery trouble since installation, and after two years of service the plates show scarcely any sign of deterioration. I can say that our experience with U-S-L Batteries has thus far been very pleasing and altogether satisfactory."

If you use or contemplate purchasing an electric truck or pleasure car, and want *Fire Department dependability*, insist on the installation of the U-S-L Battery.

On every point of economy, general merit and performance, it challenges comparison with any other storage battery in the world, regardless of name or type.

U-S-L Service

means active co-operation of our experts who work from eight service stations in large cities. All stations carry extra parts.

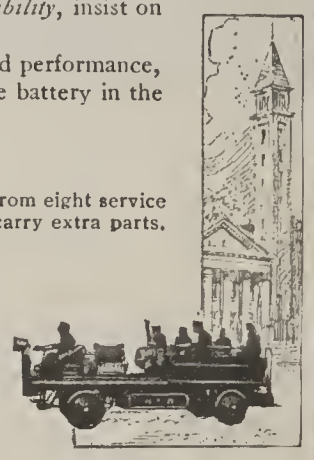
Write for Information

The U. S. Light & Heating Co.

General Offices: 30 Church St., New York
Factory: Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Branch Offices and Service Stations: Chicago, New York, Boston, Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, Detroit, St. Louis

U-S-L Battery-Driven Apparatus In New York Fire Department

Manufacturers also of the U-S-L Electric Starter and Lighter for Gasoline Automobiles



U-S-L Battery-Driven Apparatus in Springfield, Mass., Fire Dept.

USL USL USL USL

Is your next suit or overcoat to be a Stein-Bloch?

This is the label

The Stein-Bloch Co. Wholesale Tailors REGISTERED U.S.

Men's Smartest Clothes
Send for catalogue, free
THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY
Rochester, New York
New York Boston Chicago

VENUS PERFECT PENCILS

FREE SAMPLE

Prove for yourself Venus Pencils are best. Write for Free Sample. Ask for soft, medium or hard.

VENUS PERFECT PENCILS
WRITE SMOOTHEST
WEAR LONGEST
ERASE CLEANEST

17 *Black Degrees*, 6 *B to* 9 *H.*
2 *Copying Degrees, Soft & Hard.*
Absolutely Guaranteed. Write.

AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO.
222 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK.

DON'T PAY TWO PRICES
Save $8.00 to $22.00 on

Hoosier Heaters and Ranges

Base Burner

Why not buy the Best when you can buy them at such low unheard-of Factory Prices. Our new improvements absolutely surpass anything ever produced. Save enough on a single stove to buy your winter's fuel. Thirty Days Free Trial in your own home before you buy. Send postal today for large free catalog and prices.

Hoosier Stove Co., 218 State St., Marion, Ind.

Macey
Book Cabinets
Do Not Look Sectional-
But They Are

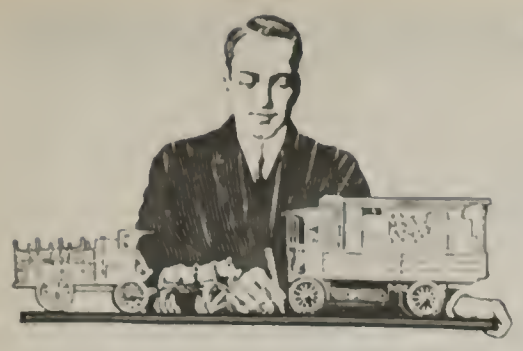
MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50
Sent to your home—express prepaid

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3.50
9 x 7½ ft.	4.00
9 x 9 ft.	4.50
9 x 10½ ft.	5.00
9 x 12 ft.	5.50
9 x 15 ft.	6.50

Beautiful, new, attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Easily cleaned; warranted to wear. Woven in one piece. Reversible. Straight from the makers and sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Send for new Catalogue showing goods in actual colors—free
ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 692 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia



Why Feed Your Profits to Your Horses?

SIT down and figure it out. Your horse-delivery system is an *unnecessary* drain on your gross income. Horseflesh is not only costly in itself but any horse-delivery system will *eat its own head off*. Wouldn't you rather have a more efficient, more dependable, more economical delivery service?

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The Out-Trail

(Continued from page 28)

Out into the world, leaving everything. Should you like it?"

"No," she said honestly. "I should hate it." She brooded a moment. "What for?"

Harry Content drew a hard breath. "Lord!" he muttered. "What for?" He bent down and took hold of her wrists. "To see!" he exclaimed harshly. "To see—*see*—SEE! To learn to stand on your own two legs, and look out of your own two eyes, and work with your own two hands, and feed yourself—or starve!"

Sidney never took her eyes off him. "And after that—what?"

"After that? Anything—everything. *I* don't know!" He seemed strangely vexed by her question, and dropped her hands, saying, "Nothing at all, I suppose! You want a reward for virtue, eh?" he said somberly. "The thing isn't worth doing for itself? You like to be buried alive, and you don't care to be dug out, thank you. That's the everlasting woman of it!" He gave a scornful little laugh.

SIDNEY lifted a pale face to him. "Don't hurt me," she murmured. Her mouth, under his eyes, dipped and quivered like a child's. And, like a child, she laid a soft, appealing hand on his.

Like a flash, Harry Content's fastened to it; in the dark they clung together mutely.

"I—I—" she began, fluttering. "Harry—"

"By George!" exclaimed Harry Content suddenly. "I clean forgot your father's boat. There's the deuce to pay if the tide's got it. You'll have to excuse me, Miss Sidney." He sprang to his feet with an unsteady laugh, in which was mingled a queer note of relief. "Good night."

But Sidney wound the silvery veil round her head and looked at him with the faintest glimmer of a smile. "I'm going with you to find that boat."

"All right," he said brusquely. "Don't blame me if you get your feet wet."

Without another word they set off down the path, Sidney rebellious and half inclined to cry. Why should he be so hard and secret with her when every look of his eye, every touch of his hand— Did he intend to go on indefinitely pretending that he—that she—that nothing— Was he never going to—to— She recklessly determined that he should! Or, what was the use of anything in all the world?

Close on the path, under the light of a half moon, a sailor and his girl passed, silent, their arms intertwined. Harry Content twisted his head to gaze back at them.

"What is it?" Sidney murmured. She slipped a wistful hand under his arm.

"Lovers!" said Content, with a harsh laugh. "A pair of lovers saying their prayers to each other in the moonlight!"

Sidney withdrew her hand in utter mortification. "What have I done," she cried, "that you should be so—so—" She could not finish for emotion.

HARRY CONTENT plucked a leaf from a pale, flowering shrub. "I've tried to be decent" he muttered.

"But why do you try? Why aren't you just—yourself?"

He had a low, disturbed laugh. "That's hard lines. Do you mean I'm of nature indecent? Well, maybe I am." He took a step down the path. "That boat—" he said.

Sidney stumbled along behind him, her eyes stinging with hot tears. Suddenly she gave a sharp little cry, but before she could fall, Harry Content had wheeled and thrown a steadying arm about her. Her soft body struck his with a shock; her lips lay warm and smooth against his cheek. Sidney kissed him. A small, sea-worn pebble, having fulfilled its ultimate purpose in life, rattled merrily down the path. Hardly knowing what she did, she covered her face with her hands; all her being was a burning rose.

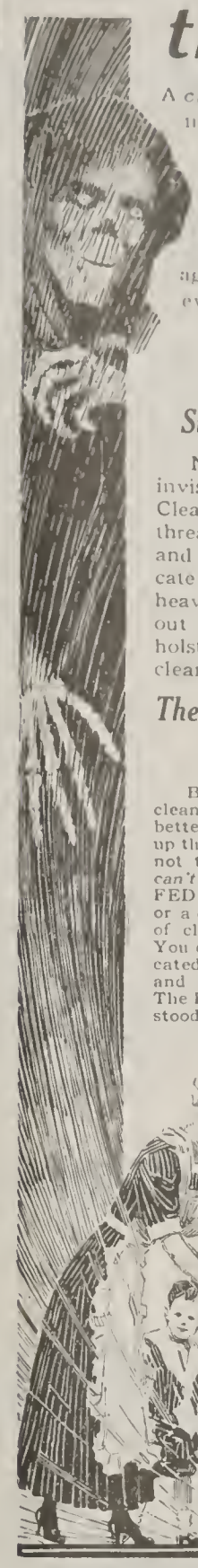
"You darned kid," said Harry Content huskily, "now you have done it!" The next instant she was lifted from the ground, held in a powerful vise, her face forcibly uncovered, and kissed unmercifully. Down at the shore, young waves running in, touched the shingle with soft whisperings, and a cool puff of wind lifted the end of Sidney's scarf and flung it across Content's bent neck. With his disengaged hand he pulled it free between them, and dropped it into the flowering shrub. Sidney raised her lashes.

"Well!" she murmured. They kissed again.

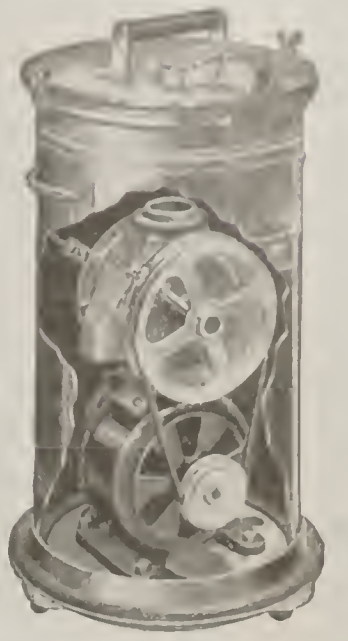
"I was afraid of this!" he whispered

(Continued on page 33)

It's the Dust You Don't See that Carries Disease



A *clean looking* house may still be *insanitary*. That's the danger of sweeping with a broom. Shoes collect dried sputum from sidewalks and deposit its dust on rugs and carpets. You can't see it, perhaps. But it's *there*. Then comes sweeping day. Your broom fills the air with invisible germ-laden dust. It finds its way into your lungs—into your food—settles on the floor where playing children stir it up again and become infected. The *broom* is even more dangerous than the *fly*.



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But don't think that just any vacuum cleaner will do this. Some are really no better than a carpet sweeper. They pick up the *surface* dust—the *visible* dirt—but not the hidden, germ-laden dust. You *can't* create a powerful suction, like the FEDERAL with a *fan* device, a *bellows* or a *diaphragm*. One by one, these types of cleaners are passing into oblivion. You don't want a noisy, rattling, complicated machine that can't do the work—and that soon shakes itself to pieces. The FEDERAL is the machine that has stood the test of time.

The Rotary Pump in the FEDERAL revolves steadily in one direction—like a powerful turbine engine on an ocean liner. It creates a suction impossible with a fan or bellows type of cleaner. Its working parts are few—simple—easy of access. No valves to work loose—no gears to rattle—no piston to pound up and down—no bellows to wear out—just a powerful, substantial pump and a motor—both revolving in one direction—steadily, silently, without jar or jerk.

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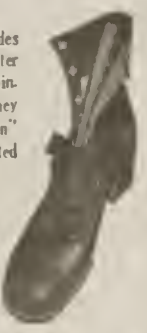

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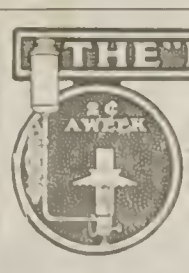

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But this year he has not relied entirely upon his own experience and skill.

He has long recognized the short-comings of any one man and so to avoid any possibility of mistake, to eliminate every chance of error, he has surrounded himself with 47 men, who have had special training in automobile building.

It is the New Idea

In all businesses, the leaders recognize the value of team work and consultation. Everyone now knows that two able men working together are able to do better work than can any one man.

Railroads, great corporations, law firms, every enterprise, in fact, which calls for wide experience and the best brains, uses the combined skill of many men.

No one man can know it all. Even Thomas A. Edison has scores of assistants.

But automobiles, heretofore, have been the work usually of one man. Into the car was put all that its designer had learned. There also was incorporated into the car all the errors that he had not learned how to correct.

Are Mistakes Probable Under Such Conditions?

We fortify ourselves against error by focusing upon every detail of our business the combined skill and experience of as many experts as we can obtain.

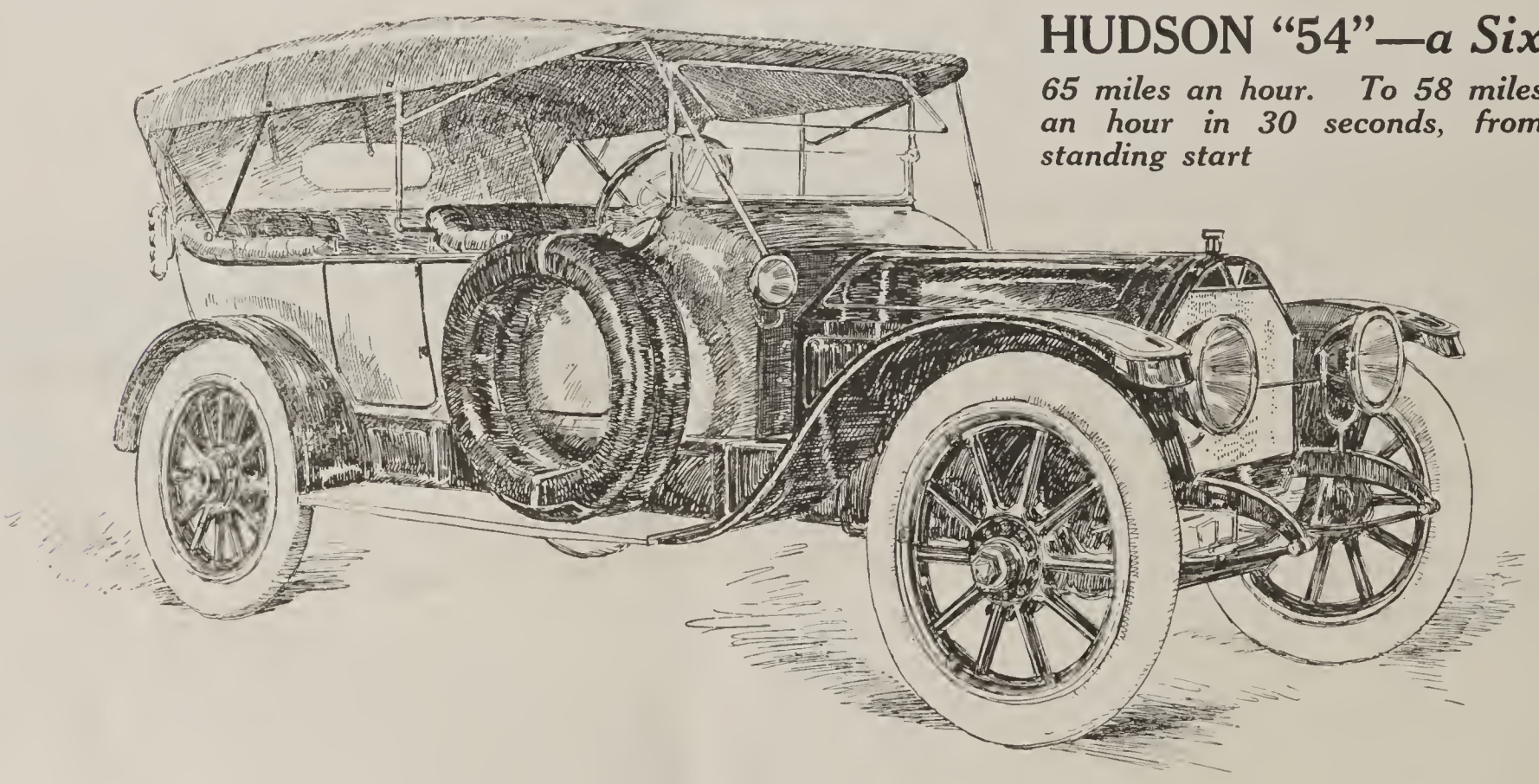
Our engineers have had training in 97 different factories. They have acquired in those factories knowledge that can be gained in no other way. It is usual to say of any new car "Wait and see what it does during the first year. It can't be up to expectation in every detail. Don't buy until the makers have had a chance to correct the faults that the first year's use will disclose."

That was sound advice when no builder had had experience. It is just the way one should regard any new car now that is built by men who have not had a wide experience.

But in the HUDSON cars is expressed the experience of 48 specially trained men. The knowledge gained in English, Italian, French and German as well as American factories, is crystalized in this organization.

Howard E. Coffin is chief of these specialists. Combined, these men have had a hand in building more than 200,000 automobiles. Can you imagine that one, two or even five years' use is likely to disclose errors in the design of a car built under such conditions. These men will, of course, discover newer and better ways of designing motor cars. But time is not likely to show wherein anything of advantage, thus far known, has been overlooked.

See the Triangle on the Radiator



HUDSON "54"—*a Six*

65 miles an hour. To 58 miles an hour in 30 seconds, from standing start

Electric self-cranking—electric light—twelve-inch Turkish upholstery—speedometer, clock—demountable rims—extra rim—36x4½ inch tires—tire holder—rain vision windshield—top, tools and all other equipment identical with that of "37."

It is not merely a six, made so by the addition of two cylinders to a good four. The men who have done the most in six-cylinder work designed the "54." Its speed is easily 65 miles an hour. It will attain a speed of 58 miles an hour in 30 seconds from a standing start, and on high gear will throttle down to 2½ miles an hour. Comfort is provided for in such a way as was never before considered possible in an automobile. It is the safest car at any speed. Long trips over rough roads may be taken without fatigue.

127-inch wheel base, 54 minimum horse power, full floating axle, gasoline tank on rear has magnetic gauge. The "54" HUDSON Chassis is furnished with five passenger Touring Car, Torpedo—see illustration—and Roadster bodies. The price of either model is $2450 f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian price, duty paid, $3200 f. o. b. Detroit. Seven passenger Touring Car on "54" Chassis $150 extra; Limousine—seven passenger, $3750; Coupe—3 passenger, $2950. Open bodies furnished with Limousine and Coupe at extra charge.

HUDSON—Electric Self-Cranking

Which Shall It Be?

A New Design by Many Experts, or a Car Slowly Developed by Just One Man?

You may consider the purchase of a car that for several years has shown a gradual and constant improvement. Its design, possibly, is as it was when it was conceived in the early days of motor car building. To it has been added improvements of equipment and it has been refined in many particulars. Such cars give good service even though they are not modern in design.

Like Old Buildings Remodeled

They are like old buildings that have been modernized by the addition of an up-to-date heating system, by redecoration and the building of a wing here, the change of a window or a door or a partition.

You know of houses that have been developed that way.

Now contrast such a house with the modern building.

From foundation to roof and in every particular an architect with a force of specialists conceived and carried to completion this new building. It is in no sense a makeshift. Faults discovered in the older buildings are left out entirely in this new one.

That is the way the new HUDSON cars were conceived. From the ground up, they are new. No old materials had to be utilized, no hobbies were recognized. Nothing was suggested that at least one of the 48 experts had not proved in his experience to be either correct or wrong. All experiment was therefore eliminated.

Which kind of a car do you think is most likely to give you the service you require?

Examine All, of Course

Examination of the HUDSON and other cars will show you many details of similarity. In equipment—even to some degree in lines and color. In equipment the cars of other makes are as like the HUDSON as are the coats of a dozen different tailors. All use buttons. All attempt to follow the season's styles in cut.

But there the similarity ends. Even the cheapest cars are now sold completely equipped. Some use the costliest speedometers, tires, demountable rims, etc.

Extra money will obtain nothing better. But there similarity also ends. Putting the costliest equipment on an automobile, has no more to do with the value of the car than has the most expensive hardware on a pine door, to do with the value of the house. With equipment details the layman is thoroughly familiar. Beyond that confidence must be the guide. Not one man in 10,000 can understand the important mechanical details.

The items upon which our 48 engineers devote their greatest effort are not understandable to the average buyer. All the buyer can know is the result.

To have a motor that does not miss fire in thousands of miles of service and a car that never gives trouble, the best brains must be utilized in the designing.

A good watch always serves you. Its time is so accurate that you rely upon it, without giving it any more attention than to keep it wound. You probably know nothing about its mechanism. All the average man knows of his watch is the face and case.

That is the way with a good automobile and is why we pay more money for engineering brains than is paid by any other Company in the industry.

As a result, HUDSON cars are free from the annoying and provoking details that have been experienced with many cars. Don't you think that policy a good one for both you and us?

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

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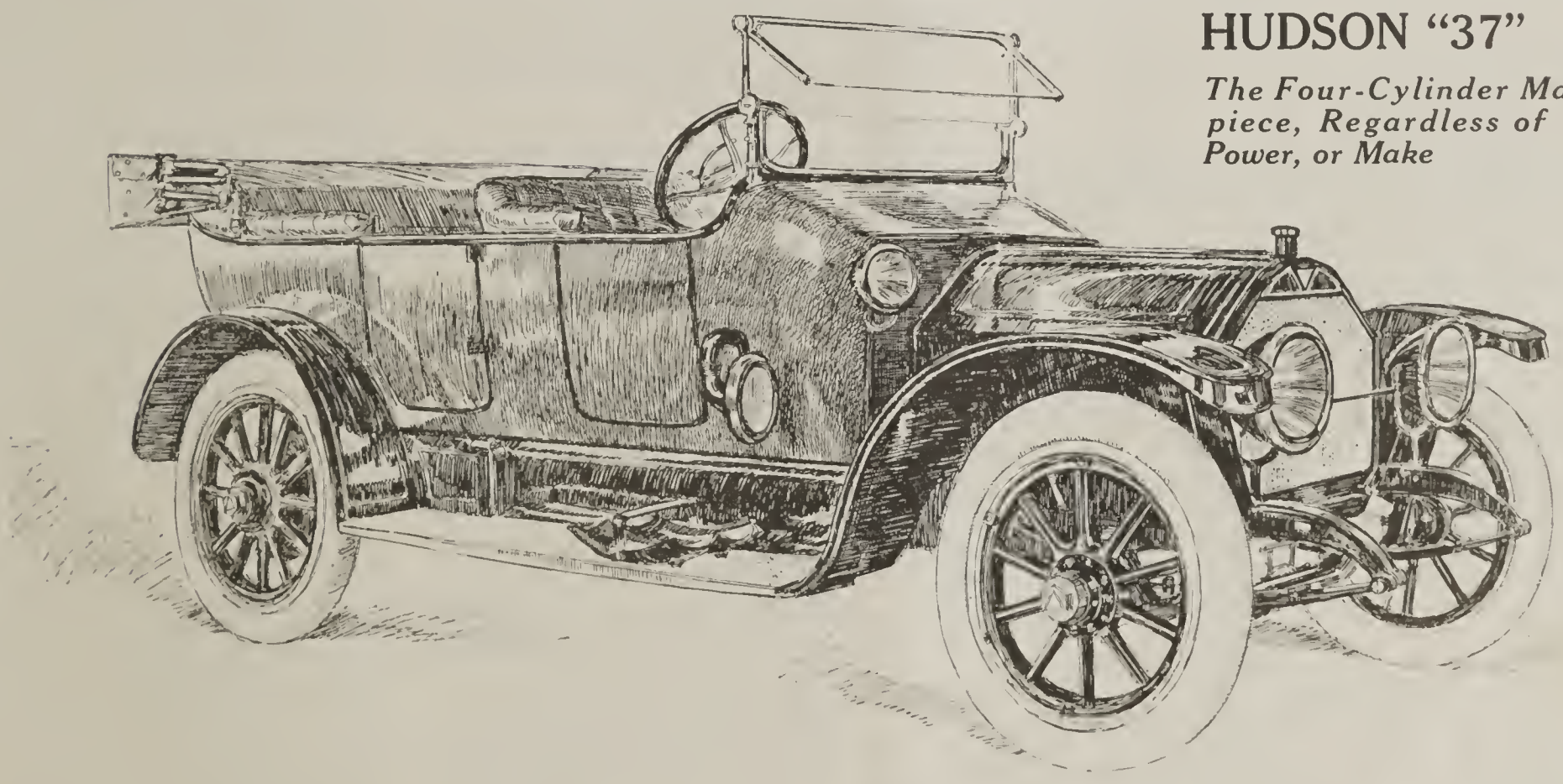

Electric self-cranking—electric light generator—five lamps, including two twelve-inch Parabolic head lights—twelve-inch upholstery—speedometer, clock—demountable rims—extra rim—36x4 inch tires—tire holder—rain vision windshield—top, tools and all other equipment.

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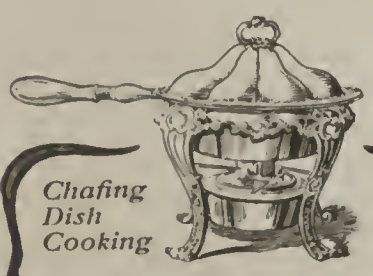

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The Out-Trail

Continued from page 20

"That first day when I saw you standing there in the sunlight, with that live pulse beating away at your white throat—" He tilted her chin with a forefinger. "It's alive yet!" he pronounced after a still moment of research. He looked down at her, smiling. "You kissed first!"

"Who cares?" sang Sidney. "I'm glad of it! Now we're out in the open."

"But isn't it horridly improper for a lady to kiss first—a sort of violation of the speed rules?"

"Not for a Cochran! We're the pacemakers."

HARRY CONTENT gave a slight start. "I see," he said. "You're It—Authority!" He lifted his head and stared grim lipped across the body of dark water toward a stationary red light in the bay, mast light of some steamer. The girl's low voice ran on close at his ear. Harry Content did not reply. After that one start he remained fixed, staring away past the semicircle of beach faint and luminous as a dream, across the track of water, as if his very soul were being drawn out of him toward that low twinkling red star. A sigh from the warm-breathing reality in his arms aroused him.

"We'll be so happy we'll be a menace to society."

"Society!" he echoed blankly. "But if you took me, you'd not be marrying into the Gold Coast. We'd give society the go-by." He flung up his head. "By George, and Cochran, too!" He seemed to have forgotten her. "He wants to maroon me on that gilded yacht of his, with ten niggers in white to pass the grub, and then sprawl under awnings and pass long drinks, when outside is the whole blessed shining old world for me to stretch my shanks in!"

He heaved a deep breath, as if preparing to race off hotfoot from such a fate, and stared down at the girl in his arms as if wondering what held him. The next instant he strained her to him, and kissed her mouth and her eyelids, and the rosy convolution of her ear; kissed her in a silent passion of haste as a thief in the night gathers booty, and let her down hurriedly to the ground, reached for her wrap and folded it securely round her shoulders.

"Now," he said, "you're warm again, and I'll take you home, and to-morrow you'll forget all this business."

SIDNEY clung dumbly to his two hands. "No," he said, answering her appeal. "It won't do. It—won't—do! This is a blamed mess we're in, and I'm bound to cut you clear, or be an out-and-out scamp. You don't understand—no more than a puppy with its eyes shut—I don't expect you to. But I'd be a swindler pure and simple to let you in for a lot of bills you can't pay."

"I would pay!" she whispered, weeping. I'd try—"

"Trying isn't paying," he retorted, "as every bankrupt knows. See here. Would you care to scrub along the rough ways with me, and me only? Mind, no sacrifice for love and all that rot, but liking the life for itself?"

He put the question gruffly, but his eyes had narrowed and his hand was at his mouth, a sure sign of emotion. If she said yes, then he was lost indeed, for she was the girl for his money, and he knew he would have to have her.

Sidney hesitated. "Father—" she began very low, but he cut in with a harsh: "Father be—blowed! I've had too much of father." He gave a strained laugh, compounded equally of pain and relief, and bent above Sidney.

"You see," he said more gently, "we can't carry this off even for five minutes. The truth is, I'm too rough a chum for your playmate. Such a fine, glorious girl is not for the likes of me."

He took hold of her elbows and turned her about in the path.

SEEING that she still resisted him and stood weeping soundlessly with wide eyes fastened on his, Harry Content swore suddenly and lifted her in his arms, as he had lifted the other girl who was bent on killing herself, and went swiftly up the hill. Sidney's arm was curled round his neck like a limpet.

"Harry," she sobbed out, "I don't know what you want, but I'll go wherever you say—father would give us money; he likes you—but I'll go wherever you say."

"I don't want that!" he said between

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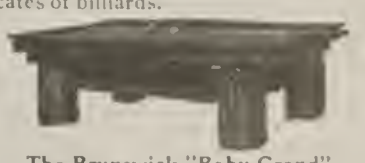

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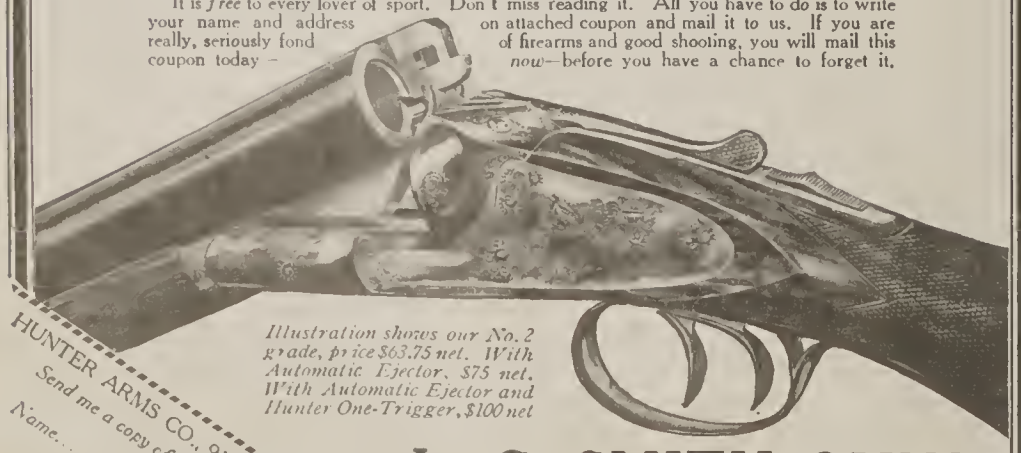

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The Out-Trail

(*Concluded from page 33*)

strides. "I— You don't understand—" His mouth contracted as if he were hurt. He skirted the streak of light from Cochran's window and set her upon the shadowy upper step, breathing painfully.

"Now," he said, "we're back where we were before, and no harm done. You'll thank me for this some day."

He bent over her, waiting for her to speak. She had ceased weeping, and sat pale and drooping as if wounded, with her face turned away. He took her hand, smoothed it, kissed each finger softly one by one. Her mute, drooping attitude hurt him. "Sidney!" he whispered. He wondered if he were not making a thundering big mistake. What was a fleshless freedom to this warm, shining girl by his side. "Sidney!" he breathed again. His fate was still fluid. If she turned her head now—one look. He prayed with all his heart she would look! Those dear, smiling eyes—

"Harry!" Cochran's voice sang out. "I want you." A white leg came stepping through the open window.

HARRY CONTENT listened, wavered, then whirled all at once and ran. Behind him two voices were calling. He clenched his hands and ran on. At the water's dark edge he brought up, perfectly white and unsmiling.

"By God," he said earnestly, "that was a near thing!"

He blew out a big breath and, kneeling, bathed his wrists in the refreshing tide. Then he looked for Cochran's boat, and when he had found it he got in and pulled toward the stationary red light in the bay.

Baseball

(*Concluded from page 12*)

Washington was all wrought up that evening over the happenings of the afternoon. The fans didn't care to have Johnson's record spoiled, and insisted that Hughes ought to be charged with the defeat. Many critics agreed with them, and when President Johnson ruled that the defeat should be charged against Johnson, there was much agitation against the decision. Walter Johnson was the least excited of all the Washingtonians. I heard a newspaper man ask him the next day what he thought of the league's ruling.

"Why, I lost the game," said Walter. "It would be unfair to charge Tom Hughes with the defeat, just to keep my record clean. True, I didn't let the two men get on the bases. Tom put them there, but he didn't make that wild pitch or allow the single that scored the two very much-needed runs. I lost the game, so what's the use worrying and fussing over it?"

Johnny McInnis of the Athletics is a wonder. No one but Connie Mack would have tried to make a first baseman out of a player so short of stature. He was kidded and joshed about his intentions when he made the announcement. Today McInnis stands out as one of the best first sackers in the business. He is without a weakness.

There are a number of clever second basemen in the American League, but of them Eddie Collins is the class. Collins can cover a world of ground, is a good hitter, and fast on his feet.

At shortstop nothing is too difficult for Wagner. He thrives on the hardest kind of chances, and his nerve is unlimited. On touching a base runner he has few if any superiors. While not a hard hitter, he is a most dangerous man in a pinch.

While Frank Baker may not strike the average fan as the most graceful fielder in the business, there is no denying his ability to clout the pill. Game after game has been won for the Athletics through the medium of Baker's bat. "Germany" Schaefer of Washington says Baker has beaten Washington in every game won by the Athletics this year. He claims the only way to keep Baker from hitting is to give him a base on balls.

It would be hard to imagine a more superb outfield than Cobb, Speaker, and Jackson. This trio of gardeners excel in every department of the game. All hit in the neighborhood of .400, can cover acres of ground, have grand throwing arms, and are fast. They must be high-class to get the preference over "Zeb" Milan and some of the other American League stars.

Ball Bearings Give Greater Speed and Stability to the

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter

(Ball Bearing—Long Wearing)

Because of ball bearing typebars, the keys respond as readily as perfect piano keys. The capital shift works with equal ease—no lifting of a heavy carriage but simply shifting the light typebar segment, thus insuring absolute accuracy.

No fingers can move too fast for this machine — *there isn't one delaying movement from "Salutation" to "Signature".*

Instead of expensive and awkward attachments, all change controls are connected with keyboard — including shift key, shift lock, space bar, back spacer, ribbon key, line spacer and margin release.

Another advantage — this machine is complete in itself for all kinds of work: tabulating, billing, large envelopes, cards or paper as narrow as a postage stamp.

Our literature illustrates and describes in detail the superiority and simplicity that have put this machine in all offices where mechanical experts advise in the choice of typewriters — free for the asking. *Write today.*

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SEND 10 CENTS for sample which will convince.

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Fit, Color, Wear. A New Shirt for One that Fails.

Insist on Emery The Shirt that Fits. at your dealers.

Write for Style Book.

W. M. Steppacher & Bro.
Philadelphia

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Dramatic Number

VOL FIFTY NO 6

OCTOBER 26 1912

$985

Overland
1913

A few of the big features

Self Starter

30 Horsepower

5-Passenger Touring Car

Center Control

110-inch Wheel Base

Timken Bearings

Prestolite Tank

Remy Magneto

Warner Speedometer

Mohair Top and Boot

Tires 32 x 3½ Q. D.

Clear Vision Wind Shield

All Bright Parts Nickel-Plated

Completely Equipped

Overland 1913

An extraordinary demand followed the announcement of this extraordinary value

WE predicted an avalanche of orders. We knew the minute this model was offered it would sweep the country. We knew nothing on earth could stop the demand for it. All we had to do was to acquaint the public with the facts. During the last sixty days we have shipped seventy-five hundred of these 1913 cars and still we are way behind our immediate shipping orders. This extraordinary pressure just naturally followed the announcement of this extraordinary value.

¶ Any one article that continues, from year to year, to beat, baffle and dominate, other similar articles, must be the acknowledged leader. This is an established fact in commercial circles. That which is best must lead. The Overland is today the most prominent automobile, of its type, produced.

¶ Automobile values must be looked at from several different angles. You must consider not only the price, *but what that price buys you.* You must take into consideration the power, the strength, the beauty, the construction, the size, the appearance and the equipment of the car. You must judge a car by the material in it; the workmanship in it; the methods employed to produce it; and, last but not least, the facilities behind the production methods. Couple these facts with the price tag and you get the value.

¶ Examine each of these fundamentals in this Overland at $985 and you find a car that is identical with the average $1200 car. Go further and you find high grade construction and painstaking care in finish that equal the production methods employed in the making of any $5000 car you know of.

¶ This car has the power of a $1200 car; it has the strength of a $1200 car; it has the size of a $1200 car; it has the seating capacity of a $1200 car; it has the wheel base of a $1200 car; it has the chassis construction of a $1200 car; it has the comfort of a $1200 car; it has the beauty and finish of a $1200 car.

¶ Take the equipment item alone. It has a Warner speedometer—the best made; it has a fine mohair top and boot; it has a clear vision wind shield; it has a self starter and a Prestolite tank—every practical accessory made for an automobile. And all for the one price—$985. There are no "extras."

¶ Then there are those important construction features which are only found on the very high priced cars. This model has a drop forged I beam section front axle, fitted with the famous Timken bearings; a three-quarter floating rear axle fitted with Hyatt bearings; a selective transmission with three speeds forward and reverse, fitted with annular bearings and a cold rolled pressed steel frame. It has the center control. The brakes are unusually large for a car of this size and power, and are ample for cars of much greater weight. There are two powerful sets of the drum type—internal expanding and external contracting. The great braking surface of these is indicated by their dimensions, 13 inches by 2¼ inches each. Compare the braking systems on the $1500 cars—they are not one bit more efficient. The springs are semi-elliptic front, three-quarter elliptic rear. Each spring has six leaves. Tires are 32 x 3½ Q. D.

¶ This model is superbly finished. The striking body is in dark Overland blue. Battleship gray wheels harmonize perfectly with the rich dark body which is trimmed in black and nickel plate.

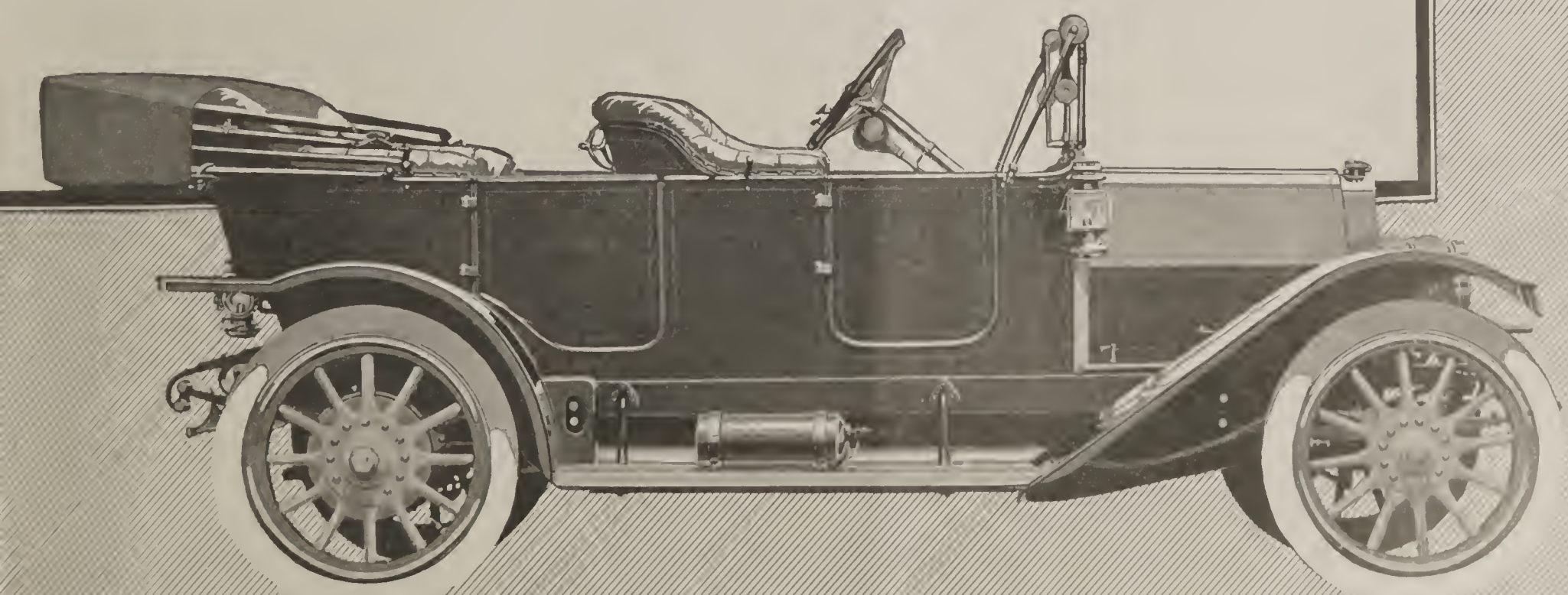
¶ We want to put it up to you squarely. We want to submit to your own judgment the following simple inquiry: Why pay more than our price, for a car of this size, strength and power? When cars that are selling for $1200 give you no more practical value; give you no more power; no more comfort; no more ease; no more strength; no better looking car, why in the name of reason and economy should you pay the additional money?

¶ There are over 2000 Overland dealers. Look up the one in your town and see this Model 69 at once.

¶ Step lively for an early delivery.

¶ Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 6.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



FREE A GREAT NEW MUSICAL WORK AND GUITARDOM is set agog by the ... Exclusive "GIBSON" ... of Mandolin and Guitar

Features

Carved Top and Back; Stradivarius arching; scientific graduation from thick in center to a delicate thinness at rim which simultaneously secures strength and sensitiveness and compels free vibration of entire sounding-board by extending the vibrational lines of least resistance clear to the rim. A tilted neck permits a high bridge on both Mandolin and Guitar, which with the extension string-holder secures vertical and increased string pressure sufficient to pulsate a larger and thicker sounding-board; thus producing a bigness of tone never before realized. Relative treatment of top and back secures sympathetic vibration from the back-board which additionally supports the tone. Necks are reinforced, and made non-warpable. Guard-plates or finger-rests are elevated on all "Gibson" instruments. Easy action. Adjustable string bearing at bridge overcomes sharping of heavier strings in upper positions.

Valentine Abt, of New York City, America's Napoleon of Mandolin Virtuoso-ship, writes: "The instrument construction is so revolutionary and satisfying in meeting the demands of the connoisseur, it makes the Gibson Company practically the pioneer of plectrum instrument making in America."

Get a "Gibson" on approval at as low as $1.00 down and $1.50 a month. (Only 5c. a day.) Costs you nothing to investigate. Besides, you want our free superb book of 100 pages—90 cuts—and subject matter on instrument construction, instrumentation, orchestration, great American and European Artists and Orchestras; a terse compilation of virile truth. For the player and teacher of strings.

Also FREE Treatise "HOW TO PRACTICE, WHEN AND WHY, PSYCHOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED." The greatest lecture in three decades on this specific subject.

Write today. If a teacher, **do business on our capital. Stock furnished. We help sell. We pay the advertising. You pay for goods when sold; return goods not sold. Try our "Still Hunt." Catalog and thematic list free. Enclose your card.**

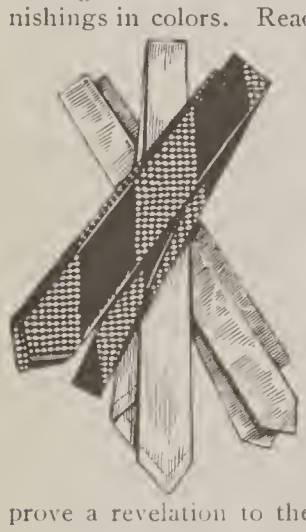
OPEN: A splendid, permanent teaching and business opportunity to the right teacher. Either sex. ☞ Write promptly. Other positions pending.

GIBSON MANDOLIN GUITAR CO.
526 Harrison Court, Kalamazoo, Mich., U. S. A.

This Advertisement

will appear in many leading magazines. More than a million men will read it and many thousands will respond at once.

If *you* are interested write for our new catalog No. 115 of men's high grade furnishings in colors. Ready November 1st.



A work of art. The most beautiful catalog of men's wear ever published. Every article shown in colors.

Neckwear, gloves, hosiery, shirts, reefers, mufflers and handkerchiefs. An absolutely matchless selection—all in colors—newest styles—newest effects—at prices that must prove a revelation to the purchaser.

Any article ordered that does not prove more than satisfactory may be returned and the money will be refunded at once.

No. 115—These beautiful four-in-hand scarfs, made from excellent quality silk in plain and fancy effects. In every conceivable color and combination of colors. Sent prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada for 50c. Add 5c to your remittance for insurance.

Newcomb-Endicott Company
Detroit, Mich.

Globe-Wernicke
Filing Equipment

It is the Globe-Wernicke idea to sell you filing cabinets, unit by unit, as your business grows. Such a system is elastic, inexpensive, and follows the pace of a business without waste of space or hasty crowding. Consult our agent in your locality or

Write for Catalog C 810.

The Globe-Wernicke Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

SUCCESS SHORTHAND

The best system for beginners; a post-graduate course for stenographers. Highest world's records for speed and accuracy and a greater number of court reporters than any other system in the last seven years. Instruction by mail; satisfaction guaranteed. Write for FREE catalog.

SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL
W. L. James, Chief Instructor
Dept. 710, Schiller Building Chicago, Illinois

Weekly letter to readers on advertising *No. 94*

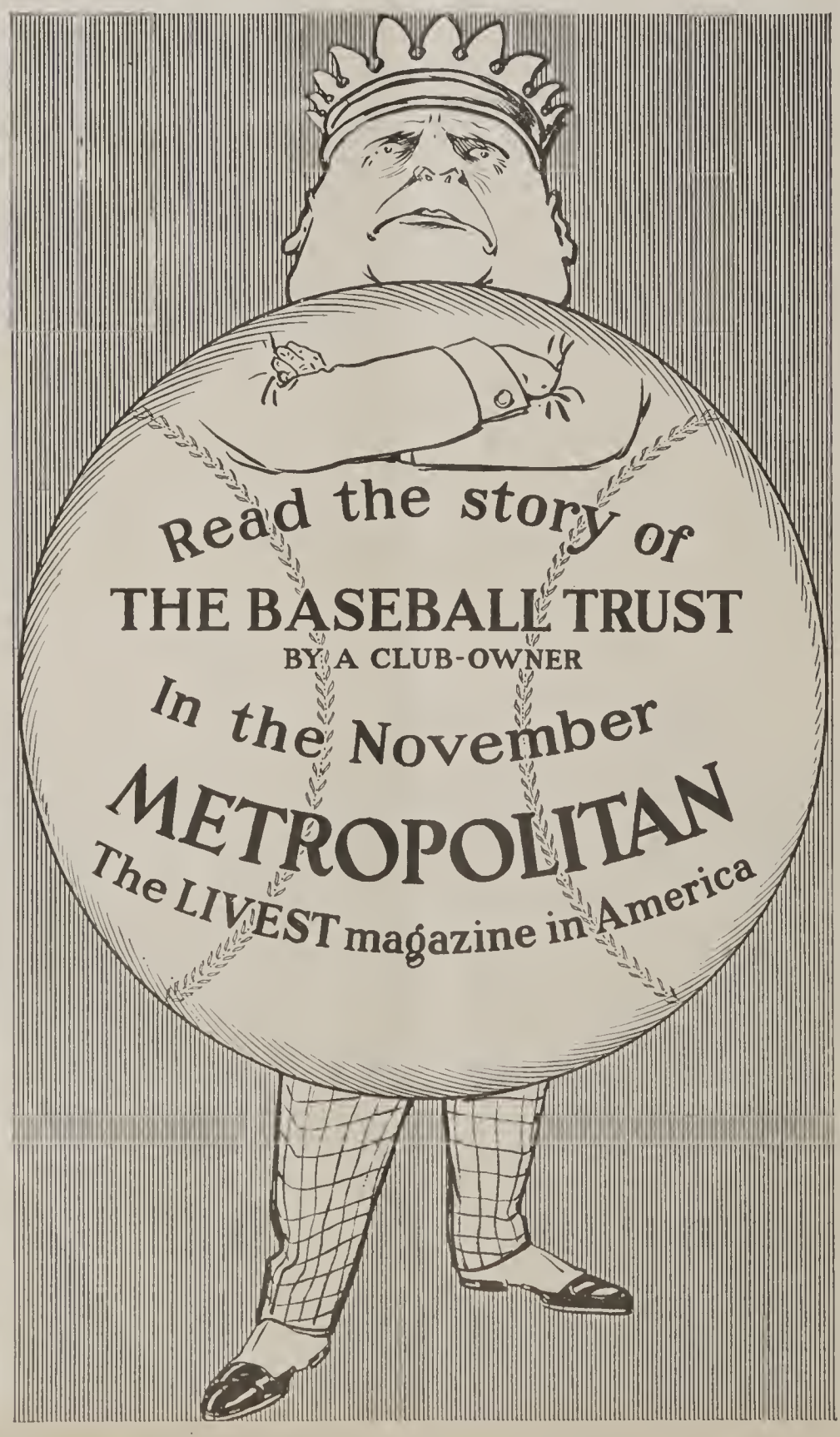
"The bluest blooded royalty in Europe is proud to wear on its coat-of-arms this motto: 'Ich Dien,' which, translated into plain everyday English, means 'I serve.'"

REAL service—in the form of reliable goods, courteous treatment of customers, and absolute honesty and fair dealing—is the spirit behind present day advertising. Without these qualities advertising *cannot* be successful.

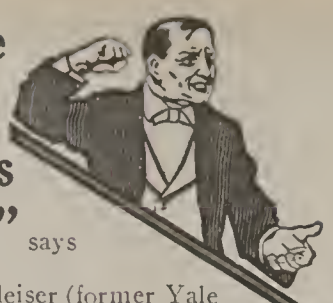
Service plus advertising is the reason for the success of the Steinway Piano Co., Eastman Kodak Co., Ivory Soap, National Biscuit Co. and the many other well known manufacturers whose announcements are before the public in newspapers, street cars, billboards and magazines. "Ich Dien" in its truest, fullest meaning is their motto.

A. G. Hammesfahr.

Manager Advertising Department



"Give Me 15 Minutes a Day!" says



Grenville Kleiser (former Yale Instructor), "and I'll teach you

HOW TO

Make Speeches
Propose Toasts
Address Board Meetings
Sell More Goods
Strengthen Memory
Develop Strong Personality
Converse Winningly
Acquire Poise and Distinction"

Thousands of business and professional men have become convincing speakers in public and in business by following this Mail Course in their spare time at home or in their office. It has increased their power and influence—put them on the straight road to BIG SUCCESS.

"WORTH MORE THAN IT COSTS"

"If I were never to use an iota of this teaching and knowledge for the purpose of public speaking, still it is worth more than it costs, and is immensely valuable for the correction of an imperfect education—for the assistance it gives me in writing letters, in stating difficult business propositions, in the use of correct language. In addition, it broadens one's knowledge of literature, full import of statement, etc. I am wonderfully pleased."—W. T. WILSON (W. T. Wilson Grain Co.), Nacogdoches, Texas.

Without committing yourself in any way, send a post card request at once for full particulars and proof of the value of the Kleiser Course in Public Speaking.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 580, NEW YORK

Rémoh Gems
Marvelous Synthetic Gems

Look and Wear Like Diamonds
Not Imitation

—the greatest triumph of the electric furnace. *Will cut glass*—stands filing, fire and acid tests like a diamond—guaranteed to contain no glass. Remoh Gems have no paste, foil or backing—their brilliancy is guaranteed forever. One-thirtieth the cost of a diamond. These remarkable gems are set only in 14 Karat Solid Gold Mountings.

Sent On Approval Anywhere in U. S. Your money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory. Write for our 4-color De Luxe Jewel Book—yours for the asking.

Remoh Jewelry Co.
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The OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

To Whiten the Teeth

It's the Oxygen (in the form of peroxide of hydrogen) in Calox that renders it so perfect a cleanser and whitener of the teeth. Dentists advise its use. Physicians prescribe it.

All Druggists, 25 Cents
Sample and Booklet free on request
McKESSON & ROBBINS, NEW YORK
Ask for the Calox Tooth Brush, 35c.

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I won the **World's First Prize** for best course in Penmanship. Under my guidance many are becoming expert penmen. Am placing many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges at high salaries. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my **Favorite Pens** and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal.

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Does not chafe, overheat or draw end of stump.
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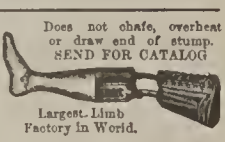

Largest Limb Factory in World.

Pres. Roosevelt's Secretary

Wm. Loeb, now gets $12,000 a year. Geo. Cortelyou, Pres. McKinley's secretary, is paid more than $30,000. Both owe their success to

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Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price.

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The **Hartford Fire Insurance Company** has in its hundred years and more of life, paid the enormous sum of 150 millions of dollars to make good losses by fire. This is the largest amount paid by any fire insurance company, but the **Hartford** is to-day stronger than at any time in its history. So when you need fire insurance

INSIST on the HARTFORD

Agents Everywhere

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

OCTOBER 26, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME FIFTY NO 6

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED, PUBLISHERS

ROBERT J. COLLIER, *President* FRANKLIN COE, *Treasurer*

E. C. PATTERSON, *Vice President and General Manager* CHARLES E. MINER, *Secretary*

416 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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It Makes the Tire Look Like New

Tirenew your tires once a week and you'll have a smarter looking car, and longer lived, safer, and more satisfactory tires. Tirenew your spares and protect them from light and sun. Two colors—tire gray and white.

There are imitations which paint but don't protect—insist on Tirenew.

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National Rubber Company

4404 Papin St., St. Louis, Mo.

Buy by the Box—Buy a box of ½-gallons—convenient and economical. If your dealer can't supply you we will.

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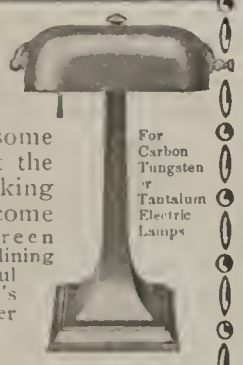
Fit out your office—your library—your den—your parlor with Emeralites. They're both handsome and useful. It's just the lamp you've been looking for. Makes a welcome gift to anyone. The green glass shade and its opal lining make a combination restful and soothing to eyes. It's a pleasure to read under



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Complete with 6 feet silk cord ready to screw into electric light socket. Sell for $6.50 and up. Send for booklet showing 19 styles in color. Address Dept. "C."

H. G. McFADDIN & CO.
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$1.00 DOWN

Prices are $15, $25, $35, $50, $60, $70, etc., on terms of $1 or more down (depending on size and style selected) and a small amount each month.

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table

needs no special room—can be set on dining-room or library table, or on its own legs or folding stand. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 feet (standard). Balls, cues, etc., free.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE. On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This ensures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog giving prices, terms, etc.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 403 Center St., Portland, Me.

Ask the man who owns one

A Logical Answer For Your Hauling Problem

Five-ton chassis	$4,500
Three-ton chassis	3,400
Two-ton chassis	2,800

Quantity purchases of Packard trucks by concerns like the American Express Company bear a close relation to their worth as an investment.

If we sell you a Packard truck it is because we know we can save you money or increase your business. Unless we can establish one or both of these propositions we don't want your patronage.

Packard salesmen are equipped to analyze your hauling requirements.

Substantial reasons for the recognition of the Packard as the standard vehicle of heavy traffic:

The ability of the factory to deliver the trucks.

The dealer's ability to deliver the service.

The ability of the trucks to deliver the goods.

Packard dealers, with a complete stock of parts at instant command, provide regular inspection and keep Packard trucks running every hour of every working day.

Packard trucks have made good in 163 lines of trade

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit

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LEE TIRES

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Booklet D tells of the better grade rubber, the finer fabric and improved processes back of this better performance. Write for it, or get it at

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225 North Broad St., Philadelphia
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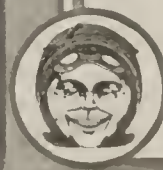

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Mr Benj. Bris... Mr I. D. ...well, and others ... system ... for ... Write ... and business ... starts you. Write for ...

PRACTICAL AUTO SCHOOL ... Toledo, O.

Garford "SIX"

A DISTINGUISHED foreign diplomat recently visited America to represent his government at a big naval review held in New York City. During his stay in New York a Garford Six was placed at his disposal. It was his first trip across the Atlantic.

Just before he left for home he was asked to give his views on what he saw and thought of this country. Among other things he spoke of the remarkable progress we had made in fine motor car construction. His views — according to his own statement—were based entirely on his experience with the Garford Six, which he said was far in advance of any Six cylinder car made in Europe.

Opinions of this high character are worth considerable to those who are in the market for a high grade six-cylinder automobile.

The Garford motor is the most highly developed six built.

The method of lubrication and fuel distribution is mechanically correct, giving positive guarantee of equal driving force from each of the six cylinders at all times—not occasionally. Neither is economy sacrificed —for the Garford Six will do better than eleven miles on one gallon of gasoline on tour. The most highly perfected system of lubrication insures smoothness and quietness of operation. The chassis, body construction and spring suspension make easy riding qualities seem beyond improvement. The interior and exterior finish leave nothing in the way of beauty and luxury to be desired.

The Garford Six is one of the world's most finished products.

A handsomely illustrated book giving all details mailed you gratis.

(Address Department 1)

THE GARFORD COMPANY, ELYRIA, OHIO

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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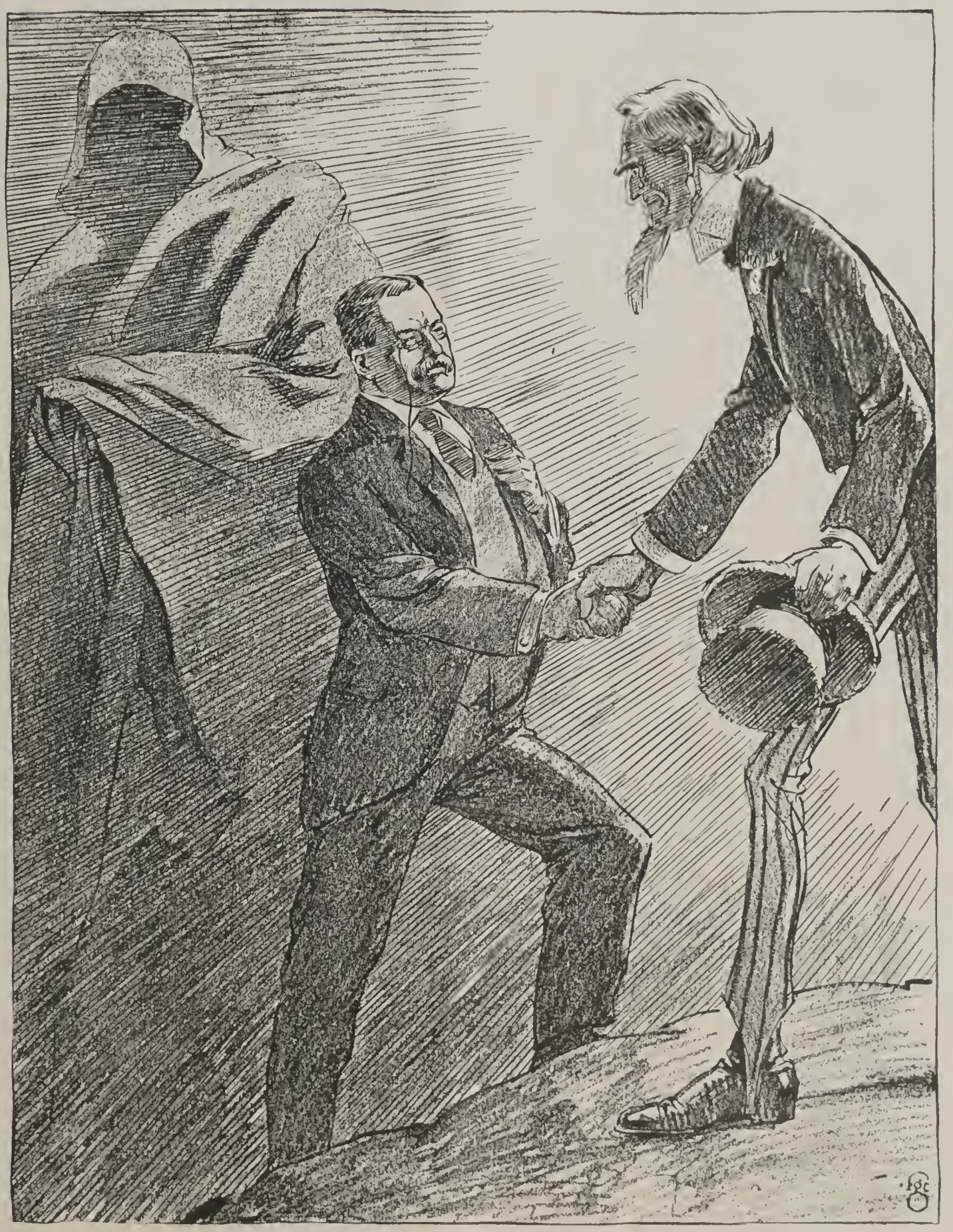
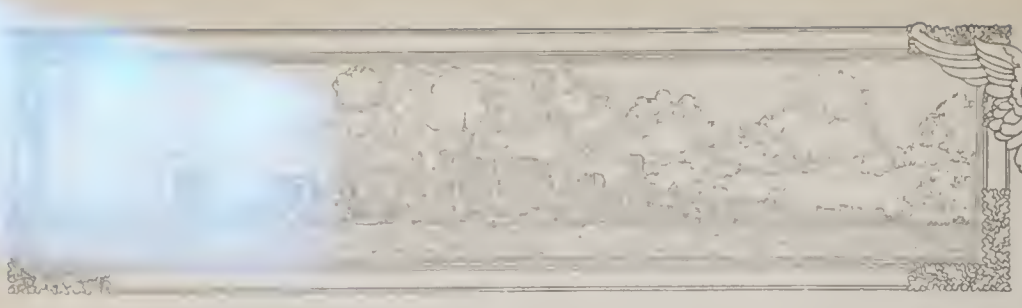


Out of the Shadow

DRAWN BY F. G. COOPER



A MAN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is a fairly close presentment of what this nation likes to call *a man*. Such faults as fault-finders like ourselves have been able to descry in him are faults of the highly tempered, hasty, and not always reasonable nation which selected him to govern it. No man probably could have risen so high in American politics and emerged as stainless from his early struggles. No man could have used his power with a larger moral usefulness to his whole people. And we doubt whether any man in history has undertaken late in life as high an unselfish venture in the field of politics as the Bull Moose. It is fortunate that those who value lightly the important things of life—courage, personal honor, and the well being of those about them, and who guard closely safety, comfort, and their pocketbook—are almost the only Americans cynical enough to disbelieve in the honesty of THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S words within five minutes of an attempt upon his life:

> Friends, I want to say this about myself: I have too many important things to think about to pay heed or to feel any concern over my own death.

COLLIER'S is not so hypercritical that it cannot recognize a man.

THE DOOR THAT IS NEVER SHUT

THE LIST of air fatalities has been long the past summer. But, however much we deplore the loss of these men of action, we are moved to admiration for that trait in human nature which never lets us quit. Wherever there is a wilderness to explore, wherever a door has been found that can be opened and a stairway leading up, men will go in. When any man finds a way to enlarge the field of man's pleasure, or profit, or helpfulness, other men will follow regardless of hardship or danger. Conservatism may frown on them, nature may try to conceal from them, gravity may battle with them, and the elements may hurl their deadliest shafts against those who essay the great adventure, but for every man who drops by the way, twenty spring forward to take his place, until at last man has triumphed and one more achievement is credited to the race. Thus it will be. No matter how many fall, there will be others to go up. The door to the sky has been opened and will not be closed. Engines may stop, wings may break, and air currents overturn, but man will fly, until he has dominion over the air as over the land and sea.

DIRECT GOVERNMENT

THE SUPERINTENDENT of a large factory naturally chooses the best available men, but he does not depend exclusively on the character of the men to get good and continuous service; he also pays their wages. In this imperfect world, how long would it take him to find five hundred men who would do his work well merely because they loved to work? It is because they want the job that the men come back day after day. It is not mere natural industry and punctuality that bring them to the door when the seven o'clock whistle blows and keeps them at work eight hours. The same hand that fills the pay envelope has power to promote or to discharge. Now for the moral. So long as the people perform no other function in their government than pay the bills, no matter how good and efficient men naturally may be, the inclination always is to please the man or men who have power to employ, promote, or discharge. If the selection of candidates is left to a boss, a corporation, or a clique, no set of men under the sun so selected are good enough to give whole-hearted service to the people, who merely pay when told to pay. Even a second-rate set of men may do valiant service when their jobs depend upon the same person who writes their checks.

DISTANCE

TO APPRECIATE the past without losing proportion, is what the wise historian seeks. The highest of all writers of history, in the opinion of many scholars, was THUCYDIDES; he lived in a time of great deeds, in the most brilliant nation the world has seen, yet of the early triumphs of his race he said:

> It is impossible to speak with certainty of what is so remote, but from all we can really investigate, I should say they were no very great things.

THE PRICE OF POETRY

WEARY A LITTLE of politics at the present moment (though we shall have to return to it before we complete this page of type), we shake ourselves together to remark that, unless our memory is at fault, TENNYSON, during his later years, made something like $20,000 a year. For fear of encouraging others, we will add that some poets do not make so much.

HUMAN JUDGMENT

SAMUEL PEPYS was a man of such personality that he is read and constantly talked about to-day. This man said "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" was the silliest play he had ever seen. We are all like that. Whatever our gifts, we are full of blind spots and are constantly forming and emitting the most incredible opinions.

> Man, proud man,
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
> His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
> As make the angels weep.

The quotation is somewhat musty, but we call attention to the third line in it. Our most arrogant opinions often lie in those fields where we are least acquainted.

LIGHT

WHEN EMERSON was a young man he wrote:

> At the first entering ray of light, society is shaken with fear and anger from side to side. Who opened that shutter? they cry. Woe to him! . . . Even now society is shaken because a thought or two have been thrown into the midst.

Even then, and even in 1912, and so perhaps it will ever be. The same profound thinker wrote in "Works and Days":

> Though many creatures eat from one dish, each, according to its constitution, assimilates from the elements what belongs to it. . . . A snake converts whatever prey the meadow yields him into snake; a fox, into fox; and PETER and JOHN are working up all existence into PETER and JOHN.

So with the mind. Where PETER or JOHN undertakes to change the universe, he must take his life in his hands. He has no complaint. He either changes others or they put him down and out, and he is a baby if he cries.

FOR CONGRESS

ON APRIL 20, 1868, the New York "Tribune" contained the account of a dinner given to DICKENS, in which it said:

> Mr. Thorpe spoke of the future in store for a section so large in extent and so rich in its resources as that which was known as "The Southwest." Twenty-eight years ago he saw a flatboat coming down the Mississippi with the name printed in large letters on its side, *Samuel Veller*. On his asking the captain of the craft whose name it bore, he replied that he thought probably it was that of the new candidate for Congress.

This mistake would be less likely now, less on account of DICKENS'S fame than because the average man has become interested in whom he sends to Congress. We believe that a few days from now he will, after considerable study, vote for that candidate, irrespective of party, who seems to him best fitted to legislate for a hundred million souls.

INSIDE INFORMATION

THERE IS BUT ONE more number of this paper to appear before election day. And each day we shall probably be asked the question: *"Is* COLLIER'S *for* WILSON *or for* ROOSEVELT?" Fortunately, COLLIER'S has no vote, and, therefore, can be friendly to two candidates at once, and will have fulfilled its function in this campaign if it presents the issues fairly to its readers. Of these there are a number who have felt that our persistent championship of many reforms advocated in the Progressive platform should have led us to declare for the Bull Moose, and others still who, knowing our views on the tariff and on the regulation of monopoly, ask for an absolute declaration against ROOSEVELT and in favor of WILSON. COLLIER'S, however, undertakes only to interpret fairly the character of the candidates and sincerity of the claims on which they ask election, and the problems involved as far as we can understand them. Just by way of illustration, and not because it is of any particular significance, it is probable that the editorial staff of COLLIER'S will vote as follows:

One of the staff will vote for WILSON because he believes WILSON'S ideas on the regulation of monopoly sounder than Mr. ROOSEVELT'S, and because he shares the Democratic candidate's convictions on the tariff.

Two others will vote for ROOSEVELT because they believe the third party, entirely apart from the personality of its leader—and that leader confessedly the only man who could have welded together so powerful a party in so short a time—represents the greatest moral movement in American politics since the Civil War.

It is for our readers to do, as we are doing in this office: make choice, each person according to his lights—which is more important, to see the tariff and trust questions rightly solved, or to get behind a great new force for the rehabilitation of our politics?

LAND

BEFORE THE COMMUNITY reaches a final settlement of the monopoly problem, it will have to include a radical change in methods of taxation, and this will include a great change in the view of public and private rights in land and in what lies in the earth. Any unearned increment, whatever its nature, fails to suit the modern conscience, and ultimately it is likely to go.

VISION

NEW PARTY LEADERS frequently charge their opponents with lack of vision. We are grateful for the aid to our imagination which Mr. PERKINS gave in his sketch of regulated monopoly before the Senate Commission:

> The rapid changes that have taken place in methods—and I believe are going to be just as rapid the next twenty-five years—make me feel that you cannot lay down many very specific rules, but that we have got to have here in Washington a controlling commission, composed largely of business men, to which a business enterprise could come and say: "Now we want to do thus and so; here is the manner in which we propose to treat labor; here is the manner in which we are going to treat our competitors, and here is the method of treating our consumers. Is this in keeping with good public policy?" And find out whether or not they can do it. (See Senate Committee's report, page 1102.)

That seems to us a perfectly vivid picture of what Mr. PERKINS desires; a basis on which to agree or disagree with him.

THE MONOPOLY ARGUMENT

OUR OPINION on the monopoly issue has been often expressed, but frequent objections require us to restate certain principles of this most immediate and important issue. It is poor judgment to rejoice in anything as settled unless it is settled right. Our own opinion of the economic and social value of extremely large units differs from that of the new party; and if units beyond a certain size are injurious, we can scarcely be pessimistic enough to doubt that society can reduce them. If it cannot, it will take them over. *Monopolies ultimately will be national, State, or city monopolies.* Mr. ROOSEVELT is strong for the distinction between good trusts and bad trusts. To our mind no trust looks to be a good thing for society. The La Follette-Stanley-Lenroot bills seem to us sound and high constructive legislation. Both parties are agreed upon the need of new administration machinery; *the question is on what it is to administer.* We believe it should administer laws intended to preserve competition. The judicial system has been partly to blame for the failure so far. The court laid down a correct principle in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases, but carried it out foolishly. The La Follette-Stanley-Lenroot bills prevent the recurrence of this error. Moreover, they vastly increase the redress. They are not complete; much remains to be learned; *but they point in the right direction,* the only permanently safe direction.

A DISTINCTION

AN OCCASIONAL ACCIDENT is inevitable in modern railroading. The public calls continually for more speed, and is apparently willing to take its fair share of the added risk. The more intelligent roads have met this demand by better equipment—heavier rails, steel cars, automatic safety devices. When an accident occurs on such a road every consideration is thrown to the winds except that of immediate caring for the injured. From president to brakeman, every official whips off his coat and addresses himself to the relief of human suffering. The most famous "flyer" on the road will be sidetracked to let the relief train by. On all sides the injured, the survivors, and their friends meet helpfulness and eager courtesy. The writer was recently in his first railroad wreck. The train, one of the regular fast expresses between New York and Boston, was composed not of Pullmans but of wooden "parlor cars." At a little station, called Westport, there was a "crossover"—*i. e.*, a switch which shifts the train from one to another of the four tracks. This was taken at a rate of over fifty miles an hour. The train was derailed, and three out of the four wooden "parlor cars" caught fire. In car number one were four women who, unable to escape, were burned to death. A year before, as the result of a similar accident, the railroad had been ordered by the Railway Commission to bring all trains to a full stop before taking a "crossover." No attention was paid to this warning. The car in which the four women were killed was an old wooden one which weighed about half what an ordinary Pullman weighs. With these lives to answer for, there was to be found, on the part of the railroad officials at the scene of the wreck, nothing but indifference, evasions, and discourtesy. The road which has thus distinguished itself, we need hardly say, is the New York, New Haven & Hartford, managed by CHARLES S. MELLEN.

CONGRESSMEN

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER once maintained that it is easier to govern than to run a grocery store. Certainly it is very difficult to run a grocery store as it should be run. These were his words:

> The Secretary of the Treasury sends in an elaborate report—a budget, in fact—involving a complete and harmonious scheme of revenue and expenditure. Must the Congressman read it? No; it is not necessary to do that; he only cares for practical measures. Or a financial bill is brought in. Does he study that bill? He hears it read, at least by title. . . . Or is it a question of tariff? He is to vote "yes" or "no" on these proposals. It is not necessary for him to master these subjects, but it is necessary for him to know how to vote. And how does he find out that? In the first place, by inquiring what effect the measure will have upon the chances of election of the man he thinks will be nominated for President, and, in the second place, what effect his vote will have on his own reelection.

This may be less true in Washington after the next 4th of March. Whatever your party, you should try on November 5 to diminish its truth. Don't vote for inferior men, whatever label they wear.

THE PENALTY OF LEADERSHIP

SPEAKING OF PUBLIC UTILITY COMMISSIONS, President VAN HISE, in his book on "Concentration and Control," says:

> It was in Wisconsin, when United States Senator R. M. LA FOLLETTE was Governor, that the full solution was first reached.

Many of us can remember the day when LA FOLLETTE's fight for progressive ideas caused him to be looked upon by the country at large as a dangerous demagogue. It is often the fate of the man who keeps ahead of the procession.

WHY?

MR. BELASCO mounts a play "in three acts and an epilogue in 'Childs.'" No small part of the audience is drawn thither to see just how deceptively this meticulous master of detail will make his stage over into a Broadway beanery. By paying a few cents, and eating two poached eggs or "buckwheats and," anyone can look over the restaurant in real life. Of course, Mr. BELASCO makes believe convincingly. He knows what a telephone exchange is like and how an elevator door sounds when you click it. He also knows what theme the public is interested in during a given year. He is a good journalist. But why does the public like to see its hotels and restaurants accurately reproduced on the stage when the originals themselves are only round the corner? For one thing, art helps the beholder thereafter to take more interest in the thing depicted.

A MILLION DOLLARS

SPENDING an imaginary fortune is a favorite pastime with us all. If we were disposing of a million dollars we should be inclined to put into as many homes as possible JANE ADDAMS's latest volume, "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil."

A NOTABLE SERIES

THE DIVORCE PROBLEM is one of the most difficult now before the world, and we wish to insert a free advertisement here for "The Housekeeper" by saying that the series of articles by Mrs. WILLSIE, now running in that magazine on that subject, is one of the most helpful printed in any periodical in a long time.

THE FEMINIST MOVEMENT

THE ADVANCE OF WOMEN into the arena where economic and moral questions are settled is becoming more powerful and rapid every week. Voting is only a part of it. It is the seizure of an apt and needed weapon, and it is the symbol of the whole subtle and far-reaching change. This alteration in society cannot be stopped, because it is the result of education, industrial development, democratic government, and peace. If the world understands one thing to-day it is that progress depends on the conditions under which children are born and trained. Shall women be kept out of the councils which deal with the health and rearing of children—with schools, penal rules, eugenics, changing ethics? Shall they have no voice in directing how much money shall be spent on education and how much on political pie? On whether cotton and woolen goods are what they ought to be in quality and price? On whether, in regulating a traffic that murders so many girls every year, and creates so much disease, we shall punish the women, the men, the owners of buildings, or the police? Or rely on changing standards in men's morality, forced by increased knowledge among women? Hundreds of thousands of girls work in shops, factories, laundries, bakeries: who shall look after the laws relating to them, and the execution of those laws? Is the tariff of no importance to those who do most of the purchasing for the home? Unless woman has no right to help decide the questions which most concern her children and herself the feminist movement cannot stop.

Country Clubs

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

TWO outstanding, florid, padded young [illegible] at a conspicuous Broadway [illegible] delivered the following [illegible]:

"[illegible]"

"[illegible] MacDougall, as I live! [illegible]" (Business of shaking hands.)

"Say, dog [illegible]. Just completed a tour of the Hodkins time—a screaming success from start to finish—everybody crazy about me—should have seen the ovation they gave me in—"

"And now?"

"At liberty for a time. Nothing serious, but irritating. You see, the knockers got on my trail when they saw I was getting all the hands, and before I knew my fate, I was ordered out and shot at sunrise. It's something fierce the way they knife a good man in the profession nowadays."

"You've said something, old man!"

The short actor, late of the "Hodkins time" (phrase

"He's the guy that wrote 'I'd Love to Love a Lovey Dovey Dove Like You.' He's made a fortune writing musical shows"

meaning "touring regularly on Mr. Hodkins's vaudeville circuit"), pulled down his purplish-green overcoat and drew a little closer. The tall actor gazed furtively up Broadway as for an easy escape. He stirred nervously in his cloth-topped shoes.

"By the bye, Herb"—this from the short one, jauntily—"could you slip me a couple of bucks till to-morrow?"

"Come, come now, Brent! You wouldn't rob a pauper like me—two bucks is a great deal of money."

"There, don't be a flinty-hearted jailer! You know I'd pass as much to you on request."

"Let's step into the Country Club and talk it over," said the tall one evasively.

Exeunt both through swinging door labeled "Kaiserhof."

This conversation, repeated within my hearing not so long ago, was the first occasion upon which I heard the term "Country Club" applied to one of the actor-frequented cafés, saloons, and restaurants distributed along Broadway and environing streets. The picturesque irony of the phrase roused my curiosity, so I besought Larry O'Hammerstein, vaudevillian (at present disengaged). Larry keeps office hours from 10 to 11.30 P. M. at the Cadillac, and there I found him behind the pages of the "Dramatic Mirror."

"Why do they call them Country Clubs?" I asked.

"Why shouldn't they?" he interrogated in reply. "A country club is a place where you go to get out of the fresh air and avoid wholesome exercise, ain't it? Don't make any difference whether it is in Broadway or Greenwich, Conn., the object is about the same. Who first started the name for these theatrical hang outs? Lou Fields, I guess it was—or maybe it was Dick Mansfield. Anyhow, whenever you see a place within shooting distance of Broadway where the Profession comes to drink beer and tell his troubles, you can set that down as a 'Country Club.'

"Show me some of your Country Clubs," I demanded.

Being cursed with a great leisure, Larry consented to lead me.

"A lot of the famous old places has went," said Larry. "There was George Consadine's old Metropole, which was torn down when George got rich by saving his honest pennies and started a rival to the St. Regis up in Forty-fourth Street. The old Halfway House, too, was a loss, as its big scoop o' beer and grand lunch for a nickel has saved the life of many an actor who to-day shakes hands with Willie Collier—just like that! Several of the I-talian places have became hang outs for chorus men, which has spoiled 'em for the Profession—"

"Aren't chorus men the Profession?" I inquired. Larry's only reply was a look of infinite pity.

"I'll take you 'round," he said. "Would you rather start at the top and work down, or vichey-verchey?"

"*Facilis est descensus Averno*," I misquoted learnedly. "I think it might be pleasant to start with Olympus and gradually slide."

THE café of the Hotel Albany is *de luxe*, a veritable Newport golf club on the middle Rialto. Here you sit at an elaborate table, whose green marble top exactly matches the pilasters on the walls, and gaze reflectively up at those wonderful Florentine beams, hand colored by artisans from afar. The bartender is also Florentine, to match the ceiling, which he assures you: "Costa mucha mon'—ten t'ousan' dollars." Theatrically the Albany is in somewhat the same class as the Knickerbocker and Rector's; for here you can talk with producers and managers—provided they do not scent your approach with that superhuman keenness peculiar to producers and managers.

"Yet you'd be surprised," said Larry O'Hammerstein, "to see how many handsome near-actors save up their nickels and dimes for the sake of swelling around in such marble halls as these for a few minutes per week. It gives 'em distinction, and many a good contract has come out of this sort of bluff. Hello, there's J. Raglan Van Davenent!"

Larry beckoned to a tall, blue-chinned youth whose rough purple overcoat swept loosely from his shoulders in a luxuriance of fold suggestive of the Roman toga.

"Greetings, Ragsy—won't you join?"

"With pleasure!"

said the stately one, attaching himself to our table even as the tired swimmer embraces a passing raft.

"Living here now?" asked Larry with assumed innocence.

"My dear sir, are you the house detective?" J. Raglan struck an easy Faversham pose. "To speak you true, I am keeping office hours here from 10 to 10.15 P. M. every other Thursday. For regular meals you may find me at Abruzzi's Franco-Italian restaurant adjacent to Sixth Avenue."

"Good feed?"

"Excellent! The thinness of the soup is nicely balanced by the thickness of the bread. In fact, my boy, I believe Abruzzi's must have the best cooking in New York—because why? Because of the cockroaches! These little creatures know where the desirable food is, which is proven by their well-known fondness for the kitchen. You seldom or never see a roach in the drawing-room. By the same reasoning you never find one of these tiny connoisseurs at Delmonico's—no! They are all down in Thirty-fifth Street testing Signora Abruzzi's excellent cuisine."

J. RAGLAN VAN DAVENENT helped himself to a cigarette.

"Larry, would you believe it," he orated, "I've been grossly insulted by my agent!"

"How so?"

"Beggar offered me a job!"

"Accepted, of course?"

"Lord, no! Wanted me to play an Indian part in a road production of the 'Squaw Man.' And what do you suppose? The atrocious beggar offered me thirty dollars a week for the job—me!"

"What'd you do?"

"I crossed up stage to exit l. c. There I paused. Business of flashing eye and deep breathing. 'Robinson,' I said, 'how could you have forgotten that my minimum wage is one hundred and twenty-five? You have the effrontery to offer me thirty per to play the part of an Indian—why, you scoundrel, I wouldn't play a half-breed at that price!"

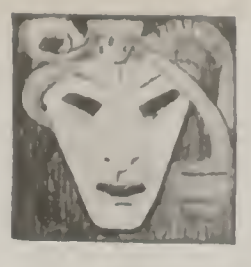
An actor's motive in famishing rather than accept a cut in salary is not all vanity, as I later learned. Broadway, in fact, is divided into a thousand castes, the standard of aristocracy being a nicely adjusted wage scale. Chorus men, loafing under velvet hats near the stage door of the Casino, will point out a passing comedian and whisper awesomely: "Jones—he's good for his two hundred and fifty every week he plays." But should the week come when Jones's manager offered him two hundred and forty-five, the comedian's only ethical move would be to resign and join the Army at Liberty. For even a five-dollar salary cut would start the whispering galleries of Longacre Square to echoing mawkishly: "Jones is working for a bargain salary—the toboggan for his career!"

A musical director told me recently that a singer had approached him showing the plain evidences of

A long line, composed of nearly two hundred sad individuals, carrying black hats and white rabbits

# of Broadway

Where the Members of the Profession Avoid Exercise



hunger in a face that gazed wanly above a dandified cravat.

"George," he said shamefacedly, "can you slip me a buck? I'm eating so seldom lately that a meal to me is like an Olympic game."

"I can do something better than lend you money," said the director. "I know you've got an A-1 voice and there's no reason why you should be out of work. Come around to the Victoria and I can place you at forty a week."

"Well, I guess not!" said the hungry one, drawing himself up proudly. "I've just refused an offer for seventy-five."

Such are the nice distinctions of those whom Thespis has made a little mad.

At the Kaiserhof (pronounced "kize") you get more the Broadway spirit of the Country Club. There are two good reasons why this corner should be dear to the drifting actor as well as his more steady confrère: The place is within loafing distance of the theatrical employment agencies and they offer here at five cents a glass the stuff which, more than art, made Munich illustrious. Seventh Avenue, where the schooners are taller and the lunch freer, ranks the Kaiserhof among the "millionaire joints," yet there is a German wholesomeness about this place which, I feel, must cheer many a weary actor in the patient hours of marking time against the "time" of some indifferent manager.

"It was spring, and the window was open. 'Music with our meals,' says I, trying to cheer the bunch. No sooner were the words out of my mouth than a strange face appeared at the open window—the organ grinder's faithful monkey climbing the vines in search of pennies"

HERE an elderly musical comedy singer, whose rather distinguished, pink, Irish face and pale white Angora hair (a wig, perhaps) suggested the thunderous prime of Louis James, leaned over the bar and confided to the German custodian:

"They say I'm superstitious—well, I am!" he intoned richly.

"Luck is someding!" agreed Fritz, whose duty it is to agree.

"Righto! Look at Allwynde Hipplethwaite. Had a nice, freak, pretty voice which was positively useless to him, because it was neither basso nor tenor—one o' those idle things they call 'barytone cantante'—six or seven golden notes and the rest short change. Well, neither vaudeville nor legit would have Allwynde and he was thinking of going into the soap business, when what happened? Allwynde was riding on the "L" road one day when a cop in the next seat dropped a revolver. Gun went off, bullet struck Allwynde right in the vocal chords. 'Here goes nothing!' he groaned and fainted away. Took him to hospital and operated on throat—what ho! The bullet had knocked his voice up into a higher register and Allwynde sang a tenor that made Caruso sound like a dish pan. Three hundred a week from then on singing home-and-mother stuff in 'vode' (vaudeville)."

"Cabarets saved my life," said a little fat man who sat at a table helping himself plentifully to pigs' knuckles. His remark sounded like an indorsement for a patent medicine, but it seems the cherubic one spake plain truth. The small midnight cafes, keeping abreast with the popular craze for insanity in dancing figures reminiscent of Maurice and Mad'moiselle Des Lys, have drawn on the stage and employed hundreds of singers and dancers who would otherwise feel the pinch of this distress.

"I wouldn't go back into vode," said one of these cabaret opportunists to me. "Not while *this* soft thing holds out. I do all the latest popular drivel and a crazy dance with a doll at the 'Brown Rat.' Sixty per and graft."

"Graft?" I inquired aggrievedly.

"Sure! We pass around the hat when the hour grows late. I'm good for two hundred per and I'll be rich by fall if the management don't begin coming down for a divvy."

IN OUR easy, flowery descent toward Hades we lounged—or I should more properly say "squeezed"—into Dowling's where the jam is prodigious and "standing room only" is proclaimed at the bar where performers from Hammerstein's Victoria and numerous burlesque houses consort with song writers, musical comedians, and the furtive-eyed camp followers who menace the Thespian's progress. A pale, square-headed little Alsatian majordomo watches you with a catlike regard, taking no chances on your forgetting to pay your score. Now and then he tiptoes over and makes a Masonic sign to the barkeep.

"Nothing doin', gents," says the dispenser to three vaudevillians who linger drinkless at the rail.

"What's the matter with you guys?" asks one.

"Heine says y' sneaked out on 'im last night without payin' yer check."

Three indignant vaudevillians file toward the door and face the pale but determined Heine.

"Now look here, you little rat," says the broadest of the three, "what do you mean by insinuating—"

"I don't insinnate—I know it," retorts Heine. "It ain't once, but often I seen you get careless about the time you passed the cashier's window. You can't work that game here no more. Go try it somewheres where it's fresh."

Exeunt three humiliated vaudevillians (of whom I was one) into the cold, fierce glare of Broadway.

In a recent statement Mr Belasco charges the actor with wasting his talents in clubs. As to the influence of the a "sidewalk turn" as the [illegible] stance, you expect the little fellow [illegible] and the long upper lip to [illegible] person: "Didn't I seen you once' [illegible] day?" or to pass the following [illegible]

"Any good news of yer mother-in-law?"

"Sure! She's dead."

It was at the same place where I actually heard this bit of cold-storage repartee.

Cut-Up No. 1—Poor Pat! He died at Albany.

Cut-Up No. 2—That's nothing. I "died" at Syracuse. (The word "died" indicating that No. 2's theatrical enterprise had broken up in the classic city.)

Actors of a humbler cloth love to mention the name of greatness much as the pious Moslem finds comfort in repeating the name of Allah.

"Look at Dave Warfield!" said a chisel-faced youth, peeling the rind from a slice of bologna. "He was a newsie on the streets of Frisco, and even to this day he ain't appreciated at home. Arch Selwyn met Dave's old man in Oakland a couple of months ago and Pop Warfield says: 'I wish Dave'd quit this here theatrical foolishness. When he left home I offered him a good job as shipping clerk, and if he'd stuck by it he'd be manager of a department now!'"

AT THIS point enter a tall, distinguished youth in gray spats, accompanied by a keen-eyed, worried little man. The crowd seemed to separate on both sides, as upon the entrance of the star. The mob struggled to clasp his hand and pay for his refreshment.

"Somebody in particular?" I inquired of Larry O'Toole.

"Somebody? Well, raw-thurr! He's the guy that wrote 'I'd Love to Love a Lovey Dovey Dove Like You' I guess that's something. He's made a fortune writing musical shows and skits for roof gardens."

"Who's the little, worried individual with him?"

"That's Slamburg, his manager. He's following Sid around like a jailer, because Sid's under contract to finish a skit for Eva Tanguay before Monday, and he'll never do it if he gets mixed up in the Country Clubs."

In a large, liberal way the great man was preparing to treat everybody in the room, but Slamburg held him by the arm and gradually edged him toward the door.

"Hey, Sid!" called a dozen voices as a dozen hands beckoned.

"This is his busy night, boys!" shouted Slamburg, gently propelling his charge through a Seventh Avenue entrance.

There were two or three other song writers present who kept their peace, after the manner of minor poets in the presence of genius. But as soon as Sid had departed they again got out their dog-eared typewritten lyrics and flourished them under the noses of indifferent vocalists. A music publisher took pains to introduce me to one of these ballad mongers.

"Steve," said my friend, "shake hands with Mr. Irwin. He's looking for some comic antidotes o' theatrical life."

"I don't feel like tellin' no antidotes to-night," said the rimester, turning upon me a lack-luster eye. "I been sick. To-day, comin' over on the train from New Rochelle, I sort o' lost track o' myself—got completely batty in the crumpet. Brain seemed to give all of a sudden. Guess I got asphasia or euthanasia or some o' them mind diseases."

The old man spoke well, though toothlessly. "Bully!" I cried

Mr Irwin's here from COLLIER'S," insisted my friend, anxious to impress.

That so?" said the penny poet absent-mindedly. "Funny how many writers and press agents Willie Collier keeps goin' around all the time lookin' for stuff."

He dug down in his errant memory for "comic antidotes" of theatrical life. At last he produced one which he wound forth like a ticker tape, an endless tale. It seems that a coterie who called themselves "The Wreckers" flourished at the old Metropole and lent a prankish savor to the White Way. One hot summer they noticed an unusually large number of stage magicians out of work, so they inserted in a leading daily the advertisement: 'Wanted, a dozen legerdemain artists to pull rabbits from hats—apply Klaw & Erlanger, Hotel Metropole.' By noon a long line, composed of nearly two hundred sad individuals carrying black hats and white rabbits, appeared at a side door of the Metropole, where several members of "The Wreckers" sat at a table impersonating Klaw, Erlanger, and Others. One by one the magicians passed in, and as each demonstrated his skill he was quietly led aside and the rabbit taken down to the barber shop, where so many of them collected that—

"Let's go down to Herman Clauder's," said Larry O'Hammerstein, leading me away. Clauder's, showing a prosperous German front, stands in Forty-sixth Street near Eighth Avenue, about the extreme corner of the Country Club district. There is the general appearance of roominess and dark wood and black-letter mottoes touching on "Bier und Wein" and good food and better malt which are characteristic of German commercial hospitality; for hither come the best of the musical comedy men to taste Herr Clauder's excellent German dishes which he serves in a big black-tabled room in the rear. If you thirst for a schooner with your supper, ask for "beer mit a handle." So used are they at Clauder's to actor patronage that the waiter, as he brings in your plate of *sauerbraten,* asks you what "time" you've been on; and Herr Clauder, not being quite able to identify me, ventured: "Vell, you been oudt for a long vile dis time!"

HITHER at noon come the early-rising actors for a bite of breakfast and a game of pinochle. They are here again after the theatre to test Clauder's fish salad. There are here, in fact, all the time.

It was here they told me of a certain Dr. Cook of stageland whom I shall call Patrick McGinnis, because his name is nothing like it. He has just blown into town, as usual, out of the Nowhere, carrying, as his wont, a valise containing a small gas stove, twelve yards of tubing, a flatiron, and a can of concentrated coffee.

He was looking, he said, for "a gentleman's boarding house, rates about three dollars a week, and a landlady that ain't so confoundedly prompt." Patrick gives monologues on the vaudeville stage when he is inclined to work. He is only inclined now and then. His gift of gab is so remarkable that he can borrow a dollar of a cabman and pay his fare with the same dollar. Few men have accomplished this and lived.

"Where does he eat?" I asked.

"Well, he does it like this. Last week he invited a pal into a chop suey restaurant, relying on pal to pay the bill. But when the banquet was over the two of 'em couldn't scrape together a nickel. Business of consternation. It's a pretty serious situation, you know, to try and panhandle a Chink; for they're a peaceable and even cowardly race under ordinary circumstances, but the minute they see you're cheating 'em—look out! for the air will be full of laundry language, teakettles, and cut glass in less'n a minute. Well, pal was pretty scared; but when Pat found they was up against it he says: 'Bill, you stay here and hold down the table while I go out for a rescue party.' It was pretty tough for Bill, sitting there for nearly an hour thinking how Pat hadn't a dollar's credit in the world and three or four Chinks a-circlin' around with carving knives. Just as the situation got intolerable, in walks Patrick, leading a Broadway cop. 'Officer,' says he, striking 'Under Two Flags' pose, center stage. 'Officer, arrest that man! He stole my diamond scarfpin.' The cop starts to pin Pat's pal, but the poor Chink yells: 'Stop—he no paycee me!' 'What's your little bill in a crisis like this?' sneers Pat to the Chink; and in the general excitement Pat's pal was hauled out into the street, Pat following close after."

"Yes, but how did Pat get his pal away from the policeman?" I asked, fascinated by the problem.

"WORK like that is child's play for Pat. He turned his power of persuasion full force on the cop, and before they got to the station Mr. Cop not only let pal go but loaned Pat a dollar'n a half."

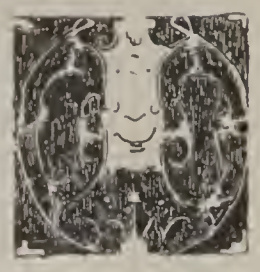
"A man doesn't need to starve in New York," I commented.

"Maybe not!" sighed Larry O'Hammerstein. "Let me show you some hang outs along Seventh and Eighth Avenues."

He led me to McCue's—McCue's of the smoky ceiling and piled-up rum kegs, McCue's where loutish men stand at the bar grogging together, showing none of the vanities of Broadway.

"Nothing but rough necks here nowadays," explained Larry. "It's got out of the theatrical beat, but it was a great ham headquarters in the old days. Old Man McCue served the bar himself then, and he was a Tartar with shamrock dressing. If you ordered a mixed drink he called you a dude and bounced you by a side door. Once we bribed a famous wrestler to come in here and order a silver fizz. 'Ye dood! git out av this!' yelled McCue, but before he could do any damage the wrestler had lifted him over the bar and was sitting on his chest. 'Mr. McCue, I ordered a silver fizz!' said the strong man gently. 'I heard yez, and I'll mix yez wan,' said Mac, 'but may ye die drinkin' it!'

"Mac little knew what an easy mark he was for desperate actors who had reached the thieving stage in the downward slide. You see, he kept his cash in one of those open 'muffin tin' tills—four holes for silver and two for bills. Many a panhandler, willing to take the risk, would stick a wad of gum to the end of his cane, and when Mac's back was turned, gently the grafter would slide the cane over the bar into the till and lift a dollar bill on the sticky end of the stick. It used to make my hair stand on end to see a job like that pulled off, for if McCue had ever got on—" We departed hastily, as though fleeing from the sickening vision.



We passed among darkened streets where the alluring glare of Broadway was only a distant nimbus. Desolate brownstone houses, patched with ugly placards, announced bargains in table board. The night was springlike, and on the cluttered steps and balustrades sat pretty girls, smiling artificially to the dapper youths beside them.

"Theatrical boarding houses—miles of 'em!" said my friend. "Years ago, in my hard-pan days, I used to live around the corner at Madam Kelley's—Hard Luck Hall we called it, and it was better named than most hotels. Six dollars a week she soaked us for room and board—and, gods of Rome, such board! I've been a Prune Hater ever since. Madam never allowed a performer in the house unless he brought a full trunk and could show a signed theatrical contract. We flashed a lot of false paper on her, I'm afraid, and as to our trunks—well, we brought 'em in full of other people's clothes, then emptied 'em at night and nailed 'em to the floor so they'd lift heavy.

"At last we got to the end of our string—there were four or five of us living in the same room. When we came back from job hunting one afternoon we found the words 'I want This ROOM' scrawled in soap on the mirror in Madam's fine Italian hand. Dan, my pal, promptly wrote under it: 'So Do WE.' Then we went forth in search of food. We had sixteen cents between us, and with this we bought a wad of Hamburg steak and a loaf of rye bread. That left us a penny in the treasury. One of the boys had a little stove and a gas tube in his grip, so we connected with the jet in the hall and fried that steak on a strip of zinc. Awful dry eating, Hamburger and bread! 'If we only had a dime we could push the pitcher around to Otto's,' said Dan, his mouth full of dry food. Business of choking. Just then outside we heard a hurdy-gurdy beginning to play 'White Wings.' It was spring, and the window was open. 'Music with our meals,' says I, trying to cheer the bunch. No sooner were the words out of my mouth than a strange face appeared at the open window—the organ grinder's faithful monkey climbing the vines in search of pennies. Dan, who was in no mood to banter, made a grab at the monkey, which made the monk so nervous he opened his mouth—and out dropped nine pennies on the floor! Talk about your manna food from heaven! With our penny in the treasury we had one complete dime—nothin' to do but match for who'd go around to Otto's."

DRIFTING, we touched now and then at strange ports, where the humor was in the key of Hogarth—the garments of Thespis gone seedy, but even yet some of that gayety in adversity which is the actor's bravest quality. Past the stage of dirty collars we plunged down, and at last arrived plunk at the Avernian depths, the bottom of the ladder.

I have forgotten the name of the barroom, which doesn't matter. It is one of the birds which fledge Eighth Avenue, making night hideous. The floor is dank with the slop of foam, and many men, some still wearing poverty with grace, grasp eagerly at the big "scoops of suds" ever passing across the bar. Blue-jowled, ape-browed men, of the criminal type familiarly portrayed in comic papers, slouch in and out. Demoralized scene shifters, broken touts, opium smokers—here and there in the crowd a fine old head and a profile which dissipation cannot vulgarize. At the table by the wall two shabby old men sat over their glasses. One was small and merely decrepit, the other gaunt and grim with a halo of pure white at his brows.

"Pop knows the stage from A to Z," said Larry as soon as the glasses were refilled.

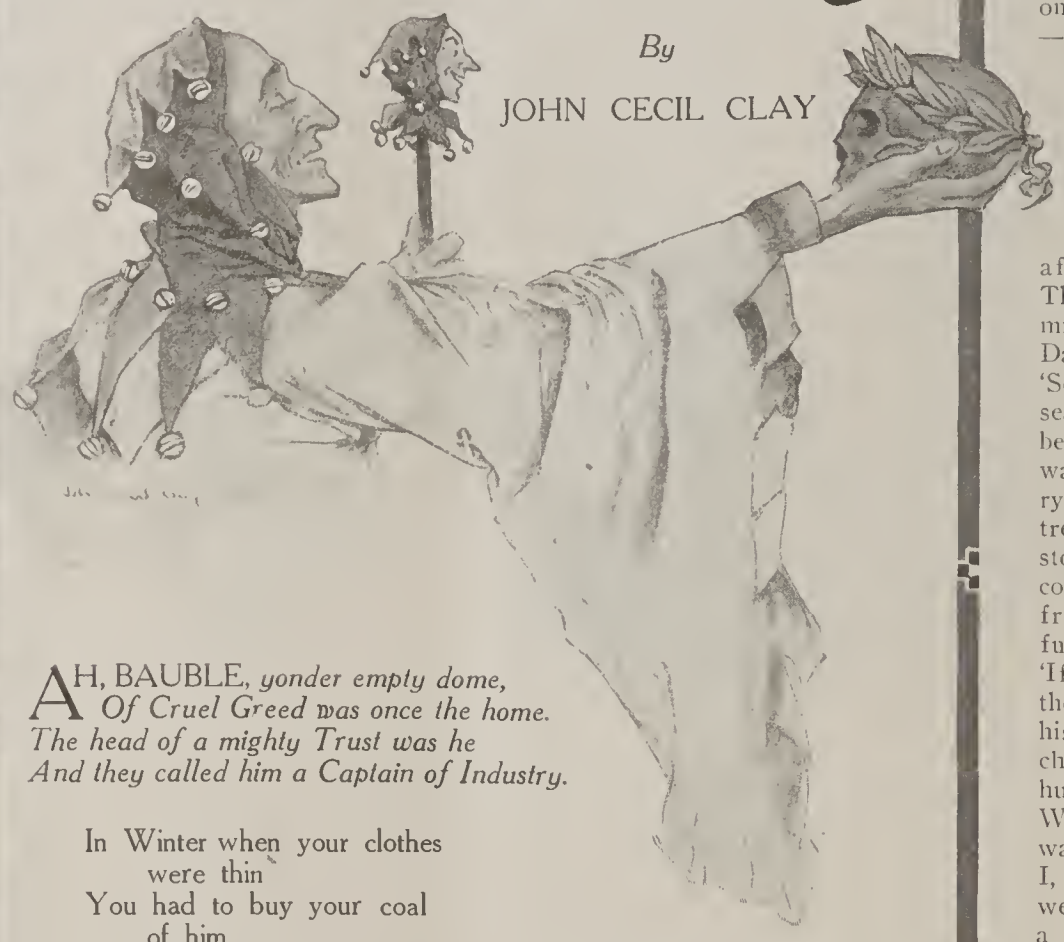
"So do I," piped the little old man. "I'm writin' my memoirs. If Ellen Terry and Mary Shaw kin, I guess I kin." He brought a scribbled wad of wrapping paper from his coat.

"He has no memories worth putting down," said the tall, grim one whom they call "Pop." *"I* played with Keene. I was bred among great act-ors—and

(Continued on page 30)

The Fool's Story

By JOHN CECIL CLAY



AH, BAUBLE, yonder empty dome,
Of Cruel Greed was once the home.
The head of a mighty Trust was he
And they called him a Captain of Industry.

In Winter when your clothes
were thin
You had to buy your coal
of him,
In Summer just the other
way
He sold you ice,—you had
to pay
3 times as much as ere
before,
You're lucky though it
wasn't 4.
He raised the price of
bread, of meat,
Of sugar, fixed his scales
to cheat.
You asked for eggs; "Fresh
Laid," he swore.
(They'd been on ice a
year or more.)

The milk went up, the
birth rate down.
He owned the farms, he
owned the town.
He cornered everything in
sight,
He would have cornered
day and night
But all at once this man
of gold
Did what we all must do—
grew old;
And then he died. The
Comedy,
He left it all to
CHARITY.

Pork-barrel Statesmen

By MARK SULLIVAN

VARIOUS Seattle friends of COLLIER'S have sent in copies of a cartoon that appeared in the "Post-Intelligencer." It pictures a trough full of silver dollars flowing from the dome of the Capitol at Washington into a bucket labeled

"$22,000,000 Appropriations for the State of Washington,"

while Congressman William E. Humphrey sits by with the pleased smile of a man who thinks he has earned and will receive a just reward—renomination. Everybody who has sent in this cartoon says that the "Post-Intelligencer" printed it to *help* Congressman Humphrey; Mr. J. W. Sumrall writes that

"the Seattle 'Times' is also supporting Humphrey for the same reason—viz.: that it is 'a good business proposition.' Humphrey's appeal for votes is based on his 'pork-barrel' record."

This occasions a good many reflections; one of them mourns for a community which must depend for the expression of its ethical ideals on editors who think that success at the pork barrel is the test of statesmanship. On the other hand, no one can escape the conclusion that there must be a good many people in Seattle who think the same way, or Congressman Humphrey and his standpat supporters wouldn't rely on this argument. Indeed, it's a fair question whether the community or the Congressman is most to blame. So long as his district demands pork he will work to get it, and he can only get it by trading his vote on important matters affecting the whole nation. An intelligent voter should ask not "What did he get?" but "What did he give for what he got?" The members who are most successful at the pork trough are, as a rule, those who are most willing to be puppets in the hands of the man at the top of the organization, and the man at the top is the one who arranges tariffs and other important matters on the basis of trading a public building in Sundance for a vote in favor of the steel tariff. The pork barrel is strictly a matter of you-scratch-my-back-I'll-scratch-yours. There are very few Congressmen but are ashamed of it. If any intelligent observer were asked to put his finger on the root of all evil at Washington, he would name the pork barrel. COLLIER'S can perform few services more useful than to educate the nation to a point where the pork-barrel argument for reelection is unpopular.

A SODDEN COMMUNITY

JUST how low a community can sink through long acceptance of pork-barrel bribes is illustrated by certain portions of Wyoming. The Cheyenne "Tribune" printed in one of its September issues an article which is an ethical curiosity. It admits the truth of what COLLIER'S said about Senator Warren, but sincerely defends him; in the middle of it is a photograph of Senator Warren which trusts the Cheyenne reader to recognize the handsome features of its senior Senator, and is labeled merely

"The-Man-Who-Gets-Things."

In the same spirit the article is headed "Fallacy of COLLIER'S Attack on Senator Warren"; it was printed originally in another paper, the Lander (Wyoming, of course) "State Journal," and is written by one P. H. Shallenberger, whose ethical ideals are sufficiently explained in these extracts:

"The Federal buildings which Senator Warren has secured for his State are as cactus thorns in the itching palms of our enemies. They shudder and shrink at the names of Sundance, Lander, Evanston, and Casper. They have awakened to the fact that Wyoming has the largest and most expensively constructed army post in the United States. Great commonwealths like New York and Pennsylvania say: 'How did upstart Wyoming secure all this expenditure?' The answer comes 'Warren did it.' 'Down with Warren!'

"If they assail them shall not we support him? How sharper than a serpent's tooth 'twould be to serve a thankless State. . . .

"Warren is accused of friendship with the railroads. A new State needs railroads, and Wyoming has not yet reached that age when she can indulge in political war against them like red-eyed Kansas and evangelistic Iowa.

"Let us be thankful that Warren [illegible] along the line of the harmonies rather than the antagonisms. . . .

"COLLIER'S says that Warren's influence got him there. If Warren was strong enough to put him there, persuade Roosevelt to advance his son-in-law over the heads of hundreds of other army officers, and secure more public buildings for us than has been given to States of three times our size, then he is too alert and masterful a servant to be discharged."

Here is a community that ought to be made up, like all the other Western States and especially the Rocky Mountain States, of stiff-necked men; if it reelects Warren this fall it will advertise to all the world that it is on the level of Rhode Island.

A MASSACHUSETTS CASE

JOHN W. WEEKS of West Newton, Mass., is one of the most powerful of the Standpatters left in Congress. He is intelligent and hard working, usually on the side of the Standpat Republican organization, but with some useful service to his credit. His own idea of his own career in Congress, and his estimate of his constituents is revealed in this advertisement:

"JOHN W. WEEKS

"CANDIDATE FOR RENOMINATION FOR CONGRESS

"The most severe test for a public man is that of complete service. To neglect one side for the benefit of the other is to fall short of the fullest realization of stewardship."

This is the sort of ornate language a man uses when he's trying to bamboozle some one. What he is really talking about is success at the pork barrel.

"Prominent as a national figure since his entrance into Congress, John W. Weeks has never neglected the welfare of his constituency.

"He has secured a public building for Milford

"He has secured a public building for North Attleboro.

"He has always had the interests of the employees of the Watertown Arsenal at heart and introduced the resolution to investigate the Taylor system.

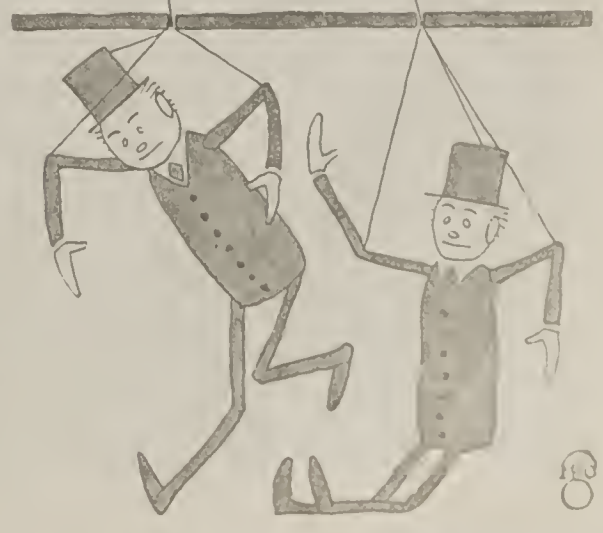
"He has secured appropriations for Weymouth Back River.

"He secured an appropriation of $15,000 from Congress toward the expense of the bridge over Weymouth Back River, and this only after the hardest struggle.

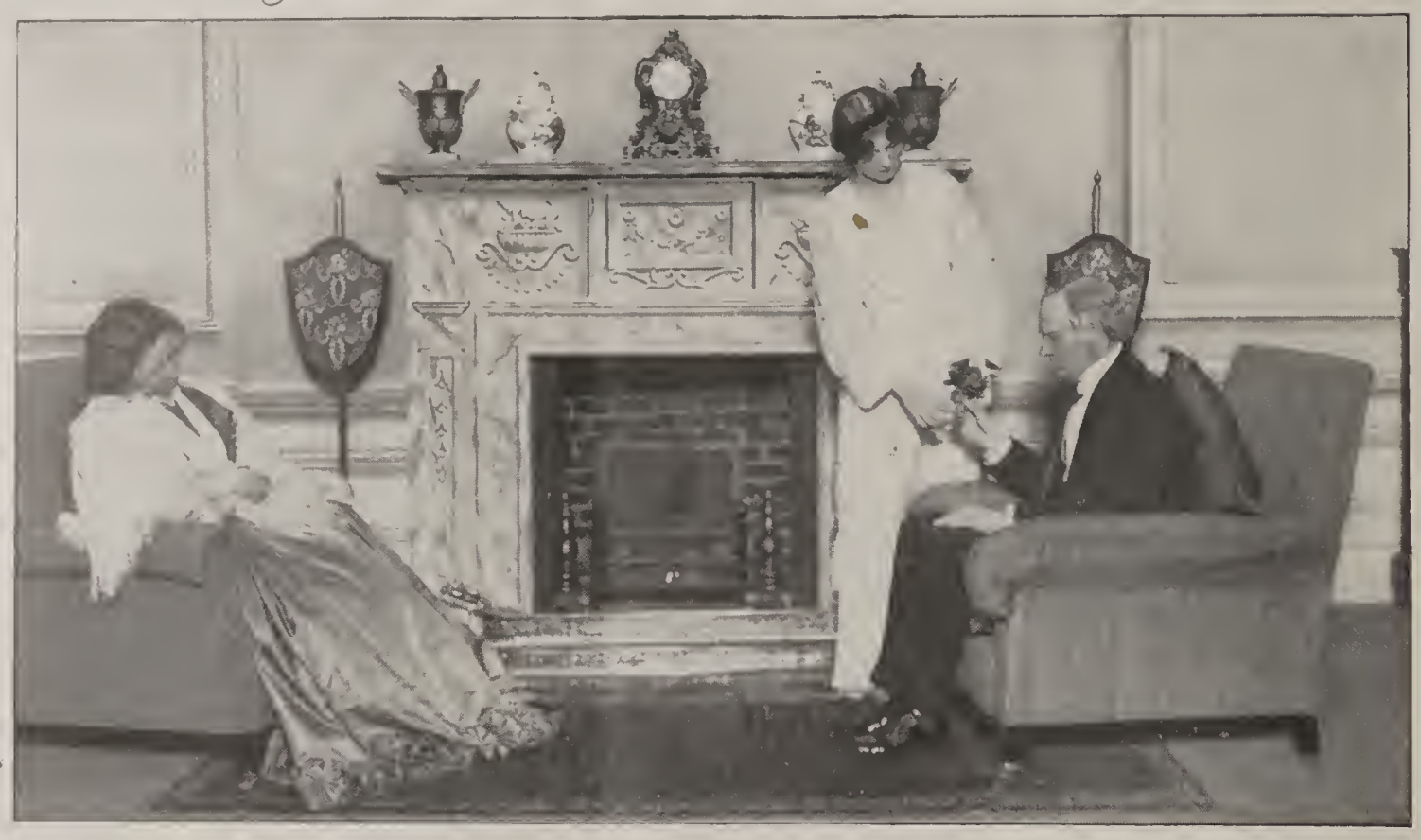
"He may be depended upon to continue this course even to the minutest detail should you see fit to continue him as

"YOUR CONGRESSMAN."

At its worst the pork-barrel argument for reelection is a confession of bribery; at its best it is drawing a herring across the trail. Insist on knowing how your Congressman voted on the tariff.



New Plays in the East



The final scene in "Milestones"—a play which follows its characters through three generations

Miss Frances Starr in "The Case of Becky"

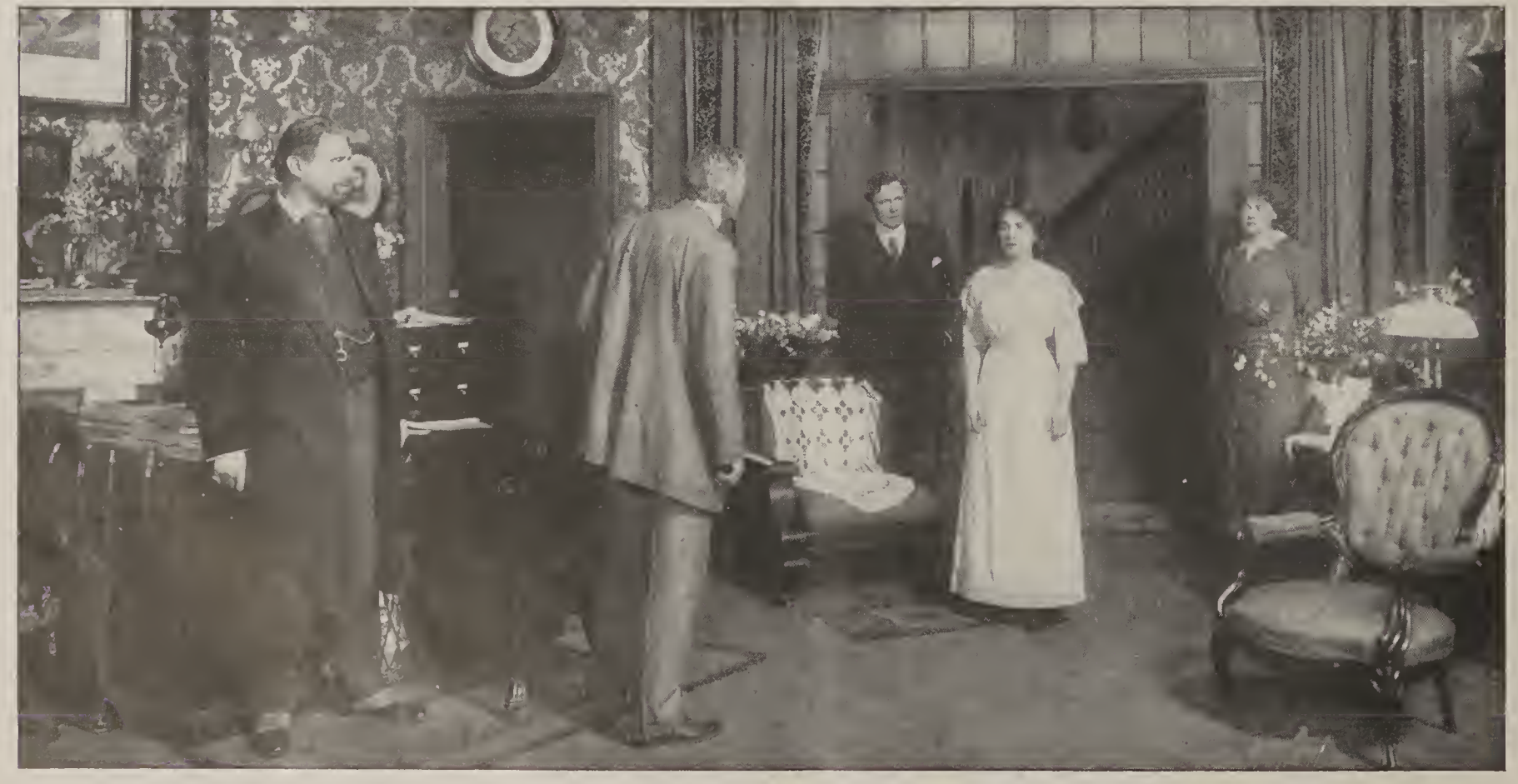
NO ONE who has seen "Milestones"—the new play by Mr. Arnold Bennett, the English novelist, and the young American playwright, Mr. Edward Knoblauch—will fail to understand why two English companies were brought over to play it, one to open in Chicago without waiting for the verdict on the other in New York.

It is a play of unusual charm and quite extraordinary chances of popularity—as "safe" with almost any English-speaking audience, one would say, as coffee and rolls or Christmas. The general scheme is sufficiently novel to attract and entertain the most exacting, while none of the elements of which it is composed need puzzle or offend the most ingenuous. The action necessary in the theatre is combined in a most unusual fashion with those quiet little "touches" which generally are possible only to the more leisurely novelist, and there are moments when one has the unusual sensation both of seeing a play and of reading Thackeray at his best.

We follow a family through three generations. We see them first in 1860—in the days of crinolines and wooden ships and Dickens's novels just off the press—and young John Rhead defying his elders and marrying the girl of his choice, whether or no. We see them next in 1885—in the days of iron ships and bustles, with Ouida's novels considered rather terrible—and young Rhead is old Rhead now, as hard-shelled as ever his stepfather was and forcing his own daughter to give up her brilliant young inventor to marry some chuckle-headed lord. And we see them at last to-day—Rhead a grandfather now—and the daughter, in her turn conservative, trying to marry her child to a title and keep her in London instead of letting her go off with *her* dashing young man to the fresh spaces of the Canadian Northwest. Only something seems to have come over the newest generation of women, for this young girl, who has her own ideas about politics, the importance of the aristocracy, and all sorts of things outside herself, is not in the least dismayed by the pigheadedness of her elders. "You don't seem to understand, grandfather," she explains. "I said we are going to be married." "We live to learn," sighs the old man when he and his wife are left alone at last with their golden wedding gifts and the embers of the fire. "Yes, John," she agrees, and down goes the curtain.

The action all takes place in one room, and the changes in the decoration of that room,

(*Concluded on page 21*)



The two hypnotists and the girl in "The Case of Becky." Miss Starr here is "Dorothy." In the other picture she is in the "Becky" phase of the dual personality

— and West

By ARTHUR RUHL

The news that the dam has burst—in "Fine Feathers"

One of the lighter scenes from the tragic play, "Fine Feathers"

The old Senator (Mr. George W. Wilson) warns the boss (Mr. Edward C. Ellis) of the force behind all politics in "The Man Higher Up"

MR. EUGENE WALTER'S "Fine Feathers" has been playing in Chicago with great success since early August, and in November will be seen in New York. The fine feathers, in this case, are the pretty things which an unconsciously selfish young wife demands, and for which her devoted young husband sells his soul and eventually wrecks his happiness and hers. This characteristic American theme, with people taken, as he took them before, from the seat opposite in the "L" train or the flat overhead, Mr. Walter carries out to its tragic conclusion, with the same force and acrid thoroughness which he showed in "Paid in Full" and "The Easiest Way."

The young couple live in a suburban bungalow for which they are paying in monthly installments. The wife, a pretty up-State girl, does her own housework, the husband is chief chemist in a cement factory and gets twenty-five dollars a week. That a perfectly healthy young woman, without children and accustomed to the simple life of a small town, would necessarily find the care of such a home an intolerable burden, is an objection which the spectator has not, perhaps, a right to make. It is true that young couples are beginning happily under just such conditions all over the country and that they do it even in New York. And it is a minor defect in the supposedly "relentless" quality of the play that the personal equation which would actually have had so much to do with the result is not brought out with sufficient clearness, that the tragedy is assumed to follow inevitably from conditions under which it was by no means inevitable. There was a similar weakness in "The Easiest Way," in which the choice for the girl was not that between shame and starvation, as the audience were asked to assume, but between going back to Broadway and its perils or staying out of it and marrying her young man on a salary fairly comfortable for a small Colorado town, as in the beginning she might perfectly well have done. This, like certain other ragged edges—as, for instance, permitting the husband, well along in the action, in a moment of tense dialogue between himself and his wife, to lug in such crude explanatory remarks as, "You see, when we were married up-State five years ago"—may, perhaps, be ignored by the spectator, as they are, evidently, by the author, intent on getting across the main idea of

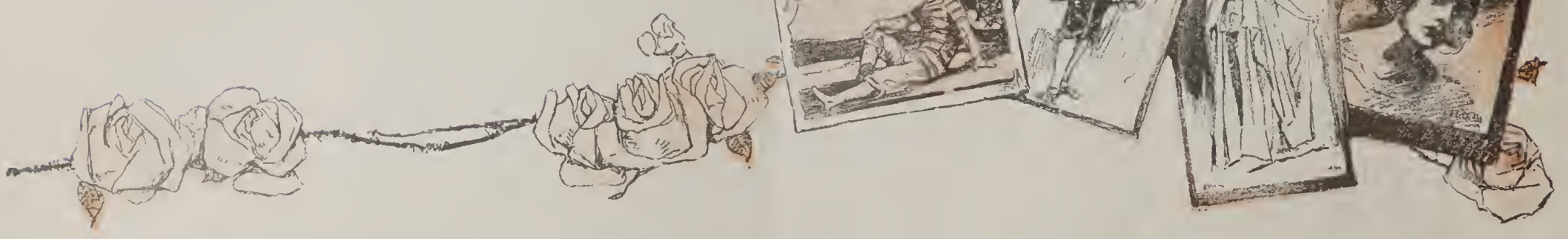
(Continued on page 24)

Miss Janet Beecher in "The Man Higher Up"

Plaything

By CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT-WILLIAMS



IT WAS fortunate indeed for old Jonathan Kemble that he had always lived thriftily and now owned unencumbered the little brick house where he had slept and eaten and worked for so many years. There could be no longer any question about it that business at the little picture shop was hopelessly bad and was fast approaching the vanishing point.

Kemble's former prosperous trade had taken flight uptown to the big art shops and the department stores and left Jonathan and his daughter Maggie with willing but idle hands. At Christmas time some of the poorer children of the neighborhood came to the little shop in search for presents and bought cheap chromos, and the few artists who had remained true to Macdougal Alley and the peaceful charm of the old quarter still sent their pictures to Jonathan to be framed—that is, when the frames were not to be too ornate or of too expensive material.

But even if there was little to be done, the old man from force of long habit spent his days pottering about in the dusty and cluttered workroom just back of the shop, where Maggie, placid and content, waited patiently for the occasional customer. And Maggie really was content, for, although she had now turned eighteen, she knew little of the world beyond her own neighborhood, which the big city in its onward rush had swept by and left with all of its old-time dignity, but as completely shorn of bustle and action as a village graveyard.

MAGGIE'S life began and ended in the picture shop. To be sure, she was friendly with some of her neighbors, and especially with her neighbors' children, but it was usually the children and not Maggie who did the visiting. Her most extensive excursions were to the studios in the quarter when she carried back the framed pictures to their rightful owners. On such occasions some of the artists had found much to admire in Maggie's demure expression—the soft, wavy, brown hair, the big, always smiling, eyes and their long feathery lashes—and as a result had asked her to pose for them. To such flattering proposals Maggie herself would have gladly consented, but old Jonathan would have none of it, because some time, some place, he had heard that artists were gay blades, and that studios were places where at night the painters held strange orgies and drank claret wine, and that even the women smoked cigarettes.

But if Maggie's life was severely prosaic and her view of the great world outside almost as limited as that of the prisoner in his cell, she, too, just like the rest of us, had her dreams—dreams that even strayed so far as to include a fairy prince. But, unlike most young ladies of eighteen, Maggie had no ideas at all as to the personality of her particular fairy prince. He was a very shadowy individual, neither short nor tall, blond nor brunette—in all ways quite nebulous, and, as a matter of fact, Maggie was not at all sure that she would know him even should she meet him face to face. All of which only goes to show what a particularly unsophisticated young person Maggie really was, because when *the* fairy prince did come into her life she knew him as readily as if he had worn a huge label, saying: "This is Maggie's Fairy Prince."

IT WAS a bright, crisp day in early December, and Maggie was seated behind the counter and drowsily wondering why the children did not come to choose their Christmas gifts from the pretty chromos with which the shop had been but newly decorated. At exactly five o'clock the opening of the front door jangled the bell overhead, and Maggie awoke to the fact that the long-awaited customer and incidentally *the* fairy prince had arrived. He wore no feather in his cap nor short sword at his side, but was attired in an extremely conventional, if well cut, blue serge suit, a straw-colored silk shirt, dark green tie, brown felt hat, and russet shoes with gray cloth tops. At the sight of the girl his tall, athletic figure bowed in deference to so much beauty, and Maggie, with no attempt to conceal the breadth and depth of his admiration, gazed frankly into the blond young stranger's smiling eyes and at the pink-and-white face, to which the sharp wind and a brisk walk had added an alluring height of color.

"You frame pictures?" he asked in a most practical, if assuring, voice.

Somehow Maggie got up from her chair and somehow stammered the one word "Yes."

"Good for you," said the young man cheerily, and laid his bamboo stick on the counter, and beside it a large envelope which he had been carrying under his arm.

"We have with us this evening," ne continued, opening the envelope, "the picture of a young lady, and I want to have your valuable assistance in choosing a frame. Look at it carefully and tell me your honest, even if it is an expert, opinion."

He handed the photograph to Maggie, who took it to the window, and in the fading light of the winter day eagerly scanned it. It was a large and somewhat faded picture of a girl dressed in a man's rowing clothes—a striped jersey, short, loose white trousers, worn over flesh-colored tights, and a small cap, set jauntily over a mass of curling blond hair. The girl had big, laughing eyes, wonderful teeth, and a flat, boyish figure, which the rowing costume showed off to unusual advantage.

"Lovely," Maggie breathed. "Isn't she lovely!"

"Right-oh," said the young man. "She's all of that and has a disposition of purest gold. I think the inscription, too, shows a certain amount of imagination—no?"

Once more Maggie held the photograph up to the window, and read the words written in a scrawling hand across the top of the picture:

"To bad Peter Austin from good Elsa Esmond."

Maggie laid the photograph on the counter and solemnly shook her head. "I'm afraid I don't quite understand," she said.

The young man picked up the picture and smiled at Maggie's innocent eyes.

"It's a kind of joke," he said. "You see, all young women in musical-comedy shows are supposed to be bad, which they aren't at all—not by any means—but this young lady of the photograph chooses to flaunt her respectability, and even goes so far as to make affidavit to the fact that she is really good."

"And you," Maggie asked, "you are bad Peter Austin?"

"That's me—bad Peter Austin, and always at your service. But that word bad is a kind of a joke, too."

MAGGIE gave a little sigh of relief. "I'm glad," she said. "But why does the pretty lady in the photograph call you bad?"

"That's because all young men who go to stage doors and take actresses to supper and try to make their rather sordid lives a little brighter and happier are supposed to be thoroughly bad."

"I see," said Maggie, "but they aren't really all bad?"

"Bless your innocent heart, no—not at all," Peter laughed—"just youthful philanthropists who love the soft cushions of taxicabs and are seized with terrible pangs of hunger about half an hour after the musical comedies are over and the young ladies of the chorus are leaving the stage doors."

Knowing little of taxicabs and less of stage doors, Maggie smiled at the young man, nodded her pretty head, and said: "Of course," and then hastened to return to a field with which she was more familiar.

"And now," she continued, "how about the frame?"

"Of course," said the young man, "the frame. I'd almost forgotten about that. Now what do *you* think?"

Maggie took down her samples and began to try the various strips of moldings on the edge of the photograph.

"Oak looks nice," she volunteered, "and black walnut is pretty. Of course gold would be the best of all, but gilt frames are so expensive."

Peter drew his lips into a hard line, and his smooth brow suddenly became wrinkled with apparent deep thought.

"I suppose so," he muttered, "I suppose so. How much, for instance, would a gilt frame cost?"

Maggie glanced at the picture and made a hurried mental calculation. "I should think that even a very

When the *fairy prince did come into her life she knew him as readily as if he had worn a huge label, saying: "This is Maggie's Fairy Prince"*

A single light from the chandelier fell full on her delicate face, and Peter noticed how very flushed and excited she looked

plain half-inch frame would cost a dollar and a half, anyhow."

"A dollar and a half," Peter repeated in apparent dismay, and, puckering his lips, whistled softly.

And then it suddenly occurred to Maggie that this was a kind of customer whom she had never met with before—neither a struggling artist nor the poor child of a neighbor, but a fairy prince, and that a dollar and a half was just nothing to him at all. The blood rushed to her pretty cheeks and her full-rounded throat, and with much difficulty she stammered: "I'm sorry—so sorry."

PETER quickly put out his gloved hand as if he were about to lay it consolingly on the small, delicate one of the girl that rested on the counter, and then as quickly drew it back again.

"No," he said, and for the moment his eyes were quite serious; "it's I that am sorry. I was in earnest, indeed I was, but even at a dollar and a half I think I'll have the plain gilt frame. The young lady is worthy of it."

There was something so kindly and sympathetic withal in the young man's manner that Maggie forgave him at once, and the blushes faded from her cheeks as quickly as they had come.

"How soon will it be finished?" he asked.

Maggie would liked to have explained that a rush of work might cause some delay, but in face of the silent, dreary little shop the excuse seemed so absurd that she dismissed it at once and promptly said: "To-morrow night."

"Good," exclaimed Peter, "that's fine. I'll look for it then, and thank you for your interest."

He picked up his stick, raised his hat, and, with a deferential smile and a pleasant "good night," passed out into the darkening street. The echoes of the jangling bell over the door, the photograph of Miss Elsa Esmond, and a wonderful memory were all that were left to Maggie of her fairy prince.

THE next evening, when the shop had been closed, Maggie carried the photograph with its new gilt frame all carefully done up in the best wrapping paper to the house of Peter Austin. For a moment she hesitated before the big old-fashioned house on Fifth Avenue, and then going slowly up the high brownstone steps, pushed the electric button. A stalwart, imperious butler, in a most impressive livery, opened the door and, with a condescending bow, received the package from the trembling hands of the girl. Beyond the open door Maggie caught a glimpse of a broad hallway and two huge globes which cast a soft orange glow on a great white bearskin that partially concealed the glistening waxed floor. The walls were covered with tapestries and huge portraits in heavy golden frames—frames the like of which Maggie had never dreamed of. And then, with a mere lowering of his proud head, the butler closed the door slowly in Maggie's eager face. She glanced up and down the dark avenue with the half-defined hope that she might see the tall form of her fairy prince returning to his palace, but such good fortune was not to be hers, and so with a somewhat bewildered brain and her heart just a little numb, slowly she retraced her steps to the picture shop.

It was nearly a month later when Maggie saw Peter Austin again—just a day or two before Christmas. He came swinging in through the door just as he had done before, but this time, in addition to the envelope, evidently containing another picture, he brought a bunch of roses which, with a sprightly bow, he handed to Maggie. "A little remembrance," he said, "of the Yuletide season and my every good wish to you, Miss Kemble."

With a little gasp of pleasure, Maggie threw out her hands and took the long-stemmed roses in her own, and then for one reason or another she buried her face in the soft scarlet petals. A moment more and she was holding the flowers at arm's length and admiring them with open, smiling eyes. "I've seen roses like these," she said, "in the florist's window

around the corner, on Twelfth Street, but I never thought I should own one of them, and now just look how many there are! If you only—"

"To be exact, a round dozen," Peter interrupted, "and they came from that very shop window. I'm glad you like my little offering. And now for the second exhibit!"

From the envelope he drew a large photograph. This was also of Miss Elsa Esmond, but in many ways very different from the first picture which he had brought to the little shop. Not only was the photograph new and fresh looking, but it was a much superior example of the photographer's art, and showed the undeniable charms of the actress to infinitely greater advantage. Now she no longer wore the trig rowing togs, but a page's suit of black velvet and a plumed picture hat, set jauntily on her pretty head and but ill concealing the mass of golden curls. It was a charming study of a charming subject, and in its soft tones of sepia reminded Maggie of an old mezzotint. But even more than the easy grace and the wonderful lines of the figure, it was the expression of the girl's eyes that caused Maggie's gaze to linger for so long a time on the photograph. Never before had Maggie seen eyes that looked at one with such sincerity and frankness—eyes that were wholly unafraid and spoke only of sweetness and of a sure belief.

"That costume of Miss Esmond," said Peter, "is wonderfully effective, don't you think so?"

Maggie smiled and laid the photograph on the counter between them. "Yes, it's lovely, but I was thinking more of her eyes."

PETER seemed much pleased at Maggie's words and nodded his approval.

"Of course," he said, "of course. Any theatrical costumer can make a page's suit, but it takes twenty years of doing fine things and leaving undone ugly things to make eyes like those."

And then, as Peter could not be serious about anything for very long, he quickly changed the subject from Miss Esmond's telltale eyes to the frame, and after much discussion decided that an imitation of an old oak frame would be much the most appropriate.

When he had gone, taking with him the only rays of sunshine the picture shop had known that winter day, Maggie stood for a long time at the window, staring at the face in the picture and reading over and over again the inscription written in the same scrawling hand across the bottom. It said: "From Elsa to Peter."

Two weeks later Peter once more paid a visit to Maggie, and as he entered the little shop waved aloft the newest picture of Miss Esmond.

"She's been promoted," he cried as he displayed the photograph. "Look at that hand-painted evening gown and the near-rhinestone tiara. That means that true art has been recognized at last, and our favorite actress is no longer a mere chorus girl but a show girl, and gets twenty-five dollars a week instead of twenty-two and a half. That's pretty good, isn't it, I ask you?"

Maggie, to whom two dollars and a half seemed a great deal of money, smiled her enthusiastic pleasure at Miss Esmond's sudden rise.

"I think it's grand," she exclaimed in a tone that carried real conviction.

"For this," said Peter, "the finest frame in the shop is none too good. We must pick out something that won't look cheap alongside of that tiara, so let's see your very best and most expensive wares."

AT LAST they settled on a broad gilt frame which, from among Maggie's modest samples, seemed the most appropriate in which to enshrine royalty as well as so much feminine loveliness.

"She's going to be a regular actress some of these days," Peter said with real enthusiasm; "believe me, a great actress. Tell your good father to put his very best work on this." And with a last glance at the fair face of the photograph and a genial smile as of complete understanding with Maggie, the fairy prince once more took his leave.

When he had gone Maggie leaned her elbows on the counter, and with her chin cupped in her palms looked down at the inscription on the picture of the girl with the coronet. "To Peter from Elsa *and* her love."

"I wonder," Maggie said half aloud, "if it was her success or her love that made him so wonderfully happy to-day."

The next time that Peter came to see Maggie he was not at all like the Peter of old. There was no smile either in his eyes or on his lips, and the gayety had gone out of him entirely. His manner toward Maggie was civil, but not at all friendly, as it used to be, for Peter was very young, and unwelcome events distressed him greatly and affected him as they do most young men who all of their lives have only had to express a wish to have it granted. He laid the latest photograph of Miss Esmond on the counter and sighed deeply.

"That's the last," he said, "for a long, long time."

Peter's manner had put Maggie sorely ill at ease, and so she sighed, too, and said:

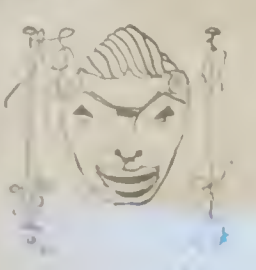
"I'm sorry, Mr. Austin, indeed I am."

"Thank you," said Peter; "I'm [illegible]."

"Far?" asked Maggie.

"Pretty far—far as the Mediterranean in a yacht without a wireless. Any place seems far in now that isn't New York. To me Newark is just a distant [illegible] Cairo."

Maggie tried to look [illegible] but under the circumstances [illegible]



The Shifted Burden

By GERTRUDE BROOKE HAMILTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLLIN CRAMPTON

SWEPT bare of scenery, the stage presented a curious assortment of human beings: a couple of acrobats, three players on zither strings, a monologuist, a singer; Trixy, a white fox terrier, sensitive ears pointing upward, perched on a suit case; and Mona Mayo, a "juvenile whirlwind," very small, very thin, very pretty, watchful eyes fastened on her mother in the center of the stage arguing with the master of Trixy and the stage manager.

Mona and Trixy, through the medium of their representatives, were fighting for a good place on the bill—namely, the place before the intermission.

"*Ach*, my dog is goot, very goot," exploded Trixy's master. "He blay der moosic mit his paws. He is vonderful mit his tricks. He vakes up der beoples. Yah, I am right. His blace is before der intermission."

From the other side of the stage manager, Mrs. Mayo voiced: "I don't see how you can say that when Mona gets curtain calls everywhere she dances. Last week in Morrisville she was 'featured,' and—"

"Well, I can't waste all day talking about it," interrupted the stage manager. "Yes, I know Trixy ought to be a headliner, and 'the juvenile whirlwind' ought to be a headliner, and every punk performer on this stage ought to be a headliner; but somebody's got to start the show and somebody's got to cover the bald spots. Let the dog perform and the kid dance. The big place to the big act. That's fair."

MONA instantly stepped forward. "I'm ready," she said, slipping out of her coat and coolly tossing her hat to her mother. "Clear the stage and start my music."

In less than a minute the other performers had been hustled into the wings and the seductive strains of a waltz had begun to swell from the orchestra. Mona swung into position. Tiny fingers touching tiny fingers over her head, dainty chin lifted, soft lips parted, like a white-winged bird, she skimmed to the center of the stage and began to dance. Her fair curls gleaming almost silver white, like sunlight on water, tossed gracefully as she pirouetted through her dexterous steps.

The performers in the wings, becoming fascinated, crowded closer; while from the darkened auditorium the stage manager called: "That's enough. You get the place, kid. You're a corker."

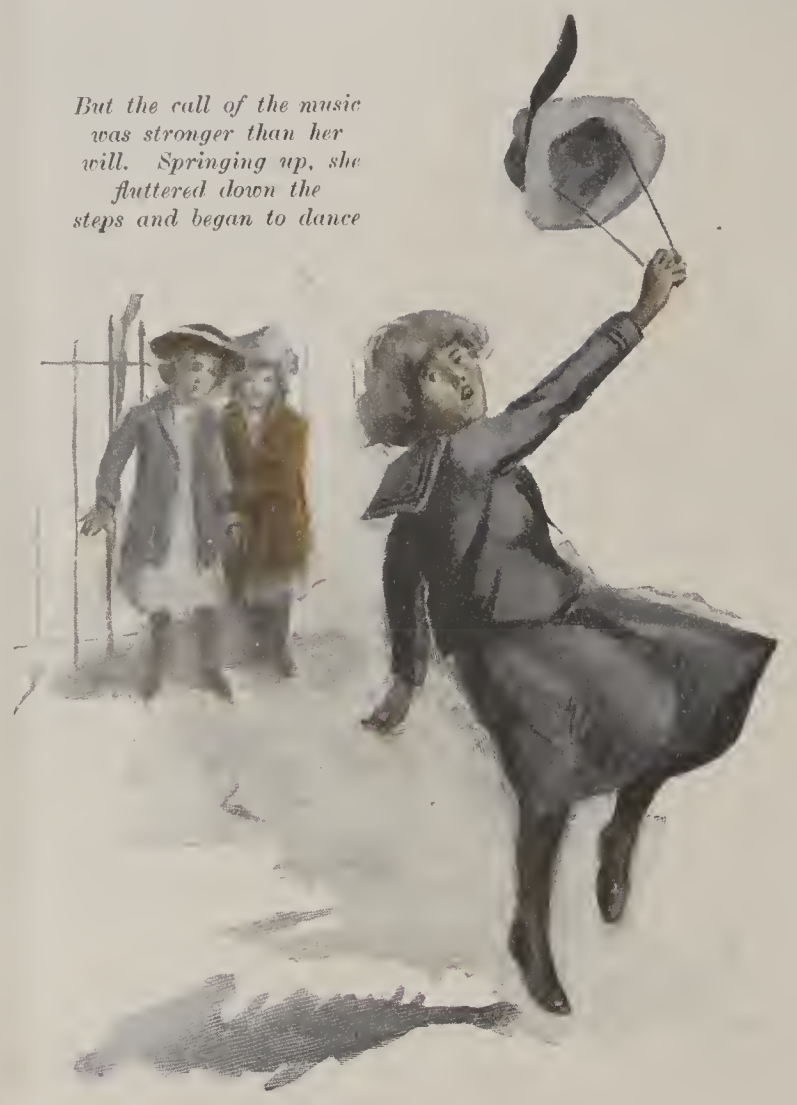
Trixy's master exploded with wrath; the acrobats came forward to test their apparatus; the singer began to explain her music cues to the leader of the orchestra; Trixy showed her red tongue in a prodigious yawn; Mona Mayo, self-contained and grave, put on her coat again and said to her mother:

"Now, mamma, let's see what kind of dressing rooms they have here. I won't stand for the sort of dirty hole they gave us in Morrisville."

It was Mona who investigated the various dressing rooms set in odd nooks and corners just off the stage, and Mona who had her trunks smuggled into the room next the headliners, and who claimed the room hers by right of discovery.

"I'm always thankful when Monday morning is over," she sighed as she and her mother left the theatre. "These two-a-day performances are the limit. I wish I could get 'featured' in something and make a hit on Broadway."

Her mother laughed. Like Mona, she was thin; unlike Mona, she was flaccid, wavering, anemic. Five years ago she had been trimming hats in a millinery shop. Then some one had noticed Mona dancing on a sidewalk, and had told Mrs. Mayo that Mona could, after a little training, win huge sums of money on the professional stage. The upshot of this had been dancing lessons for Mona; and, later, a contract for four seasons under good management. During the summer months Mona received doses of "education" from a desultory governess who read novels and ate quantities of candy. At the beginning of the present winter the golden lure of vaudeville had dazzled Mrs. Mayo. Mona was now playing "big time" at a hundred dollars a week, heading the bill in some cities, fighting for her honors in other cities.



But the call of the music was stronger than her will. Springing up, she fluttered down the steps and began to dance

No need to offer Mona childish bribes to win a good place; the little dancer had developed a coolness of judgment and an appreciation of artistic and financial values not to be measured by her years. And woe to the misguided individual who, blinded by her floating curls and wide eyes, attempted to caress her! Straight brows meeting over serious eyes, Mona would draw back; or, if the offender persisted, would say in icy tones: "Will you please let me pass? I don't like people to touch me."

When her act was over that afternoon, accompanied by her mother, Mona entered the stage box of the theatre and lent grave attention to the antics of the headliners, the monologuist, and Trixy.

IN VARIOUS parts of the audience people nudged one another and stared at Mona, easily recognized as the "juvenile whirlwind" by her wealth of fair hair and her obviously theatrical attire. Her slippers and stockings were pale blue silk, her dress was filmy white lace, her hat, created by her mother, was droopy white lace; altogether, outlined against the dark red curtains of the box, she presented a fascinating picture. One little girl, a freckle-faced, fat little girl dressed in sober brown, from an orchestra chair gazed open-mouthed. Mona caught the admiration. While Trixy was performing, Mona looked again at the freckle-faced little girl. These home children interested her. She never looked at them without feeling intuitively that her approach would hold them tongue-tied and that the only words she could speak to them would be distant words, such as people who have walked with royalty and lost the common touch might speak. On certain occasions when she and her mother had passed such children coming from school, Mona, experiencing vague rebellion, had been tempted to bend her pliant body and to run—run—run. She had never yielded to this temptation; not because she had been afraid, but because she was cautious enough to realize that her mother could, and would, overtake her, also that tearfully stormy scenes would follow, and that she would be forced to comfort her mother and to explain away her own behavior. Having learned to be logical, she hated above all things the fits of martyred melancholy in which her mother was apt to indulge when crossed.

All through the rest of the performance Mona cast sly glances toward the freckle-faced little girl. At dinner that evening in the too-lighted café of the hotel she was even more quiet than usual, and later, when her act had been finished, she returned to the hotel and went directly to bed—to lie for a long while with solemn eyes fastened on the ceiling and solemn meditations fastened on home children.

In the morning she was through with her bath and dressed before her mother opened her eyes. "I'll eat my breakfast by myself, mamma," Mona explained. "I saw a park across from this hotel yesterday. I'm going to walk in it. I'll be back at half past twelve."

"I'm not so sure it's safe for you to run about in a strange city," her mother demurred. "Why don't you ever wait till I've had my breakfast and can go with you?"

Mona settled her neck fur piece and picked up her muff. "Because I'd rather go by myself," she replied; and then left the room, knowing well enough that her mother would weep over this retort—and then leisurely arise and dress.

It had long been a habit of Mona's to slip away for adventurous mornings. Were there parks near the hotel, she would play with the babies and talk with the nursemaids, telling them that her mother was a beautiful home person who lived in a huge white house and had heaps and heaps of jewels, and that her father came home every day in his automobile. The nursemaids always seemed to believe these tales—probably because of Mona's gorgeous attire. The babies, too, were admiringly attentive, catching at her bracelets, or the little chain purse she carried, or the beads she wore around her neck, and gurgling with delight when she dangled the chain purse up and down to make it catch the sunshine.

To-day, after eating a bowl of cereal and cream served by a pompous waiter, she went into the lobby of the hotel and inquired for hers and her mother's mail. There was only an invitation to patronize a midwinter millinery opening in the shop that had employed her mother five years before. Mona thrust this into her muff and went from the hotel to the street. It was very much like any other street in any other city; there were the same kind of cars and wagons and automobiles and people, the same kind of cobblestones and policemen.

VERY slowly she began to walk toward the park. Halfway down the street she saw a group of little girls with books and lunch boxes. Some of them skipped as they moved forward; some of them hopped up and down. Mona quickened her steps until she was directly behind them. It was then that one of the schoolgoers turned, and Mona saw the freckle-faced little girl who had been at the theatre the day before. Deeply interested, Mona followed until the doors of a large public school had swallowed the little girl and her compatriots. Then Mona stood still and twirled her glittery chain purse. The school bell began to ring. Boys who had been playing marbles on the pavement roughly dusted their knees; a couple of girls, excitedly apprehensive of being late, flew by Mona and scrambled up the steps as the last note of the bell died away.

And Mona, solemn eyes following the girls, became possessed by an overwhelming, insatiable, and not to be resisted desire to go to school!

Desire was followed by decision; decision by action. Thrusting her purse into her muff and smoothing her

The nursemaids always seemed t believe these tales—probably be cause of Mona's gorgeous attir

curls, she walked up the steps of the public school, through the wide door into a wider hall. Here she found a multitude of doors—all open. Entering the first one, she marched to the teacher's desk.

"I've come to your school," she said.

The teacher looked over the rim of her eyeglasses at Mona and replied: "What school have you been transferred from? What grade are you in?"

"The fifth," answered Mona—her speller last summer had been marked "fifth."

"I'll send you with a note to Miss Bowen, the fifth-grade teacher. She's the last door at the end of this hall. I'm the principal."

Mona sought the fifth-grade teacher, and found a cheerful room with flowers in the windows and rows of smiling children.

"I've come to your school," Mona said to Miss Bowen. "Here's a note from the principal. I'm to be in the fifth grade."

Miss Bowen held out a warm hand. "I'll be glad to have you, dear," she said, after reading the note. "What is your name?"

For the fraction of a second Mona hesitated; then she said: "Jennie Jones."

Miss Bowen squeezed Mona's hand. "Couldn't your mother come with you on your first day, Jennie?"

"No."

"Never mind, then; tell mother I'll get you beautifully fixed." Drawing Mona nearer, Miss Bowen plied her with the usual questions—questions Mona either parried or replied to—until she had become a child of rich parents who until very lately had lived magnificently in New York. With some bewilderment in her face, Miss Bowen gave Mona a desk, filled her inkstand, supplied her with books, pencils, and paper.

THROUGH a busy hour Mona worked out problems and read lessons from the blackboard. At ten o'clock recess she played a game of hopscotch with the freckle-faced little girl, who at first accepted Mona as merely a new playmate and then began to worship her from a respectful distance.

"My mother is very, very beautiful and has heaps of jewels," Mona confided to several little girls. "My mother lives in a big white house with lace curtains at every window. My father has an automobile. He is handsome, too, and every night he brings me candy and things. Whenever I want to, I have parties."

The little girls drew closer.

"I shall have a party next week," Mona announced. "I shall have a present for each guest. My mother will wear pink satin trimmed with pearls. I shall wear a diamond necklace."

This was enough to make them flatten themselves to the ground and crawl to her feet. The freckle-faced little girl humbly offered her half of a green pickle. Other little girls begged her to become their chum.

Back in the schoolroom, she won Miss Bowen's heart by her seriously fierce application to her studies. When the bell for noon recess sounded she tidied up her desk, placed her books in a neat row, fell in line with the other children, put on her coat and hat in the cloak room, and, outside, slipped away from the freckle-faced little girl and walked slowly back to the hotel.

At lunch when asked where she had been, Mona distracted her mother's attention by producing the invitation to the millinery opening.

"I think it would be nice to go, mamma," she said. "Your everyday hat is getting shabby and one of these fourteen-dollar toques would suit you very well."

"We'll go after the performance," her mother agreed. "I'd like to see Miss Hoover again and tell her how finely we're doing. Won't her eyes open over a hundred a week!"

WHEN they entered Miss Hoover's shop later in the day, they found her drawing linen covers over her show cases of artificial flowers. She greeted them with exclamations of surprise.

"Of all people!—Mrs. Mayo and Mona!" she cried. "Come right in and sit down. How are you getting along?"

Mrs. Mayo tilted her head toward Mona. "She's making a hundred dollars a week."

"No! Mona?" Miss Hoover surveyed the little figure and then held out her hand. "Come over here and kiss me," she cried. Mona went reluctantly. When she lifted her face, Miss Hoover pinched each cheek between her fingers, adding: "Mercy! what's the child so solemn about?"

"Mona's like that," sighed Mrs. Mayo. "She's awfully queer. Sometimes she'll go for hours without speaking."

"Well, you can't expect perfection. Maybe her big wages kind of weigh her down—bless her little heart!" Miss Hoover held Mona's hand, patting it softly—until the child quietly withdrew it—and showing Mrs. Mayo her latest "creations."

When Mrs. Mayo admired a purple toque, the genial milliner thrust it into her hands, saying: "Take it; and don't look at the price mark. I can afford to give presents every now and then, even if I'm not rolling in money. I've always remembered the good work you put into my business—I never did see such talent for making hats out of nothing. If you ever get tired of carting Mona around the country, just come back here and I'll pay you tidy wages."

LAUGHING, Mrs. Mayo thanked her former employer and then bade her good-by. In the street, she laughed again. "The idea of her offering me work!" she scoffed.

"It was very nice of her to give you the purple toque," replied Mona. "It's funny that people always give us things when you tell them how much I'm earning."

Mona thought a good deal about school that evening, and when morning came she yielded to the temptation to become Jennie Jones by getting up early, having the pompous waiter put up a sandwich and an apple, and by joining the children flocking along toward school. Miss Bowen greeted her with pleasure; between lessons, the freckle-faced little girl whispered that she was going to wear a be-u-tiful sash to Jennie's party. During the ten o'clock recess an organ grinder stopped before the school and began to play. Some of the children went on with their games; the freckle-faced little girl hopped up and down; Mona sat on the school steps and *held* her feet.

But the call of the music was stronger than her will. Springing up, she fluttered down the steps and began to dance. Such dancing! The wind and the sunshine inspired her. She turned about on her toes, and whirled, and kicked, and twirled, until the children, open-mouthed, formed a circle around her, and the organ grinder, having finished one tune, excitedly began another and then another.

In the middle of it, Miss Bowen appeared on the threshold of the schoolhouse door—and became transfixed.

A knock sounded on the door, and a second later Miss Bowen's face smiled upon her from the shadows beyond the dressing room

When Mona saw the [illegible] she stopped dancing, stared for a minute across the space of playground, suddenly caught up her hat and coat—she had flung them off to dance—ran through the gateway, and off up the street. Nobody followed her. After the first block nobody noticed her, until she appeared flushed and panting in the hotel, and her mother rose from before a desk in the writing room.

"Mona!" she cried. "What's the matter? What have you been doing?"

For a minute it seemed as if the child might fling herself on her mother, might cling to her mother as children should cling, and pour out her heart. Only a minute—during which she looked up with widened eyes. Then she put her hand to her throat, swallowed hard, and said:

"Don't be scared, mamma. I've been limbering up by running. Last night in my second dance I was as stiff as a board."

When the next morning came Mona sought the park. It was a brisk, sunshiny day; nursemaids and babies were legion. Yet Mona found scant pleasure abroad. Seating herself apart from everyone, she swung her patent-leathered feet and scowled. At the theatre that afternoon she found fault with the dressing room, tore one of her best costumes by jerking away when her mother fastened it, and danced like a furious little storm cloud chasing across a wintry sky. During her first dance she saw some one come down the middle aisle of the orchestra, and, heart bounding, recognized the fifth-grade teacher. All through the rest of her act she felt Miss Bowen's eyes—bewildered—amazed—follow her every movement.

WHEN she was taking off her costume a knock sounded on the door, and a second later Miss Bowen's face smiled upon her from the shadows beyond the dressing room.

"It *is* Jennie!" cried Miss Bowen. And then, brushing past the surprised Mrs. Mayo, "Why didn't you come to school this morning, Jennie, and why did you run away after you danced at recess?"

Mona shook her curls over her face; she had no words for this emergency. Miss Bowen turned to Mrs. Mayo. It took them nearly five minutes to arrive at any kind of an understanding. When Miss Bowen learned that Mona had been slipping off to school without her mother's knowledge, she crossed the dressing room and put an arm about the child's neck.

"You poor little darling," she murmured.

Instantly Mona twisted away, shrinking back against the make-up shelf until the full glare of the electric lights fell upon her face and made her cosmetic-fringed eyes glow like burning coals.

MRS. MAYO apologized for what she called Mona's rudeness, adding:

"I never was so surprised in all my life. Think of her going to school like that, and calling herself Jennie Jones when she's got such a beautiful real name, and telling you— Why, I don't know what to make of it."

Glancing toward Mona and then back again to her mother, Miss Bowen shook her head. "It's hard to know what to make of children," she confessed. "In this case it looks as if— But I'm afraid I'm intrusive."

"Oh, go on; don't mind me." Mrs. Mayo endeavored to smile at the school-teacher, and succeeded in merely twisting her lips. "But if you're going to hint that Mona doesn't like her work, you'll be wasting words, because Mona loves to dance. Don't you, Mona?"

Mona nodded, fair curls falling over her face.

"Then everything's all right." Embarrassed, Miss Bowen turned to the door. "Good-by," she added; "if Jennie ever gets tired of dancing I hope you'll let her come to my school."

THE door closed gently behind her. Mona busied herself with a jar of cold cream. Her mother hung up several costumes. From the next dressing room the tones of Trixy's master could be heard. Trixy had failed to make good that afternoon.

"*Ach*, you blay der moosic like von fool. You get no dinner ven you blay like dis. You get vippings. Vat you tink we live on ven you blay like dis? Vat you tink you are—von leetle French poodle mit some one to comb your hair? You must blay der moosic [illegible] tricks to live; in dis town, und der next [illegible] next. Vake up, I tell you! Vake up!"

Tea and Talk with the Circus

IT IS not every week in the year that one may sip tea side by side with the ladies of the circus. Think of it! To take cream, please, in the company of Aerial Heroines! To choose the same wafers chosen by Daring Equestriennes! To pass another lump to Unequaled Exemplars of the Strenuous Life!

Teas are not a specialty of the circus ladies, and it remained for suffrage to win them over. The Woman's Political Union invited them to an informal afternoon while in New York City, and, for reasons best known to the press agent, they accepted. "Go," quoth he. "The papers will report that, and we can't get so much as a stick full any more on the elephants' bad temper, and they haven't all done justice to the christening of the baby giraffe." Who laughs last laughs best. For press purposes, they yawned and accepted, but they came away, thrills within, badges and buttons without. It was at the tea I met them; there they cast their spell upon me; thence I followed them.

It was some tea.

The Strong Lady slung her leonine eyes around toward the sugar bowl and decided that two lumps were not within the province of a lady of the daintiest refinement — for the Herculean Venus shows such refinement, even to the pretty and feminine twirls with which she lifts gentlemen, three at a time, including her husband, and delicately toys with them, as a less Herculean Venus might toy with a bunch of rosebuds.

MRS. FLORENCE, a sturdy matron who guides the acrobatic feats of the "Seven Florences" and could do a handspring out the fortieth story of a skyscraper and come up smiling on the curb below, owned frankly to the appetite which a life of such handsprings develops, and heartily accepted a second slice of coconut cake.

Little Miss Victoria Davenport, so slender and dainty and French-china-like in her wee posy bonnet, all spring violets and tulle bows, said "Lemon, please," with such pretty authority, and stood balancing the cup so skillfully while she delicately sipped and nibbled, that one would have thought her life to be a round of teas instead of a round of Dexterous Displays of Bareback Equitation.

Indeed, it was some tea. The complete list of Among Those Present would glitter like a laden Christmas tree. We know them in pink and lavender and green tights and spangles; we worship from afar while they somersault on the bare white backs of galloping steeds, swing from a trapeze's sheer height, poise and leap and risk their necks. And here they were in taffeta coat dresses and satin hats and neat gloves, exactly like the rest of us, and my heart went pitapat at the thought that Absolutely the World's Greatest Bareback Rider whom I had witnessed Exhibiting Feats of Equestrianism Never Attempted by Any Other Lady was sitting beside me, and that I was surreptitiously studying the felicity with which a bunch of impertinent cherries [illegible] her hat's trimming

Having thus met them, there was no stopping here. I must follow. I had clasped hands that perform trapeze miracles, had exchanged chat with hair-raising heroines. The glamour beset me, and from that day on I haunted the woman's dressing room of Madison Square Garden, and at last, when a spring day blew in at the windows and the word came that it was canvas and the road once more, I still followed into the gypsy world, where a tent is half of home and a Pullman-car section is the other half.

I HAD seen them in their Sunday silks. When next I came upon Absolutely the World's Greatest she was ironing out some tights, while Mrs. Wallace, the wardrobe mistress, stood near her folding a baby's dress. The leading lady of La Troupe Lamar, who Defies the Laws of Gravitation and Flies Like a Winged Bird across the Dome of the Arena or Is Tossed from Hand to Hand Like a Human Rubber Ball, was performing the still more difficult feat of mending a corset. And Miss Bradna, who gives a Delightful, Daring and Delectable Demonstration upon a Mettled Horse, was—oh, shattered illusions!—searching through her dresser trunk for more handkerchiefs, having been gripped by an ordinary and nonembellishing cold.

The woman's half of the great dressing tent looks somewhat like a missionary sewing society. I said somewhat. The style of costume worn is markedly different, I grant, from that in vogue in any missionary society I ever attended. But to come upon a score or two of ladies in informal chat, all plying their needles at once—what could be a more gently homespun and familiar scene?

For these stars of the arena are no pampered idlers. No maid trots in their wake to pick up scattered stitches. All their mending is done by their own hands, and some even make costumes. Repairs are constant; a performer never leaves the ring without a rip or a tear somewhere, and occasionally there is complete wreck, especially if the ring is muddy.

Mrs. Florence was seeking a spool of yellow silk. "I make all the costumes my girls and I wear, and that means six or seven apiece," she said, settling down to her thimble in motherly fashion. Her sister, the Bride of the Circus, took up another thimble to help.

When next I came upon Absolutely the World's Greatest she was ironing out some tights, while Mrs. Wallace, the wardrobe mistress, was folding a baby's dress

APPALLED at the labor, I looked closely at the costumes—and grew more appalled. There hung before me a yellow skirt of the typical circus cut—the cut which makes these ladies look like double petunias walking upside down. The traditional tarlatan is a myth; several plaited petticoats of percaline were topped by a silk skirt elaborately trimmed with gold braid and wired out to full bloom by bonnet wire. It is this wiring at the edge of the skirt which prevents crushing, so that when the ladies don their long kimonos over the ring dresses and trip out from the dressing tent they look like a procession of pretty little barrels on end.

"But why so many costumes?" I inquired.

"It helps the work. We work better if we keep changing colors. Keep a troupe in pink all the time and they'll get so tired of pink that they'll drag through their act. Sometimes, if things are getting dull, I order a change at every performance. Jump from blue to yellow and it always brisks things up."

The psychology of dress is ever an enticing subject, and never have I found it more so than among these ladies of hairbreadth escapes, whose very necks may hang upon the stimulation of orange tights. They gathered buzzing about the honeyed theme. "There's nothing I like so well's pink," asserted the handsome Mrs. Sylban, who had flung aside the emerald robe of Cleopatra for the roseate tights in which she would later be Playfully Tossed Across a Yawning Chasm in what the dressing room terms an Eerial P'fo'mance. "Pink seems to be lucky—it keeps off accidents."

"I never fell yet in red," put in Miss Davenport, and an echo of French, German, Spanish, and Portuguese hummed through the room, the universal language of dress blending this babel of women's tongues.

"I not sink ze cloze matter," said Miss Victoria Codona, famed for her Mexican type of beauty and her slack-wire miracles. "If I fall, I fall. Wance I fall—I was crezzie wan hour—wan hour I not know what I sink—it was not ze cloze, it was here—" tapping her forehead. "I mus' walk not wiz ze feet but wiz ze haid—here." Again the idea of concentration expressed itself in a tap. "If my haid forget, ze cloze cannot save."

"Yes, if you fall, you fall," thoughtfully summarized a rider, and now a new theme had galloped up and we were off upon one of those subjects which are as engrossing to these women as shopping discussions to those of another world.

DAY after day the circus woman dons her tinsel, slips on the heavy wooden "slop shoes" over her satin pumps, and so, with perhaps a "By-by, girls," and a nod to the wardrobe mistress, she shuffles out from the dressing tent to the ring, blows a kiss to the audience at large, and takes her life in her hands. She does not think of this fact consciously, as a rule; but subconsciously the knowledge is with each one that some day, perhaps, she will be like the little girl who once was hustled out of a circus ring so fast that the audience hardly noticed—and then a gaudy kimono was thrown over her face—and instead of her slop shoes returning when the whistle blew, men's feet tramped, and the circus doctor found no work for him when he got there. Get to know these women and you find that under all their easy lightheartedness, their gypsy spirit, is a sort of smoldering dread like that of the people who live in earthquake countries. You see it, for one thing, in the keen way they take up the subject of accidents.

"The worst I ever fell was once the net broke," said a trapeze performer.

"I'd just as soon have it break as to fall bad *in* it," put in another. "Remember that time I bit my lip? Felt like my chin was knocked right up through the top of my head. My lower teeth cut my upper lip till it had to be sewed up clear across."

I LEARNED then that the art of falling in the net is as difficult as any part of the performance; for so great is its elasticity that if a performer "falls bad," say in a standing position, the knees may be shot straight up to the chin and a knockout blow may result. To learn to come into the net prostrate, as in a hammock, is no small trick.

A saucy little rider came in panting and flung off the fluttery veil in which she had been racing for the delectation of Mark Antony.

"I never fell but once, but, gee, that was a buster!" she joined in. "Head split open," she added, and the refined air which the dressing tent struggles to maintain shuddered and murmured: "What language!" For the sore point with the circus lady is the assumption that she is "rough." "We are perfect ladies, but the world won't believe it," is the attitude, and it's a bit pathetic to see the eagerness with which these women seek to annul the masculinity of their talent by all the

the Ladies of

By SARAH COMSTOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN

feminine fripperies they can muster. The Strong Lady, having overwhelmed the muscle of mere man, goes forth on Sunday awave with willow plume. Miss Bradna, who can put to rout the stubbornest horse, embroiders dainty scented cases for her lingerie. Flowers and perfumes and veils they adore.

It was my misfortune to pass through a period of profound grief with these athletic friends of mine. Word spread that Whiskers had been stolen. He is the black French poodle which accompanies Mrs. Dekoe in her balancing act, and he is the idol of the woman's dressing room, never leaving his mistress's trunk except to lead her into the ring.

One black day Mrs. Dekoe came alone. Whiskers had been snatched on Broadway. Sighs were heaved, tears were shed; Mrs. Dekoe wept that she should not even have his skin to cherish, as she had always planned for the days when he should be no more. But now not alone the spirit, even the skin, of Whiskers had taken flight.

The Strong Lady swung her leonine eyes around toward the sugar bowl

FOR three gloomy performances thus it was. Then, through our cloud of gloom a ray — Mrs. Dekoe opened the dressing-room door with the familiar warning: "Ladies, there's a gentleman coming!" At once the prompt and customary response — kimonos whisked up over dimpled shoulders and modest arms—the door flung open, a sharp yap of joy, and in dashed the lost and mourned. Whiskers, the idol, back from the jaws of tragedy, snatched from the thief's possession, restored, whole, rejoicing! In hysterical poodle French he told his tale, was embraced, set upon a trunk by way of pedestal, fed, pampered, spoiled.

"Maybe you think I don't love that dog!" observed Mrs. Dekoe. "When the big blow down came I found out what Whiskers was made of. You see everybody was running, and the poles were loose and thumping around, and I was making up at my dresser trunk, and I remembered what my husband had told me—that the best thing to do is to lie down on the ground behind the trunk, then the poles can't hit you when they jump up in the air. So while everybody else ran I lay down, and Whiskers came and lay right on top of me, like he was going to ward off the poles, and he wouldn't leave that spot till I did."

Blow down! The faintest sound of the word starts reminiscences in every corner of the room. The blow down is the bogey man of the circus people. A pole, uprooted by the bellying of the canvas to which it is attached above, may deal even a death blow. To go on with a ring performance while the poles dance threateningly within an inch of your eyes, maybe—and to keep up the jaunty air demanded by a hungry audience—maybe it looks easy. These women recall one of their most complete blow downs in a South Dakota "twister" when the warnings which the elephants invariably give had been disregarded, and the rains descended and the floods came along with the wind, which laid flat all the tents, and every blossoming tinseled skirt clung like a wet kitten's fur, and the sun, returning, looked down upon the prairie, every limb available on every bush and tree blooming with blue and pink and yellow tights and ruffled skirts.

ENTERING one day at a badly chosen moment, I was almost bowled over by a whirlwind of Ambassadresses, Noblewomen, Captive Girls, Fair Racers, Flower Girls, Fish Women, and Ballet Dancers. It was that hurricane moment when the spectacle comes to an end and everybody makes a dash for the dressing tents. The wardrobe women rushed here and there, picking up shed costumes, folding them away; the ballet girls were hurrying for their street suits, released until the next performance; the stars of the spectacle were casting away regal robes preparatory to donning tights and wired skirts. Through the rushing and chattering of the human hurricane came the wailing sobs of a girl who limped miserably, tears staining her classical garments. In a second Mrs. Wallace, the wardrobe mistress and big sister to everybody, had her on a property chest. "What's the matter, honey?"

"One of the h-h-horses—stepped on—on my f-f-foot!" broke through the wails, and within five minutes Mrs. Wallace had her helped off to the ballet dressing tent, and she herself was bringing the ever-available circus doctor, who repaired damages in double-quick time. Another five minutes and she was back with her assistants, who were looking over the costumes shed by the passing hurricane and repairing damages to silk and spangles. "Every performance ends with a lot o' wreckage," said Mrs. Wallace cheerily. "Spangles get lost and robes get torn, and often enough somebody gets hurt, but we all keep on smilin'."

"That's right. 'Twon't take me long to mend that peacock hat," clucked Mrs. Talbot like a motherly hen.

"I've sewed a good many acres o' spangles," Mother Talbot added later in the afternoon when the storm of the spectacle (always referred to as the Spec in circus circles) had blown over. Once, fearing that I might not understand the technical term, a rider corrected herself and carefully spoke of it as the Spec*tack*le. The wardrobe women were quietly settling down to work. "Twenty-three years I've been with the circus," Mrs. Talbot ran on. "I danced till I was forty-eight. And now I'm sixty-six. I've seen three managers die—old Mr. Barnum and then Mr. Bailey and now Mr. Ringling. And I've had all the troubles of my own there was comin' to me—but I've always swalluhed 'em. Every blow down's got a silver linin', that's my motto."

She paused to hum a little cracked hum in cheery accompaniment to the music that was inspiring the great white barebacks in the Big Top beyond.

"Tum-tum-ty-tum tum!" She sewed a large emerald. "Yes, I've had 'em—plenty o' troubles—but I've always swalluhed 'em. I got thin doin' it. Hello there, Josie, wait till I get younger, I'll beat you somersaultin' on that old horse! Yes, folks stand troubles better when they let 'em out. But I was bound to swalluh 'em. I wasn't goin' to have anybody sayin': 'Here she comes again!' Tum-ty-tum tum! I always like that tune, don't you? Makes me feel like sassyparilla in the spring. There ain't no music in the world like the circus band."

IF the power were in me to immortalize a new Mrs. Wiggs, my Mrs. Wiggs should be Mrs. Talbot of the Circus, and a fresh philosopher should dawn upon a weary world. A dancer until age forced her out of the profession, she took to wardrobe work—and she is not mistress at that, only a toiling assistant who sews on the spangles that others glitter in. But she has a joke for every man, woman, child, and dog around the tent; a bottle of arnica for every bruise, and a tum-ty-tum for every tune the band plays.

"Seems like I always feel queer in the winter when I'm indoors so much. It's more natchel to me to feel canvas over me," the little old wanderer said, chewing gum, sewing, tum-tumming all together.

I was making up at my dresser trunk, and I remembered what my husband had told me

Mrs. Wallace, "Rosie" to all, the plump, charming, capable young mistress of the wardrobe, laid down a queenly robe she was working on to pick up a small bundle of wails. The bundle immediately changed to one of joyful gurgles. It was Katherine, familiarly known as Tiddle-de-winks, the year-and-a-half-old daughter of Mrs. Wallace and the Baby of the Circus.

"There, there, we'll have a dancin' lesson!" soothed Mrs. Talbot, and while pretty "Rosie" placed her baby on the floor, the old lady curved her arms and tripped a measure on lean but nimble ankles, the baby kicking and gesturing in gleeful response. "I'm teachin' her!" chuckled the old lady. "She'll be a dancer yet!"

The old lady curved her arms and tripped a measure on lean but nimble ankles

The band set up a fresh tune, a zipping, ripping air that tautened nerves in the ring, in the spectators. Katherine burst into peals of gurgles, tossed her arms, sprang like a bouncing ball.

"There's circus in her," Mrs. Talbot nodded sagely. And circus in her there surely is. At eighteen months she thrives on the air of it—the smell of hay and horses, the yapping of trained dogs, the easy good fellowship of acrobats and riders, the ever-shifting gypsy soul of it. If that baby's future isn't as narrow as a ring and as wide as the stretch from Bridgeport, Conn., to California, if her life doesn't march to the tune of the traveling band, then there's nothing in present indications given by Miss Katherine.

"She's crazy to go out for a ride, but her go-cart's broken," observed Mrs. Wallace. And at that moment in heaved a giant, one of the handy men about the show who put up poles and seats and make themselves generally useful. He was a Brobdingnag and his voice was like some of the voices caged in the further tent.

"What's broke?" he bellowed. "Just been puttin' a wheel on the rhino's cage. Reckon I can put a wheel on this."

The expert of the rhino's cage then turned his skill to the little go-cart, bending hugely above it, and the circus was ready for the march once more—Infant, Rhino, and all. It's turn a hand and lend a hand in the world of these jolly folk, and everybody's a friend.

THE Wirths from Australia are a cozy family party. Mrs. Wirth has managed a little circus which her husband left, carrying it year after year through the Australian towns, but an American offer tempted, and she picked up her two daughters, along with their horses, and came. Absolutely the World's Greatest is only a little fifteen-year-old girl, May—braids down her back—but the whole show stops and holds its breath for her act. All the rings are cleared, distracting clowns banished, the music takes on locomotor ataxia with a hysterical rise to a climax of complete paralysis, and out ride the two long lines of mounted and gorgeous cavaliers. A palpitating moment, and down the line, between the drawn-up cavaliers, dashes this little girl.

"It's a stunning entrance," I said. "I was [illegible] ment, wondering what was coming."

Miss May laid down the slop shoes [illegible]

(Continued on page 30)

United States Marines Leaving the Railroad Station at Managua, Nicaragua

Marines of the United States Navy, acting under the general command of Admiral Southerland, engaged in active warfare at the cost of several lives in aiding the government of Nicaragua to suppress a revolution headed by General Mena and General Zeledon. The latter was killed and the former arrested in Panama. At one time 2,400 marines were ashore under arms, engaged in protecting property. The most serious situation began September 15, when marines were fired upon as they sought to open the line to Granada. The chief casualties were at the entry of Leon, October 4, when two sailors from the Colorado and a marine were killed and three wounded

The Seat of War

The wild and semidesert country of Montenegro and Turkey-in-Europe is the setting for the opening engagements of the war in the Balkans, which broke out on October 9. The picture shows the almost barren nature of the country and the low rolling hills. The costume of the Bulgarian soldier in the picture is similar to that of Montenegro. Columns of soldiers can be seen advancing over the hill

Since Music Came

"Our home evenings are the real treat"

Betty and I have repaired all the broken fences of our Promised Land. No, old man, we shall never blow up our "till-death-us-do-part."

We have our show evenings just the same; our bridge evenings just the same; our gadding-about evenings, too, but they are ten times as good now BECAUSE WE HAVE SOMETHING ELSE BETWEEN and because that something else is the greatest thing in the world.

Our home evenings are the real treat. Yes, that's what I said, home—HOME. It may not be fashionable to have one, but it's what we want; and we have a home now—not merely a place to live in.

I get comfortable in the rich old Uncle Peter chair and glow all over with a sense of completeness as my pipe begins to draw. Betty sits before the keys of the Pianola Piano, for all the world like a real hand-pianist, and then she's ready:

It's usually one of the White Light hits to begin with—and it's odd how exquisite they are on the Pianola. You don't really get them when they are whistled or sung, you know. It's the wonderful orchestration effect of the grouped chords of the accompaniment that supports the melody when Betty plays it at home—it's the perfection of technique in all the treble ornamentation that makes a delicious thing out of the air itself—it's that clear, faultless articulation of precise, yet flowing melody—it's all these things together that enable one to appreciate what exceptional things these popular song writers really do—or perhaps the Pianola arrangement improves on the original.

Anyway, it's like the snap and brightness of a clear day in May, when it's just warm enough, and the air has been washed clean and fit to swallow, by yesterday's rain, and all the blossoms are out, and the country is just a great flower garden.

It puts us in tune, Betty and me, and after we have had three or four of these sun-lit bits, we are ready for the real greatness of music—the big, world-wide, humanizing, soul-swelling things that we never knew before—and *we are* in tune.

Betty and I are the mute, inglorious, Milton type. We don't express ourselves well—except perhaps, in slang. I can't find in my mental works the poet's phrases to tell Betty how adorable she is and what she means to me. But we do feel it—we just can't say it because we lack the facility of expression, and you've GOT to say it, my boy, and *she's* got to say it, if you both hope to stay in the Promised Land.

Grieg says it for us—Chopin says it for us—Mozart sings it for us, with a divine fire that almost tears my heart out at times, and I crown my girl the princess of all the world with the great big tenderness that comes to me as I listen and watch her there at the keys, and know that every bar of the music tells her what I feel and carries every beat of her heart to me.

Oh, the wonders the Masters have wrought! They have caught the soft glint of the moonlight on the water and painted it in the rhythmic waves and crystal clearness of their melodies. They have let the surge and storm of the whole wide world, the knowledge of life and its fullness, love and its sublimities, its sorrows, its triumphs, and its sacrifices, into the crashing chords, the wild, sweet, beauty-notes of the conception and expression of genius.

They lift us poor mortals of Everyday up to their own divine heights, when we will listen. Surely this is a magic instrument which gives us the very soul-triumph of a Master of all the Masters, at the finger touch of a simple girl.

Betty can't play a note—her strong, white fingers are for golf, tennis, rowing, bridle-reins—not for the wonder-manipulation of piano keys. Still as she sways the little pointer from side to side, interpreting the music as the Master created it in his soul, his own touch, his own conception, expression, rendition, and, best of all, his mastery, are there, and pour forth in those sound-waves.

Glory! that's it! It isn't just a world any more, when one of those stately anthems rolls out in billowing waves of harmony to enfold us in a land of dreams.

"Betty, come here"

And Betty! When the last note ends as softly as a falling rose leaf, Betty sits there with her dear little head drooped, her face flushed and rosy, the most splendid dewy moisture in her eyes, and she just wants to put her head on my shoulder, and I know it, and I'm King. I say it gently "Betty, come here," and without a word she comes. She cuddles on my big awkward knees and her head slips into that place on my shoulder, and all I can say is "Oh, my dear. My very, very dearest dear."

That moment is worth every dollar we have in the world and all I can earn for years to come. We're no longer two young people half spoiled by the modern way of living—I'm a man, and Betty, bless her! is a woman, a real one, and music has done it for us through the medium of that great instrument which is just rounding out the happiness of our lives.

Bless the Pianola Piano, say I, and bless the man who, in creating it, has made a real home for Betty and me, and for all the other thousands of young people throughout this whole wide world of ours.

There are descriptions which ring so clearly with truth that we wonder if they are not drawn from personal experience. The Man and Betty, music and dreams—the episode is typical. And, as their hearts are drawn closer and their lives more tightly interwoven by the magic of music, there comes the thought of the pity, the sheer pity, of the homes that are not homes—that have no such unifying element of common interest to brighten and sweeten home life.

And then there is the other pity of the homes that have made a mistake—that have just missed the pleasure that they might as well have had—for there is no purchase in the world in which a mistake can be more easily made than in choosing a player-piano.

Player-pianos are divided into two classes—those which contain the genuine PIANOLA, and are called PIANOLA *Player-pianos*, and those which contain other player-actions and are, therefore, just Player-pianos with this or that *piano* name.

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This is why the great musicians like Paderewski, Richard Strauss, and Josef Hofmann and Rosenthal, and Moszkowski and over three hundred others, welcome the genuine PIANOLA Player-piano as a serious musical instrument.

And this is why *you* must be careful when you come to choose a Player-piano to see that you are getting the genuine PIANOLA Player-piano, with its Metrostyle, Themodist, and other exclusive and important features that show you how to play real music like a *real musician*.

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COLGATE & CO. Dept. W 199 Fulton Street, New York

New Plays in the East

(*Concluded from page* 11)

in the costumes and faces and point of view of the characters—still more, the background of known past experience against which the present is played, give the spectator a sense of extraordinary farsightedness and understanding.

Among the moments which, it struck me, Mr. Thackeray might have been willing to include in the play it was always his sorrow he could not write, is the curtain of the second act when Emily gives up the man she loves. Her Aunt Gertrude, a spirited beauty in the first act, an old maid now, with one thing in her life to live for—Emily—and one hope, that the girl will have the spirit not to make the wreck of her life that she has made—Aunt Gertrude, beaten down in her fight against the smug tyranny of the family and Emily's dread of a "scene," has left them at last with a heart-broken "Oh—what's the use!" Then they gather round that unchangeable British institution, the afternoon tea table, and "Emily will pour for us," purrs the fond mother, still sure as she was twenty-five years ago that whatever John Rhead says is right. Fresh pink young Emily, choking her sobs, staggers across, followed by her precious, padded, patched-up lord. There is a moment's silence. "Well"—booms John Rhead. "Tea, Emily. Tea!" and down goes the curtain. There is more tragedy in that "Tea!" than in a whole fusillade of such shots as brings down the final curtain on Mr. Eugene Walter's new play.

A PLAY ABOUT HYPNOTISM

"THE CASE OF BECKY," which appeared in Chicago and elsewhere last season, and is now seen in New York for the first time, has several reasons for being interesting. Its principal character is a girl with two distinct personalities—the gentle Dorothy and the coarse and impish Becky, and the main business of the play is the gradual strengthening of the good personality and weakening of the bad, until Becky is finally "killed" and put out of the way, forever. This provides a central figure—the more interesting for being founded on an actual case of recent years—of unusual novelty. The cure is effected through hypnotism, and as a second novelty we are introduced to the laboratory and sanitarium of a specialist in mental disorders and see hypnotism practiced, not as by the charlatans of the rural stage, but as it might be used, for instance, by a Dr. Weir Mitchell or Professor Münsterberg. Then, further, there is a fresh melodramatic plot—the fight of wits and wills between a "good" hypnotist and a villainous one, and the destruction, through hypnotic suggestion, of the latter's evil power over the heroine, and to bring it all together excellent acting and Mr. Belasco's skill in creating atmospheres. We have felt compelled at times to quarrel with his photographic accuracy when it was merely a disarming outside to inner insincerity, but for the room in Dr. Emerson's house in which the two first acts take place there can be nothing but praise. Its warmth and comfort and air of having been lived in are an invaluable foil to the creepy nature of what goes on therein. Every detail has some reason for being—you should see how subtly "comic relief" is obtained—especially in the next, the laboratory scene—by making the big, good-natured, "wholesome" young assistant grin to himself at especially trying moments as if to suggest to the spectators not to worry, that everything's coming out all right.

Miss Frances Starr gives the principal part poignant reality, and she is very capably supported by Mr. Albert Bruning as Dr. Emerson and Mr. Charles Dalton as the villainous hypnotist.

New Plays in the West

(*Continued from page* 15)

his play. Wives do drive their husbands to live beyond their means, and we can accept Bob and Mrs. Reynolds as symbols and let it go at that. Well, here they are, scrimping and struggling along, with the young wife buying a new hat instead of paying the butcher's bill and not daring to tell her husband she has been to the matinée, when along comes an old friend of the husband, a successful business man now, with a solution of all their troubles. He is interested in the building of a big dam, the architect for which has specified a certain superior quality of cement. Ordinary cement, says he, is quite good enough and will last a hundred years, and if Bob, as expert, will but let the ordinary quality go through it will save $200,000, $40,000 of which will be his.

The young fellow refuses, naturally—that's stealing. The capitalist, keen, magnetic, with a hearty frankness which disarms less forceful men, laughs this aside as absurd. "It's merely picking up the loose ends of a business deal—and it's picking up loose ends that's made the American millionaire." And he goes on to crush the young man with the argument that it isn't work that makes money—for the worker—the only thing that makes money is money—and unless you have some to turn over and make more you will be working for some one else all your life. And the wife, by the half-open door, overhears all.

The spectator will not admire her when she emerges, after the business man has gone, and protesting against her husband's scruples, whines that when she heard of all that money "she was like a child with a new Christmas tree, and you kicked it out because you don't believe in Christmas trees!" and he will wonder if a young woman, with the innate fineness of feeling she is supposed to have, would even have made that bargain with the business man, under which she was to do all she could to influence her husband—"and you've no idea what a sensible woman can do with her husband"—and in return be "sort of put on the pay roll." Mr. Walter asks a good deal of his nice girl from up-State. However that may be, the desperate, driven husband surrenders at last. "I'll get my money first and reform afterward, like the rest of 'em!" he cries, and lets the cement contract go through.

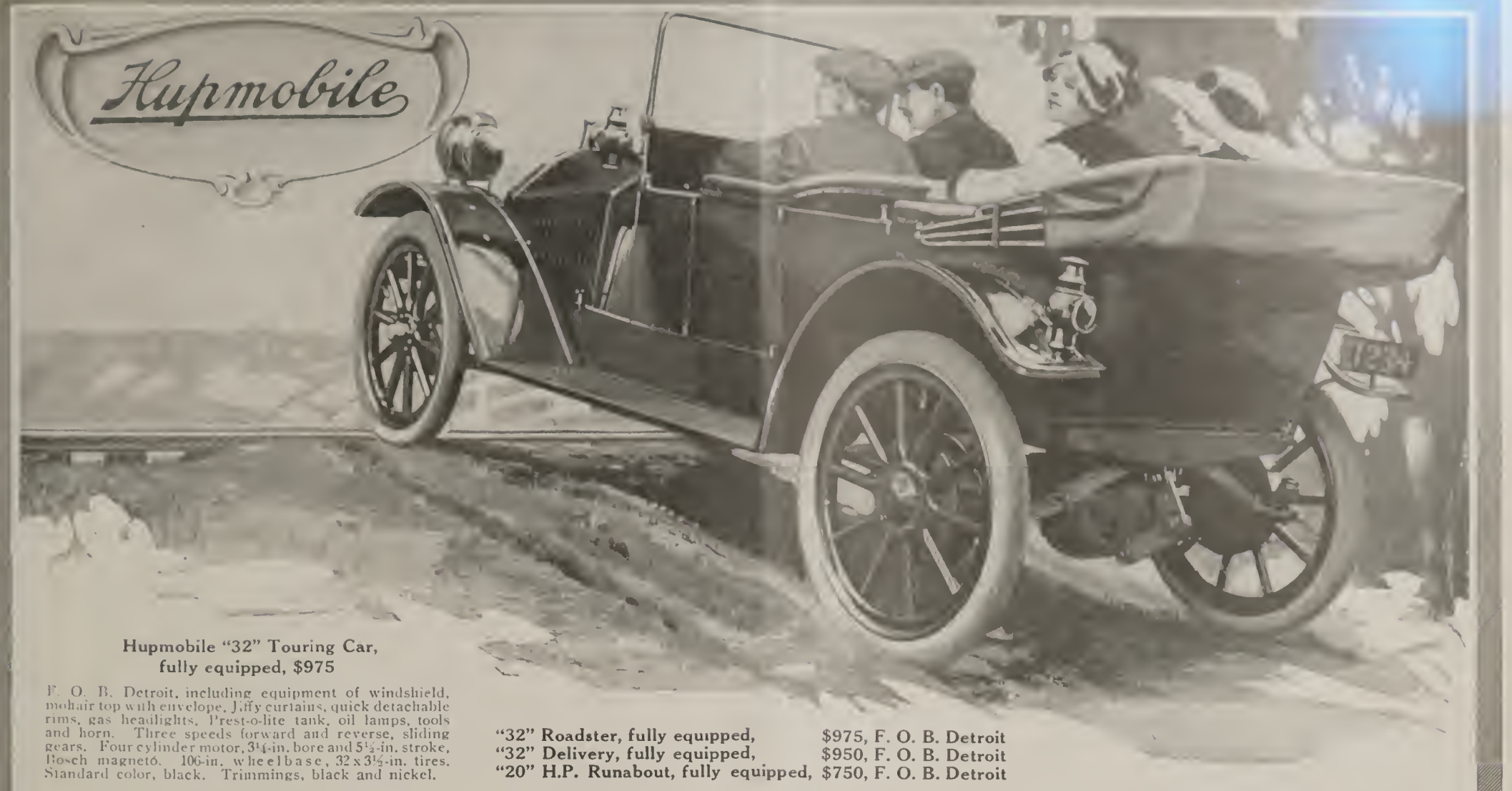
Then the tragedy begins. He is not, as his friend, the "Evening Post" reporter, says, one of those who can do wrong and get away with it. He takes to drinking, loses money in speculation; in the end the dam goes out before a flood, and on his already tortured conscience is thrust the burden of scores of innocent lives. If he stays, there is prison ahead not only for him and his accomplice but, as accessory before the fact, so the capitalist threatens, for his young wife. So with a sense of dramatic effect, which it is unfortunate he could not have applied to commercial ends early in his career, he goes over to the telephone, and in his wife's presence very deliberately calls the police and tells them to send a man to the house.

"It's a case of suicide," he says, snaps off the lights; there is a shot in the darkness, and to the pounding on the door from outside and the long quavering scream of the wife, the curtain slowly falls.

There, undoubtedly, is your "punch," delivered straight between the eyes, or, if you prefer, the ears. And people who enjoy the sensation will enjoy the play as many thousands have already done in Chicago. Of that urbane and penetrating quality, that distillation of human nature as distinguished from the swift journalistic treatment of a certain objective fact—the quality which "Milestones" exhibits in a mild but pleasant form—"Fine Feathers" is as innocent as the gong of a trolley car.

In "The Metropolitan" the other day "F. P. A." told a story to illustrate the difference between other places and New York. The man from the other place—Boston, perhaps—was accustomed, when he had been sleeping too little or smoking and drinking too much, to go to a drug store and tell his troubles to the soda-water clerk. That understanding soul would listen patiently and mix up aromatic spirits of ammonia or something of that sort. Finding himself in New York, and feeling a bit seedy, he went into a drug store and, describing his feelings, said: "What do I need?" "A ten-cent check," said the soda-water clerk.

It is in the atmosphere which produces such remarks, an atmosphere generated by the constant sight and sound and feel of enormous wealth, and the conviction, because there is nothing else in sight, that things that cost money are the only things there are, that "Fine Feathers" seems to have grown. This young woman is less a type than one more poor creature who needs



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Another important particular in which the Hupmobile rises above the 'common herd'

Great strength; little friction; silence

The illustration shows the Hupmobile rear axle—the full-floating type, which is almost wholly restricted to cars of the highest price.

The chief advantage of this type is that no load whatever is carried on the axle shafts. They do nothing but drive the wheels; and the axle housing, which is large and strong, carries the load.

The Hupmobile housing is built up of the two tapered steel tubes, 1, 1, the malleable iron central housings, 2 and 3; and the propeller shaft housing tube, 4.

These five pieces form a case so strong and rigid, so impervious to ordinary and extraordinary road shocks, that it does not require the support of either truss or reach rods.

The tubes 1, 1, carry the weight of the car, each wheel running on two sets of roller bearings, 13 and 14, of which the former takes the load, the latter taking care of the side strains produced in turning corners.

Thus, the axle shafts, 8, are free to do the driving, with flanges bolted to the wheels at 15.

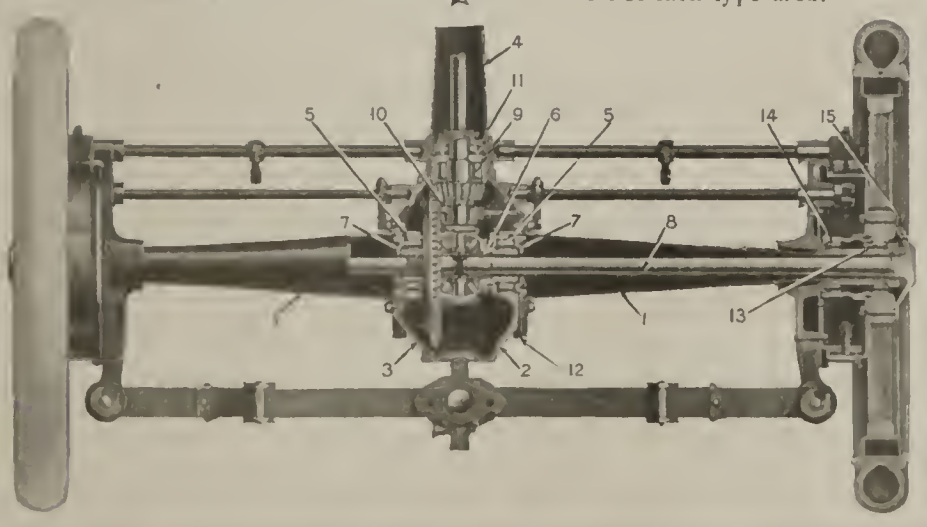
The large roller bearings, 5, 5, take only the up and down loads from the differential, the end thrust being taken by two ball bearings just outside the rollers. One of these is shown at 6.

In mounting the bevel driving pinion, we use two roller bearings, 9 and 10, instead of one, placing one on each side of the gear. They hold it in perfect and permanent alignment, while the ball bearing, 11, takes the end thrust.

An axle of the full-floating type will not be quiet and will develop friction and loss of power unless the gears "mesh" properly.

Two threaded adjusters, 7, 7, are used in our axle to set the bevel gear so that proper mesh with the driving pinion is secured and retained.

The strength and accuracy of our construction are attested by the fact that the gears are cut from the highest grade of heat-treated electric and open-hearth steels, and ground to one-half of one-thousandth of an inch; while the bearings are the best of each type used.



In a previous announcement we made the strong statement that the Hupmobile "looms head and shoulders above the common herd of cars."

Herein is offered you another piece of evidence in support of our belief—the story of the design and construction of the Hupmobile rear axle.

As you know, the rear axle drives the car and carries most of the load. The shocks which it sustains, even under normal running, are enormous.

As the load, in the full floating type as used on the Hupmobile, is carried on the large tubing instead of on the small shaft, it

(1) eliminates strain and re-action on the driving axle.

(2) does away with side thrust in the wheel bearings.

(3) lessens the shocks on the differential gears.

As a consequence you get the least waste of pulling power, easier riding, and longer life to the rear axle parts.

You will not find the counterpart of the Hupmobile rear axle in America.

You will find it in Europe, where manufacturers like Panhard & Levassor, leaders among the makers of high-priced cars, have adopted similar construction.

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New Plays in the West

(*Concluded from page 24*)

a vacation from New York. And one feels that Mr. Walter, with all his force and terseness and admirable willingness to be consistent even if he has to be unpleasant, is writing in the light of those greenish-yellow arc lamps which make night hideous on Broadway.

"THE MAN HIGHER UP"

"THE MAN HIGHER UP," written by Miss Edith Ellis from a novel of Mr. Henry Russell Miller, is a much less closely knit and finished piece than "Fine Feathers"; yet I am inclined to think that it gives more of that feeling of warmth and nourishment which one ought to get from a good book or play. One reason for this is that its authors are not so much intent on striking the knockout blow as in setting forth a conviction about life in general; they are interpreters rather than reporters.

The main story is that of a boss, a first-class political superman, who felt that the only thing worth while was power. He thought he didn't need friends; he avoided women lest any softness interfere with his strength, and he regarded graft and bribery as a mere means to an end—the end of ruling the people because they didn't know enough to rule themselves.

This intransigent egoist is eventually brought to realize that there are other people in the world than himself—that he is a very trifling episode in the main story, that there is a force, a final justice—a Man Higher Up—which must be reckoned with. To say that this change of heart is brought about by a woman is not to say that it is the absurd "regeneration through love" often offered by the stage. Neither he nor the girl wear their hearts on their sleeves, and the broader outlook that comes to them comes also to some of the other people of the play. Superficially the piece is a political play of the "Man of the Hour" type, full of ward heelers with cigars in their faces, "big business" and reform, and the usual final curtain on election night. In its somewhat diffuse texture there is much that is commonplace, but the fine strong feeling at the bottom of it all cannot be denied.

A Mood

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

TO-DAY there's singing on my lips
(And more if one should ask).
To-day I kiss my finger tips
And curtsy to my task.
My heart's a butterfly to-day,
The world a garden blows,
With every wind a roundelay
And every hour a rose.

My soul is vagabond to-day,
A gypsy on the grass,
Who dances by the King's highway
Where solemn coaches pass.
Angels of joy whom joy must please,
To-day my heart hath wings,
And 'neath your golden balconies
A mirth-mad Pierrot sings!

With the Ladies of the Circus

(*Continued from page 21*)

on. "Is it really nice from the front?" she asked wistfully.

"You can't guess!"

"You know I want to see how it looks, I want to see so bad!" she said. "I've never seen. I have to be just ready and then ride out quick and think hard about my act, and pay no attention to anything but what I'm to do."

FANCY it! Here in the star corner of the dressing tent I had come upon a little girl who had never really seen a circus. Billed as the World's Greatest, exploited from coast to coast—and instead of being blasé, bored with the very sight and sound and smell of the show, here she was just aching with a real little girl ache to sit in an ordinary seat, get sticky with crackajack, and feel palpitations over seeing the wonderful May Wirth dash past her retinue of mounted horsemen into the waiting ring.

"Never mind, dearie, we're going shopping in the morning," Mrs. Wirth offered by way of consolation to the little girl who had never seen May Wirth perform.

She seated her small daughter before a mirror and clapped a fluffy wig over the pinned-up braids. Finishing the hair, she began with the powder puff. She lifted one sturdy young arm to dust it over, and revealed a great brown bruise running from elbow to wrist.

"Um-um!" I said. "Doesn't it hurt?"

The little girl smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "Not much now," she said. "It did yesterday. Put the powder on it thicker, mamma."

"A fall in the ring?" I asked.

"She slipped off yesterday," Mrs. Wirth said, lavishing powder on the big brown bruise. "She came over to me in the middle of the ring and she said: 'Mamma, I'm hurt.' When she says that I know she is. 'Too bad to go on?' I said, and she tightened up all over and she said: 'No, I can go on,' and she ran and jumped on by the time Maizie got around again. But I tell you I like to be in the ring while she's riding."

Mrs. Wirth is the ringmaster of that act, in the guise of a powdered and knickerbockered gentleman. If anything happens to prevent her appearing, Miss Stella, the older sister, takes the part, for the little girl loses her nerve if she hasn't the moral support of a member of the family. This is a frequent weakness among even older performers, by the way; Miss Codona would rather be hung by her slack wire than pirouette upon it if her father and brother were not in charge at each end.

While Miss May was dressing, Miss Stella, through with her riding act, bent above a volume in the corner. Catch her thus, spectacled and earnest, and you might fancy that you had come upon a college maiden diligently cramming for an exam. There is a tenacity about her eyeglasses; in her tights and tarlatans they still cling to her until the very moment she enters the arena, as if to insist upon the fact that she is only incidentally

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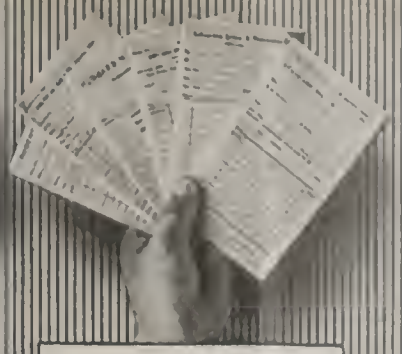

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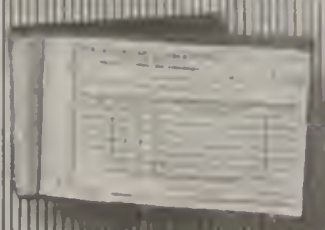

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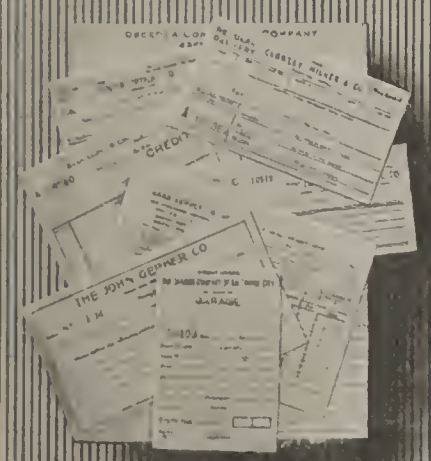

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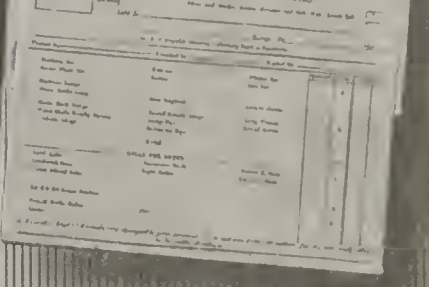

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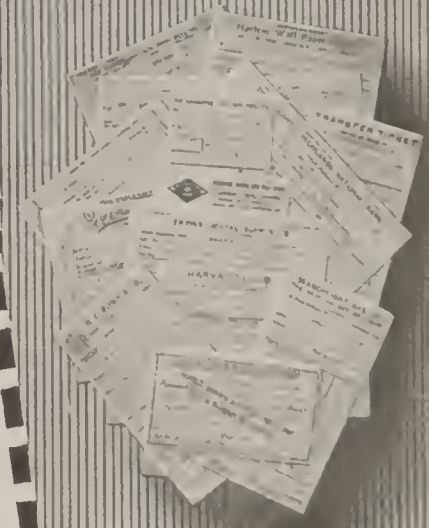

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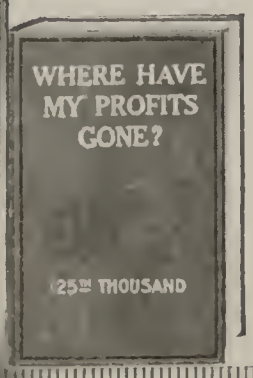

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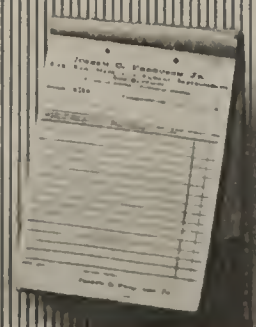

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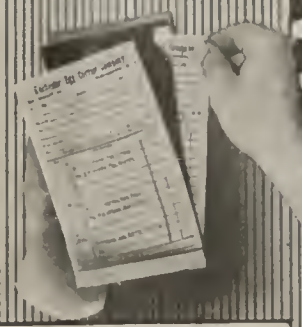

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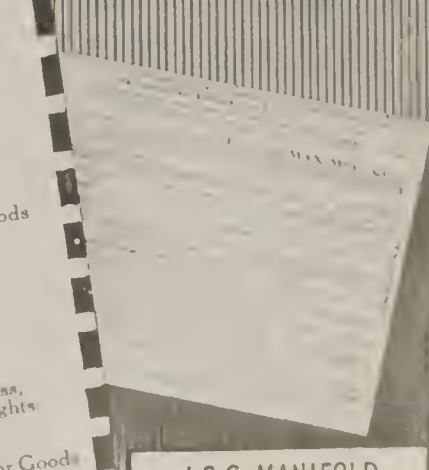

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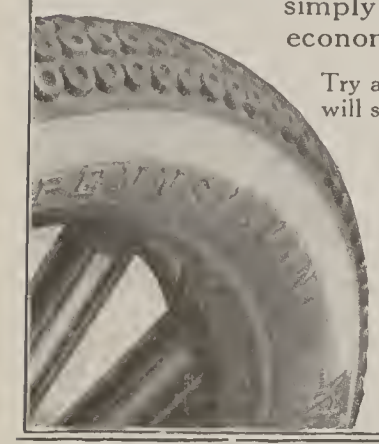

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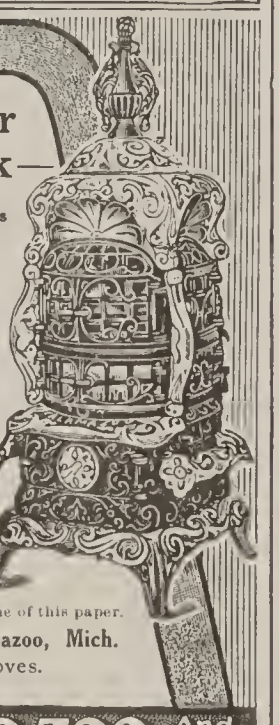

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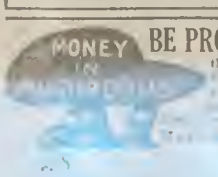

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With the Ladies of the Circus

(*Concluded from page 26*)

a Graceful Equestrienne, and is fundamentally a young highbrow. Back from the ring she snatches her book, and, still in tights and tarlatans and spectacled once more, she flees to her corner and plunges her pretty nose into the volume. Approach and peep—the volume bears the name of Marie Corelli.

"Stella's been in boarding school and May had a tutor traveling with us. We couldn't afford to keep her out of the ring, she's always had so much talent," Mrs. Wirth explained. "She was a trapeze performer before she rode."

Miss May was crisscrossing the ankle ribbons of her pumps. "I liked the trapeze," she observed.

Her mother laughed. "It was like home to her. She cried to be put on it when the lions got loose."

"It was in Australia, in our own show," Mrs. Wirth related, putting on her own powdered wig while she talked. "There was an act where the lions were brought in different cages into the ring; then the lady tamer opened the door of one big cage for them all to go into for the act. She was a wonder, that tamer; there was something about her that the minute a lion got a look into her eye it began to growl and cower, as if it knew it had to mind and was mad about it. She worked for years without an accident, and then something went wrong on this day—she said afterward that her will felt tired that afternoon. Anyway, while the change was being made two of the animals got loose. She ran after them, but they ran like mad, and the audience began to jump up and run and try to hide, and poor May! She kept crying: 'Put me up in the trapeze, put me up, put me up!'"

The little girl blushed under her rouge and laughed shamefacedly, this youngster to whom a sky-high trapeze is like a tree to a frightened kitten.

MISS STELLA suddenly burst into giggles of reminiscence. "And remember how frightened the lions were when they got into the street? More than the people in the town. When they came to a coop of chickens they were nearly paralyzed, they were so scared."

"Yes, that was how we got 'em," said Mrs. Wirth. "The chickens frightened 'em so that when they saw the cage (we sent it to follow them) they ran into it thankfully."

"But that old Thor looked mad!" commented Miss May.

Droll reminiscences, these, for little schoolgirls. They might have continued, but for the entrance of the Strong Lady, Mrs. Sandwina, back from her act.

"Well, Little Girl!" burst a chorus of greeting. Thus is the giantess familiarly and facetiously addressed. "Did you work hard to-day? Let's see your face."

The Amazon blushingly hid it. "Prritty hahd," she said.

"No, let's see!" Mrs. Wirth seized the chin and turned the countenance of the Herculean Venus into a full light. "Not drippy a bit! Shame!" she teased, and the Venus protested. "I vill vork hahder to-night," she laughed.

"We plague her," Mrs. Wirth explained. "Sometimes she comes back dripping with perspiration, she's done such wonders. Other times she works easy and she looks like this—not tired a bit. We're all that way—we can go through our act easy if we're lazy, or hard if we're not."

A huge little boy, a sort of three-year-old Herculean Cupid, met the Venus on her return. He is Theodore Sandwina, never absent from the maternal side save when she is in the ring, during which time he performs the not too popular feat of scooping handfuls of earth and seeing them dissolve in the pails of bathing water.

"Theodore!" his parent burst forth, catching the finish of the act in one swift glance. "Theodorc! You bad! Coom here!"

With a seizure she had him, and his face squared itself into the form of a panic-stricken howl, and I saw her right hand about to descend. Trembling, transfixed to the spot, struggling to avert my eyes from the awful doom of Theodore, I stood, and they remained glued to the frightful scene. When lo, a ray of light shot across her face, a good-humored, lazy smile; the hand dropped at her side, and: "Vell, nex' time I sphanck you, you Theodore!" was all that happened.

"But she does spank him a lot," somebody whispered, and the thought of being spanked by a Herculean Venus, by that hand of terrifying might, so unmanned me that it was with difficulty I continued my interview. Further chat, however, so convinced me of Mrs. Sandwina's essential kindliness of nature and of Theodore's fundamental virtue, despite the fact that boys will be boys, that I went away reassured, believing that the relation is on the whole as happy as between a fond and good-humored lioness and her frolicking cub.

"I don' like to be beeg," the Venus said, not without pathos, as I admired her bared shoulders. "Strong—yes; dat iss money; but beeg I don' like."

AND in fact the bowlders of muscles which most strong folk display are marvelously lacking in this softly rounded form. Where she hides them one hardly knows. The biceps show full and hard; I felt of them gingerly, felt the arm draw up, crunching fairly, upon my hand; but otherwise it might be as softly powerless a body as that of any idle Eve in Eden's garden.

I looked at the white, firm limbs, the flawless wholesomeness of the skin, the clear eye. "And your diet?" I wondered.

Mrs. Sandwina nodded wisely. "Not in de cook tent," she said. "I carry my machine" (I discovered that this meant an alcohol stove) "and I cook in de car, strong food. It iss not strong in de cook tent."

"Two meals a day or three?" I inquired.

"Four," she admitted with coyness.

She laid much stress upon her need of "strong food," and I made out that "nourishing" or "strength-producing" is her meaning. Milk, eggs must be plentiful, and the best; fresh vegetables she wants, and not much meat. "An' I like to coo-k—it iss de voman job," she added. Apparently the dread of becoming masculine through her certainly not effeminate performance haunts the Amazon; when a suffrage discussion brought out the fact that most of the circus women are converts, the giantess declared that her only objection was her fear that it "mek de voman like de man—dat iss not goot!" "No," echoed a rider in all seriousness, "woman's place is in the home."

And there's more in this than seems. Inside the lid of most of the dresser trunks you find photographs of the baby at home with its grandmother, of the boy in a military academy, of the girl in a seminary. Gypsies these people are, but oddly domestic gypsies; husband and wife wander together, and always there's the talk of the winter when they can return to the youngsters. They all look forward to some day returning home for good and all, retiring on the money earned and hoarded while risking one's neck twice a day for all of one's young and some of one's middle years.

They were starting South when I said a sorry good-by to them. The cook tent, with its long, tidy tables, gay in red and white cloths, green benches flanking them, was a-clatter with dishes, a-hum with the chatter of riders, acrobats, and eerial p'fo'mers. I took a last lingering look; the plump Bride was dimpling above her soup, the Mexican beauty was a pantomime of animated Spanish gestures as she talked of the dangers of her slack wire, a very stout athlete was assuring her neighbor that she never had had what you call one of them ferocious appetites—she was always daintylike—old Mrs. Talbot was sandwiching reminiscences of the immortal Barnum between ham and eggs, the Baby of the Circus was cooing herself to sleep under the roof of her canvas home. The open road shone ahead. Onc performance more and the march would begin. Far beyond the royal Bengal tiger rent the air with his Ou-ou-ff! "He always does that louder when we're gettin' ready to move. He knows," said a rider.

HE knew. I chanced that way next morning—an cmpty waste, where a few hours before the Big Top had loomed with its brood of smaller tops about it. The joyful noises—bands, children, spielers, wild animals—were stilled. Only a lonely wilderness of tanbark and hay, of crackajack and chewing-gum wrappers, of peanut shells remained.

I turned away. For weeks I had known them, these glittering, fun-loving, reckless gypsies, and to know them—well, it is to turn away from the deserted waste of peanut shells and chewing-gum wrappers and to search in guilty secrecy for one's all-linen-warranted hemstitched initial handkerchief.

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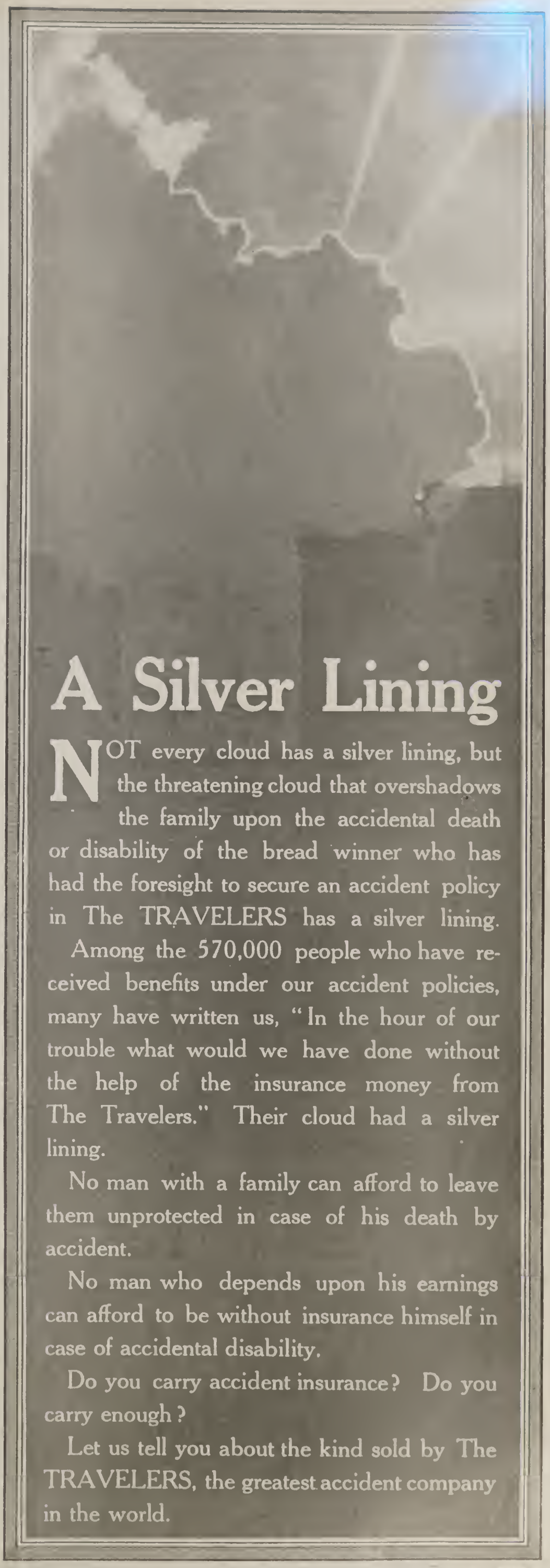

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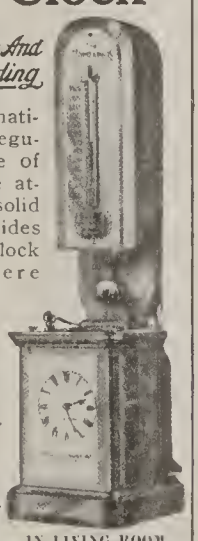

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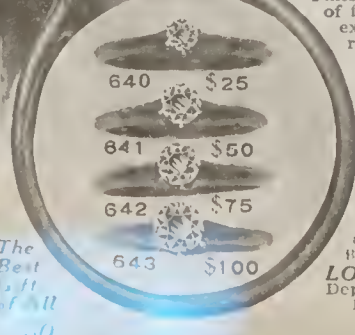

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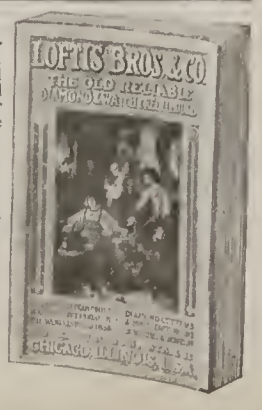

The Best Gift of All

Country Clubs of Broadway

(*Concluded from page 12*)

yet they say this man Waller can play Hamlet!"

"I played with Keene, too," piped the little old man.

"Arthur, thou art a merry liar!" said the gaunt old man.

"Sure, I played Malvolio in 'Twelfth Night'!"

"You were never out of vaudeville in your life!" thundered the tall one.

"I can prove it!"

"Would you favor us with a few lines from Malvolio's part?" drawled the tall one.

("They're great pals—always fighting!" said Larry aside.)

The little man scratched his bald top and began:

"How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alas, for smaller wisdom—"

"Humbug!" snarled the tall one. "Those are Leontes's lines from 'Winter's Tale'—and mostly wrong at that. As to Malvolio, hark ye!

"'I marvel your ladyship takes delight in so barren a rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone.'"

The old man spoke well, though toothlessly, and looked hard at his little friend.

"Bully!" I cried. "You win!"

"I thank you!" said the old man, bowing right and left as if to vast throngs. Suddenly he turned upon me an ingratiating smile. "Old chap," he remarked, "since you admire my performance, would you mind loaning me two dollars for about two hundred years?"

I handed over the forfeit. He pressed the bank note reverently to his lips before folding it into his pocket.

"Good-by, two dollars!" he said tragically. "Ere the morn thou shalt be ashes, like the rest!"

The two old men stumped away down Eighth Avenue.

"They wanted to put Pop in the Actor's Home, but he's the drifting kind," said Larry. "And an experienced drifter, too. Of course, his friend wouldn't go unless Pop did, so there they are. There's a funny thing about the little one. He carries seventy dollars sewed inside his undershirt, so when he dies he'll be given decent burial."

"Is he safe with the money in this sort of hang out?" I asked.

"Pretty safe. The other night two plugs—the sort of birds you see floating around here—started to follow the old man away. It was about one o'clock in the morning. Karl, the barkeep, knew what they were after, and they knew he knew. Karl pulled off his apron and followed 'em to a dark alley, where he cornered 'em and gave 'em the White Hope medicine right there and then. And now it's pretty well understood that if anything happens to the old man someone's got to answer to Karl."

I glanced across the bar and saw the young German, blond, flat-faced, unimaginative, filling eleven glasses at once and spinning them along the polished wood with marvelous accuracy.

"Karl's a pretty good boy," said Larry as we paid our score and strolled away from that Outland Country Club.

The Shifted Burden

(*Concluded from page 19*)

Mona shut down the lid of her tin make-up box. The next town, and the next town, and the next! It came upon her with a rush—a sickened shrinking, an unchildlike apprehension of the future. She grit her teeth, flung back her curls, and, kicking off her dancing slippers, thrust her feet into her street shoes.

"Mona"—from the other side of the room her mother's voice sounded tremulous, uncertain—"you were telling the truth, weren't you, when you said you liked to dance? You don't want to go to school, do you, and be like other little girls, and wear plain gingham dresses, and stay in one city all the time, and never live in hotels, and never have people notice you, and never earn any money?"

Mona began to button her shoes. "We couldn't live if I didn't earn any money," she said evenly.

"Well," hesitating, "we could—live. You know what Miss Hoover said about taking me back any time."

"That's so." Mona brightened. "And, mamma, you could get more money from her than you used to by kind of using me as an advertisement."

"Y—es. I suppose I could. We'd have to live in rooms or get an apartment."

"Get an apartment!" Mona jumped to her feet. "Get an apartment, and be a home person, and have a kitchen, and give parties, and—" Suddenly catching sight of the martyred expression of her mother's face, Mona's words trailed off, and there fell over her own face the strange, cold mask worn by a child weighed down by a shifted burden.

Her joy evaporated. She gave a shrug, half scornful, half dogmatic. "Oh, I guess I like to dance best," she said; and, seating herself, went on buttoning her shoes.

Playthings

(*Continued from page 17*)

found it a little difficult to restrain her real feelings.

"I should think to travel like that in a yacht," she exclaimed, "would be perfectly wonderful. But if it makes you so miserable why do you go?"

"Why do I go!" he repeated with a sudden burst of violent indignation. "Why do I go! Because I'm not a free agent. Because I have a father and a lot of friends who insist on meddling with my personal affairs. When I do what they want me to do they let me alone and give me plenty of money to do it with, but when I don't do what they want my father threatens to disinherit me and sends me on a foolish wireless yacht to a foolish toy sea and tells me to lie out on a wicker chair and think it over. I'll think it over, all right. Would you believe it, my own father told me that women at my age should be treated by boys as playthings. Think of it! Think of my treating you, for instance, or—Elsa Esmond as playthings. D—— my father—excuse me, Miss Kemble—but d—— him."

"Why, Mr. Austin," Maggie exclaimed, "don't you love your father?"

"I do," Peter snapped, "and that's just why I'm going on this trip. But I don't see why I should annoy you with my troubles. Forgive me and tell me how to frame this photograph. Use your best judgment, please, because it's the one thing I'm sure that I am to take on my travels with me. I'm going to hang it up in my stateroom, and I'll bet I'll look at it longer and more often than I do at any old Mediterranean Sea. Just see what she's written on the photograph and then you'll understand."

Maggie looked as she was bid, and the inscription was: "To Peter from Elsa, with all of her love always."

And then Maggie insisted on talking about the frame, and it so happened that when the moment had come when they must say good-by, Peter's mood had undergone another change, almost lightning in its swiftness—a change which showed him to much greater advantage, and one which was in all ways more worthy of a fairy prince.

He held out both his hands and took one of Maggie's in them, and in the sincerity of his momentary feelings of regret at the parting squeezed her fingers until she could have cried out for the pain.

"Good-by, Maggie," he said, "and thank you much for all of your interest and for all of your sympathy. Because even if you haven't said a great deal, I know I—I mean I knew we had your sympathy from the very start."

It was the first time that he had ever called her Maggie, and the girl was just a little surprised and confused even if in her heart she was much pleased.

"Good-by, Mr. Austin," she said at last, "and good luck to you."

Joys of a jimmy pipe

Men who never hooked up a jimmy pipe to the *right* tobacco, sure enough have an excuse for blighting their happy days.

Got scared and sore about stung tongues and broiled tongues—the kind that puts the ouch in a pipe grouch? Then you digest this freedom news and quit off fretting.

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Pipeology

There's many kinds of jimmy pipes—something to fit every man's taste. The one smoked by the business man in the accompanying picture is the famous "bent bulldog." It has the earmarks of the straight bulldog, only that it is curved. Kind of hangs in your teeth, easy like. This pipe is made in a variety of woods, also meerschaum. And, of coarse, all sorts of bits—amber, hard rubber and horn. You can have a bally time with a "bent bulldog."

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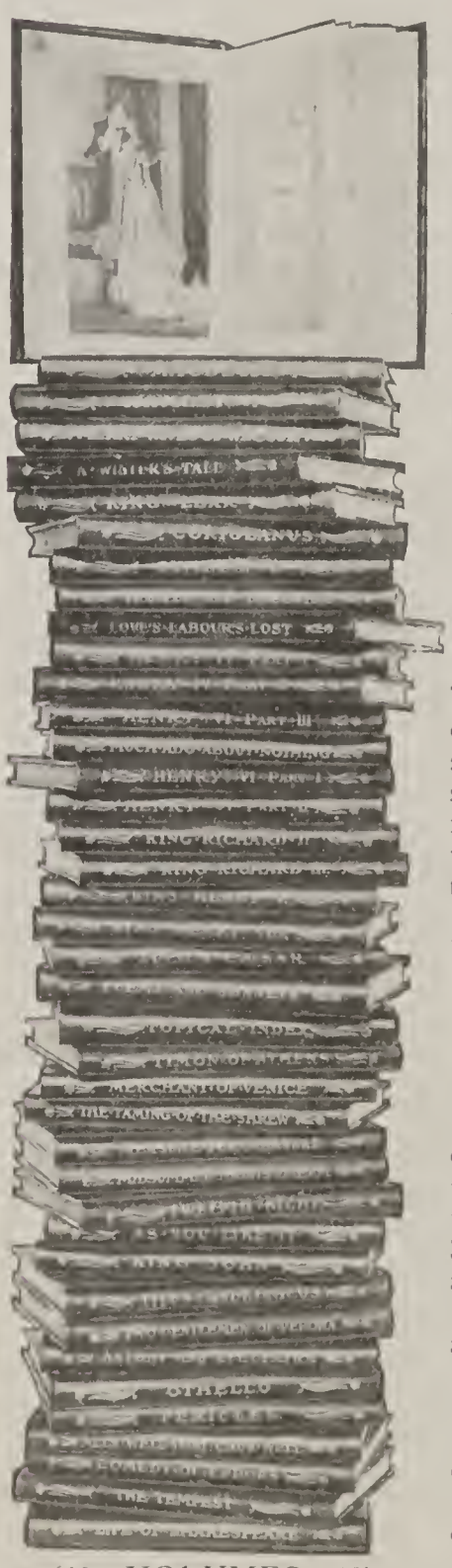

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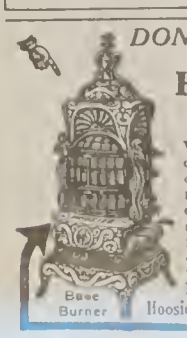

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Playthings

(*Continued from page 30*)

"Not good luck, Mr. Austin," he urged, still holding tightly to her aching hand. "Say good-by, *Peter*. Remember, it's for a long, long time, *Maggie*."

The girl turned up her eyes to him and gazed evenly into his own, and in them Peter saw a look of wonderful happiness and a depth of feeling of which he would never heretofore have believed her capable.

"Good-by," she whispered, "good-by, Peter."

AT great intervals during the ensuing months Maggie received several picture postal cards from Peter. There was one of the Esplanade at Nice and another of the Casino at Monte Carlo, and another of the pigeons feeding at the Piazza in Venice. A little later came one from the Paris boulevards, and the last was of the lions guarding Trafalgar Square. And then one afternoon, late in June, came Peter himself. He swung in through the door of the little shop looking better and more the Greek god than Maggie had ever seen him before. His skin was tanned the color of bronze, his eyes fairly glistened with health and happiness, and in all ways he looked as fit as a young man with not a care or a want in the whole world well could look.

"A gift for you, Maggie," he cried, "a gift from la bella Napoli."

She opened the case that he gave her, and when she saw the coral necklace with the golden clasp, her eyes shone and glistened as only a young girl's eyes can shine and glisten at the first bit of jewelry she has ever owned. She held out her free hand and he took it and touched the tips of her fingers with his lips.

"Thank you, Peter," she whispered. "I'm so glad you remembered me."

And then for a moment there was silence between them. It was the girl who first found herself, and with a smile and a funny little shrug of her shoulders she glanced at the package he had laid on the counter.

"Another photograph of Elsa," she laughed; "the old times have come again."

Even through the heavy tan she could see the blood rush to his face, and she watched him curiously as his hands fumbled with the knot of the string about the package.

"No," he said; "no, it's not Elsa—it's of another friend."

He handed her the picture in silence, and in silence Maggie looked at it and put it back on the counter. It was an intimate photograph of a girl dressed in a very filmy shirt waist and a duck skirt, and she was leaning against the rail of a yacht. She was hatless, and the wind was blowing wisps of golden hair across her fine, clear-cut, beautiful face, and her lips were parted, and in a half-amused, half-annoyed smile at the man who was taking the photograph.

"That is a picture," said Peter, "of Miss Helen Hamilton, a girl who was with us on the cruise. Frame it any way you like, but make it as simple as the photograph, won't you?"

Maggie picked up the picture again, and for a minute gazed into the eyes of the girl for the look of kindliness and sympathy she wanted to see there, but, failing to find it, she put the photograph back on the counter. From that moment it rose between them as a barrier which both of them knew neither could ever overcome.

Peter started to go, but as he reached the door he stopped and, turning, faced Maggie again.

"I don't suppose," he said, "that you have heard anything of Miss Esmond?"

MAGGIE'S lips broke into the semblance of a smile, and she shook her head.

"Of course not," Peter said; "you wouldn't be by way of hearing of her, I know. It seems she left the boarding house some time ago where she used to live, and they tell me she is no longer at the theatre where she was playing."

"No," said Maggie, still forcing a smile to her lips. "I'm sorry. She seemed to be getting on so well."

Peter fumbled with the door knob and then slowly opened the door.

"Yes," he said, "as you say, she was getting on so well. I've done my best to find her. Good night, Maggie, good night to you."

It was perhaps half an hour later when the jangling of the door bell brought Maggie back from her dreams, and she rose quickly from her chair to find a girl whom she

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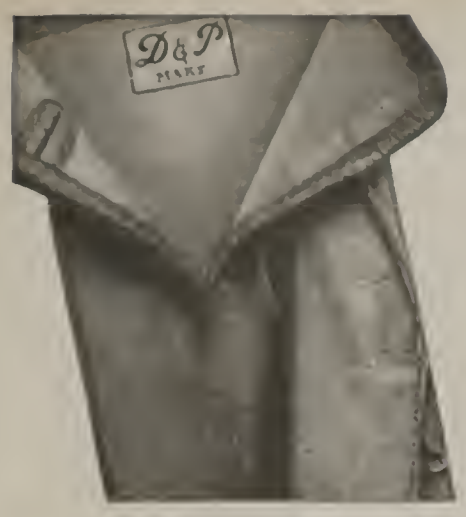

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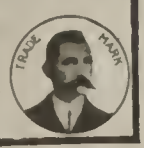

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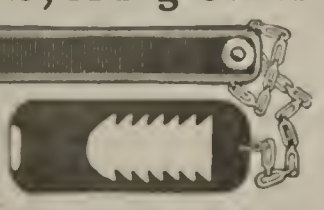

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Playthings

(Continued from page 32)

had never seen before standing in front of the counter. But while Maggie was quite sure the girl was a stranger to her, there was something in the young woman's face, especially in the eyes, that seemed curiously familiar to her. She was dressed quite poorly in a short tweed skirt, which Maggie noticed was much worn and frayed, a simple shirt waist, and over a mass of yellow curls she wore a broad black sailor hat. In her drawn face there were undeniable traces of beauty, but there was no color now in her cheeks, and her big blue eyes seemed lifeless, and under the eyes there were heavy gray shadows.

WHEN she saw Maggie she seemed relieved to find that it was a girl and not a man with whom she was to transact her business. Still wondering where she had seen the stranger's face before, Maggie greeted her with even more than her accustomed cheerfulness. In Maggie's manner the girl seemed to find courage, and, taking a small photograph from her pocket, she laid it on the counter. When she spoke it was in a low, pleasant voice, but even in her voice she showed how very tired and ill she was.

"I want very much," she said, "to have this framed in a little gilt frame—that is—that is, if it doesn't cost too much. How much do you think it would cost?"

Maggie picked up the picture, glanced at the face and the inscription, put it back on the counter, and then reaching for her rule mechanically began to measure it for the frame. The one glance had shown her that it was a picture of Peter, dressed in polo clothes, sitting astride a white pony, smiling and looking very strong and very handsome. And on the photograph he had written: "Elsa—I love you. Peter."

"You see, being so small a picture," Maggie said, "it wouldn't cost much. I could let you have a very pretty gilt frame for a quarter."

"But that seems so very cheap," the girl said. "I was afraid it would be much dearer than that. Are you sure it will be a nice frame?"

Maggie smiled her most reassuring smile and nodded her head.

"Don't you worry, please," she said, "I'll promise you that it will be the prettiest frame that ever went out of this shop. Where shall I bring it when it's finished?"

"It's not far," the girl explained. "Just at Mrs. Helling's boarding house on West Fourteenth Street, but it doesn't seem right to make you come even there for such a little thing."

"I know Mrs. Helling's well," Maggie declared; "we used to have an artist customer there. I'll bring it around to-morrow at six—that is, if you'll be in then. You see, I want to be sure you like the frame."

"Thank you," the girl said; "you've been very kind. And you'll be careful of the photograph, won't you? You see, it's the only one I've got."

When the door had closed behind Elsa, Maggie picked up the photograph, and a long time after, old Kemble coming into the shop, found his daughter still looking at the little picture, which she held tightly between her hands.

IT was very hot the following evening when Maggie left the shop to carry the picture with its pretty gilt frame back to Elsa. In consequence she was walking quite slowly, and as she passed the news stand at the corner of Fourteenth Street she glanced at the row of evening papers. Suddenly she came to a full stop, for on the front page of one of them she recognized a portrait of Peter Austin. She bought a copy of the paper and, walking slowly on, opened it to its full width. Across the page were the pictures of Peter and Helen Hamilton framed in large twin hearts, and above them, in screaming headlines, the announcement of the engagement of these "two young members of two of New York's richest and oldest families."

She tossed the paper into the gutter, and instinctively her fingers closed tightly about the framed photograph that she was carrying to Elsa. "I wonder if she knows," she mumbled to herself over and over again, as she walked slowly on her way; "I wonder if she knows."

At the boarding house Maggie found Mrs. Helling and her guests sitting on the brownstone steps, the men collarless and coatless, the women in cheap wrappers and kimonos, and all fanning themselves vio-

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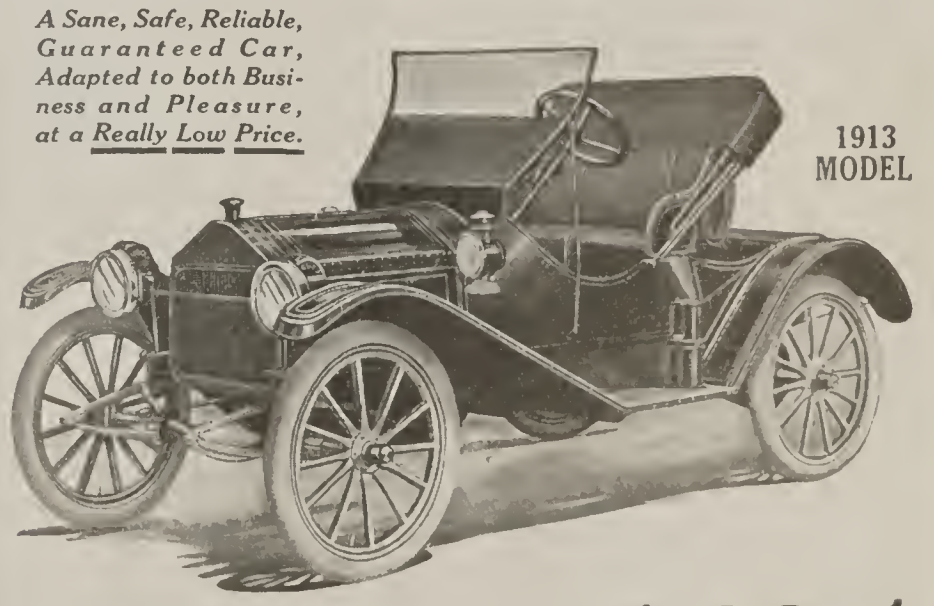

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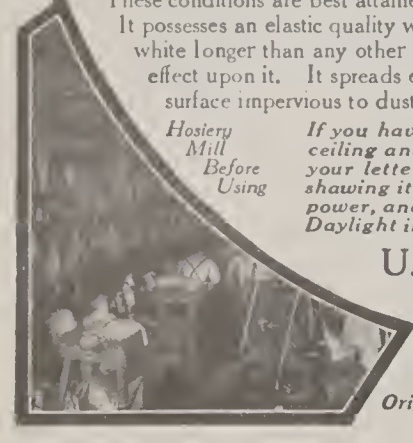

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Playthings

(Concluded from page 33)

lently and fairly panting from the hot, close atmosphere.

"Is Miss Esmond at home?" Maggie asked, and Mrs. Helling nodded toward the open front door.

"She is," said the boarding-house keeper. "Go right up. It's the top floor back."

EXHAUSTED with the heat and greatly depressed, Maggie slowly climbed the four long flights of stairs. The odors from the stuffy hallways of the old building and the smells of cooking food from the kitchen almost stifled her, and when she had reached the last landing she stopped for a moment to catch her breath. And then there suddenly came to her another odor—worse than all the rest—the odor of escaping gas. Instinctively she seemed to understand, and with a few long bounds she was before Elsa's room, and with all her puny strength was throwing her frail body impotently against the locked door. It was in answer to Maggie's cries for help that Mrs. Helling's men boarders came leaping up the four flights of stairs, and before the strength of their broad shoulders the lock of Elsa's door was torn away and the door crashed back on its hinges. One of the men made a dash through the stifling, gas-ridden room and threw up the window. A few moments later the place seemed to overflow with kindly, loving women working with all their strength to bring Elsa Esmond back to life. For half an hour Maggie waited outside on the landing until both the doctor from the neighborhood and Mrs. Helling had assured her that the danger was over and that Elsa would surely be well again.

Through the hot, dusty streets Maggie walked to the shop, and once there went back to her father's workroom, where she had the longest and most serious talk she had ever had with him. But when it was all over they were both smiling and as happy as two children. And then Maggie told her father that she must visit a neighbor, and, putting on her hat again, she hurried as fast as she could to the big house on Fifth Avenue where Peter Austin lived. The proud butler, being at Newport, did not come to the door, but in his place a white-capped maid, who was much more gracious, and politely showed Maggie into the drawing-room. It was a very bare, cheerless room now, as the rugs and the curtains had been taken away, and in the dim light the heavy pieces of furniture and the big pictures looked abnormally large and ghostlike in their white summer covers.

MAGGIE heard Peter's footsteps hurrying down the stairs, and she was not a little surprised to find that the thought of his coming left her quite calm and without any signs of emotion whatever. They greeted each other formally, and then Peter took his stand before the big empty fireplace and clasped his hands behind him. It was the first time Maggie had ever seen him in his evening clothes, and with a half-amused smile she thought how more nearly the fairy prince he looked than ever before.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked.

But Maggie shook her head and remained standing, her hands resting easily on the back of a big armchair. A single light from the chandelier fell full on her delicate face, and Peter noticed how very flushed and excited she looked.

"There's nothing wrong?" he asked.

For a moment Maggie hesitated while she slowly ran her fingers over the linen cover of the chair behind which she stood.

"No," she said at last, "not exactly. I came to tell you that I had found Elsa."

"Elsa," he repeated. "Elsa Esmond! Where?"

"In Mrs. Helling's boarding house on West Fourteenth Street."

Peter's manner had suddenly become very tense and eager.

"I'm so glad," he whispered. "I'm so glad. Now I can go to see her."

"No," Maggie said, "you can't go to see her. She's very ill and very tired of—of everything."

Peter threw back his head and closed his eyes as if Maggie had suddenly struck him a sharp blow in the face. Then he opened them again and looked eagerly into her big brown eyes as if for some sign of sympathy or pity, and, finding none, lowered them to the floor at his feet. He put his hand in his pocket and drew out a roll of bills.

"Perhaps, at least," he said, "I might be of some little help to her now that she is in trouble."

EVEN Maggie herself was surprised at her own voice—it was so calm and unafraid. "I think you had better put away your money," she said. "Girls aren't rag dolls or mechanical toys and you can't mend their hearts with just money. Besides, I had a talk with my father a little while ago and he says that I can bring Elsa over to-morrow to our place to live with us—that is, until she gets back her health and is able to go on with her work. And a little while from now, when the town gets too hot, he has promised to send us both into the country. Don't you think that will be pleasant—to play about in the fields with Elsa and try to make her laugh and see the color come back to her cheeks and the light creep into her pretty blue eyes again? I think that will be great fun, don't you, Mr. Austin?"

"Yes," Peter said, "I think that will be great fun. I envy you."

Maggie started to move slowly toward the door, but before she had reached it turned back again to Peter.

"I thought you would," she said; "that is why I came; I felt somehow that I owed you that much. Because I don't think that you're really bad—just weak and easily led and selfish from having had everything you wanted all of your life. But in spite of this I was sure that there would come moments when you would be glad to know that Elsa was among friends and not stranded and alone in some poor boarding house."

He followed her to the door, and with a certain awkwardness, which was most unusual in Peter, put out his hand.

"Good-by, Maggie," he said, "and I thank you."

Maggie turned, and for a brief moment allowed her hand to lie listlessly in his. From under her feathery lashes she looked up into Peter's eager eyes, and her pretty lips wavered into a smile of what she intended for splendid superiority. But knowing that it was for the last time that they would ever meet, she whispered:

"Good-by, Peter—good-by, fairy prince."

Doctor: "*I take great pleasure in informing you, sir, that while your case is absolutely hopeless, I shall look back upon it as the most interesting in my experience*"

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Philosopher

VOL. FIFTY. NO. 7

NOVEMBER

Westfield's Ok

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH
WESTFIELD, MASS.

REPORT OF CHEMICAL ANALYSIS

Sample	Fish Flakes
Obtained from	Mohican Store, Springfield, Mass.
Manufactured by	Burnham & Morrill Co., Portland, Me.
Reaction	
Test Acid Number	0.26 %
Coal Tar Dye	
Vegetable Colors	
Alcohol { Ethyl / Methyl	
Mineral Matter or Metals Ash	1.60
Organic Compounds (Miscellaneous)	
Bases	
Radicals Moisture	16.22 %
Total Solids	2.93 %
Essential Oils	
Fat	72.00 %
Preservatives Common Salt	28.00 %
Glucose	
Fuel Value per lb.	0.40 %
Acetanilid or Phenacetin	
Equation	3.42 %
Fluorids	
Adulteration { Fraudulent / Injurious	
	483 calories
Quality	trace (natural)
	None
	None
	Superior

REMARKS

All chemical factors indicate an article of merit. Specimens were clean and free from objectionable material.

I hereby certify that the above is correct to the best of my knowledge.

Louis B. Allyn

Date July 20 1912. Name

BURNHAM & MORRILL
FISH FLAKES

10c—Sizes—15c
(Except in Far West)

Here is Professor Allyn's signed testimony of the high quality, absolute purity and great food value of Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes.

The chemical analysis was made without our knowledge from a specimen bought in the open market. It is the highest compliment any manufacturer can have. It is information of inestimable value to every housewife. You ought to know as much of every product you use. Every one of Burnham & Morrill's products is of the same high quality and absolute purity.

You will be delighted with Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes. This best of Codfish.

SAVES TIME—Ready cooked—instantly available for preparing many dishes
SAVES TROUBLE—No inconvenience—no soaking—no picking—no boiling—
SAVES MONEY—Nothing but fish—no bones—no waste—no spoilage—

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes are caught in the deep cold sea waters—cleaned—cooked—slightly salted—placed in parchment lined containers—Not a speck of preservative used, other than Table Salt.

Can be used for almost countless ways of preparation, but they are certainly good in Codfish Balls, Creamed Fish, Fish Hash, Fish Chowder.

Try one tin of **Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes**—your grocer will gladly endorse and supply it. If he is out of it, mail us 10c and we will send you a full size 10c tin, all charges prepaid.

Ask your dealer for Burnham & Morrill Paris Sugar Corn, Paris Succotash, Clams, Clam Juice, Clam Chowder, Lobsters, Pork and Beans, Lima Beans, Cranberry Sauce.

Free Book of Recipes—Every housewife should write for **Good Eating**, containing many new recipes, menus, etc., by Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, Editor, "Boston Cooking School Magazine."

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO., Portland, Maine, U. S. A.

Burnham & Morrill Paris Sugar Corn—New packing now ready—tender, sweet, creamy—a revelation in canned corn. Order some from your grocer to-day.

This New Offer to Women

TO those who have received SHAKER SALT shakers—also to those who have not—we have this offer to make—

We will send, for *three Shaker Salt trademarks and $1.00*, two of our handsome, imported cut-glass salt shakers with mother-of-pearl tops, in a beautiful silver-plated stand (note the picture below). Or for *two* trademarks and *60c* we will send the stand alone. The stand fits all the shakers that we have sent out on all previous offers, so you who *have* shakers should send for it.

WE are making this offer to call special attention to the value of Shaker Salt. Shaker Salt is the best salt for shakers. We are sending out shakers in this way to prove it. We are willing to spend what this offer costs us to make you a *permanent user*. Shaker Salt—the free-flowing table salt—never fails to win all who try it. Try it today and save the trademarks. Then send for the stand and the shakers. This offer is made but once in this paper. Don't let it go by.

Save These

SHAKER
Table Salt

is prepared without starch or flour. It is purified, fine-grained salt. Thus foods may be flavored most delicately. A trifle or much may be placed where you want it by merely tipping the shaker. A test will convince you that there was never a salt so convenient and good. Tell your grocer today that you want it hereafter. Get this beautiful shaker set.

Shaker Is Sold Only in Shaker Sanitary Packages, with Convenient Patent Spout for Filling Salt Cellars.

10 Cents East of the Rockies

DIAMOND CRYSTAL SALT COMPANY
St. Clair, Michigan

Gathering Sugar Cane on a Cuban Planter's Estate

ABOUT THE PURITY OF CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGARS

HOW important is it to you, to your children, to the guests at your table, that the sugar you provide should be as pure and clean as the water you drink?

Just as important, is it not?

And yet, what care do you take to assure yourself of this purity, this cleanliness in your sugar?

You insist that your drinking water be analyzed over and over by town or city chemist, and that it be drawn from streams back in the mountains far from contamination.

But your sugar? Isn't it true that up to this time you have taken any sugar your grocer may have sent you—without assurance as to its purity—perhaps scooped out of a barrel, repeatedly opened to germs, flies and dust, or contained in a porous bag, absorbing odors and nosed by inquisitive animals?

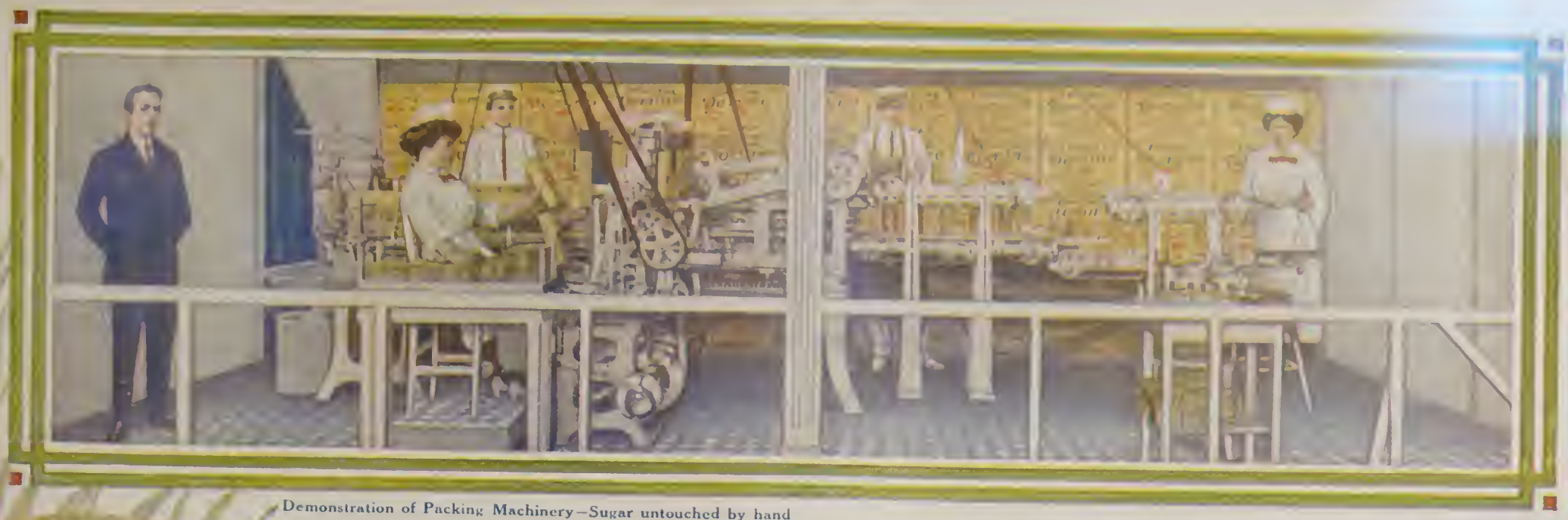
Do you get the contrast between the rippling brooks of the mountainside and the open barrel under the grocery store shelf?

Just as your chemist examines your drinking water and assures its quality to you, so the expert chemists of the American Sugar Refining Company safeguard you in buying and using our products.

We mustn't wear out your patience with the long story of the refining process through which raw sugars from the islands of the Seven Seas go before our chemists consider them good enough for Crystal Domino Sugars.

Closely resembling our Indian corn, sugar cane is cut on plantations in Louisiana, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines and far away Java and other islands, where it is crushed and evaporated and prepared for shipment and sale to refining centres.

One of Our Five Refineries—Where Crystal Domino Sugars Are Made



Demonstration of Packing Machinery—Sugar untouched by hand

EVERY STEP OF MANUFACTURE SCIENTIFICALLY SAFEGUARDED

WHEN it reaches our refineries it is converted into liquid form, for in that state there may be most easily extracted and thoroughly separated the many impurities always present in raw sugar.

When this liquor has passed through the various processes of separation, clarification and filtration, it goes as a clear, brilliant, water-white liquid into the vacuum pans, where the atmospheric pressure is so reduced that the liquid boils at a comparatively low temperature, and thus escapes any burning. Here the water is evaporated and the sugar liquid recrystallized into pure, white, sparkling crystals, just as you have seen them in our famous Crystal Domino Sugar.

Not only, as you see, do we surround the making of Crystal Domino Sugars with every safeguard; we go a step further, a necessary step:

We see that they reach you with their purity preserved.
The sealed carton is the means employed.

Magical machines receive, pack, weigh and seal Crystal Domino Granulated Sugar in dust-tight, germ-proof cartons.

Thus it journeys to you by railroad, by waterway, through all the involved stages of distribution, as secure from contamination as the sparkling streams which course from the reservoirs in the mountains through long, cool aqueducts to far-away cities.

Both are "pure at the source and perfect at the journey's end."

Dominoes *(for the cup) in 2 and 5-lb. sealed packages (full and half-size pieces)*
Domino Granulated *(for cooking and preserving) in 2, 3½ and 5-lb. sealed packages.*

The American Sugar Refining Co.
New York

Model Store Where Domino Sugars are Sold

Thousands Testify that the UNDERFEED Cuts Coal Bills ½ to ⅔

TWO THOUSAND owners of Underfeed Furnaces or Boilers are listed in booklet "Underfeed Boosters." Write for it—then ask any of the 2000.

Let us also send you testimony of 300 Underfeed users in Binghamton, N.Y., 60 in Ft. Wayne, Ind., and others. EVERYWHERE Underfeed results are the same—adequate, clean, even heat at a saving of ½ to ⅔ the usual cost of coal.

THE PECK Williamson Underfeed FURNACES BOILERS

In the Underfeed, fuel is consumed like a candle—Coal is fed from below and burns from the top *down*. Smoke and gases pass up through the fire and are consumed, converting into *useful* heat the enormous chimney waste of heaters of other types.

Hottest coals in topfeed heaters are on the grates, *far removed* from radiating surfaces, whereas in the Underfeed fire is on top in *direct contact* with the most effective radiating surfaces. Every heat unit generated is utilized.

The Underfeed produces more clean, even heat per ton of the cheaper grades of coal, than topfeed heaters produce with most expensive grades.

Saves Over Half

Fred T. Kenyon, 13 Roosevelt Ave., Binghamton, N. Y., writes: "We heated eight extremely high rooms the entire winter at a cost of $22.80, whereas previously we heated a six-room house with a top-feed furnace at an expense of $47."

Harmon Hoffman, 2408 Smith St., Ft. Wayne, Ind., installed his Underfeed seven years ago. "Haven't spent a cent for repairs," he writes. "I have on eight-room house and always heat it with about $20 worth of slack coal."

Cut-Out View of Underfeed Furnace

Adapted for large or small homes, apartment houses, halls, churches, schools, etc. Installed in unit or battery form. The Underfeed is sold by a leading dealer in most cities and towns.

Write for free book, free heating plans and estimate of cost; also let us tell you where you can get *your* Underfeed.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO. 328 W. Fifth Ave. CINCINNATI, O.

Send me—FREE—

Underfeed Furnace Book....(Indicate by X Book Boiler Book..... you desire.)

Name.....

Address.....

.....Name of my dealer

Remoh Gems

Look and wear like diamonds. Brilliancy guaranteed forever. Stand file, acid and fire like diamonds. Have no paste, foil or backing. Set only in 14 karat solid gold mountings. About 1-30th the price of diamonds. A marvelous synthetic gem—will cut glass. *Guaranteed not an imitation, and to contain no glass.* Sent C.O.D. subject to examination. Write today for our 4 color catalog DeLuxe, it's free.

Remoh Jewelry Co. 638 Washington Ave. St. Louis

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co., receive free notice in the Scientific American.

MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.

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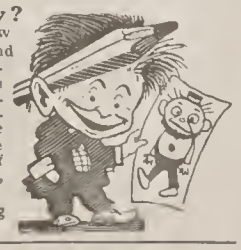
Do You Like to Draw?

That's all we want to know



Now, we will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture with 6c in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain.

The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning
314 Ball Bldg Cleveland O

Copy This Sketch

You can make big money as an illustrator or cartoonist for newspapers or magazines. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years' successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you. Copy this sketch of President Taft. Let me see what you can do with it. Send it to me with 6c in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.

The Landon School of Illustrating and Cartooning
1435 Schofield Bldg., CLEVELAND, O.

Weekly letter to readers on advertising *No. 95*

THE most complete and comprehensive answer to the statements sometimes heard about the responsibility of advertising for the high cost of living is contained in the following:

> "The biggest participant in the profits of the Kellogg Toasted Corn Flakes advertising is the consumer.
>
> "Six years ago the Kellogg package was one-third smaller than it is today.
>
> "And six years ago this package, one-third smaller than it is today, cost the consumer 15 cents.
>
> "The price today is 10 cents.
>
> "Quality better than six years ago—quantity one-third more—and price 50% lower than six years ago."

Good advertising of a meritorious article means a big increase in the volume of business and a corresponding lowering of the cost of manufacturing and selling—all of which means lower cost to the consumer.

A. G. F. Hammesfahr.

Manager Advertising Department

"Most Miles for the Least Money"

The real value of your Traveling Equipment is measured in two ways:

It is measured in the number of miles of honest travel you receive per dollar expended.

It is also measured by the feeling of satisfaction and refinement you receive from its ownership.

BUY INDESTRUCTO BAGGAGE

Indestructo on your baggage signalizes not only a handsome and dignified appearance, but a built-in guarantee of endurance that will protect you for a life time of service.

"I believe that half the pleasure of traveling is the feeling of pride and security in owning an Indestructo Trunk," says one prominent Globe-Trotter.

That man invested $25 in an Indestructo De Luxe Trunk.

In four years he traveled 105,000 miles at a cost of 1-40 of a cent per mile—2½c per hundred miles—and his trunk is still in perfect condition.

Safe—Insured—Dignified—Properly Priced—a combination that is found only under the Indestructo trade mark.

Whether you travel little or much—you should have an Indestructo.

Do not wait until the old trunk goes to pieces and leaves you baggageless.

Investigate today the trunk that protects you against loss.

Write today for our complete Travel Book and the name of your dealer

National Veneer Products Company

711 Beiger Street Mishawaka, Indiana

—if you are a book buyer

you will be interested in the first column of *Collier's National Directory* on Page 42 under "Best Books to Read."

You are doubtless familiar with the catalogs of new books the many publishing houses issue monthly. *Collier's National Directory* will offer these publishers an opportunity to give you, twice a month, just the sort of information you want about new books of fiction, authoritative works on economics, biography, history, etc.

"Best Books to Read" is a column in which you will be more interested with each succeeding issue.

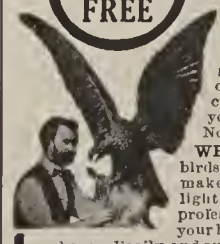
Collier's National Directory

Small advertisements classified for the convenience of Collier Readers

416 West 13th Street New York City

TAXIDERMY BOOK FREE

Mount Birds and Animals



Sportsmen! Fishermen! Hunters! Naturalists and others seeking to better themselves by learning a great profession. The wonderful art of **Taxidermy**, so long kept secret, can now easily be learned right in your home during your spare hours. No need to give up your business.

WE TEACH BY MAIL how to mount birds, animals, game heads, tan skins, make rugs and **Mount all trophies.** A delightful, entrancing and money-making profession for men and women. Decorate your home with rare specimens of the hunt or chase. Easily and quickly learned. **Success guaranteed or no tuition.** Endorsed by thousands of delighted graduates.

Great Book FREE! Our beautiful, illustrated book, "How to Learn to Mount Birds and Animals," and our handsome Taxidermy Magazine absolutely free to all who write. Stop depending on a job. Have a profession. **Write today.**

N. W. School of Taxidermy, 4028 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

If YOU Would Be Successful Stop Forgetting

MEMORY the BASIS of all KNOWLEDGE

THE KEY TO SUCCESS

Send today for my FREE BOOK, "HOW TO REMEMBER"—Faces, Names, Studies—Develops Will, Concentration, Self-Confidence, Conversation, Public Speaking. Increases income. Address

DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 771 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

STUDY LAW

High-Grade Instruction by Correspondence

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Chicago Correspondence School of Law
505 Reaper Block, Chicago

ILLINOIS TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES

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521 HONORE STREET, CHICAGO

The rich, delicious flavor—exquisite crispness and **real food value** of

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

make them extremely popular wherever served.

Husbands, housewives, children—you'll find in **Educator Crackers** an unusual combination of all that's pure and nutritious.

But once you taste that natural, **whole wheat** sweetness, you'll be doubly convinced of their goodness.

The following are a few of many kinds. Buy them in tins.

EDUCATOR

EDUCATOR WATER CRACKERS

are a delightful finale to any dinner, when served with cheese and coffee. Some water crackers, though good to taste, are too hard to eat with pleasure. **Educator Water Crackers** have the natural flavor of **whole wheat**—and are "Just Hard Enough" to make their eating a genuine treat.

EDUCATOR

EDUCATOR WAFERS

—spread with rich, creamy butter—are a refreshing change from bread. You'll enjoy their nut-like, **whole wheat** flavor. Unsurpassed for children's luncheons, peanut butter sandwiches (use **Educator Peanut Butter**) and between-meal nibbles. Get acquainted with them today. Your dealer will introduce you.

EDUCATOR

EDUCATOR TOASTERETTES

are delicious with soup or salad. A delicate wafer—salted, buttered and toasted to a crisp nicety. But it's the sweet, **whole wheat** flavor that makes their eating such a lingering delight. Nothing gives more distinction to any dainty function than **Toasterettes**. For the sake of your soup and salad service try them.

If your dealer cannot supply you with the kinds of **Educator Crackers** you wish, **send 10 cents and his name for assorted trial box.**

TO DEALERS

who appreciate a pure-food, quality product that's well advertised and in good demand, the **Educator Cracker** proposition is exceptionally attractive. Write for it.

JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD COMPANY

28 Batterymarch Street . Boston, Mass.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 2, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME FIFTY NO. 7

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED, PUBLISHERS

ROBERT J. COLLIER, *President* FRANKLIN COL, *Treasurer*

E. C. PATTERSON, *Vice President and General Manager* CHARLES E. MINER, *Secretary*

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TORONTO, ONTARIO, 6-8 Colborne Street.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscribet.

Treat your Razor right

and your razor will treat YOU right. Two or three strokes on a good hone, each time you shave is great medicine for any razor—it's the barber's own prescription.

Look at the picture of the Pike Strop-Hone. Here's hone and strop all in one—at the price of one and it's good for both safety and old style razors. Touch up your razor on the hone side, then reverse and *strop*. That's all, but it means a keen, finished edge for a smooth, comfortable shave. Costs but a dollar—it's one of the famous

PIKE SHARPENING STONES

"The only line that includes every sharpening substance—natural or artificial—each the best for some sharpening need"

For all general tool sharpening about the house, shop and farm, there is no better stone than the Pike India Combination Oilstone (one side coarse, the other fine $1.00). No other stone that cuts so fast wears down so slowly and if properly oiled it will not glaze. For kitchen and carving knives you can't beat the Pike India Kantbreak Knife Sharpener (35 cents)—quick, easy, and practically indestructible.

On sale at hardware and tool dealers everywhere or sent direct.

Guarantee—Your dealer is authorized to replace any Pike Stone that proves defective.

PIKE STROP-HONE $1.00

FREE A PIKE INDIA STONE

Let us mail you our Pike India Vest Pocket Stone, for pocket knives, office use, etc.—just to show you how easy it is to sharpen with Pike Stones. Merely send your dealer's name and 4c. for packing and mailing. With this we include "How to Sharpen"—the most complete booklet ever written on how to put a good edge on tools, knives, etc. and how to select and care for cutlery. You'll be pleased.

Write today

PIKE MANUFACTURING CO.

111 Main Street, Pike, N. H.

CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

50¢ Attached All Dealers

The moment you have a pair of ***Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels*** *attached to your shoes you feel a greater degree of safety*

Because of the **Friction plug**—a patented feature which **positively prevents slipping** on wet sidewalks or pavements—and makes them wear much longer.

The extra quality of rubber affords greater resiliency.

There are no holes in the heels to track mud and dirt into the house.

And best of all they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

The name is easy to remember. Get a pair today.

Send us the name of your shoe dealer, and we will mail you a Cat's Paw Bangle Pin free.

To The Retail Trade.

It pays to give the public what they want. The majority want Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels. Order from your jobber today.

THE FOSTER RUBBER CO.

105 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

Copyright, 1912, B. Kuppenheimer & Co.

THERE'S at least one distinguishing feature about our clothes: they are built equally for good appearance and good service. Of course you want all you can get of both.

You'd better see them; now being displayed by clothiers everywhere. Send for the book, "Styles for Men."

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR

THE CHANGE OF COLLIER'S from opposition to support of the Progressive cause was to me as welcome as it was unexpected. I knew nothing whatever about it until, when I was in Mercy Hospital at Chicago after the shooting, some one read me from a Chicago newspaper Mr. Robert Collier's statement. I am deeply pleased, for I have felt that the attitude of Collier's in this campaign was not only flagrantly unjust to me but was also unjust to Collier's itself. I owe much to Collier's; and most of all because I have never asked from it anything on the grounds of personal friendship, and because Mr. Collier himself has never asked from me anything whatever.

I know that Mr. Collier's change now is due only to his final recognition of the fact that Collier's should be the real and effective servant of the great new movement for human rights and social and industrial justice, and that therefore it must inevitably support the Progressive cause.

I know that it is due to Mr. Collier personally that Collier's has actively warred against every form of business, political, and journalistic corruption, in the past; and I know that under his editorship Collier's will continue to the end to battle for honesty, decency, and justice and for the betterment of the lot of the average man and the average woman who make up the bulk of the citizenship in our great Republic.

In this campaign the Progressive party has suffered very grave harm through the perpetration of an untruth as to its position on the regulation of trusts. This untruth has been disseminated through two channels, the editorial pages of Collier's Weekly, and the speeches of Woodrow Wilson.

We Progressives cannot prevent those among our opponents who are unscrupulous from deliberately misrepresenting our position, but we can state our position on the regulation of trusts—which is more than Messrs. Wilson and Taft can do.

It is as follows (I quote the words I have often used):—"I am not for monopoly. We intend to restore competition. We intend to do away with the conditions that make for monopoly. My plan was pretty well laid out before I left the White House. Put the great corporations doing an interstate business under a strong federal, interstate, industrial commission. Make them open up their books. Where we find violations of the spirit or the letter of the law, apply such laws as we have, and, where we have none, make others to meet the conditions. In case of persistent violation of laws to protect the workers and the consumers, appoint a receiver. Run them as we do the banks. Demand the right to know what they are doing. If they're doing wrong, hit them. If they continue to do wrong, have a receiver for them. Keep him in charge until they're straightened out and restore them to a chastened ownership."

We propose to do what is efficient, whereas our opponents have not made one constructive suggestion, and in criticizing us have been reduced to downright misrepresentation of our position. Every big crooked corporation in the land is against us because every such corporation knows that it is our program alone which they have to fear. I ask the people of the United States to judge the Progressive party not only by its proposals, but by the acts of its leaders, by the acts of Mr. Johnson since he has been Governor of California and by my acts while I was Governor of New York and President of the United States. Especially I ask that we be judged as to the trusts by a comparison of what I actually did about the trusts when I was President, with the fact that when Governor of New Jersey, where these trusts are incorporated, Mr. Wilson, with ample power, with ample opportunity, did literally and precisely nothing.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ON A CERTAIN CHANGE IN THIS OFFICE

A FREE COUNTRY needs a free press. This paper's usefulness has depended upon its courage and its truthtelling. Other periodicals have been more attractive to look upon, more entertaining to read, but COLLIER'S has tried to be militantly American.

The present writer has been with COLLIER'S since 1897; he was its editor during the Spanish War, and he has been connected with it either as part or sole owner ever since. He has fought in the courts the libel suits of patent medicines, quack doctors, blackmailing papers, and crooked politicians. He has no more love for corrupt business or corrupt politics now than he had before. But he regards COLLIER'S as, in a measure, the spokesman of a large group of sincere Americans who have turned in disgust from the two old parties to a new and spontaneous movement which has for its object the cleaning up of American politics. He believes that COLLIER'S attitude in the campaign just closing has not been true to its own best traditions. It has been captious, unresponsive, even sneering. Since the owner's opinion did not coincide with the former editor's, he has decided to edit his own paper according to his own convictions.

COLLIER'S, needless to say, will continue to make the same fight for honest government and honest business it has always made. Its editorial columns will continue to express only what it believes to be the truth.

ROBERT J. COLLIER.

EXAMINING OURSELVES

WE GAINED SOME PUBLICITY of late by an article called "Mr. Hearst's Forgeries." The editor of this paper regards HEARST'S journalism in his magazines and in his newspapers as peculiarly obnoxious. Nor has COLLIER'S any intention of compromising with it. But we may not have made it clear that these were letters whose *form* merely had been "faked" while Mr. ARCHBOLD had virtually admitted the authenticity of their *contents*. COLLIER'S indignation throughout might have been more rightly aimed at ARCHBOLD, who was chaffering with Senators and judges for their influence, than at HEARST, who was doing a real service to the people. *Not to print merely for sensation's sake* seems a corollary to that other rule of the sincere journalist—*to print the truth no matter what it costs.*

NEXT TUESDAY

THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY has tapped reservoirs of moral energy hitherto unused in American politics. Not merely has its promise of equal suffrage won for it the acknowledged abiding place of most of the stores of spiritual ideals which the race passes on from generation to generation. Whole little worlds that ordinarily find politics repugnant have been touched by the infection of exalted purpose—teachers, social workers, artists, authors. And that other perpetual fountain of high enthusiasm, youth, thrills with it. To all who have fought for better things in politics, it is the living reality of two generations of dreams, a completely organized party free from bosses or machines and pledged to their overthrow in every community. That any farseeing person should wish so splendid an effort to end in failure is unthinkable. At the polls next Tuesday there can be no consideration so important as that this new party shall achieve such a success as will permanently insure its life and dominance.

IT WAS NOT

FIRST PRINTED under the heading "Is This Too Wild a Hope?" in COLLIER'S for July 10, 1909:

The ten Insurgents in the Senate compose the only effective opposition to the present domination of national politics by the power of organized wealth. These men, as a group, are entitled to the complete confidence of the people. This cannot be said of either the Republican or the Democratic organization in Congress. Would it not be possible to have a new party with this group as a nucleus?

OUR POSITION

THE FOLLOWING LETTER is one of very many of the same kind received in this office during the past two months. Because it is so well expressed, because it comes from a section of the country least apt to assent to any program that might benefit property as against men, and because it is so obviously sincere, we are grateful to the editor of the Pueblo "Leader" for the opportunity to let him express our conviction that we have been wrong upon the chief issue of the campaign:

The Pueblo Leader

TO THE EDITOR OF COLLIER'S. PUEBLO, COLO., Oct. 17, 1912.

Sir—I am, I suppose, only one among many thousands of your readers who have been greatly disappointed that COLLIER'S, in the first straight-out fight between progress and reaction since LINCOLN'S time, should, from however honest an intention, have chosen to fight upon the side of reaction. But I have kept my thoughts to myself until to-day, when I read again in your Weekly the statement which has raised my wrath every time I have seen it, that "the Lloyd-George part" [that is, the humanitarian] of the Progressive platform "is taken up with what are primarily State issues."

That, it seems to me, dear COLLIER'S, shows that you, like Governor WILSON, have argued too much from books and bookish theory, too little from close observation of the facts.

Here in Pueblo, where I live, we have a competitor of the Steel Trust. It even owns its own iron ore. But—observe this—wages here are less than in the mills of the Steel Trust in Pennsylvania, the Survey has declared that our mills here are the most dangerous in the world, and organization of the workers is just as sternly frowned upon as in the mills of the trust.

Mr. BRANDEIS has devoted much space and eloquence to arguing in favor of competition. It secures efficiency, he asserts. And you indorse that position, as being the chief issue of the campaign, along with tariff revision.

Well, I expect we have efficiency at our mills here. But I don't agree with you and Mr. BRANDEIS that efficiency must be purchased at the price of men's lives. I could get along with a little less efficiency, if need be, and a little more justice for the men who work.

Now you say, and Governor WILSON says, that all our plant needs—since it is a competing plant—is the passage of laws for social justice by the State of Colorado. And I say that that's just where you and Mr. WILSON are taking a step backward. I say that shows that you haven't studied concrete facts; you have reasoned from the abstract.

For if Colorado should pass laws applying to this steel plant here in Pueblo—the only one in all this Rocky Mountain region—the principles of social justice for which the Progressives contend in their national platform, the effect would be to close our mills and to drive this business out of Colorado into Pennsylvania or Alabama or Illinois. This plant cannot pay living wages, on an eight-hour day, with only six days of work a week, and provide a fund for workmen's compensation, and compete with plants in other States which are not required to observe any of these provisions.

And of what earthly benefit will it be, then, for Colorado alone to enact such legislation? It will drive from the State this now flourishing industry, and the condition of steel workers in other States will be not one whit improved.

The experience of Massachusetts, in driving the cotton industry out of that State by abolishing child labor there, ought to be a warning. You and Governor WILSON, in devotion to an outworn theory of State rights, would have the progressive States penalize themselves in favor of the backward States, though I did not notice that Governor WILSON followed this theory in the case of his own State, the mother of the trusts. New Jersey still, I believe, offers an asylum to any trust that finds the laws of neighboring States too onerous.

We Progressives would place all interstate industry on an equal basis. We don't believe in penalizing humane States in favor of States that have no pity for those who toil. We believe all interstate business should be on an equality so far as artificial restraints are concerned. By one law, passed by Congress, we propose to eradicate child labor; by another to establish an eight-hour day in all continuous industries; by another to give each man who works one day's rest in seven; by another to provide a workmen's compensation act; while you and Governor WILSON would require forty-five laws to accomplish each of these reforms. Which way lies progress? Which way gives hope of results?

Is there a flaw in this argument of mine? If so, I should like to know it. I am in this fight because I believe it is every man's duty to fight for justice. I have tried to test the remedies proposed by each platform for the injustices of modern industry by applying them to our own conditions, right here at home. The Progressive platform is the only one that, to me, seems to offer hope of progress. I have diligently sought, from every Democrat I know, from the speeches of Governor WILSON and Mr. BRANDEIS, to learn what the Democrats would do to better conditions right here in Pueblo. I have met with no success. Can you satisfy me?

Pardon this long letter. It relieves feelings long pent. If I had not the greatest admiration for your Weekly—if I did not deeply regret seeing you, instead of occupying your old position of leadership, content to follow a movement that has as its highest object, as Governor WILSON said in his speech here, the restoration of things as they used to be—I would not take the trouble to write to you.

Sincerely, R. M. MCCLINTOCK.

THRIFT

EACH PLAYER on the winning team in the "World's Series" of baseball games will receive about $4,000. Each player on the losing team will receive about $2,800. That money comes easily and can go easily. It comes to most of the men in their twenties. In twelve years, at six per cent, it would double. In twenty-four years it would quadruple. Those in the $4,000 group can by thrift each have, at fifty years of age, $16,000 to remember the series by. Those in the $2,800 group can, at fifty, have the price of a very nice house.

ONE DRAMATIST'S WAY

TO COMPLAIN of the slow progress of the American-written drama is one-sided criticism, and borders on injustice. There is, however, more ground for discontent in the fact that some American playwrights lack anything like a national flavor in their work They too often take their inspiration from successful European models or current Broadway hits. More than this, some seem to consider it necessary to stick in person close to the city and write their scripts within gunshot of the Rialto. JAMES A. HERNE's way was better. In a letter written at the time he was working on "Shore Acres," he says:

> Mrs. HERNE had gone with two of our daughters to spend a few weeks of the summer at Lennoyne, on Frenchman's Bay, in Maine, and insisted that I should come there and work on the play, and get the benefit of true color and Maine atmosphere; and I went. What an exalted idea of God one gets, down in that old Pine State. One must recognize the sublimity which constantly manifests itself there. It is worth something to live for two whole months on Frenchman's Bay, that beautiful inconstant bay, one minute white with rage, the next all smiles and gently lapping the foothills of old Mount Desert; with the purple mist on the Blue Hills in the distance on the one hand, the Schoodic range on the other; the perfume of the pine trees in every breath you inhale, the roar of the ocean eight miles away, and the bluest of blue skies overarching all. In such a spot as this a man must realize, if he has never realized it before, that he and this planet are one and part of the universal whole.

Undoubtedly the spirit hinted in this letter—the affection for the country and the love of nature—is one reason why the author of "Shore Acres," "Sag Harbor," "Margaret Fleming," and "The Rev. Griffith Davenport" stands among the foremost American dramatists. It separates his work forever from the "b'gosh" plays ground out within the sound of paved streets and elevated trains.

THE ANCIENT WILDERNESS

MAINE has an inland lake, forty miles from a town, where in this year, 1912, there is still a solitude. It is as utterly at peace under the sunset as when the first Indian reached it through the tangle. It is called Penobscot Bay. To come upon it the wanderer leaves the straight highway that leads from Jackman, Me., to Quebec, and strikes into the wilderness over an eighteen-mile trail. At the end of the hard day of ferrying pools and leaping logs, he reaches camp at the head of the lake. The lake is three miles long, with rich green trees on all its shores and borders clear down to the water's edge. No dwelling is in sight nor in gunshot. It would take a day of walking to reach any human being other than the little handful of folk at peace in the camp. There is no sound anywhere heard but the cry of loons as they alight on the lake, and the heavy flap-flapping of the gray-blue wings of a crane as he sails mast high overhead. The brink of the lake is bright green with water grass, and veined with the muscular roots of fir trees and birches stretching out over old rocks. There is a softer green of the mosses where the floor of the woods is laid down, and sprinklings of cool brown from fallen pine needles.

A BETTER RÔLE FOR GRANDPARENTS

HERE IS A COMMON family situation: between the ages of fifty-five and sixty-five the American man becomes a grandfather. His wife is a few years younger. Both are still vigorous, wiser than ever before, and eager for the stimulus which young children could give. The man has begun to ease off in his professional or business life, and to shift the burden to his son. Before them both stretches a vista of half-empty years. By contrast, the man's son and that son's wife are overburdened and inexperienced. Getting adjusted, learning how to make a living, grappling with the problems of housekeeping, bearing children and finding out how to take care of them—here are some of the bogies which rise up in the path of the young people, and, too often, scare them into an abandonment of partnership. While the young parents toil and worry, the older parents sit discontented because they no longer have vital human matters to concern them. Custom says that only the young mother shall have the direction of her children—she, and the teacher, when the kids have reached the kindergarten age. And grandparents respect the tradition; they approach their grandchildren only with apologies, as if by stealth. They do not assert boldly their superior wisdom concerning children, nor do they voice loudly their great heart hunger. Timidly they beg for a share in the training and loving of the little ones. How are they answered? Daughter-in-law puts Grandmother through a tactful cross-examination on the care and feeding of children, using Dr. HOLT's book as a text. Of course, the older woman can't make good—the book was written about the time Son went away to college. And Son, when he is appealed to, weakly agrees that the old people only spoil the kids. Really, Son has no right to speak on that point—he is having his troubles "modernizing" Grandfather's business. He is astonished and puzzled to find that the old man made quite a lot of money and a splendid reputation running it in dingy quarters, without typewriters, adding machines, and neat filing devices. So, competent, wise, and full of mellowed human love and understanding, grandparents are turned out to live their allotted fifteen or twenty years longer in a more or less aimless search for comfort and distraction. Either that or they sit idly rocking on lonely piazzas. There is waste and useless strain. Mothers go on sacrificing themselves "for the sake of the children" when there is no real need for it, when an older and wiser woman, to whom the care would be a joy, stands ready to free her. Who among our yearning grandparents will take the lead in a campaign to take the young children a part of the time, at least, out of the hands of young parents and put them under the care of the wise, older parents?

JEALOUSY

MANY A POET and would-be philosopher has discoursed on the jealous disposition of women. And equally hot, though not so numerous, have been those who maintain that a man is the most jealous living creature. But both are right, for it is not a question of degree at all, but of time. Preceding the great event of existence, the man is jealous of his sweetheart because he wants her; afterward the woman is jealous of her husband because she needs him. Like all the virtues and most of the vices, neither sex has a monopoly.

"LITTLE WOMEN"

DISTANT BLUE of the New England hills, sparkling white of the New England fields, and, within, flowers and much-read books, work done with laughter, love with sincerity, and hymns sung by the firelight—that is "Little Women." Many have been the eulogies and monuments to those sturdy old New England exponents of high thinking; this simple book is an eternal tribute to the charm of its plain living. From Ohio to California and in the cities of the East live children of the Puritans, and in every home there is some common touch transplanted from the common source. Sometimes it is a bust of PLATO and a tradition that learning is more to be desired than riches. Sometimes it is a lullaby and a chintz-covered chair by the fire, sometimes only a trick of speech or a simple family custom, but always it is the one thing that most surely touches the chord of remembrance and gives to the wanderer the thought of home. That is why "Little Women" makes grown people smile and men cry as they see it acted out upon the stage. That is why the play is a source of real joy, even as the book has been so many years. To move great men to great deeds, to give knowledge to the wise, to give spiritual exaltation to the saint, are good and beautiful things, but to bring happiness to the hearts of uncounted numbers of eager little children is not to be despised. How many rollicking families have acted "Little Women"? How many lonely little girls have there discovered playmates? How many aspiring and dreaming young souls have found in LAURIE their first lover and in Jo their first friend? It will be long before this book dies out of the national life, long before that touch of the New England home fails to strike a deep responsive chord, long before the succeeding generations of awakening girlhood cease to rise up and call it blessed.

KNOWLEDGE

SOMETIMES one wonders if the world has forever lost its sense of peace and beauty, and if we are to whizz and yell and advertise till the end of time. Will simple pleasures seem tame and quiet ways unsuccessful? Or are we mad only for a little term, and will we return to spacious and serene things after this fever cools? Shall we soon turn from the clatter of these days, the temporal display, the unreal values set on position and success, the scorn of what is simple-hearted and generous, the haste and noise that drown out all gentle voices? It is time to recover our knowledge of the wind on the hills, the silent passage of a summer's day, the swift wind-swept procession of early autumn clouds, the sea in calm and storm, with the breaking waves that wear away the beach.

At the Vanderbilt

The Ninth Race for the Cup and the Grand Prix Are Run at Milwaukee

By ARTHUR RUHL

THE haggard young reporter next me in the press stand tried to forget that a score or so of telegraph instruments were clickety-clacking about him, that all the disengaged automobiles in southern Wisconsin were joyfully hurrying by to their parking spaces with mufflers cut out, that all sorts of people with badges were howling things through megaphones, that an aeroplane from nobody knew where was sailing about overhead, and to concentrate on a few paragraphs of imperishable prose.

Automobiles had long since resolved themselves for him into a general composite blur; the afternoon before he had ridden in a racing machine for the first time in his life, hanging to the mechanician's seat with one hand, pumping oil with the other, and watching the speedometer climb toward one hundred, and he was not yet quite over *that*. He had written two columns about it, and now, with a direct wire into his office and a man with a receiver clamped over his head ready to telephone his stuff down town as fast he could write it, he must chisel out the cameo of his first edition "lead."

Ralph De Palma, winner of the Vanderbilt Cup

Caleb Bragg, the winner of the Grand Prix

"Ready, Mike?" drawled the man at the telephone of the man at the other end of the wire with that air of detachment and boredom which is only achieved in its most perfect form by a newspaper telegraph operator. "All right then—take this: 'Vanderbilt Cup day has come at last. Heralded by the weer—huh? Yes, *weer!* W-h-i-r-r, *weer!* Heralded by the weer of private automobiles and the hum from the ji'nt—what? G-i-a-n-t—*ji'nt!*—grand stands choked with speed-crazy men, women, and children. . . ' Yes, you got it! Now—

"'When the sun shot across a sky of purest—of purest'—hey, kid, what'n hell's this?" The reporter, torn from the heart of his next paragraph, cast an anguished eye at his own handwriting. "Azure!" he shouted. "Purest azure," droned the man at the telephone, "it was to find that hundreds of early birds had taken previous possession. And the day is going to be beautiful. For no offending cloud dares obstruct the vision of old 'Uncle Sol'—what's that? S-o-l—Sol—old Uncle Sol—as interested a spectator as the hottest fanatic in the stands. . . ."

CROWDS, CORNFIELDS, AND AUTUMN LEAVES

IN SHORT, it was a fine bright October morning, and Milwaukee was very properly stirred up over the first running in the West of the Vanderbilt Cup. The coming of it—and the "baby" car races next day and the "Grand Prix" to make a Saturday's half holiday the third—introduced a new element into this genial city, where the great beer wagons clanking through the downtown streets with their ornately harnessed and magnificent horses give the stranger the notion that there's a circus in town, while Sudermann's "Johannisfeuer" is being played at the theatre as if intellectual drama in German were quite an everyday thing.

A crowd had flocked in, not unlike that gathered at the Elgin races a few weeks before—although scarcely as "motor-wise"—and the rolling cornfield and oak-grove country through which the eight-mile course was laid recalled the scene at Elgin. There were so many people, indeed, that the clerk at the Plankington quite cheerfully assured one that he would "sleep" as many people in one's room as he could; and sure enough, in the middle of the night, with a "Hello, brother!" in crashed some strange troll into mine, and the chambermaid allowed that there hadn't been any such doubling up on her floor "since the ball boys came."

This was the ninth race for young Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's fine gold cup—there have been six on Long Island and two at Savannah—and things have changed since G[illegible]th, in a Panhard, won the first in 1904. Automobiles have become part of the furniture of everyday life. The lessons that racing could teach have mostly been learned, and various makers, not feeling that kind of publicity necessary, have retired behind plate-glass windows in sales parlors so vast and velvet-lined that the trembling purchaser scarce dares speak above a whisper. The "speed demons," while just as fast and more so—Heath won at an average speed per hour of 52.2 miles, while Ralph Mulford, at Savannah last year, did nearly 75 miles—are no longer demons. They are quite ordinary young Americans whom the crowd call by their first names and whose history and personal peculiarities the motor-race reporters know just as the horse-race reporters know the past performances of the horses and the characteristics of the boys who ride them. If Mr. Vanderbilt is a sentimentalist and inclined to dwell in the past, he might, had he come to Milwaukee, been moved to muse profoundly on the mutations of time as his thoughts ran back from this cheerful everyday sporting picture—merely one motor race among a lot of them—to the Hempstead Plains of six or eight years ago, the Olympians gathered there, and the wild, new meteors roaring off in the wan, wet dawn.

However, no one who has seen two cars, driven to the limit for three hundred miles over country roads, finish within seconds of each other, or has watched a race from the pits, and seen the whole thing turn on the time it took to tear off a burning tire, need be told that no extraneous glamours are required to make a race interesting. A thousand things done *just so,* and quicker than conscious thought, for four hours running—that's an automobile race, and here, waiting at the line, with their cars smoking and roaring to be away, were the boys who knew how.

There were eight of them, waiting two by two, four rows deep. On the outside in front, in a big white Mercedes with a boat-shaped body, was Ralph De Palma, the quiet young fellow who won both long races at Elgin this year. When people talk of the fatalities in motor races they do not always think of the number of times that fate has been defied. This young man, for instance, has been racing since 1908. He did a mile from a standing start on a circular track that year in 51 flat. He started sixteen times and won ten firsts; forty-seven times in 1909 and won thirty-four firsts, eight seconds, and a third; forty-eight times in 1910 and won thirty-one firsts. In 1911 he was second in the Vanderbilt, third in the Grand Prix, and in the 500-mile race at Indianapolis outdrove the field until next to the last lap, when, miles ahead of everybody, his engine gave out and with that went the race. When you add up all those hundreds of wild miles, all the turns taken without a skid, the machines grazed by at ninety miles an hour by a leap into the rough and sloping side of the road, the tires thrown without an upset, all the countless chances of eye or hand failing for one irreparable fragment of a second, and see young Mr. De Palma sitting there, pulling on his racing hood, calm as a cucumber and good as new, either one of two conclusions seems inevitable. Either racing isn't as bad as, or racing drivers are even more skillful than, the casual outsider thinks.

THE MEN WHO RODE THE WIND

NEXT to De Palma, in the same rakish yellow Mercer with which he romped away with the Aurora Cup at Elgin, was that favorite of the stands, the jocose young Britisher, Mr. Hughie Hughes. Ralph Mulford, the cup defender, in a big white Knox, was behind De Palma—a laughing boy with white teeth, who drove through the terrific heat at Elgin until the sun and strain together got him, and he fainted after bringing his car into the pits a few laps before the finish. Then there was Spencer Wishart, in a Mercedes, one of the "millionaire" drivers, as all are called who own their own cars and drive for fun rather than prize money; and terrible Teddy Tetzlaff in a rusty-red Fiat—more mature and settled, less boyish appearing than the other drivers, a little like the actor, Mr. Holbrook Blinn, and, because of his remarkable speed in practice, the favorite of the dopesters. Then there was George Clark in a third Mercedes, Anderson in the Stutz car which stood up so well at Elgin, and, in a Lozier, a local novice, Nelson, who seemed willing, for the sake of the practice, to go in and be the "goat."

I am not sure that it is appropriate to draw any too dismal conclusions from the chance of death when describing those who look into the bright face of danger with such keen and smiling eyes. It was a fact, nevertheless, that young David Bruce-Brown had been killed the afternoon before; that some had thought the track to blame—the race had been postponed from a fortnight before because the rains and its unfinished condition then had made it impossible—and that in the minds of most of the spectators its readiness for a race was at that moment a matter of doubt.

A stop at the pits for water and fuel. The car is Hughie Hughes's Mercer which ran second

Bruce-Brown was another of those who drove for fun rather than money—a handsome, clean-looking young fellow, who had run away from school to go into racing as boys used to run away to sea. He broke Mr. Vanderbilt's amateur straightaway mile record at Ormond Beach in 1908 in 33 3-5 seconds; lowered it

later to 33 flat, and won the Grand Prix at Savannah in 1910 and 1911—the latter at an average speed, for the 412 miles, of 74.45 miles an hour. He was swooping down the far side of the course at close to ninety miles an hour in practice when something happened—a thrown tire, people thought—the machine skidded, went into the ditch, somersaulted into the field beyond. Three hours later Bruce-Brown was dead, and his mechanician flickered out a little more than a week afterward.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DAY BEFORE

THE drivers who were his friends and who had driven with him, in their grease-smeared racing clothes as they had come from the track, were at the hospital when he died, and now they were at the wire again, ready to risk the fate that had overtaken him. It may be that there was a little added seriousness in the handshakes they gave one another before they pulled down their hoods and goggles and climbed into their cars, but I fancy that the doubts and premonitions which people associate with such moments come more to the imaginations of spectators seated comfortably in the stands than to these men, keyed up and concentrated on a specific task. Just as De Palma was giving a last look to his engine, a little dismal man, with a sense of the fitness of things which perhaps could only occur to a coroner, came prying about to find what the drivers thought was the cause of Bruce-Brown's death. De Palma, covered with dust and oil, stared at the dismal little coroner and the excited official with him, rather noisily demanding: "Tell him, Ralph—isn't the course in good shape? *Is* it the narrowest course you ever drove on?" as if both were flies on the wall.

"I haven't got any complaint to make about the course," said De Palma. He bent over his engine again, and a moment later, after the noisy man with the badge had moved away, he added: "We'd all of us rather not race to-day. But they've spent a lot of money on this thing and done the best they knew how. And here are all these people waiting to see a race—we owe them something." It's very much that same professional point of view which the actor or circus acrobat or newspaper reporter has. Bad weather, illness, accidents, and so on are for the people out in front to worry about. Whatever happens—the paper goes to press, the show goes on.

It was just eleven o'clock, then, of this fine bright morning, that the starter, counting out the ten seconds, tapped De Palma on the back, and the white Mercedes roared, plowed under way, and went singing down the track. At intervals of thirty seconds the others followed, Tetzlaff last. The result, of course, everybody knows—how Mulford went out in the third lap with a burned magneto, and the same trouble put Tetzlaff out after he had driven two hundred miles, and was eating up the track at seventy-two miles an hour, seven minutes ahead of the field; how the contest settled down to a race between De Palma and Hughes.

The track appeared safe, inasmuch as there were no accidents, and if the oil had been put on sooner and worked in by the sun and ordinary traffic, so the drivers said afterward, instead of being poured on and then covered with sand, which blew into engines and made passing unusually difficult, it would have been faster than the Elgin track. As it was, the average time was sixty-nine miles an hour.

THE LITTLE YELLOW CAR AND THE BIG WHITE ONE

THE race between De Palma and Hughes was not only a genuine race—during the whole last fifty miles they were only seconds apart—but the marked differences between the two cars gave it a special technical interest. The Mercedes was a heavy car, whose power was apparent to everyone as it thundered by. Its piston displacement was 507 cubic inches, nearly the limit for the Vanderbilt, which is 600. The low yellow Mercer was a light car, which drew down the course with a delightfully even *zzst*, whose comparative mildness of tone deceived one as to how fast it was really going. The piston displacement of the American car was only slightly over 301 cubic inches. People who know about engines would explain, I presume, how the rapid revolutions of the light motor made up for the greater power of the heavier one, but, at any rate, it was plain to all that one car was light and the other heavy, and yet both were making almost the same time. One advantage the light cars have is they are less hard on tires, and in races like these it is tire trouble which, as often as not, decides the issue. A tire change in any one of the last six or eight laps would have lost the race for De Palma. The Stutz, another light American car, driven by Anderson, stopped only twice—once for a tire and once for fuel, and finished fourth. De Palma had to change tires eleven times, Hughes only twice. It was a real chase the last fifty miles, and there were times when the two were so close that from the stands you could see both the little white spot and the little yellow spot moving across the green on the far side of the course. De Palma finished the 299 miles in 4 hours 20 minutes and 31 seconds, and Hughes flashed over the wire forty-three seconds behind. It was perfect driving for both of them. Wishart was third, about sixteen minutes after De Palma, and Anderson and Clark fourth and fifth.

The start of the race for the Vanderbilt Cup. Ralph De Palma in the winning Mercedes is on the right in front, Hughes is in the smoke at his left. Number 24, just behind De Palma, is Mulford, winner of last year's Vanderbilt

Previous winners of the Vanderbilt Cup were as follows:

Year	Driver	Car	Average	Distance
1904	George Heath	Panhard	52.2 miles per hour	284.4 miles
1905	Victor Hemery	Darracq	61 1-2 miles per hour	283 miles
1906	Louis Wagner	Darracq	63 miles per hour	297 miles
1908	George Robertson	Locomobile	64 2-5 miles per hour	256.06 miles
1909	Harry F. Grant	Alco	62.8 miles per hour	278.08 miles
1910	Harry F. Grant	Alco	65.2 miles per hour	278.08 miles
1911	Ralph Mulford	Lozier	74.7 miles per hour	291.38 miles

The second day's races were for light cars of not over 300 cubic inches piston displacement—the Wisconsin Challenge Cup, of about 175 miles, and the Pabst Trophy—the immense dramatic possibilities of a race in which each car should represent a different brewery had apparently not occurred to anyone—of about 210 miles. Both were won by Mason cars, Endicott romping away with the Wisconsin from his team mate, George Mason, in slow time, and Mortimer Roberts took the second at the rate of 68.8 miles an hour. Five cars were put out by various sorts of breakdowns in this race, among them Hughie Hughes's Mercer, which retired with transmission trouble and a damaged rear axle in the twenty-second lap, when nearly three minutes ahead of the field

The Grand Prize, for which the Mayor of Milwaukee urged his fellow citizens to declare a half holiday, is a race first run at Savannah in 1908. The trophy was donated by the Automobile Club of America, under whose rules the race is run. Twenty cars raced the 408 miles that first time, Wagner in a Fiat, Hemery in a Benz, and Nazzaro in another Fiat, all within seconds of each other at the finish. Wagner finally won with an average speed of 65.4 miles an hour. There was no Grand Prize in 1909, and in 1910 and 1911 the cup was won by Bruce-Brown.

A NEW SORT OF WISCONSIN HOLIDAY

THE Grand Prix was a man's size race—fifty-two laps of the eight-mile course, or about six hours of unbroken top-speed driving. With the exception of Ralph Mulford, all those who raced in the Vanderbilt also entered the Grand Prix, and there were, in addition, Edwin Bergdoll, who just missed winning the long race at Elgin because of a burning tire on the next to the last lap; Barney Oldfield, with a cigar stuck in his face, as if to say, "What's five hundred miles to old Barney?" went in at the last moment in a borrowed Fiat; and Caleb Bragg, who had said that out of regard for his friend, Bruce-Brown, he would not drive, but just before the cars were sent away, came thundering up to the tape in a Fiat as big as a house.

October squandered sunshine and still airs and the blaze of turning leaves to make the day lovely, and there was enough beauty and horror and all-round geniality and Milwaukee *Gemüthlichkeit* to satisfy a man with a dozen sets of appreciative nerves.

One hundred thousand people, it was said, paid admissions, and these, with many who didn't, draped themselves and their automobiles and lunch boxes around the fences of the eight-mile course. Up the road the racers came drumming, and in a shower of sand roared past; overhead, with its sound of a reaper in a wheat field, an aeroplane sailed back and forth with a moving-picture man taking pictures of the crowd—a crowd which sprawled on the warm grass and munched sandwiches and drank lakes of the liquid that made Milwaukee famous, as if flying machines and automobiles at seventy-five miles an hour were the commonest things in the world.

The pace was terrific during the early hours of the race—always over seventy miles an hour—and the strain soon began to tell. Spencer Wishart went out in the third lap with a broken bearing, Hughie Hughes in the seventeenth with a broken gasoline line. Tetzlaff, chasing all the time just as he had done in the Vanderbilt, went out in the thirty-first lap with a broken distance rod, when he was well in the lead.

By that time the race had settled down to two races really. Bragg—another of the "millionaire" drivers, and a slender, bored-appearing youth in irreproachable racing clothes who genuinely looked the part—had led part of the way, and he was now comfortably ahead. De Palma, who had also led for moments, was second, but chasing hard, and, because of his skill and consistency as a driver, still dangerous. Bergdoll was third and not likely to catch De Palma, and when Anderson, driving an impressively consistent race in the Stutz—the only American car left—passed Clark and Horan, and, when Bergdoll stopped at the pits in the forty-second lap, passed him, too, it became apparent that there were two fights going on—De Palma's to overtake the Fiat, and Bergdoll's to make up his lost time and overtake the Stutz

It was getting along in the afternoon [illegible] had been watching long enough to [illegible]

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roared straight on. A moment later the megaphone man chanted: "Number forty-one [Heath] is changing tires at station six!" Then: "Number thirty-five [De Palma] is changing tires at station seven!" Then: "Number forty-one is on the road again!" and after a breath: "Number thirty-five is on the road again!"

The sun dropped lower, a film of dust, like battle smoke, hung over the scarred course and still fields, and there began to creep through the collective heart of that great crowd, concentrated since morning on this one strange irrelevant struggle in that quiet autumnal world, and into the driven spirits of the drivers, that wild *sauve qui peut*, that lust of winning, that sudden sense of breaking through the petty discretions and sweeping up body and soul in one last irrevocable fling at victory. It is the same collective emotion that sweeps across a football field sometimes in the twilight with a few minutes more to win or stave off defeat, and makes men play as if inspired and turns a mere game for a moment into a splendid breathless poetry.

De Palma, once more than a lap behind Bragg, roared by on his last lap on the very heels of the Fiat, and everybody knew that neither corners, tires, nor anything else could stop him now. The minutes ticked by and at last down the course a machine came bounding into view. It wasn't De Palma's; it was the big Fiat. The race was his, but instead of finishing at top speed he shut off and came to a stop just after crossing the wire. He whispered something to the starter, now holding his checkered finish flag, and the latter said in a low voice: "Go right on round there as quick as you can!" A creepy hush settled over the crowd, and one of the telegraph operators in the press stand, across the track from the grand stand and the pits, nodded to some one in the crowd and described a quick circle with his forefinger. A messenger, after receiving some whispered order, started pell-mell on his motorcycle down the track. A pit attendant, to whom the man with the finish flag leaned over and whispered, suddenly looked as if he had been hit and slowly ran his tongue round the edge of his open mouth. Nervous shouts of "How about De Palma!" began to pipe out from the stand—only heightened by the transparent subterfuge of the announcer that he was having engine trouble on the back stretch—and women began to breathe quickly and rise in their chairs as if ready to run or scream. And in the midst of it, the militiamen and the crowd, having forgotten everything else and begun to surge across the track, the way was just cleared in time to let the other cars roar by for their final lap—Bergdoll second, the Stutz third, Barney Oldfield fourth, and Clark and Burman, flagged before they finished, fifth and sixth.

What had happened, according to those who saw it, was this—De Palma had overhauled Bragg on the far side of the course and come down on him like a whirlwind, prepared to make the dangerous pass. The course was not wide at any point, and, outside of the beaten-down central track, curving and more or less sandy. As De Palma swerved out to go by his machine skidded and his rear wheel grazed the Fiat. People guessed that he was going over one hundred miles an hour at the moment they struck; at any rate, Bragg's machine swerved but pulled out of the ruck, while De Palma's overturned. His mechanician hung to the seat, but De Palma was thrown free, and how badly hurt no one at the moment knew. The great crowd, finally told that his leg was broken, but that he was not seriously hurt, worked its way slowly down the course in the fading daylight, and by the time the first trolley cars got back downtown again, the boys were crying extras with scare heads saying that De Palma was dying. . . . But he didn't die, and two weeks later, when these children of the wind were meeting again for some track races at Brighton, De Palma wired that he wasn't quite patched up enough to drive, but would surely be there to look on.

The White Hopes

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

I DON'T agree with Big Bill T.
In all he's done and said;
I sometimes fear his waist is placed
Too much around his head.
But, after all, he's holding tight
To all he holds as sacred Right,
And makes his dogged, losing fight.
He's holding down a heavy job
And saving "Justice" from "the Mob."

I've not much use for T. R. Moose,
Who dearly loves a row;
In fact, I think, mayhap a scrap
Is all he's after now.
But, even so, I have no fears;
We lived with T. R. seven years
And no roof fell about our ears.
If he's the doughty one and brave
To save our country, let him save!

I'm half afraid that Wilson's made
Of somewhat brittle stuff.
I have a hunch that Woodrow's punch
Is hardly stiff enough.
But, never mind, he's learning still
And training with a right good will,
And like enough he'll fill the bill.
We've tried the crimson and the blue,
Why not Princetonian colors, too?

In Eugene Debs there flows and ebbs
A bitter streak of speech
I cannot quite approve. I move
He sweeten up his screech.
But, none the less, he's hitting strong
At everything he thinks is wrong
(And that will hold him plenty long!)
We need "a gadfly sent by God"
To prod us on, so let him prod!

I can't agree with Eugene C.
About the Kingdom Come,—
That all we need to do is shoo
Away the Demon Rum.
But I admire his stubborn fight
And I respect his moral right
To smite the Drink, so let him smite!
It may be that the Ship of State
Needs water—water plain and straight.

So I refuse to have the blues,
Nor am I seeing red,
And every little while I smile,
No matter who's ahead.
I'm eating meals most every day;
I work at times and sometimes play;
I'm keeping cool and feeling gay;
Although, before the thing is through,
I may be just as wild as you.

"Where are you going, my Pretty Maid?"
"I'm going A-Balloting, Sir!" she said.

"May I go with you, my Pretty Maid?"
"Yes, if you wish, Kind Sir," she said.

"What is your Fortune, my Pretty Maid?"

"'Progressive Politics'! Sir," she said.

"Then I'll not Marry you, my Pretty Maid."

"You won't get the Chance! Kind Sir," she said.

Comment on the Campaign

By MARK SULLIVAN

IT IS not possible to measure the abuse and misrepresentation which have been poured out on the Progressive candidate and his party. Journalists and other observers who have deplored it have thrown up their hands at the hopelessness of stopping it, explaining it, or counteracting it. It has been extraordinarily successful; to a measurable degree it has crystallized in the shape of a certain amount of hostile public opinion among exactly that class of persons to whom the Progressive party holds out the best future. The one issue on which most headway has been made against the Bull Moose is the trust plank; thousands of earnest and well-informed persons really think that the Democratic party believes in regulated competition and that the Progressive party believes in the opposite of that. For this belief one subtle dialectician is chiefly responsible. It is so far from the facts that it is not easy to believe in the sincerity of those who have originated it. The truth is that if a group of representative Democrats were placed in a room and asked to put their ideas on the trusts into the form of a statute, and the Progressives did the same, the resulting statutes would be not far from identical. *Both believe in legislation amending the Sherman Act; both believe in a commission at Washington; the Progressives lay more emphasis on the latter, the Democrats on the former.* That is the whole difference. During these closing days of the campaign the Progressive party leaders and managers have no work more necessary than to remove the widespread misapprehension which is the best capital the Democrats have, the belief that the Progressives stand for industrial monopoly.

THE OPINIONS OF GENTLEMEN

THE New York "Evening Post" is the sort of newspaper least apt to be vulgar or abusive. It is a three-cent evening newspaper; it is read chiefly by persons of wealth and cultivation; a noticeable part of its following is among college teachers; it has traditions of character and scholarship; it is strong for many good causes. But when a group of social workers some weeks ago went to Mr. Roosevelt to enlist his aid and his party's toward bringing about some purposes that were close to their hearts, the "Evening Post" broke out this way:

"Now, to social workers of this character, preachers of social justice, public opinion has assigned a place second only to that occupied by teachers of religion; they are of the newer ministry. Yet what do we behold now? They are willing to achieve their ends by the use of so tainted an instrument as *Theodore Roosevelt, a convicted liar, a faithless friend, a man who has broken his word to the American people; whose insensate ambition would break down the greatest safeguard to the Presidency—the two-term tradition; whose pledges and promises are no longer worth the paper they are written on; who never in his whole career has hesitated to use corrupt or corrupting influences* . . . to advance himself. Do [they] really voice the attitude of the social workers of this country? Is the fraternity ready to disregard questions of common morality and political decency in its effort to obtain reforms? Has it become so Jesuitical, so cynical, as to say that the end justifies any means? That to touch pitch, to use any instrument, however defiled, is the way to bring on the kingdom of heaven to earth?"

If this comes from a paper with the best traditions in the country, what restraint can be demanded from the avowed agitators? The next day the "Post" returned to the subject with this statement of smug principles:

"Property may be surrendered and even life itself given up, but morality must not be called upon to abdicate its throne. It is true that the wrath of man may be overruled to the praise of God, but that is no justification for confusing human wickedness with virtue."

Now note this:

"A sure word of guidance in all these matters of moral perplexity concerning public men and movements was uttered by the prince of political philosophers when he said: 'There is no safety for honest men but by believing all possible evil of evil men, and by acting with promptitude, decision, and steadiness on that belief.'"

In order to get the point of view of this paper, which really means to be virtuous, substitute "Theodore Roosevelt" for "evil men," so that it reads thus:

"There is no safety for honest men but by believing all possible evil of Theodore Roosevelt, and by acting with promptitude, decision, and steadiness on that belief."

Upon which principle the "Post" and many of its disciples have acted steadily throughout the campaign. But the place where the "Post" really revealed its soul was in these lines:

"And how long . . . can [social workers] expect to retain the respect and *support of the community which pays and upholds them?*"

In other words, social workers had better take their politics from the same source as their dollars—from the wealthy persons of the community. How far removed is the spirit of the Progressive movement from the souls of many persons who really think themselves good?

ONE EXAMPLE

ONE of the most frequent of the untruths that have been circulated by the opponents of Roosevelt is the assertion, either directly or by implication, that one of his conspicuous supporters, Medill McCormick, is identified with what is called the Harvester Trust, and that his activity in behalf of Roosevelt has been founded either upon gratitude for past immunity or hope of the future. Literally scores of papers have repeated this in one form or another constantly; it has been stated frequently by Democrats on the floor of Congress; Democratic orators and newspapers make it part of their most commonly used stock in trade; so good a man as Congressman Burleson of Texas has uttered it publicly. The truth is that Medill McCormick does not own, never has owned, and never expects to own a single share of stock in the International Harvester Company. He has about as much to do with the Harvester Trust as William Jennings Bryan or Woodrow Wilson. This is an easily ascertainable fact of record, and no writer of the class described as muckrakers would have so low a standard of accuracy as to make this assertion without investigation. The sole excuse for mistake lies in the very tenuous connection that Mr. Medill McCormick and the present head of the Harvester Company, whose name is Cyrus McCormick, had the same great-grandfather. Indeed, Mr. Cyrus McCormick, the real head of the Harvester Trust, is an earnest partisan of Woodrow Wilson and was a large contributor to his campaign fund. As an alumnus and trustee of Princeton he is said to have been one of the few among the wealthier graduates who supported Wilson in his fight against plutocracy in that college. It is believed that Mr. Cyrus McCormick only refrains now from giving his powerful moral support to Wilson's candidacy from a fear that his motives might be misunderstood. It is a very great pity that the tenseness of feeling between corporations and people should be such as to intimidate in this way a thoroughly good man who happens to be the president of a corporation. There is no duty resting heavier on thoughtful men who have access to public opinion than to discriminate between corporation heads who are corrupt, like President Archbold of the Standard Oil, and those whose attitude toward the public is honest and frank. Mr. Cyrus McCormick is a conspicuous illustration of the latter class.

ILLINOIS

WILL Illinois let its opportunity go by? In a single day it can put out of the State forever all that made the Lorimer case a commonwealth's shame. To vote for either of the old parties is to perpetuate the bipartisan machine which has disgraced the State for years. Of the Democratic ticket, the best that can be said is that its head is a well-meaning incompetent; the rest of the ticket cannot be described with so much urbanity. The Republican ticket is the same machine that now dominates the State.

INDIANA

INDIANA'S choice is between the Progressive, Beveridge, and the Democrat, Ralston. The Republican, Durbin, is, confessedly, a bad third. That Ralston is the choice of Taggart's machine ought to settle this case.

THE GREATEST STANDPATTER LEFT

IT WOULD seem a misfortune too great to be called mere irony if the present political revolution should pass without removing from public life the man whose name is borne by the tariff law which now afflicts this nation. Sereno Elisha Payne comes from Auburn, N. Y., and represents four counties in that part of the State. The people of the district have a splendid opportunity to replace this greatest of the Standpatters left in Congress. Payne's Democratic opponent, Richard C. Drummond, is one of the best exponents of that modern thought which is coming to be dominant in American politics. There are few communities but would be glad to send Drummond to Congress; the community that has endured Payne for twenty-eight years ought to seize the opportunity with the sort of majority that is translated into hilarity.

In 19—?

DRAWN BY

The Rival Candidates

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Made in Europe

By ARTHUR RUHL

Scenes from "The 'Affairs' of Anatol," an adaptation of Arthur Schnitzler's episodes, with Mr. John Barrymore as the principal figure

Pierre Loti's Chinese Spectacle and "The 'Affairs' of Anatol"

THOSE who like to spend an evening inviting their souls with the sight of exquisite Chinese costumes, of Chinese scenes elaborated in the old-fashioned manner—that is to say, in the literal, rather than the impressionistic, manner shown last winter in "Sumurun"—with music filled with the light clashing of cymbals and dull throaty bim-a-bongs, and enough dramatic current to carry it all—those looking for an evening of this sort will have a good time at "The Daughter of Heaven."

As a play, this adaptation from the French original of Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier is at least as interesting as "The Garden of Allah," and as a very refined three-ring circus, even more brilliant and expensive. It seems safe to say that embroidered Chinese robes, as dazzling and really beautiful as these, were never before seen in a Western theatre. There is a sort of temple scene, too, lit by moonlight which appeared to many at the first performance to be the best theatre moonlight they had ever seen. And there is a scene on the battlements, during a battle, with a Chinese soldier wigwagging a torch against the night, tons of masonry tumbling down as the shells explode and the defeated garrison finally burning themselves up on a wonderfully realistic funereal pyre. Of its kind, all this is magnificent, quite.

Those who hope to feel here that peculiar haunting charm which steals over the reader of almost anything Pierre Loti writes will be disappointed. You would scarcely suspect that the original play was the work of a Frenchman—unless at the very end, perhaps. An American might have made it "happy" and the Manchu prince would have won the rebel empress he fell in love with from afar and had to conquer before he could tell her so.

The Frenchman has the grace to make the beautiful princess yield her heart, but not her life, to her conqueror. She takes poison at the last, and it is to a pale and lifeless shape, seated on the throne of the Manchus, for whom the gongs sound and the Manchu's subjects kneel. Miss Viola Allen is the queen, and her intelligently used and beautiful voice added much to that unhappy lady's charm. Nearly everybody whispered to his next-door neighbor that "The Daughter of Heaven" was a great chance for opera.

GLIMPSES OF A SENTIMENTAL YOUNG MAN

"THE 'Affairs' of Anatol"—a sequence of episodes by Arthur Schnitzler, paraphrased by Granville Barker and now presented by Mr. Ames at the Little Theatre—is a light but agreeable entertainment, fitted for an audience which has dined pleasantly, drifted in leisurely fashion to the theatre, and brought thither a readiness to accept for the moment the continental habit of treating "love" as an activity apart and sufficient unto itself, and not—as our own literature assumes—necessarily associated with marriage.

Anatol is an artistic philander. He has a vast and versatile appreciation of the charms of women and of the moods they can inspire, and he drifts from one to another—always sincere at the moment—just as did the young man in Flaubert's novel, "The Sentimental History."

His quick imagination endows them with all sorts of qualities and feelings which the simple creatures never dreamed of—once he held the hand of a beautiful girl from the circus and played the piano to her, and watched the lamplight on her hair and knew that that moment would never, never be forgotten by her, although a couple of years after, when she did see him again, she had no notion who he was, but guessed finally that he might be the "man she met in Petersburg."

There are five different women in these five episodes, and through them we get different views of Anatol. The disillusion which such a sentimentalist inevitably encounters, and the rather absurd figure he cuts in consequence, is the note most accented, "and yet do you know," as Anatol murmurs on his wedding morning (a sudden homesickness for the life he was giving up had taken him back to the opera after his bachelor dinner the night before, one of his old flames has come home to breakfast with him, and he can't bear to tell her he is going to be married), "do you know, there's something pathetic about this."

The quick transition from farce to a sort of tragedy—just a touch and away again—is, one presumes, much more delicately and poignantly achieved in the original dialogues than we can get it here, twice removed, as it is, by a rather British translation and the somewhat alien personalities of our own actors. Young

(*Concluded on page* 34)

The Manchu Emperor, the rebel Empress, and one of the crowds in Pierre Loti's dramatic spectacle, "A Daughter of Heaven"

The Price of Potatoes

By S. F. AARON

FARMER WAYOFF of near Lonelyville, Forest County, stood on the edge of the weathered porch of his dingy house and gazed over his many acres. In a retrospective mood, sudden and rather necessary, he saw not only his fields dimming in the soft glow of a long June evening and nearly all under cultivation, but his mental orbs took account also of the crops those fields had grown for many years and of the slender net gain therefrom. It had been corn and oats and wheat and hay, or hay and oats and corn and wheat, twisted and traded for crop rotation, for year in and year out during a lifetime; and now what was there to show for it? The natural richness of the soil was growing less, the old farmer's strength and energy were not growing greater, but the cost of fertilizer, the price of necessities he could not raise, and the size of the mortgage on the place were by no means diminishing.

Farmer Wayoff turned to his ever-busy wife, who was rapidly wiping and crating eggs. "Sally," he said, "we ain't a-gittin' on an' we never have got anything wuth thuh name out o' thuh ole place, 'cept what your chickens does an' some railroad ties out'n thuh woods occasional'. Hit's time we wuz wakin' up an' doin' somethin'. Reckon I ain't clean gone in thuh head yit so's I can't recover."

THE wife looked up and smiled sagely: "Better tap wood, Silas," she remarked. The farmer reached up and fetched a sharp rap with his knuckles on his hard, old, whitening head.

"So had, so had," he replied, chuckling. "Look here, Sally, I wuz jest a-wonderin' what we got all them Gov'ment books an' farm papers fer ef we can't make no use of 'em. Book learnin' ain't much good 'cept whar a man acts out what he kin do an' gives figgers. Them books tell a heap more'n jest 'bout raisin' crops; they mix human nature 'long with it, an' there's got t' be a heap o' human nature in workin' a farm an' sellin' thuh crops. If a man ain't no dummy an' keeps his eye peeled, I reckon there ain't nothin', fur as I kin figger, that'll turn out like taters. Them books kin prove it, an' durn me if I ain't a-goin' t' prove it, too."

Jerry, the man, came around the house, just from the supper table, picking his teeth. "Goin' over?" he asked the farmer, nodding his head toward the road that led to the post office and store.

"No, I ain't. I reckon thuh boys kin settle jest how thuh Gov'ment ought t' be run 'thout me this evenin'. I'm a-goin' t' study runnin' this here place fer a bit."

On a hazy, warm October Sunday, Farmer Wayoff, within the bleaching shade of the old porch vines, studied the first account he had ever kept of farm expenditures and returns. Heretofore he had raised only enough potatoes for the family needs, now he had made a notable experiment in the way of marketing, and he was keeping tabs on it. The best piece of ground on the place and just a trifle more than an acre, well drained and loamy, now promised well from intensive cultivation. There had been plowed under a dozen loads of barn manure, a spring crop of cowpeas, and a very liberal coating of wood ashes. Four hundred pounds of seven per cent phosphate, with a little soda nitrate, had been sprinkled and mixed in the rows. This, with Jerry's time in making ready the ground, fertilizing, planting, cultivating, and fighting the inevitable bugs, had cost the farmer in all $36.13. The old man impatiently crossed out the thirteen cents and glanced at the new moon over his left shoulder, then began again to figure. Jerry sat on the steps puffing clouds of smoke into the smoky air.

"Did ye turn them tater hills over?" asked the farmer.

"Yaas. They wuz nine in thuh fust, sixteen in thuh nex' one, an' thirteen—" The farmer, quite forgetting the moon this time, exclaimed:

"Glory! Wuz they? As sure's gun's iron, hit's a banner crop! We'll git out more'n three hundred bushel, by Jinks!"

Farmer Wayoff could calculate ahead now. He knew

that two-bushel bags would cost him about ten cents each, and that plowing out, picking, bagging, and hauling to the railroad station would consume about four days' time of himself and the "hand." This would bring his cash cost up to about $55, with the shipping charges yet to hear from. There would be also the ten per cent charge of the commission house.

BUT with potatoes selling at nearly a dollar a bushel, what matter if expenses were considerable, unless, of course, there was a slump in the market, as some predicted. The old man retired indoors with a wry smile, and, in view of the financial promise ahead, he made it a rye smile before he sought his pillow.

The best-laid schemes o' bugs and farmers gang aft—up in the air. Bugs encounter Paris green and the farmers run against market conditions, both of which make life a calamity. And crop shortage is the rural bear of the market—the thing that will chase a man up a tall tree, out on the end of a long limb, and shake him off for a high fall, like the poor dumb critter that he is.

There were just 252 bushels when Farmer Wayoff dug his potatoes, and only 189 of these were strictly salable. Of the scabby, knotty, and gnarly remainder, nearly twenty bushels went to the hogs and chickens, and the best were reserved for next year's seed and family use. Twelve baskets of runts sold at the village store for fifteen cents per. The shipping charges were somewhat in excess of what he had calculated at the patch, but by the time the lot had reached Pier Street in the city, there had evidently been a shrinkage, for Selm & Co., the commission men, informed him that their weighings had tallied a little under eleven thousand pounds, and they could trust no other computations. Mr. Wayoff, they wrote, could come in at once and see the lot reweighed if he wanted to; the extra handling would cost only a few dollars. But the farmer seemed content to take their accounting, though when a second letter was received, stating that they were selling for thirty-five cents a basket and hoped to get that for the lot, he was not a little put out. He felt sure that this meant a basket of thirty-six pounds, and the crop reports quoted potatoes at eighty cents a bushel. The farmer would rather till a half acre than write a letter, but he would surely enjoy a long-deferred trip to the city, and so, in the course of events, he found himself, wide-eyed and a little flabbergasted, dodging across Pier Street.

JOSIAH SELM, senior partner, anticipating a customer for seed potatoes in quantity, was agreeably talkative. There was no glut in the market, he said; the tubers were in brisk demand at forty cents a basket, and he didn't expect prices would go lower. Here were some State of Maine potatoes that were the best he had seen this year; he was selling some by the basket and the rest in the original sacks. The farmer recognized his own production stacked high against the wall and spread on the sidewalk, but with native horse sense he remained incognito. He certainly meant to have the fifteen cents per bushel over what he had been credited, but he held his horses now. He saw it was desirable that he should become fully awake to the entire conditions of selling, and to this end he would seek wide information, to profit thereby another year. Who bought the potatoes of the commission man? The stores, hucksters, restaurants, hotels, and certain well-to-do private parties.

One hotel man told the old farmer he might agree to take enough to insure the cultivation of two acres the following year, but the deliveries must be in hundred bushel lots throughout the winter and spring; therefore the farmer must bear the loss of winter storing. A buyer for a big cut-price store in the residence section of town agreed to take enough potatoes to keep a dozen acres busy, and he could store them, but the price had to be so low that the farmer turned away disgusted. In either case he was no better off than in dealing with commission men.

IN ALMOST the first corner grocery the old man entered the proprietor was making change for a lone customer, and when she turned away he turned to the seeker of information. Then he brushed the flies from his very bald head and came out from behind the counter, a smile on his fat face and his hand stuck out toward the old farmer's lean stomach. Surely the world is a small place, for if here wasn't Eph Scales, long years ago from Lonelyville and now glad to see his old acquaintance, whose errand to the city was soon explained. Dismissing ancient gossip finally, the two men got down to trade and potatoes.

"I reckon I sell 'bout three hunderd bushel a season, Silas," said the storekeeper. "An' I don't make a lot out of 'em in the long run, spite o' the profit you see now. I can't store 'em a-plenty, an' I got t' buy as I need 'em, 'bout fifty er sixty baskets at a time. An' the price is likely t' drop, an' I got t' drop sometimes below what I give fer 'em, an' I reckon I never yet seen it go up when I had a lot on hand. Then I got t' tote 'em an' mostly brush 'em, an' I lose a heap more'n you think I would. So we fellers got t' git all we kin.

"Yes, I know Selm & Co.," he continued. "They'll skin ye if ye don't watch 'em. There is honest commission fellers, but 'pears like they're mostly gone out o' business. You'll find it so a-sellin', an' I find it so a-buyin', an' it's so in every line, from eggs to watermelons. The buyers is still worse sometimes. Old man Rich 'round here on the avenue, he gets his be the hunderd bushel an' pays fer 'em less'n I do. But he don't watch the markets none an' he may buy high in the end. Mrs. Poor, the widdy who wuz jest goin' out when you come in, she gets hers by the quarter peck, an' they cost her 'bout twice as much as it does old man Rich at the time, though she gets advantage of drops in the price. An' she gets better pertaters, too, fer she kicks like a old cow if there's a speck big as a ten cents in any one, an' he don't see 'em. I reckon the average price she pays is 'bout same as now, eight cents a quarter, an' that's 'bout what she an' her four kids eats a day in pertaters. If she gets 'em off a huckster she pays more.

"I huckstered afore I got this stand, an' it was tough—in winter. Didn't sell half the taters, ner nothin' else as I sell here, an' stablin' an' hoss feed an' repairs was more'n my rent an' expenses is now. Hucksters don't carry any better stuff, but folks thinks so, an' pays more. A heap o' folks deals with these here fancy stores fer the same reason, an' they pay fer it. The delicatessen 'round here gets two and three cents more on th' quarter peck than I do; they got t' do it, fer they pay twice th' rent, hire a lot o' clerks an' a cashier, use better bags an' string, deliver with a fancy team, an' some folks want that an' then they howl 'bout th' high cost o' livin'. I huckstered t' a lot o' fine people livin' on fine streets, an' I had a fancy wagon an' kept dressed up pretty fair, an' I sold twice as much as a feller called I-talian Tony, with his old plug an' no two wheels alike, an' I got more money fer th' same stuff as he sold."

On the train going home the farmer pondered deeply, between naps. He would like to beat the middleman—Selm & Co.—with a club right now, and all of them with selling next year on the crop from a large acreage. It could be done with a little more expense at the beginning, but whether he would come out with any larger profits was a question.

A labored epistle, oft rewritten and that had occasioned sleepless effort during three long evenings, was about to be dispatched to the

(*Concluded on page* 40)

Bits of Glass

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK

A CLEAN new moon followed me at the right—only twenty minutes before I had seen it dulling the black of the Hudson from above the Palisades—when I came down the lamp-spiced road of Van Cortlandt Park. Each lamp dimmed the moon and the stars, but there were stretches where the trees became alive, and curves that revealed, far away, the lights—the parallel lines, the rectangles of the night city, and once, perched on its hill, the electric park of Washington Heights hanging like a fairy world in the skies. These, and a certain starry excitation in the cool air, made me happy. But the swift plunge of automobiles, a blotch of light, a blur of black, and a red tail lamp marred the pleasure. . . .

Two years of wandering had passed; and now New York called me again. Yet as I caught glimpses of her white night, I wondered. The country was at its best; orchards of blossoms, dogwood-lighted woods, and the silent marches of the sun gave me the busy content of the bees and the ants. I thought of Kipling's phrase, "The little street-bred people," and that other, "The man-stifled town." It seemed foolish to step into so artificial a world.

I HAD almost a mind to turn back when I met Henley. A policeman had stopped an automobile, and the man was in front lighting the lamp. As the blaze caught, his face shone suddenly, and despite the spectacles and the shaved appearance, I recognized him. I was amazed. I should have been less surprised to have seen Henley come running down the road clad only in tar and feathers, with a mob howling at his back, for he had always been one of those careless yet incisive people who plant mental dynamite wherever they go. In fact, he had been a wild and shabby young doctor: an experimental Don Juan, a joyous revolutionist, a lawbreaker, not through perversity but through his love for Utopia. And here he was spectacled and citified, hitched up to an automobile, with only his altercation with a policeman to remember his youth by.

I strolled up.

"Hello, Pony," I murmured.

He leaped up; he looked; he was a little uncertain.

"Not Thad Stevens?"

"Yes, Poindexter Henley," I replied. "But it's not I that have changed."

He made a grimace and looked down at himself.

"Yes," he muttered, "I'm tame. And you—you bad penny! Yes, officer, she's *lit;* now watch me break the four-mile-an-hour speed law; and," he laughed heartily, "catch me if you can!"

That was Henley all over; he was so stirred to see me again that he tried to pick a fight with the policeman. Next he had me by the arm and was piling me in with him next the driving seat.

"You're probably going the other way, but I've got you now. . . . Sweet dreams, Officer McPherson!" And with that the still and throbbing machine bolted and we flowed into the night. I felt as if Henley and the car were one; the car merely a part of his body and his ardent power, releasing him with tremendous directness through space. He turned toward me, suddenly.

"I suppose, Thad," he said in his sharp, quick way, "that you're still a tramp, geographically unplaced. And you're wondering at my get-up and my plutocratic power. It looks bad, I admit. . . . Well, my boy, I'm out of general practice; I'm a specialist, an eye specialist, upper West Side, and I'm putting windows in the populace. . . . Not as rich as I look, either; in fact, I'm an honest doctor. But I've been absorbed by civilization, and I'm working for the great modern god—Efficiency." And with that he put his foot down on my shoe and stepped, so that I understood that his words were an attempt to conceal his vital joy in seeing me.

"Well, I'm dazed," I said truthfully. I remembered how, ten years before, he had gone around airing his radical views on marriage and property until his friends ostracized him and drove him out of the city; now here he was, tame and conforming, established and successful. "You've not turned conservative?" I asked.

"No," he laughed. "It's merely that the rest of the world has caught up with me. Time has made me quite the proper thing."

THAT didn't quite satisfy me. In fact, it merely fanned the flame of my growing curiosity. Why, why, I asked myself, had he allowed himself to be tamed? What was the secret of it? Had success clipped his wings?

"But what do you get out of it, Pony?" I demanded. "What's the adventure in glassing a lot of money-fat patients? What's the savage fun in being a glazier for human mansions? I'll bet you're married."

"Yes," he said in his joyous way. "I got married and respectable five years ago."

"Oh! Any children?"

"No. Wasn't that a thrilling risk?"

The "risk" was a belated truck in the lonely, lamplit spaces of upper Broadway. The curses of the driver followed us. And as Henley let out the speed, I felt again the correspondence between himself and the machine. This one-time rebel had become, like the machine, a civilized efficient: swift, dynamic, harmonized: yet something of wings surely. All the car's power, its life, gathered through every part of it and poured itself, machine and all, into space-annihilating speed. It was a specialist in speed. Henley, it struck me, had become similar: all his life and power probably pouring itself into one thing—eyes. Easily we curved into the river road, and in a few moments, darting down beside the one string of lights, we had the dark Hudson beside us, and a dusk of moonlight racing us down the waters. Other cars passed us, going up; and a few pairs of lovers strolled beside the pathway's wooden fence. The joy of speed almost made thought and speech a burden; but I had resolved to tear out the heart of the mystery.

Henley turned toward me with new interest—yes, with a boy's enthusiasm.

"Say, you," he cried vehemently, "I know what's the matter with you. It's eyes!"

But that second night I was in Central Park. A larger moon looked down on lovers, and the ashen night was full of the splash of little waters

"Of course, it's eyes," I laughed ruefully. "Everything's eyes to an eye specialist. What are you going to do? Talk me into feeling sick?"

HE did not notice me; he was quivering with his discovery.

"Thad," he said, "here's your case: You can't do indoor work, civilized work, for any length of time. You get restless, headachy, insomnic; you want to jump out of your skin; you're only happy and healthy out in the open, out where you've got distance all around you. So, after a few months of work, you get up and go. That's why you're a nomad, a tramp. Isn't that so?"

I felt powerless. "Well, what of it?" I asked roughly.

"Eyes. You're far-sighted."

I felt a lifetime of freedom in the balance; I roused myself.

"Well," I said, "so be it. The farther I can see, the better."

"Tut, man," he exclaimed, "you think it's love of nature, love of freedom. No such thing. You remember George Wright? He was just like you: kept Martha Hansel waiting years while he tried to make money ranching, prospecting, and flying over the face of the earth. Martha was turning into a dry old maid, and I said to her: 'Next time George comes to New York make him come up, if you have to break your engagement to do it.' And he came; and one eye was five times as farsighted as the other. I gave him glasses; now he's in insurance, is married, has two children, and lives happily ever after."

"Where did I read that ad?" I asked, forcing a laugh; for nothing shakes and makes human faith more than this before-and-after business.

"Go and see George and ask him," he challenged. "That's how I tamed myself. I was astigmatic; half an hour of near work made me jumping crazy and turned me into a revolutionist. Don't you see: evolution made the eye for rough and far work; civilization, cities, impose near work; and just as civilization demands wheels for our feet"—he gave the car extra speed to emphasize this—"so it demands glasses for our eyes."

I SAW my happy gypsy future fading away. It was cruel.

"I suppose you're for glassing the whole human race?"

"Not all," he said absently, "but nearly all."

"Well," I said, "I'm against it. What, take all the spirit out of the people? Make them efficient, calm, judicial? Kill out revolt?"

"Tut," he laughed, "if I could fit New York with five million spectacles I'd make it the first city of the world. And crime? Do you know that a lot of crime comes from eye strain? You put a bad-eyed boy in school: near work makes him crazy, gives him headaches, turns his stomach. He becomes a truant; a truant falls in with idlers; idlers thieve. You send him to the reformatory: there near work is inescapable. He comes out sullen and savage. I've reformed men after three terms in prison."

"'Pony," I said calmly, "you're like all the specialists: I wouldn't trust you with the eyes of a cat." He laughed joyously. Then suddenly we shot into Broadway and went spinning through the brilliant, crowded city. The night tides flowed up and down in the glow of the shop windows and the theatres.

"So," I cried, "you're in the business of taming humanity! Well, you'll never get glasses on me. Glasses! Cages! And so that's how our mad, wild Henley has become a domesticated city man; and, having spoiled yourself, you're for spoiling me. Well," I concluded, "if it's eye strain that makes me a tramp, I thank the fates for bad eyes!"

"Oh, do you?" he queried in a voice that held ulterior meanings. "Well," he swung the car round a corner and stopped before a handsome apartment house, "here we are. See the sign?"

It was in the ground-floor window: "Dr. Poindexter Henley."

"It's too respectable," I murmured.

He ran the car into a near-by garage, and I followed him back to the house. . . .

"Thad," he said earnestly, grasping my arm and showing me by his lighted face his wondrous joy in seeing me, "you had no special place to go to-night?"

"Oh," I said weakly, "I was thinking of Johnny McMann, whose saloon is over on Third Avenue. It's not so respectable over there."

"You let McMann go; is it eight years or ten since we saw each other? Come on; I'm hungry to hear the 'portance in your travels' history."

I hesitated, and he shrewdly guessed my trouble.

"I swear, Thad," he cried, "that I won't look at your eyes—unless you want me to."

We laughed then, and in I went. But I had my misgivings. In some way it seemed more perilous to go into Henley's office than into a den of murderers. Must I lose my life for the sake of civilizing my eyes? It appeared to me that the power of the modern doctor is as dogmatic and tyrannic as that of the medieval church. What chances has the layman when he gets into the clutches of these priests of the body?

But in I went; and not until a voice from the far darkness pierced our reminiscences at 2 A. M. with a "Po, you come to bed!" did we stretch ourselves. We had quite forgotten that disturbing element in a man's world—woman. He looked a bit guilty.

"Pony," I said, "I'm not sure that it was glasses. It may have been woman."

HE AIRED the room to clean it of any detestable pipe smoke, and then handed me two pamphlets. One was, necessarily, "Eye Strain," but the other was, "The Injurious Effects of Tobacco."

"No, you don't!" I cried in revolt. "You skunk, aren't you satisfied with my eyes? Must I give you my pipe, too?"

"It won't hurt you to read it, will it?" he said blithely. "If you had time I'd give you another on nose-stoppage; I notice you breathe through your mouth every third or fourth time. Then, too, I've one on psychoanalysis."

"A breach of hospitality!" I exclaimed.

He ignored me and began looking into his appointment book.

"You must see some of the work in the morning. Nine o'clock, Sam Podkin. . . . Lord, don't miss Sam. A boy of seven, blind—"

"Blind?" Then I sneered: "I suppose you'll make him see—"

He looked at me, troubled.

"I wish I could, poor kid! But it's a thousand—no, a million—to one shot. There *are* limitations," he sighed.

"Not to your enthusiasm," I added.

"No," he said in a stirring voice, "I just love this work!"

He showed me in to my little back room then, and, sitting on my bed, I couldn't resist the tobacco pamphlet. It held me like the Ancient Mariner's Eye (which, I presume, must have been astigmatic, too). And then, to my joy, I learned that all my symptoms could be traced to smoking.

"Oh, these specialists!" I chortled. "And I presume the nose man would have traced it all to my nose; and the psycho man to my psycho. Abjure doctors; enjoy life."

I went to bed more like my old self; but my curiosity about Henley increased. What, after all, had tamed him? Not a childless marriage, not his twisted theories on eyes, not his money-stupefied patients, not mere success? What then? The man had always been an adventurer, a fighter, a visionary; how had he allowed himself to be trimmed, clipped, spectacled, and leveled down to the city average? I determined to risk my eyes, even my pipe, and stay on, and see.

WE breakfasted out at a little restaurant, such was the easy, servantless come-and-go of his home; I did not even see his wife. And at breakfast he told me a little more about the first case of the morning.

"You see, every now and then, I remember my youth, and go out and round up some kids who can't afford an eye doctor. Sam comes from a big public school in the Bronx; the principal is sending him down in a sort of hopeless Charge-of-the-Four-Hundred spirit." He laughed. "I think I'll have to put up a sign over my door: 'The Last Resort' . . . Well, Sam was in school for a month before they really spotted him. Poor kid sat there wiggling his blind eyes, amazingly stupid. So they sent him to the blind school—tried to put eyes in his fingers. No use; his mother is an ignorant Russian, his father tubercular; they don't cooperate. So now it's up to me."

"Ever seen him?"

"No—and he's never seen me, and I'm afraid he never will."

We went back to the office. The place had changed miraculously. Three assistants, all, of course, spectacled, were at work on lenses, the telephone, and at the card index. Henley, like a charging bull, with nostrils dilated, was on the edge of swinging into action. I held his attention a moment.

"Does your wife wear glasses, too?"

"Yes," he murmured innocently.

"Oh!" I exclaimed joyously—and then he was lost to me. He leaped, as it were, into the morning mail and tore out its vitals. His stenographer had to sweat to keep up with him. I went into the waiting room.

THERE was nothing to do but read a pamphlet on psychoanalysis that convinced me that I was suffering from a wander obsession which could be extirpated, like pus from a wound, by tapping my subliminal mind. In the midst of my delight, however, little Sam Podkin arrived, in charge of his mother and the school nurse. His mother had him by the hand—an undersized, pale little woman, whose cheaply clad body was a mere soft bundle, the body of the tenement drudge and child bearer. Her fear was palpable; she did not know what they were going to do with her boy.

As for Sam—well, the stenographer stopped at her machine and turned and looked at him until she almost wept. He was a thin, whitish waif, patient and mild, but with his eyeballs never still. He tilted his head upward, and stepped as if with an invisible stick, the eyes darting and rolling whitely with incredible swiftness. I could not help thinking of the eyes of a rat.

"Yes," said the nurse to me, "just like a rat. But he's the dearest little fellow. . . . Sam!"

He turned toward her, smiling very sweetly, and she put her arms about him.

"Is he stone blind?" I asked.

"Not exactly," she replied. "He sort of sees black shadows—he lives really in a mist, a blackish mist, and when it grows blacker he knows something is in the way; but he can't even see that much without tilting his head and rolling his eyes all around."

"But how in the world could he go to school?"

"How? Oh, when children see him in the street they rush up to him and take him by the hand. Everyone tries to help him."

"So he doesn't know what anything in the world looks like?"

"Well," she answered, "he knows in a way—by touch, faces, flowers, toys. But it's pitiful. Once a parade of soldiers went by, and, just like the other children, he rushed to the window; and there he stood, excited, rolling his eyes and hearing the [illegible] Others. Nothing's wrong in [illegible] blind child. Nothing's hurting [illegible] the whole, it's too dangerous [illegible]

I sat the eighth boy on my [illegible]

"Sam," I said, "how much [illegible]

"Too much," he said in a [illegible] His complaisant timidity was [illegible] little flicker of life [illegible] way uncharted and unknown, a new [illegible] life. I began to have a respect for my eyes that made my self-satisfaction [illegible] "For to behold the world so wide!" What else is there that [illegible] much joy in it?

Henley came in then.

"So this is little Sam!" he said in a rich, sympathetic voice. And he seized the boy by both arms and lifted him. "Come on," he exclaimed, and we followed him into the office.

"Now, Sam," he went on, "you're not going to be afraid of me, are you? You're going to let me try to help you? You're going to do whatever I say?"

"Yes," whispered Sam.

SO HE sat the waif on a chair in a corner of the room; and the nurse pulled down the shades until the large office was in a soft twilight. The three assistants, attracted by the unusual qualities in the case, had entered also, and we all stood around in silence. All at once the moment acquired strange and deep significance; something thrilled us all; and we stood tense and expectant, hopeful in spite of our common sense. Henley pressed a brass plate on the floor, and an electric bulb above Sam's head lit up. Then Henley, seated opposite Sam, placed the little retinoscope to his eye, and the mirror caught the ray of light and doubled it back into the right eye of the boy. I was standing behind Henley, and I saw the whole interior of the eye glowing red.

"What's that?" I asked.

"The blood vessels in back of the eye," he murmured. His whole soul seemed to concentrate and pour itself through the hole of the retinoscope. "Well," he muttered, in an odd voice, "he hasn't any iris; it's all pupil. See? Instead of round, it's big and loaf-shaped, just as big as the iris ought to be. . . . Let's see, let's see!"

The room was utterly still; we heard a taxicab throbbing out at the curb; we heard a Broadway trolley car going dully by; and I began to understand that this business of glassing human eyes had an element of terrific adventure in it. Dimly I began to understand Henley's mystery. For myself, my heart tortured me with suspense; my breath came painfully; and I prayed for miracles. Besides, the mother, somewhere back in the darkness, was breathing hoarsely like an animal. The twilight oppressed me, relieved as it was by a few teasing sunbeams in the far part of the room, in whose light I beheld a pot of ferns on a pedestal, a bit of the polished hardwood floor, and the back of a chair.

"I'm not hurting you?" asked Henley.

"No," whispered Sam.

Henley now held a lens with one hand and passed the reflected light from the retinoscope through it, up and down.

"Why that?" I asked.

"The shadow test," he replied. "I watch the shadow inside the eyeball. If it goes up when the ray goes down, the eye needs a convex lens; if it follows the ray down, then a concave. So I'll keep trying lenses until the shadow stands still."

MY LAY mind balked; but I could now [illegible] process. Lens after lens he tried and put aside, it looked as if he must exhaust his whole box[illegible] We became restive, and the air seemed full of pain. The mother was almost panting with suspense and fright.

Then suddenly Henley cried: "There!" I stooped over his shoulder. "Do you see?" he asked me. "No matter how I jiggle the light, the shadow stands still. Do you see?"

I didn't, of course, but I was impatient. "Yes," I murmured.

He put the retinoscope away.

"You can pull up the shades. Miss [illegible]

All at once, the sound stabbing to the very center of our hearts, Sam began laughing. "Oh, the flowers!" he shouted in a loud voice, "the lovely flowers!"

"Come on, Neddie," urged the big sailor, and towed him another length across the sanded floor

The Cruise of the Waterloo

By JAMES B. CONNOLLY

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY E COWIN

A BIG man towing a little man burst through the swinging doors of Heinie Weiner's café and restaurant on Atlantic Avenue. The big man rolled as he walked and wore the widest extant model of bell-bottomed trousers.

The little man was wearing one of those blue cloth, black-visored caps which every steamboat man of the Boston water front hurries up to North Street to buy one minute after he receives his certificate, and never takes off except to lie down and die. This little man wasn't lying down and dying, even though the big man could throw him here and there as if it were the end of a rope he held.

"Come on, Neddie," urged the big sailor, and towed him another length across the sanded floor.

"No, no, Alec." He seemed a firm-minded, even though a reluctant little man.

"Yes, yes, Neddie." By this time the sailor had warped him into the brass rail. "Now what'll it be?"

"Nothing, Alec, not a thing."

"Quit your foolin', Neddie, an' name your bilge water."

"Not a thing, Alec."

"But you don't mean that, Neddie, an' we not seein' each other for two year?"

"But I do, Alec. I ain't touched it for a year 'n' a half."

"God save us, Neddie, how come it?"

AND Neddie began to tell, and we over at the round table just naturally sat back and listened.

"You remember, Alec, how just before you left for the East the old man gives me the *Buzzard* an' with it a fine lecture about takin' any liquor on duty?"

"Huh, an' that's how it come about?"

"It was not. But there was a bark into New York, the old man said- after he'd done lecturin'—from the West Injies with a load of sugar, an' she'd discharged her cargo an' discharged her crew, an' I was to take the *Buzzard* over an' tow her 'round to Boston. An' with me he sends a passenger who, he says, is a nephew of his wife, a young fellow who might be anything by the looks 'f him. I didn't ask the young fellow what he was, nor comment in any way invijjus, Alec, when he happened to hear me, only I did say: 'What d'y's'pose drives a man aboard one 'f these little tugboats with their no accommerdations?'

"'Oh, that's all right,' he says. 'I guess a little roughin' it won't kill me. An' who knows, mebbe somethin' 'll turn up,' an' he takes a book an' lays out atop o' the house, an' when he ain't readin' he's gazin' up at the sky. 'Twas warm, fine weather goin' over.

"All right. We get into New York, an' over on the Brooklyn side we make fast to our sugar bark—*Waterloo's* her name. Our passenger gets curious right away. 'With lots of these ships been down to the West Indies, Cap,' he says to me, 'it's not uncommon for 'em to come back with a few casks of liquor somewhere aboard. If she's from the south side of Cooba, from Santiago, same's this one,' he says, 'it's more'n apt to be rum. An' prime rum, I betcher, Cap.'"

THE big sailor straightened up and laid his arm on the little man's arm. "He's right about that Santiago rum, Neddie. An' wrapped 'round in that basket stuff, though what that's for I don't know, for no seagoin' man ever I knew handles good rum careless."

"Nor me, Alec. But all right. The passenger goes aboard the *Waterloo*—she's tied up to the dock. Then he steps ashore. The next thing I knew he was back on the *Waterloo*. By'n'by he comes aboard the tug with one big and two little jugs, wi' that same basket stuff you speak of, Alec, wrapped 'round 'em.

"'What's them?' I says.

"'Rum,' he says. 'One demijohn an' two johns o' rum.'

"'I've heard o' demijohns before,' I says, 'but what's a john?'

"'A john,' says he, 'is a young demijohn. And look, Cap,' pointin' to the labels—'Fernando Domeego—his trademark—two sailors with crossed cutlasses. Prime stuff, worth two dollars a quart here and duty.'

"'A mystery,' I says, 'how that came to be left aboard her.'

"'You're right, a mystery,' he says. 'A mystery of the sea, Cap. I found them under the fo'c's'le run. The man hid them there must've been washed overboard.'

"'But there was no man washed overboard off her,' I says—'I've read her log.'

"'Go 'way—there must've been,' he says. 'How else can you account for it? You can't,' an' he left me to tell our engineer about it, takin' one 'f the johns with him.

"All right. The next thing our engineer reports somethin' wrong in the *Buzzard's* boiler room. That was after I went down to see why he didn't get steam up. I don't know what he said was wrong—I never tried for any steam engineer's ticket—but somethin' or other with her condensers or the fusible plugs or—"

At this point the sailor interrupted to inquire: "Was that injineer the same 200-pound loafer used to be on her afore I left for the East?"

"The same."

"Huh. I always had *my* opinion o' *him*. Go ahead."

"Well, he said he'd fix it up. But he warn't ready next mornin', but the old man telephonin' over the long-distance to know why we hadn't gone, I makes ready to put out anyway, lookin' 'round first for two men to take the wheel o' the *Waterloo* to Boston. The passenger, who heard me say what I was after, says right away: 'Say, Cap, I'll be one o' the two to take the wheel o' that sugar bark,' an' goes with me to the shippin' office.

"'What d'y'know about steerin' a ship?' says the shippin' master to him.

"'Why, you put the wheel this way to go that way, an' that way to go this way,' he answers.

"'And what wages do you want?'

"'Oh, any old wages,' says he, 'but I want to be set down as quartermaster.'

"'Sign here,' says the shippin' master, 'an' you can call yourself a rear admiral if you want to.'

"'No,' says the passenger, 'I been playin' pinochle up to the club with two retired rear admirals all spring, an' I don't want to be a rear admiral. Too much rank kills 'riginality. But quartermaster now—that sounds more like a man was doin' something.'

"'Quartermaster it is,' says the shippin' master. 'And here's your watchmate,' an' he points through the door to a knobby-nosed old fellow, with what looked like periwinkles growin' on the rest of his face, having a nap on a bench in the outside office. We took the old fellow an' went down aboard the bark.

"BUT before we put out, Alec, I want to say th't that rum wasn't like any rum you ever get in a place like this o' Heinie's here. I had no notion 'f takin' any, but I got a good whiff of it off the engineer, an' though I hadn't a drink in four months, it was a cold, wet day an' we soakin' when we come aboard from the shippin' office. It did taste good, an' when the chief repeats the passenger's stuff about it bein' made by the celebrated Fernando Domegoo o' Santiago de Cooba, an' shows me the two sailors with the cutlasses, an' how it was worth two dollars a quart an' dooty added on to this end, I had another one, an' it sure began to taste nourishin'.

"Anyway, after the old man'd given us the divvle for not puttin' out over the telephone again, we put out,

an' spite o' the rain it looked like a fine passage before us. The passenger put one o' the little johns aboard the *Waterloo*. I asked him what for. He told me it was for his shipmate an' fellow quartermaster, who'd heard 'bout the rum, an' said if a little tug like the *Buzzard* rated one big an' two little johns, then a big ship like the *Waterloo* cert'nly oughter rate somethin' han'some. 'And that sounds like good logic to me,' says the passenger.

"'Well, seein' as you discovered the rum, all right,' I says, an' told the chief later, when he missed one o' the little johns, that the cook took it, an' told the cook, when he asked, that the chief took it. The two of 'em wasn't speakin' at the time, so that was all right, only the cook didn't bother his galley nor the chief his engine room after that. Chasin' each other 'round the deck like they was, each expectin' to ketch the other unawares with the missin' little john, they didn't have time for anythin' else.

"An' mebbe that's where I made the mistake, Alec, allowin' of any rum aboard the bark—not on account o' the passenger, who, I saw, didn't drink, but that souse o' an old shipmate o' his."

"WHO was he, the old chap, Neddie?"

"Lord, Alec, I dunno. The second day out o' New York the *Waterloo* went adrift an' I never saw him again."

"You don't mean they was lost, Neddie?"

"Lemme tell you. An' have a beer on me, Alec. I'll have the same. No, I mean the same's I had—sarsaparilla. I mean it—sure. You'll see before I'm through. Well, it began to blow. An' it kep' blowin', an' the sea riz till the horizon was about the third story in the sky. We could do nine mile an hour in the *Buzzard* when she was foot-loose, mebbe six with the *Waterloo*. In smooth water, o' course. Now we were doin' mebbe three, an' to three mile we held till the wind hauled to the West an' caught the bark's fores'l an' spanker, which'd been set to steady her—a notion o' the passenger's. 'Besides,' as he said, 'what's a sailin' ship without some canvas spread?' So with the wind behind her she began to go faster'n we could. An' when your tow comes bowlin' up alongside o' you an' she mebbe a bark o' 1,500 tons an' you less than 100— An' there she was tearin' up alongside of us—oh, a hundred times before we breasted Montauk. An' I'd look at her outer the pilot house winder an' say: 'All you got to do, you big brute, is roll over in the right spot just once an' it's good night to the *Buzzard* an' all aboard her.'"

"How many'd you have on the *Buzzard*, Neddie?"

"Besides myself, there was the engineer an' two firemen an' the cook an' the deckhand an' the mess boy."

"The mess boy, I s'pose he was sober, Neddie?"

"Now, now, Alec, all of us was sober. A few drinks in I had, yes, but all sober excep' the engineer. The cook was feelin' gay, but he was all right too—everythin' lovely till the engineer whistles up to the pilot house in the middle of it an' says he's afraid his condenser'd gone bad again. An' comes up himself to explain in detail, takes a look at the clock an'—'Say, Cap, ten minutes past five! Time for another drink, ain't it?' an' takes two, an' has another look at the bark, which was rollin' toward us somethin' alarmin', with the passenger steerin' her an' his watchmate a-roarin' out:

"'An' be ye prince or pirate, or merchantman be ye,
A-sailin' down the coast of the High Barbaree!'

Then he spies me, the old fellow. 'Hang to her, old top!' he yells across to me—me in the pilot house o' the *Buzzard* tryin' to keep out o' his way. 'Aye, hang to it. Cap!' yells the passenger—'you're doin' hero's work!'

"The engineer hears it, too. 'Heroes, eh?' he says, an' suddenly: 'That for bein' heroes!' an' takes an ax an' cuts her adrift."

"He did, Neddie! An' you let him? I'd like to see him try that on me, Neddie."

"So would I, Alec, if I had your horsepower, but not if you weighed in at a hundred an' twenty-five an' you was sober an' busy an' him two hundred an' drunk, but not too drunk."

"You wasn't by any chance drunk yourself, Neddie?"

"NO, no, Alec. I had maybe three or four aboard o' me 'most any time that day, but— But I can't be explainin' all the time to you!—even if we ain't met for two years. Listen. No, I won't take another sarsaparilla. Away goes the *Waterloo* when the chief cuts her adrift—away like a gull atop o' the high seas, she bein' light in ballast, an' the quartermaster with the knobby nose standin' up by the quarter rail an' roarin':

"'Oh, we shot away their spritsail an' we shot away their fore,
An' fore an' aft we raked 'em an' then away we bore.
Oh, quarter, quarter!' cried they—'

an' wavin' the little john as he roared.

"Well, I had to let the *Waterloo* go. I couldn't help her. I tried, but there was too much sea on, an' by'n'by we lost her in the dark.

"All right. A Thursday that was, an' we got the *Buzzard* into Boston of a Sunday mornin'. An' walkin' up the dock to take a car for home, I still felt kind o' dreamy, 'cause Friday an' most o' Saturday was a kind o' a blank. On the dock, lookin' around at the air, I finds a newspaper an' reads where sleepin' people was uneasy 'bout the tug *Buzzard* an' her tow, the sugar bark *Waterloo*. I look at the date o' the paper. It's a day old. On the trolley car I buy a Sunday mornin' paper, an' the first thing I see is a picture o' myself an' the *Buzzard* an' the bark, an' in letters as long as my forefinger:

"'Loss of the Tugboat Buzzard with All Hands!'

Now who in the divvle put that in the paper? thinks I, an' read further to find out, an' if it wasn't put in by the knobby nosed old fellow on the bark!"

"Huh!"

"Yes, Alec, sure's I'm here. An' that makes me feel better—they wasn't lost anyway. I read further, an' here's what'd happened to her. She'd gone ashore early on the mornin' after we'd cut her adrift. Friday mornin', yes. Stern foremost she came toward the place o' that millionaire—mebbe you've heard o' him? Well, you would, Alec, if you was a shore-goin' man—the chap who has the Dutch landscape place on the south shore, the place with the windmills all over it an' the ground all cut into canals, the canals with beds o' tulips along the banks an' runnin' into the ocean. An' he keeps a keeper o' the canal locks, an' that same keeper, happenin' to be up early that Friday mornin', what does he see but a big ship comin' toward him stern first! An' seein' her comin' an' the man at her wheel—the passenger it was—yellin' out: 'Open up, open up, or we'll be wrecked!' he opens up the canal gate, an' in she comes stern first, the passenger steerin' her. There was a picture of him, a Dutch chap not long out o' Holland, with wide-beamed trousers, wooden shoes, an' a velvet cap, an' smokin' a pipe."

"See here, Neddie. The sailor pulled the steamboat [illegible] old friend. "Was [illegible] mornin'?"

"No' all of it, Alec, [illegible] then, an' when the bark pulls [illegible] vites him aboard, [illegible] gives him a couple o' looks from the little [illegible] the canal keeper he waved aboard for a while. [illegible] the bark she stays right where she is, o' course, the [illegible] wake up an' look out, they are [illegible] under one o' their gable windows at the [illegible] *Waterloo*, New York.' An' then [illegible] canal keeper an' an old sailor with a jewel [illegible] nose atop o' the cabin. An' [illegible] han'some young fellow cuttin' [illegible] rail. It was the millionaire's daughter [illegible]. 'Well, I declare!' she says, an' steps out on the [illegible]

"THE passenger hears her, an' 'Good mornin'!' he says most polite, an' drops off the rail an' runs to the piazzer an' presents her with a bouquet o' tulips. An' she looks at him an' then at the tulips an' then at the bark, an' begins to laugh. 'But how did you get here?' she asks, an' he takes an easy chair an' tells her of a terrific storm at sea an' how the hawser parted an' they went adrift on seas twice higher'n the gable of the very house which was now shelterin' of 'em both. An' he told of the tug driftin' off helpless before the giant waves. By this time the other quartermaster was woke up an' he came down an' told his story. He saw the tug sink with all hands, before his very eyes, while he himself was tryin' to throw her a line from the end o' the flyin' jibboom!

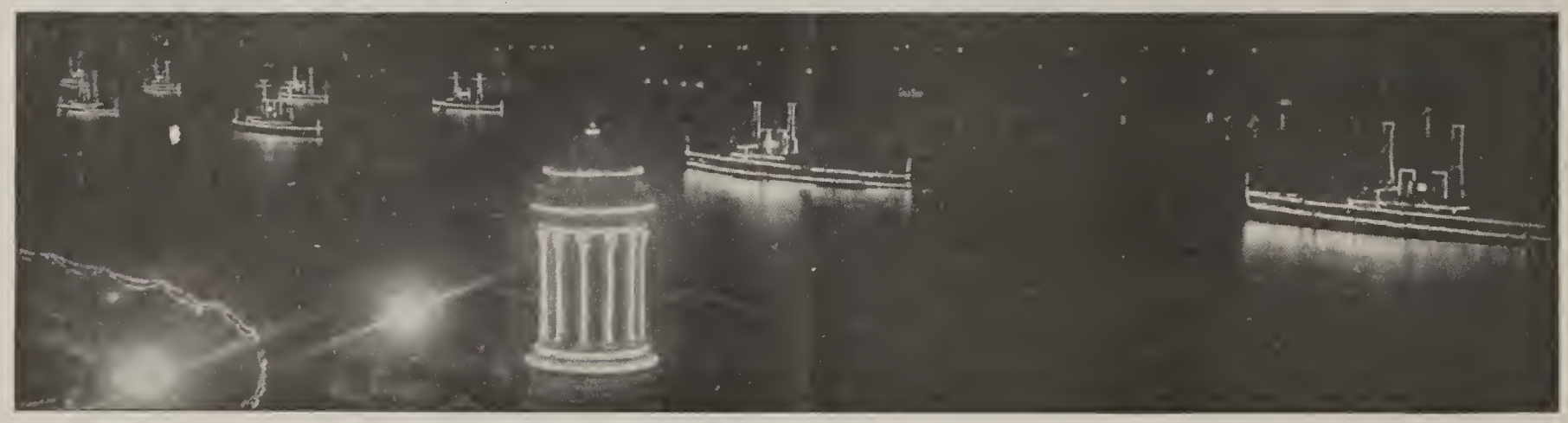
"Heroes they were. She brought out her father, the

Concluded on page 13

"'Heroes, eh?' he says, an' suddenly 'That for bein' heroes!' an' takes an ax and cuts her adrift"

The Superdreadnought Arkansas Passing the Mayflower and Saluting President Taft

It was under bright skies and in a crisp quarter gale that the biggest fleet the United States ever assembled swept down the North River, and out through the lower bay to sea on Tuesday, October 15. It was noon when the flagship Connecticut passed the Mayflower, and two hours later, after a continuous roar of guns, that the little Severn swam past, scarcely more than a narrow raft on the surface of the harbor. The Arkansas, seen here, is a sister ship of the Wyoming—superdreadnoughts both, of 26,000 tons. Behind these monsters, in a measured, perfect column, came the other dreadnoughts, then battleships, cruisers, destroyers, torpedo boats, and supply ships



The Illumination of the Battle Fleet on the Hudson

One of the pictures outlined the bravest before the eyes of an admiring concourse of landsfolk during the October Fleet Week was that of the illuminated battleships on the three nights preceding the departure. The lights softened the giants of war, for the guns were back in the shadows, while the fighting masts became gay decorations. In the foreground of the photograph is the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument, also illuminated

Mrs. Longworth (to the right) and Mrs. M. McCormick

Reporters of the Chicago daily newspapers receiving and copying at the Hospital the bulletins issued to the public by the doctors

Jane Addams leaving the hospital after a morning visit

Scenes at Mercy Hospital During the Convalescence of Colonel Roosevelt

An Actual Water Test of the Strength of the Imperator's Bulkheads

The Imperator, which when completed will be the largest ship in the world, was flooded in a number of its compartments recently to test the strength of its bulkheads. The bulkheads withstood the pressure successfully. The water was then pumped out, the largest fire engine in Europe being used for the purpose. This photograph shows the Imperator as she appears with the great fire engine being lifted to her deck. The engine seems to be about the size of a watch charm in comparison with the bulk of the liner. The Imperator measures 919 feet in length and 98 feet in beam and is of 50,000 tons burden. She will make her first trip next spring

The Mikado's Funeral Procession

This glimpse of those who followed the body of the late Emperor of Japan to the place of interment shows Shinto musicians wearing the rain hats of ancient time

The Last Honors to General Nogi

The funeral of General Nogi, who killed himself the glory of the Emperor of Japan, was held Sep ber 18. The body is being borne upon a gun car.

The Turkish General Staff and a Bulgarian Battery

The foemen in the Balkans have drawn upon themselves the attention of the world. Once more Moslem and Christian fight for the possession of a corner of Europe—Turk against Greek, Montenegrin, Servian, and Bulgarian. The photograph at the left is that of members of the Turkish general staff reviewing a regiment. A battery of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria's hardy artillerymen is pictured at the right

The Food Fair at New Haven

Another Chapter in the Movement to Encourage the Honest Manufacturer

By LEWIS B. ALLYN

"I NEVER knew before," said an interested visitor at the New Haven Exposition, "that there was any difference between legal and pure food, but w I see there may be a great difference."

his housewife had learned a fact that should be wn to every consumer in the land—that legal foods not necessarily pure foods. It is more than likely he citizens of New Haven will appreciate this basic e of the pure-food campaign when they consider l their numerous local food manufacturers, bakers and producers of dairy products, uld measure up to the standard set by the Yet their food products were strictly of them could have been prosecuted or Federal law, however much he

anufacturers of flavoring extracts, nted. One reason lay in the fact act itself would not bear careful d which it represented was not examples:

bought in the open market bore nd, Diluted Extract of Lemon, ufactured by William J. Fuller aven, Conn." Chemical analysis of lemon in this *diluted* extract

whose extracts were of good user of benzoate of sodium in oducts.

were debarred because their of sodium or alum or both.

OF THE LAW"

anufacturer, when negotiat- e, declared that his candy isting pure-food laws. The the "needle's eye" of the l must enter, proved too oduct.

oxie and Welch's Grape the most exacting tests, ented. A score or more nfall to the now illegal um, soap bark, mineral

s the motto of the expo- can lead. One purpose leaders were.

oasis in the desert of adul- uld procure foods of un- . Here the careful pur- e foods were the least et. One concern (Sperry, re pork sausage, free from y enough added water to . In a near-by local market for two-thirds the price of fair. Yet these latter kinds, nt of added cracker crumbs st the consumer 40 per cent Barnes product.

nomic question, "What shall a dollar and a half a day get for t Importing Company of Boston, e of teas, coffees, spices, extracts, gh quality at greatly reduced prices. e company's price list, one feels that living is a myth. Some firms have said elves could not put out articles up to t at the competitive prices, and so have the quality and reducing the contents ntil there is little left but the price. Importing Company apparently has price and quality in a well-balanced makes no house-to-house delivery hows the advantage of the con- pping with a basket.

The Citizens' Wholesale Supply Company of Columbus, Ohio, showed the public at the exposition that a full line of general groceries can be kept free from legalized contamination and at the same time be sold at reasonable prices.

PURITY NEED NOT MEAN HIGHER PRICES

THE food fair proved conclusively that purity and grade are not necessarily accompanied by that disagreeable companion, high prices. It was also shown that whatever of good there may remain in our emasculated Food and Drugs Act, the real protection of the consumer lies with the honest manufacturer, the man who packs principle with his peas. "Let the Label Tell" is a good slogan. "Let the Label Tell the Truth" is a better one. In the display of adulterated and misbranded food products was a box of Orangeade Sugar, whose label bore this interesting misinformation: "A compound of pure, refined sugar, colored, acidulated, and flavored with the purest and best orange product." Chemical analysis showed it to be a mixture of sugar, organic acids, and coal-tar dye, without a trace of any known "orange product." Yet this lying label bore the phrase which has misled many a careful housewife: "Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act."

A bottle of a compound labeled "Genuine Lemon Extract" was exhibited in the display of the New Haven Experiment Station. On the reverse side of the bottle was a "sticker," to the effect that "this extract will show by analysis practically no oil of lemon." This display also showed several samples of so-called diabetic flour, which proved to be ordinary flour with the price increased several hundred per cent.

There was the customary array of articles whose purity was misstated in boldface type and whose impurity was told of in letters of microscopic type. It is a time-worn dodge of the food juggler to lie in large letters and to tell the truth in small ones.

The struggle in Connecticut for pure foods is being conducted by the State Agricultural Experiment Station in New Haven under the direction of Chemist John P. Street in a manner to command universal commendation. After an examination of the exhibit of adulterated and misbranded food products collected in the State, one may turn with a sigh of relief to booth after booth of clean products of quality.

Never before in the history of food production have there been so many different lines of products of unquestioned quality, so many different firms who refuse absolutely to use any of the legalized drugs and colors. These firms appreciate that to win they must not put out a line that is "almost" pure. The paying days of the "near" pure food line are past. As illustrative of this may be cited the case of a firm now prominent in the ranks of fighters for quality, purity, and weight. At an exposition featured in this magazine several of the products of this company were prominently displayed among misbranded, adulterated, and short-weight articles. They were bad in every sense of the word. The lecturer took occasion to draw attention to them and made several pertinent comments as the case deserved.

One afternoon a manager of the firm stood in the crowd and listened to the public exposure of his goods. He was overcome with surprise and chagrin. Instantly an inspiration came to him. "Here is where we get off," he said. "From this time on our goods shall be second to none in point of purity, quality, or weight." Orders were immediately issued from the central office, a general housecleaning was instituted, and to-day the advocate of the pure-food movement can find no point of adverse criticism of the products.

AMONG THE EXHIBITORS

PROMINENT among the exhibiting firms not already mentioned in this article one should note the following:

The H. J. Heinz Co., whose 57 varieties embody all that is to be desired in a food crusade.

Tryphosa (E. C. Rich, New York City)—Dessert preparations, with true fruit flavors and freedom from preservatives and coal-tar dye.

The Fairlea Farm (Orange, Conn.)—Pure milk.

The New Haven Dairy Co.—Genuine ice cream, in borax-free cones, and a general line of dairy products.

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes.

Malt Breakfast Food (Malt Cereal Co., Burlington, Vt.).

Trix—A compound grain product (New England Cereal Co., South Norwalk, Conn.).

Washburn-Crosby Co.—Gold Medal Flour.

The Rumford Baking Powder Co., which gave practical demonstrations of the effectiveness and leavening power of their phosphate powder.

The Baker Extract Company of Springfield, Mass., which, aside from the regular line of standard extracts, lemon, vanilla, etc., showed products which only a short time ago were commercially impossible—extracts of raspberry, strawberry, peach, and pineapple.

Mapleine (Crescent Manufacturing Co., Seattle, Wash.)—Flavoring compounds.

Nosco Onion Salt—Manufactured by the National Onion Salt Co. of Chicago.

Peter's Milk Chocolate (Peter & Kohler's Sons, Fulton, N. Y.)—Chocolate preparations.

The exposition was a part of the great forward movement along pure-food lines that is sweeping this country from coast to coast. It is safe to predict that the time is almost here when the food doper will be relegated to the unsavory place already occupied by the patent-medicine faker.

Question

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

"A VOICE spake out of the skies
To a just man and a wise—
'The world and all within it
Will only last a minute!'
And a beggar began to cry,
'Food, food, or I die!'
Is it worth his while to eat,
Or mine to give him meat,
If the world and all within it
Were nothing the next minute?"

Answer

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN

If the world and all within it
Could only last a minute,
A voice from beyond the sky
To the good and wise would cry:
"Let the last minute shine
With the light of a grace divine;
Let the hungry see thee stand
With a loaf in the helping hand;
So the world and its works shall end
With the benison of a friend."

Preparing French Fried Potatoes with Crisco in a Large Hotel

Hospital Class in Dietetics Cooking with Crisco

Cake Making with Crisco in a High School Domestic Science Class

Scientific Cooks use

CRISCO

For Frying - For Shortening
For Cake Making

To you, the housewife, their approval of Crisco means this:

Crisco *must* make fried foods crisp and delicious, pastry tenderer, cake richer and finer; or hotel chefs would not use it.

Crisco *must* make all foods more wholesome, more tempting, and easier to digest; otherwise, hospital dietitians would continue to use lard and butter.

Crisco *must* be absolutely dependable for all kinds of cooking; else domestic science teachers would not use it in their classes.

In a word, Crisco has been tested for you by the most expert cooks in the country—the people with whom cooking is a science and a business. They have found that Crisco *is* pure, wholesome, rich, delicate, uniform. Their continued use of Crisco, in preference to lard and butter, proves it.

You, therefore, are not buying an untried product when you purchase Crisco, but one which you know you can depend upon to improve your fried dishes, pies, puddings and cakes from every standpoint.

Get a package from your grocer. Crisco costs less per pound than pure lard and only half as much as butter.

This Cook Book of
100 Tested Recipes Free

It shows the best way to use Crisco and tells the many distinctive features about Crisco which have been proven by careful tests and which make it the most economical and satisfactory cooking product for you. Send for a copy to The Procter & Gamble Co., Dept. 3, Cincinnati, O.

Crisco has been tested and approved by the Board of Health of Westfield, Massachusetts, "The Pure Food Town." You will find it listed in "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Heinz Baked Beans

The Name "Heinz" and the Word "Baked" On the Label Are Double Proof of Real Quality and Real Baking.

THE United States Government forbids the use of the word "Baked" on the label of beans that are not baked.

But the word "Baked" is never omitted from a tin of Heinz Beans.

It's oven-baking that develops the full, rich flavor of *Baked* Beans. It is oven-baking that drives out the excess moisture and *concentrates* the nutriment.

Heinz *Baked* Beans are baked, like pies and biscuits, under direct heat.

That's why they offer such perfect flavor, so much more satisfaction than beans that are simply boiled or steamed, as are most of the brands sold in tins.

Slices of choicest pork and rich tomato sauce give added snap and savor to Heinz Baked Beans. There are four kinds to meet every taste:

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
Heinz Baked Pork and Beans without Tomato Sauce (Boston Style)
Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Pork (Vegetarian)
Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

Other delicious Heinz Food Products are **Heinz Preserves, Jellies, Tomato Ketchup, Tomato Soup, Peanut Butter, Spaghetti, Pure Vinegars, etc.**

H. J. Heinz Co.—57 Varieties

One of 20 Ways to Serve

Shefford Snappy Rarebit
Melt one heaping teaspoon butter; one teaspoon salt, mustard, paprika mixed; 3 Shefford Snappy Cheeses; when melted add ½ cup of milk or ale, stir until smooth; serve on crackers for 6 people.
The best cheese with Pie, Crackers or Salads

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Savo Air Moistener
Fill with water and hang on back of any Radiator
Prevents air dryness. Makes it fit for the lungs. No doctor bills. Saves furniture shrinking, piano warping, wall paper cracking. Money refunded if not satisfactory after 30 days free trial. Order now, or write for free Booklet.
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Flour for cases of KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES
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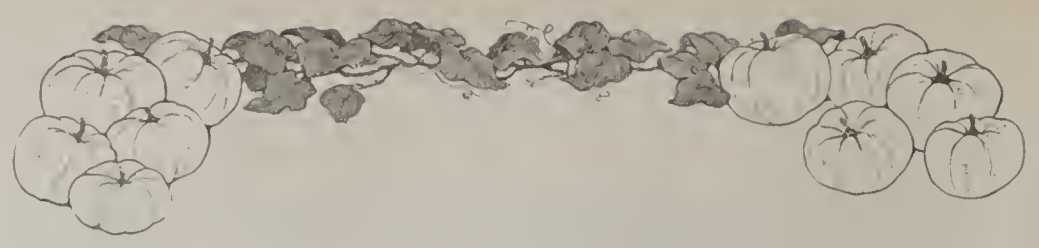


The Harvest Time

By

ARTHUR KENDRICK WRIGHT

THEY'RE *bringin' in the pumpkins,*
And stackin' up the corn;
And Jack Frost, he's been pest'rin'
'round
As sure as you are born.

That second batch o' turkey chicks
The old hen turkey thar
Hatched out last Spring is all growed
up.
I swan it's mighty quar.

The Summer lasts so short a spell;
Don't seem no time at all
Since Spring was here. And now,
b'gosh,
It's mighty nigh to Fall.

The hay this year was putty fair,
And likewise was the oats.
And I dunno's I ever raised
A likelier bunch o' shotes.

And still, somehow or other,
I'm feelin' sorter blue.
I don't know why, but 'bout this time
O' year I allus do.

For when the harvest's gathered up
It sorter comes to you
That whilst all this was doin'
Father Time's been busy, too.

And, unbeknownst, he's gathered up
One more out of the few
Short years that stretch between
The Final Harvest Day and you.

Why People are Eating More Dates

Dates have been a favorite fruit for generations, but the methods of packing and selling them have been unclean and uninviting. With the introduction of Dromedary Golden Dates, people discovered that they could get dates that had little in common with the hard, dry, shrivelled-up variety they had been accustomed to buy in bulk from a large wooden box. So they are eating more dates—and eating them oftener.

Moreover, science has proved that as a food Dromedary Dates are more nourishing than wheat bread—and just as easily digested. Eaten right from the package they are a natural sweet. Young and old delight in them, and may safely eat all they want. Let the children have them instead of candy.

Dromedary Dates

From the Garden of Eden

are daintily packed in layers separated by waxed paper, wrapped in parchment and enclosed in dustproof individual packages.

The finest date gardens in existence are located along the banks of the Euphrates River in Arabia. Here Nature has combined just the right climate, soil, moisture and sun-heat to produce the finest fruit. From the many million pounds of dates our employees gather annually in these famous gardens, the choicest are selected for the Dromedary package. They are soft, luscious, a tempting golden brown, and come to you in all their original richness and cleanliness. The unique possibilities in Dromedary Dates for making delicious and healthful muffins, waffles, buns, bread, etc., not to mention the score of fine desserts, are fully covered in our

A new Dromedary product is this superior grade of cocoanut. Its new package keeps it fresh and full flavored.

Book of 100 Prize Recipes Sent FREE if Dealer's Name Accompanies Your Request

Most grocery and fruit stores sell Dromedary Dates. If you are unable to get them we will be glad to send you a **Sample-Size Package on Receipt of 10 Cents** to cover cost of packing and mailing. The better stores also sell

DROMEDARY Fresh-Keeping COCOANUT

a new kind of cocoanut possessing a flavor superior to all other articles of its kind because of our special process of preparation. Its goodness is preserved to the last shred by a new package that keeps it *continuously fresh*. Housewives should ask for free sample, sending dealer's name. Ask dealers for Dromedary Figs—packed in convenient tin boxes, lined with waxed paper, bringing that luscious fruit to you fresh and *unusually* good.

THE HILLS BROS. CO., Dept. 11, Beach and Washington Sts., New York City

Dromedary Date Muffins

Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter with quarter cupful of sugar; add two well beaten eggs, then one cupful of milk, and two cupfuls of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder alternately; beat thoroughly and add pinch of salt and one cupful of Dromedary Dates cut fine. Bake in a quick oven.

No need to miss your coffee for fear of missing your train.

MADE IN A SECOND—Absolutely pure coffee *refined* like sugar—use it as you do sugar—½ to ¾ teaspoonful in a cup—pour on boiling water—add sugar and cream to suit. The flavor is *always* perfect—*you* control the strength.

G. Washington's INSTANT Coffee

MADE IN THE CUP AT THE TABLE

30c At grocers in 2 sizes **85c**

Except in extreme West and South

If your grocer hasn't it, send us his name and 30c and receive a full size tin.

A book telling how to prepare 24 delicious "New Desserts and Delicacies" mailed free upon request by post card.

G. WASHINGTON COFFEE SALES CO.
85 Wall St., New York

That little girl of yours—she'll soon be having her hair "done up", and too, she will be outgrowing her childish ways—and you haven't had her picture taken since she was in long dresses. You don't exactly want to keep her as she is—but you do want to keep the memory.

There's a photographer in your town.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Copyright 1905 by Underwood & Underwood

The Rough Rider

By BLISS CARMAN

Reprinted from Collier's for March 13, 1909. (Also published by Mitchell Kennerley with other poems of Bliss Carman)

WHERE lift the peaks of purple,
Where dip the dusty trails,
Where gleaming, teeming cities
Lie linked by shining rails,
By shadow-haunted camp-fire,
Beneath the great white dome,
In saddle and in council
Intrepid and at home,

Who is the hardy figure
Of virile fighting strain,
With valor and conviction
In heart, and hand, and brain?
Sprung from our old ideals
To serve our later needs,
He is the modern Roundhead,
The man who rides and reads.

No pomp of braid and feathers,
No flash of burnished gear,
He wears the plainsman's outfit
Sufficient and severe.
With no imperial chevron
Upon his khaki sleeve,
He thinks by no made doctrine,
He speaks by no man's leave.

The breed, and creed, and schooling
Of Harvard and the plains,
Six hundred years of fighting
For freedom in his veins,
Let no one think to wheedle,
To buy, coerce, nor cheat,
The man who loves the open,
The man who knows the street.

He rides not for vain glory,
He fights not for low gain,
But that the range of freedom
Unravaged shall remain.
As plain as Bible language
And open as the day,
He challenges injustice,
And bids corruption stay.

Take up, who will, the challenge;
Stand pat on graft and greed;
Grow sleek on others' labor,
Surfeit on others' need;
Let paid and bloodless tricksters
Devise a legal way
Our common right and justice
"To sell, deny, delay."

Not yesterday nor lightly
We came to know that breed;
Our quarrel with that cunning
Is old as Runnymede.
We saw enfranchised insult
Deploy in kingly line,
When broke our sullen fury
On Rupert of the Rhine

At Newbury and Worcester,
Edgehill and Marston Moor,
We got the stubborn courage
To dare and to endure.

From Ireton and Cromwell
We learned the sword and rein;
Free speech by truth made fearless,
From Hampden, Pym, and Vane.

A thousand years in peril,
By privilege oppressed,
With loss beyond requital,
Unflinching in our quest,
We sought and bought our freedom
And bore it oversea;
To keep it still unblighted,
We rode with Grant and Lee.

Now, masking raid and rapine
In debonair disguise,
The foe we thought defeated
Deludes our careless eyes,
Entrenched in law and largess
And the vested wrong of things,
Cloaking a fouler treason
Than any faithless king's.

He takes our life for wages,
He holds our land for rent,
He sweats our little children
To swell his cent per cent;
With secret grip and levy
On every crumb we eat,
He drives our sons to thieving,
Our daughters to the street.

He lightly sells his honor,
He boldly shames our pride,
And makes our cause a failure
For the nations to deride.
So crafty, yet so craven!
One whisper through the mart
Can send him to his coffers
With panic in his heart.

With no such feeble rancor
As envy moves to hate,
No ignorant detraction
Of goodly things and great,
But with the wrath unbridled
Of patriots betrayed,—
Of workers duped by brokers,
Of brothers unafraid,—

Against the grim defenses
Where might and murrain hide,
Unswerving to the issue
Loose-reined and rough we ride
Full tardily, to rescue
Our heritage from wrong,
And 'stablish it on manhood,
A thousand times more strong.

Comes now the fearless Message,
The leader, and the time
For every man to muster
For honor or for crime.
Who would not ride beside him
Into the toughest fight—
For freedom, the republic,
And everlasting right!

A Campaign for the Housewife and the Grocer

With a Word About Food Value, Food Purity and Prices

With the cost of living as high as it is now, it is more important than ever to get all you are entitled to; in buying food products, to consider the food value of what you buy, the energy it supplies, its nourishment, its purity; to be sure of quality in *all* goods and full net weight in the packages.

WE are using every means we know—magazines, street cars, billboards, newspapers—to tell you about two great pure food products made from corn—Kingsford's Corn Starch and Karo Corn Syrup—and their enormous increase in sales since people began to think about food purity and food values. And the third feature of this extensive campaign is the advertising and sales promotion of Kingsford's Oswego Gloss Starch, impressing housewives with the quality of this product and the superior results the laundress gets with it.

20,000,000 Housewives Read Karo and Kingsford's Advertising Every Month

It is computed that 20,000,000 women read the Kingsford's and Karo advertising and benefit by the hints and suggestions it gives on household topics and the advice and recipes for the preparation of dainty and delicious dishes. 20,000,000 means nearly all the progressive housewives of the land, and most every housekeeper will find a favorite journal among the publications Kingsford's and Karo use. This list includes:

The Ladies' Home Journal	McCall's
Butterick Trio	People's Home Journal
Woman's Home Companion	Woman's World
Housekeeper	St. Nicholas
Housewife	Collier's
Ladies' World	Leslie's Weekly
Pictorial Review	Christian Herald
Modern Priscilla	The Saturday Evening Post
Mothers' Magazine	

If by any chance you have missed this advertising, look it up at once. It will give you many interesting facts you ought to know.

Housewives Should Know What They Want and GET What They Order

We are doing this advertising because this is a time to emphasize purity and quality in what people are buying. We want to drive home the truth about Kingsford's and Karo, the integrity of these products, their value, their economy and their vast and deserved popularity, and the increasing call for them over every grocery counter in America. We want to strengthen the hand of the reliable grocer in every neighborhood, wholesaler or retailer, who sells Kingsford's and Karo, and who refuses to offer doubtful substitutes, short-weight packages or unknown labels.

We want you to notice your grocer's shelves and to see whether he sells you these standard packages with purity beyond question or some brand you do not know and never heard of before.

About the Only Foods That Haven't Gone Up in Price

Corn, that great American staple, has doubled in price the last dozen years. Yet on our two famous food products made from corn—Kingsford's Corn Starch and Karo Corn Syrup—we have kept down the price to you as low as ten years ago.

Karo is the great household syrup—the only syrup known and asked for by name all over the country. It is the syrup of known quality and purity—and highest food value. Karo is specially wholesome, nourishing and digestible—a delicious sweet and an economical and nutritious food. It is made from the hard, ripe kernels of Indian corn—by special process—in closed receptacles—untouched by human hands and packed in air tight tins.

Kingsford's is the Corn Starch universally used in America, and it is easy to understand why when you consider the moderate price of Kingsford's and the greater assurance of purity that goes with it. Kingsford's is backed by 64 years' reputation of careful manufacture under its exclusive processes that insure extreme delicacy of quality and absolute purity.

In fact, in these days when purity is the watchword in households everywhere, it is difficult to conceive why a progressive housewife would think of accepting any other corn starch than Kingsford's. Kingsford's cost no more than the ordinary corn starches that cannot give anything like the same results. Experienced housewives keep this fact in mind and refuse all substitutes said to be as good as Kingsford's even if in some instances they may be offered at less cost.

Considering purity and results, Kingsford's is really, by far, the most economical corn starch in the world today.

You Get FULL Net Weight with Purity in Every Kingsford's or Karo Package

In these days of short weights and short cuts of one kind and another, it is important to see that you get full weight. It is a common thing to find corn starch or syrup in short-weight packages. Kingsford's and Karo have always been full net weight, plainly marked on the label.

This fact together with their purity and quality has made their wide popularity. The housewife demands full weight and honest measure nowadays and she is looking more sharply than ever to the purity and quality of the goods she buys. She has learned that cut price package goods are too often of doubtful purity, questionable quality and short weight, and that they are anything but economical and never satisfactory.

Grocers, too, who want to keep their trade are learning this lesson—stick to standard package goods, full weight, high quality, one price, absolute purity. It is the one way to safeguard consumer and dealer alike.

DELICIOUS
APPETIZING
SATISFYING

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

A Tempting Relish

Keeps when opened

Produced from selected, ripe tomatoes, cooked lightly to retain the natural flavor, delicately seasoned with pure spices, and put up in sterilized bottles in kitchens noted for their cleanliness.

Contains only those ingredients Recognized and Endorsed by the United States Government.

When you order Soups, Jams, Jellies, Preserves, Meats, Canned Fruits and Vegetables, *insist* on our label. It insures a product as delicious and satisfying as Blue Label Ketchup.

Our booklet "Original Menus"—an aid to every housewife—gives many valuable suggestions for preparing dinners, and dainty luncheons. Your address on the name of your grocer on a postal (mentioning this magazine) will bring it.

CURTICE BROTHERS CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

The "Booze List"

Second Installment; First List Oct. 5; More to Follow — EDITOR COLLIER'S

Revised list of alcoholic medicinal preparations for the sale of which special tax is required

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE,

Washington, D. C., August 23, 1912.

To collectors of internal revenue, revenue agents, and others:

THE accompanying list of alcoholic medicinal preparations which have been examined by this office and held to be insufficiently medicated to render them unfit for use as a beverage is published for the information of all concerned:

(*That is to say, these are the patent medicines which, while masquerading as "medicinal," are really beverages.*—EDITOR.)

Blackberry—Karles Medicine Co., Aberdeen, S. Dak.
Blackberry Cordial—International Extract Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Blackberry Cordial—Irondequoit Wine Co., Rochester, N. Y.
Blackberry Cordial—Strother Drug Co., Lynchburg, Va.
Blackberry and Ginger Cordial—Standard Chemical Co., Fort Smith, Ark.
Black Tonic—Albert Niggemann, St. Louis, Mo.
Bonekamp Stomach Bitters—Geo. J. Fixmer, Springfield, Ill.
Bonekamp Bitters—J. S. Smith & Co., Burlington, Wis.
Botanic Bitters—F. E. Mayhew & Co., San Francisco, Cal.
Bradenberger's Colocynthis—Standard Chemical Co., Fort Smith, Ark.
Brod's Celery Pepsin Bitters—Jno. Brod Chemical Co., Chicago, Ill.
Brown's Utryme Tonic—A. E. & E. V. Brown Co., Mobile, Ala.
Brown's Aromatic Cordial Bitters—Chas. Leich & Co., sole agents, Evansville, Ind.
Brown's Vin Nerva Tonic—Brown Chemical Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Buckeye Bitters—Geo. Albert, Milwaukee, Wis.
Carpathian Bitters—L. J. Sulak Land Co., West, Tex.
Celery Bitters and Angostura—Frank J. Maus, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Celery Extract—The P. S. Abbey Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Clarke's Rock Candy Cordial—Colburn, Birks & Co., Peoria, Ill.
Clayton & Russell's Stomach Bitters—Adams & Co., New York City.
Clifford's Cherry Cure—Standard Chemical Co., Fort Smith, Ark.
Clifford's Peruvian Elixir—Standard Chemical Co., Fort Smith, Ark.
Cinchona Bitters—Morris & Dickson Co., Shreveport, La.
Crescent Star Jamaica Ginger—Gulf Manufacturing Co., New Orleans, La.
Coca Wine—American Drug Store, 1115 Canal Street, New Orleans, La.
Cocktail Bitters—Millburn & Co., Baltimore, Md.
Columbo Elixir—Columbo Elixir Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Columbo Peptic Bitters—L. E. Jung & Co., New Orleans, La.
Columbo Tonic Bitters—Iler & Co., Omaha, Neb.
Cooper's Nerve Tonic—Muller & Co., Baltimore, Md.
Colasaya—Zwart's Pharmacy Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Cordial Panna—The Cordial Panna Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
Crescent Tonic Bitters—Parker Blake Co., New Orleans, La.
Cross Bitter Wine—Eugene Parisek Co., Chicago, Ill.
Damana Gentian Bitters—Millburn & Co., Baltimore, Md.
Dandelion Bitters—Beggs Manufacturing Co., Chicago, Ill.
Dandy Bracer—Dandy Bracer Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
De Witt's Stomach Bitters—E. C. De Witt & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Didier's Bitters—J. A. Didier, Binghamton, N. Y.
Dr. Brown's Blackberry Cordial—Texas Drug Co., Dallas, Tex.
Dr. Brown's Tonic Bitters—Brown Chemical Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Dr. Bouvier's Buchu Gin—Dr. Bouvier's Specialty Co., Louisville, Ky.
Dr. Bergelt's Magen Bitters—Imported.
Dr. Fowler's Meat and Malt—Meat & Malt Co., Louisville, Ky.
Dr. Gray's Tonic Bitters—Central Botanical Co., Cherry Creek, N. Y.
Dr. Hortenbach Stomach Bitters—Dr. Hortenbach, Minneapolis, Minn.
Dr. Hopkins Union Stomach Bitters—F. S. Amidon, Hartford, Conn.
Dr. Hoffman's Golden Bitters—F. Traudt, St. Louis, Mo.
Dr. Rattinger's Bitters—Rattinger's Medical Co., Sappington, Mo.
Dr. Sterki's Ohio Bitters—Dr. V. Sterki & Co., New Philadelphia, Ohio.
Dr. Sherman's Peruvian Tonic and Systematizer—Des Moines Pharmacal Co., Des Moines, Iowa.
Dr. Worme's Gesundheit Bitters—J. D. Heimsoth, Chicago, Ill.
Dozier's Apple Bitters—Bitter Apple Bitters Co., Hattiesburg, Miss.
Drake's Plantation Bitters—P. H. Drake & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dubonnet Wine—Imported.
Dubonnet—Imported.
Ducro's Alimentary Elixir—Imported.
Duffy's Malt Whiskey—Duffy Malt Whiskey Co., Rochester, N. Y.
Elixir of Bitter Wine—Pleasant Tonic Bitters Co., Chicago, Ill.
Elixir of Bitter Wine—V. Bokr, Chicago, Ill.
Elixir Calisaya—Reid, Yeomans & Cubit, New York City.
Elixir Calisaya Bark—Upjohn Co., New York, N. Y.
Eucalyptus Cordial—Zwartz Pharmacy Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Eureka Stomach Bitters—Iowa Drug Co., Des Moines, Iowa.
E. Z. Laxative Bitters—Carmeliter Bitters Co., New York, N. Y.
Famous Wiener Bitters—Foxman Bros., Rock Island, Ill.
Faxon's Beef, Iron and Wine—Faxon, Williams & Faxon, Buffalo, N. Y.
Fernet-Carlisi Fernet Bitters—C. Carlisi Co., New York City.
Ferro-China Bascal—Basilea & Calandra, New York City.
Ferro-China Berna—W. P. Bernagozzi, New York City.
Ferro-China Bissleri—(Felice Bissleri) Imported.
Ferro-China-Blotto—Vittorio Blotto, New York City.
Ferro-China Carlisi Tonic Bitters—C. Carlisi Co., New York City.
Ferro-China-Citro Bitters—G. Citro & Co., Hoboken, N. J.
Ferro-China-Columbia—Columbia Distilling Co., Albany, N. Y.
Ferro-China di Carlo—Lange Bros., New York City.
Ferro-China Frantantuono—Jos. Frantantuono Providence, R. I.
Ferro-China Ideal—Marrone & Lofar, Utica, N. Y.
Ferro-China-Salus—Italo-Amer. Liquor Mfg. Co., New York City.
Ferro-China Tito Manlio—Gennaro T. Manlio, Philadelphia, Pa.
Ferro-China-Trionfo—Basilea & Calandra, New York City.
Ferro-China Universale—Imported.
Ferro-China Vitanova—Steinhardt Bros. & Co., New York City.
Ferro Quina Bitters—D. P. Rossi, San Francisco, Cal.
Finaflavora—The P. S. Abbey Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Fine Old Bitter Wine—Struzynski Bros., Chicago, Ill.
F. Miller & Co.'s Stomach Bitters.
Folger's Aromatic Bitters—M. D. Folger & Sons, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Fort Henry Ginger Compound—Reed, Robb & Breiding, Wheeling, W. Va.
Gastropohan—Edward Rimsa, Chicago, Ill.
Gentian Bitters—Evans Smith Drug Co., Kansas City, Kans.
Genuine Bohemian Malted Bitter Wine Tonic—Edward Rimsa, Chicago, Ill.
Germania Herb, Root, and Fruit Tonic Bitters—Dr. F. G. Nordman, Chicago, Ill.
German Stomach Bitters—Geo. Kuevers, Granite City, Ill.
German Stomach Bitters—Wm. W. Torge, Waukesha, Wis.
Ginger Tonic—Loewy Drug Co., Baltimore, Md.
Ginseng Cordial—American Ginseng Medical Co., Syracuse, N. Y.
Glycerine Tonic (Elixir Pepsin)—W. P. Underhill, Concord, N. H.
Glycerine Tonic—G. C. Kimmerer, Canajoharie, N. Y.
Graham's Brand Orange Bitters—Chas. Jacquin, New York City.

ROYAL E. CABELL, *Commissioner.*

We Make It Good—
You Get It Fresh

Every box of Huyler's Bonbons and Chocolates, no matter where you get it, is guaranteed to be perfectly fresh. In every box is packed our Guarantee Certificate, like the above, asking you to return the candy if it falls short of perfection in any sense.

Huyler's

Bonbons Chocolates

Sold by over 4,000 authorized Huyler's Sales Agents and by 56 Huyler's stores in the United States and Canada. We instruct all Huyler's Sales Agents to order from us frequently and to return for full credit any box of Huyler's not in perfect condition.

Write for Huyler's Interesting Booklet

It tells how purity and quality are assured in all Huyler's products. Name of Huyler's Sales Agent nearest you sent with the book.

Huyler's 64 IRVING PLACE NEW YORK
FRANK DeK. HUYLER, President

Huyler's Cocoa is Sold by Grocers Everywhere

"WHY I AM A UNITARIAN"
and other Unitarian Literature will be SENT FREE on application to ASSOCIATE DEPT., 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Chops *Roast Lamb*

Gives Keen Edge To Appetite

Lea & Perrins' Sauce adds much to the real enjoyment of many dishes. It adds zest to every meal. It aids digestion.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Improves the flavor of Hot or Cold Meats, Soups, Fish, Gravies, Stews and Hashes. A necessity for good Chafing Dish Cooking.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N.Y.

The Grocer Orders OCCIDENT Flour by the Carload Because He Knows That OCCIDENT is a "Repeater."

It is the experience of OCCIDENT Grocers that the housewife who tries one sack of OCCIDENT Flour never goes back to the old kind.

The grocer also knows that OCCIDENT is *The High Quality Flour* and it helps his reputation as a good grocer to sell highest quality products. Moreover he does not have to merely promise the housewife good results with OCCIDENT Flour. He can guarantee not simply the flour but all the baking results. This insures satisfied customers.

In Every Sack Is Our Money-Back Guarantee

The Housewife Orders OCCIDENT Flour Because Every Sack is Guaranteed to make Better Bread, Biscuit,

Cake, and Pastry—and more of it to the sack than any other flour—she to be the sole judge—or the price of the flour is refunded without argument. The housewife who uses OCCIDENT Flour finds that her bread keeps fresh and moist and retains its sweet flavor longer than other bread. She can therefore bake a double batch and save the work and fuel expense of several baking days each month.

The reason OCCIDENT Bread stays fresh so long is because OCCIDENT is an absolutely clean flour. Every wheat kernel is washed and scoured free from dirt by special machinery and the OCCIDENT purifying processes take out every speck and bit of fibre. The cleaner the flour the longer the bread keeps fresh. Every housewife can prove this for herself by simply trying--

OCCIDENT The Guaranteed FLOUR

The Chef in the Highest Class Hotel Orders OCCIDENT Flour—

because it makes delicious, sweet-crusted French bread and rolls. And they keep their crisp goodness longer than any other he can bake. Business men and mothers would insist upon bread, biscuit and rolls made from OCCIDENT Flour if they knew the facts about flour. The amount and quality of gluten in the wheat determine the food value of the flour. OCCIDENT Flour is made exclusively from First Choice of the hard, glutinous Spring wheats of North Dakota—the most nutritious bread wheats grown. Bread made from OCCIDENT Flour is the cleanest, best balanced, muscle-building and energy-producing food you can eat. It is also the most economical.

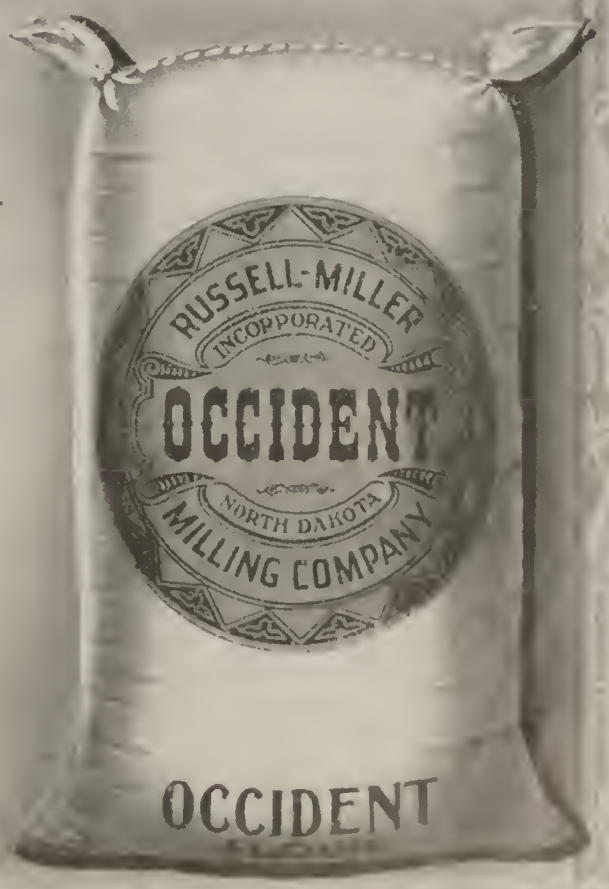
The Health of Every Family is Bettered by OCCIDENT Bread and Every Housewife Can Try OCCIDENT Flour At Our Risk.

Russell-Miller Milling Company

Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Costs More—Worth It

OCCIDENT Costs only a few cents more per sack than other flour, but every sack is guaranteed to give you more and better bread.



Send for the OCCIDENT Booklet, "Better Baking"

You'll feel better and you'll look better, if you wear

PARIS GARTERS

These garters make you feel secure, they hold up your hose; tailored to fit the leg, they are the most comfortable garters for men.

Prices 25c, and 50c for silk

Better have more than one pair, to change as you change other underwear.

Look for the name PARIS on every garter.

A. Stein & Company, *Makers*
Chicago and New York

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

In each pound there are three to four hundred pipefuls—it costs $2.00 per pound—three-quarters of a cent a pipe.

If you smoke five pipes a day it's less than four cents—five hours of pleasure for four cents—certainly ARCADIA is cheap enough for you to smoke.

Send 10 Cents for a sample of the most perfect tobacco known.

THE SURBRUG CO., 204 Broadway, New York

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

AUTUMN GLORY

Triumphantly follows summer sunshine and Nature is at her best. LABLACHE triumphs over wind and sun. Discerning women everywhere appreciate its value in preparing for the social requirements of winter. Invisible, adherent, dependable.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10 cents for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.,
French Perfumers, Dept. 24,
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Honest Man or Woman Wanted

A large well known company about to spend $100,000 on a tremendous advertising campaign requires the services of a bright man or woman in each town and city. The work is easy, pleasant and highly respectable and no previous experience is necessary. We will pay a good salary and offer an unusual opportunity for advancement, to the person who can furnish good references. In addition to this salary, we offer a Maxwell Automobile, a Ford Automobile and over $3000 in prizes to the representatives doing the best work up to December 31. In your letter give age and references. Address

Ira B. Robinson, Adv. Manager, 352 Doty Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Made in Europe

(*Concluded from page 18*)

Mr. Barrymore, for all his good looks and instinctive comedy sense, is, much of the time, rather out of his element. He was at his best in the more broadly farcical last scene and in the very quiet one preceding it—a sort of nocturne in which, before a lighted florist's shop, in the early evening rain, as they are both out looking for Christmas presents, he meets and talks for a moment with—now a married lady—a girl he used to know. Anatol tells her finally of the girl he knows now—"not the sort of girl you would call on"—a very humble little person, who lives in a room up near the roof, papered with queer wall paper which she likes, nevertheless, and from which, when spring comes, she will be able to catch the perfume of a garden in a neighboring court below. The married lady, a little bitter, sarcastic, yet (and this is most delicately played by Miss Katherine Emmet) more and more falling under the spell of this other woman's romance, says that she supposes the girl knows his step when he comes up the stairs. Yes, Anatol nods quietly, she knows his step. And when he opens the door she says—what, demands the married woman, what does she say? The right thing, mutters Anatol quietly. And what *is* the right thing? The right thing, Anatol repeats—"how good it is to have you back again." They talk a little more, there under the canopy of the florist's shop, in the rain, and then a cab comes. The married lady suddenly gives Anatol the bunch of roses she is carrying. "Take these to her," she says, "and tell her they came from one who, if she had the courage, might have been as happy as she!" And then she hurries away, and Anatol, tucking the flowers under his arm and putting up his umbrella, disappears in the rain. It will be seen that "The 'Affairs' of Anatol" is in a gallery a trifle remote from Broadway—so different, indeed, that the spectator, having got the "hang" of it, will probably enjoy it more the second time than the first.

It reveals, at any rate, a very delicate and charming, if slightly esoteric, sort of art—one of those entertainments which it is at least one of the functions of such a playhouse as the Little Theatre now and then to provide.

Statement made under new postal law in compliance with the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,

Of COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY, published WEEKLY at 416 West 13th Street, New York City, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

NOTE.—*This statement is to be made in duplicate, both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office.*

Editor—ROBERT J. COLLIER, New York City.
Managing Editor—MARK SULLIVAN.
Business Managers—P. F. COLLIER & SON (Incorporated).
Publisher—ROBERT J. COLLIER, President; E. C. PATTERSON, Vice President; FRANKLIN COE, Treasurer; C. E. MINER, Secretary.

OWNERS: (*If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock.*)
P. F. COLLIER & SON (Incorporated).
Stockholders—ROBERT J. COLLIER, SARAH STEWARD COLLIER, New York City.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities:
ROBERT J. COLLIER.

(Signed) ROBERT J. COLLIER, President.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-third day of October, 1912.

ALPHONSUS B. CASEY,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
WESTCHESTER COUNTY.
Certificate filed in N. Y. County.
(*My commission expires March*, 1914.)

The Christian X, the First Motor Ship to Cross the Atlantic

A ship without funnels entered New York harbor on a bright September day and without aid of sail or steam moved up the Hudson toward the piers of the Hamburg-American line. The vessel was the Christian X, pioneer of ocean size motor ships, propelled by compressed air and crude oil. The average speed in crossing the Atlantic was 11.01 nautical miles an hour. The ship is 370 feet long, 53 feet wide, and can carry 7,400 tons of freight

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Like the Beans We Baked In the Olden Time

Back in the Sixties, when our fathers began to bake Van Camp's, the finest materials were plentiful and cheap.

Then we bought the choicest beans that grew. And we picked out by hand just the whitest and plumpest. All the average beans were discarded.

Then we used whole tomatoes, ripened right at our door, to make the delicious sauce. And rare grades of spices were used for its flavor.

Our Kitchens Grew Famous

Because of this dish, the Van Camp kitchens grew famous. The fame spread slowly, from home to home—solely by word of mouth.

Year after year our patronage grew. Our fame became nation-wide. And there came a day when a million homes were wedded to this dish.

Then Trouble Began

As the demand increased the best beans became rarer. Their cost to us was trebled.

But we bought the best grades, and we picked out the choicest, just as we did at the start.

Vine-ripened tomatoes became harder to get. But we refused to make sauce from tomatoes picked green, and ripened off the vines.

And we insisted always on whole tomatoes, not the cuttings left from canning.

Our tomato sauce costs us, as a result, *five times what some sauce sells for.*

Housewives Compelled It

Our profits shrank with this added cost, for our prices could not be advanced.

All that saved us at all was a mammoth and constantly increasing output, which cut kitchen cost in two.

But a million homes had been won to Van Camp's by a certain grade and flavor. They expected beans large, ripe and plump. They expected a sauce with a sparkling zest.

We had taught them to want it, and we had to supply it. We had to live up to our standards.

That's how it happens that Van Camp's today are like in quality to Van Camp's of the olden times. *A million housewives compelled it.*

"The National Dish"

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

Modern Improvements

But some old-time methods have had to change, in the light of advancing knowledge.

Food experts found that beans were hard to digest—almost indigestible—when baked in old-time ovens. So we had to abandon dry heat, and bake these beans with super-heated steam.

We now apply 245 degrees. And we bake in small parcels, so the full heat goes through.

Yet, because of steam ovens, the beans are not crisped. And the coats of the beans are not broken. The beans come out nut-like, mealy and whole, as you know if you know Van Camp's.

Folks Prefer Van Camp's

Van Camp's beans digest without fermentation. They do not tax the stomach.

By scientific baking, the beans are brought to you with a fresh oven flavor. And the tomato sauce is baked with the beans, so it permeates every atom.

Folks may *like* baked beans that are half as good, but they all *prefer* Van Camp's.

It is difficult now to find beans which approach them, for the old-time standards are rare indeed.

But you get them always when you get Van Camp's. When we can't bake beans like these are we'll use another name.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Made by Van Camp Packing Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Established 1861

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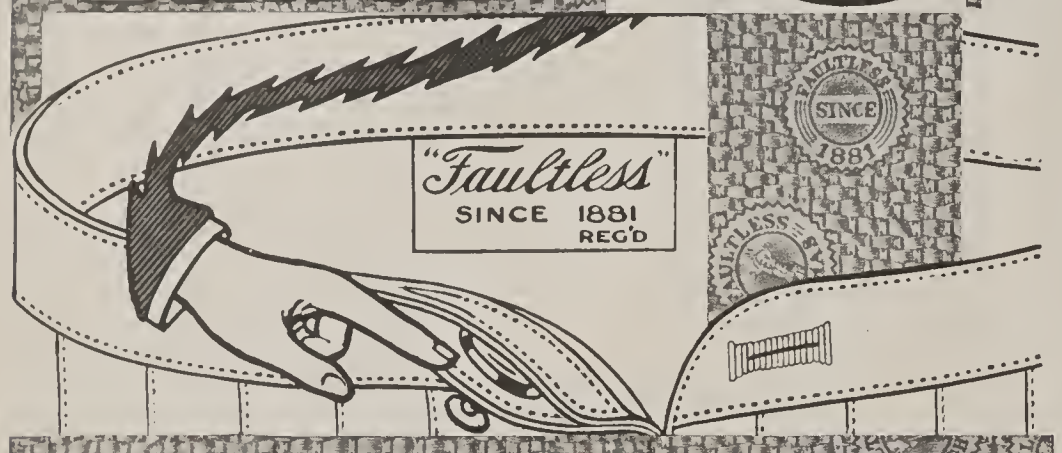

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The Ambitious Deer Hunter

By T. S. VAN DYKE

THERE are few greater surprises than the first shot at a deer at close range often is, and the oldest and best shots are ever subject to the effect of overconfidence. For of all large game animals, the deer stands the shortest time when he stands at all, requires the finest holding of the rifle, and, as generally seen, makes the dullest target.

Often the first question is: Shall I shoot now or try to get nearer? If the game is alarmed, it is quite useless to move in its sight. And it is so liable to run at any second that even if it does not see you any delay in shooting is dangerous. And if it is not alarmed but is on foot, it is liable at any moment to move, so that a step or two may take it out of your sight in brush or behind a log while you are moving. But if it is too far, or there is too much brush in the path of the ball, your chances of getting nearer may be greater than those of the game moving.

SHOOT WITHOUT A REST

THE novice is greatly tempted to take a rest for the rifle, especially when he finds his hands begin to tremble with excitement. Where this can be done without moving, it may do, but is generally bad practice. I was told forty years ago by a great expert to shoot always offhand and never take a rest. I found the advice first class. One is always liable to lose a point by the slightest motion in trying to get a rest, and, if you use a rest when you can, you lose confidence in your holding for those cases where you cannot get it. One should practice enough with the rifle offhand to do all shooting in this way. And it should not be any hip rest or any kind of short-arm holding, but with the arm well extended, for a standing shot is liable at any time after the rifle is raised to turn into a running shot, and to shift the rifle quickly enough you want your hand well out on the barrel.

Most misses are due to want of practice on marks at different distances and in different lights and of different colors and distinctness. Practice at the target is better than nothing, but that is about the best that can be said of it. I was a good target shot with both pistol and rifle when I began hunting deer over forty years ago, but it did me actual harm. It makes one too slow on the trigger at first, and from that error you quickly jump to being too fast. You must be slow, but the slowness must be that of deliberation, enough for certainty, and not the fraction of an instant more. You may dawdle on the target and balk on the trigger, yet readjust the rifle and make the center if your nerves are all right. But this will not do for such a small and slippery mark as a deer even standing broadside. Even at a distance absurdly short, it is easy to miss the largest buck by being half a second too quick or lose the shot by half a second's dawdling or trying to catch a second sight, for one jump may take him out of reach even of a running shot.

A deer also makes a mark wholly different in most cases from the bull's-eye of a target. The latter is clear-cut and white against black or black against white. But a deer, as generally seen on ground worth hunting, is a dull mark, often a dim haze, generally a part only of the animal, and too often of nearly the same gray or brown of surrounding objects. If the target were of that nature you would use very fine sights, but these are just what you must not use for game. It takes too long to find them, especially for running shots, and in the dim light of early morning or late evening. Instead of being sharp at the tip, the front sight should be flat or but slightly rounded, so that you can see quickly when you are taking too much of it. And you are not so liable to be deceived by the play of lights on its side or back as when it is sharp, which may make you mistake the real tip of it. Ivory or white agate is best for the front sight, though gold is better for running shots on snow. The back sight should be kept rusted with iodine and black with ink, so that it will not shine. It is a mistake to have the back sight too near the eye. Theoretically, the farther apart the sights are the better the alignment. But there is a loss in clearness of outline and quickness in catching the two sights together that often overbalances any such advantage.

The shooting required for the target and for game are materially different in many ways. You know the distance of the target; it is always in the same light, and generally placed so as to have a light that will not deceive you about the center of the sights. But in hunting all conditions are constantly changing. The target shot calls a miss above or below "a good line shot anyway." An expert game shot will tell you that the line runs the wrong way. In the days of dueling, a shot on the up and down line anywhere was generally good enough. But if the men were placed horizontally instead of standing up, a very different kind of line shot would be needed. This is why so many men are hit at the first shot by the tenderfoot, who mistakes one for a deer. If the man were lying down, he would generally escape, as the first deer generally does.

AN INTERESTING TEST

TO test this, take off the back sight. Now shoot with the front sight only, think nothing about the center of the barrel, but trust that to the unconscious department of your eye. You will find little difficulty about hitting an upright post at a hundred yards. But put the post on a horizontal line and you will find you have quite a job on hand, even with the back sight put on again. This is the line shot that counts in hunting. The vertical line shot is almost useless, and nearly all misses of the expert come from shooting too high at first and then shooting too low in trying to correct that error. You are constantly taking too much of the front sight, generally from haste caused by overconfidence, but often from the shifting of the light to the base of the front sight or down the back slope when it should be at the tip for quick work. Your attention is also diverted from the front sight by the dimness of the mark, which is often so dull compared with the target bull's-eye that it is very difficult to attend to both the tip of the sight and the mark at once. Your main attention must be on the sight, or overshooting is almost certain. This is still more certain when shooting downhill, when there is more danger of the light shifting back from the tip of the front sight.

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Good Business Abroad

Part II.—Facts Worth Knowing About Ways and Means, Manners, and Methods in Vogue in Countries Oversea

By AMOS STOTE

MANY a business with a British experience has incurred heavy losses because it endeavored to secure English patronage before it had become acquainted with the people or knew their methods. An American company that within the last eighteen months has turned the tide strongly in its favor lost a million dollars and four years' time—two years of making mistakes and two more in wiping them out—before it had acquired enough of the English mind to know how it works.

You do not reach this people by the glowing-enthusiasm, great-possibilities route. An Englishman's heart is very far removed from his head, and as the only hope one may have of doing business with him must come by appealing to the latter, it is best to stay on the narrow path of plain fact and proof. The average business man might truthfully put over his doorway or, at any rate, over his desk the motto: "Strictly Business." And it would be safe to add: "From my point of view." What the whole realm of commercial experience in America has proved concerning the unquestioned value and imperative need of a commodity is likely, when told to an English business man, to have only the effect of making him feel that the two countries are radically different in their requirements. Yet after all there is *one* way by which a very strong introductory impression may be made upon these men: A commodity accepted by any of the departments of Government is at once placed among those elected wares entitled to grave consideration.

Very recently I was talking with two salesmen who had connected a few weeks previously with the London branch of an American manufacturing house producing a labor-saving office device. Investigation showed them that, while the machine had been selling very well with certain concerns rather noted for their progressive methods, it had not been placed with any of the high and mighty institutions of the land. Consequently, without mentioning it to their manager, these two young men decided to devote their spare time to missionary work. One selected the Bank of England and the other the London County Council, while they agreed to work the Houses of Parliament together. The salesman who selected the Bank of England has taken lodgings above his means solely because it brings him into occasional contact with a man at the head of one of the bank's departments. By means of this opening he has been able to start the machinery of that institution working in his favor. It may be several months before a decision will be rendered, but as he has an undeniably efficient product, a sale is almost assured. In the meantime his friend has been able to place two machines with the London County Council, which initial order is lending weight to the arguments presented to the bank.

Except for such impressive introductions as an opening wedge, it is usually a waste of time to tell an Englishman that progress and modern methods require the use of new devices, whether the purpose is to persuade him to buy for his own use or to sell again. There is no one "from Missouri" quite so much as an Englishman—the man who sells him goods must fit the commodity into his business and prove that it belongs there.

There are two great compensating features about the reserve the British maintain in buying. Once he becomes your customer he is loyal, so much so that one American house that has learned the ways of the English have a saying: "Each machine sold sells two others."

The other great feature in trading with an Englishman is the fact that he very rarely assumes an obligation greater than he can meet.

A Safe Risk

WHETHER the high standard of English credit is a result of their slow buying, or the slowness of buying the result of a desire to retain the credit standard, those who come to do business with the average tradespeople have discovered that the spending of money is no incident with them—it is an event. Reckless, indiscriminate, or overbuying is a rarity; so, also, is the repudiation of a debt or the throwing back of goods or cancellation of an order.

One condition that is improving the market is the fact that these merchants are awakening to the good business in a cut-price sale. With the exception of a few big city stores it has only been of very recent years that English tradesmen have considered it at all reasonable to advertise cut prices for the purpose of getting rid of the balance of a line of goods. Now he is coming to see that if he makes a profit on the bulk of his wares the attractive value of a sale in bringing new trade actually gives a profit in another form. Yet this, instead of adding any speculative quality to his business, is so carefully based on past experience that it gives increased certainty to his ability to pay.

There is only one present-day drawback to English credit, and this seldom affects the man who intends to be honest. The limited company plan of organization, which was designed as a real benefit to commerce in general, gives an opening to the unscrupulous in that the liability of shareholders cannot be made to extend beyond their holdings in the actual business involved. An even greater hazard is incurred by concerns doing business with such a company, if the latter intends to be dishonest, in that a lender to a limited company always has first claim, to the full amount of his loan, on all assets. However, the British tradesman has such an abiding respect for the law, and for centuries English law has been most active in helping him to be honest, that those who would make capital of such opportunities must be primarily dishonest and are consequently an almost invisible minority.

After learning by hard but useful experience the difference between the methods of successfully appealing to American and to British trade, one American company fitted up two of the big show windows of its London place of business to represent shops. One pictured the English store of a century ago with the proprietor dozing among his dusty wares. The other gave a view of an up-to-date shop, British in everything except a single example of the company's own product, kept busy serving a stream of customers.

For two weeks there were three policemen stationed in front of these windows for the sole purpose of keeping crowds from stopping the traffic. At noon of the third day the throng was so great around the corner the exhibitors were actually afraid of an excess of popularity, and thought for a time they would be compelled to draw the shades over these windows. This incident is especially interesting in consideration of the fact that London's attractively dressed shop windows are decidedly in the minority.

Playing Up Economy

NEARLY twenty years ago Kansas City, Mo., sent its crack fire-fighting crew and apparatus on an exhibition tour. In London it was a revelation of efficiency such as the Briton had never dreamed. Here was a wonderful protection against that most wanton of all losses—destruction by fire. England saw the economic value of such an organization and offered a large reward if the visitors would enter its service. The British mind may not act so promptly toward economy when it is shown in the form of purely commercial devices met in the routine of everyday business; but many an American product enjoying success in Great Britain credits much of this prosperity to the direct economy it offers. The Englishman and his wife turn to the gospel of economy for inspiration in those homely things the people of America know nothing of. They find sermons on saving, because they look for them, whichever way they turn. Going up and down the streets of London all day long are wagons holding great arched signs, reading: "Thousands of pounds wasted daily, save your waste paper!" The purchase of waste paper is a business in most every American city, but in London it is a chapter of the unabridged edition of the gospel of economy.

There is a big opening among this people for anything that offers a saving—and what is there produced to-day which has not a logical selling argument based on its saving virtues? There is a young American chap in London to-day who, in a small way, is making a remarkable success through selling some sort of a patent pocket to English tailors. As he zealously explained: "It's the real thing, won't sag

Bent Bones

Read U. S. Army Board

ONLY wearers of narrow, pointed shocs have foot bones like this X-ray photo.

The United States Army Board has found that such feet cause a loss of 20% in soldiers' efficiency. And the Board has recommended to the War Department a shoe of the Educator type. Write us for New York Sun's story of this 4-year investigation.

Educatored children, like bare-foot "tads," never have feet blemishes. Educatored grown-ups can feel their toe-bones straightening out in relief.

While "good sense" in shape, Educators look so good they make you "proud to pass a mirror."

Remember, Educator is branded on sole of every genuine Educator Shoe. If your dealer doesn't keep Educators, send for catalogue and we'll see that you get a pair. Prices from $1.35 for Infants to $5.50 for Men's Specials.

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The Nation's Choice
on page 47

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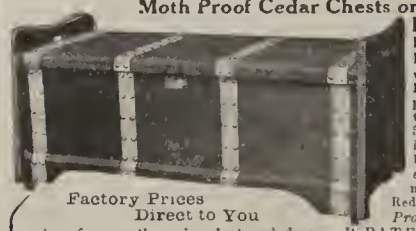

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144 High St., Waltham, Mass.

If I Bought a Car

By R. E. Olds, Designer

Here are some things which I'd require if I bought a car. I've learned their need by building 60,000 cars.

I could save, I judge, $200 per car by building Reo the Fifth without them. But you might lose three times that by the lack.

Economy

I would want economy of upkeep. That would mean big tires.

My cars have always been overtired, according to usual standards. But on Oct. 1st I added 22 per cent to the tire size on Reo the Fifth. Now the tires are 34 x 4.

Tire makers say that 22 per cent will add 65 per cent to the average tire mileage.

To further save on tires and fuel I would want a light, strong car.

That means drop forgings, costing twice what castings cost. *In Reo the Fifth I use 190.*

And I add considerable cost to the body to save another 50 pounds.

Safety

I would look out for safety, above all else, in any car I bought.

In Reo the Fifth I use Chrome Nickel Steel, Vanadium Steel and Manganese Steel. Then each lot of steel is analyzed twice to make sure of the needed strength.

I insist on big margins of safety. Every driving part in Reo the Fifth is made sufficient for a 45-horsepower car.

I use 11-inch brake drums for quick, sure control.

Durability

In a car of my own, bought for many years' use, I would look for immense durability.

Roller bearings cost *five times as much* as the usual ball bearings. But they save many times their cost.

In Reo the Fifth I use 15 roller bearings—11 of them Timken, 4 Hyatt High Duty.

I use a machine for testing my springs, and I require them to stand 100,000 vibrations.

I test my gears in a crushing machine, to prove that each tooth will stand 75,000 pounds.

Each engine is tested 20 hours on blocks, and 28 hours in the chassis.

I spend about $10 extra for a centrifugal water pump, over the cost of a syphon.

The various parts of this car get a thousand inspections, so errors and weaknesses can't creep in. My 190 drop forgings do away with the hidden flaws often found in steel castings.

I limit my output to 50 cars daily, so the men are never rushed.

Such cars don't wear out.

Comfort

I would never buy a car which skimped on comfort, for the pleasure of motoring depends on it.

For comfort in driving I doubly heat my carburetor. That saves the troubles with low-grade gasoline. I use a $75 magneto to save ignition troubles. In Reo the Fifth you can start on magneto.

I use a new type of center control, so all the gear shifting is done by moving a lever only three inches in each of four directions. You would not go without it for $100 after you try it out.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals, so no levers are in the way of the driver. And the driver sits on the left hand side, close to the cars he passes.

For comfort in riding I use big springs—seven-leaf springs, two inches wide, with rear springs 46 inches long. They are Sheldon springs.

I give a long, wide car, with ample room. I give them deep cushions, built so they never sag.

I use genuine leather in upholstering and fill it with the best curled hair.

Finish

Then I want for my own use a beautiful car. So I build this car with an impressive body, and finish it with 17 coats. I use electric side lights, and build them flush with the dash.

I give to every detail that final touch which adds to one's pride in a car. I abominate petty economies.

Men's Faith In Me

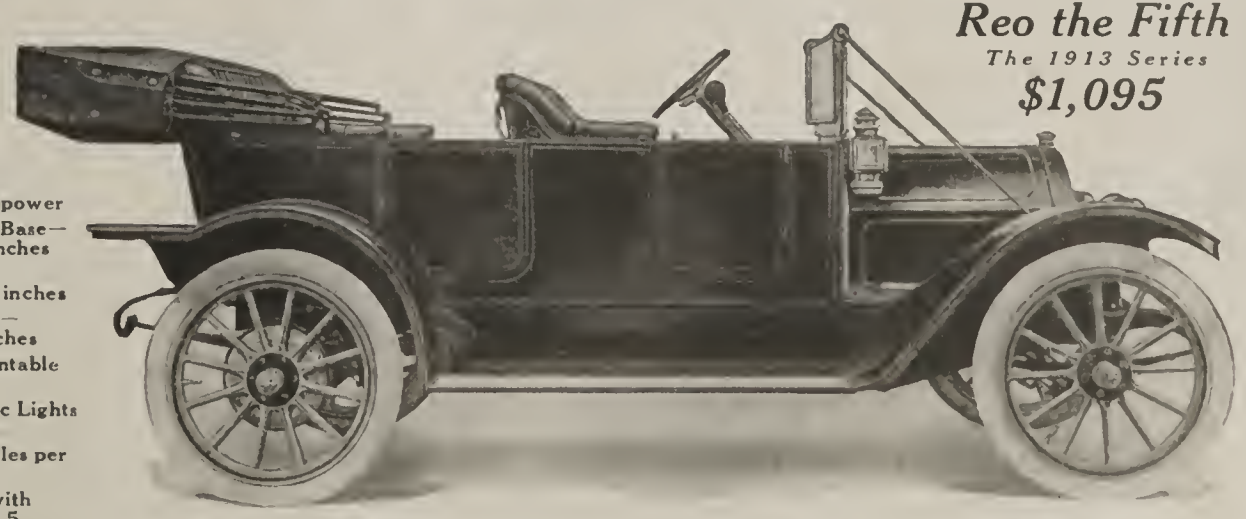
After 25 years, the best I have gained is men's faith in the cars I build. And my chiefest aim is to justify that faith.

I could easily save $200 per car by skimping on things which buyers don't see. That slighted car at a startling price would pay me more profit than Reo the Fifth. And, by talking equipment—the things one sees—I could sell more cars, beyond any doubt, than by dealing with hidden worth.

But my ambition doesn't lead that way. I would never buy a car which the makers skimped, and I never shall try to sell one.

Enough men will always want well-built cars—generous, roomy, economical, safe—to keep this factory busy. And those men will always say good words about my engineering.

Reo the Fifth, with the latest improvements, is shown in our new catalog. Write us for it and we will tell you where to see car.



Reo the Fifth
The 1913 Series
$1,095

30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 inches
Tires—34 x 4 inches
Wheels—34 inches
Demountable Rims
3 Electric Lights
Speed 45 Miles per Hour
Made with 2 and 5 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank for headlights, speedometer and self-starter—all for $100 extra.

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

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A Proverb of Bell Service

Once upon a time there dwelt on the banks of the holy river Ganges a great sage, by name Vishnu-sarman.

When King Sudarsana appealed to the wise men to instruct his wayward sons, Vishnu-sarman undertook the task, teaching the princes by means of fables and proverbs.

Among his philosophical sayings was this:

"To one whose foot is covered with a shoe, the earth appears all carpeted with leather."

This parable of sixteen hundred years ago, which applied to walking, applies today to talking. It explains the necessity of one telephone system.

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For one man to visit and talk with a comparatively small number of distant persons would be a tedious, discouraging and almost impossible task.

But with the Bell System providing Universal Service the old proverb may be changed to read:

To one who has a Bell Telephone at his lips, the whole nation is within speaking distance.

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AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System.

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We want to send you this fine $25 Thin Model Gents 17-Jewel Elgin, the one Watch that has long been the Standard of the World, Complete with beautiful Double Strata Gold Case, and fully Guaranteed for 25 years, on

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—and if you don't say this is the biggest Elgin Watch bargain you ever saw, send it back at our expense. If you wish to keep it, the way is easy. Pay us only $2.00 and the rest in similar amounts each month. **No interest—no security**—just common honesty among men. We want you to see for yourself that this fine 17-Jewel Elgin is better than other watches costing a lot more money.

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AMERICAN FARMERS SCHOOL
229 Laird Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn

Good Business Abroad

(*Concluded from page 38*)

or tear, makes a great hit with the Englishman; you know he is always jamming things into his pockets, yet complains if a suit does not look like new for a couple of years. Tailors were a little slow at first, but I made 'em see the suit could not wear any longer, pocket only helped the shape and was a good advertisement for them and a point they could make when talking to a customer."

First, the approach that will inspire confidence rather than exhibit familiarity, then a showing of the need that particular business has for your product; follow this with the proof of the economy secured—whether it be economy in handling office operations or in some form of consumption or in making conditions safe—place these as facts before the British mind and you have an attentive audience.

The Price of Potatoes

(*Concluded from page 19*)

commission firm, making known to them the identity of their recent visitor and demanding a just accounting for previous sales, when the farmer received a very terse message from Selm & Co: "Bottom dropped out of market. Will sell remaining sixty bushels for eighty cents a sack, full 120 pounds." The farmer tore up his own pen effort and journeyed again to town, there to find that the conditions were just as reported and growing worse. But why was his old friend Scales selling at only a small reduction—seven cents a quarter?

"Ye see, Silas," the grocer said, "I got t' come out. The cut-price stores is begun cuttin'; they're down t' five and six, but they ain't none near here an' me an' the other fellers agreed on seven. They's eleven of us small grocers at this end o' town that sticks t'gether. Most of our customers don't watch the market reports, an' by the time they are onto th' cheap fellers we kin drop. Oh, yes, I jest got fifty baskets at twenty-five cents, but nex' thing ye know I'll be payin' fifty. If we kin get th' price, why—"

"Get it!" exclaimed the farmer, with spirit. "Keep the price up. But why does them wholesalers put it down?" he added.

"Glut. More pertaters than they kin git rid of an' they got t' indooce folks t' buy an' store 'em," asserted the grocery man.

"There's where us farmers should be like one man," said the rural gentleman sadly. "Last year no crop an' taters sent in frum furrin countries; this year everybody raisin' 'em an' a sight too many. We ain't only th' victims o' these here middlemen, we got ourselves t' blame, b' gosh. They ain't no glut in fertilizer, ner seed taters, ner taxes, ner int'rest, ye kin bet yer boots. Th' railroads don't carry a big crop o' cheap taters fer less rates'n they do a small crop o' high-priced ones. Seems like things ought t' be more even, Eph. Here I paid out, all includin', jes' sixty-one dollars, an' what I gets out of it, fer hard labor an' a heap o' trouble an' worry is 'bout ninety-three dollars. I could 'a' done mos' as well with grain or tomats."

"What you farmers ought t' do," said Mr. Scales, rubbing his extended brow by way of stimulant, "is t' git t'gether. All join th' grange er somethin' an' have a committee, same's the directors of a bank or railroad, an' decide 'bout how much o' this an' that you kin raise t' keep the market balanced. Work it by districts an' look after the sellin' end an' never deal with no skins. Organization, man, same's us storekeeper's tryin' t' do, an' stick t'gether. Seems t' me that's th' only way the farmer kin get a square deal and his share of the profits."

Farmer Wayoff chuckled: "When ye git th' whole passal o' farmers that's spread over these U-nited States t' think all th' same an' do accordin', I'll jes' eat all's they raise at one settin', dog my skin ef I don't!"

Bits of Glass

(*Concluded from page 21*)

an unsteady voice. "Now for the test. But don't expect anything," he warned us.

The room was flooded with brilliance; we could see the people passing out on the street. Then we all drew closer to Henley. He picked up the big, crude test spectacles and set them on the boy's eyes and ears.

"Now, Sam," he murmured softly, taking the boy's hands, "I'm going to try something, and you must tell me if anything happens. And you're not afraid, are you? You like me, don't you?"

"Yes," whispered Sam. He sat there, head tilted up, worlds away from us all.

A large moment had come; we leaned close, our hearts bolting from our breasts. Then deliberately Henley picked up three lenses and slid them into the apertures of the spectacles. He sat back weakly.

All at once, the sound stabbing to the very center of our hearts, Sam began laughing. He leaped up, dancing. He laughed hysterically, loudly.

"Sam," cried the doctor, "what is it?"

He pointed to the pot of fern.

"Oh, the flowers!" he shouted in a loud voice, "the lovely flowers!"

We were crying great tears. Henley himself was unnerved and sobbed aloud. And the mother: the cry that rose was almost a scream.

And Sam had scurried across the room and was fingering the ferns with both hands and looking at the delicate vines one way and another. "Oh," he shouted again, "the lovely flowers!"

He turned; he saw us; he studied us with amazement, the human race revealed to him, as a race of Martians or angels might be revealed to us. And the Russian woman was advancing strangely toward him. He gazed at her—he gazed and gazed. This was the supreme revelation.

"Oh, lovely mother!" he cried out. "Lovely mother! Beautiful mother!"

She clutched him in her arms.

"And Sam," I murmured to Henley, "is the only person in the world who knows what vision is."

IT was indeed so. After we had wept clean our suffocated hearts, our happiness was wonderful.

"We learn in school," said Sam, when we questioned him, "that there's flowers grow in a pot."

We showed him a picture in the paper, upside down. He set it right.

"Nobody stands on her head," he remarked.

Every bit of color, every shape, every form, the electric lights, the lenses, the whole world, was, by the lifting of his optic curtain, flashed before him in its true light. He knew, he knew what miracles we move among; he alone, in that moment, had eyes.

I took Henley aside after Sam left.

"I know the secret now," I said. "I know what has tamed you."

He smiled on me.

"So," he said, "I'm not so crazy after all."

It was, of course, that he had put aside lesser adventures for a greater one, a more modern one: the social adventure, the creation of the higher humanity. His conformity was merely open and external, his radicalism deeper than ever. He was still trembling when he held up the two lenses that had given the world to Sam.

"Talk about your miracles!" he cried. "Look at these—these two bits of glass. Glass man; not religion, not heaven opening with trumpet-lipped angels; but just ground glass. What do you think about my job now?"

"Test my eyes," I said weakly.

HIS assistant kept dropping homatropine and cocaine between my lids for an hour; then Henley found me—confound his accuracy!—just farsighted enough to make me a criminal, an exponent of sabotage, a tramp and a loafer.

Three days later the glasses would be ready, and I would put aside my wander years and become civilized. But that second night I was in Central Park. A larger moon looked down on lovers, and the ashen night was full of the splash of little waters.

I decided to write Henley a little note; for at midnight I leaned over McCann's bar on Third Avenue.

"Make it dark," I said, "and give me your biggest black cigar. And, Johnny, if I squint, know that homatropine is in my eyes and sabotage is in my heart. To-morrow for fresh fields and pastures new!"

After all, there are enough finished products.

6,125 Sold

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There are 72 makers this year building Forties, because motorists are coming by the tens of thousands to 40-horsepower cars.

This fierce competition has cut prices on "40's" to figures that once seemed impossible. It has forced every maker to give more and more, in efforts to outdo rivals.

Now some of the finest cars ever built—the most luxurious and comfortable, the best equipped—are in the Forty class. And they sell for what small cars, without equipment, cost a short time ago.

Any front-rank car in this war of the Forties can be counted a splendid car. About the only question for you to decide is, Which gives the most for the money?

Dealers Know Best

Dealers for years have watched this war. And one of the watched cars has been the Michigan "40."

For four years they have watched it grow better and better, sell lower and lower, adopt finer equipment. They have seen in that time nearly 300 improvements.

They bought up to this year 5,000 Michigans, and watched each car's performance. Last year they ordered over twice our production.

They watched us get W. H. Cameron for our chief engineer—the man who has built 100,000 successful cars. Then we got John A. Campbell, who has been designer for kings, to create this Michigan body.

They watched us build and equip this model plant, with enormous capacity, so cars could be built at a minimum cost. And those who watched have long known that the Michigan was bound to lead the Forties.

One Month's Sales

Our 1913 model was formally announced Sept. 1. By October 1, dealers had ordered 6,125 cars.

They came here in droves—these men who know the whole market—and in one month absorbed practically our whole next year's production.

Boston, which bought 50 Michigans last year, took 250 of the new model. Toronto took 75. Brooklyn took 100. So did Omaha, Neb. Jacksonville, Fla., took 100. Springfield, Ill., 100. Winnipeg, 200.

Detroit—the home of our three greatest rivals—took 100 Michigan cars.

So from everywhere. And all because these dealers, shrewd and well-informed, believe that nothing in the Forty class this year compares with Michigans.

Now See for Yourself

Now we ask you to judge if these men are mistaken. Make your own comparisons.

Note first the big features—the splendid designing, the big margins of safety, the over-capacity.

Note the comforts and luxuries—the wide, long springs, the very wide seats, the 14-inch cushions, the great big comfortable body, the nickel trimmings, the 22 coats on the body.

Note the up-to-date features—the four forward speeds, the electric lights, the center control, the left side drive—all like the costliest cars.

Note the economies—the big, wide tires—used to double the average tire mileage.

Find, if you can, another "40" which gives all these great features at the Michigan price. Watch that none are omitted, for all are important and all mean added cost.

First write for our 1913 catalog. It pictures all details and shows our different body designs. Then we will tell you where to see the car. There are Michigan dealers everywhere.

Do this in fairness to yourself. If this is the year's best offer you should know it.

Michigan "40" This Year $1,585

SPECIAL FEATURES

Four-forward-speed transmission, as used today in all the best foreign cars.

Oversize tires—35 x 4½ inches—making the Michigan practically the only over-tired car in America.

Electric lights with dynamo.

Center control.

Left side drive, to which all the best cars are coming.

40 to 46 horsepower.

Cylinders 4¼ x 5¼ inches.

Brakes extra efficient—drums 16 x 2¼ inches.

Springs 2¼ inches wide front, 37 inches long; rear, 50 inches long.

Steering post adjustable. So are clutch and brake pedals, insuring perfect comfort and fit to every driver.

Shortsville wheels, with 1¾-inch spokes—12 to each wheel.

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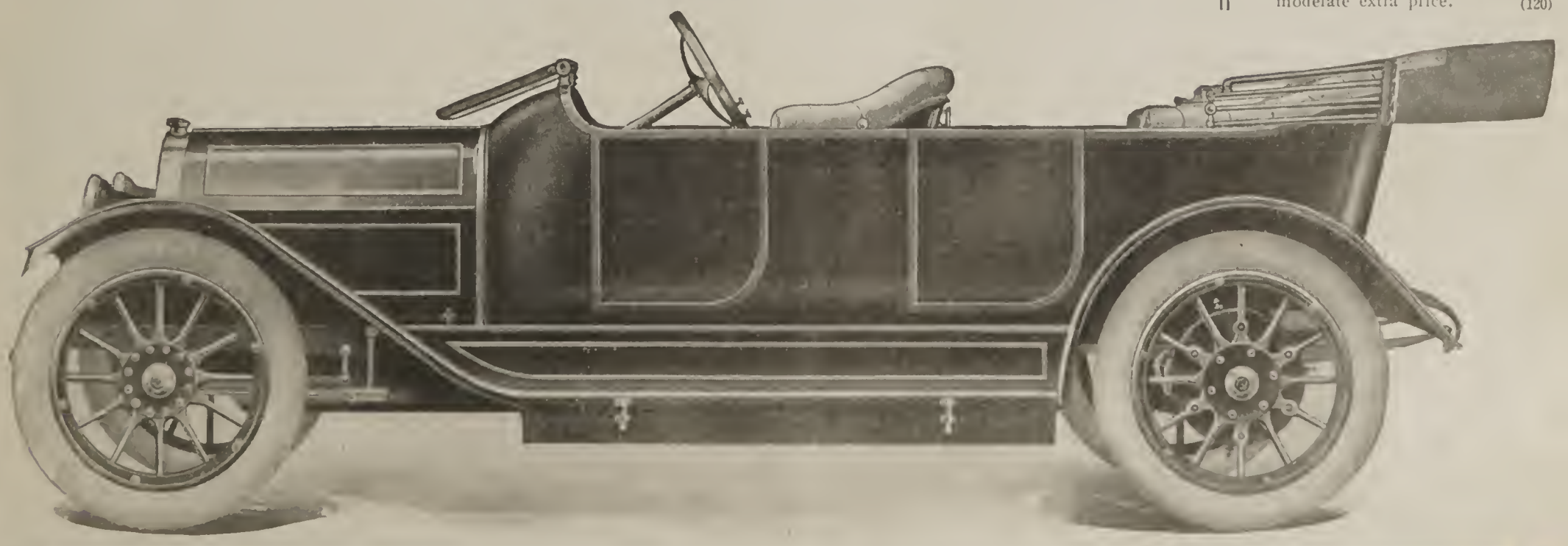
Owned by the Owners of the Michigan Buggy Company



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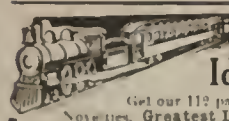

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Waterloo

(*Concluded from page 23*)

millionaire with the Dutch name, an' he gave them a fine feed, an' the knobby-nosed old quartermaster another couple o' drinks extra an' twenty dollars to get home. An' has his valley shave an' barber up the young fellow an' invites him to stay over a day, which he does. The old fellow he goes on to New York, an' it's him told the New York reporters all about it."

"An' gave you a good name, Neddie, the old chap?"

"He cert'nly treated us right, Alec. Everybody on the *Buzzard* was a hero—none could be braver than we was. The way we hung on to the sugar bark—I all but cried, Alec, when I read it. I did, honest. The brave Captain Edward Gallishaw an' the brave engineer, the one standin' by his wheel an' the other by his engines an' boilers, when last the faithful old quartermaster had seen them—oh, yes, an' the brave cook, too, an' the orphan of a mess boy, standin' knee-deep in the sea water among their kittles an' pans, when last he saw them sink below the tremenjous seas from the end of his flyin' jibboom!

"I READ that this Sunday mornin' and I says:

"'You old duffer!' But lookin' around on the other passengers in the car, 'If they only knew who it is is among 'em!' I thinks to myself. 'An' what'll my wife think o' me now? An' the kids?' An' then it comes to me: 'Why, what *will* they think? They'll think I'm dead, that's what they'll think. Fine stuff,' I says to myself, 'for them to be readin' of on a Sunday mornin'—her a widder an' the three kids orphans! An' all because o' what? Because you, Ned Gallishaw, couldn't take one drink o' rum without takin' twenty.' Yep, Alec, that's what I said to myself that Sunday mornin' goin' home in the trolley. 'Hereafter the water wagon for yours, Neddie,' I says. An' so it's been since, Alec—no more of it for me."

"Well, well, Neddie, who'd've thought?" Alec blew the top off his latest beer. "An' your wife, what'd she say when you got home?"

"Oh, like a man from the grave I was. Nothin' but soft words for a week after it. But that isn't the thing, Alec. The passenger, what d'y'think o' him?—he knew somebody that Dutch millionaire knew, an' he came back to see her again. An' they're goin' to be married, an' I can go to the weddin' if I wanter."

"Well, what d'y'know, Neddie? We sure got to have a drink to the happy couple, Neddie. No? Well, I will."

"Good luck, Alec, but that wasn't the part surprised me."

"No? What?"

"The passenger, he told me—we're great chums now—he never found that rum in her fo'c'sle. No, sir. He bought it up at the head o' the dock. What d'y'think o' that, Alec?"

"I dunno, but I'm beginnin' to suspect that maybe that passenger is a kind of a wise lad."

"Wise? Leave it to him, Alec. He says he just happened to pick out the Dutch landscape place to go ashore in because it looked like the most pickehuresque place in sight to get wrecked in. He says he never thought about the canal part of it till he was almost up on the beach. But I dunno."

"But what did the old man say to all these happenin's, Neddie?"

"TICKLED, Alec, tickled. He gave me the *Juniata*, the new tug, to go master of her regular. 'Twas her I took an' went down to the Dutch place an' floated the bark out of the canal an' took her to Boston after all. He charged the owners a good bit extra for that. An' now, Alec, d'y'see why I ain't drinkin'?"

"Why, no, Neddie, I can't say I do."

"Why, don't you see, Alec, a man on dooty shouldn't drink? It's expensive, I say. Don't you think so now yourself, Alec?"

"M-m—maybe it is—for the owners."

"Well, for somebody then. Anyway, Alec"—the steamboat man elevated his glass of sarsaparilla—"here's for temp'rance!"

"Well, 's there don't seem to be anything better to drink to, let her go, Neddie!"

And the pair of them, having drunk, floated out on to the sunlit sidewalk of the avenue. And we, at our table, stood up and saluted respectfully the little man as he drifted by.

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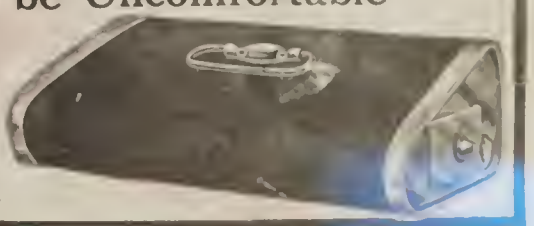

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almost limitless variety of merchandise which we call "Premiums," in more than Five Hundred Premium Parlors distributed throughout the United States.

Our Beautifully Illustrated Catalog will inform you regarding these Premiums and how to obtain them for your Coupons.

Please note that the accompanying list of goods with which Hamilton Coupons are Packed, covers nearly everything a family uses, so all members can aid in obtaining the "Premium" you want—no tiresome wait.

Be Sure to Get the Catalog. Sent FREE, upon request, with a complete list of the Popular Goods containing Hamilton Coupons and Twenty-Five (25) Coupons to start your collection.

Billiken" Pepsin Gum.
ose's Coffees, Sugar, Cereals, Flours, etc.
Deroco" Coffees, Teas and Spices.
Elite" Ceylon Tea; "Square Deal" Vanilla Extract; "Regal" Vanilla Substitute.
Velvet" Furniture Polish.
ew York Bottling Co.'s Mineral Waters.
Golden Egg" Macaroni Products: Noodles, Macaroni, Spaghetti, Sea Shell Macaroni, Souplets, Vermicelli, Alphabets.
Salvation" Matches.
My Wife's Salad Dressing."
he Myrex Co. (Mail Order Sheet Music).
Dust Bright" Dust Cloths and Chemical Mops.
"Cafe" Peanut Butter and Salted Peanuts.
Hasley's "Charm Premium" Soap.
Scott's "State House" Ceylon Tea.
Brubaker's Creamed Pudding.
Cahill's "Perfection" Bread.
Regan's "Big Butternut" Bread; Toast; Sweedish Toast.
Denniston's "Buster Brown" and "Peerless" Bread.
Marsh's "Butter Bread."
Wind's "Peerless" Milk and "Butter-Krust" Bread; "Jelly Roll" Cake.
Hershey's "Quality" Bread.
English's "Arrow" Bread.
Hall's "Cremo" and "O. K." Bread.
"Presto" Clothes Cleaner Fluid.
Pianos. (Eilers Music House.)
"Puritan" Baking Powder.
"White Cap" Baking Powder and Flavoring Extracts.
Sun's "Nutro Mush."
Spanish Clippings.
"Beaver" Brand Flavoring Extracts; Olive Oil, etc.
"Herbex" Face Powder; Face Cream, etc.
Newark Roach Bait Co.'s Roach Bait and Bedbug Destroyer.
Badgley's Rubber Heels.
"Howaco" Macaroni.
"Herwilla" Almond Cream.

pons, with Catalog, will be sent on request

ATION 2—4—6 West Forty-Fifth Street NEW YORK

g—a Postal will bring it.

People may

"Bu

It sweeps the country—elected to first place by a larger vote of smokers than that of all other high-grade tobaccos combined!

hange—their policies may change—but
their tobacco is always

GENUINE

"BULL" DURHAM

SMOKING TOBACCO

All parties unite in voting it "the best."

For more than 52 years "Bull" Durham has been the Nation's Choice.

Re-elected to first place year after year—and every year by a larger majority—this famous old tobacco now numbers more smokers than all other high-grade brands combined.

This overwhelming popularity is not the result of fancy packages, florid claims, nor so-called manufacturing processes. "Bull" Durham stands head and shoulders above all others because its deep, rich, natural flavor and perfect smoking qualities satisfy all smokers all the time.

The plain, homely muslin sack, familiar to millions of smokers, gives you, by its very cheapness, a better tobacco.

Try a little of this glorious old tobacco at the first dealer's you come to. See why it is **smoked by more millions of men than all other high-grade tobaccos combined!**

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.

The Welch Habit Is a Health Habit

Welch's is a refreshing, satisfying drink at all times and in many ways. But it is so much more than a mere drink that it gains in health value to you the more you use it. Get the Welch habit,—it's one that won't "get" you.

The continued use of the purest juice of the finest Concords means vim and vitality for you and yours. You need it in the winter season when many kinds of fresh fruits are not available. Use Welch's as the fruit course for Breakfast—at home and when traveling.

Welch's may be had at the leading hotels and cafes and on dining cars.

Keep a supply in your home for family and social use. Here are three splendid ways to serve:

Welch Punch

Juice of three lemons and of one orange, one pint Welch's, one quart water, one cup of sugar. Garnish with sliced fruits and serve *very cold*.

This punch, so simply and quickly made, has never been improved upon.

Welch's with Grape Fruit

Prepare the grape fruit in the usual way for serving, then cover the top with powdered sugar. Pour over this as much Welch's as the sugar will absorb, then set the grape fruit on ice until both sugar and Welch's have permeated the pulp.

This is delicious and may be served for breakfast, as a luncheon dessert or as a dinner course.

Welch's Grape Juice

"The National Drink"

The "Welch Ball"—A Man's Drink

The most popular of all "soft drinks" for men, because of its nippiness and bracing qualities, is made in a tall glass with a piece of ice. Fill half with Welch's, then with charged water.

A "Welch Ball" is served at any fountain, or in clubs, hotels, cafes, etc., and may be made at home readily.

Ladies: There are fifty different ways of serving Welch's in the home, in punches, sherbets, and various drinks and desserts. Write today for our free booklet of recipes.

Do more than ask for "Grape Juice"—Say **Welch's**—and get it

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send a trial dozen pints of Welch's express free east of Omaha, for $3. Sample 4-oz. bottle, by mail. 10c.

The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Defeat of the Underworld

Impressions of the Becker Trial

by Richard Harding Davis

What is an American?

Beginning a Series on Immigration

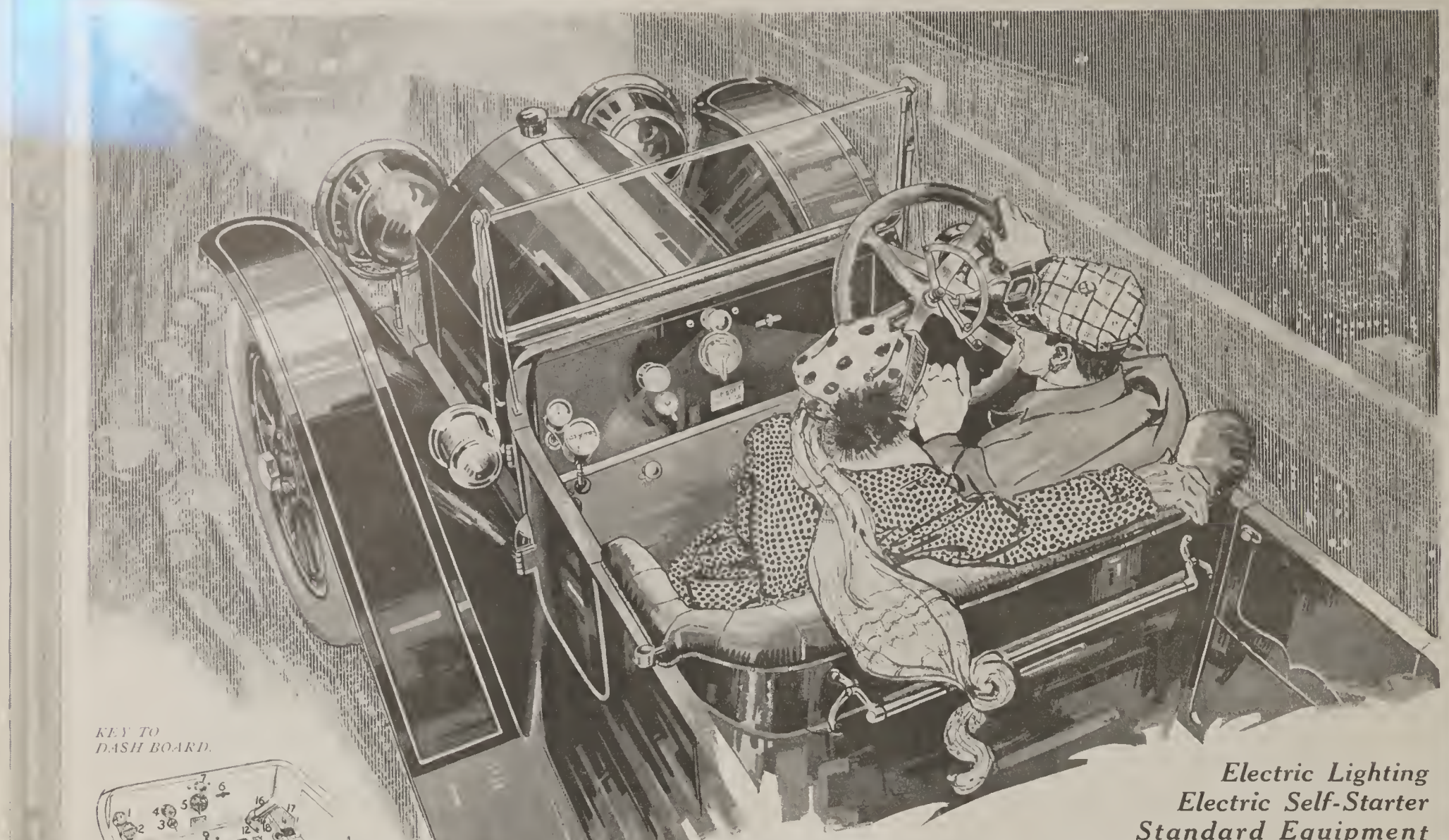
by Honoré Willsie

The First of a New Detective Series

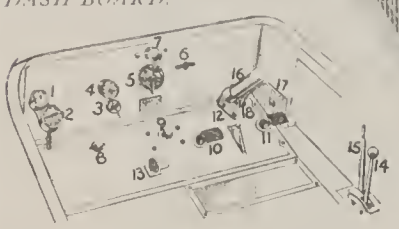
by Harvey J. O'Higgins

VOL. FIFTY NO. 8

NOVEMBER 9, 1912



KEY TO DASH BOARD.



1, Clock; 2, Speedometer; 3, Carburetor Adjustment; 4, Ammeter; 5, Ignition Switch; 6, Lighting Switch; 7, Dash Light; 8, Carburetor "Flooder"; 9, Self-Starter Button; 10, Clutch Pedal; 11, Brake Pedal; 12, Accelerator; 13, Muffler Cut-out; 14, Control Lever; 15, Brake Lever; 16, Steering Column; 17, Dash Ventilator; 18, Horn.

Electric Lighting
Electric Self-Starter
Standard Equipment

The Control System

NO motor cars have more attractive and utilitarian dash boards than the new Abbott-Detroit models.

Every convenience necessary for the **complete control** of the car is at hand.

Nothing is left out.

There is even an electric light for illuminating the dash board at night.

THE ELECTRIC SELF-STARTER

The Abbott-Detroit electric self-starter consists of an electric motor built in the side of the crank case and connected with the crank shaft through an independent train of gears enclosed in timing gear compartment of crank case, this construction insuring perfect lubrication.

It is **controlled** by means of a **button** on the **toe board.**

In operation it is **simple, positive** and **reliable**—a lady or child can operate it.

Control and Emergency Brake Levers

As soon as the gasoline motor starts, an over running roller clutch releases these gears and they remain **idle** while the gasoline motor is running.

This self-starter is **not** an **experiment,** not an attempted **combination** of ignition, lighting and starting, but a **real, dependable self-starter,** built as a part of the engine and **included in the regular equipment.**

Call at one of our **salesrooms** and ask to **have its operation explained.**

ELECTRIC LIGHTING SYSTEM

The electric lighting system is equally complete. The current is generated by means of a dynamo, operated from the engine, and a large capacity lighting battery is provided which takes care of the lights when the motor is standing still.

Thus a **sufficient amount** of **current** is **always available** for lighting all the lamps **brilliantly.**

A switch on the dash board makes it possible to light all the lamps except the tail lamp from the driver's seat.

The tail light is electrically lighted and is controlled by independent switch integral with it.

"The demand of the day is that an organization shall be judged by its product and not by what it claims for itself."

Abbott-Detroit advertising for 1913 will be printed in serial form.

This is the fifth of the series. The sixth will appear in the Saturday Evening Post, Dec. 21st; Collier's, Dec. 14th; Life, Dec. 26th; Literary Digest, Dec. 7th.

Copies of previous advertisements sent on request.

An ammeter shows at all times the amount of electric current produced and used. An **automatic** switch prevents the discharge of the battery through the dynamo when the engine is idle.

Two large black enameled, nickel trimmed **electric head lights,** two electric **side and tail lamps,** fitted with Tungsten globes, an **extension auxiliary light** which can be used for examining the motor or interior of the car, a **dash light** for lighting the speedometer, clock, ammeter and other fittings on the dash and foot board, complete the electrical equipment.

CLOCK AND SPEEDOMETER SET

Mounted securely on the extreme left hand side of the dash is a clock and speedometer set which **accurately** indicates **time, speed** and **total mileage** covered.

To the right of this, on the other side of the ammeter, is a carburetor adjustment device.

In addition to the starting button, the foot board carries the muffler cut-out and accelerator throttle pedal. Two large pedals, one operating the clutch and the other the service brakes, are located on either side of the steering column.

EXTRA STRONG BRAKES

Internal expanding and external contracting brakes, with 16″x2″ drums on the 44-50 and 14″x2″ on the 34-40; lined with a friction proof material, are mounted on the rear hubs.

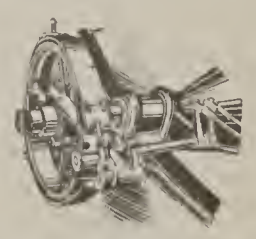
The brake shoes are made of cast iron and substantially connected to the supports in such a way that they will **absorb** and **dissipate heat** at a **surprisingly rapid rate,** thus being able to **withstand** the **exceedingly hard wear and tear incident to mountainous driving.**

Special attention is called to Abbott-Detroit brake construction, as many manufacturers use simply a thin steel band covered with a brake lining, a type which, when put into hard service, heats rapidly and soon wears out.

STEERING GEAR

The steering wheel, 18 inches in diameter and made of aluminum fitted with a **corrugated ebony rim,** is placed at just the right angle and height for comfortable driving.

Furthermore, the steering gear has been so accurately designed that the **34-40 models will turn around in a circle 39 feet in diameter and** the **44-50 in a 42-foot circle.**



End of rear axle, showing underslung springs and external and internal hub brake system.

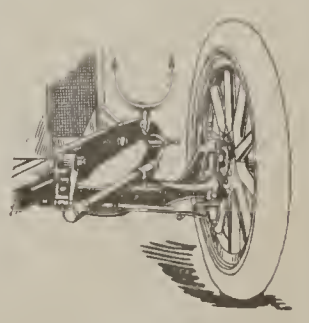
Control and emergency brake levers are within easy reach of the right hand and are **inside the body.**

The spark and throttle levers are mounted on sectors on the steering column, and can be manipulated without taking the hands off the steering wheel.

Thus you will see that **every movement** of **the car,** its **speed, direction, motor operation, starting, stopping, signaling**—**everything can be controlled from the driver's seat with ease and dispatch.**

The **equipment** is **very complete** and the **accessories beautifully finished.**

Let our dealers show you these cars, or write for advance catalog.



Front wheel and steering knuckle showing sharp turning ability.

Models and Prices

34-40 Fore-Door Roadster, 116-inch wheel base	$1700
34-40 5-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, 116-inch wheel base	$1700
44-50 5-Passenger, Fore-Door Demi-Tonneau, 121-inch wheel base	$1975
44-50 7-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, 121-inch wheel base	$2000
44-50 Battleship Roadster, 121-inch wheel base	$2150
44-50 7-Passenger, Fore-Door Limousine, 121-inch wheel base	$3050

Abbott-Detroit

Built for Permanence and Guaranteed for Life

ABBOTT-MOTOR COMPANY

602 Waterloo Street **Detroit, Michigan**

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Tire Users Did It

Note These Amazing Figures—8 Years Ago and Now

Eight years ago—after five years of tire making—we built scarcely more than one per cent of the tires.

One rival built 30 times as many—another 24 times—another 16 times our output.

Those are actual figures, based on records of royalties. And so are these next figures, showing cost of replacement, due to faulty tires.

Seven years ago our cost of replacement was 1.41 per cent—by far the lowest of all the tire makers. Cost to our rivals ran as high as 18.43 per cent.

So Goodyear tires were the best tires then, and they have been ever since.

Now note what happened in after years, when legions of motorists learned this.

Now Goodyear Tires Rule Tiredom

Outsell All Others

Now Goodyear tires outsell by far every rival tire.

Our output at present is nearly 100,000 tires monthly—automobile tires. And the demand has compelled us to increase our capacity to 6,000 tires per day.

To-day's demand is 12 times larger than three years ago. It is doubling now once in eight months.

Our statistics show that a very large percentage of motor car owners now use Goodyear tires.

How the Last Became First

This change began when motor car owners began to use meters to measure tire mileage.

It began with the advent of our patent type—the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

It began when these tires, to save overloading, were built 10 per cent over the rated size.

And it came about after years and years had been spent in perfecting these tires.

Big Savings

The No-Rim-Cut type, which makes rim-cutting impossible, saves an average of 23 per cent. For statistics show that 23 per cent of all the old-type tires become rim-cut.

The 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

So these known savings mean immense economy. Added to that are all the savings which come through Goodyear quality.

The Judgment of 250,000

There are, we judge, 250,000 motor car owners using Goodyear tires.

So the amazing popularity of No-Rim-Cut tires shows the combined judgment of a quarter-million men. And that judgment is based on experience.

When you next buy tires, bear in mind these facts. So many users, after 13 years, cannot be mistaken.

Winter Tires
With a Bulldog Grip

No-Rim-Cut tires for winter use are equipped, when wanted, with our Non-Skid tread.

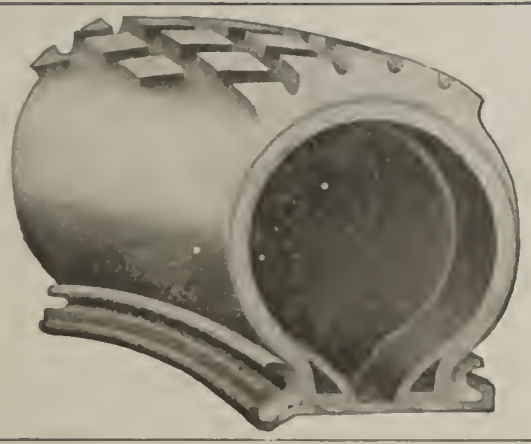
This tread was invented by the same experts who perfected No-Rim-Cut tires. And, like these tires, it represents finality.

Note the picture below, and note the description. You can see at a glance where this tire excels all other non-skid inventions.

On slippery roads one cannot safely drive a car without these Non-Skid treads. All winter tires should have them.

Go to the nearest Goodyear dealer and see for yourself what they mean to you.

The Goodyear Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.



GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

This Non-Skid tread is an extra tread, vulcanized on to the regular. This means a double-thick tread, and the extra tread is immensely tough and enduring.

The blocks are deep-cut, and they grasp the road surface in every direction with countless edges and angles. The blocks, because of their toughness and depth, last nearly as long as the tire.

Each block widens out at the base, so the strain is distributed over the fabric, the same as with smooth-tread tires. That's a new idea, and a factor of great importance.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

Advertising Decreases the Cost

Take almost any manufactured article or product. Every business man knows that the greater the quantity produced, in a given time, the less the cost of each piece or package.

A manufacturer who doubles his output can buy his materials far cheaper; he multiplies the efficiency of his help through more or larger machines.

Though the output be doubled, his fixed charges—ground rent, administration, insurance, taxes, etc.—may be increased only a trifle. These are facts—not fiction.

When he advertises he does it in order to tell QUICKLY millions of people about his goods. To acquaint them, without the aid of advertising, would take years and cost many times the amount spent in magazines and newspapers.

Think of any standard advertised line of clothing, watches, hosiery, cereals, underwear, food products, toilet articles, collars, hats, shoes, stoves, phonographs, automobiles—anything you please—can you think of one which costs more because of advertising?

Prices are soaring on food products—not so on foods that are advertised. The advertised brands of clothing, shoes, hats, hosiery, etc., have not advanced in price—many are much cheaper than ten years ago. And the same applies to luxuries; automobiles for example are 20 to 40% cheaper than six years ago and 50% better and automobile manufacturers spend enormous sums in advertising.

On advertised goods,—as cost of production goes down so does cost to the consumer. At the same time quality is ever maintained.

A. G. F. Hammesfahr.

Manager Advertising Department

The patron saint of business men

Big Ben

ARNOLD Bennett says: "The attitude of the American business man towards his business is pre-eminently the attitude of an artist. He *loves* his business."

Most American business men know Big Ben. He routs 'em out o' mornings and starts 'em off with a merry and irresistible "Good luck to ye."

Big Ben loves *his* business.

He runs on time—he rings on time—he stays on time. He's clean-cut, cheerful, right on the job—typical of American determination and grit.—The reason he *gets* so much business is that he *minds* his own so well.

Big Ben stands 7 inches tall. He rings just when you want and either way you want, *five straight minutes* or *every other half minute during ten minutes* unless you flag him off.—His keys are large, strong, pleasing to wind—his voice deep, jolly, pleasing to hear.

Big Ben is sold by 18,000 jewelers. His price is $2.50 anywhere.—If you cannot find him at your jeweler's, a money order sent to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will bring him to you attractively boxed and express paid.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

20% DOWN—10% PER MONTH

Why wait for your Diamond until you have saved the price? Pay for it by the Lyon Method. Lyon's Diamonds are guaranteed perfect blue-white. A written guarantee accompanies each Diamond. All goods sent prepaid for inspection. 10% discount for cash. Send now for catalogue No. 24

Established 1843.

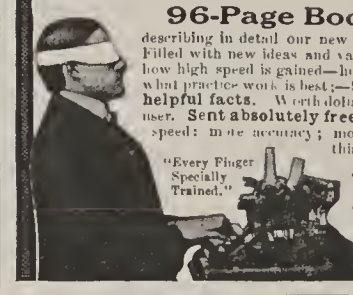
J·M·LYON & CO·
71-73 NASSAU ST·N·Y·

TYPEWRITING SPEED PAYS

Study the **TULLOSS TOUCH SYSTEM.** Gain speed—accuracy—ease of writing. Be **MASTER of your machine**—earn the **expert's salary.** Standard speed method for 12 years. Spare time study. **Results absolutely guaranteed.** Send for our

96-Page Book, Free

describing in detail our new Course (just ready). Filled with new ideas and valuable helps. Tells how high speed is gained—how to avoid errors—what practice work is best;—**96 pages of vital, helpful facts.** Worth dollars to any typewriter user. **Sent absolutely free.** If you want more speed; more accuracy; more salary—send for this book today—Now.



The Tulloss School of Touch Typewriting
1730 College Hill
Springfield, O.

DON'T PAY TWO PRICES

Save $8.00 to $22.00 on

Hoosier Ranges and Heaters

Why not buy the Best when you can buy them at such low unheard-of Factory prices. Our new improvements absolutely surpass anything ever produced. Save enough on a single stove to buy your winter's fuel. Thirty days free trial in your own home before you buy. Send postal today for large free catalog and prices.

Address Hoosier Stove Co., 218 State St., Marion, Ind.

Shorty and Patrick

By Stephen French Whitman

The marvelous adventures of two sailormen on shore-leave—told with a spontaneous humor that is irresistible.

$1.00 in the shops.
$1.12 from us, postpaid.

P. F. COLLIER & SON
416 West 13th Street New York

Hunters' and Trappers' Guide A $10,000 Book. 450 pages; leather bound; illustrating all Fur Animals. All about Traps, Trappers' Secrets, Decoys; Price $2.00. We pay 10 to 50% more for Raw Furs, Hides, Skins than home buyers. Hides tanned into Robes. Send for Price List. Andersch Bros., Dept. 13, Minneapolis, Minn.

Negro Minstrel Wig 50c, Burnt Cork 25c, Red for lips 15c; Imitation Diamond Stud or Ring 25c; Entire Outfit $1.00. Send three 2c stamps for complete catalogue of Wigs, Plays and Make-Up Material; also Art of Making Up. B. TRADEMORE COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

SELL STORIES STORY-WRITING TAUGHT BY MAIL

MSS. revised and sold. Free booklet. "Writing for Profit," tells how; gives proof. NAT. PRESS ASS'N, Dept. 54, Indianapolis

Look for name in strap

The Turtle

The Florsheim SHOE

Most Foot Ills

are caused by "ordinary" lasts. Florsheim "Natural Shape" lasts conform to Nature: that's why men who have tried a pair prefer them.

Ask your shoeman for The Florsheim Shoe or send us your order and we will have it filled by our nearest dealer.

Price $5.00

"Imperial" Quality $6.00

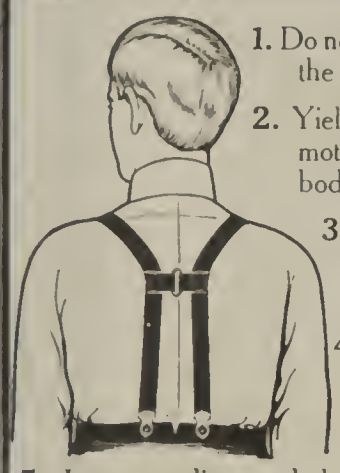
Write for illustrated loose leaf booklet containing 25 of the leading styles—it's free.

The Florsheim Shoe Company

567 Adams Street Chicago, U. S. A.

"COMMON-SENSE" SUSPENDERS

best fitting suspender made



1. Do not slide from the shoulders.
2. Yield to every motion of the body.
3. Improved adjustable back.
4. Latest invisible drawers supporter.
5. Long, medium and short lengths.

Price 50c., Postpaid

Common-Sense Suspender Co.

Morristown, New Jersey

SALESMEN WANTED

Make Ruffians Helpless

Without Strength, Skill, Exercise or Weapons

Whether you are a woman or unathletic man, you can drive off or permanently injure dangerous ruffians, prevent a pistol being drawn, avoid a knife or club or escape instantly from any hold.

This Self Preservation League System is not boxing not "Jiu Jitsu" (Japanese wrestling, usable only by experts) but a knowledge of the body's weak spots where instantly-learned movements, causing terrible pain to your assailant, can save you or your family from robbery, injury or death. Many are police movements others are adapted from "Jiu Jitsu" by the famous Professor O'Brien while Police Chief of Nagasaki, Japan. This League, formed for protection of otherwise helpless citizens, is personally directed by Professor O'Brien, who has taught this instantly-learned system to hundreds of grateful Americans, including Ex President Roosevelt.

To demonstrate their instant effectiveness, three trial motions will be sent for one dollar (The entire course is offered at a moderate price for the first time.) Available copies are limited but will be sent as long as they last.

SELF-PRESERVATION LEAGUE, 1372 Kesner Bldg., Chicago

STUDY LAW AT HOME

22 YEARS OF SUCCESS. Instruction by mail adapted to everyone. **FOR AMBITIOUS MEN who want to prepare for practice or who want to take our business law course so as to better their business prospects. Takes spare time only.** Can refer to successful graduates located in every section of the country. Handsome catalogue and Easy Payment Plan free.

The Sprague Correspondence School of Law
248 American Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 9, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME FIFTY NO. 8

P. F. COLLIER & SON INCORPORATED. PUBLISHERS

ROBERT J. COLLIER, *President* FRANKLIN COE, *Treasurer*

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"Y and E"

This trademark guarantees our goods as our signature guarantees our checks.

Would you do away with the usual bother, dangerous confusion and unsound methods of the

Annual Transfer?

Then begin at the beginning—find out the *right way*. We have prepared a manual on the subject, of which the title is "How to Transfer Papers and Records." It is simple—plainly written, with understandable diagrams and charts—but none the less an exhaustive and authoritative handling of the subject.

Here are some of the chapter headings: "What the Right Transfer Means," "How to transfer your old correspondence from vertical files," "The Vertical System—a second way," "The Vertical System—a third way," "Dating the Folders," "How to transfer," "Transferring by periods," "How is Your Filing System Indexed?" "Keep the Record of Transfers," "Something to Avoid," "Something to Remember," "'Y and E' Drawer Style Vertical Transfer Cases," "Why you should have these Drawer Style Transfer Cases in your office," "'Y and E' adaptable Metal Followers," "'Y and E' Vertical Transfer Cabinet No. 704," and so on, cataloguing all of the "Y and E" scientific facilities for properly and quickly transferring.

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The belt has become a prominent feature in overcoats; nearly all the models for young men have the belt-back in one form or another. It is impossible to go into details here; but if you want to see the liveliest, "quickest" lot of overcoats ever made, go to our dealer near you and see them.

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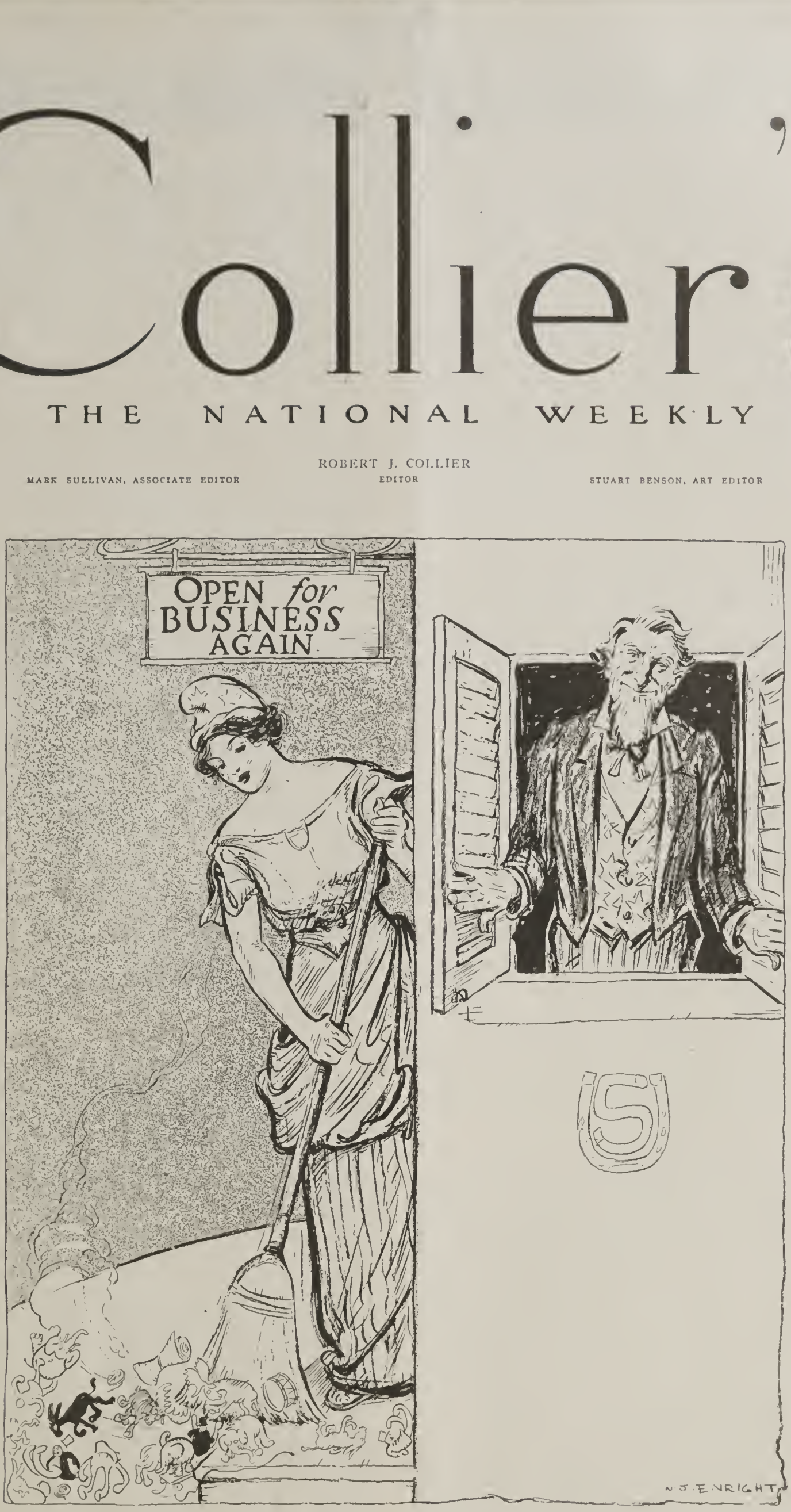
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



After Our Political Holiday

THE AFTERMATH

THE EXIGENCIES of circulating over a continent cause this paper to go to the printer before the result of the election is known. If the average voter could share the momentary mood of speculation which this fact enforces upon editors, his reflections would reassure him. Whoever is President of the United States next 4th of March, there is hardly an American but will be proud of the sort of man who has come to the top of this Republic at the beginning of its one hundred and twenty-sixth year. Although some millions of his fellow countrymen will have voted disapproval of President TAFT, probably not one hundred of them all would translate disapproval as dislike, or any other uncharitable sentiment. Indeed, if all the persons who feel rather sorry for TAFT had voted for him, he would have won. There aren't a dozen men in the country who think TAFT is a wicked man. And he has had opportunities to be wicked—how he could have turned the war in Mexico to his own purposes! Most of TAFT's failings are misfortunes and resolve themselves into two groups: he took himself seriously as the head of his party just at the moment when that party, after half a century of triumphant leadership, completely lost touch with popular sentiment. And it wasn't the party that changed; it was the country. For the other, TAFT had a static temperament in a highly dynamic age. When all the world clamored for change, he was strong for precedent and the old ways. He was out of tune with the times. A good many persons who have suffered that handicap have had their innings in history later on. In many another epoch, past and future, in a different public mood, these qualities of TAFT's could be hailed as virtues. And as these things go like the swing of a pendulum, who knows but if TAFT were given another term he might arrive upon 1916 in steady glory, the man of the hour?

MILESTONES

ONE THING that will make for clearness and sanity, and for charity where needed, is to recall how much has happened in ten years.

In 1902 there was no Pure Food Law at all; you could fill a can with common brown sugar, adorn it with a picture of a Green Mountain log cabin and a tree, and call it "Pure Vermont Maple Sugar."

In 1902 there was no sentiment against campaign contributions, and the fat fryer was a national hero.

In 1902 half the public men in Washington were indorsing Peruna or other patent medicines in the public prints.

In 1902 COLLIER'S was printing beer and whisky advertisements (and a few years earlier patent medicines and palmists).

In 1902 nine-tenths of the editors and public men in the country were riding on railroad passes and assuming the obligation implied.

So let's be charitable. It's an age of quickly changing standards. What was merely a cry in the wilderness in 1902 is the criminal statute of 1912. Who knows but for what we do to-day in the bosoms of approving families we may yet be crucified by some austere young moralist of 1922?

READ, PLEASE, THE BRICKBATS ON PAGE 31

BRICKBATS are more stimulating than bouquets, and for that reason we have gathered together those on page 31. We have omitted the bouquets this week because many of the writers might well be suspected of friendliness to the Progressive cause. To such of our fellow editors as are inclined to overcondole with us on our recent editorial bereavement, we might give this much comfort: NORMAN HAPGOOD was only one editorial writer on COLLIER'S staff; less than half of the editorials published this year were from his pen. Furthermore, the most important political editorials during the recent campaign, namely, "Monopoly" (September 7), "Labor and the Trusts" (September 14), "The Wastes of Monopoly" (September 21), "Concentration" (October 5), and "The Method" (October 19), were the work not of Mr. HAPGOOD but of Mr. LOUIS BRANDEIS, the distinguished Boston lawyer who was one of Governor WILSON'S most powerful campaign orators. We have high respect for Mr. BRANDEIS, who represented COLLIER'S so ably in the Ballinger case and who had much to do with saving the Alaskan coal lands for the people of the United States. We feel, however, that his relations with Governor WILSON were somewhat too close to be reconciled with the editorial "Fair Play" in our issue of August 24. Though we were not made aware till recently how frequent a contributor he had been to these pages, we trust that in the future COLLIER'S readers may again have the benefit of his rare understanding of our economic problems.

"JUST FOR A HANDFUL OF SILVER"

SO WE are to be "commercialized." Here we have lived through fifteen years of journalism only to fall victims to the "System" in the end. Alas, poor COLLIER'S! And doubly sad that the instrument of our downfall should be ELLMORE C. PATTERSON, whose ideas about advertising were so strict that in order to conform with them and keep our columns "clean," according to his standards, we were compelled to sacrifice (we blush to mention the sordid figures) in seven years nearly eight hundred thousand dollars. Think of the unfortunate proprietor—now editor also—who, after "digging down" in the last seven years to the tune of a quarter of a million, to fight in the courts the frauds exposed in these pages, is now about to become the BENEDICT ARNOLD of honest journalism. To quote Mr. HAPGOOD'S valedictory, "We have seen the last of the COLLIER'S we have known." Has the keystone of the arch of our temple of virtue crumbled?

BEFORE AND AFTER

"I NEVER FAIL *to feel and say that the Weekly owes its energy, its fertility, and its immediate touch to you, and that, however much it may be The National Weekly, it will also be essentially* COLLIER'S. . . . *My feeling is strong for you, not only as a friend but as the best journalist in this country.*"—Extract from a letter from NORMAN HAPGOOD to ROBERT J. COLLIER.

"The Weekly interests me . . . partly because it is a big and worthy paper doing fine work for America; partly and largely because it is controlled by a man who stands alone at the head of his profession to-day for aims and abilities combined."—Another letter from the same to the same.

"If the office boy had written the editorial [the tribute to Colonel ROOSEVELT after the shooting, entitled 'A Man'] *I should have complimented him but rejected it."*—Statement by Mr. HAPGOOD to the newspapers after his resignation.

Our modest opinion is that truth lies somewhere between these divergent estimates of flattery and pique.

WHAT IS IMPORTANT

FOR A THOUGHT appropriate to the season, we go back to that frequent source of sound sense, the Emporia "Gazette":

Curt Putnam's Corn

On a high backbone rising above the Neosho and the Cottonwood, CURTIS PUTNAM had a cornfield. Not long ago—last season, to be exact—he bought a manure spreader. This year he has brought in the biggest crop of corn raised in the neighborhood, on that gravelly upland patch. It is big, firm, white corn, and will run over fifty bushels to the acre. The manure spreader has enriched the soil so that it is giving results like bottom land. Every manure spreader in Lyon County is a harbinger of prosperity. If every farmer had a manure spreader and would use it, it would make mighty little difference what happened in politics

—or journalism.

THE DOLLARS OF RYAN OR PERKINS

IT WAS THOUGHT that the evils of campaign contributions had been abolished when publicity before election was made statutory. This was on the theory that the public could judge the giver's motive and act accordingly. But is the present status wholly satisfactory? Can the public be sure about motives? And, especially, can those in control of the channels of public information be sure they never color the motive to suit the case? We are aware of some discomfort in the position which assumes that Mr. RYAN'S four hundred thousand was tainted while Mr. PERKINS'S hundred thousand and Mr. HANNA'S and Mr. FLINN'S are sanctified. And how is the public to decide? Shall it depend on the accident of which chorus of editors happens to be louder of two, one shouting that Mr. PERKINS has become PAUL, the other that he is still SAUL? To put the question in a broader form yet, what shall the nation do with its Mr. PERKINS and others like him? Here is a man who arrives at forty-eight with ten million dollars in his pocket; he doesn't want to go on making money, for his children can't possibly need any more; he would like to earn public appreciation, honor, the sort of thing for which men in England and France get ribbons and garters and orders—an ambition all enlightened persons must understand. Shall the nation accept the benefit of this ambition, of an ability above mediocre working for the public good? Or shall it be suspicious, consider that he is still representative of the "Morgan interests," and give Mr. PERKINS a life sentence at money-making? Should we not, now that the campaign fever is over, define just what limitations we would set to the use of money in politics?

ONE PAPER

AS A PARTISAN NEWSPAPER, the Philadelphia "North American," in its advocacy of the Progressive party during the recent campaign, has been the most admirably successful example, seen in this country for many years, of the use of brains and white paper for the purposes of persuasion.

NEGLECTED FRIENDS

WHY HAS THE ESSAY, at least in America, lost ground so steadily? Was EMERSON destined to be our last representative of that delightful line, beginning with MONTAIGNE and carried nobly down through SWIFT, ADDISON, LAMB, HAZLITT, NEWMAN, MATTHEW ARNOLD, STEVENSON, to our day? Is it because it holds too leisurely a charm for our impatient temper that we lay aside this most intimate form of communion with our men of letters? It seems as if the appetite for facts had dulled our literary palates; that we preferred, like the ostrich, to bolt miscellaneous daily provender of shells and pebbles. For our great masters of style will not be hurried. They seem to ask us to pull up our easy chairs before the fire, light pipes, fill tankards, and let the good talk come, as it will, like old wine poured grudgingly at first from a precious bottle. But what a generous glow it brings at last—what friendly invocations out of a past that seems our own! We can fancy the superb invective with which SAM JOHNSON would have greeted the intrusion, into one of his discourses, of the telephone. And yet we let our newspapers and our railroads and our telephones and our unconscionable habit of hurrying nowhere for the sake of hurrying cheat us of these rich friendships. How happy MARK TWAIN must be now sitting discursive among his peers!

A HORRIBLE EXAMPLE

FOR YEARS, prior to 1911, West Virginia had sent two Republican Senators to represent her at Washington. In 1910, largely owing to the unpopularity of the Taft Administration, West Virginia elected a Democratic Legislature, and sent to the Senate CLARENCE W. WATSON and WILLIAM E. CHILTON. It was a change in political name only. WATSON was elected for the short term to succeed STEPHEN B. ELKINS, who had just died, and CHILTON was elected to succeed NATHAN B. SCOTT. In a forthcoming issue COLLIER'S will tell the story of the election of these two Senators, will describe the great railroad interests behind them, and the widespread charges of bribery that were made at the time. If the story has no other moral, it will prove that in a progressive State like West Virginia, after ten years of public awakening to such methods, the election of WATSON and CHILTON caused as much scandal in West Virginia in 1911 as W. A. CLARK'S election had caused in Montana in 1900. We are not sure that the intense enthusiasm for the Progressive cause in West Virginia is not the direct result in part of the action of West Virginia's Legislature last year. Regardless of this, the story is worth telling, if only just to remind us that here is one more horrible example of the present method of electing United States Senators in States which have no primary law.

THE TENNESSEE DELEGATION

SOME WEEKS AGO COLLIER'S called attention to the fact that every member of the Tennessee delegation in Congress was recorded as "not voting" on the Children's Bureau Bill. Congressman R. W. AUSTIN of Knoxville now points out that on the day the vote was taken all the members of Congress from Tennessee were attending the funeral of the late Senator ROBERT L. TAYLOR. It is, therefore, entirely unfair to attach to their failure to vote any inference regarding their attitude toward the Children's Bureau.

SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT OF WORDS

WRITERS AND SPEAKERS, who happen to be clear thinkers, practice scientific management for the special benefit of the consumer. With them it is not to economize on raw material, for they usually have an inexhaustible supply. It certainly is not to increase their output, although they are usually paid by the word. It is solely to make it easier and clearer for the reader and listener. Of course, all workers in words have not adopted scientific management. There are yet writers who consider language an end in itself, and spend their time in arranging intricate and astounding combinations. If they undertake to describe a field they proceed to lay around it a rail fence of words, phrases, and metaphors until, by the time they get the stake and riders up, you have forgotten the field and are tired of the fence. There are occasions that will still call out oratorical gentlemen who fondly love their own mellifluous voice as it caroms among unscalable peaks of glittering metaphor and rolls down deep, dim abysses of meaningless emotions; but, on the whole, people are caring less and less for meaningless phrases, however cunningly arranged. They want the substance of thought. They pass by the writer or speaker whose intricate phrases are but a drop curtain to hide what does not go on in his head, but they give more and more attention to the man who really thinks and uses language to transmit his thought.

WHY IS A SCHOOL?

THE HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT of a Connecticut school was asked a short time ago ten questions coming under the head of general information. Among these were such queries as:

Who said: "England expects every man to do his duty?"—"Eureka!"—"I'll go to it out on this line if it takes all summer?"—"Give me liberty or give me death!"—"Consider the lilies, how they grow?"—"Taxation without representation is tyranny?"

Out of fifty-seven pupils, not one could give NELSON as the mouthpiece of England's expectations. Not one had the faintest idea who said "Eureka!" Not one knew who said "Taxation without representation is tyranny." The best paper answered only five of the ten questions correctly. Only four papers had as many as four correct answers. Nine pupils failed to answer a single question correctly! Eight out of the fifty-seven knew who said "Consider the lilies"; the others were paralyzed by the difficulty of the question. If a little learning is a dangerous thing, the pupils of this school are removed from danger; not further, necessarily, than we are ourselves, for we should not have cared to face that examination.

THERE IS SENSE IN THIS

ABE RUEF, expert in practical politics, prison philosopher, author of his own story, believes that the only effective means of preventing bribery by public-service corporations seeking valuable privileges would be to make conviction carry loss of franchise. Investors, directors, attorneys, and operating officials would join in guarding their chief asset from forfeiture. The suggestion has the backing of expert knowledge.

EDUCATION

"A BOY," says PLATO, "is the most vicious of all wild beasts." It seems to us that a fairer statement is that of the English poet GASCOIGNE: "A boy is better unborn than untaught." Education can do much, even for a boy. Proper training often holds the balance between the worst and best. Another aspect was suggested by the teacher who said: "The consoling thought is how slight our influence is on the young." He meant, of course, that they would come out all right anyway; that Nature would take care of her own job.

REALLY LIVING

PIERRE LOTI has gone back to the old house in the shadow of the tomb of the Sultan ACHMET, where the nightingales sing and the sleepy fountain plays, and, although he speaks kindly of us, he doubts that he will ever visit America again. Some of the newspapers had a good deal of fun with the distinguished Frenchman. Reporters who saw him when he came up the bay stated that he blacked his eyebrows and "touched up" his complexion—phenomena which were not observable when he sailed away. The same reporters would give their eyeteeth to write any one of a hundred chapters in LOTI'S books. Fashions have changed, to be sure. The velvet coat and flowing tie have gone out. The author now is a good citizen as well as artist, and lives, like enough, in a noisy apartment house. Our late visitor belongs to another generation. And if, in his middle age, it should please the author of "Pêcheur d'Islande" or "Les Désenchantées" to wear a belt of shells or put feathers in his hair, like a red Indian, has he not earned the right? LOTI was impressed with the tremendous "activity" of New York, but not so sure of the value of this hubbub in terms of the eternal verities—whatever they may be. And this is a comment, especially as it applies to our accomplishment in the art to which he has devoted himself, that is not so easily disposed of. There is plenty of clever writing in this country, but not much literature, and we think it safe to say that literature is precisely what LOTI has written, even if he appears to the average American a cranky esthete several centuries behind the times. Our always entertaining friend, the New York "Sun," which writes of "this town" in the quaint Queen Anne vein, and nobly endeavors to maintain the illusion that New York is as much a place for people really to live in as the London of "The Spectator's" time, avers that a permanent establishment in the shadow of ACHMET'S tomb would be inconceivable for any New Yorker, however it may suit "an indolent fancy approaching the vanishing point." Mr. LOTI'S fancy may be indolent, yet he has produced a shelfful of novels and made himself one of the greatest descriptive artists of his time. New York is one of the most stimulating environments in the world, but something beside stimulants is needed for real living or the best work. For that purpose the sleepy fountain and the nightingale may be even more useful than the cold shower and the roar of streets. EMERSON'S is perhaps the most virile and authoritative voice that has spoken in America, and EMERSON lived in a little New England village.

The Defeat of the Underworld

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Some Impressions of the Becker Trial

THIS is the story of the house that Jack built. Of the gambler who spun the wheel and lived in the house that Jack built. Of the lieutenant in gold and blue who murdered the gambler who spun the wheel and raided the house that Jack built. Of the lobbygow who hired the gunmen to croak the gambler who threatened to squeal and who lived in the house that Jack built. And of the attorney and jury and judge who sent the lieutenant in gold and blue, who murdered the gambler who threatened to squeal, to die in the chair at Sing Sing.

The house that Jack built stands in Forty-fifth Street in the lungs of the new Tenderloin, in a block so short that it can breathe the air both of Sixth Avenue and Broadway.

The house is of brown sandstone. It is a relic of the early eighties. Then it stood shoulder to shoulder with other "fronts" of brown sandstone, each an ugly counterpart of its brother, each giving to the neighborhood visible proof of respectability. Now, New York, sweeping north, has engulfed it in a rising tide of chop suey restaurants, theatrical costumers, delicatessen shops, and the parlors of the beauty doctor.

Jack Rose — "In seven hours they could not shake his story"

But still, until August of this year, the house of smug sandstone maintained its outward appearance of inward rectitude, and with closed window blinds shut its eyes to the doings of its disreputable neighbors.

Then, one warm day last August, a lieutenant of police and his men leaped up its high, old-fashioned stoop and battered down its doors and showed it to New York for what it was—a gambling hell. In the hall of her home Mrs. Herman Rosenthal, the wife of the man who ran the gambling hell, came face to face with the Law.

"Why, Charley," cried the wife of the gambler, "what are *you* doing here?"

"Hush!" begged the preserver of public morals; "tell Herman *it had to be him or me.*"

As it turned out, it had to be both.

They put a policeman inside the house and one in uniform outside on the old-fashioned stoop to warn citizens that the place was a gambling house, and at the open window, for it was summer time, Mrs. Rosenthal in a lace wrapper used to sit scowling at the man on post.

It was the "silly" season for the newspapers, and of the policemen and Mrs. Rosenthal's refusals to admit them, when one came to relieve another, the papers printed amusing stories. Meanwhile Herman, her husband, wandered from Forty-second Street to Forty-fifth Street, which was the limit of his world, complaining bitterly.

"This was no ordinary raid," he explained. Charley Becker, "the magnificent," the commander of the Strong-Arm Squad, whose special duty it was to suppress gambling, who, out of a salary of $138 a month, had managed to save $70,000, who was his friend, and who had promised him protection, had given him the double-cross. It was not the raid that hurt, Herman protested. To satisfy the Commissioner, older gamblers than himself had had to pay the price for protection and had had to "stand for" a raid. He knew that. He admitted that even the most well-meaning police official, in order to hold his job, must occasionally do his duty. But, as Rosenthal announced to all men, his case was a "raw deal," his case was different. In his gambling house Becker, the man assigned to suppress gambling, was a silent partner. Toward his bank roll Becker had subscribed $1,500, and to see that he got his rake-off of 25 per cent had installed in the house his jackal, lobbygow, and collector—Jack Rose.

Was it right, Herman demanded, that your own partner should be the one to put you out of business? His friends heard him uneasily, with averted eyes. With the philosophy of their world, they advised him to "forget it." But Herman could not forget. His grievance grew, his wrongs obsessed him, and soon his complainings and whinings turned to snarls and threats. He would, he declared, defy the rules of the brotherhood, with the police who ruled and fattened on the underworld he would get even—he would turn informer. He would "break" the magnificent Becker. The one and only commandment of the underworld is: "Thou shalt not squeal." And in alarm and disgust his friends deserted him. Those who still cared to save him from self-destruction warned him of the fate of all who had defied the police, who had dared to tell the truth concerning them. They reminded him of MacCauley hounded into exile, of McAuliffe trapped in a police station and beaten to death with night sticks. But Herman's wrongs cried for revenge, and to lay his evidence against Becker he called upon the Commissioner of Police. That gentleman was busy. The Mayor, in whom the pushcart peddler and the Long Island truck gardener can always find a sympathetic listener, turned him out of the City Hall. Two city magistrates refused to hear him. So he took his story to the newspapers and to the District Attorney.

Until then, to the magnificent police lieutenant, Rosenthal and his whinings had been only a nuisance. He was a "sore head." He was a joke. But when he reached the ear of the District Attorney, and that official stooped to listen, Rosenthal became a menace and a destroying angel.

Repeatedly the effort has been made to show that what followed was due to the fear in which Rosenthal was held by his own fraternity. That was never the case. Of the gamblers, Rosenthal could tell nothing that the people of New York City did not know. His "disclosures" might for a month cause the houses to close. But only for a month. As a matter of history, through all of his "disclosures" and through all that followed, the houses kept open. The danger was not to the gamblers. The only danger the gambler fears is the ill will of the police. For without the aid of the police no gambling house in New York City could for one day remain open. And so when Becker, the only man who was in danger, sought for help, he turned to the men who dared not refuse him anything, who lived only by his sufferance—to the men who, if he were not corrupt, if he were not false to his duty and his uniform, would be driven from their beloved Broadway, would be robbing each other at pinochle in a Catskill road house. The one he selected to murder for him was the man who collected money for him—Jack Rose.

Lieutenant Charles Becker, detailed to suppress gambling

In the witness chair Rose told how Becker met him at the Union Square Hotel. It was their most frequent place of meeting. In a back room, at a table behind the cigar stand, Rose used to turn over to Beeker money he had collected from the gambling houses. But on this day Beeker asked for more than money.

"This fellow Rosenthal," protested the commander of the Strong-Arm Squad, "means to do all he said he would do—all he set out to do about exposing me, and that I was his partner, and that I am a grafter, and going to show me up, and break me. He started by trying to see Commissioner Waldo. He's been trying

The Lafayette Baths — "The gunmen were all members of the Order of the Turkish Bath"

"The house that Jack built" — The gambling house of Herman Rosenthal on West Forty-fifth Street

to give out statements to the press. He tried to see Magistrates Corrigan and McAdoo, and he tried to see Mayor Gaynor. 'Here am I in charge of the Strong-Arm Squad, and instead of getting money from that fellow I gave him money—gave him $1,500 to start his place with, put him in the way of making money, protected the place and looked after him—and there is the gratitude: when I was compelled to make a raid to save myself and my position, a raid for which I paid $1,500 to make, he is looking to get my scalp.'

Rose suggested that those higher up among the gamblers might read the laws of the brotherhood to Rosenthal. This hurt the pride of Becker.

"'Do you think,' he demanded, 'I'd let anybody go

"Gyp the Blood" and "Lefty Louie"

"The New York gunman is a dandy, an exquisite, scented, wearing silk socks"

to anybody and ask Rosenthal to let up on *me?* You don't know *me!*'

Then Rose offered to have Rosenthal "beaten up," and to have those who did the beating explain why they beat him.

"'I don't want him beat up,' said Becker. 'I could do that myself. I could get a warrant for any gambling house he frequents and raid it and beat him up for resisting arrest or anything else.'

Then the magnificent one came to the business for which the meeting had been called. 'No beating up will fix that fellow,' he explained. 'Nothing for that man but taken off the earth—have him murdered; cut his throat, dynamited, or anything. It will only take twenty-four hours.' It took longer than twenty-four hours.

Either Becker was overhopeful, or else Rose, "the best poker player in New York," was, in affairs of murder, less skillful. Becker did not propose that Rose himself should commit the murder.

"I wouldn't ask you to get into anything that meant taking a chance, or meant danger to you or yours, no more,' he assured the jackal, 'than I would take myself.' The assurance was not necessary. Becker took no chances. To commit murder in order that he might save his gold shield, he lashed others forward, drove them with promises of protection, with gifts of money, with threats of "frame-ups" that would land them for fourteen years in Sing Sing, but he himself took no chances. His own magnificent person was never once within the zone of fire. Nor did he ask the gamblers to enter it. For "rough work" of the sort Becker wanted there are in New York gangs of young men especially organized, and for the actual "croaking" he instructed Rose to turn to them.

At that time the leader of one of these gangs of gunmen, Jack Zelig, was in the Tombs. Since then he has been murdered as he rode in an open car on the Bowery, for the life of the gunman is but as grass. But at that time, about the 22d of June, he was in the Tombs on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. There, with Harry Vallon, another gambler, Rose called on him and asked his aid. Zelig refused it. Becker must first get him out on bail. Two of Becker's Strong-Arm Squad had arrested him in a saloon, and, declaring the arrest an attempt to "frame" him, Zelig had stood up and begged over forty people in the saloon to note that he was not armed. On his arrival at the station house, by some miraculous procedure, a gun was found on him, proving that Zelig's estimate of police evidence was based on experience. Holding Becker to blame for this "frame-up," Zelig refused to aid him. Rose reported back to Becker. According to Rose, Becker said: "Well, then, let him rot in the Tombs. That ends all. He gang from now on. With everyone of them will I settle."

Rose suggested that, even without direct orders from Zelig, some of the gunmen might be willing to lend first aid to a would-be murderer. Becker sent him to question them.

"Tell them," he said, "just what I have told you. Nothing can happen to anyone who croaks Rosenthal." Becker believed this. His confidence in his power to control the police and the courts was his only weakness. It was a form of vanity so insolent that eventually it led directly to his fall. And his experience in a degree justified him. For years, as it pleased him, he had "framed up" evidence, or for six hundred dollars destroyed his own evidence and set men at liberty to again spin their wheels and pay him tribute.

He believed both at headquarters and in the lower courts that he was omnipotent. And the Underworld also believed it. Was he not Becker the magnificent? Did they not see him daily in company with political leaders dining in lobster palaces, using as his own the automobile of Colonel Sternberger of the New York National Guard?

Rose sought out two of Zelig's gunmen, "Whitey" Lewis and "Lefty Louie."

"I told them," Rose testified, "I came to warn them of the danger they were in, of the fate similar to what Zelig had met by being arrested for carrying concealed weapons, and they said: 'We don't carry them no more since this trouble of Zelig's.'

"'Well,' I said, 'it don't make no difference; Zelig didn't have one either.'

"'What is the cause of this?' they asked me.

"'Why, Herman Rosenthal,' I said. 'Who is Herman Rosenthal and what has he to do with it?' they asked."

Rose told them: "He has been squealing against Lieutenant Becker, and he is trying to see District Attorney Whitman, and Becker feels you fellows, who on my account he has been taking care of, owe it to him to see that Rosenthal does not make that squeal."

"They said: 'You mean by croaking him?'

"I said: 'Yes.'

"'Have you seen Zelig?' they asked.

"I said: 'Zelig will agree to it.'

"'Well,' they said, *'all right, we are willing. We will go to-night.'"*

In the old-fashioned days, when I was a police reporter, murder was an adventure that was not entered into without precaution and hesitancy. Then the man who contemplated murder, and the hanging to which in those days it frequently led, went about it only after some thought and preparation.

If he proposed to shoot a man in New York, he first

District Attorney Whitman and Judge Goff

The prosecuting officer who could not be thrown off the scent, and the veteran jurist who presided at the trial

The Metropole, in Forty-third Street, Where the Stage Was Cleared

"For Rosenthal the Metropole was a sort of club; for him the electric lights within and without were making the place blaze like the stage of a theatre"

"Bridgey" Webber's Poker Room

A "To Let" sign is on the windows of "the man of means, the treasurer and backer of the murderers"

journeyed to Boston to purchase a revolver and he let his beard grow. To secure the cartridges he traveled to Baltimore, and he went there smooth-shaven. Before the act he arranged an elaborate alibi; he removed evidence that would suggest a motive by methods that would not be traced back to himself; he lured his victim to a vacant lot or an empty flat. Or, after many months, he destroyed him with ground glass in his coffee, or from the safe distance of San Francisco sent him poisoned marsh mallows. Those were the days that made Sherlock Holmes necessary. Murder then was a fine art, a mystery; over it hovered the shadow of the gallows.

The "gunmen" have changed all that. Of murder they have made a sport like the potting of rabbits, a profession, which, with a slight profit, combines just enough of danger to make it exciting, like the profession of the steeple jack or the parachute jumper. Their view of murder is joyous, inconsequent; they take life with the same boyish abandon as that with which you throw a boot at a cat on the back fence. You do not ask the name of the cat. "Whitey" Lewis and "Lefty Louie" did not know the man they were invited to kill. "Who," they asked, "is Herman Rosenthal? All right," they exclaimed, "we'll go to-night." It was as though Rose had invited them to take a taxicab along Riverside Drive to see the warships.

And as the gunmen robbed murder of its grimness, they made of the murderer a thing of beauty. He is no Whitechapel bully, or rat of an apache, collarless, unshaven, unclean, crouching in a dark alley to leap upon his victim. The New York gunman is a dandy, an exquisite, scented, wearing silk socks, silk ties to his tan shoes, with rings on his well-kept fingers and a gold watch in his well-pressed clothes. Jack Zelig was a daily patron of a manicure parlor; "Gyp the Blood," "Lefty Louie"—all of the gangsters—were regular members of the Order of the Turkish Bath. If the murder of Herman Rosenthal brought about no other good, it served to force into the limelight these Morlocks of the lower world. It convinced an incredulous public of the real existence of these armed degenerates. It established the fact that in New York City the price of the life of any man, at union rates, is two hundred dollars.

After he left the gunmen, Rose saw Becker that same night and assured him the friends of Zelig were on the job.

"'Any day now,' he said, 'you may expect to read about it in the papers.'"

Failing to read about it over his coffee and grapefruit, Becker became impatient. Either Jack Rose was "stalling," or the gunmen doubted that Rose possessed authority. Becker called on "Bridgey" Webber, who ran a poker game at [illegible]

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"Little Women" on the Stage

A Dramatization, at Last, of Louisa M. Alcott's Famous Story

By ARTHUR RUHL

IT ISN'T very often, at the theatre, that we get a chance to look into a characteristic American home. Very few stage people appear to have been "raised" anywhere. They simply spring, full-grown, from the incandescent dome of the author of the play. They have, so to speak, no relatives, no home towns. Vivid and impressive, often, when looked at from the front, a little examination reveals that they are all length and breadth and no thickness. They do not reach back into anything.

One of the pleasant, reassuring qualities of the people in the plays of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is that generally they do so reach back—seem rooted in some local soil. We are speaking more specifically here of contemporary realistic plays, comedies of manners and the like, although, of course, figures as remote from this style of play and from each other as "Peter Pan" and "Hamlet" reach back, through their possession of universal human qualities, in quite the same way.

In "Little Women" we find the usual thing reversed. Here is a great deal of family and only a little play—scarcely a play at all in the ordinary meaning of the word. Here is the home which the people in so many of our plays seem never to have known.

And it is a very refreshing and delightful thing to see on Broadway. Miss Marian De Forest, who made the stage version of Louisa Alcott's much-beloved story, is to be congratulated and thanked. And so is Miss Jessie Bonstelle, who assisted, and the players themselves—for the total result is an entertainment which will not hurt the feelings of the most devoted admirer of "Little Women," and yet will give folks of all sorts of ages and tastes more real pleasure than they often find in the theatre.

The play has already been seen in other parts of the country, and the book is so familiar to Americans that it is perhaps enough to say of the stage version that it is thoroughly entertaining and in good taste. Jo's stories and plays; Mrs. March's hurried journey to Washington to be at the side of her sick husband—and the way everybody, even sharp-tongued Aunt March, rallied round to help her off; Jo's regretful refusal of Laurie, the death of Beth, and the final happy love affairs of Jo and Meg and Amy—these are the main episodes of the play.

Among the weird stage ladies Broadway knows so well—the cream-puff variety, on the one hand, or the shrieking sort, who keep waving their sex at the world as a Dutch windmill waves its arms in half a gale—there is something peculiarly refreshing in the sight and sound of a girl like Jo—devoted, ardent, yet clear-headed and clean-hearted, and as amusingly disdainful of the obviously sentimental as a schoolboy playing football. Something of the "earnest of the north wind" is felt whenever Jo speaks—something that is often forgotten in the brassy glare of Broadway. As a contribution to dramatic art, "Little Women" is of little importance; as a contribution to civilization through the medium of the stage, something for the whole family, big and little, to enjoy, it is very important indeed.

The company, several of whom are as new to Broadway as the old-fashioned American types they repre-

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The March family receive the telegram saying that Father March is ill in Washington

Laurie and Amy (in the picture at the left) as they were about to leave for the party

Mrs. March and her "little women" in their New England home. The picture on left shows Jo (in the centre), Meg, and Amy in the orchard

What is an American?

The Suicide of the Anglo-American

By HONORÉ WILLSIE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SLOAN

UP IN a stone quarry in Massachusetts, a few years ago, two men got jobs on the same day. The American of one man's name was Masso. He was a south European, short of body and long of arm. Masso had been in this country five years and spoke English fairly well.

The other man's name was Ezra. He was tall and lean and nervous. Ezra's forefathers once had held in grant from England the land on which the quarry lay, but Ezra's father had given it up. Farm labor was hard to get. The land thereabouts was being bought up by Poles and south Italian hucksters, who lived on what they could not sell and whose wives and children were their farm hands. Ezra's father could not compete with this condition. Ezra had drifted back from the city with the hope of buying, somehow, some time, the old farm.

The two men were put at like work, at the same wage—two dollars a day. The quarry was one of a great string owned by a combination of companies. It was poorly equipped. Not a cent more of the profits was put back into the quarry than was absolutely essential for turning out stone. The result was crude methods, many accidents, and a constant inflow of raw hands.

Masso found a house near the quarry. It was a shack, containing one room and a kitchen lean-to. Into this moved Masso with his wife and five children. The house looked good to them. In the old country their house had had one room and a dirt floor.

Ezra found a little four-room cottage, a good distance from the noise of the quarry. There was a porch and a bathroom. Into this moved Ezra with his wife and one child, a boy about twelve years old.

Masso's wife seemed to be at her housework all the time, but the house was always dirty, and so were the children. But they were healthy, and Mrs. Masso had a laugh that was good to hear.

Ezra's wife was nervous and energetic and wore the half-worried, half-wistful look of so many New England women. Her house and her one child were immaculate.

MASSO managed to lay aside part of his wages each week toward the farm he was going to buy in the old country. But after the newspaper and little Ezra's magazine, by way of luxuries, had been paid for, not a cent of Ezra's wages was left.

Ezra and Masso, working shoulder to shoulder, day by day, developed a sort of liking for each other, in spite of the fact that Ezra held immigrants in utter contempt. At noon, when they sat in the shade of a stone block, eating their lunch, Ezra would try to get at Masso's ideas.

"What did you come to this country for, Masso?" he asked one hot July noon.

Masso gnawed his onion and bread thoughtfully. "Make money easy here," he answered, "then go back to old country rich."

"Well, what else?" urged Ezra.

Masso looked blank.

"I mean," said Ezra, "did you like this Government better'n yours? Did you like our ways better'n yours? Understand?"

Masso shrugged his shoulders. "Don't care 'bout gov'ment if I make the money. What did you come to this country for?"

Ezra flamed. "I was born here, you Wop you! This very dirt here made the food that made me! Understand? I'm a part of this country same as the trees are! My folks left comfort and friends behind 'em and came to this country when it was full of Indians, to be free, *free;* can you get that? And what good did it do them? They larded the soil with their good sweat to make a place for fellows like you. And what do you care?"

"I work," said Masso stolidly. "I work all the time and I make the money. That's enough."

Ezra opened his mouth to reply, looked at the unresponsive face before him and subsided. Then he tried another tack.

"What started you over here? How'd you happen to think of coming?"

Masso understood this. "Over there you hear much about America and how ever' one get rich quick here. I hear, but it's like a story. I like to listen, but I'm pleased to stay where all my people lived. But in our part are agents of steamship companies, thousands of agents just in our little part of country. Those companies they have to have passengers, you see? So they talk all the time, fix it all smooth so you can come and tell 'bout places you can get work. Those agents they kept right after me and I come. That's all."

EZRA considered this for a few minutes. Then as he lighted his pipe he said: "I don't know anything about it except what I see and what I read in the papers. I ain't got anything personal against you. You're a human being like me, doing your best according to your light. But I'd like to bet that if they'd shut the doors after the Civil War and let those that was in the country have their chance, this country would be a whole lot farther along than it is now. I'll bet if they had fifty men in this quarry like me, instead of a hundred like you, it would turn out twice the work it does now."

"What did you come to this country for, Masso?" asked Ezra. Masso gnawed his onion and bread thoughtfully. "Make money easy here," he answered, "then go back to old country rich"

Masso listened in a puzzled way and shook his head, as he did at most of Ezra's vagaries. But not only Masso is puzzled over the sort of speculation in which Ezra indulged. Men who have spent their lives in studying statistics and races are puzzled too.

IF AMERICA had closed her door to immigration in 1830 and the birth rate of that period had continued for seventy years, instead of the 76,000,000 of people that we boasted in 1900 we would have had 100,000,000. This 100,000,000 would have been a homogeneous people, of strongly Anglo-Saxon type, and ideal. The chaos that has resulted from the constant introduction of new types would have been avoided.

Ever since 1830, when America first began to feel the tremendous influx from Europe, the native American birth rate has decreased progressively with the swell of immigration. It diminishes most markedly wherever the immigrant crowds most thickly. New England, once the most homogeneous portion of America, once having the highest birth rate, once the main source of what we call the American spirit, has now the greatest proportion of foreigners and the smallest native birth rate. It is not even holding its own. Massachusetts in her native birth rate and France can boast the greatest decline known in the Western world.

IN 1900 the census for all the United States shows that the Anglo-American is by far the most unfruitful of all Americans. Where a Polish-American has a child once in two years, an Anglo-American will have a child once in five years. The south European—that is, the Slovak, the Russian Jew, the Magyar, the Greek, the Bohemian, and many other races—have for the past twenty years formed over eighty per cent of our immigration. The first generation of these immigrants has shown itself to be extremely fertile. The south Italian, the Russian Jew, the Pole have the highest birth rate in the Western world. Eugenists say that this influx from south Europe must rapidly change the American type, must cause it to become darker and smaller, must make it more mercurial, fonder of music. That it will even change our type of crime. Murder, rape, and sex immorality will become more common than the Anglo-Saxon crimes of burglary, drunkenness, and vagrancy.

The change seems inevitable now. It is one of the world's hard facts of living that the Anglo-American must go. The only point of moment left in the matter is the way of his going and whether or not in his going he is any loss to America. Is there to be no trace of him left? Does he leave behind him an ideal sufficiently clean-cut, fundamental, and enduring to survive the floods of ignorance that are poured upon it?

The Anglo-American had an ideal. Even Ezra, sweating out his days in labor, had an ideal which it would take a second or third generation of Massos to get, if at all.

THE blocks of stone were loaded on to flat cars by means of old-fashioned wooden-arm derricks that always were breaking and endangering the lives of the men. One day the guide rope of one of the biggest derricks broke and the great block of stone swept across the flat car, breaking the leg of a Polak and all but mashing the life out of a little Italian water boy.

Ezra was enraged. He went to the boss and demanded a new equipment all around. The boss laughed.

"The equipment is good enough for a lot of Wops and Bohunks."

"I'm not a Wop or a Bohunk!" retorted Ezra. "I won't work where you don't take any better care of your men than you do here."

The boss hesitated. The American workman was valuable in the intelligence he brought to his work.

"Well, I'll write to the company," he said, evasively.

Ezra's lips tightened. "You gotta get us some decent equipment," he growled.

He went back to his work, and that noon hour he struggled with Masso.

"Look here, Masso, they haven't any business to have such rotten derricks. I'll bet we can get them this way. That rush order for New York has got to be out to-morrow night or they lose money. Now we're going on strike this afternoon. Understand? Make 'em promise a good derrick and a crane to-morrow well and hard. You tell the rest of the hands."

Ezra repeated this patiently until Masso understood. Then he finished his onion and shook his head.

Children were always dirty, but they were healthy. Masso had a laugh that was good to hear

"I don't want lose half a day pay while you talk."

"But you can get killed any minute the way things are now," persisted Ezra.

Masso still shook his head. "I gotta work."

Angry and disgusted, Ezra went to the other men who could understand English. It was quite useless. "We gotta work," they said.

AT FIRST Ezra declared he'd walk out by himself. He'd not stand it. But as he went on with his stone sawing and thought the matter out, he concluded that he was only wasting time and money to leave the job or to attempt to force better working conditions in the quarry.

"It's something bigger'n I am, I guess," he thought heavily. "It ain't only this quarry, it's every place I've worked. It's everywhere these foreigners willing to work with things such as us Americans can't stand, everywhere twenty of 'em waiting to undercut our pay. And the companies all banking on this very thing to make themselves rich."

A sense of suffocation, of blind hopelessness settled on Ezra.

"I don't see why I can't get down to macaroni and onions and a pigpen for a house," he muttered. "It's my only chance to compete with these fellows."

Early in November, when the work was getting slack but bitter hard in the raw weather, there came a ten per cent cut in wages. Ezra, with the panicky feeling closing in on his heart, talked it over with his wife. It was of no use to quit and look for work that time of year, they decided.

Yet the twenty cents a day loss must be met. At first they thought of discontinuing the boy's magazine. But at last they decided that by Ezra giving up tobacco and by giving up cream for coffee and cereal, by getting no new clothes for themselves, they still could pay the rent for the pretty cottage with the bathroom, still keep little Ezra well dressed and in school, and tide through the winter somehow—if there was no sickness.

THE next morning Masso appeared on the job with a dirty-faced small boy.

Said Masso to Ezra: "I take him out school soon's I hear of the cut. Boss, he give him job as tool boy. He work cheaper than that American boy they got there."

"He's too small to work," said Ezra. "You'd ought to keep him in school. Give him a chance."

"Chance for what?" asked Masso.

"Chance to grow into a decent citizen," snarled Ezra with the old feeling of having his back to the wall while the pack worried him in front.

"Oh, he goes back to the old country with me in a few years!" said Masso. "He finds books no good over there."

The boy looked up quickly. "I ain't going back. Me, I'm an American!" he said. "I'll be rich some day."

The father gave him a push, and the boy went off to his work. John looked after him proudly. "That's right," he said. "He won't go back. He's good American now. My six children, they all Americans."

"Good Americans!" sneered Ezra. "What do you mean by good American?"

"Oh, he learn how to make much money quick!" answered Masso, nodding his head knowingly.

"That's not being an American!" shouted Ezra. "He'll never make an American, that kid!"

Masso scowled. "Why not?" he growled.

Ezra straightened his tired shoulders and looked out over the dreary waste of November fields beyond the quarry. It was the land that his fathers had held in grant from an English king. The fields that had made Ezra's flesh and blood were dotted with Italian huts. The lane where Ezra's mother had met his father when he returned crippled from Antietam was blocked by a Polak road house.

Ezra looked from the fields back to the alien eyes of his hearer. He started to speak, then stopped.

EZRA thought: "My ancestors were immigrants too, but I know that they were Americans as soon as they landed here. This fellow isn't. He never can be." Then he said aloud:

"I don't know what makes an American of a person, unless it's the right kind of thing bringing him to this country."

Masso shrugged his shoulders. "I guess, if you are an American, then to be an American you gotta be crazy."

But the question haunted Ezra. What was an American? And it may well puzzle any of us here in the United States. What *is* an American? Does taking out naturalization papers make an American? Does

Ezra's wife was nervous and energetic. Her house and her one child were immaculate

this produce from stolid ignorance the boasted American type? And what is the American type?

In the United States there are 33,000,000 people who are foreign born or of foreign parentage. They call themselves Americans. By what subtle alchemy did they change from Europeans to Americans? Or doesn't the word American mean anything more than an inhabitant of the United States? Can it mean anything more in this welter of types all claiming to be American?

IF MOVED by a desire to worship God or to govern or to work, according to their own code, Ezra's forefathers came to a strange land, their contribution to that land is fundamentally different from Masso's, who, pushed by money interests and baited by money interests, arrived in America with no desire save to make money and return to the old conditions.

Whether Masso's lack of high motive is the result of inherent brain poverty or of a brutal environment is a matter of greater importance to America than the tariff question. If due to the first, no amount of education of Masso or his children will bring this hereditary brain poverty to brain wealth. If due only to the second, little by little we may educate his succeeding generations of children to the American ideal—if there is one—and if we really use it! The Anglo-Saxon contributed the ideal that produced the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution and the Thirteenth Amendment to it. What is Masso contributing? Undoubtedly he will develop ideals. What will they be?

We have some foolish phrases. "The melting pot can fuse anything!" Yes, but fuse anything into what? "After all, the fittest will survive!" Yes, but fittest

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Growing Wings

Aviation Rises Though Aviators Fall, and Aeroplanes Steadily Become Safer

By HENRY WOODHOUSE

ON JUNE 27 the French military authorities attended the funeral of Lieutenant Louis-Martin Etienne, who had been killed in an aviation accident. Lieutenant Etienne was the ninth French officer killed in the aviation field since January.

While the funeral was taking place the director of military aeronautics, Colonel Hirschauer, was explaining to the Chamber of Deputies that the French military aviators on that date numbered 250 and had flown collectively a distance of 650,000 kilometers since January 1, 1912. He also reported that the day before he had registered the 1,800th application from young officers who wanted to become aviators, and that some of the applicants came to him with tears in their eyes to beg him to admit them to the aviation section.

So aviation rises, although airmen fall. Since September 17, 1908, 180 airmen have been killed, yet 2,500 have taken up the profession and earned pilot licenses.

Fifteen persons rush to take up flying as a profession each time an airman is killed; death seems to have a spurring effect.

INSPIRATION FROM DEATH

THAT has been true since the very beginning. It is a matter of history that the Wrights took up aviation seriously on hearing of the death of Otto Lilienthal in 1896, and that three years later Captain Louis Ferber, who did much to make aviation popular in France in 1900-1908, took up aviation on hearing of the death of Percy Pilcher, the English pupil of Lilienthal; Wilbur Wright's long flights in France in 1908 began the day after the fall of Orville Wright at Fort Myer. On the day Captain Ferber was killed, September 22, 1909, Hubert Latham, journeying to Berlin with his machine packed, said: "As soon as we arrive I'll get up in the air, to show that the death of one of our comrades does not frighten us." True to his word, on his arrival he got up in his Antoinette monoplane and made a remarkable flight over Berlin in the teeth of an incipient gale. When, this year, Védrines met with an accident, while trying to fly from Douai to Madrid in one day, and was reported dead, Lieutenant Faucompre, in charge of the military school at Villacoublay, promptly took to the air as an example for his men. That same evening Gustave Hamel, the veteran English airman, flew across the English Channel with Miss Davies as passenger; and no doubt the concern that employed Védrines received a score of applications for his job.

The Curtiss Aero-boat—the last word in water-flying

AN INDUSTRY IS HERE

FAITH is the main factor in growing man's wings to-day as it was in the past. The people who have made aviation what it is have had great faith. The pioneers—Clement Ader, Sir Hiram Maxim, Samuel Pierpont Langley, the Wrights, and Blériot—spent their time and money in conducting their early experiments because they believed dynamic flight possible and that there was an immediate market for a suitable flying machine for military purposes. That they were right is evident now that the nations are spending $10,000,000 this year to establish aviation sections in their armies. To-day, though only four years since the first public flight was made, there are forty aeroplane constructors at the head of thriving institutions, and a score of aviators have retired with good-sized bank accounts. Considering this, the neo-aviator finds inducement for staying in the game in spite of its apparent danger.

Accidents are generally due to preventable causes.

Hundreds of people pilot aeroplanes with little training, and experienced aviators take chances with their aeroplanes they would not dare to take with their automobiles.

It is a sad fact that in America aviation is, as a whole, little more than a circus where about four hundred men and women, three-fourths untrained, and using clumsy homemade and worn out contraptions that can hardly be called aeroplanes, fly with no other purpose than to amuse the crowd and earn a living. It is also a sad fact that two-thirds of the last fourth of airmen who have had a training and own good aeroplanes have no more serious occupation than to fly in the exhibition field. In Europe exhibition flying ended more than a year ago, and the little competitive flying that takes place is carried in cross-country races, supported by sportsmen. The Monaco and St. Malo hydraeroplane contests, the Aéro Club of France Grand Prix, the Pommery Cup, the Gordon Bennett Cup, the Michelin Prix are international events. In the military field France, Germany, Russia, England, Italy, Austria, and Turkey have held or are holding contests with close to $2,000,000 in prizes for the winners.

Of course, this change in Europe is but of recent date, and the death roll contains many names of European airmen who fell just as American airmen fall to-day. Promoters of meets in America usually know little about aviation and promote exhibition flights just as they would promote a circus, and they expect airmen to perform under any conditions, like a clown. When they engage an airman they seldom trouble themselves to find out whether he is qualified; but they require of him, and set down in black and white, in contracts, that he perform certain stunts at a certain time, failing which he is liable for breach of contract.

THE FLYING THAT KILLS AVIATORS

OFTENTIMES the airman on arriving finds that the field from which he must fly is dangerously small or full of obstructions. Then he has a choice between footing the bill for transportation of his machine, his mechanic and himself, and face a suit for nonfulfillment of contract or take a chance. As a rule, he takes a chance. Some go further and advertise that they will fly from any field; Horace Kearny, a bright young chap who, having had half a dozen bad falls in the last three years, ought to know better, advertises that he will start from a postage stamp and land on a postal card. Lincoln Beachey will not only start and land anywhere, but will "corkscrew" with his plane, descending at an angle of eighty-five degrees and face the fiercest of storms.

Shortcomings often appear when the flyer is concentrating his efforts on some special achievement. For instance, Jules Védrines, the speed champion, is ambitious to fly at 125 miles an hour. Three months ago he wanted to fly from Douai to Madrid in one day. He covered the 200 kilometers from Douai to Paris in one hour, a strong wind helping his 100-horsepower motor, when the gasoline shut-off closed through the vibration of the motor, and the motor stopped. I have Védrines's letter at hand. "What should I do?" he writes. "I had been flying low so as not to waste time in altitude and was over a railroad track. I was going to break the machine in landing; would it not be better to land on a small field near the railroad? Would I have time? I thought I would try. But I was low and the wing of the aeroplane touched one of the railroad cars which were on the track, and I was in the same situation of a rope jumper who touches the rope which he must jump. My apparatus fell on one wing and I struck the rail head first!"

But he would not have the world believe that the accident was due to the tremendous speed at which he was traveling and emphasizes his belief that speed makes safety. "We can defy death by flying so fast that death cannot follow us," he says. "That is why I always have sought faster machines since my début. The more the speed the more flight is safe, the less the accidents. Launched at great speed, the monoplane does not swerve; it possesses perfect stability. As I go ten times faster than the wind, it is *I* who troubles the wind I repeat that the faster you go in flying the more you are certain of yourself. Let them give me a machine that makes 250 kilometers an hour and I will be happy to pilot it."

Jules Védrines winning Gordon Bennett Cup race, covering 124 miles at over 105 miles an hour

André Beaumont, undoubtedly France's most scientific and practical airman, while contesting in the Paris-Rome race and the European and British circuits last year, did such unscientific and unpractical things as to fly with an impaired motor, start out and travel in storms, dip his machine to salute a battleship while his motor was barely running. Here is a passage from his diary which tells just how such things could happen:

"I was compelled to fly with six cylinders instead of seven. I would have alighted to see to it, but the ground did not seem to be suitable for the purpose. Besides, Garros was about half a mile in front of me, flying as fast as he could. Behind me five monoplanes threatened to overtake me.

"I was overcome by that all-compelling feeling which might be called the race fever, and might be described as a special state of mind in which cares, fears, and physical pain vanish and make room for a mad desire to fly faster and still faster. Sometimes the race fever, getting the better of us, leads to victory. At other times it is the cause of our failure, because it overrules our judgment and makes us lose our presence of mind."

Even more reckless was the feat of Lincoln Beachey last year when he "did" the Niagara Falls in his aeroplane. He was flying in the neighborhood of the falls when he thought of taking a trip under the suspension bridge. He did not know that the atmospheric conditions about any bridge are supposed to be more or less impossible. Five times he went down the gorge, intending to shoot under the arch, five times he had to jump over the bridge to avoid mishaps. The sixth time he knew the conditions of the air under the bridge and shot through the arch like a dart, so close to the water that sprays drenched his plane.

Needless to say, had his motor stopped it would have been certain death for Beachey.

TAKING BIG CHANCES

SOON after that, while flying at the Chicago meet, Beachey decided to try to beat the altitude record, then at 11,330 feet. A rough estimate showed that his gasoline tank would hold just enough fuel to take him to the goal, so Beachey thought it well to climb until the gasoline was exhausted, then to volplane down. He did it, and he still believes that it was the only thing to do.

France has been [illegible] until a man [illegible] two hundred miles would [illegible] Aéro Club of France issued [illegible] licenses on August 31. Over the [illegible] held also the [illegible] military authorities, to gain which they [illegible] a triangular flight of 12[illegible] straight line and back, and a flight [illegible] 2,500 feet. These airmen do a [illegible] each day. Many of them use their aeroplanes when they cannot use their automobiles. Hubert Vidart, a youthful airman who distinguished himself during the Paris-Rome race last year, wanting to attend a lunch party 300 miles away and having but a few hours to get there, started out in his aeroplane in a storm.

DOING STUNTS FOR LOVE AND DECORATIONS

ANOTHER of this same school, a young French pilot of repute named Brindejonc-des-Moulinais, fell some months ago while flying over a town. His machine dived down, following the sudden stopping of the motor, hit a roof, and fell in a garden. Brindejonc des-Moulinais was found badly hurt and taken to the hospital. A month later, while still stiff with plaster casts, he had himself taken to the aerodrome and lifted into an aeroplane. After patting the controls with affectionate hands, he convinced his friends that a flight would be better than medicine, and when they started the motor he went up and gamboled in the air like a bird freshly escaped from a cage.

Still another, Edmund Audemars, the Swiss pilot, started out to fly from Paris to Berlin on August 18 and actually got there the following day, in spite of a gale. Another, Leon Bathiat, on August 31 flew from Calais to near Biarritz, covering the distance of 510 miles between sunrise and sundown.

A multitude of feats of this kind makes flight so common in Europe, particularly in France, that aviators must achieve the impossible to get even a small mention in the newspapers. For example, Henri Salmet created a sensation last March by flying from London to Paris and halfway back to London. Since then the trip between the capitals has been made about forty times. Gustave Hamel alone has made eight trips with Miss Trehawke Davies as passenger; but it is no longer considered worthy of more than a few lines' mention in French and English papers, and is no longer reported by the Associated Press. Henri Salmet himself has been touring England under the auspices of a London paper, and in fifteen weeks has covered 13,000 kilometers and visited over eighty towns, yet he has never received even a small mention in the American newspapers. George Fourny's flight of thirteen and one-quarter hours without stopping on September 11 was given only a few lines in American papers, and George Legagneux's altitude record of 18,766 feet on September 17 was given but little more space.

Aviators will often take big chances to prove something. Some months ago at St. Louis the aviator Anthony Jannus and Albert Berry, the parachute jumper, undertook to demonstrate the possibility of dropping a man with a parachute from an aeroplane. A sort of trapeze was attached to the chassis of the aeroplane and the two went up. On reaching the height of 1,500 feet, Berry, who weighs close to 200 pounds, left the seat, lowered himself under the plane to the trapeze, held the parachute with one hand, cut the cord with the other and dropped. The parachute opened, as it was expected to do, and Berry landed within a few yards of the spot he had selected. Jannus, more the worse for having dropped that great weight a feat that had always been thought impossible came down safely. A few days later they repeated it, Berry dropping from a height of only 800 feet. This was dangerous for Berry because it allowed little time for the parachute to open, but, as Jannus states, it would have been impossible for photographers and spectators to view the sight at a higher altitude on that day, owing to the mist. So they obliged. Apparently the whole experiment was foolhardy; but the military authorities [illegible]

Up-to-Date Scouting

As the "fifth arm," the aeroplane is revolutionizing warfare. It has been used in the Tripolitan war; and seven nations used it at their maneuvers this year

Neighborliness in the City

The turning of the first spadeful of earth on the new subway to be constructed on Fourth Avenue in Brooklyn, between Forty-third Street and Eighty-ninth Street, was the occasion of a great celebration. The parade which marked the ceremony was composed largely of children. There were prizes for the best babies, and emphasis was laid on neighborhood cooperation. One of the best displays was called "Our Block, Seventy-fourth Street from Fifth to Sixth Avenue." There was a speech by Chairman Willcox of the Public Service Commission

A Monument to the Battle of Saratoga

At Schuylerville, New York, on October 18, this monument was transferred to the State. It was built by private enterprise thirty years ago

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The End of an Aeroplane Elopement

Art Smith of Fort Wayne, Ind., and Aimée Cour of that city eloped in an aeroplane on October 27. The parents of the girl objected to his hazardous occupation, that of an aviator. The result of the elopement seemed to justify them, as the young people were wrecked before reaching their destination. The engine broke down and in volplaning to the ground the machine turned turtle. Both were hurt, but neither one fatally

The Princeton-Dartmouth Football Game

An important game was played between Princeton and Dartmouth at Princeton on October 26. Neither team lived up to its promise of efficiency made by its previous victories. The playing was marked by weakness of defense and many errors. The score was 22 to 7 in favor of Princeton. Eight thousand people witnessed the game. The picture shows Baker failing to kick a goal after Princeton's first touchdown

Turkish Troops Reviewed by the Minister of War

Nazim Pasha, Minister of War (seated on the black horse in the center foreground) is the Turkish leader who has to shoulder a large part of the responsibility for the conduct of the war. Although no one envies him his rôle, he was popular at Constantinople when war began

The Requisition of Horses

Horses are loaned by their owners for the war and paid for if killed. Constantinople has been denuded even of cab horses

The Departure of Artillery from Constantinople

The army whose artillery is seen passing over the bridge is that which later met the Bulgarian advance

A Popular Manifestation for War

The Turkish people were for the war, according to this piece of photographic evidence—a parade of a very modern sort

A Passenger Vessel Turned Into a Troopship

The steamship Senegal was requisitioned by the Government for use in transporting troops. The loading is in process

Detective Barney

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

The First of a Series of Six Stories in Which the Author Who Wrote of Burns's Greatest Successes and Collaborated with Him in the Play, "The Argyle Case," Will Throw Upon the Screen of Fiction the Picture of a Real Detective at Work

THE want ad—after the manner of want ads—had read simply: "Boy, over fourteen, intelligent, trustworthy, for confidential office work, references. Address B-67 'Evening Express.'"

Several scores of boys, who were neither very intelligent nor peculiarly trustworthy, exposed their disqualifications—after the manner of boys—in the written applications that they made. Of these scores, a dozen boys received typewritten requests to call next morning at Room 1056, in the Cranmer Building (on Broadway), for a personal interview with "H. M. Archibald." But of the dozen, only one knew what sort of confidential office work might be waiting for him in Room 1056.

He was little Barney Cook. And he kept his information to himself. The alphabetical directory in the marble wall of the building's entrance did not assign 1056 to any of the names on its list. The elevator boys did not know who occupied 1056 in case anybody asked them. The door of 1056 had nothing on its glass panel but the painted number; and the neighboring doors were equally discreet. The "Babbing Bureau" was the nearest name in the corridor, but its doors were marked "Private. Entrance at 1070."

Nor was there anything in the interior aspect of 1056 to enlighten any of Barney Cook's competitors when they came to be interviewed. It was an ordinary outer office of the golden oak variety, with a railing of spindles separating a telephone switchboard and two typewriter desks from two public settles and a brass cuspidor. There were girls at the desks and the switchboard. The boys were on the settles or at the railing. The girls were busy, indifferent, chatty (among themselves), and very much at home. The boys, of course, were quite otherwise. They might have been suspected of having assumed a common expression of inert and anxious stupidity in order that each might conceal from all the others the required intelligence with which he hoped to win the job.

Barney Cook alone betrayed the workings of a mind. He sat erect—stretching his neck—at the end of a settle nearest the gate of the railing, watching the door of an inner room and scrutinizing everyone who came out of it. He paid no heed to the girls; he knew that they were merely clerks. But when he saw a rough-looking man appear, with a red handkerchief around his neck, he stared excitedly. Surely his bandanna was a disguise! Perhaps his black mustache was false!

FORTY-EIGHT hours earlier, in the uniform of a telegraph boy, Barney had been in the public office of the Babbing Detective Bureau and he had been asked to deliver an envelope to the advertising department of the "Evening Express" as he went back. The envelope was not sealed. It did stick slightly in places—but it was not sealed. And it contained the want ad, "Confidential office work!" For the famous Walter Babbing!

Young Barney had been delivering telegrams to the Babbing Bureau for months, without ever getting past the outer office at 1070, and without so much as suspecting the existence of these operatives' rooms and inner chambers down the hall. He had seen Babbing only once, when "the great detective" came out with one of his men while Barney was getting his book signed. Babbing stood in the doorway long enough to say: "I'll meet you at the station. Get the tickets. I'll send Jim down with my suit case." The operative replied: "All right, Chief." And Barney knew that this was Walter Babbing.

He was a brisk-looking, clean-shaven, little fat man—rather "a dude" to Barney—with a quietly mild expression and vague eyes.

Barney knew nothing of the scientific theory of "protective coloring" in detectives; he did not know that the most successful among them naturally look least like anything that might be expected of their kind. He went out, with his book open in his hand, absorbed in study of the picture of Babbing that had been photographed on his instantaneous young mind.

Subsequently, he decided that he had seen Walter Babbing without any "make-up," in the private appearance that he reserved for office use among his men. And he was assisted to this conclusion by his knowledge of the adventures of Nick Carter as printed in the penny dreadfuls which he read on the street cars, in the subways, on the benches in the waiting room of the telegraph office, or wherever else he had leisure to enjoy the delights of literature. Needless to say, it was the influence of the Nick Carter stories that had brought him now to 1056 in his Sunday best, with his hair brushed and his shoes polished, as guiltily excited as a truant, having lied to his mother and absented himself from his work in the wild hope of getting employment—confidential and mysterious employment—in the office of the great Babbing.

HE WAS a rather plump and sturdy youth of fifteen, with an innocent brightness of face, brown-eyed, black-haired, not easily abashed and always ready with a smile. It was a dimpled smile, too; and he understood its value. In spite of his boyish ignorance of many things outside his immediate experience—such as famous detectives, for example—he knew his world and his way about in it; he met the events of his day with a practical understanding; and when he did not understand them he disarmed them with a grin. He was confident that he could get this job in the Babbing Bureau, in competition with any of the "boobs" who were waiting to dispute it with him, unless some one among them had a "pull." Being an experienced New Yorker, it was the fear of the "pull" that worried him.

HE WAITED alertly on the edge of his settle, watching for an indication that the interviews with "H. M. Archibald" were to begin, and ready to rise and thrust himself forward as the first applicant. For a moment he did not recognize Babbing when the detective entered, from an inner office, with a spring overcoat on and a light felt hat. He had a small black satchel in his hand. He spoke to the telephone girl. Barney heard her ask: "The Antwerp?" Babbing added: "Until three o'clock."

He came toward the gate of the railing, and Barney rose to open it for him. Babbing did not appear to notice him, so Barney preceded him to the door and opened that also. Still Babbing did not heed. "I'll take your satchel, Mr. Babbing," Barney said authoritatively. And Babbing gave it to him in the manner of an absent mind.

The whole proceeding had been a sudden inspiration on Barney's part, born of a desire to distinguish himself, in Babbing's eyes, from the other prospective office boys on the settles. Now, with Babbing's satchel in his hand, he followed the detective into a well-filled elevator, confident of Babbing's notice; but as they dropped in the cage together, he observed furtively that the detective was looking over his head, occupied with his own thoughts. Barney got out before him, preceded him to the entrance of the building, and stood at a revolving door for Babbing to go first. Babbing passed him without a glance. A taxicab was waiting at the curb, and he crossed the sidewalk to it, with Barney at his heels. While he was speaking in a low tone to the driver, Barney opened the cab door and held it open for him to get in; and he got in, without remark. Barney put the satchel at his feet; but the feet, too, were blind; they did not move. Barney shut the door, reluctantly; and the indifferent auto slowly started up Broadway, intent upon the internal uproar of its own convulsions. Babbing had shown no sign of interest, of curiosity, of notice even; and Barney did not understand that if you are a detective, confronted by an incident which you do not understand, you pretend that you do not see it, so that you may observe it without putting it on its guard. Barney stood looking after his wasted opportunity for a regretful moment. Then he turned and ran toward City Hall Park, to get an express train in the subway station at the Bridge.

HE KNEW that the Antwerp—if it was the Hotel Antwerp that was meant—was around the corner from the subway station at Forty-second Street.

Barney wanted that "job." Babbing had it, so to speak, in his pocket; and with the shrewd simplicity of youth, Barney proposed to follow him and put himself in the way until he was asked, impatiently: "Well, boy, what do you want?" Then he would say what he wanted—and probably get it.

Although the subway is not so expensive as a taxicab, it is speedier, in the long run; and Barney was

Cooper took it nervously. He was a gaunt-featured, long-nosed, lean man

standing near the door of the Antwerp—somewhat blown but cheerfully composed—when Babbing's car whirred around the corner and drew up to the sidewalk. Barney opened the cab door and took the satchel briskly, with a smile of recognition which the detective ignored. When the driver had been paid, Babbing turned into the hotel, apparently oblivious of his escort; and Barney followed, undiscouraged, with the bag.

"Get away, kid," he said to the "bell hop" who offered to carry it. "Or I'll bite yur ankle."

Standing back at a respectful distance, he watched the detective get a letter and his room key at the desk. When he went to the elevator, there was nothing for Barney to do but to go after him. In the elevator, Babbing said "Eighth," and busied himself with his letter, which he read and pondered on. He put it in his pocket and looked Barney over, for the first time, with an abstracted eye. Barney smiled at him ingratiatingly. The smile met with no response.

And still Barney was not discouraged. He was not apprehensive. He was not even nervous. There was nothing forbidding in the mild reserve of the detective's face. He looked like a man of a kindly personality.

HE SEEMED easy-going and meditative. And Barney, of course, was not the first to get that impression of him. It was one of the things that explained Babbing's success.

He led the way down the padded carpet of the corridor to his room and unlocked the door, and threw it open for Barney to enter one of the usual hotel bedrooms of the Antwerp's class, with the usual curly maple furniture and elaborate curtains and thick carpeting. Barney put the satchel on the table and waited in the center of stereotyped luxury.

"When did Mr. Archibald take you on?" Babbing asked, aside, as he hung up his hat and overcoat.

"He hasn't taken me on—yet," Barney admitted.

Babbing put on a pair of unexpected spectacles and got out a ring of keys to unlock his bag. Occupied with that, he asked:

"How did you know that I was coming here?"

Barney explained that he had overheard the instructions to the telephone girl.

The detective had begun to take from his satchel letters, telegrams, typewritten reports, and packages of papers strapped in rubber bands, which he proceeded to sort into little piles on the table as they came. He appeared to be giving this business his whole attention, but while his hands moved deliberately and his eyes read the notations on the papers, he pursued Barney through an examination that ran: "How did you know who I was?"

"I delivered telegrams to your office and—"

"For what company?"

"The Western Union."

"Why did you leave them?"

"I wanted to work for you."

"How did you know we wanted a boy?"

"I saw the ad."

"How did you know it was ours?"

"I—I delivered it to the newspaper."

"Are you in the habit of opening letters?"

"No, sir."

"Don't smile so much. You overdo it," Babbing said, without looking up. And his merely professional tone of matter-of-fact advice sobered Barney as suddenly as if he had said: "I understand, of course, that you have found your smile very effective, but it doesn't deceive *me*. You're not so bland a child as you pretend, and I shall not treat you as if you were."

Barney shifted uncomfortably on his feet. The absent-minded ease with which Babbing had plied him with questions and caught up his answers made him fearful for the approach of the moment when the detective should give him a concentrated attention and begin forcibly to ransack him and turn him inside out.

BABBING asked unexpectedly: "How tall are you?"

"About five feet," Barney answered at a guess.

"How much do you weigh?"

"About a hundred and twenty five."

Babbing glanced at him appraisingly, went on with his papers again, and said: "When you don't know a thing, say so. It saves time. What's your name?"

"Barney. Barney Cook."

"Where do you live?"

Barney gave the number of his home in Hudson Street.

"The Greenwich Village quarter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Irish Catholic?"

"Yes, sir."

"What does your father do?"

"He's dead. He was a policeman. He was killed."

"What was his name?"

Barney opened the cab door and took the satchel briskly with a smile of recognition which the detective ignored

"Robert E. Cook."

"Robert Emmet?"

"Yes, sir."

"When was he killed? How long ago?"

"About eight years."

Babbing was still at his papers. "Is your mother living?"

"Yes, sir."

"What does *she* do?"

"She rents furnished rooms. Her an' Annie. That's my sister."

"What does she do with your father's pension?"

"She puts it all in the bank."

"What bank?"

"I—I dunno."

"She doesn't own the house?"

"No, sir."

"Who owns it?"

"I—I forget."

"You went to the parochial school?"

"Yes, sir."

Babbing had found a typewritten report for which he had evidently been looking. As he crossed the room to the telephone, he asked: "Do you smoke cigarettes?"

"No, sir."

"Babbing took down the receiver from its hook. "When did you quit?"

BARNEY hesitated guiltily a moment. Then he answered: "This morning."

"Give me Room 820," Babbing said into the 'phone. He added, to Barney: "You can't work for me, if you're going to smoke. It will spoil your nerve." And while Barney, dumb with incredulous hope, was still staring at the implication of that warning, Babbing said: "Hello. This is 814. Can you get in to see me for a few minutes? . . . Yes. . . . Have you received that uniform yet? . . . Bring it in with you." He hung up the receiver but kept his hand on it. "Sit down," he said to Barney. He continued, to the telephone: "Get me 1—7—3 Desbrosses. . . . Hello. . . . Archibald. Babbing. . . . You have an application there—in answer to our want ad—from a boy named Barney Cook. Have you looked up any of his references? . . . He says he delivered telegrams to us for the Western Union. His father was Robert Emmet Cook, a patrolman, killed about eight years ago. His mother lives in Hudson Street, where she rents furnished rooms. Run it out. 'Phone me right away about the telegraph company and the police." He turned abruptly to scrutinize Barney over his spectacles. And Barney, seeing himself engaged if his references proved satisfactory, did not attempt to suppress his triumphant grin.

"Well," Babbing said, "you don't look much like a plant—"

"No, sir," Barney admitted, not knowing in the least what was meant. He rose at the end of a successful interview.

"Sit down," Babbing said, "your troubles have just begun. Come in!"

That last was in response to a knock at the door; and a man entered on the [illegible] chalantly, with his hat [illegible] proved to be a suit of [illegible] arm. He was a large, dark [illegible] ing, informal sort of [illegible] thirty-five, and Barney at [illegible] him as a Broadway type of "[illegible] and race-track 'sport.'" He greeted Barney and proceeded to drape the clothes over the foot of the bed, as if he had come merely to bring the suit. Barney did not guess that because of his presence the man did not speak to Babbing—until Babbing, by a question, indicated that it was all right to talk.

"Anyone been to see him to-day?" Babbing asked.

"Not a soul," he answered. "He's been out this morning, but he didn't connect."

"Snider has picked up some more telegrams." Babbing held out the report to him. "In cipher."

"Got their code yet?"

"No. If we had that, we'd have everything now. We can figure out a word here and there. The names are easy. But that's as far as we can get."

THEY stood together beside the table, their feet in a patch of sunlight, their backs to Barney, interested in a page of the report which Babbing was showing to his operative. "'Kacaderm,' for instance. That's 'Murdock.' He's one of the men they've been bleeding out there. They take the consonants 'm-r-d-c-k,' reverse them 'k-c-d-r-m,' and fill in vowels. But they do that only with the proper names. For instance, this last one: 'Thunder command wind kacaderm.' That can't be solved by reversing consonants."

The operative studied the page. "Search *me*," he said. "Has Acker worked on it?"

"Yes. It was he that puzzled out the names. It's not a cryptogram. They have some simple method of writing one whole word for another. There's no use wasting time on it. We'll have to make our plant to catch him writing a message."

"I see."

Babbing took off his spectacles and began to walk up and down the room, twirling them by the ear bows. The operative sat on the side of the bed, leaning forward, with his hands clasped between his knees. He removed his derby and gazed thoughtfully into it, as if he hoped to find an idea there. It remained empty.

Babbing stopped in front of Barney. "Young man," he said, "I'm going to send you into the next room with a telegram. There's a man in there—registered as Marshall Cooper. Remember the name. You'll give the telegram to him and say, 'Any answer?' Watch him. It will be a cipher telegram that will look as if it had been received downstairs. See what he does to make it out. He'll probably want to answer it; and if he does you may have a chance to see how he makes up the answer. He has a writing table over at this window—here. If he sits down at it, he'll have his back to you. Try to see what he does. Don't try to do it by watching him quietly. He'd notice that. Move around and look at the pictures. Don't try to whistle—or anything of that fool sort. Try to act as you would if you were a bell boy." He had taken the suit of clothes from the foot of the bed. "Go in the bathroom and try these on."

Afterward, when Barney thought of this moment, it seemed to him romantic and exciting beyond all his wildest young adventurous hopes. It seemed to him that he must have jumped to his feet with delight. As a matter of fact, he rose very soberly and took the clothes. His mind was busy with Babbing's directions, which he was conning over and repeating to himself, so that he might be sure to make no mistakes. He was troubled about his ability to do what was expected of him. And he went into the bathroom and took off his Sunday twilled serge and put on the black uniform of an Antwerp bell boy mechanically, without thinking of himself as engaged in a Nick Carter exploit. Besides, the trousers were too long in the legs, and he had to pull them up until they were uncomfortable.

HE HEARD Babbing answering the telephone, but he did not suspect that the detective was receiving a confirmatory report from his office upon Robert Emmet Cook's record at Police Headquarters and Barney Cook's service with the Western Union. Barney was not listening to what was going on around him, nor thinking of it. His thoughts were in Marshall Cooper's room. He was dramatizing a scene with that gentleman.

The voices of Babbing and his operative conferred together imperturbably:

"How are we going to send him a cipher telegram, Chief, if we don't know his code?"

"I'm going to repeat the one he got last night from Chicago: 'Thunder command wind kacaderm.' He hasn't answered it?"

"Unless by letter. And they wouldn't get that till to-night."

(Continued on page 38)

Siesta's End

By BREVARD MAYS CONNOR

ILLUSTRATED BY W. M. BERGER

DOUGLAS NEWTON lay at his ease on a rattan couch in the arched coolness of the patio of the Hacienda Del Colombo and gazed up into a sky whose swimming depths of blue were unmarred save by the dot that marked the soaring buzzard. It was the hour of siesta. The cruel sun that blocked out the court into a vivid square of dazzling white seemed to have laid the seal of silence upon the land. All rested save the ever-famished bird of the dead that, like death, never rests.

Then the girl who leaned against the pillar at his head stirred and softly swept the strings of her mandolin. She began to sing low in Spanish, and, as always, the semi-barbarous music, with its abrupt syncopations and melodious shadings, sent a sense of peace stealing through his heat-jaded nerves and lulled his flesh into drowsy contentment.

He shifted his eyes from the speck in the blue to the face that bent down so close to his. It was a face that visualized the message of the music, a face sensuous, soft, and alluring. The shadow of the long black lashes half hiding the liquid eyes brought out the full contour of her olive cheeks, and her white teeth gleamed between her parted lips like drops of milk in the heart of a poppy. Even as he looked it seemed the little head, with its shining coils of blue-black hair, drooped just a little lower; that the eyes, naturally alluring, held now a personal dare; and the lips, that in their soft curves were made to be kissed, meant now that he should kiss them.

He could not explain why he hesitated. Deep down within him was a small devil of unrest that never left him even in his most lulled moments, and which pricked him like a barb whenever he mentally agreed to embrace the sweet peace that held the land and its people. He knew that the lips were for him alone, but that very surety had a finality in it, an end, a contract, and he had ever been a free spirit, avoiding responsibility and rejoicing that no ties bound him. Perhaps it was this abhorrence of bonds, even when silken, that held him back; perhaps it was something else. But the hushed afternoon stillness was no place for self-searching and the questioning of motives. It was better to let the world pass on—and she was beautiful.

The girl ceased singing and one shy hand crept out and rested lightly on his hair. The physical touch broke all restraint from within. The placid snores of the fat aunt in the shadow seemed to give consent—and the girl was beautiful. He could not resist the smile nor the yearning that crept into his eyes as the girl bent down, down—almost—

"Heu," puffed the aunt, and they parted hastily. "Listen. What is that?"

THE aunt was puffy of eye and cheek and body, and she surveyed them with a heavy-eyed, plaintive displeasure that was plainly the result of sleep and not of the interrupted act, for she had certainly seen nothing.

"Listen," she commanded again, and in the following silence they became aware of the sound that was rolling toward them, breaking the afternoon quiet. It was the rapid beat of many hoofs and the grate of wheels along the uneven road.

"A fool—or a knave," growled the puffy aunt crossly. "No other would ride in the sun like that"; and even as they sat blinking at one another in sleepy wonder the roar rolled up to them and into the gateway swept one of the ancient carriages of Mexico, heavy of wheel and bereft of spring, and drawn by four wild little Spanish mules, whose original color was quite lost beneath their dust-plastered sides. A sleepy peon or two slunk from the shadows and grasped the restive bridles of the beasts as the driver swung down and, looking furtively back through the gate, shook the dust from him like a dog.

"Hurry," cried a voice from the coach. It was a woman's voice, speaking with a harsh, burry accent that immediately proclaimed her nationality. It was not like the liquid tones of the women of the South, and its harsh quality grated on Newton, already headachy and resentful of the whole interruption.

"Who can it be?" breathed the girl, one light hand on his arm. "It sounds like one of your people."

Half under her breath, the puffy aunt murmured an insult. Newton had heard it before applied to his people and had laughed, but now he shook off the hand on his arm and stepped forth into the glare, a slight frown between his brows.

The driver, still looking with a strange, fearful intentness back through the gate, opened the door of the carriage and the woman stepped out. She was tall and slender, but for the rest it was impossible to tell, for the white alkali dust clung to her like a mantle.

"You," she called sharply to Newton, "come here and help me."

His frown deepened. Already resentful against her for breaking his quiet, the abrupt command, coming after a long residence where woman obeyed, and that meekly, jarred on him.

"Do you think I am a peon?" he replied sullenly in English.

She brushed her hand across her face, and the resulting smear of dust and perspiration rendered her strangely unbeautiful.

"American, eh? I'm glad of that. Hurry."

THE girl behind him drew in her breath indignantly and whispered something.

"What difference does my being an American make?" he retorted shortly, and felt the hot blood course into his cheeks with the shame that was his in the saying. The dreamland had held him so long in its grasp he had lost his heritage, and he viewed things even as these eaters of the lotus viewed them. Even in his confusion he felt sharply the surprise at the bold way in which she faced him.

"American men are usually gentlemen. That's why. They are usually willing to help a woman and a sick man."

A groan from the carriage reenforced the statement, and he stepped forward in spite of himself, but she had already beckoned the servants, and he found himself an awkward onlooker, as calmly and capably she directed the removal of the inert body. The man's head hung back limply, and there were telling shadows in his white face. Newton stepped forward and shaded the face from the pitiless sun, but the newcomer did not seem to see, which disappointed him unreasonably. When she reached the shadow of the arches she turned to the puffy aunt.

"Can I have a room?" she inquired in her burry Spanish.

The puffy aunt merely raised her eyebrows and dropped the corners of her mouth.

"Dolores?"

The girl also raised her eyebrows and looked at Newton.

"Of course," he commanded gruffly; "give them a room—on this floor."

"Thanks," said the American, and for a moment her eyes traveled from face to face questioningly. They rested the longest on Newton, and it took all his will power to meet the steady, candid gaze. No one looked another in the eye in the land of the sun, and he had almost lost the trick. A quick smile lighted the thin, boyish face as she gazed, and with the slightest of nods she disappeared through the door after the men.

The next moment he lay stunned and gasping against the wall where Newton's blow had hurled him

THE puffy aunt returned to her seat and fanned herself vigorously, and as she fanned she talked, the steady flow of acid remarks giving the lie to her hitherto placid air. Newton winced. He, too, had reviled his countrymen many a time and he could not protest, but the girl must have read his face, for she murmured something and slipped away, followed by the subdued but still rumbling duenna. Newton watched them go with moody eyes. He was still thinking of the parting smile of the American and of the scorn that was in it. He had long been made much of, smiled at sweetly by a beautiful woman, fathered by one of the richest landowners in the land, petted and pampered, his whims respected, and now this hurt.—hurt much more than he could say, and the anger swelled within him. He hated her and her kind. He hated her violently—so violently he could do nothing but think of her. That proved it to be the worst of hates, he assured himself.

AFTER a moment he sank back on the rattan couch and rolled a cigarette. Three or four puffs of the tobacco soothed him and he relaxed with a sheepish sigh. Why should this woman disturb him? She would go as she had come, leaving things just as they were, which led him to a consideration of things as they were. He had almost kissed Dolores Perrone. He had almost pledged himself to one of the richest houses of Mexico. It was strange how almost winning a life of wealth and ease frightened him, and it was more strange that he should still prefer the vagabond life that he had moved in as unthinking as a bit of driftwood—if he did still prefer such a life. He wasn't sure. He wasn't sure of anything, and that irritated him.

He rose suddenly as the American girl came from the doorway, and then he was sorry he had. She wore a cool dress of brown linen, open of throat, and now that the marks of travel were erased he saw that she was but a girl. "Old maid" had been his first impression gained from her capable manner.

She saluted him with a nod and took the deep chair that had groaned beneath the weight of the puffy aunt. He could not but notice how frail she looked in its generous depths, and the tired circles beneath her gray eyes.

"I came down for a breath of air," she explained. "He is asleep," and she looked Newton over coolly.

"Make yourself at home," he replied carelessly, resolved that she would be no cooler than himself. "Is he very sick—your father?"

"He's my guardian, and I'm afraid he will die. He's been shot."

This shocked him into silence, and he surveyed her wonderingly. The cool self-possession struck him as unwomanly. It was not like the soft, clinging womanhood of Dolores and her kind, and he felt his secret antagonism grow.

"Do you own this place?" she asked

"Oh, no," he assured her with malicious levity. "It belongs to Señor Perrone, who will reside in San Antone until the Government grows less affectionate. I am here merely to protect his sister, the stately Donna Anna, and his lovely daughter, both of whom you have seen."

SHE leaned forward.

"Do you mean to say that Señor Perrone is an insurrecto?"

"He is one of the most faithful sons in the cause of liberty."

Color sprang into her cheeks and her eyes flashed.

"Liberty? You mean of murder and brigandage. It was one of your faithful sons that shot my guardian. It was their work that I saw red against the sky last night as we raced to the American border. It is your sons of liberty who are chasing us now to rob a dying man of his rightful possessions, and who will catch us here five miles from the border. Liberty?"

She stopped, breathless, but there was fire, too, in Newton's cheek and a menacing note in his low tones.

"You had better be a little careful how you talk. I am a captain in the insurrecto army."

If he had expected the announcement to awe her he was disappointed, for her anger turned to personal scorn that made him move uneasily.

"You, an American, sinking all your glorious heritage in the squabble of murderers and thieves. I'd be ashamed to own it—a captain in the—wait!" and she leaned forward, her voice sinking to a whisper. "I know who you are now. You are Newton—the man who allowed these sons of liberty to shoot his fellow countryman, his friend—"

HE SPRANG to his feet, livid.

"That's a lie," and he stopped suddenly, startled by his own violence. "I mean that is not true. I was fifty miles away at the time, and that man who gave the order is still hiding in the mountains. When I find him—"

He looked her squarely in the eye and then walked toward the door.

"Wait," she called. "Please wait," and as he turned: "I just wanted to say that I believe you, and—and that I'm glad. It was hard to believe it of an American. A Mexican is different."

She leaned forward, studying him intently.

"You don't believe in this talk of liberty, do you? Why do you stay?"

The girl ceased singing, and one shy hand crept out and rested lightly on his hair. The physical touch broke all restraint from within

But he was not ready for the softer tone. His fierce heat had turned to an acid calm.

"If you don't believe in the insurrectos' profession of liberty, maybe you'll believe in mine. The Hacienda Del Colombo would not be such a bad inheritance for a penniless man, would it? And Dolores is the only child."

He smiled with bitter pleasure at the shadow that crept into her eyes. If he had hurt her he was glad.

Climbing the stairs to the little balcony overlooking the plain, he found that the sun's heat was gone and that there was a kind of beauty in the bare, brown vista before him. He looked long in a sort of deadened apathy, and when he again came back to consciousness the eastern sky was purple and the departing day was dragging the last glowing threads of light from the feathery branches of the mesquite trees.

Below he could hear the quiet voice in the sick room giving an order to the servant woman; from the shadows behind came the faint tinkle of Dolores's mandolin. How quietly she played, for fear of disturbing him. She seemed to read his every want and to respect it. He leaned forward, his chin in his hands, and gazed unhappily at the approaching night. There was a world of melancholy in his soul and much sweet self-pity.

AFTER a time the spell of the music conquered and his ears ceased to strain for the voice in the room below. Life was meant to be soft like the sunset, not one unending struggle against powers that never could be conquered. From the open door stole the soft perfume of the Mexican girl. He breathed in deeply.

"Dolores," he called.

She came as softly as a bird and stood beside him.

"Shall I sing?"

"Please," and he closed his eyes and gave himself up to the spell.

One by one the stars came out and brightened against the ever-darkening background. He opened his eyes after a moment and gazed at them. When he had been a boy he had loved to do that—just gaze without questioning. The breeze, strangely cool, that crept up to him smelled of the grass and earth just as it had in the old days, far over there to the east where the shadows were deepest.

In the room below the American girl spoke softly in English. He started. It was like the echo of a voice he had once known and which had spoken just as soothingly to him when he lay sick or sleepless. It was an echo of his mother's voice. The perfume from the girl beside him seemed sickeningly sweet.

"Will you children ever come and eat?" complained the puffy aunt, framing her bulk in the doorway. "One would think you would [illegible] stars all the night. [illegible] wisdom."

Newton stood up and [illegible] He felt a chill [illegible] wakened from sleep, and he followed [illegible] hardly feeling Dolores's hand on his arm.

The American girl was already [illegible] table, lighted only by a candle [illegible] gazing half the time at the candle flame [illegible] and that by the uneasy wind, and half at the [illegible] ish face with the downcast eyes opposite. It was a silent meal; even the aunt, in her evident appreciation of the food, held her peace.

ONCE Newton glanced at Dolores's rumpled head and then at the face opposite. The cool, gray eyes were watching him, and in sudden embarrassment he raised his untouched glass of wine and drained it.

"Drink, my boy," wheezed Donna Anna. "Wine makes the blood stir in your bodies. Drink to eyes that smile. Youth comes but once."

The brown eyes were smiling and he drank. When he looked across again the American girl was rising.

"I must go to him," she said, and slipped out.

The Donna Anna snorted and curled her lip.

"She is not a friendly person, your countrywoman—and thin! She is no broader than the cactus thorn," and she laughed shrilly at her jest.

Dolores placed one well-rounded arm upon the cloth and surveyed it complacently.

"Let us sit in the patio," said Newton.

"A candle and our coffee," called the puffy aunt. "And bring a pitcher of iced wine," and she led the way.

All the courtyard was in deep darkness save for the one bar of light that flooded from the open door of the servants' quarters, but high on the opposite wall rested the silver herald of the rising moon. On the housetop, and full in the gentle glow, a mockingbird whirled this way and that as if in ecstasy, all the while singing—singing like a mad thing.

Even the Donna Anna seemed impressed and sighed audibly twice.

"It is beautiful, our Mexico—yes? You have not nights in America like this, nor birds that sing like that mocker. The moon may smile upon you as a friend, but she kisses us as a lover."

The servant came, bringing the clinking pitcher of wine, and she poured out a glass for Newton and herself.

"Dolores, she is too young—yes? Place a flower in

(*Continued on page 36*)

The Turkish Military Air Battalion

The Turks are not deficient in the means of air warfare. When they saw the advantage the Italians had at Tripoli with their air scouts, they sent Turkish officers to France to train, and now the Turkish army has an air battalion under the command of Shefket Pasha

King Nicholas of Montenegro and His Officers

The aged King of the little mountain country consulting with his general staff

Prince Peter of Montenegro and His Staff

The Prince, who is the ninth child and the third son of the King, was born in 1889. His elder brothers are Crown Prince Danilo and Prince Mirko

Greek Priests Blessing Sailors on Their Way to War

Greece has done its share in the joint war upon Turkey, and King George has become an important individual factor in the politics of the allies. The photograph shows the impressive ceremony of blessing defenders of the country as they march through the city on their way to the front

Off to the Balkans —for COLLIER'S

Frederick Palmer

Veteran correspondent of the Russo-Japanese War, the Filipino, Macedonian, and Central American insurrections—who came home with Admiral Dewey from Manila—is now with the Bulgarians, at work for Collier's on four articles that will come hot from the fire of battle

James H. Hare

The most noted of war photographers—the pioneer war photographer of the modern order and on Collier's staff since the outbreak of the Spanish War—is at the front. Five feet five of indomitable nerve and ingenuity is braving many things to get pictures for us

COLLIER'S first took its place as The National Weekly by the thorough way in which it covered our war with Spain. "Jimmy" Hare's photographs and the correspondence of various writers attracted national attention. The Russo-Japanese War was reported in a manner unprecedented in this country. The special correspondents of Collier's were in readiness at every strategic point. The ubiquitous Mr. Hare followed the Japanese army across the Yalu and up to Mukden, and the photographs he then took have since become valuable historical records of that great struggle. Frederick Palmer and Richard Harding Davis were among those who covered the war as special correspondents.

IT WILL be a matter of interest to all readers of Collier's to know that "Jimmy" Hare and Frederick Palmer have now been dispatched to the Balkans. Mr. Palmer has already campaigned in the neighborhood and knows the ground thoroughly. The days when the war correspondent could view the fighting from the firing line and go where he wished and write what he wished are over, but the readers of Collier's may rest assured that whatever the modern correspondent can do will be done

——and they will remember that in the Japanese War "Jimmy" Hare, in spite of the regulations, got not only to the firing line but beyond it.

Jimmy Hare getting Mexican material

Frederick Palmer and correspondents watching the battle of the Yalu

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"I always play by the new *instinctive* method. So I closed the panel in front of the roll; shut my eyes and started the music.

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"The music now gave me the vision of the blue sky, and the lone, snowy evening star.

"And, then, out of the Virtuolo drifted the drowsy chords of the harp—the harp of old Wolfram sitting there on the roots of a tree, his face uplifted, his fingers stroking the strings, his rich bass voice singing "Thou Sublime Sweet Evening Star."

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Smiting the Hand That Feeds

By HUGH IRISH

"And so I say, and I think Congress agrees with me, damn a farmer, anyhow." BILL NYE.

THE rôle of Jeremiah was never a favorite with me; nevertheless, this is a lamentation.

Some time ago I read an article entitled "Why We Left the Farm." It was written by a woman who, after picturing faithfully the dreary, laborious life of a farmer's wife, told of her own bitter experiences and hard lot on the farm. She did not exaggerate; her story rings true. She is clear-eyed and wise—wise enough to get off the farm before it was everlastingly too late.

Her husband and the assumed farmer with which she opened her article were not farmers, in the common acceptance of the term. They were farm superintendents, which is quite another thing, whether they own the farms they superintend or not. I live in an agricultural county—720 square miles of solid farms—and there is scarcely a farm superintendent, or a farmer who acts solely in that capacity, in it. Ninety-five per cent of the farming, here and elsewhere, except in a few sections of the newer Northwest, is done by small owners and renters. Only about half of these farmers employ outside help, and these from one to three men each. They work alongside of their employees, on what would be terms of perfect equality, were it not for the fact that the hired men, holding over their employers' heads the tacit threat of quitting, with the resultant loss of the untended crop, are able to achieve for themselves a slightly superior position. I have known many farmers to do work that they would not ask the hired man to do, for fear of offending him. If we are to consider the farmers, it is these men we must consider. They are the farmers.

FARM WORK A WOMAN KILLER

THE work is hard, at times incredibly hard, even for the men; for the women you must multiply by the second digit, and perhaps add a few. Farm work is a Woman Killer, in capital letters. Help cannot be procured for the woman's part of the work, and only with yearly increasing difficulty for the man's part. There seems nothing else for it but to go on with the cruel grind and overwork. Only the women who are born to the life can stand it. The lady who wrote "Why We Left the Farm" came into the life as an outsider. She had known other things. She quit. I do not criticize her, but say, rather, "Good for you!" I was brought up on a farm, and I quit, too. She offers no remedy; neither do I. Nevertheless, I am thinking of the woman who took her place. Somebody did, you know.

Whenever I look back on my farm life, and I will never cease to do so as long as I live, I am torn by conflicting emotions. There are some pleasures about the life that cannot be found elsewhere on this earth; some beauties that the eye will seek in vain "in city mart, on mountain height, or the wide sea." It would be a waste of your time and mine to catalogue them here. Poets and essayists have lauded them in every literary tongue. They are real, and, taken alone, they have never been oversung.

Taken alone! Alas, there's the rub. They cannot be taken alone, cannot be isolated from their concomitants—not by the farmer. I know this, know it so well that I have come to mistrust the call of the farm to me, as that of a beckoning siren. I have come to look on the beauties and pleasures of farm life as a fox might sniff at the tempting morsel in the trap from whose jaws he once jerked a mangled paw.

The glories of the fading day, with the long, level shadows pointing eastward, as though in promise of the morrow, fall flat on the man who is too dead tired to even turn his head. Even if he should inadvertently notice these delicate touches of nature's brush, the picture would be wholly obliterated from his mind a half hour later as he sits with his red face pressed against the hot, sweaty side of a milch cow, the blows of whose far from immaculate tail are impartially divided between said red face and the flies torturing her back. His own back is free from flies; it is there that the mosquitoes hold sway. Well, never mind, they don't hurt much after they get their wells bored and their pumps to working properly; but there seems a lot of them. Perhaps he can dislodge them by a movement of the clothing on his back? The experiment is a failure; his shirt is wet with perspiration and sticks to him like—well, like the mosquitoes.

THE WEARY ROUND

THE milking done, he goes to feed the swine, and discovers that two enterprising porkers have escaped from the pen into the highway. They must be chased back. He feels a lot like a greyhound as he opens the barnyard gate and starts on the chase. The two porkers seem to be direct descendants of certain devil-possessed swine mentioned in holy writ. No sea presenting itself, they run down a long hill and across a bridge.

It is 8.30 o'clock, dusk, and the chores are at last done. Milk pail in hand, he drags his weary limbs houseward, the odors of the feed lot and of the milk pen in his soaked clothing and on his soiled hands unheeded. He has reached a degree of physical collapse that is far beyond the zone of nice distinctions. His wife is putting the last of the dishes on the table for their evening meal. God pity them both if they should be too tired to even greet each other pleasantly, much less converse. Of what would they converse? Would it be of her latest "at home"? Or of the interesting Miss Keely, whom they met at the Bryson luncheon? Perhaps it would be of his latest victory over Catham on the golf links? Maybe the affairs of the day, gleaned from an unfolded newspaper, would interest them? Or must they talk of pigs, of chickens, and of cows? Rather than of more pigs, they talk not at all.

The wife, though she started as early in the day as did her husband, has a very considerable shift of work yet to do before she can rest. The dishes are to wash, the milk to strain and carry into the cellar, and a little is to be done in preparation for the early breakfast.

There is no after-supper meditation for either of them. Get to bed; let the devil take digestion.

SUNRISE NOT GLORIOUS FOR HIM

THE glorious sunrise of the poets, with the long grass and the corn blades adorning themselves with a myriad of blazing jewels in honor of the coming of their king, is little short of a catastrophe to the man who has been working eighteen-hour daily shifts through the busy season. What he wants is sleep, not glorious sunrises. He wants sleep with the intensity that the raving dope fiend wants his favorite drug. His overworked muscles are not half restored. They take up their dull ache at the same point at which they

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That No matter what quality of fabric had been deemed "good enough" for suits and overcoats of medium price, *only fabrics of pure wool, or of wool and silk, should ever be made up into Styleplus suits and overcoats.*

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That No matter what the precedent, *all Styleplus fabrics, including the canvas, haircloth and tape that are used to make Styleplus garments retain their fitting qualities and shape, should be thoroughly shrunk.*

That No matter what the custom among those who have, in the past, manufactured medium-priced garments, *each Styleplus garment should be designed and cut by master workmen* worthy to work on the finest garments that *any* amount of money can produce.

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Look for this Label in the Coat.

Styleplus Clothes

Look for the Styleplus Guarantee in the Pocket.

Henry Sonneborn & Co

Baltimore, Md.

Smiting the Hand That Feeds

(*Continued from page 24*)

left off the night before. Offer him no sunrise substitutes for sleep, garbed in whatever poetic effusions. I, myself, have often been guilty of disregarding this great natural phenomenon, and with closed eyes have taken the half-mile walk to the horse pasture to drive in the horses, eking out, in this dozing fashion, the scant sleep of the preceding night. That is the only feat of somnambulism I ever performed.

It is not the busy crop season alone that brings pains and penalties to the farmer. I vividly recall a series of experiences I had in winter, a season that is popularly supposed to be all skittles and cider with the sons of the soil. It was an exceptionally cold winter, with several weeks of fifteen to eighteen degrees below zero weather. Our fodder for the live stock had to be drawn on a sled each morning from a field one mile northwest of the house. I specify northwest; it is from that direction that the most disheartening emanations of old Boreas seem to come. The horses I drove were freezing, too, and insisted on going at a lope to increase their circulation of blood. They would have gone much faster than a lope, would, in fact, have brought each daily expedition to complete disaster, had I not pulled on the lines continuously with all my might. My hands froze beneath their mittens because of their rigid position. The icy northwest wind is a fruitful agent of pain in almost any circumstances; going at breakneck speed directly in its teeth, on a bare sled bottom and tied to a virtually unmanageable team of horses, is a form of torture that the directors of the Inquisition overlooked. Often, before the field was reached, the rims of my nostrils and contiguous portions of my cheeks turned perfectly white. It was no consolation to know that later on they would turn black. I have had a prejudice against cold storage ever since that winter.

True, I was "monarch of all I surveyed" those winter mornings; but the survey would have revealed only a few brown shocks of fodder half buried in the snow, a bare hedge filled with drifted tumbleweed and "the beautiful," and a labyrinth of rabbit tracks.

It was not a realm to hearten a shivering monarch. Moreover, I never stopped to survey it. Nobody looks at the scenery across a frozen nose.

FEEDING THE RACE

NOW, I would not give the impression that all of farm life is as unpleasant as those features of it that I have described. Some of the work is nice enough—in fact, altogether lovely. But the disagreeable portion bulks large enough to make it a hard, hard life. Much of humanity's food is brought forth, not in mere discomfort and weariness but in actual pain.

The better things of farm life were to me, in those days, like a rose so set about with thorns that one missed its beauties in nursing his painful wounds; or like a lovely landscape concealed by a thick mist, through which one groped laboriously with outstretched hands.

I will now ask the reader to bear with me during a brief discursion, promising to return to the farm before I have finished. Let me direct attention momentarily to a few facts that everybody knows—and forgets. We have many diverse interests: questions of state, of social life, of morals, and of science. These matters, and many others, in a thousand variations, fill our newspapers, our magazines, and our daily conversation. But there is one subject, more important than any of these, or than all of them, that is never mentioned in a large, general way in any of the vehicles for communicating human thought. It has come to be such a matter, of course, that it is almost wholly forgotten.

Let us suppose that to-morrow the human race awoke to find that there was not one mouthful of food in all the world. The affairs of state, the proper relations between man and man, the goodness or the badness of this action or that, the truths of science, all would drop completely and instantly out of sight, and the problem of how to put food into our mouths would come into its own—its own being an importance far transcending that of any other possible question.

On that first day of no food the newspapers would not appear, nor the railroad trains. No ship would leave port; no orator harangue the populace. No court would sit in judgment; no sage experiment in his laboratory. No artist would limn beauty, no musician thrill or soothe, no maiden dance with her lover. The second day would see men and women walking the earth in semidementia, with low moans. The third would transform the strong into cunning beasts; the weak into creeping things. The fourth day would disclose a race of feeble wolves in human form, gnawing in delirium at strange, inedible substances.

WHY ARE THERE FARMERS?

THE importance of the ceaseless production of food established, the question arises: Whence came the farmers? Why are they, and not you, toiling like galley slaves to feed the world?

In a primitive state of man the individual fed himself directly from nature. Except mothers of babes, none looked after the wants of another. We may, by assuming a hypothetical advance toward civilization, simplify a matter that is, in fact, by no means simple. Let us assume that primitive man found it to his advantage to divide the tasks to be done—to specialize. To some the business of the chase was intrusted; to others, fishing. These made bows, arrows, and hooks; those built huts or excavated caves. Some wove baskets, others carried burdens, and a few guarded the camp or village.

In this simple scheme you may discern the rudiments of a few of civilization's most important activities. The growth of mind has added a thousand others, some of them without prototype among primitive men. The resources of the chase proved inadequate to support an increasing population, and, after a period of nomadic grazing of herds, man turned to agriculture. The hunter became the farmer; the weaver of baskets and the dresser of skins became the manufacturer of utensils, of clothing, and of shoes. The carrier of burdens is now the railroad and steamship interests; the guardian of the camp, the soldier and policeman.

Civilization has become such a vast and intricately interwoven system that the race has almost lost sight of its dependence on the farmer. Some recent writers speak of agriculture as an unimportant branch of modern industry. The truth is, mankind is much more dependent on the farmer than would be the members of our assumed primitive tribe on the hunters. They could take up the work of the hunter, if neglected, and shift for themselves. Modern man in other callings cannot readily take up the work of the farm. Except the supply of sea food, important though only a small fraction of the whole, the agriculturists, using the term comprehensively, must feed the world. On their industry has been erected a structure that challenges the grasp of the human mind. Like stokers in the sweltering hold of the steamship, they feed the fires that energize a mighty life. And theirs is part and parcel of every wheel that turns, of every flight of fancy or burst of song, of every concept of philosophy.

It has been estimated that mankind is only eighteen months ahead of starvation. Should the production of food cease, there would be nothing to eat at the end of that time. The workers in other occupations often go on a strike. If the agriculturists laid down their tools for one brief season, their action would simply strew the world with unburied dead.

ALWAYS AT WORK FOR YOU

THE farmer feeds you as literally as though he brought the food in person and set it on your doorstep. You pay him, yes; and some of you have a hard enough time doing it. Nevertheless, there is no law that compels him to continue to bring you your food. He might, to-morrow, consistently ask you to bring to him his food, and offer to pay you. And if, in the production of food, he is doing work that you haughtily refuse to do, if he insists on pointing to the stooped shoulders, the clumping gait, and the knotted hands of those who have followed his occupation too long, and then to your own well-groomed, upright figure and manicured nails, what is your defense?

Your answer is a jeer. In some way the farmer, when he comes within your ken at all, seems to arouse within you a spirit of ribald mockery that is directed at no other class—except tramps. Are the miners a standing joke with paragrapher, reporter, and playwright? Do the workers in factories supply the cartoonist and the comedian with much of

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In the smaller six-cylinder Packard left drive reaches for the first time its adequate development

In addition to our positive electric self-starter, we have placed all controls on the steering column. This exclusive arrangement means complete mastery of the car from the driver's seat

Electric lighting and a separate high tension magneto ignition

This combination of features is to be found only in the Packard "38." In the essentials of convenience and comfort, this car is the criterion of the present and an assured standard for the next two years

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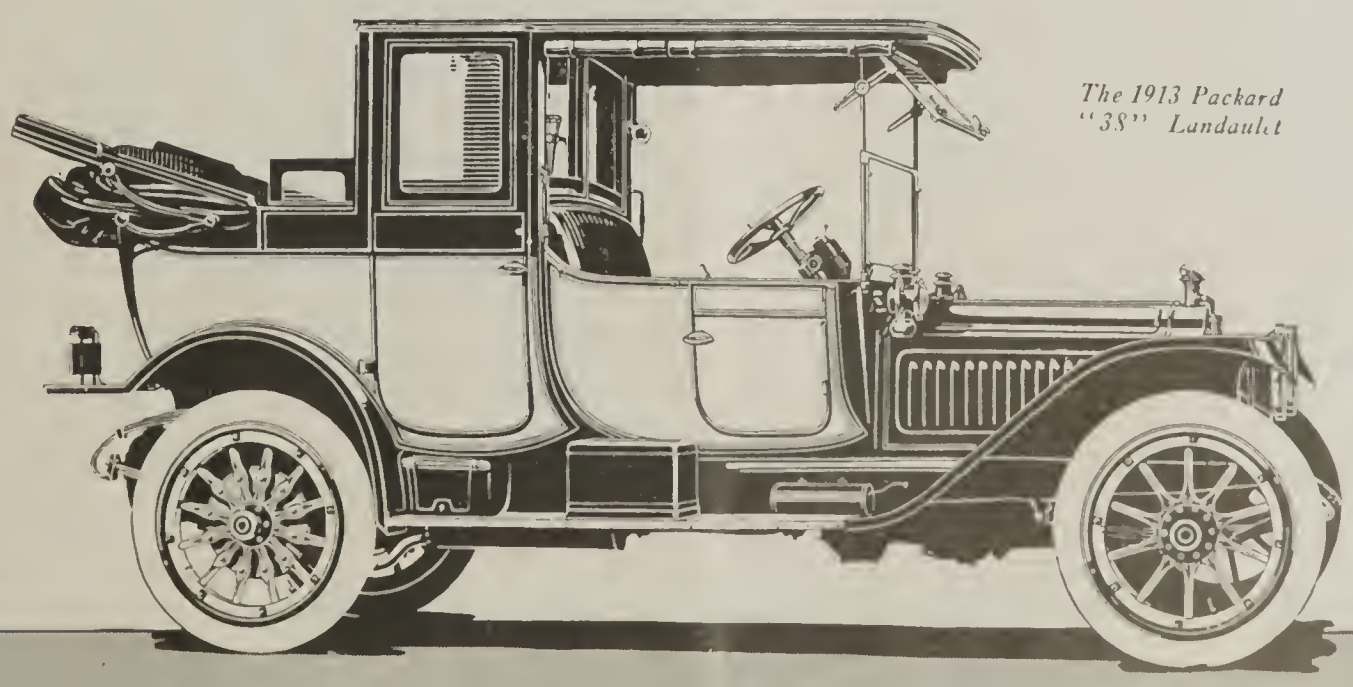

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Isn't this a Lesson?

Exercise your face! It is nature's way to overcome a pale, sallow, lifeless complexion, or a flabby, sagging skin. Such things work against one constantly in business or social circles today.

Supposing you tied your arm in a sling for a week or two. Circulation in that arm would become slow; the muscles would weaken and do their duty only in part. Why? Lack of exercise. So with the facial muscles. They must be exercised; the blood must flow freely through the face if you want a clear, fresh, healthy skin. Otherwise a skin that is sallow, lifeless and flabby from unexercised muscles may result. A face massage with

POMPEIAN

Massage Cream

does exercise the muscles, does strengthen the tissues and thus prevents flabbiness. A Pompeian massage also stimulates the circulation through mild friction. This brings the rosy blood to pale, sallow, lifeless cheeks.

Are these our ideas? No, indeed. Greek and Roman history offer many records of the practice and benefits of the massage idea, beginning with Homer about 1,000 B. C. From those ancient days to our modern Olympics, athletes have constantly employed massage to keep the muscles young and strong, and the circulation active and effective.

For a clear, fresh, wholesome complexion use Pompeian Massage Cream. It rubs in and rubs out in a way that always surprises the new user. In short, "Don't envy a good complexion, use Pompeian and have one." Exercise your neglected facial muscles. Good looks will follow.

IMPORTANT You can't be too careful what you put on your face. So shun all cheaply-made imitations. Do you realize why a cheaply-made imitation or substitute is offered? Because it costs the dealer less and he makes more at your expense. Get the original and standard massage cream. Get Pompeian. 50,000 dealers sell it, 50c, 75c and $1.

Trial Jar & Art Calendar

sent for 10c (coin or stamps, but a 10c piece, please, if convenient). For years you have heard about Pompeian. You have meant to try it, but have delayed. Each day that you delay you make it just so much harder to preserve or regain your youthful good looks.

1913 "Pompeian Beauty" Art Calendar is 32 x 8 inches. Arm not in sling in calendar you will receive. No advertising on front. Reproduced in exquisite colors, pink and dark green. In four years "Pompeian Beauty" Art Calendars have become most popular of all. Don't hesitate about sending 10c if convenient. Clip coupon now.

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 3 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 10c stamps or coin for a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and 1913 "Pompeian Beauty" Art Calendar.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Smiting the Hand

(*Continued from page 26*)

their stock materials? Do the authors of silly songs and of sillier jokes explore the ranks of merchants or clerks, of carpenters or masons, for their inspiration? No; the vials of derision are corked and held in reserve until "Uncle Josiah" and his wife come in from the farm.

This is no fancied grievance. The evidence of a disdainful prejudice toward the farmer is as unmistakable, as pervasive, as obvious, as is that of aversion to the negro, though I grant that the two sentiments are in no way comparable otherwise. Go to the phonograph and listen to the words that some song writer has put into the mouth of "Uncle Josh," telling of his experiences in New York. The next record, perhaps, aspires to imitate a dancing party among country folk, written, however, by a man who has always lived "where traffic roars and walls are high." Then take up the latest coon-song record: you will observe that the former are as distinctive of class as is the latter. A popular author writes a story in which the farmer is caricatured as a chin-whiskered half-wit, swallowing flimsy financial schemes with the gusto of a nestling robin swallowing worms. I have lived among the farmers over forty years. The proportion of them that wear chin whiskers is about .0005, and their gullibility is on a par with that of a row of New England bankers.

NOTE.—*Part II of Mr. Irish's article will appear in an early number.*

The Underworld

(*Continued from page 11*)

corner of Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue, and who was known to have money and to enjoy the confidence of the police lieutenant.

Becker told Webber he wanted Rosenthal croaked.

"I said to him: 'Charley,'" Webber testified, "'that is a serious thing.'"

But in spite of the fact that it was a serious thing, Webber saw the gunmen and gave them assurances for which they apparently had not asked, that Becker would protect them. But still the murder hung fire. It was not through any holding back on the part of the gunmen.

One night the gamblers, Rose, Webber, Vallon, and gunmen "Gyp the Blood," "Lefty Louie," and "Dago Frank," met at the Lafayette Baths.

Webber suggested that he go out and look for Rosenthal while the others make themselves comfortable in a chop suey restaurant. He returned to say he had found Rosenthal and his wife at supper in the Garden Restaurant.

With the alacrity of children on their way to a matinée of "Peter Pan," the gunmen piled into a taxicab, and raced to the Garden. They took up their positions in the different doorways facing it. But Rose, believing he saw a Burns detective guarding Rosenthal, called the murder off.

"The next day," Rose testified, "I met Lieutenant Becker and he asked me, 'What is the matter with that job? Rosenthal is still around—I see him every night as big as life anywhere between Forty-second and Forty-fifth street.'

"'Why,' I said to him, 'he had a very narrow escape last night'; and I described how it was frustrated by a detective.

"'A detective!' said Becker, 'I told you there is nothing to fear. Walk up and shoot him in front of the policeman if you want to. *Don't let that happen again!*'

"So I told him the next opportunity there would be no slip up."

And when next the opportunity came there was no slip up. Becker could not afford a slip up. For once again in the lives of Rosenthal and himself it was either "him or me."

It was the 15th of July, and Rosenthal had "squealed." He had made an affidavit to District Attorney Charles S. Whitman, accusing Becker, and Whitman had issued subpœnas to be served on Rose and other gamblers, to appear before the Grand Jury and substantiate the charges.

The parties to the murder now were divided into three groups: Becker, who desired it, and who by threats of Sing Sing forced it through; the gamblers, who were his lieutenants and messengers, and the gunmen, who were to do the dirty work. The necessity for action on the part of these conspirators had become imperative. The next morning Rosenthal was to appear in person before the Grand

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The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. It bears the signature *Carl Freschl*. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

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Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Can. (384) *Carl Freschl*

Are Your Hose Insured?

The Underworld

(Continued from page 28)

Jury. Delay was no longer tolerable. Rosenthal must be silenced at once and forever.

Becker said to Rose, "To-night will just fit. It will look like the gamblers did it on account of his threatened squeal." Again, Becker was taking no chances.

The known conspirators numbered a dozen. Those who that night knew Rosenthal was to "get his," numbered many hundreds. How they knew, it is not advisable to explain. But the fact remains. Never has there been a murder plot to which so many were accessories. The police knew, the Tenderloin knew, the lower East side, the home of the gunmen from where, in preparation for the night's work, they had moved uptown, knew that Herman Rosenthal, a squealer, a man who had defied the "System," was to die.

Of the many features of this remarkable crime, this is one of the most curious, that the underworld of a great city, knowing that one of their number had broken the law of the brotherhood, should, by their silence, sentence him to death; should, by their silence, assist at his murder.

It was two o'clock of a hot July morning. Rosenthal was at the Metropole, an all-night restaurant on Forty-third Street, a step from Broadway. It was crowded by its usual patrons, politicians, actors, gamblers. Rosenthal sat at a table near the open windows drinking, and in the first editions of that morning's papers, reading what was said of him and of his affidavit. He was still complaining, still asking those about him querulously if they did not think he had done right.

THE STAGE IS CLEARED

FOR Rosenthal the Metropole was a sort of club, and those about him were all known to him, and he to them. He felt at home there. It was for him the Hungarian band was playing turkey trots, for him the electric lights within and without were making the place blaze like the stage of a theatre, for him the electric fans were stirring the lace curtains and causing the potted palms to bow and curtsy.

And, outside in the hot sultry darkness, as they used to watch the bulletin boards for the races to come in, men stood in silent groups, and waited for his murder, and down town in bar rooms and all-night drug stores men gathered near the telephone booths and waited for his murder, and from the Battery to the Polo Grounds the police, New York's finest, stealthily paced their fixed posts, and waited—for his murder.

Outside the Metropole the taxicabs on the rank were dispatched upon mysterious errands, belated citizens who paused in the lights of the restaurant to look in at the red candle shades were ordered in gruff whispers to "move on."

They were clearing the stage.

"Bridgey" Webber, with a smile for everybody, entered the restaurant and passed from table to table. He stopped beside Rosenthal, and laid his hand affectionately upon his shoulder. "Hello, Herman," he said, and still smiling, withdrew into the night. It was the kiss with which he had betrayed his master.

Five minutes later, a gray touring car stopped opposite the Metropole and from it young men leaped to the street. One of them entered the restaurant, and returned with Herman Rosenthal. The young man raised his finger to his hat brim. For the gunmen, who had had to ask, "Who is this Herman Rosenthal?" the signal was needed. But that was all they needed.

Above them, on the steps, between two bay trees, with all the lights of Broadway in his eyes, was a man unknown to them, but a man they had been ordered to kill.

And obediently, joyously, they closed in, shoved their guns in his face, and fired.

THE VOICE OF THE TENDERLOIN

AS he lay on the sidewalk with one eye staring up glassily at the sputtering electric light globes, the night birds of the pavement, the patrons of the restaurant, all the unnamed accomplices in that great conspiracy, stood in a ring around the body, and no one moved to cover it.

Instead, one man laughed mockingly. *"Well, he got just!"* he said.

It was the voice and verdict of the Tenderloin.

And, in chorus, the unclean crew laughed with him.

Appreciation of Cadillac luxury as exemplified in the enclosed types, reaches its height among those who can afford any car, no matter what its price.

The Cadillac Limousine

The Cadillac Limousine has rapidly advanced to the position of leadership of enclosed cars.

It finds its greatest sale among those who place luxury, comfort, ease, richness, taste, dignity, elegance and refinement above all price consideration and who are satisfied with nothing short of that which represents these qualifications in the highest degree.

The improved Delco automatic cranking device, the electric lights both inside and out, the powerful, quiet motor, the ample wheel base, the large wheels and tires, the flexible yielding springs, the deep, soft, comfortable upholstering, the richness of trimmings and finish, all contribute to the luxuriousness of this splendid car.

INTERIOR OF CADILLAC LIMOUSINE

The body is made of aluminum by the latest improved methods. The forward or driver's compartment, which is three-quarter enclosed, is upholstered in hand buffed, dull finished, deep grained black leather with French roll across front of cushions. The top deck above forward compartment is American black walnut. Floor boards are covered with gray linoleum with aluminum binding. Storm curtains are provided for unenclosed portion.

The rear or passenger compartment with its two revolving seats, which may be folded up close to sides of body when not in use, affords accommodations for five passengers.

This compartment is upholstered in best quality blue broadcloth, trimmed with broad and narrow lace to match. The seat cushion has over-stuffed front of latest French construction.

Window sash, heel boards and finish mouldings are American black walnut.

Glass is selected crystal plate ⅜ inches thick, without bevel. Rear window is stationary, all others drop into pockets. Door windows are provided with stops for ventilating.

Window curtains are best grade silk, with silk tabs, operating on automatic rollers.

The lower portion of windshield is stationary, clear vision. The upper portion swings outward to any degree desired.

The interior fittings include speaking tube; rosewood lever lock handles; robe rail covered with goat skin on doors; two slip pockets on center partition, edges bound with narrow lace; toilet case.

The electric lighting equipment consists of two head lights, two pillar lights, two interior lights, tail light and speedometer light.

The doors, which open at an angle of 100 degrees, are fitted with French head hinges, concealed knuckles and improved Yale locks.

The finish is the highest grade: doors and lower panels, royal blue; upper panels and mouldings, black; chassis and wheels, royal blue.

Tires are 36" x 4½".

The inside dimensions of the Limousine are as follows:

Distance from dash to front seat 24¾".
Size of front cushion on top 44" x 17½".
Height from floor to top of front cushion 16½".
Distance from partition to rear seat 37½".
Size of rear seat cushion on top 50" x 21".
Height from floor to top of rear cushion 17".
Extreme length of body in rear on top of cushion 58½".
Width of front doors over all 20".
Width of rear doors over all 24".
Size of revolving seats 14" x 14".
Price, F. O. B. Detroit $3250.

The Cadillac Coupe

The Cadillac Coupe is a worthy companion of the Cadillac Limousine. It is the leading car of its type.

The body is made of aluminum by the latest improved methods. There are accommodations for four passengers, two alongside the driver and one on drop seat in front. The driver's seat is hinged, permitting entrance at and exit from the right side of the car.

The upholstering is in hand buffed black leather, trimmed with broad and narrow lace. The ceiling, sashes, heel board, hood shelves and finish mouldings are American black walnut.

INTERIOR OF CADILLAC COUPE

There is a compartment for small parcels back of the driver's seat and space for suit case, tools, etc., under rear deck.

The equipment includes the improved Delco electric system, embodying automatic self-cranking device, electric lighting and ignition.

Tires are 36" x 4½".

The inside dimensions of the Coupe are as follows:

From partition to front of rear seat 35"
From dash to front of driver's seat 40"
Cushion on top, left side, 18" x 28"
Size of driver's cushion, 17" x 16"
Size of single seat in front, 16" x 17"
Height from floor to top of cushions 17"
Height from floor to roof, 57"
Extreme length of body from partition to back, left side, 62"
Width at doors over all 24"
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Read This Book—

NO shot-gun has ever yet shown a vital failing which the maker did not know was there But it was there only because the maker did not know *how to get rid of it.*

Of late years shot-gun makers have been so eager for novel features to compete with each other, that they have devoted their entire efforts to introducing such features—features whose actual value is oftentimes trivial.

The makers of the L. C. Smith Gun have worked from a different point of view. For 22 years they have concentrated all effort on the purpose to *eliminate shortcomings*, rather than to add merely novel features. The

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will show you how in the L. C. Smith Gun the old shot-gun shortcomings have been eliminated, one by one.

It will show you how *loss of aim from fumbling for the trigger* has been eliminated by the successful Hunter One-Trigger—which recently broke the *world's record on double targets.* How *inaccessibility of working parts* has been eliminated by the Smith One-Screw Access. How *shooting loose* has been eliminated by the Smith Rotary Bolt which cleverly takes up wear in all directions.

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L. C. SMITH GUNS

"6 Times 22 Years' Experience"

Hunter Arms Co., 91 Hubbard St., Fulton, N. Y.

The Defeat of the Underworld

(Concluded from page 29)

In the twisted shape at their feet they saw only the dead body of Herman Rosenthal, a gambler who had squealed on the police, and from whom the police had demanded the price.

They did not see that Rosenthal himself was nothing. They did not see that the blow aimed at him struck at the Grand Jury, at the great office of the District Attorney, at the very foundation of law and order. They could not see that the same telephones that were greeting Becker with congratulations had stopped the presses of the newspapers, which in their turn would rouse a city of five million people, and had dragged from his bed a young District Attorney, who, not for the murder of Rosenthal, but for the attack of the Underworld upon the Law, would also *demand the price.*

When this story of the House that Jack Built was told in court by Jack Rose himself, court attendants said that in twenty years they never had listened to a tale of murder so outrageous, told in a manner so convincing, or in a manner so inhuman.

In seven hours of cross-examination the lawyers for the defense could not shake his story; could not draw from "the best poker player in New York" one flicker of embarrassment, one glance of annoyance, one sign of shame.

And when "Bridgey" Webber, the man of means, the treasurer and backer of the murderers, took up the tale, it was difficult to believe you were not listening to some weird and abnormal fiction.

"When you went to the Metropole," the attorney for Becker demanded, "for *what purpose* did you look for him?"

And Webber, without raising his voice, without shifting his eyes, politely and straightforwardly answered, "For the purpose of having him murdered."

At times, as you listened, the court room became as unreal as the court room scene in "The Bells" and "Madame X." It did not seem possible that the calm young man you heard politely addressed as "Mr. Webber" would confess to such a crime to a real jury and a real judge. Still less did it seem possible he would so coldly tell of the taking of human life to three hundred of his fellow human beings. It was their presence in the court room that made the confessions sound abnormal, unreal, indecent.

Webber was asked in cross-examination: "When you found Rosenthal in the Metropole just before he was killed, did you speak to him?"

"I said, 'Hello Herman.'"

"In a friendly way?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you not know then that Rosenthal was to be murdered?"

"I knew that such was the plan."

"Were you glad to have him killed?"

"No, sir."

"Were you willing?"

"Yes, sir."

And, again, Webber was asked if when the gunmen left his poker rooms, "did you know they were going to murder Rosenthal by shooting him in cold blood?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you do anything to stop it?"

"No, sir."

"What did you do?"

"I sat there!"

It was this apathy, this total lack of shame, this absolute calm on the part of Webber in speaking of his own share in the murder, that made him, when he spoke of Becker, equally convincing.

He told how immediately after the murder Becker joined him and Rose outside the Murray Hill Baths, and said:

"Well, I congratulate you, Jack. It was a good job."

Then Webber testified:

"'This is terrible,' I said. 'Whitman is over at the station house. They have the number of the automobile.'

"'They haven't got the right number,' said Becker. 'I was at the station house and saw Rosenthal lying there. I felt like taking my knife and reaching down and cutting his tongue out, and hanging it up as a warning to squealers.'"

Webber told this with the same lack of emotion as he had spoken of his own part in the murder, without resentment, concern, or interest.

And when the attorney for Becker tried to shame him by asking if it were not true that after the murder he had sent fifty dollars to Mrs. Rosenthal to help pay for the funeral, he nodded gravely. In this particular act of charity he saw nothing inconsistent.

"I did, sir," he said.

Throughout it all Becker the magnificent justified his title. Outwardly, he was the man in the court room least concerned. He listened smiling, not offensively as though to throw doubt on the evidence, or as though disbelieving it, but with the interest of a distinguished visitor in a strange city, who in the celebrated "Bridgey" Webber and Jack Rose beheld beings of a foreign world, a world of which up to that moment he had doubted the existence. One had only to look at Becker to understand that when he told the terrified gamblers there was no cause to worry, when he ordered them to shoot Rosenthal "in front of a policeman if you want to," when, after the murder, he assured them of his protection, and that, if he were on their side, no harm could come, he himself believed that he could perform what he promised. It was this fatuous belief in himself, in his "pull," that proved his undoing.

THE OVERCONFIDENCE OF INSOLENCE

ON the day of the murder he had said to Jack Rose: "This is the night for it, on account of the affidavit, the people will think it was the gamblers."

And that night, had Becker kept out of sight, the people might so have thought. But with the most supreme assurance, with the most magnificent arrogance, while Rosenthal still lay bleeding, he talked over the telephone to Rose, showed himself at the Forty-seventh Street Police Station, where he fell under the observing eye of the District Attorney, stood talking with his accomplices at sunrise on a bright July morning at the corner of Forty-second Street and Sixth Avenue!

Had he hired a window on Broadway, and a moving picture machine, he could not have made himself more conspicuous. In another man it would have been stupid.

In Becker it was the overconfidence of an insolent, unscrupulous crook, who, as he boasted, had "yet to get the worst of it."

For the fact that, at last, he got the worst, he can thank his vanity, his greed for "easy" money, his supreme selfishness.

"The people," he said, "will think the gamblers did it."

But the gamblers saw the selfish purpose, and to save themselves, betrayed him.

In this remarkable murder trial there are two unusual features: one is that in it, in no place, from first to last, does a woman appear. There is no single hint of love or passion. None of the twelve conspirators can plead "the woman tempted me!" And the other feature is that in the murder trial one man should have appeared as detective, witness, and public prosecutor.

On the night of the murder, had Charles S. Whitman *not* gone to the Forty-seventh Street Police Station, no one can doubt that Becker would to-day be a free man. From the moment the District Attorney took over the command of that police station, and released from a cell, into which the police had thrown him, the only man who knew, or who would tell, the number of the "murder car," the case of the people was in safe hands. With the Police Department against him, with the Mayor against him, the District Attorney has fought the Underworld, fought the "System," and has won a magnificent victory. Mr. Whitman has proved himself the right man in the right place. It is said he would like to live in Albany. But his place is in New York. If the fear which he has thrown into the souls of corrupt policemen, their lobbygows and gunmen, is to remain, Whitman must stay where he is. New York will not prove herself ungrateful.

As this is written, Becker is waiting to receive the only sentence possible. In losing his life he may console himself with the thought that it is not wasted. Every hour a man much more valuable than Becker gives up his life for a cause, to spread civilization, to stamp out disease, to teach a great truth. Becker dies to teach a great truth.

"Tell those fellows," he said, "that nothing can happen to anybody who croaks Rosenthal."

In other words, that in the streets of New York men may commit murder, may insult the law and still walk those streets free men.

Becker dies to teach a great truth. He dies to prove that that is not so.

The watch that made the dollar famous

INGERSOLL WATCHES are sold by dealers everywhere. Men's sizes $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00. Women's and children's models $2.00.

Booklet sent free on request.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
58 Ashland Building, New York

This Trial Model Mailed Free

Made of inexpensive metal just to show how easily the Larter is operated

Ideal Christmas Presents for Men

LARTER
SHIRT STUDS
& LARTER VEST BUTTONS

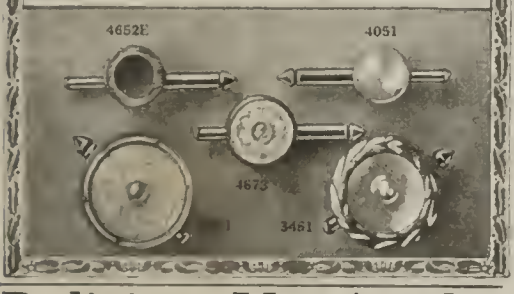
In handsome Christmas cases — 3 studs, 6 vest buttons and pair of cuff buttons, all matched, from $6.00 per set upward. Also sold separately.

Ask your jeweler; if he cannot supply you, write us for name of nearby jeweler who can.

Write for Model and Booklet

showing many styles Larter studs and buttons for Christmas gifts. Address

Larter & Sons 22 Maiden Lane New York



Delicious Va. Apples
DIRECT TO YOU
$4.00 a Box Express Prepaid

Village View Apples are ripened on the tree, never put in cold storage. Their distinctive, rich, delicate flavor has made them famous the world over. It is the peculiar soil and crisp, balmy mountain air that make Village View Apples far more delicious than ordinary apples. We deliver safe to your home —Express Charges Prepaid to all points East of the Mississippi River, for less than you pay for cold storage apples.

100 Choice Winesap Apples $4.00

We pack apples that are absolutely perfect. Satisfaction guaranteed. Remit check or money order. Reference: People's National Bank, Lynchburg, Va. Order now. The supply is limited. Discount on quantity orders.

Eat more Apples for your Health's Sake.
"An Apple a day keeps the Doctor away."

Our interesting booklet tells you why—contains many new recipes for preparing apples.

VILLAGE VIEW ORCHARDS
T. M. HORSLEY, Owner Box 23, Lovingston, Va.

CALOX
The OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

It's the Oxygen

in Calox (Peroxide of Hydrogen) that renders it so efficient as a cleanser of the mouth and whitener of the teeth. Dentists advise its use. Physicians prescribe it.

All Druggists, 25 Cents

Sample and Booklet free on request

McKESSON & ROBBINS, NEW YORK

Ask for the Calox Tooth Brush, 35c

Brickbats and —

Omitting "Bouquets" this week.

—EDITOR

NORMAN HAPGOOD, the retiring editor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, says that he was finally forced to leave the publication because an advertising manager had for months been in supreme command over him and had tried to change the "editorial treatment of advertisers." This is a strange story to be told of a periodical that not long ago was thundering forth denunciations of the daily newspapers in general and in detail for their wicked alliance with and subservience to the powers of advertising. It is a good saying that he who comes into court for action against another should himself have clean hands.—Boston (Mass.) *Post.*

✣

Mr. Hapgood's criticism of millionaire COLLIER'S ability is thus given, the boss having praised Roosevelt in the editorial: "If the office boy had written the editorial I should have complimented him but rejected it." The Weekly has been on the fence as between Roosevelt and Wilson, but has praised Wilson; now it's for Roosevelt and his big interests' band.
—Providence (R. I.) *News.*

✣

Because COLLIER'S WEEKLY is to swing from Wilson and support the Bull Moose, Norman Hapgood has resigned as editor. In resigning he intimates that it is not so much a change in politics as the reversal of policies that forced him out—the advertising manager having been given complete power over every department of the paper. Another instance of dollars being put above brains and character.
—Nashville (Tenn.) *Democrat.*

✣

This is a curious situation for an office from which was conducted a campaign of exposure of the advertising crookedness of other publications without parallel in American journalism.
—Springfield (Mass.) *Republican.*

✣

COLLIER'S WEEKLY has finally decided to come out for Roosevelt; but, then, the Colonel can't expect to have luck break his way all the time.
—Philadelphia (Pa.) *Record.*

✣

So most of us will have to keep right on in a state of doubt as to whether COLLIER'S is a burning, pure patriot or a plain, ordinary mercenary.
—Hartford (Conn.) *Times.*

✣

Money controls COLLIER'S ideals.—Albany (N. Y.) *Evening Journal* (owned by Mr. William Barnes).

✣

The most significant reason for the rupture, however, is given by Mr. Hapgood, who insists that politics was nothing to Mr. Collier compared with advertising. Mr. Hapgood declares that he resigned because he would not submit to being bossed by the circulation and advertising departments. COLLIER'S has conducted a campaign of exposure of advertising crookedness of other publications without parallel in American journalism, and the present "exposé" of Mr. Collier by Mr. Hapgood is peculiarly illuminating in the light of that fact.—Bloomington (Ill.) *Paragraph.*

✣

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which has won distinction in picking losers, has declared for Roosevelt.—Elizabeth (N. J.) *Journal.*

✣

No man can afford to manage a paper on purely commercial lines and under the domination of a commercial spirit. The higher law of honor and truth and fidelity to the public is also, fortunately, the essential law of prosperity, and the newspaper management that violates the one violates the other also, and incurs the penalties attending the infraction of both. Mr. Robert J. Collier is a man of such experience in his business that he can hardly have overlooked a principle which has been accepted by all the progressive newspapers of the day. And for the sake of the good influence which COLLIER'S has wielded we sincerely trust that he has not.
—Baltimore (Md.) *Sun.*

✣

The country will be inclined to observe with a critical eye the course of COLLIER'S WEEKLY under the new editorship.
—Detroit *Saturday Night*, Oct. 26, 1912.

Franklin "Little Six—Thirty"

A light weight unusually efficient car with abundant power. All the advantages of six cylinder construction—flexibility, smoothness, silence—in a car operated at small cost. Built for those who want the best but do not want a big heavy machine. Two types, five-passenger Touring and two-passenger Victoria-Phaeton. Price $2800.

OTHER FRANKLIN MODELS

G Runabout, 4 cylinder, 18 h.p., 2 passenger, $1650
G Touring, 4 cylinder, 25 h.p., 5 passenger, $2000
D Torpedo, 6 cylinder, 38 h.p., 4 passenger, $3500
D Touring, 6 cylinder, 38 h.p., 5 passenger, $3500
H Touring, 6 cylinder, 38 h.p., 7 passenger, $3750
H Limousine, 6 cylinder, 38 h.p., $4750

Men accustomed to studying and analyzing the causes of unusual efficiency in their affairs will be interested in knowing why Franklin Motor Cars (1) use less gasoline, averaging 20% to 35% more mileage per gallon; (2) use less oil, averaging 400 miles and more per gallon without smoke; (3) use fewer tires, averaging 8000 to 10000 miles per set, the 1911 record; (4) travel faster on the road in the long run, owners thinking little of making 200, 250 or 300 miles per day without fatigue; (5) ride easier, bowling along so smoothly, silently and comfortably, without jolt or jar, that driver and occupants do not realize the speed they are making; and (6) wear longer than other cars, many Franklin Cars giving satisfactory service to the same owners 4, 5, 6, 8 and 10 years.

The Franklin engineers have recently issued a very interesting, concise booklet, entitled, "AN ANALYSIS OF FRANKLIN MOTOR CAR CONSTRUCTION," which explains the technical reasons for the above unusual results. This booklet makes it very clear to the prospective automobile purchaser, why we have so consistently stuck to the distinctive Franklin principles of construction. It explains how these principles of construction are directly responsible for the unusual efficiency of Franklin Motor Cars in the six above mentioned particulars. We will gladly mail a copy of this booklet with our catalogue to anyone seriously thinking of buying a car of the Franklin Quality. Kindly address Dept. W.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
Syracuse New York

TO AUTOMOBILE DEALERS

We have just published a pamphlet describing our proposition to automobile dealers or to capable business men who desire to become dealers. This pamphlet will be mailed on request to those who meet our qualifications. In writing for this "Dealer Proposition," please explain your automobile or business experience and mention, if you will, your present or available facilities for successfully handling a car of the Franklin Quality.

The great question—How far to lead? is simplified by the quickness of

THE BLACK SHELLS

Instead of the customary ground glass in the primer to absorb 20% of the heat and cool the flame, the materials in our Non-Mercuric Primer actually increase the heat and so hasten the ignition of the main charge. Moreover, this hot flame is also a *large* flame, because our 100% larger flash-passage permits practically all of it to rush straight into the main charge.

Hence, the explosion is so instantaneous, and its completeness gives such maximum driving power, that you need allow hardly any "lead" on your bird, and absolutely no time at all between pulling the trigger and the discharge.

Tell your dealer "I want some of THE BLACK SHELLS."

Send for Valuable Booklet
on modern improvements in ammunition.
UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE CO.
Dept. 9, Lowell, Mass.

COLGATE'S

PERFECTED
SHAVING CREAM

A cool, clean shave. To convince you, we will send a trial tube (*this size*) for 4 cents in stamps.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. W
199 Fulton St.
New York

Sent on 15 Days' Free Trial

Let us send this handsome Searchlight Mirror, charges prepaid, on 15 days' free trial.

The Searchlight Shaving Mirror

is of best French Bevel plate, 8 inches square. Equipped with an adjustable electric Searchlight that concentrates all the bright light on the face below the eyes—just where needed for shaving. Shows every tiny detail far better than in bright daylight. Yet your eyes remain in soft, restful shadow. No light in eyes or mirror to dazzle them. The perfect mirror for general toilet use, facial treatment and hair dressing.

The Ideal Gift For a Man

who shaves himself. Connects to any electric light socket by long cord, supplied free. Use it anywhere—home or traveling. Stands or hangs at any desired angle. Strong, handsome frame folds compactly.

Simply Write Us This: Just say: *"I wish to try the Searchlight Mirror."*

We will send it, charges prepaid, for 15 days' free trial. When you are fully satisfied send us $3.50. Write for it today.

Federal Sign System (Electric)
503 Home Insurance Bldg., Chicago

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
MADE AT KEY WEST

Brickbats—

It is only fair to say that there can be no doubt about the genuineness of the ardor of Mr. Mark Sullivan for the cause that he will now officially espouse for COLLIER'S. But there is no doubt that Mr. Collier himself makes the change with the most cold-blooded motives.

—Erie (Pa.) *Dispatch.*

✣

And now COLLIER'S great editor speaks of the conscience of the concern. It is doubtful if a more severe reflection has ever before been cast on an American journal by its retiring head. Jobbery discovered in the contracts for paving the streets of the New Jerusalem could not be more shocking.

—Boston (Mass.) *Morning Herald.*

✣

But more than ever will COLLIER'S be closely scrutinized. It has led a good fight. It has won confidence. It has a very straight and a very narrow way to follow—and the least deviation from that way will be a signal for an unpleasant chorus of "I told you so's."—Boston (Mass.) *Traveler and Evening Herald.*

✣

A paper that permits money, whether paid for advertising or otherwise, to control its editorial policy is a journalistic harlot. Collier's is not regarded as such a paper and it has done so many good things that Colonel Collier must at once see the necessity of disproving Mr. Hapgood's statement or lowering its flag. Indeed, Collier's has made a vigorous fight against this sort of journalism which Mr. Hapgood declares it practises, and if there is any basis for this foundation Colonel Collier must rid the paper of it or the influence of Collier's will be destroyed.

All this is not a matter merely concerning Colonel Collier and Mr. Hapgood. It is a vital matter that concerns the profession of journalism.

—Raleigh (N. C.) *News and Observer.*

✣

"Collier's Weekly," submits the Montgomery Advertiser, "always has been a paper of false pretenees. It contained some bitter and untruthful artieles reflecting seriously upon the people of the South. It (Collier's) has been blowing hot and cold during the present campaign as between Wilson and the Bull Moose. The cloven foot is shown at last. No man nor paper can play false without being caught up with."—Charlotte (N. C.) *Daily Observer.*

"Little Women"

(*Concluded from page 12*)

sent, give a very sympathetic and intelligent performance. Laurie, it struck me, might have moderated his transports a trifle, especially his sailorlike hop, step, and jump, but all of the little women were good, especially Miss Marie Pavey as Jo.

MISS ANGLIN GIVES UP "EGYPT"

THE failure, in Chicago, of Mr. Edward Sheldon's new play, "Egypt," ought to be no more than a wholesome tonic to its author, while it may perhaps reassure the millions of amateur playwrights who were beginning to fear, as they surveyed this young man's almost uncanny success, that two and two no longer made four. If, that is to say, a youth with no experience in polities can read a magazine article or glance at a newspaper headline and forthwith write a play about bosses as if he had been a City Hall reporter for twenty-five years—what, after all, is the use? Why work?

"Egypt" seems to be the answer. Mr. Sheldon is human, and it still takes two and two to make four. The scenes of the play were laid near Aiken, S. C., and New York, and the theme was the unsuccessful attempt of a gypsy girl to leave her wandering life and be made over into a conventional young lady of society. The clash is a real enough one—even the most civilized standpatters have moods when they can stand up and sing Kipling's "Gypsy Trail" with all their hearts—but the physical presentation of it here was strikingly artificial and unimpressive. One gathered the impression, whether accurate or not we cannot say, that "Egypt" was written while Mr. Sheldon was in college, even before his "Salvation Nell," and that its main absurdities were those which the author, if the idea came fresh to him now, might not be so likely to commit.

PIPEOLOGY
Here's the "college pipe." It's a big favorite all along the line, because it's light and easily cleaned. It is made of briar with a push bit of rubber or amber. Between briar and bit is a silver mount. You'd like it!

"Get sunshine and joy of *real* tobacco into your work and play

"Draw a full mouthful of Prince Albert from a jimmy pipe or a cigarette. See how cool it is! *Like beating it from a broiler to an ice box!*

"Men, here's real and true tobacco. It has sounded the cheer-up news of jimmy pipe freedom to every man with a tender tongue. It has made *two* men smoke pipes to-day where *one* smoked a pipe before!

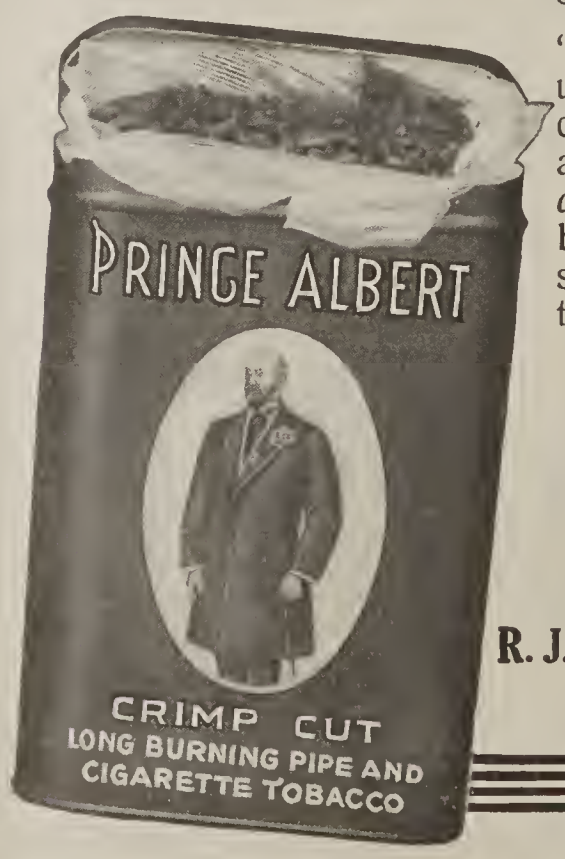
PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

"hits you right every hour, day or night; the 'sweet heel' before breakfast; the long-burning, fresh pull after breakfast; at work, at play—anywhere, everywhere!

"Smoke one load, or smoke a thousand, Prince Albert won't bite your tongue, because the sting is cut out by a patented process!

Wipe out the past. Start fresh—right off the bat! Buy some P. A., resurrect that old jimmy pipe and you've got a new lease on one of life's real joys--smoking a jimmy pipe jammed brimful of Prince Albert.



"If you roll up your cigarettes, use P. A. It makes the bulliest cigarette you ever hooked up a match to. None of those *dust*-brands and *fire*-brands, but tobacco that's fresh and sweet and delicious. It's easy to roll because it's crimp cut."

Right around the corner from your home or office; up in the mountains, out on the plains—buy P. A. in the toppy red 5c bag, the tidy 10c tin and pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

"THE RIVALS" From the Painting by C. E. Johnson.

"Let's Play Just One More Game!"

Cares and worries take wing, the flight of time is forgotten, when congenial companions match wits and skill in a lively game of *home billiards*.

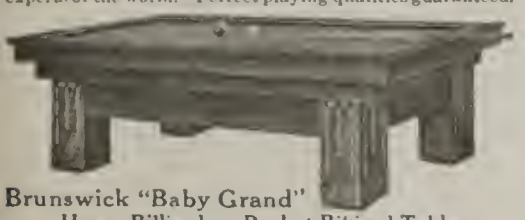
A first-class Billiard Table is a successful rival to the Theatre, the Club and the various forms of amusement outside of the wholesome influences of *home*.

It is a veritable "Home Magnet," with inexhaustible resources of entertainment for young and old.

Brunswick Home Billiard Tables

Our beautiful book accurately describes and Illustrates *in full colors* the many styles of Billiard and Pocket Billiard Tables designed for the home.

Each is a genuine "BRUNSWICK"—made by the concern whose tables are used EXCLUSIVELY by the billiard experts of the world. Perfect playing qualities guaranteed.



Brunswick "Baby Grand"
Home Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Table

Made of finest mahogany with inlaid design, is a superb specimen of the cabinetmaker's art.

Our unique "Convertible" Billiard Tables can be instantly turned into luxurious Davenports or handsome Dining or Library Tables. No "extra room" needed.

Over a Year to Pay

The prices on these Brunswick Home Billiard Tables are very attractive and you can pay cash or spread the small monthly payments over an entire year, just as you prefer. *Full Playing Equipment Free with each style of table.* Your investment in a "BRUNSWICK" will pay big daily dividends in health and happiness for the family circle. Write for the booklet, "Billiards—The Home Magnet." (50)

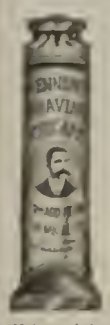
The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. A M, 324-328 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago

That "Awful Smart" Your Shaving Soap Did It

The free caustic found its way into the pores of your skin and that terrible smarting and drawing sensation resulted.

Use **MENNEN'S SHAVING CREAM**

which contains no free caustic, and enjoy a *cool, comfortable shave.*



Mennen's Shaving Cream makes a lather which requires *no "rubbing in"* with the fingers to soften the beard. You *lather* and then shave. *Saves time*, and does away with tender faces.

For sale everywhere, 25c
Sample Tube Free

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.

Makers of the Celebrated Mennen's Toilet Powder.

Globe-Wernicke
Office Equipment

encourages office system of efficiency and economy.

Write for catalog C 810.

The Globe-Wernicke Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

Growing Wings

(*Continued from page* 15)

learned by it that it is possible to drop two hundred pounds of something from an aeroplane, and have figured that that something can be explosives, and that fifty aeroplanes so loaded can do more in a day to take a city or fortified place than large armies can do in a month.

PROVING SOMETHING PRACTICAL

SOME months ago the makers of the Maurice Farman biplanes decided to try an exposure test for their machines to find out whether they lost any of their flying qualities. An aeroplane was placed in the open air and left unprotected, except for the leather hood on the motor and propeller, for three weeks. At the end of that time George Fourny, who holds the world endurance record of thirteen and one-quarter hours without stopping, started out to try it with a passenger. They flew for one hour and a half, then descended, and Fourny said he did not notice any difference in the flying qualities of this special machine. One may conjecture what might have happened to Fourny and his passenger if the flying qualities of the machine had been impaired, but they weren't, and the experiment was of exceptional value. Here is another experiment which proved something: Recently the British Admiralty ordered ten Deperdussin monoplanes from the Parisian concern of that name, and one of the machines was to be delivered as soon as possible. The assembling of this machine took place on a Thursday morning; in the afternoon the wings of the machine were loaded with 2,500 pounds of sand, to test their strength, as required by the British Admiralty; the following morning it received the last touches and the last coat of paint; at four o'clock that afternoon Prévost, the chief pilot of the concern, went up with a friend of his and took a trip over Paris around the Eiffel Tower. The following morning at 7 A. M. Prévost and the English representative of the concern started out and flew direct to England, and, after making but two short stops en route, landed at the British Admiralty's grounds at Eastchurch, Isle of Sheppey. Half an hour after they had landed and the acceptance of the machine was being made, the British officer, Lieutenant Longmore, who had never tried a Deperdussin monoplane before, was flying that same machine over the Eastchurch aerodrome; and two hours after he and Lieutenant Spencer Gray were riding in that same machine at a height of 3,500 feet for nearly an hour.

THE VALUE OF THE HUMBLE MECHANIC

A MECHANIC in the aviation field is an individual with great responsibility who gets few thanks for his work. A mechanic's mistake often results in a dead aviator. He may misconnect the control wires or leave a monkey wrench or an oiling can on the 'plane; he may also forget to put gasoline in the tank or to tighten the trussing wires. Then a good pilot will go up, and if the control wires have been wrongly connected, as happened to Aubrun last year, he will see his machine dive down when he maneuvers for a turn, or vice versa. If he escapes with his life he will thereafter try every wire before starting, as Aubrun does now. If anything has been left on the lower plane

The Morane monoplane with which Georges Legagneux made the 18,372 feet altitude record

"The man who knows and knows that he knows is a wise man." — *Oriental Proverb*

What Would You Give for the Truth?

You were talking politics the other day. All you needed to establish your argument were facts.

Did you have them?

You need something to supplement your daily newspaper. Much of Monday's news has lost its value by Wednesday; much of Tuesday's news is forgotten by Thursday; but the real news of Monday is just as important a year from now. You need a weekly journal that will select the news for you. The Outlook gives you the news that has permanent value. It gives you not a mere reprint of newspaper reports, but a clear, readable statement of facts secured from original sources.

The Outlook does its level best to make sure that its statements are accurate and presented simply and convincingly. It does its best to show what these facts mean.

The Outlook isn't always right, but it tries to be—and it is always fair.

It tells you the things you need to know about—the things vital to you, and your business, and your country, and your home.

As important as facts are the opinions of those who—by achievement—have earned the right to speak with authority. To be intimate with such opinions is to keep your own ideas fresh and vigorous.

In The Outlook you will find free and full discussion of great questions by those who know them.

Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook, is universally recognized as a leader of thought and counselor in questions of social right and wrong.

Hamilton W. Mabie, Associate Editor of The Outlook, is universally recognized as critic and literary authority.

Theodore Roosevelt, Contributing Editor of The Outlook, is universally recognized as an authority on problems of National government.

The Outlook's editorial methods are probably unique. Each week the editorial staff meets to consider the topics that are new and important. Each editor takes the topics in which he is particularly interested and assumes the responsibility for them. Whatever he writes is his own personal conviction. He gives to the reader not only the result of his own knowledge and training but the benefit of The Outlook's ability to secure accurate information from original sources.

When The Outlook goes to press on Friday, the whole staff works in unison to handle the latest news quickly and certainly, to make sure that the newest aspects of current questions are thrown into sharp focus.

The Outlook has been called "the forum for public discussion in America." This is because it presents at first hand the opinions and convictions of leaders in American life. The President of the United States, Presidential Candidates, Cabinet Officers, Governors, Senators, Congressmen, Religious Leaders, Educators, Scientists, Business Men, the men and women who are doing things worth while, recognize The Outlook as a logical channel for the expression of their views.

Read The Outlook for a few weeks. Then, after having all the real news just the way you want it, see if you don't want The Outlook all through the year.

Six Cents is all that you need to make the acquaintance of the journal that keeps you in touch with the subjects you discuss every day. Send three Two-cent Stamps with this coupon and secure The Outlook for four consecutive weeks, including the big illustrated November Magazine Number. (Retail Price, Thirty Cents.)

The Outlook

287 Fourth Ave. New York

I enclose Six Cents in stamps, for which please send me four consecutive weeks of **The Outlook** as an introduction.

Name _____

Address _____

The Outlook · 287 4th Ave. · New York

MAINTAINING
A SIXTY-YEAR-OLD STANDARD

In 1853 we began making coaches, carriages and broughams for well-to-do old families. Rauch & Lang became known for rigid standards, thus linking together with the name a great asset and a great obligation—and standards once attained must be maintained.

That we should make electric vehicles when they were demanded was a natural evolution of our business. People who had owned our broughams wanted us to make them. So we produced some of the first electrics that were sold.

Today we make them complete in our factory—in the same careful, substantial way that we made coaches in the fifties.

The way these cars run tells the story. The rich but quiet elegance and graceful style have made the Rauch & Lang the "Car of Social Prestige." People of good taste and judgment will at once appreciate the beauty and value in our latest models.

Any Rauch & Lang agent will gladly demonstrate.

The Rauch & Lang Carriage Company

2374 West Twenty-fifth Street Cleveland Sixth City

How to Accumulate $1,000.00

Not a difficult thing to do. Buy one of our Easy Payment, Profit-sharing 5% Coupon Trust Bonds, paying interest semi-annually, and issued in denominations of $1,000.00, up.

Write now for our Free Booklet De Luxe No. 26

It describes our new method of saving.

GUARANTEE TRUST AND BANKING CO., Atlanta, Ga.
Bond Department Established 1899
CAPITAL $500,000.00

He's waiting for it now.

Austin's Dog Bread

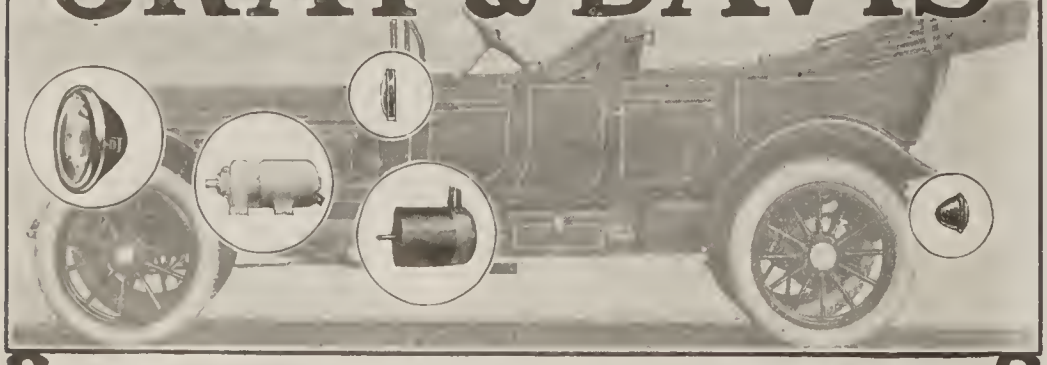
the oldest dog bread made in America and the best dog food in the world.

Sample FREE

Send postal, stating dealer's name and whether you want Austin's Dog Bread or Puppy Bread.

AUSTIN DOG BREAD & ANIMAL FOOD CO.
217 Marginal Street
Chelsea, Mass.

GRAY & DAVIS



QUALITY EQUIPMENT FOR AUTOMOBILES

If you would have a highly efficient car embodying convenience, comfort and safety, specify Gray & Davis products. Cars Carrying Gray & Davis Lamps, Dynamo or Electric Starter, are good cars to buy!

ELECTRIC LAMPS

GRAY & DAVIS Head Lights, Side and Tail Lamps or Lamps for closed cars offer the highest type of automobile illumination. Powerful, brilliant, possessing grace and distinction, they add to appearance, safety and correct usage.

LIGHTING DYNAMO

A **Constant Speed** machine driven by engine. Lights lamps, charges batteries, furnishes current for power horn, Electric Starter and auxiliary purposes automatically and without expense. Absolutely reliable. In service over four years.

ELECTRIC STARTER

A specially designed starting motor of great power which rotates the flywheel. Positive in operation. Requires but a 6-volt battery. Starts heaviest type of "Six." Will "spin" engine 1½ hours, propel car 2 miles. No complicated controls—only a simple switch.

1913 Peerless Cars are equipped with all GRAY & DAVIS products

Write For Information.

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A dummy ship set on fire at night by bombs dropped from aeroplanes, at Hendon, England

Growing Wings

(*Continued from page 33*)

of a biplane, as soon as that something slides off, it may be drawn into the whirling propeller, as happened to Captain Thomas Baldwin some time ago, and he is lucky if he lives to tell the tale. In Baldwin's case the propeller was broken near the hub; the flying pieces tore holes in the planes and the machine careened and dropped down. He was not very high and got out with a shaking up.

TWO CAUSES OF ACCIDENTS

CONVINCING demonstrations of what may happen if the gasoline gives out unknown to the pilot were given by Alfred Leblanc and Hubert Latham at Belmont Park in 1910. Leblanc was flying for the Gordon Bennett Cup, and his Blériot monoplane, fitted with a 100-horsepower motor, was going at over a mile a minute. On his last lap—which would have won the cup—the fuel gave out unexpectedly, and, the propeller stopping suddenly, the machine swerved from its course and smashed into a telegraph pole, breaking it in three pieces. Leblanc was shot off his seat, but got off with a few bruises.

Hubert Latham was caught in a different way during a cross-country flight. Rising at a sharp angle with an almost empty tank, the motor stopped for lack of fuel and the heavy Antoinette monoplane fell backward. To the newspaper reporters who rushed to the spot Latham replied in his calm, sardonic way that he loved to land that way.

What happens if the trussing wires are not taut is not quite clear, but there are reasons to believe that deaths due to breaking of monoplane wings may be due to it. In a sudden dive at a certain angle the pressure shifts from below to above the wings—and vice versa—and the jerk of the sudden change is supposed to snap the slack wires—just as one can snap a heavy twine by a jerk—and the wings then fold right up. This point is under investigation, but is hard to work out because breaking of wings has always ended fatally—and after an aeroplane has crashed to earth the wreck is usually a mournful pile from which nothing can be learned.

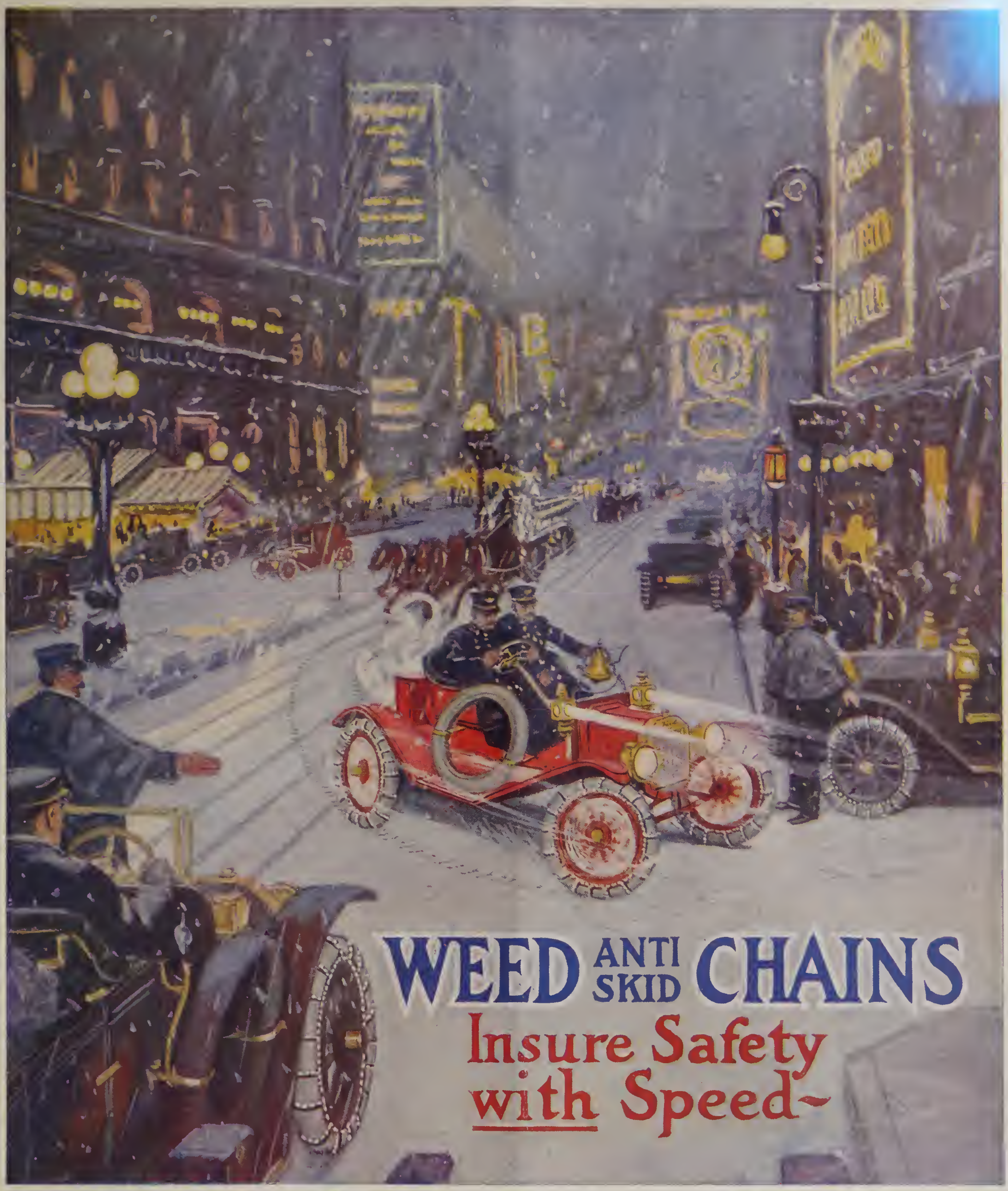
Progress in aviation has been overfast. Three years ago we wondered at the experimental flights of a half dozen experimental machines. To-day there are 2,500 licensed pilots and as many nonlicensed, and about eighty aviation schools, with approximately one thousand pupils. Aeroplane making and selling is already an important industry, with an invested capital of $50,000,000, and there are about forty different kinds of standard aeroplanes.

Aeroplane making changed considerably early in 1911, when the French Government offered $268,000 for aeroplanes fulfilling certain requirements. Engineers entered the field and aeroplanes have been undergoing wonderful transformations, while aero motors have become ninety per cent efficient. The same evolution is taking place in England, Russia, Germany, and Italy, where the Governments have offered large sums as prizes for efficient military aeroplanes. To fulfill the requirements of the British War Office, for instance, an aeroplane must be capable of flying for four and a half hours without stopping with a live load of 350 pounds, in addition to fuel, oil, and instruments; it must fly at a mean speed of 55 miles per hour, and stay up for one hour in an altitude of 4,500 feet, fully loaded; it must be capable of starting and landing from freshly plowed land, and the pilot must be able to start the machine without assistance. It must do all the above easily, and it must be so constructed that two men can take turns at piloting and can observe the country below, in front, and on either side. The conditions of the French Government are but a little less strict.

EUROPEAN PROGRESS IN CONSTRUCTION

A SHORT space of eighteen months, since exhibition flying was discontinued in Europe, has introduced steel for general construction; heavy wheels, reenforced, improved chassis to land on; strong cables for trussing, double cables for controls; better joints, turnbuckles, bolts, and general accessories. It has also brought thoroughly tested propellers, remarkably efficient motors—with self-starters, self-acting gasoline pumps, oil safety valves, special devices to minimize the danger of fire; and scientific instruments to facilitate travel, and safety helmets and safety belts to minimize hurts when accidents happen. Other innovations have been

The Blériot aerial limousine has seating capacity for four, is fitted with pneumatic cushions, and has made hundreds of flights



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Wright's Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear keeps out the cold and keeps in the body heat, guarding the skin against sudden changes of temperature that cause colds and pneumonia.

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Growing Wings

(*Concluded from page* 34)

hoods to shield aviators from the elements, comfortable seats with special arrangement for carrying passengers. The standard makes are obtainable in three or four types—light, medium weight, or heavy; for sport, for racing, for cross-country flying, for military service, and to carry a different number of passengers. The last innovation has been the hydro attachment for water flying, which is now being supplied with a dozen standard machines, and is in itself a wonder in safety and utility. This last has been the most practical innovation made since flying began, and has started a new line of activity. A year ago the hydraeroplane was looked upon as a freak in Europe, and there was only one successful type; now water flying is considered the safest form of flying; there are about fifteen types of water planes, and last month not less than a dozen hydraeroplane meets took place in Europe. The most convincing argument in its favor is that there has not been a single fatality in water flying, although tens of thousands of flights have been made. Three constructors—Blériot and Bréguet in France, Etrich in Austria, and Roe in England—also supply aerial limousines, which are limousine bodies with aeroplane wings. The Blériot and Etrich have been flying for months with thorough success.

Aviators consider flying easy and do not deem it necessary to adopt safety helmets, safety belts, automatic stabilizers, and other devices that would minimize fatalities. One-third of the fatalities this year could have been prevented by the use of the automatic stabilizer, which, by maintaining the fore-and-aft stability of the aeroplane automatically, checking the diving tendencies, makes it possible to those who use it to travel through storms with little trouble. A good percentage of the accidents could have been robbed of their fatal results if the aviators had protected their heads with safety helmets, for the fate of an aviator depends usually on how he strikes the ground, and eight times out of ten he strikes head first.

GLORY AGAINST SAFETY

BUT the great majority of airmen either refuse to regard flying as difficult or are reckless fellows, who seem to feel that to win without peril is to triumph without glory, and will not use safety devices. That is especially true of military aviators, who now constitute one-third of the total number of pilots. Their attitude prevented the French military authorities from adopting the stabilizer for the army aeroplanes; they did not want to humiliate the heroic men who have made France supreme in aerial strength.

Siesta's End

(*Continued from page* 21).

a glass of wine and it fades—but ah, it drinks the dew from the kiss of love, and grows more beautiful from the kiss as the flower does from the dew."

She raised her glass and laughed roguishly.

"Are you so timid, little one, that you can say nothing?"

"I can sing," whispered Dolores, her head bent coyly, and she began to hum one of the songs that Newton loved best, that half-mournful, half-boasting solo of Marina in the old Spanish opera.

He listened in silence, and he was glad that the darkness hid his frown. For once the music failed to stir him, for the voice seemed artificially saccharine and her pretty manner too plainly a pose. Again Dolores sang, and again, while the mocker on the housetop was silent until she was through, when it would resume its fluttering, seemingly trying to burst its throat in its mimicry.

The Donna Anna leaned forward and touched him with her fan.

"They sing well, our birds, eh? Sing us the old song of the man who came from the north to woo the daughter of the sun, little one," and she subsided with a chuckle.

WHEN the girl had finished she leaned forward once more.

"He was lucky, that man from the north, señor, for the lord of the sun owned many broad acres and the girl was beautiful."

"He was lucky," assented Newton, and, rising, he walked to the steps and gazed out through the gate toward the east, where the shadows were deepest. But he could not escape. The Donna Anna was at his shoulder.

"What a man you are, señor, so tall and so broad. My brother said before he left he would like to see his grandchildren large and sturdy. Our family are all small. He cares greatly for you."

"I am honored," he replied shortly. "I believe I shall go for a stroll," and he moved off brusquely.

He didn't go far, but, finding a stone beneath a ragged mesquite, sat down and stared out into the night. Somehow he couldn't seem to call up coherent thought. His brain seemed dull, and he was only aware of a lurking desire for something he could not name. It was not for the old wanderer's life, strangely, nor was it for the life of ease that here was offered to him. He sat until the moon climbed into the zenith and began to pale again toward the horizon line, yet not once could he name that want that was almost an ache which eluded him so tantalizingly.

He had just concluded to go in when a far-off sound caught his ear—singing first of all, and then laughter, and finally the grass-deadened beat of horses' hoofs tearing across the prairie.

Even as he stood wondering a little cavalcade of men swept past him and through the gate of the hacienda. For a moment he stood, roused into sudden activity, and then he hurried after them. He had heard the clink of metal as they passed and seen the flash of the moonlight on steel. What the American girl had told him of the insurrectos who were following had entirely slipped his mind.

HE hurried to the portico and shouldered through the little knot of men. To his surprise the two women were there, still fully dressed.

"Here he is, the rogue," called the Donna Anna. "See, faithless one, how your slaves wait until you please to return. We have a visitor, Captain Ojara."

The captain was spare, small, and nervous, and he jumped forward.

"My brother," he cried, embracing Newton. "I had hoped to see you. The camp is dull now that you have gone." He stepped back and leered first at the girl and then at Newton. "But who could blame you? The camp is purgatory. You are right to choose heaven."

"I will come back to-morrow," said Newton, turning with a slight shudder. He had never become used to the Mexican man's demonstrativeness, and the captain's breath was reeking with drink.

"Our American is weary," cooed the puffy aunt. "Will you have wine, Señor Captain? Ah, of a certainty. Bring a fresh pitcher, Juan. The gentleman is tired."

Ojara flipped his gloves to the table and sank back on the couch.

"I am very tired. I would like some wine, indeed, for I have ridden hard since last night. Did you see a carreta pass this way some time this afternoon? It carried some of those pigs of Americans—your pardon, brother, but they are enemies to the cause. The man shot one of my soldiers and then they fled north. We burned the house, thinking they were inside, but they had gone. We could not catch them. They must surely be in their accursed country now. The man was wounded—it was my hand that did it, and I thought we had them, but that she-devil of a girl—"

"Girl?" echoed the Donna Anna, sitting upright. "A thin, white thing, no larger than a cactus thorn—why, señor, she is here now—in there with the wounded man," and she trailed off into a cackle of laughter.

OJARA leaped to his feet and strutted up and down twirling his mustache.

"Here, eh? Good, good, good—I said they would not escape. I vowed it. And when Ojara vows— Pedro, you and Manuel bring the young lady out, and do not forget the box that she has."

When the men had gone he leaned close to Newton and whispered:

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Siesta's End

(Continued from page 36)

"They are carrying a fortune in bank-notes and many valuable papers. What fortune, my friend! I shall be made a colonel, as is only fitting," and he began to strut again.

Newton looked away in disgust and his eyes fell on Dolores. The girl was loose-lipped and heavy-eyed from loss of sleep. In a flash he saw what she would be before many years—stout and coarse like her aunt. Then he suddenly stood up, for the American girl stood before them. She stood straight, her head back and her eyes unafraid. Her fearlessness thrilled him.

"Ah, and so," sneered Ojara, coming to a halt. "The bird is caught just before it reached its nest. And where is the señor? He will die at sunrise."

"He is dead," said the girl.

NEWTON could not resist stepping forward, but the Mexican shrugged his shoulders callously.

"It saves the gunpowder. You have something much more important than that. Did you find the box, Pedro?"

The soldier—if one could call a slouching, barefooted, ragged mortal carrying a gun by that name—stepped forward and laid a box of black japanned tin upon the table.

"Excellent," cried Ojara, but he was looking at the girl and not the box. "Now let's see—why, it is not even locked! How careless—Dios!" He had swung back the lid and all could see its yawning black interior—absolutely bare.

The little officer curled his mustache and his eyes traveled over the girl standing before him.

"I might have known it, señorita. You are too wise to carry such things in a box. Women like to carry such things on them. I believe I know where they are." He stepped close to her. "Shall I find them? I know just where they are, my shy dove." His voice was low and singing, and the men, standing apart, laughed. It seemed to spur their officer on, and he raised his hand. Then Newton spoke.

"Don't you touch her."

It was said in English, but the other must have felt the command, for he looked around, and Newton could see the look in his eyes and the gleam of his yellow teeth.

"They are here," he grinned. "I can get them easily, brother. You would not come between me and my duty. That would be traitorous to the cause you have espoused."

There was a threat in the soft tones, though he still grinned, and then, with his eyes still on Newton's, he grasped the girl about the waist. The next moment he lay stunned and gasping against the wall where Newton's blow had hurled him. For one breathless moment all stood motionless, then before aid could come Newton had lifted the man before him, and, dragging the pistol from his holster, covered the advancing men.

"Stop!" he snarled, and they obeyed. At a loss, he looked around and his eyes met those of his countrywoman. What he saw there made his heart leap like mad in his breast, and he smiled. At last he knew what that lurking desire was. He wanted to get in the world's battle, to fight, and to fight for some one.

"Drop your guns!" he commanded, and the little ragged knot of men dropped them clashing to the pavement. "Will you kindly toss them in the fountain," he asked the girl, "and then pick out the best horse in the lot? I can hold this crowd until you're over the river even."

She looked at him without moving.

"You mean two horses?"

"Two horses," he agreed, for what he saw in her eyes was the answer.

AS she carried the guns to the center of the court he followed, still holding the inert officer before him. All eyes followed, but no one moved.

"Are you mounted?" he asked.

"Yes," said the girl.

"Then give me the bridle of the other horse. Now go!"

He kicked the defenseless man from him and swung to the saddle. One shot stopped the rush that had started the moment his back was turned, and then they were out in the night, riding side by side, the sparks flying up from their horses' hoofs. Behind them came a short, sharp report and a cry.

"Don't stop," she called as he checked his horse and looked to her. "I filled the barrels with mud. One must have burst."

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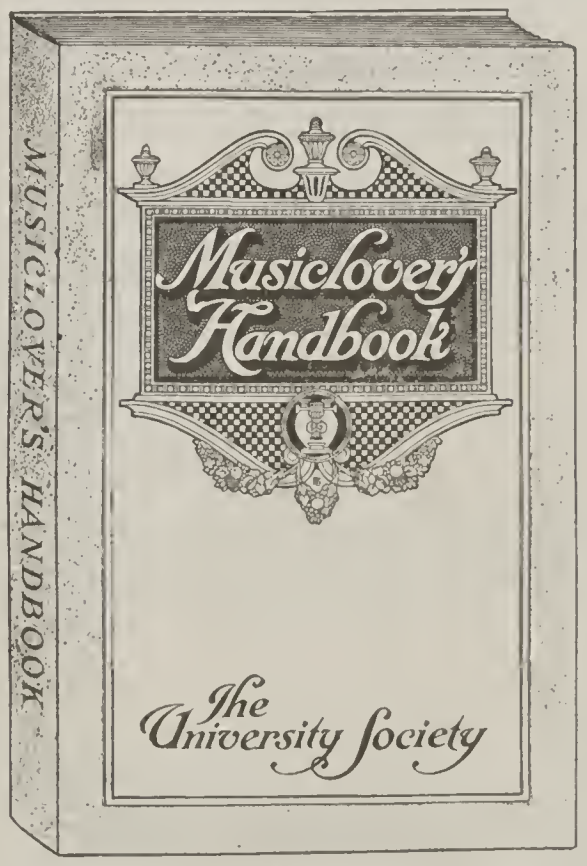

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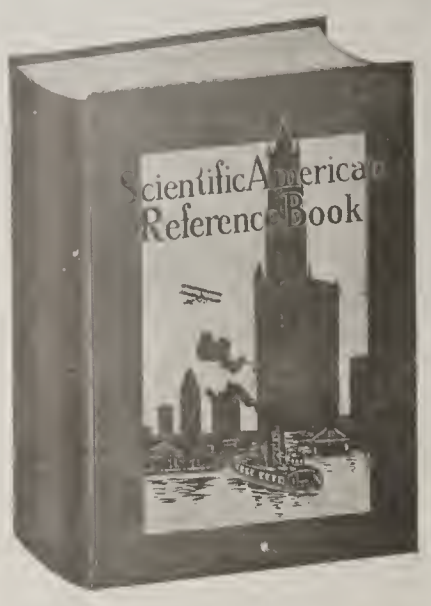

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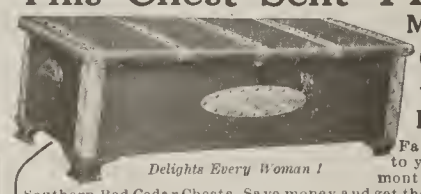

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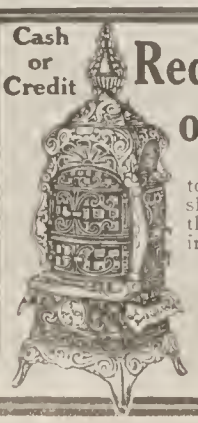

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Siesta's End

(*Concluded from page 37*)

He laughed aloud. Here was one worthy to mate with a man, and his eyes yearned for her through the dark, but he could only see the faint outline of her boyish head against the sky.

Not once did they draw rein until they pounded up the bank of the sullen, greasy river. The boatman was astir, and under the persuasion of the pistol hurried them across. And still there was no sign of pursuit.

"Where could they be?" he pondered.

"I doubt if they will come," she replied. "I cut the saddle girths with a bayonet."

Again he laughed aloud.

Once on the other bank, they led their horses to the top of the bluff and stood watching the boat creep back across the water, now leaden-tinted by the coming day. Behind them the sky was flaming into glorious colors, but the sky over the land they had left was still dark and pall-like.

"We have come into the light from the land of death," said the girl, and somehow their hands met and clasped.

"It was you that led me," whispered Newton, awed; then both turned and faced the day.

Detective Barney

(*Continued from page 19*)

Babbing said: "He'll not go to the telegraph desk asking questions, because he won't care to identify himself to the man there. That's why he goes out to send his messages."

"Suppose he doesn't let the kid into the room at all."

"WELL, he opens the door. The boy gives him the telegram and asks, 'Any answer?' He reads it and sees it's the same message that he had last night. That'll make him forget the boy. He'll be trying to figure out what has happened. And the boy can stand at the door and watch him. It's worth trying anyway. Go and get the telegram ready, Jim."

"What is it, again?"

"'Thunder command wind kacaderm.' Unsigned."

"'Thunder — command — wind — kacaderm.'"

"Have you the envelopes?"

"Yep. Billy has everything in there."

"Don't seal it till I've looked it over."

"All right, Chief."

The operative—whose name was Corcoran—departed with the unbustling celerity of a man accustomed to quick and noiseless movement. Babbing went to the bathroom door. "That's not so bad," he said of Barney's uniform. "Turn around." He settled the coat collar with a tug and a friendly pat. "Wipe off your shoes with a towel. The halls of the Antwerp aren't as dusty as all that." Barney looked up, smiling, and found the detective's eyes kindly, amused, encouraging. "I ought to send you out to get a new pair," Babbing said, "but there isn't time. Come in here, now, and let's go over this again. I have an improvement to suggest."

HE went to the window and stood looking out. Barney waited in the center of the room, excitedly alert. "You're a bell boy recently employed here," Babbing said. "The man at the telegraph desk has said to you: 'Take this up to Mr. Cooper, Room 818, and see that he gets it this time. It's a repeat. That's not according to Hoyle, but it will have to do. Cooper won't know any better, anyway. So when you deliver the telegram at Cooper's door, you say: 'I was to be sure that you got this, this time. It's a repeat.' Step inside when you give him the message, so that he can't shut the door. And then watch him, as I told you before."

He stopped. He eyed Barney skeptically. "You look as if butter wouldn't melt in your mouth. You'll have to do some quick lying, you know, if he suspects anything."

Barney looked sheepish.

"Here," Babbing said suddenly. He took a letter from the table and gave it to the boy. "Go into the bathroom. No. The door opens in. I'll go in the bathroom, and you can come to the door and deliver this telegram. Let's see how you do it." And he went into the bathroom and shut the door on himself.

BARNEY turned the letter over in his hands. He frowned a moment at the door. Then he went up to it and rapped. There was no answer. He knocked more loudly. A voice, disconcertingly gruff, asked: "What is it?"

"A telegram, sir," Barney answered.

"Put it under the door."

Barney smiled to himself—the cunning smile of a child in a game. "They said I was to see that you got it this time. It's a repeat."

The door was opened a few grudging inches. "What's that?"

"They said I was to see that Mr. Cooper got it this time. It's a repeat."

"Well, I'm Mr. Cooper. Give it here." He put his hand out, still blocking the half-opened door. Barney gave him the letter. The door shut in his face.

Barney blinked at the panels. Then he knocked again sharply. Babbing opened the door.

"Well, what is it?"

"They didn't give me a receipt form," Barney said. "Will you sign the envelope and give it back to me?"

"Have you a pencil?"

"No, sir," Barney said.

"Well, wait there till I find one."

Barney tried the door slyly. It opened. He edged in over the threshold. "If you want to send an answer, sir," he said, "I can take it."

Babbing caught him by the "cowlick" that adorned his ingenuous young forehead. "Get out of here," he laughed, "or I'll have you arrested." And Barney, as startled as if he had been wakened from a dream, grinned confusedly. "That's all right," Babbing said, "if you do it as well as that."

"Was I all right?" Barney cried, exulting. "Was I?" He knew that he was; he could see it in Babbing's face; but he wanted to hear it. And he spoke in the voice of a boy playing with a boy.

BABBING changed his expression. "Yes, but this 'Nick Carter' stuff," he said, pointing to Barney's coat on a hook, "you mustn't destroy your mind with that sort of thing. That must stop with your cigarettes."

It returned Barney instantly to the hypocritical schoolroom manner of a pupil reproved by his teacher. "Yes, sir," he promised.

"Well, we'll see." Babbing was noncommittal and unenthusiastic. "You've a lot to learn, yet."

Barney asked, shyly: "What's he been doin'?"

"Who?"

"Mr. Cooper."

Babbing turned back to the bedroom. "That's my business, not yours. You do what you're told—in my office—and don't ask questions. And don't discuss cases. That's another thing to learn. Come in," he called to Corcoran's knock.

The operative came in, taking a telegraph envelope from his pocket. He gave it to Babbing, cheerfully silent. The detective put on his glasses and scrutinized it. He took out the telegram and read it. He compared the "time received" with his watch. "That looks convincing," he said. He moistened a finger tip and delicately wetted the gummed flap. "We can give it a couple minutes to dry." He handed it to Barney. He went through his pockets for silver. "These are tips you've received. A dollar on account of salary. He may ask you for change.... Now don't be overanxious. If this doesn't work, we'll find some other way. If he gets suspicious and telephones to the desk—or anything of that sort—just get in here as quickly as you can, and we'll protect you. Sit down a minute." He turned to the papers on his table. "Jim," he said, "you remember the disappearance case we had in Dayton—the little girl."

"Yes?"

"Our theory worked out all right. They've got a confession from the nigger and found the body in the bushes where he buried it. Here's Wally's report."

Corcoran took the paper and sat down to read it. "I hope they'll hang the black—" he said piously.

Babbing consulted his watch. "Mr. Bell

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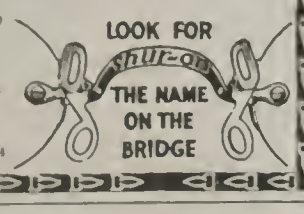

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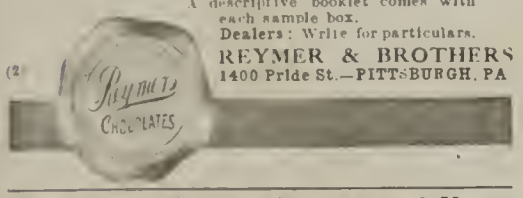

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Detective Barney

(Continued from page 38)

Boy," he said at last, "you have a telegram for Mr. Cooper, in 818. Go ahead and deliver it."

Barney had a sensation of peculiar heaviness in the knees as he walked stiffly to the door. ("They said I was to see that you got it this time.") Outside, he paused to close the door with unnecessary gentleness and make sure that the corridor was empty. ("It's a repeat.") Where was 818? He saw 810 across the hall, to his left. He put a finger inside his collar and relieved the pressure on his neck. He cleared his throat of nervousness. He walked boldly to 818, raised his small knuckles to a panel, and knocked.

THERE was no answer. He had put up his hand to knock again when the door opened and a tall man in slippers and a bathrobe asked: "Well?"

"A telegram for Mr. Cooper," Barney said steadily. "They told me to see that he got it this time. It's a repeat."

Cooper stood back. "Come in." His voice was pitched low. "What did you say?"

Barney came across the threshold and Cooper closed the door on him. "It's a repeat," Barney said, "and they told me to see that you got it this time." He held out the telegram.

Cooper took it nervously. He was a gaunt-featured, long-nosed, lean man, with deep lines from his nostrils to the corners of his thin lips. There was a little patch of lather drying on one cheek bone, and Barney understood that he had been shaving. He wiped his hand on his bathrobe before he took the telegram, and he fumbled over it. Barney found himself suddenly cool and confident. He noticed that Cooper's hands were very thin and very hairy; and he looked at them and then slowly looked Cooper over with a curious feeling of contempt. It was the contempt that accounts for half the daring of spies and detectives. People are so easily deceived, so easily outwitted. Their attention is so easily caught with one hand while the other goes unwatched. Barney was learning his trade.

"Why!" Cooper said. "I got this last night."

"Maybe you didn't answer it," Barney suggested. "It's a repeat."

HE puzzled over it. "Well," he said. "I—" His voice faded out in the tone of abstraction. He turned and shuffled across the room to his writing desk, his eyes on the telegram. Unconscious of Barney's craning watchfulness, he took a small cloth-bound volume from an upper drawer of the little escritoire and turned the printed pages, comparing the words in the message with words in the book. The code book!

"If you want to send an answer," Barney said boldly, moving down toward him, "I could take it."

He did not reply. He sat down to the desk and took a pencil and wrote, and consulted the book carefully with his pencil point on the page, and came back again to the message, and returned to find another page in the book. "No, that's all right," he said finally. He tore the telegram and retore it into tiny pieces. "There's no answer." He made as if to throw the torn paper into the waste-basket, and then he checked himself. "Wait a minute," he said, rising; and Barney understood that he was to have a tip.

Cooper shuffled off to the bathroom in his slippers.

Barney, as pale as a thief, darted to the secretary and crammed the little code book into his pocket.

When Cooper returned to the room the bell boy was standing near the door, looking up at a framed engraving. He took the quarter that Cooper gave him and said, stiffly, "Thanks," but without raising his guilty eyes. As he went out he glanced back and saw that Cooper was returning to the bathroom. Gee!

HE was so obviously—so breathlessly—excited when he burst in upon the detectives that Corcoran came to his feet at sight of him. "What's the matter?" Babbing jerked off his spectacles. "What has happened?"

"I go-got it," Barney stammered, tugging at the book that stuck in his pocket.

"Got what?"

"His—his book."

"What!" Corcoran grabbed him roughly by the shoulder and snatched the volume

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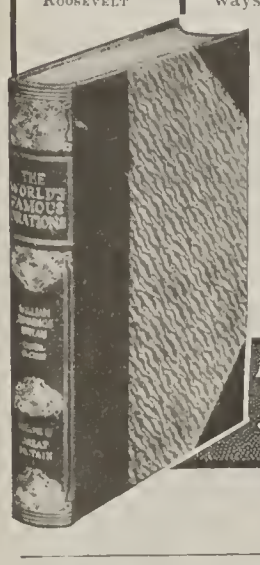

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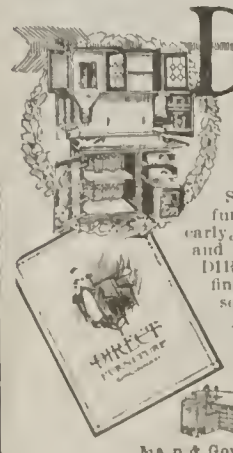

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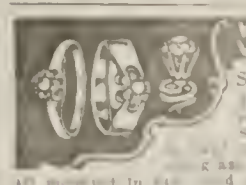

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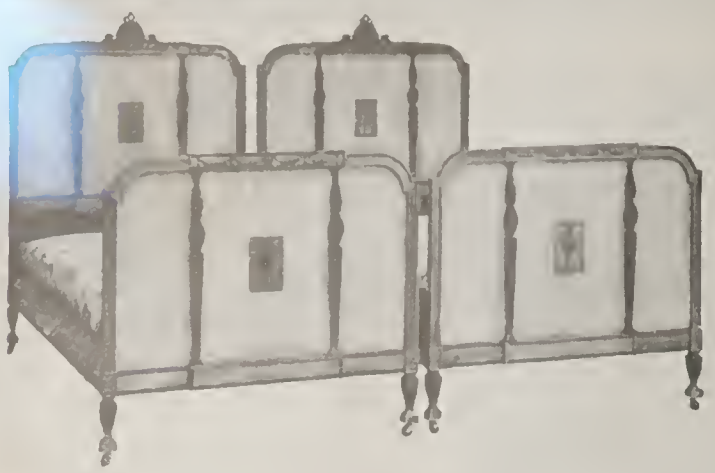

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Detective Barney

(Concluded from page 39)

from his hand. He glanced at its brown cloth cover. *"What?"* he cried. And that second "What" expressed the extreme of incredulous disgust. He held out the book to Babbing, who had not moved from his seat at the table. "He's swiped the man's dictionary!"

Babbing looked at it. It was a "Pocket Webster," a cheap abridged edition, on cheap paper. "Where did you get this?" he asked; and there was no kindly personality showing in the cold malevolence of his flat eyes.

"On his desk. I—"

"Oh, hell!" Corcoran muttered. "This *kid* business!"

"That'll do!" Babbing flared out at him, his face pale, his mouth cruel. "I'm in charge of this case."

They glared at each other, as if they were old enemies with old jealousies concealed and long injustices unforgiven. Corcoran turned with a shrug and sat down on the bed.

"Why did you bring this?"

"Well, gee," Barney defended himself. "As soon as he got the telegram, he beat it to his desk an' yanked this book out of a drawer, an' began to hunt the words up in it, an'—"

"Wait a minute. Corcoran, get on watch out there. If you hear anything, come back for this boy. Take him into Cooper and tell him you're the house detective—that you caught the boy with this book, and he confessed he's stolen it from 818. Give it back and ask him not to prosecute—because it would hurt the hotel. He won't, anyway. And that'll hold him quiet till we can get time to turn round. Otherwise we've tipped our hand."

Corcoran was already at the door. He went out on the final word.

"Now," Babbing said with perfect suavity, "take your time. Show me exactly what he did."

"Well, look-a-here!" Barney took the book. "He got this out o' the drawer, an' then he sat down this way, an' got a pencil, an' then he wrote down the telegram—"

"Wrote it down? Where? On what?"

"On a piece o' paper. An' then he looks in the book, this way, an' gets a word. An' then he looks at the telegram. An' then he goes back to the book an' turns over the pages. An' then he—"

BABBING reached the dictionary from him. "Wait." He put on his spectacles and wrote on the back of a typed sheet: "Thunder command wind kacaderm." Below that he wrote it again, reversed, and then several times with the words transposed and permuted in all possible orders. He turned to the word "thunder" in the dictionary. It was at the bottom of the first of the three narrow columns that filled the page. He studied it. He studied the words around it. He turned the page, and his eyes widened thoughtfully on the word "through" at the bottom of the third column. The line read: "Through (throo), *prep.* from." And on the margin the point of a pencil had made a light indentation. He turned back to "thunder"; and on the margin there the pencil mark showed in a raised point.

He wrote under the word "thunder" on his paper the word "through."

He turned to the word "command" in the dictionary, but after a prolonged scrutiny he wrote nothing.

He turned to "wind." And he found, on the same page but in another column, the word "will" touched with a faint pencil mark. He sat back in his chair and his face became meditatively blank.

His eyelids constricted sharply. He wrote: "Murdock will come through." Turning back in the dictionary to the word "command," he found "come" standing directly beside it in the parallel column of print on the page. He looked at Barney and nodded. "Got it!" he said grimly. "Go and bring Corcoran."

Barney, almost running—but on his tiptoes—with the secrecy and the excitement, saw himself vindicated to the surprised Corcoran. He saw himself the hero of the occasion. He had solved the mystery! He had discovered the cipher! He signaled imperiously to Corcoran in the hall. The operative came scowling.

When they returned to the room, Babbing said: "Sit down there, boy, and keep quiet. You scuttle like a rat. Jim, I've got his method. I want you to send off some messages while I'm translating these. Wire our Chicago office: 'Case 11A393. Case completed. Immediately arrest Number Two on information in your files.' Wire Indianapolis in the same words to grab Pirie. He's Number Three. And have Billy 'phone the office to get papers and an officer up here, at once, for our friend next door. I'll hold him till they come. Go ahead. I'll finish this."

He settled down to his task studiously, copying out cipher telegrams and writing between the lines the translated words as he found them in the dictionary. And in a room that was quiet and sunny, working with a little complacent pucker of the lips occasionally, or raising his eyebrows and adjusting his spectacles in a pause of doubt, he looked anything but sinister, anything but the traditional "bloodhound" on the trail in a man hunt. There was something Pickwickian in his small rotundity. The nattiness of his business suit gave him an air of conventional unimportance.

BARNEY watched him fascinatedly. His plump little hands, his rather flat profile with its small beaked nose and the owlish spectacles, his dimpled chin, all reminded the boy of some one incongruous whom he could not place. When Babbing took out a white silk handkerchief to polish his glasses and buried his nose in it before he replaced it in his pocket, Barney remembered. It was a bishop who had once graced the closing exercises of the parochial school by conferring the prizes. He had given Barney a "Lives of the Saints."

"Now, young man," Babbing said, "get off that uniform. I'm going in to get a statement from your Mr. Cooper. If anyone rings me up, take the number. If any of the men come in here, tell them where I am. I'm registered as A. T. Hume. Wait here till I come back." He had taken a small blue metal "automatic" revolver from his hip pocket and put it in the side pocket of his coat. He gathered up his notes and the dictionary. "Don't make the mistake again of exceeding your instructions. You've forced our hand already."

"Yes, sir," Barney said contritely. But the door had scarcely closed before he was capering. He did a sort of disrobing dance, his face fearfully contorted with grins that were a silent equivalent of whoops of delight. And it was an interpretative dance. It expressed liberation from drudgery and the dull commonplace. It welcomed rhythmically a life of adventure, in which a boy's natural propensity to lie would be not only unchecked but encouraged—that should give him daily games to play, hidings to seek, simple elders to hoodwink, and masquerades to wear. He danced it in his shirt sleeves, waving his coat—and in his shirt tails waving coat and trousers. It stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and he darted into the bathroom to be ready in case he should be called upon.

He was clothed and sober, rocking himself to an ecstatic croon in one of the Antwerp's bedroom rockers, when he heard a thudded report in the hall. It sounded to him as if two books had been clapped together. He sat listening.

Babbing came in. "Get out of here, boy. What have you done with that uniform? Put it in my valise. Snap it shut. Hurry. Report to the office to-morrow morning at eight-thirty." He was at the telephone. "Give me the house detective," he said. "What? Mr. Dohn, your house detective." He put his hand over the transmitter. "How much have you been earning?"

"Six dollars a week—with the tips."

"You'll start at twelve. Hurry up. Get out of here. To-morrow morning at eight-thirty."

Barney started for the door reluctantly.

"Hello. Dohn? This is Babbing. Get up here as quick as you can with a doctor. That Chicago swindler in 818 has shot himself. Through the mouth. He's blown the back of his head out. Hurry up!"

BARNEY, slamming the door behind him, fled down the hall, frightened, aghast, but with a high exultant inner voice still crooning triumphantly: "I'm a de-*tec*-tive! I'm a de-*tec*-tive!" Through the mouth! The back of his head out! Even in his horror there was a pleasurable shudder, for he had all a boy's healthy curiosity about murder, shootings, and affairs of bloodshed. "I'm a de-*tec*-tive!" And he hurried to tell his mother of his new job, aware that she would cry out against it till he explained: "I start at twelve a week." That would settle it with her. "I'm a detective! I'm a detective!"

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What Is an American?

Concluded from page 14

for what? Darwin didn't say that fittest meant best. He said that the man best *fitted* to his *environment* would survive, that practically survival of the fittest meant the survival of the most fertile.

Ezra had the one child. Every year of the three that Masso and Ezra worked together in the quarry Masso had a baby. As his wages went down and his birth rate went up, Masso merely moved into cheaper quarters, bought cheaper food, went dirtier and poorer clothed, and took another child out of school and put him or her to work.

Ezra heard of the birth of the eighth child with a grin of contempt for Masso without, and an overwhelming pang of envy and rebellion within. Ezra came of a fertile race. And yet he said:

"If I've got to live like a pig and bring my children up like pigs, I won't have them. To give my one the right chance is all I can possibly do. My Lord, Mary, all a man asks in the world is a chance to put the best of himself into his work and to bring up a family of children that will help the world along. And they won't let me!"

The thought of Masso's eight was dull misery to Ezra if he let himself think about it. Eight children! Eight bits of his own and Mary's flesh and blood to carry on the hopes in which he and she had failed. Eight tiny bulwarks against the race extinction, the imminence of which never left his soul. To father many children! To live up to the inalienable right of normal living beings to propagate each his own kind to the point of assuring race continuance.

The thing that differentiated Masso from Ezra was the thing that kept Ezra from having more children. Ezra had an ideal. The ideal of progress, of breeding better than he had been bred, the idea that demanded a certain standard of living. And rather than forego the ideal, Ezra committed race suicide.

Ezra never ceased to try in a quiet way to influence the immigrants with whom he worked to demand better working conditions. But his efforts were fruitless. When Ezra finally got the full connection between the importation of raw labor and the cheap running of plants, the heart within him failed. Not the least tragic aspect of the Anglo-American's disappearance is his consciousness of his own suffocation.

NOTHING in the upbuilding of industry has been held so cheap as human life. This is one point where the upbuilders have seemed shortsighted. Ezra was worth two of Masso as an industrial unit. It would have been worth while to have doubled Ezra's wages and to have safeguarded Ezra's life, not only for what Ezra himself could contribute to industry, but so that he might have had enough children to insure some of them reaching maturity and in their turn contributing to industry. Little Ezra had small chance of maintaining Ezra's line. A man, by th law of averages, must have at least fou children to stand a good chance of h line continuing.

But to industry the cheapest portio of its equipment has been its inexhaus ible human labor supply. It was Ezr who had pleaded for the new derrick It was Ezra who managed the decrep machinery most deftly. And so it wa Ezra who was sent to the danger spot he having the keenest wits, the best know edge of the danger spots. And so it wa Ezra and Masso, his helper, who wer caught under the giant block when th derrick broke from its moorings an dropped clean across the quarry.

IT was too common a tragedy for eve the local papers to give more than passing column to it. And outside of th human pitifulness of the waste of it ar the suffering to the mothers and th babies, one is not prepared to urge tha the tragedy had special significance.

Had Masso known enough, before h broken chest choked him, he might hav said: "It doesn't matter! After all, have done a man's part. I have worke to the limit of my strength and I sha survive through my fertility. What have done to America no one knows But Masso was ignorant, and all that I said was some futile word to the prie who knelt in the sleet beside him. Mass never had gotten very far from th thought of his Maker.

Ezra, lifted to the edge of the quar to lie on the border of the fields whe his fathers had dreamed and hoped ar sweated and fought, thought of the sma Ezra and the losing fight ahead of th little fellow, and for the last time th sense of having his back to the wall, th pack suffocating him, closed in on hi blinded him and merged into the darkne into which none of us has seen. Ez and his line were dead.

Had Ezra had an education and ha he had a longer time for dying, h might have done the thing far more dr matically. He merely rasped out his lif a bloody, voiceless, broken thing on brown November field, with all his drear unspoken, all his ideals lost. He migh had things been otherwise, have seen th long sad glory of humanity's migration might have caught for an unspeakab second, as in a procession, that neve ceasing, never long-deflected onmoving human life that must continue, regardle of race tragedy, as long as humans cra food either for the body or the so Ezra might have pictured himself as sym bolizing one of those races which sh over the horizon into oblivion, unprotes ing, silent. Only Ezra might have h himself break the silence, and, pausing look into the face of the horde that w thrusting him over the brink, he migh have said:

"We, who are about to die, salute thee

A Typical Scene in Constantinople

Moslems washing their feet in the courtyard of a mosque

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL FIFTY NO 9

NOVEMBER 16 1912

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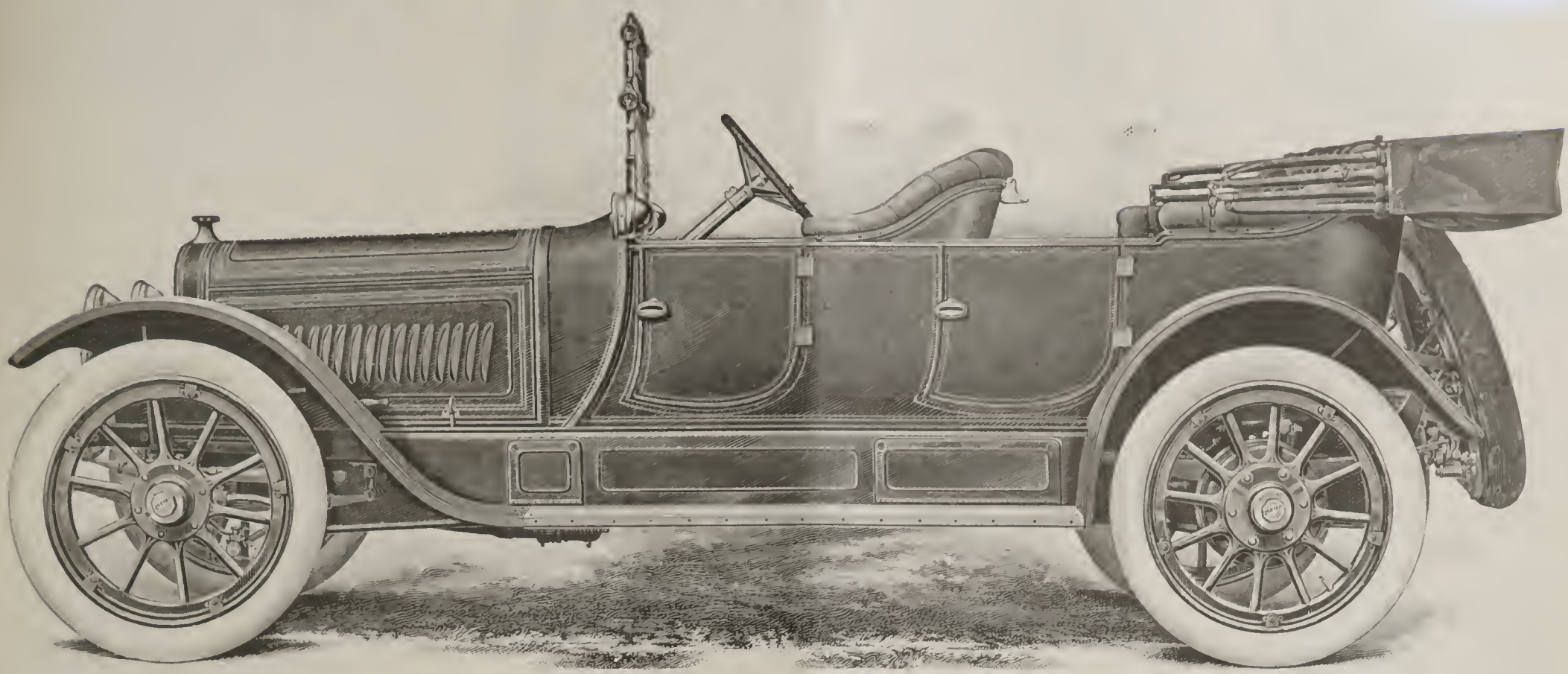

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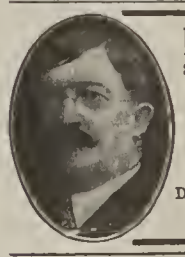

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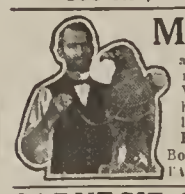

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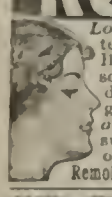

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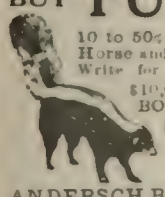

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 16, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME FIFTY NO. 9

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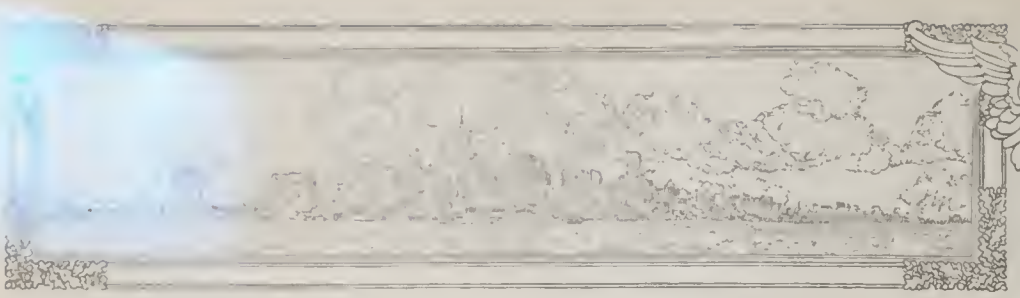
Wing Weary



TO YOU, MR. PRESIDENT ELECT:

"A REPUBLIC has never been maintained," says the venerable biographer of the Venetian SARPI, "save by the delegation of great powers to its chosen leaders." And of that line of Presidents in which you will number twenty-eighth, certainly not more than two have been given so broad a commission to deal with large affairs. For the great bulk of your supporters look to you not merely as their highest executive, but also, in a very real sense, as the mouthpiece of their own thoughts about government. They anticipate that what you say and do in office will be the expression of their own public opinion, and they expect that the Congress which they have elected overwhelmingly of your own party will accept what you say in this light, and will carry out, without obstruction or delay, the purposes you undertake in their behalf: if it does not, woe unto Congress and your party.

The number of persons who bear toward you this attitude of friendliness and confident expectation is by no means measured by the number of votes you received. For of the millions who for many appealing reasons voted the Progressive ticket, not more than a handful have views which are in any active or definite sense opposed to the views you are known to have on the main issue of the campaign. You are for the prevention of monopoly in industry; the number of persons who are for anything contrary to that is negligible; they are composed of the avowed Socialists, those who are Socialists but do not cerebrate with sufficient clearness to label themselves, and a few harassed beneficiaries of near-monopoly who are for any port in a storm. Barring these, and making allowance for the difference of temperament and method in dealing with all public questions between you and your chief antagonist, substantially the entire nation subscribes to your commission to go about the very serious business of laying out the economic future of the country on the basis of regulated competition.

It would be an insult to your scholarship to fail to assume your familiarity with that book to which the historian BUCKLE twice paid tribute—once as "probably the most important book ever written," and again as "certainly the most valuable contribution ever made by a single man toward establishing the principles on which government should be based." It is the fashion, lately, among a school of amateur economists who are animated, a few by selfishness and more by unselfishness, but all moved more by their emotions than by their intellects, to speak of the Wealth of Nations as out-of-date, and the doctrines of free competition as superseded. It is not true. ADAM SMITH wrote for his time, and his time was 1776; the *illustrations* that he gave of his principles were of his own period; the *principles* remain the same, but the *application* of them has changed with the stiffening ethical code of the times. The old economists never meant their systems to be above either the law or the ethical standards of the age. Advocacy of free competition never included the indorsement of such an obvious and effective instrument of virile competition as the murder of a rival, nor the burning down of his factory, nor the bribery of his clerk. We, now, in our age, merely extend the list of prohibited acts. We say that no competitor shall receive from the railroads secret rebates or drawbacks which his rivals do not receive. We say that no competitor shall carry on any part of his business through secret companies, through so-called "fake independents."

Efficiency was not the dominating motive in the formation of any conspicuous American trust. Inquire what individual instigated the trust in each of the various lines. Was it some master workman, impelled by pride of his craft, seeking to achieve a perfect unit of industry? Hardly. Otherwise it would be necessary to concede that Mr. J. P. MORGAN is the greatest ironmaster of the age (he created the Steel Trust); also the greatest sailor (Shipping Trust); also the greatest maker of reapers and mowers (Harvester Trust). No, the initiative came in most of the cases not from any master of the trade but from a banker, and the motive was not to make a more perfect thing but to sell stocks and bonds.

No, the most efficient maker of harvesting machines in the world is not Mr. MORGAN nor Mr. PERKINS; it is some obscure man who is today working for a few thousands a year in one of the factories at Auburn or Chicago. *What this nation must provide through you and your party is that this man, if he has ambition and character, shall forever have the opportunity to become a master manufacturer of harvesting machines.* His personality must not be forbidden to expand in order that monopoly may be maintained, nor shall society be deprived of the fruition of his talent.

One thing you must do which may cause you embarrassment, because it will be contrary to your party's tradition of State rights: You must adopt in the form of Federal statutes all the humanitarian part of the Progressive platform. The prohibition of child labor, the eight-hour day in continuous industry, compensation to injured workmen, and the rest of the program for social justice cannot be effected through the separate statutes of forty-eight different States. Federal statutes are essential, and it will be fatal for you to forget that the public is as intent on justice for labor as on regulation for capital.

Reduce the tariff; do it promptly and with sufficient thoroughness to last for a reasonable number of years. The people waited a long time for tariff revision before TAFT pledged it; the breaking of his promise entailed four more years of hope deferred. You will do well to be scrupulous of the very seconds that elapse between the noon when a Republican President leaves the Capitol and the hour when you summon the new Congress to the work of lifting intolerable tariff burdens.

Be very sure that you will encounter in your own party the GORMANS and BRICES and SMITHS who wrecked the program of the last Democrat who sat in your chair. Not only will you find treachery in the Senate; when a House is so overwhelmingly of one party as the next will be, it can only be by some unique triumph of leadership if solidarity is maintained. Do not be discouraged by that. The greatest living American biographer of statesmen wrote thus of CAVOUR:

> From first to last . . . he never hesitated to break over party lines and precedents. If he could not work with one party, he made alliance with another; if he could not carry the whole of any one party with him, he found his supporters in various parties. To a man of less genius this would have been perilous, but it was by this means, especially, that he carried through many of his most important measures, and it was soon felt that his aims were those of his country, and that he rose superior to all parties.

For every GORMAN in your own party you will find a CUMMINS among the Progressive Republicans. Indeed, if necessity does not compel you, appreciation ought to lead you to give sympathy and seek cooperation with that little band of Insurgents who have been the hard-fighting pioneers of those very ideas upon which rests your triumphant public career.

WELCOME, DIXIE

WITH MORE THAN COMMON SATISFACTION we congratulate the nation upon summoning the South to a greater participation in its affairs than at any time since 1848. WOODROW WILSON will be the first President of Southern birth and sympathies since ZACH. TAYLOR. In the present Congress, out of thirty-four important committee chairmanships, twenty-eight are held by Southerners.

WHERE THERE IS NO VISION THE PEOPLE PERISH

THE COUNT of the ballots matters little. The Progressives brought the vision back.

ONE NEW JERSEY HOME

A HUNDRED MILLION human beings, the citizens of a free commonwealth, have chosen their ruler. Into his hands they have given imperial powers. They have made him commander in chief of their armies and their fleets. They have clothed him with an authority exceeding an English king's. They have bidden him be his own prime minister and surround himself with his own counselors. In a little frame house at Princeton (one of a million such modest American homes) we find the man for whom has been performed this miracle of democracy. This college professor, spectacled, reserved of speech, unelated by the shouts of the multitude, sober with the dignity of the mighty task the nation has enjoined upon him, is the next President of the United States.

"W. H. TAFT, LAWYER"

ON THE FOURTH DAY OF MARCH a ruddy and smiling figure of imposing bulk will emerge from the front door of the White House, never probably to enter it again. It is a figure grown familiar to little knots of travelers at railway stations, to those prosperous citizens who make a point of attending public dinners, to the street crowds of our cities. And the smile accompanying the raised silk "tile" is familiar, too. Everywhere we see heads turned to look with answering good nature upon that broad retreating back. In Cincinnati, on March 5, he will probably hang out his shingle—"W. H. TAFT, Lawyer"—and his friends will stop him on the way to the office for a cheery word or a whispered joke. And the public, which asked of his easy-going intelligence more than it had to give, will go about its business and forget him, or perhaps only recall his well-meaning attempts to serve them with a half-indulgent smile.

PLEASE OMIT FLOWERS

BUSY AS A BEAVER, hard and fit as an athlete, ready for whatever fate may be in store, and wearing the same toothful grin in the face of victory or defeat, he would be a heartless mortal, and one lacking humor, who would venture to send him belated condolences to the distinguished "also ran" of Oyster Bay.

FATHER OF THE MAN

UNDER THE TITLE "Education" in our last issue we spoke of two aspects of that ever-uprising controversy about heredity and environment. How far does our early training of a child influence him through life, and how much does he become just what the LORD meant him to be in spite of the efforts of his conscientious elders? In this question, even more than in most human problems, individual variation plays its part. Some children are born with the creative type of mind, with the spirit of the adventurer, with the indomitable independence of temperament that marks the leader and the pioneer. Given even a reasonable chance in life, they will make of it something definite, something original, something new in the world. To these children early training is comparatively unimportant. They may get much from play or from books, from the precepts of their parents or from competition with their peers. But whatever they get and wherever they get it, it will be life, and they will fuse it into ideas, or things, or conduct, and give it back to the world bearing the stamp of the personality with which they were born. On the other hand are the docile children, the children who learn and remember and follow the rule—the rule laid down by whomsoever can inspire their youthful confidence and stand to their growing minds for the things that are. To these children early education is everything. Having no desire to destroy the existing order, having no tendency to think for themselves outside the limits set by custom, having no wish to break away in maturity from what they have learned in youth, that which they learn in youth forms the material out of which they build their lives. So we ought not to pick out the promising, original child for our most painstaking care. His chances are pretty good at the worst for an effective life. Rather ought we put our best efforts on giving the docile child the broadest possible outlook, knowing that he will not broaden it in later years, and bring to bear on his early days the best of our influence, knowing that it is the most potent that will ever play upon him.

THE LARGER HOPE

WITH THE DIN of the political struggle dying out in long receding thunders behind us and the ever-increasing clash of arms around and before us, with the papers full of battle, murder, and sudden death, we turn with a sigh of relief to the story of a man whose life is spent, not in destroying but in recreating, not in struggle but in human conservation. The story of the miraculous work of Dr. CARREL, which appears in this issue, reads like a legend of the Middle Ages, but it is a fact of the twentieth century. While engines of war are perfected, while life-destroying machines increase daily in numbers, these quiet men of science work obscurely but steadily and effectively toward the creation of a more perfect humanity. In these hectic days the thought of their patient service, of their silent heroism, is like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

THE REPORTER

TUGGED BY SOME centripetal force to wherever there is a clash of human passions, he is always "on the spot." Unlike his brother, the novelist, who fashions out of the furnace of his mind at painstaking intervals some finely modeled bit of porcelain, the furnace of this man's soul is always at full draft. Into it is flung day by day all the inflammable stuff of life—the mixed ingredients of heroism, murder, revolution, passionate love. And steadily, inexorably, it is poured out again, uncritical of itself, slag and ore, half drivel and half literature. The recompense he works for is to have his fellow workers say "Good story." His only critic is "the desk." To-day, yesterday's "good story" is lighting the morning fire in a thousand tenements. Anonymity, which guards him from self-consciousness, stands also mockingly between him and fame. He snatches his friendships like his meals, as stokers must strike up their friendships between shifts when the *Mauretania* is "out for a record." Yet there is no freemasonry like his. From behind the scenes he makes the puppets of the world's stage dance for us. But we can suspect his smile, as he surveys our antics, to be something between pity and contempt.

PLAYING ON THE PUBLIC

WHAT GREAT MAN would make the best modern editorial writer, when masses have to be fed with ideas, stimulated, sometimes guided, is a question that has brought many responses since we sprung it on our readers. We have already discussed a number, including DICKENS, MACAULAY, VOLTAIRE, and DEFOE. VICTOR HUGO, who is suggested by a correspondent from St. Paul, certainly stirred the public opinion of his country, immediately and strongly, both in prose and verse. From Toledo comes the name of JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. An intelligent observer from Providence, R. I., nominates WALTER BAGEHOT, who, however, seems to us better fitted to lend great power to a paper like the New York "Evening Post" or the Springfield "Republican" than to the publications of very wide and general circulation. HENRY GEORGE, whose name is sent in from Rome, Ga., although more generally known for his taxation scheme, comes as near as we can trace to being the founder of the present critical, looking under the surface, or muckraking school. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN is mentioned, naturally, from Philadelphia in these terms:

> With him as editor I would at once send in my subscription for life. He very nearly combined the broad learning of MACAULAY, the wit of SWIFT, and the satire of VOLTAIRE. He knew as much of human nature as DICKENS, and could be fully as quaint or unusual as DEFOE. FRANKLIN was the great starter of things, as witness his inauguration in Philadelphia of hospitals, street paving, street lamps, circulating libraries, and a university. He was a politician and a diplomat, a philosopher and a profound investigator. His style of writing was delightfully simple, direct, and convincing. And, besides that, he was a century ahead of his time in realizing the value of a newspaper cartoon. Better than any of the others here mentioned, FRANKLIN would fit into the present materialistic age. For him who wrote the famous King of Prussia Edict, what a mine unfathomable would be the American Congress!

Which seems to us to be making out a rather good case for BEN. A Denver celebrator of EDGAR ALLAN POE says he had an analytic mind, clear thought, comprehension of the use and meaning of words, and sympathy with his fellow man; but, says the ironic observer of our profession, "perhaps these are not valuable editorial qualities."

BAD SALESMANSHIP

AN OLD MAN and his wife, living on a farm, lost their only daughter, MARY, who left them a little girl to love and to bring up. The child was musical and was ready for piano lessons. The piano in the old farmhouse was somewhat "tinpanny," and a piano salesman in a neighboring town discovered an opportunity. He knew that the old people were well to do and that they worshiped their little granddaughter, so he went to see them and began his campaign, which at first consisted of playing badly on the old piano in a way to exhibit its defects, one of which was a very bad note that he pounded unmercifully. Then he took the old folks to town and played beautifully on a new piano. Then, at a later meeting at the farmhouse, he practically closed the sale, but just before going made his fatal error. Sitting down to the old piano, he played "Annie Laurie," and played it with real feeling, almost affectionately, so that even on the old instrument it sounded fairly well. Tears welled up to the old lady's eyes, and at the conclusion she turned to her husband and said: "Why, paw, that's the piece our MARY used to play—just like that, on that piano. Seems as if we can't let it go." And they didn't. The salesman did not know enough to stop when he had won his point.

FATHERS AND SONS

MUSIC IS AN ART to which America has as yet contributed little. Compared with Germany, Russia, Italy, or France, it might almost be said that we have done nothing at all. A few writers have gained a certain breadth of reputation; now and then there are singers who hold their own with foreign artists—generally after they have made their name abroad. But in the main, in spite of our magnificent opera and the intelligent appreciation of concerts of all kinds, we are receptive, rather than creative, in this perhaps most refreshing of all the arts. These facts give additional interest to the opening of the New York concert season by a young American violinist already interesting in himself. The name "SPALDING" is associated with baseball, punching bags, boxing gloves, and so on. The man who made the name thus known was himself a famous baseball player when the game was young, and is to-day a fine, florid figure of a man—the veritable old squire, such a figure as the gifted Mr. TESREAU or Mr. MATHEWSON may be a generation or two from now. And it was the nephew of this man—whose warmth of interest toward him is almost that of father to son—a slender, sensitive young violinist, who stepped out before the audience in Carnegie Hall one recent Sunday afternoon, and with an honesty and perfectness of technique which could not be lightly dismissed compelled the warm admiration not merely of the audience but of the critics who treated in rather casual fashion the first ventures of their young fellow countryman a few years ago. ALBERT SPALDING could have led the easy, useless life pursued by many rich Americans' sons but he has chosen to follow the steep and difficult path of the [illegible] artist instead. For the first generation baseball bats and business; for the next BEETHOVEN's Romance in G, CHAUSSON's "Le Poème," and BACH's "Chaconne." It might have happened anywhere, of course, but it is rather characteristic of the piquant contrasts so often met with in our interesting land.

Greek Infantry in Action at Elassona

The first and second divisions of the Greek Army under command of Prince George of Sparta took the town of Elassona and the heights north of it on October 19, driving out the Turks after a sharp engagement of four hours. The losses were not heavy on either side

The Interior of Schipshanik Fort Near Podgoritza After Three Days of Shelling

Montenegro's portion in the war of the allies has been to besiege the strongly fortified Turkish base of Scutari. The first fortifications met with in the advance into Turkish territory were near Podgoritza, just on the border. These were taken after heavy bombardment

THE PROFESSOR *in the* WHITE HOUSE

By WILLIAM BAYARD HALE

A UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA man of Woodrow Wilson's day told the biographer of the President-elect that his first impression of his classmate at Charlottesville was that of a chap who was forever sitting at a window in *House P, Dawson's Row*, busy with a book or an ink bottle.

That little picture of the young man working at the window instantly struck one acquaintance of Wilson's as the most significant possible portraiture of the man. From that youthful day to this, Woodrow Wilson has been at work at the open window—mind and heart.

Mr. Wilson's most striking personal characteristic is his openness. By nature he is the least secretive man in the world. I don't believe he has a secret; if he had, he wouldn't know how to keep it. He is quite singularly guileless. This is the peculiarity not only of his moral but of his mental life. He thinks out loud. Anybody can watch him at it. He takes counsel openly with all who come. His mind does not retire to some cabinet, thence to come forth again with conclusions reached by private processes. Since January 1, 1911, a citizen who wanted to see the Governor of New Jersey had only to walk from the street through a corridor and an anteroom and right on into the Executive presence; the visitor had no need to turn a knob, for the door was never closed, summer or winter. In like manner one can go back for thirty-five years and read Mr. Wilson's books and addresses and see the process of his development going on.

It is going on now, and going on in the sight of everybody, and *what we have just witnessed in the tremendous majorities of November 5 was the stamp of a nation's approval of a man who does his thinking in the open.*

I believe that nothing truer can be said of the surprising political fortune of Woodrow Wilson than that it rests at bottom on an overwhelming popular perception that he is a man with no hidden chambers in his own soul; that he represents hatred of secrecy, and that his purpose is to drag private understandings and secret processes into the daylight. If you come to think of it, his has been a surprising political fortune indeed. It was only two years ago that, a man of fifty-four years, he made his first speech as a candidate. Less than two years ago he took his first political office. Our history contains nothing like this. And the explanation that goes farthest to account for it is in the fact that Wilson has founded his political philosophy on the principle of pitiless publicity, and committed his own personal fortune to the policy of absolute frankness. He has not done this deliberately; it is by instinct and nature that Woodrow Wilson takes everybody into his confidence—and the American people have shown that they will go a long way with a man who takes them into his confidence. It is not through policy but by instinct that "access" is a favorite word with the new President; he stifles behind closed doors.

Now, Mr. Wilson is a man peculiarly able to admit the public to his confidence because of his uncommonly developed faculty of clear expression. Thinking aloud is a profitable habit on several grounds: it fosters clear thinking and it promotes clear speaking.

By general report, Mr. Wilson is a "fine writer." He is, indeed. The resources of the language of Shakespeare and Milton have by few been explored as they have been by him; the accuracy, confidence, and power with which his practiced skill associates idea and word have rarely been excelled. And the graces of the tongue, the engaging charm, the humors and the allurements, with which a lively fancy clothes upon a thought's bare bones—none of our politicians has ever before exercised. He is somewhat guiltily conscious of his abilities in this direction. "Cut out the perorations," he instructs the editor of his speeches. But he *can't* cut them out himself—and the literature of inspiration would be lamentably poorer if he could.

The fact is Mr. Wilson takes joy of literary excellence. He gets the same pleasure out of a beautiful or a piquant sentence that a man gets out of a pretty face. His brightened eye follows a well-turned phrase as if it were a shapely ankle. He will stop any old time to exchange smiles with a coquettish conceit.

Yet the ground of his writing and speaking is clarity of statement. He is extremely precise, and precision sometimes means the use of technical words. When people get interested in a technical thing, however, they are not long learning the technology. It didn't take us long to learn the scandalous terminology of the motor car.

Government is a technical matter; Mr. Wilson's idea is that the people should really go into it thoroughly, and he doesn't stick at employing expressions which as yet are unfamiliar. They are going to be perfectly familiar in a few months. His campaign audiences had no difficulty in taking him up when he talked about freedom being "the resultant of adjustments"; about "depressing the levels of vitality"; about checking the "processes of monopoly"; about how citizens must win "access to the execution of their own purposes." He translated that once out in Dakota; "it means, get next to your government," he cried; but the translation was as unnecessary as that of the learned divine who, when he used a Latin quotation in prayer, used to add: "That is to say, O Lord"—and repeat it in English for the benefit of the Almighty. Miners at Scranton chuckled for weeks over Wilson's remark: "I don't pretend to have the absolute by the wool, but even an ex-professor at my age can't help knowing a thing or two." The fact is, Wilson's style, besides being the most exquisite to the ear, is likewise the easiest to the understanding that any public man has wielded, certainly in this generation. And it is the testimony of all who have accompanied Mr. Wilson on his campaign that, far from being difficult, his is a tongue for which the people have an instinctive, Pentecostal understanding.

If I dwell on Mr. Wilson's facility of speech, it is not merely for the sake of drawing a flattering deduction from the truth (which his father impressed him when he trained his English) that precision in utterance is the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace of precision of thought. I dwell on it for another reason:

The Presidency of the United States is the most commanding pulpit in the world. A President with the power of saying anything as Woodrow Wilson could say it would be bound to be a personage of extraordinary influence. Mr Wilson's ideas being what they are, it is difficult to restrain the imagination from picturing the next President as perhaps the most influential figure in our national history. His prime political principle [illegible] public business to public [illegible] substitute common counsel [illegible] interested advice, [illegible] persuasive statement will be a [illegible] dous asset. Speaking from the [illegible] Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln with a skill which no other occupant [illegible] ever commanded, with both the desire to make partners of all the people and the ability to address them with consummate art, it would be strange if Mr. Wilson does not give us in the White House a new type—a President largely independent of Congress, largely delivered from dependence upon the customary necessities of politics, because of his direct relations with the men and women of the country, the great body of citizenship.

That was, of course, the secret of his success in the Governorship of New Jersey. He had a hostile Legislature; at least, it thought it was hostile, in the beginning. But the Governor had only to issue a few public statements, intimating that it would be his practice to issue the like somewhat regularly, and innocently to suggest that he would be happy to go into the district of any Assemblyman or Senator who disagreed with him and talk the matter over before the people—he had only to do this, and all heart fell out of the opposition.

What Governor Wilson did in Trenton, President Wilson can, and undoubtedly will, do in Washington. It is a pure statement of fact that no President has ever approached him in power of statement, agility in debate, and persuasive charm before the people—the man is a wonder.

New political prospects open, surely, with the advent of a President likely by inclination and fitted by equipment to make himself peculiarly a President of the people.

But new prospects other than those of immediate practical politics open, too.

The country is about to learn that it has put into the White House a man of outstanding individuality on many sides. Mr. Wilson is not merely a man of ability and judgment. His policies are, the majority of the nation apparently believe, sound; they are not especially novel. But the country has yet to discover that underneath those abilities of his which have commended him to their suffrages there is a spirit of originality, a philosophy out of the ordinary. Most of those who have come into contact with Mr. Wilson have felt the radiance of his personality—"a constant influence, a peculiar grace." It is not a spirit or a philosophy that is violently self-assertive—it is its very essence not to be that—but it is distinct and individual, suffusing all his acts and words with its genius.

I happened to be at Sea Girt the evening of the day of his nomination. It was a rather affecting time, and the Governor was unusually sober. Still, he could not resist indulging a whimsicality or two when somebody prophesied, over the telephone wire, the fine "run" he was sure to make.

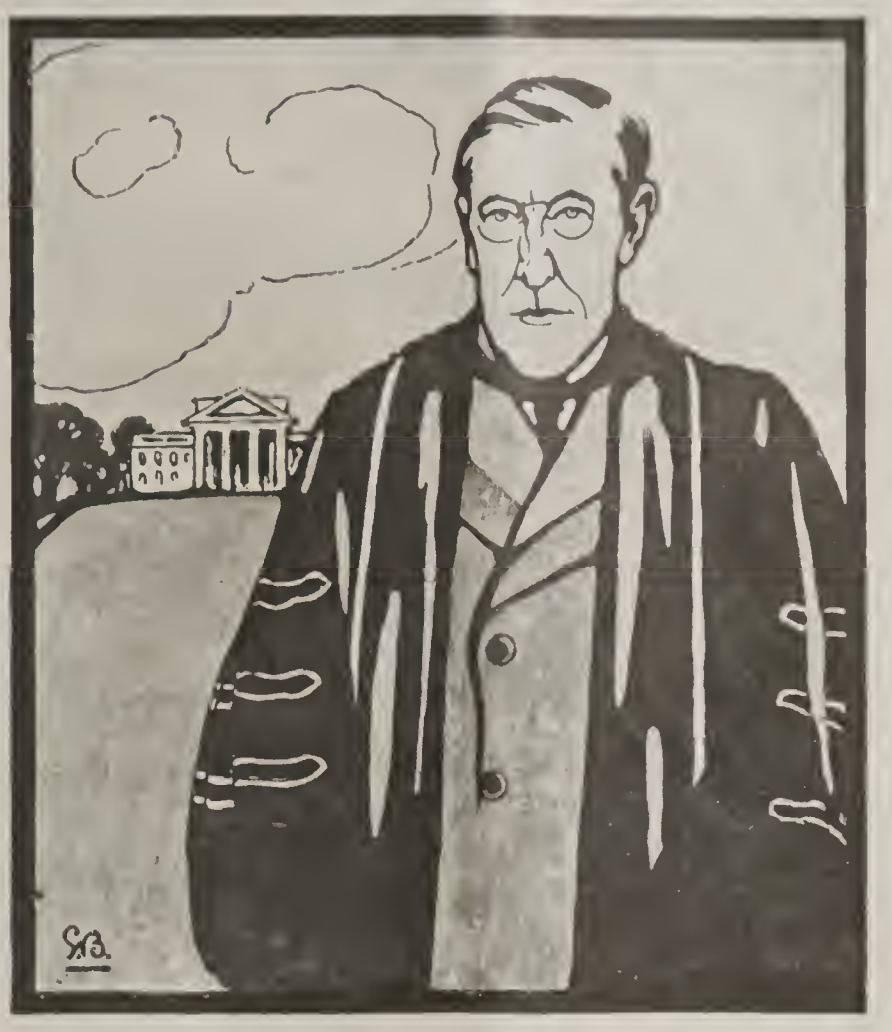
"I am afraid I shan't 'run' quite as fast as the darky did when he was shot at just as he was getting away with the chicken. 'Ah done heah dat bullet twice,' he said, telling about it afterward. 'Twice!' 'Yes, boss, twice, suah 'nuff. Ah heah dat bullet once when he pass me, an' den agin when ah pass him.'"

"Still," continued the newly named nominee, "I hope I shall run to better purpose than Alice did when the Red Queen and the Chess Queen dragged her off. They were breathless when they stopped and Alice had a chance to look around. 'Why,' she exclaimed, 'we're just where we were when we started!' 'Oh, yes,' said the Red Queen calmly, 'you see you have to run twice as fast as that to get anywhere.'"

It's a pity to spoil a good story or a literary reminiscence with a moral, but—Mr. Wilson has run to better purpose than Alice. Even if he had *not* attained the Presidency, he would have reached a magnificent result.

The speeches which Mr. Wilson has been delivering during the campaign constitute a series of utterances comparable only with Lincoln's historic deliverances on slavery and union. If he had been defeated, the history of the United States, nevertheless, could never have been what it might have been with those speeches undelivered.

No one can read those speeches without an impressed sense of the broad, unfolding maturity of his philosophy of life, and yet without also a recognition that his thought has clarified and developed and his aims have expanded, as, taking great audiences into his confidence, he has swept the range of the problems of the common life of men



Woodrow Wilson

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

For you the trump of victory is blown;
To you the land shall turn in joy and stress,
And he that will not say "God-speed," must own
To loving Party more and Country less.

Our Scholar-statesman, free of petty hate,
Of lucid thought, clear speech and golden pen,
The happy lot be yours to serve the State
And win by worthy deeds the love of men.

Carrel —Mender of Men

By CARL SNYDER

Oh, take my heart and take my hand,
And maybe an arm or two!
But if you need a new lung or liver,
You'll have to ask some richer giver,
Or seek the Wizard of Oz!
—FROM "UNFETTERED RIMES."

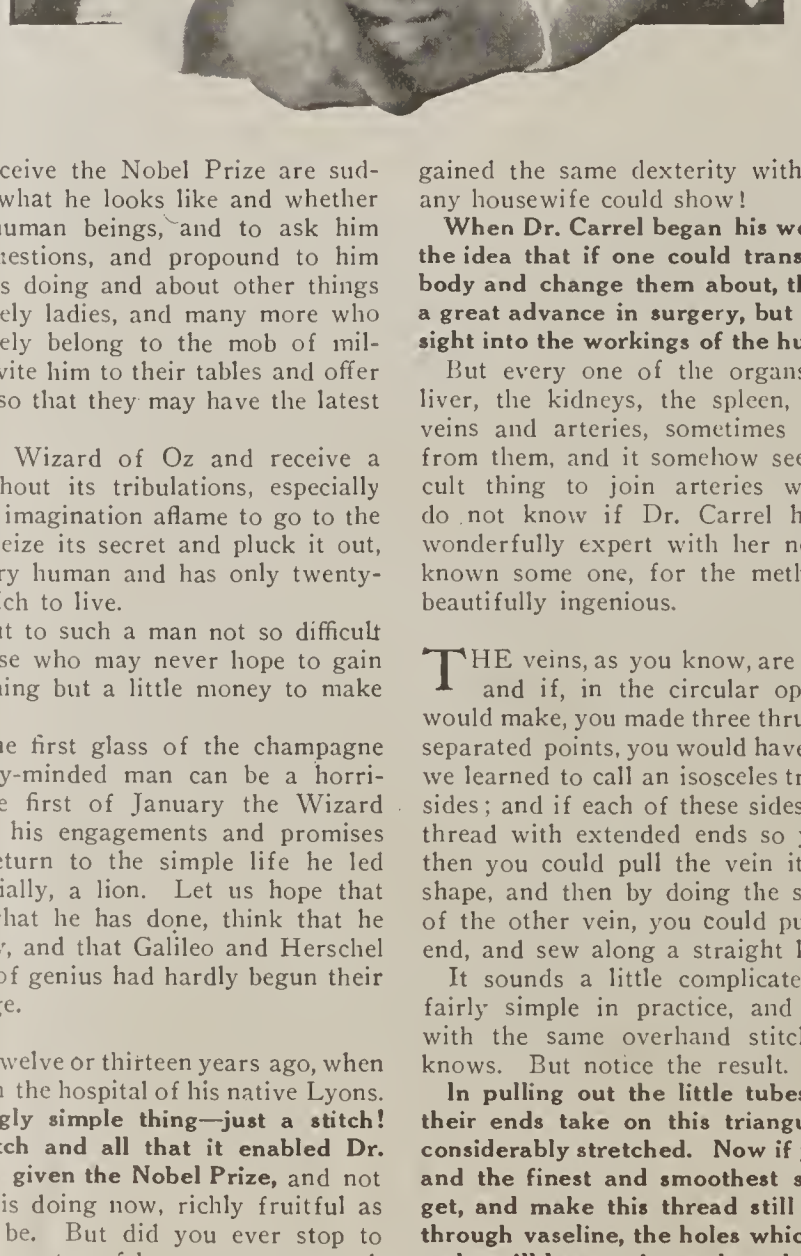
OF COURSE you remember—in "The Wizard of Oz"—the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow, men made of cans and straw. Very nice, useful beings they were, though the one lacked a heart and the other a mind, their troubles starting only when these questionable organs were acquired through the Wizard.

All this, you remember, was in what most people call a fairy-tale book, and nowadays most everyone, including the children, seem to think that all the folk in the fairy books are dead; and also the Wizard of Oz. But this last is a great mistake. He is alive and actually living in New York City, although out of the four millions who live in the great city there were only a hundred or two who knew of this until a few weeks ago they learned in the newspapers that a distinguished foreign body, the Swedish Academy of Sciences, had awarded him one of the year's Nobel Prizes.

Then everyone began to learn of the Wizard of Oz, for the reason mainly, we may fear, that the Nobel Prizes are the largest prizes ever given anywhere for anything and that each one means nearly $40,000. Here in America, where we measure everything by dollars, everyone can understand that to receive a Nobel Prize is a very great honor, and that anyone who receives it must have done some very wonderful things.

NEEDLESS to say, the Wizard of Oz has done such things—almost unbelievable things, else why should I call him by such a name? In everyday life, where properly descriptive titles are deeply frowned upon, he is Dr. Alexis Carrel, fellow of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research in New York City, an emigrant from his native France, where he was born in what we call Lyons thirty-nine years ago; by profession a surgeon, and undoubtedly one of the most remarkable surgeons who ever lived; by choice and occupation a man of science and a student, intent upon learning new things and teaching them to others—too busy, too engrossed to keep on doing the same things over and over and make huge sums of money, as he could so easily do, and as any true American would do, and does!

But, you see, Dr. Carrel is a Frenchman, and was not only born but educated abroad and trained to the strange ideas in vogue over there, which are so un-American and so unpractical! He has only been in this country about seven years, and has not yet learned our practical and thrifty ways, and so until the Nobel Prize came he was content to get along with a salary much less, for example, than that of the private secretary of many a railroad president or corporation head—just for the joy of working and discovering new things, and doing marvels that far outshine anything which Mr. Frank Baum ever imagined of his fantastic Wizard of Oz.



He has taken the leg of one dog and grafted it on another, and with no outward evidence of the change

Stranger still, he was not doing these things, this young foreigner "in our midst," for the sake of the Nobel or any other prize. In fact, with all the natural satisfaction which it brings, he is just a little sorry that it should have come at this time when he was so busy—doing more wonderful things! It is such an interruption to his work. First of all, it has meant hundreds and hundreds of telegrams and letters from all over the world, and these must be answered or he will seem impolite. And then he must make a voyage this winter to Stockholm to receive the prize in person and to deliver an address, and this address is supposed always to be a notable effort and, if possible, to contain some new thought or the announcement of some great discovery.

This means weeks of valuable time that might be spent in experiments! And this is only a small part of it. Thousands of people who never knew or cared to know the Wizard of Oz before he was singled out by the Swedish Academy to receive the Nobel Prize are suddenly eager to find out what he looks like and whether he eats like ordinary human beings, and to ask him thousands of foolish questions, and propound to him *their* ideas of what he is doing and about other things in this world! And lovely ladies, and many more who are not lovely, but merely belong to the mob of millionaires, are eager to invite him to their tables and offer him inane compliments, so that they may have the latest lion to exhibit.

So, you see, to be a Wizard of Oz and receive a Nobel Prize is not without its tribulations, especially to a young man with an imagination aflame to go to the very heart of life and seize its secret and pluck it out, and who after all is very human and has only twenty-four hours a day in which to live.

It is a hard choice, but to such a man not so difficult as it might seem to those who may never hope to gain a Nobel Prize, or anything but a little money to make them distinguished.

Being a lion, after the first glass of the champagne as it were, to a healthy-minded man can be a horrible bore. So after the first of January the Wizard of Oz has canceled all his engagements and promises himself that he will return to the simple life he led before he became, officially, a lion. Let us hope that he will, for think of what he has done, think that he has not yet turned forty, and that Galileo and Herschel and many another man of genius had hardly begun their larger careers at this age.

DR. CARREL began twelve or thirteen years ago, when he was prosector in the hospital of his native Lyons. **It was with an amazingly simple thing—just a stitch! But it was for that stitch and all that it enabled Dr. Carrel to do that he was given the Nobel Prize,** and not for the work which he is doing now, richly fruitful as that work promises to be. But did you ever stop to think how practically every step of human progress and, for that matter, every tiny advance of human *intelligence* has depended upon some often slight mechanical or physical thing?

Consider the question of surgery. Suppose that you were out somewhere away from any help and that a friend had cut a vein or artery and that his life depended upon your binding it together again—how would you go about it? Very much as a seamstress would mend a patch or join together two pieces of cloth. And the degree of your success would more or less depend upon your familiarity with the seamstress's art.

Now everyone knows how deftly expert some seamstresses are, and how they will put together the edges of a piece of fabric so closely and with such a fine whipstitch that it is sometimes difficult to see the seam. Consider now that surgeons, ready-made and other, have been binding up severed veins probably for thousands and quite possibly tens of thousands of years. There is good evidence that the aborigines of both hemispheres practiced the art of trepanning, or boring a little hole in the skull, to extract an embedded arrow, long before they were able to work in metals—that is, when they were still using stone implements. This could not have come until long after they had been able to sew up wounds.

Now the amazing part of all this is that through all these thousands of years the surgeons never gained the same dexterity with the needle that almost any housewife could show!

When Dr. Carrel began his work he was inspired with the idea that if one could transplant the organs of the body and change them about, this would mean not only a great advance in surgery, but perhaps lend a great insight into the workings of the human machine.

But every one of the organs, as we call them—the liver, the kidneys, the spleen, and so on—have large veins and arteries, sometimes several, leading to and from them, and it somehow seemed an extremely difficult thing to join arteries which had been cut. I do not know if Dr. Carrel had a mother who was wonderfully expert with her needle, but he must have known some one, for the method he worked out was beautifully ingenious.

THE veins, as you know, are rather elastic little tubes, and if, in the circular opening which a cut vein would make, you made three thrusts of a needle at equally separated points, you would have what as school children we learned to call an isosceles triangle, or one with equal sides; and if each of these sides was formed by a single thread with extended ends so you could pull on them, then you could pull the vein itself into this triangular shape, and then by doing the same thing with the end of the other vein, you could put these together, end to end, and sew along a straight line.

It sounds a little complicated to describe, but it is fairly simple in practice, and the sewing together is with the same overhand stitch that every housewife knows. But notice the result.

In pulling out the little tubes of the arteries so that their ends take on this triangular shape, the tissue is considerably stretched. Now if you use the finest needle and the finest and smoothest silk thread that you can get, and make this thread still smoother by drawing it through vaseline, the holes which the needle and thread make will be so minute that when the tension is relaxed they will close up of their own accord and you will have a nearly seamless union.

This is precisely what Dr. Carrel did, and the result was that his "sutures," to use the surgeons' parlance, offered no anchorage upon which blood might clot—

one of the deadly dangers of arterial surgery. And so quickly and smoothly did the tissues knit together that in an astonishingly short time the effect and often even the trace of the operation had disappeared.

It was with this simple but marvelously effective piece of technique that Dr. Carrel has performed a large part of all his subsequent miracles. But do not imagine that it is quite as easy as it looks.

Dr. Carrel described his method and its advantages in a French medical journal more than twelve years ago. It was adopted very quickly by other surgeons all over the world and has quite revolutionized the especial part of surgical practice with which it deals. And with it many others have attempted the same feats that Dr. Carrel has seemed to achieve with such apparent ease. But somehow it has only been he, and not those whom he has shown, who has done the new things.

SOME of this is due obviously to a quite unusual skill and, still obviously, some of it to a wonderful patience and perseverance; and some further part to a highly trained imagination. But all of these even would count for little were it not for one further thing. If you read Dr. Carrel's papers, even the more recent ones, you will note a curious insistence upon what he and other physicians term a rigid *asepsis*—in plain parlance, avoidance of contamination by microbes.

Here, indeed, in the most vivid sense is the surgeon's "black beast"—his deadliest foe. So long as the living tissue, like the skin or the mucous lining of the mouth and alimentary canal, is intact, the bacterial life cannot penetrate, and even the bacterial poisoning from the outside is largely excluded. But cut it, puncture it in any way, either with the surgeon's knife or a bullet, or the vicious little jigger of the mosquito or the flea, and the door is open for infection.

All this has been known now for going on half a century. It is very suggestive that after all this time Dr. Carrel should find it worth while to insist so strongly upon this elementary precaution. It is evident that in his own mind a considerable measure of his success has been the extreme care that he has taken to keep out the bacterial hosts. How important this is was brought home to him in only the present year, in the new work of which I shall tell in a moment, that of making seemingly "dead" tissue grow. In this work Dr. Carrel used only microscopic bits—often only a few cells at a time—yet even here, working with these cells which are themselves but a little larger than many of the bacteria, he found that his work was blocked incessantly by these same marauding hosts of destruction.

Here, again, was required "the most rigid asepsis." Here, again, the tremendous importance of the slightest details.

Using this technique, this patience, this caution, Dr. Carrel has been able to play with the animal machine almost as if it were made of tubes and rods of brass and iron.

He has taken important organs from one animal—the kidneys for example—and transported them into another with no evil effect.

He has taken a leg of one dog and grafted it on another in place of one taken away, and with no outward evidence of the change.

He has taken the heart of a little dog and introduced it into the neck of a larger dog and linked it up with the coronary circulation of the latter, and thus done literally probably what has never been done before, all poetry and fancy to the contrary—made two hearts to beat as one! And these are but a few of his bewildering feats

VERY justly, though, one may inquire: What's the good of it all? A physician would answer: The greater the freedom with which we can change or control the bodily processes the greater the possibility of curing every manner of human defect. But Dr. Carrel's work would have a tremendous significance if we were not so astonishingly myopic in our ideas about human life. Consider for a moment this question:

Every year, with no great hindrance on the part of any legislative or other authority, our railways kill something like 10,000 persons. They injure something like 150,000 more. We have no very reliable figures as to factory and similar accidents, but you may make a guess at the total from the fact that about 5,000 coroners' cases are reported annually in the Borough of Manhattan, and that this latter is somewhere around one-fiftieth of the population of the Union.

If you count in from five to ten thousand murders a year and perhaps nearly as many suicides, and all the people who are killed on trolleys or run over by the ruthless automobile, it seems probable that the yearly number of violent deaths in the United States from more or less avoidable causes runs from 50,000 to 100,000 And the number of maimed and crippled must be at least ten times this—certainly far over half a million.

Now supposing we looked at this in a way that Dean Swift might have done. Obviously, these 50,000 or 100,000 factory employees, trainmen, children in the streets, and the like, slaughtered thus with hardly a qualm, were just so much human chaff—worthless or very near it. Else would not the men who make our laws, sit upon the bench or upon juries do something radical to stop it? We know that they do practically nothing.

Well, if these 50,000 lives are worth little or nothing, why should we be so horribly squeamish about them? Depending upon the degree of mutilation—whether the bodies are blown to pieces, or chewed up, or merely punctured by a bullet or killed electrically, here at a modest calculation are at least 50,000 good arms, as many legs, and perhaps a slightly less number of lungs, livers, hearts, and other organs. Why, I am sure Dean Swift would ask, should all this enormously valuable material be thrown away? Why should it not be put in cold storage in central stations from which the surgeons could draw at will in patching up and remaking the half a million or more unfortunates who are maimed and mutilated—have an arm torn off or something—without being killed?

I am aware that this idea will seem very shocking to some people, and especially to people with dull imaginations, who are duly horrified when 1,500 people are drowned like so many rats when a *Titanic* races against an iceberg, but will not contribute a solitary dollar, an hour of time, or a single vote for any law which will in any way tend to lessen the daily butchery of human beings in this country, which makes the daily industrial mortality in America greater than that of any war that was ever waged.

Meanwhile the actual application of Dr. Carrel's methods has actually begun in a small way, and we may reasonably expect that what may be called plastic surgery, on a broad scale, will be one of the developments of the future.

It was for this work largely that Dr. Carrel received the Nobel Prize, and not for the spectacular things which he is doing now. The very latest of these he described at a meeting of physicians recently in New York City. He called it a "visceral machine."

It was in effect simply the vital organs of an animal, the lungs, liver, kidneys, stomach, and alimentary tract, etc., separated from the body and from the nervous system. And for about eleven hours, or until assistants tired of blowing a bellows in this machine, tolerably normal respiration, circulation, and digestion were maintained; the heart was kept beating, the lungs expanding and contracting, the stomach secreting and digesting its food, and the blood pulsing through the arteries and back through the veins almost as if it were consciously alive.

The thing was so unbelievable that had the announcement been made by any other than a man of Dr. Carrel's standing, it would have been contemptuously dismissed as a monstrous fake. How was it done?

IF YOU open most any school physiology, even the best, you will there read, as we all were taught, that the various functions of the body are more or less under the control of the nervous system and that the proper coordination of the bodily functions (long and difficult words seem dear to most scientific writers) is thus brought about. But the difficult part of any growing and expanding science, such as physiology, is that what seems quite firmly established one day is shown to be quite untrue or, in large part, baseless the next

The nervous control and regulation of the human machine is a case in point. Within the last five years a quantity of new work has shown that a large part at least of the bodily functions are nearly automatic, and that even the "coordination" of their functions is not effected by means of the nerves, but by substances secreted by the different organs and distributed to points, often very distant, through the circulation of the blood. These substances Professor Starling has called *hormones* or "exciters." A typical one is the substance secreted by the little suprarenal capsules, which are about as big as the end of your little finger. This substance traveling about in the blood stream controls among other things the blood pressure. Another regulates our breathing, another the opening and closing of the stomach, and probably others the beat of the heart, though this latter is not yet clear.

But note how all the advancement of knowledge is exactly like the movement of the cogs of a machine. Before this new knowledge had come no one would have dreamed of attempting to isolate the various organs and try to keep them going without the aid of any brain or nervous system. It would have been perfectly c l e a r and *demonstrable* that the thing could not be done.

So you see that Dr. Carrel, with his fine technique and his patience and his daring, comes just in the nick of time. His work makes one tooth in the cogs; the work of Professor Starling and others on the hormones forms another tooth. The two fit perfectly, and behold the time machine grinding out a new marvel! Eleven hours, it is true, is not a long time to keep the bodily functions going, but there seems no good reason why this should not be kept up indefinitely under proper conditions, and machinery toward this end, which is mainly a little mechanism for blowing up the lungs rhythmically as in ordinary respiration, is now under construction.

When this is attained, then the physiol[illegible] form their experiments, many of them [illegible] est ease, and without the slightest [illegible] pain. May we, then, hope that the dirty [illegible] the antivivisectionists will be stilled?

But all these achievements of Dr Carrel's [illegible] lar as they are, pale in scientific interest before his latest preoccupation, which is little less than an inquiry into the mystery of life and death.

Perhaps that fact in natural phenomena, at the present time shrouded in the deepest obscurity, is the mechanism or, if you please, the cause of growth. How and under what conditions can a single bit of microscopic living matter multiply itself, and at the same time so transform itself that it may become, for example, an elephant, an oak, an orchid, or a human being? This is the problem which has so deeply occupied another member of the Rockefeller Institute, Professor Jacques Loeb, and with results of far-reaching importance.

It was another side of the question which engaged the attention of Dr. Carrel. If we snip off a sprig of plant and put it in the ground, it will often grow. In some of the lower animals the power of reproduction of parts is oftentimes considerable, extending even to the renewal of the lens of the eye. This latter is one of the most highly specialized bits of living tissue we know of. Why should this not be true of apes and other humans?

TAKING up a method devised by Professor Harrison, Dr. Carrel has already been able to produce some astonishing results.

He has been able, for example, to take bits of cold-storage chicken and set them growing again!

Of course, this growth is as yet only of microscopic dimensions, but it is none the less real and wonderful.

What is more, it seems as if this growth under proper conditions could be kept up indefinitely. Dr. Carrel has already kept some bits growing for months, and there is nothing now to indicate that there is any term to their activity. In other words, he offers the possibility of achieving immortality for individual living tissue!

Is it any wonder that a man so gifted with manipulative power and imagination should have a heart on fire with the thoughts of what he might do if only he can live long enough?—any wonder that to such a man the allure of earning an income of $50,000 or $100,000 a year from his skill as a surgeon is no temptation—to whom even such a prize as the Nobel award brings probably as many worries in the way of inane interruption of his work as it did of satisfaction?—any wonder

that such a man finds it hard to understand why one should wish to be a typical money-grubbing American?

You have a natural curiosity to know something of the personal side of such a man? He is rather short of stature, with a finely rounded head, a smiling face, and those lovely continental manners which seem so difficult of reproduction in this country. Although he has been in this country only seven years, he both speaks and writes excellent English. He has something of a taste for philosophy, is an admirer, though hardly a follower, of the French writer, M. Bergson, and, by way of an avocation, has spent some of his vacation time in studying at first hand the miraculous happenings at Lourdes.

But that great philosopher and teacher whom he most deeply reveres was the French physiologist, Claude Bernard. He is of the latter a true disciple; he is more, he seems almost a reincarnation. At any rate, it is not too much to say that he is quite the greatest experimental genius in the field of physiology that France has produced since Claude Bernard closed his richly fruitful life.

One Way of Doing It

The human transport is not uncommonly seen in the present crisis in Turkey. The weights which these men carry are incredibly great

Going Out to Defeat

Even in Turkey they have the motor truck. The Turks are transported from points in the more remote portions of the country to the railroad by means of these occidental vehicles. The picture shows one being unloaded into a train at Constantinople. The soldiers are getting into a train bound for the front

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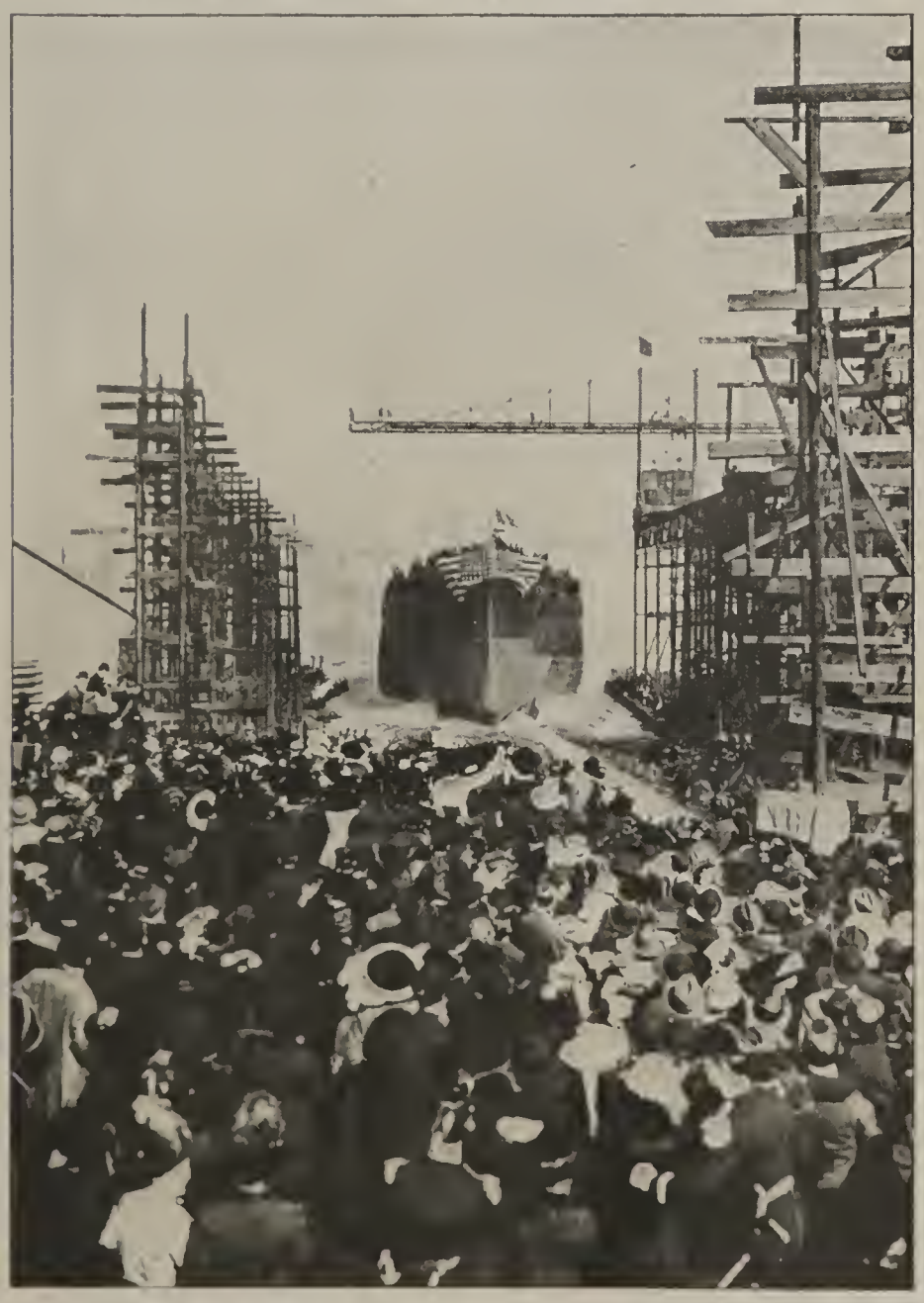
Theodore Roosevelt's Welcome Back at Madison Square Garden, New York City

The spontaneous, colorful welcome given Theodore Roosevelt by the 16,000 men and women who filled Madison Square Garden, on Wednesday night, October 30, has passed into history as a vivid, culminating scene of the pulsating, unusual national campaign. No individual could desire more of affectionate acclaim from his fellow citizens. The forty-one minutes during which cheers and songs and hymns rolled and eddied around the Colonel, presented forty-one different pictures of enthusiasm, alike only in their intensity. Sixteen thousand flags and bandana handkerchiefs waved throughout. And without, on the streets around the Garden, 25,000 persons listened to hear the cheering from within

A Dreadnought in Her Element—the Launch of the Battleship New York at the Navy Yard in Brooklyn

The President, Secretary of the Navy, Governor Dix, and the admiral of the fleet mingled their cheers with the 40,000 people who saw our tenth dreadnought slide into the East River. More powerful than any other man-of-war in the yard, the New York will, when completed, mount ten 14-inch guns and carry a torpedo defense battery of twenty-one 5-inch guns. This vessel is the sister ship to the Texas



The Great Ship Gliding Down the Greased Ways

A new method was employed in "pushing overboard" the New York. Hydraulic force released the enormous weight of her red-leaded hull, and with whistles blowing and sirens shrieking, the river craft welcomed this new mistress of American seas

"I Christen Thee New York"

Miss Elsie Calder, daughter of the Congressman of the district containing the Navy Yard, broke the customary bottle of champagne against the steel of the prow. She was attended by a flower girl, visible to the right

A Love Story of the Fourth

THERE are only three variations to the love story—that is, to the plain, common or garden variety, which, of course, consists in the fact that a man loves a woman and wins her, after sundry episodes, grave or gay. The first and second variations are, respectively, the corollary and the opposite of the main proposition, being first, a man loves a woman and doesn't win her; and, second, a woman loves a man with satisfactory results usually obtained by making him think that the wooing was his.

Now there is, as suggested, still another variety which can be guessed by eliminating propositions One, Two and Three, being in short, that a woman loves—and loses, out and out, in cold English, with no redeeming features. This form of love story is, however, such a rarity and its instances so isolated in their appearance that many scientists refuse to recognize it as a distinct species, preferring to class it as a sport, a freak of nature, an accident, like a black sheep or a blue carnation. Its habitat, if such be allowed, is in the Latin countries where luxuriant growth and extravagances of nature are more plausible, although isolated specimens are reported in the United Kingdom, especially in Ireland, and in the more thickly populated sections of the United States and Canada. Not a single instance has ever been quoted in the newer parts of the Middle West, although diligent search has been made in the schools of Indiana, which have duplicated almost every species of fiction known to the older lands.

Of such, however, was the love story of Alice Bolt, which gains its sole right to publication as being an instance of this rare and curious type. Its scenes were not extraordinary, its drama was conventional, and such interest as attaches to it is that of the curiosity seeker wishing a singularly pure example of this infrequent form. Other claims the type has not, its rarity obviating any possibility of commercial development; its arbitrary character and its lack of connection with other strains rendering it useless for scientific purposes. Its possession would be of value only to the collector, like that of a coinage abandoned in the mint. But this is the story:

ALICE BOLT was as nearly a princess as America has ever produced and Ward Hamilton as nearly a king. Their attributes were perfect and uncomplex, which gives the story its peculiar value for collectors' purposes, the types standing out hard and clear. The princess was beautiful and had many suitors; she was also rich—not wealthy, there must be no mistake about this, no impressionistic, sketchy attributes, everything must be clear and poster-like—she was rich, in other words, she was very rich. She was also clever, but this is purely incidental and has nothing to do with the story. Perhaps in speaking of a princess it were better to say that she was wise.

Now Hamilton was a king, not because anyone elected him such, or because he saw a people struggling to be saved, or because he educated himself to kingship; he was simply born that way—people are occasionally. He was big-shouldered and clear-lined, like a thoroughbred horse; he had high cheek bones and crisp-curling blond hair; he had a Roman nose and clear gray eyes that looked with infinite scorn on the world, from the cradle. He had all the picturesque vices, and incidentally it might be added that he was not a thinking man. Kings frequently are not. Kingship has no more to do with brains than has gentility or ability to put the shot. To one man who would make a fair president there are a hundred who would make excellent kings; and, by some whim of nature, one of those peculiar strains which produce the kingly type had wriggled and twisted through the world and ended in an obscure village in New Jersey where Hamilton first saw the light of day. There is nothing of the burlesque in this; it is simply a fact; you see men of the kind in all sorts of irrelevant places—on the football field, on the police force, in box offices of provincial theatres—and occasionally on royal thrones. The children of Israel wanted a king, having pretty well in mind what a king should be; and, let me see, didn't they finally settle on a cowboy?—or a man driving jackasses?

There was only one career that such a man could follow. Fate settled it for him; he never settled anything for himself. He went into the army as naturally as an Irishman goes onto the force, or a Greek opens a candy store. There was no competitive examination, no yearnings and strivings; the way was oiled and smoothed for him from start to finish. He completed his course at The Point because he didn't happen to be fired.

HE WAS a soldier of the old-fashioned type. He was not the kind of man who takes the graduate course at Fort Leavenworth or helps to revise the field service regulations according to most approved German methods. He wrote no letters to the "Army and Navy Journal" giving expert opinions on just how many railroad cars should be allowed the quartermaster's department in times of war and how many ounces of bacon should be carried by an enlisted man in the field. He buckled on his saber in the morning and wore the best fitting coat in the army; he overslept reveille roll call and muddled his property accounts; he bet on every football game in the United States and played poker all night. The proper conduct of a patrol and the rules for fire discipline were Greek to him. If there had been a war he would have marched up to the cannon's mouth and tweaked its nose, being, in the meantime, blown into eternity by a machine gun handled by a flat-chested engineer in spectacles. Nothing would have been accomplished—not very much lost; for such is the way of kings.

But it was inevitable that such a fellow should be adored by every man, woman, and child with whom he came in contact, and for once in her life Alice Bolt was no exception to the general rule.

It was in the summer of any given year when the War Department mobilized great masses of the National Guard and a few regiments of regulars for annual maneuvers; when bloodless battles were fought and won at Hanover Four Corners and Bedford Court House; when umpires with white bands on their hats intercepted bayonet charges and decided that four hundred and fifty-four and a quarter men had been killed and that the whole thing couldn't be done anyway; when paymasters and medicos wrote lengthy reports to the effect that "the maneuvers were the most instructive in the history of the United States army"; when foreign attachés and "observers" rode in motor cars on the hospitality of the Government and laid bets on which animal would win at the Olympic horse show.

After the maneuver, the Thirty-first Infantry, of which Hamilton was now a battalion adjutant, started overland for its home station and had reached Newland Pier when wires from Washington hastily intercepted it. The Mexicans were fighting each other within two inches of the border, or Japan was shipping three regiments of infantry disguised as college professors to the Pacific coast, or Germany had fired a salute in Venezuela or some other awful international crisis was approaching. Troops were being hurried every which way from Forts D. A. Russell and Benjamin Harrison; newspapers were issuing extras and the stock market was going to pieces, so the Thirty-first was held in its tracks to await orders.

ONE day it waited, and a week, and two weeks and three, until the tents were lined with mosquito netting and the post exchanges were set up in the regimental streets and a drainage system was installed and the sporting men laid out a race track and the susceptible officers became engaged and the privates married outright and Newland Pier became to all intents and purposes a permanent army post. And now the story may fire when ready, Gridley, as in Newland Pier lived Alice Bolt.

They were mounting guard after "Retreat" in those days, and it was a great sight for the carriages and motors of the summer colony to happen down at sunset to witness the ceremony—first the slow wailing notes of the bugles in the sweetest of all calls, then, from over by the flagstaff, the first notes of "The Star Spangled Banner" played by the deep bass horns of the band while the companies stood lined and stiff in the streets presenting arms, while officers who had been lying on their backs in front of their tents, wondering how they would pay their tailor's bills, leaped to their feet and faced the colors; while gray-haired major generals who had once been on the Governor's staff and who prided themselves on knowing just what to do, uncovered and allowed the tears to well into their eyes as they remembered the days they had fought and bled in the Newland Hotel, serving their country's flag and highballs. Then the color sergeants took in the standards and the companies dismissed; the fair visitors mingled with the officers and said "How picturesque"; the enlisted men took the trolley car for New Providence to drink brown turpentine and encounter brass knuckles.

For the last time Alice and the big adjutant stood at the head of the terrace looking out toward the setting sun

Class

By PHILIP CURTISS

ILLUSTRATED BY [illegible]

After that came guard mount, the real ceremony of the day, when the bugles snapped out the "Adjutant's Call," the band opened up with a blare, the sergeant major measured off his paces and the details came swinging up to the line. That was Hamilton's show and he did it well. The squads were verified and ranks were opened; the band started playing softly and the adjutant went down for inspection. The first man came to port arms and cracked open the chamber of his rifle. For a second, Hamilton stood before him, motionless; then with a lightninglike movement grabbed the gun as if he were delivering a body blow, tossed it over and back in his hands, twisted it two or three times and then shot it back at the man as if his one object were to knock him down, repeating the trick all the length of the line.

INSPECTION over, the ranks were put at "Parade Rest," the adjutant looked toward the band and snarled "*Sound* Off" in true military style, as one who would say: "Now, you scum of the earth, play if you can, but I don't believe you can do it." Such an adjutant a regiment loves almost to adoration.

The pompous drum major raised his baton three times and three times the bugles shrieked. Then with a boom, a rattle, and a blare the band marched out, strutted the whole length of the line and returned, while every man in the formation stood like steel.

That summer, medleys of popular songs were in high favor among bands, and that of the Thirty-first Infantry had one which reflected high credit on the ingenuity of the chief musician. It included everything from "Dixie" to "Cavalleria Rusticana," all played in brisk marching time and all surrounded and interwoven with quips and cranks and wanton pranks, from the bass horns, and the oboes, the snare drums, and piccolos, until the main melody, or the two melodies which were sometimes played at once, were disguised as if hidden in a fretwork.

But this afternoon, as the drum major lifted his baton and the phalanx of brass swung out into line, the quips and quirks suddenly straightened themselves out and the air pealed forth:

"Oh-h, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, with ha-ir so brown?" [*Teedle-tum-tum-boom*—this last from the piccolos and the bass drum.]

All the way down the line it went, changing in the middle to:

"Max- [*te-de-rum-tum*] *well-ton* braes *are bon-ny*
Where ear- [*te-de-rum*] *ly falls the dew,*
For 'twas there [*te-de-rum*] *that A-a-nie Lauric*
Gave me [*te-de-rum*] *her prom-* [*te-de-rum*] *ise true."*
[*Teedle-deedle-rattle-BOOM.*]

At the end of the line, when they countermarched, they were playing "Yankee Doodle" and "My Country 'Tis of Thee" at once, but as they swept back in front of the guard, and the full blare of the horns struck the spectators, again they broke out:

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice with hair so brown?
She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown."

Three times, again, the drum major lifted his baton; three more blasts from the bugles and silence fell. A few gruff commands, the guard was turned over to the officer of the day, it marched in review and the crowd began dissolving to its many occupations, while officers unbuckled sabers and threw them on cots; while white dresses appeared in the headquarters street and a smell of cooking arose from the company fires.

BUT, among the last to go, was Alice Bolt, who stood white-veiled and parasoled at the door of a rich French limousine. She had seen the whole ceremony, had heard the music and, for the first time in her life, had fallen in love at first sight—with the big adjutant. It is the universal privilege of mankind to do this once, like eating a peck of dirt or taking a Cook's tour to Europe; but most people have recovered at sixteen. The disease is rare among adults.

But Alice, be it remembered, had lived a life entirely unexposed to such epidemics, sheltered behind big walls of more than convention and guarded by an ogre of an English governess so that not even the sturdy little boys of Groton and St. Mark's, who used hockey skates and were promised a racing car if they wouldn't smoke until they were twenty-one, had once looked over her wall to pass the time of day and exchange their susceptible hearts for hers.

Suitors she had—it has already been stated—but they came with all the dullness and all the pomposity of middle age—and fairy stories.

"And when the fame of the beauty and the great riches, great riches, great riches (why will they persist in using linotype machines in the printing offices? Their mechanical errors of repetition cause such embarrassing mistakes), great riches of the princess came to the ears of the Prince of Hubbledub, he sent ambassadors to her father to lay suit for her hand and then messengers from afar announced that the prince himself, accompanied by a great retinue, was approaching."

ALL very well, that sort of thing, but have you ever caught the laughing eye of a strange girl at a Yale-Princeton game? Very different that, and conducive of a much more satisfactory feeling.

Suitors in plenty had Alice and, little as they interested her, she accepted with perfect equanimity the fact that, some day, she must marry one of them, much as she accepted the fact that she must come out on her eighteenth birthday and go to the opera on the first Monday in November. And, in the meantime, as years passed on, her mother and a social manager, and an aunt who ruled New York, tabulated the chances, footed up the results and decided that, unforeseen dukes and princes of Monaco being left out of the calculations, the Honorable Charles Alfred Montague Barstow, younger brother of the Earl of Keene, should be the correct answer. Now odd as it may seem, the Honorable Charles Alfred Montague was not old, he was not ugly, he was not dissipated as an English nobleman in an American love story should be. He was brought up quietly in the country and, when his trousers wore out from climbing beech trees the housekeeper patched them. He never owned a dress suit until half through Eton and, if left to himself, he would have married the vicar's daughter, who had no money whatsoever but could throw a cricket ball like an undergraduate. But the Honorable Charles Alfred had also a mother and an aunt, so Alice and he simply sighed lightly and accepted the inevitable.

The Honorable Charles was in England that summer, and as he scarcely remembered Alice, when she was out of his sight, and as she scarcely remembered him, her mind was fully open when she saw the big khaki shoulders of First Lieutenant Wade Hamilton, battalion adjutant of the Thirty-first.

As long as she lived did she remember every sight, sound and smell of that summer afternoon—the crowds, the soldiers, the music, and above it all, the proud, supercilious figure of the adjutant which loomed above the rest in her picture as a cartoonist draws the figure of Theodore Roosevelt chasing the trusts.

SHE heard the notes of the band breaking into "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," and, within her, some wild strain of forgotten romance, weeded and choked in her hothouse garden of a soul, sprang into full bloom. She had always been twitted on the song and had disregarded the similarity of the names as a rather silly pun; but, today, it seemed like a stroke of Providence. Nothing seems silly when one is truly in love and over and over in her head rang the notes in a glad, overwhelming delirium

It was not hard to meet Wade Hamilton. It would not have been hard for Alice Bolt to meet anybody, and flushed with the first great genuine passion which she had ever felt in her life, Alice demanded that he come to her and he came—and twice and thrice and all through the weeks which followed.

Gossip spread, and they said that it would be a great catch for the young subaltern—and it would have been, though not in the sense that they meant it. They said, more openly, that he was after her money; but they did Hamilton's mind a very great injustice—not Hamilton but Hamilton's mind. He saw her money no more than he saw her servants, who, from the first time that he crossed the threshold, accorded him, instinctively, a greater deference than they had ever accorded anyone who had entered that house—trust English-bred servants to recognize, by instinct, a king. For, in this, Hamilton proved, to the shadow, his kingly nature. He knew that Alice had money; he knew that a great many people had money; but that he could gain a transference of it to himself by scheming, theft, marriage or, in short, anything except frank and kingly conscription never entered his range of ideas. To Hamilton, money was a fairly desirable attribute that some people had and some people hadn't—like black hair or a tenor voice. Beyond that there was no use in thinking of it. If he had had a thousand dollars he would have spent it for the first jewel which struck his fancy and then wondered, vaguely, why there was no more to spend.

WITH her money out of the calculations, there were left in Alice—for Hamilton's eyes—her beauty and her brains. The latter he could not appreciate, having none whatsoever himself, and as for her beauty, no doubt she was attractive and well-dressed and all that sort of thing, but while she talked to him and looked at him with every nerve in her body tingling and drank him in with her eyes, he tapped his foot idly, answered, "Yes, indeed," and wished he was down in New Providence where he knew a bright little skirt who worked in a manicure shop and was no end of a good sport.

Day after day they talked together, or rather Alice talked to him, and night after night they danced, while the girl thrilled at the very nearness of him and looked up into his eyes and imagined what she saw there, and week after week he accepted her luncheons and her dinners and her tennis courts—as all kings accept tributes of the kind.

Then, one evening, a messenger boy on a bicycle came whistling and pedaling up to the colonel's orderly, who handed a yellow envelope to the "K. O." which made that gray-haired gentleman swear profusely and joyously and send his compliments to Major Bacon to tell him that the War Department had at last pulled up the stakes. Then quartermasters began counting their mules, and first sergeants overhauling their [illegible] officers buying tooth powder.

For the last time, Alice and the big adjutant [illegible] the head of the terrace looking out toward the [illegible] sun. Below them stretched marble [illegible] and [illegible] cut hedges and green lawns and the flashing silver [illegible] great carved fountains. Above them rose the [illegible] piles and the flanking porticoes of a palace that Hamilton could have had if he had even turned [illegible] but as they looked in silence toward the [illegible] ing and waiting and counting the moments which [illegible]

The Purple

By DONALD KENNICOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY M V. BREITMAYER

THIS is the story of a purple patch on a gray career—of Marcus Aird, a poor man who acquired a priceless and imperishable treasure. For though Aird possessed a fattish bank balance, he *was* poor: he had never known romance; he was ignorant of battle; he knew not the thrill of mysterious adventure—Memory, that bank account of the spirit, would have honored but the slimmest of drafts for him. And it was this man whom the relenting fates chose as the protagonist of that strange affair at the Bottle House Tavern in the Moroccan city of El Rabat.

The whole business really began for Aird when, riding down in the elevated one morning just as he had ridden down to his work on countless other mornings, he casually read a newspaper account of the disappearance of Justin Moore, the poet-preacher of East Church, and of the coincident vanishing of some thirty thousand dollars in bonds belonging to that church. The next preliminary incident was when, just two weeks later, young Palmer, the assistant cashier of the New Jersey manufacturing plant of which Aird was chief clerk, failed to return from his vacation—and when investigation disclosed the ancient, dishonorable story of juggled accounts and embezzled funds. But it was not until three months afterward, when the fruitless search for young Palmer and his loot had long been abandoned, that Aird's Great Adventure really began.

One morning Aird was summoned to the private office of Simeon Gray, the president of his firm, and found that gray-haired colonel of industry poring over one of many letters. "Well, Marcus," began the old man abruptly, swinging about on his swivel chair, "I guess we've found out what became of Palmer. Read that."

Aird took the letter which his employer handed him and read hurriedly:

EL RABAT, MOROCCO, *September* 28, 1912.

MESSRS. S. A. GRAY & COMPANY.

MY DEAR SIRS—*It seems my duty to address you on a subject which may perhaps concern you. Yesterday, at an inn in this city known to Europeans as the "Bottle House Tavern," an unidentified man died of fever and wounds. Some hours before his demise, he endeavored to leave a communication for you. Presumably because there was no ordinary writing material at hand, he scratched a curious series of letters on the whitewashed mud-brick wall above his head. These begin "S. A. Gray & Co., New York." Then occur the following letters: "A. X. L. D. M. R.," etc.; after them there are a large number of others, but it is difficult to decipher them and they seem to convey no meaning.*

If the man was anyone known to you, you will know what steps to take—whom to inform, etc. He seemed to have been about twenty-five years of age, slender, with light brown hair and blue eyes; he was about five feet ten in height and weighed perhaps not more than ten stone. He seemed recently to have undergone much hardship.

Acting as American Chargé, I attended to the interment, and have at my office the few personal possessions left—none of them of much value. If this matter concerns you, or if you can aid in the identification of the deceased, I shall be pleased to hear from you.

Your obdt. Servt., WILLIAM RAMSAY,
His Majesty's Consul, El Rabat, Morocco.

Aird looked up slowly when he had finished this surprising epistle and pursed his lips. "I guess that was him all right," he commented simply.

"No question of it," affirmed old Simeon. "You see those letters that the consul speaks of are the beginning of a message in our private cipher. '—I gave the money—' Did you get that?"

Aird nodded and his employer continued abruptly: "Now, Aird, I want you to go there—to El Rabat—right off. You're the only one that knows all about the business—you knew Palmer, and you know our cipher and you know those securities he got away with. I want you to find the money if possible—clear up the whole business. Richardson can take your place here. There's a boat to-morrow."

Aird gasped a moment, but the habit of obedience was strong within him. "All right, sir," he answered. And five minutes later he was busied with his preparations for departure.

That evening, however, Aird was summoned by telephone to Simeon Gray's house. When he arrived, shortly afterward, he was ushered into the brown-paneled library of the old Riverside Drive mansion; and there he waited alone for some ten minutes, watching the wood fire and speculating on this sudden upsetting of his orderly life. Then a portière was drawn aside and there entered a young woman dressed in soft gray—a young woman of a singular and delicate beauty, whose deep-set eyes dwelt for an instant of calm scrutiny upon Aird before she advanced into the room.

"Mr. Aird, I think," she said evenly, in a voice which was an excellent thing. And as Marcus bowed acknowledgment, she added: "I am Miss Gray—won't you sit down? Father has told me about the letter from Morocco in the Palmer matter and about your journey. And—and on that account I wish to ask a favor of you."

"Why, of course," answered Aird, vaguely. "Anything I can do—"

"It's about Mr. Moore," the girl pursued—"Mr. Justin Moore. You know of him?"

"Just a little," Aird explained. "What I read in the papers."

"You read, I suppose, that he took the church's money and ran away and has not been heard from?"

"It was something like that, I think."

THE girl nodded. "Yes, that was what they said. Well, it isn't true. For one thing, I—know he couldn't do a thing like that, and—and for another, I have heard from him."

"*You* have heard from him?" Aird repeated stupidly.

"Yes—you see, we were engaged to be married."

There was a little pause, and as Aird regarded her earnest, troubled face, many things gradually became clear to him. "It was a week after he left," she continued presently. "I received a cablegram from Gibraltar. It just said: 'Don't worry. All right. Have written.' I have never heard anything more—no letter has come. And, of course, I fear that something has happened to him. But I know him too well to believe that he took that money—there was no reason why he should. And now that we have had that letter about Palmer, I can't help but connect him with that. I don't know how. Perhaps—"

HER voice faltered, and Aird saw that she had caught a trembling lip between her teeth. "I see," he commented. "You think I may get track of Moore, too?"

"Might you not? As I said, I can't help but feel there is some connection. Justin knew Palmer—the man went to his church. And so—of course it's just a chance; but you may realize how—how important it is to me."

"I'll do my best, ma'am, of course," Aird promised. He took his leave then. And all during his long voyage across the Atlantic, which began next day, he was haunted by a vivid memory of Millicent Gray—of her singular and delicate beauty, of the wistful appeal in her voice, of the deep trouble in her eyes.

So began the Great Adventure.

ON A HOT, brilliant morning some two weeks later, Marcus Aird found himself trudging down the dusty street of El Rabat on his way to the Bottle House Tavern. He had arrived the evening before and had spent the night with the British consul. That official had been ill of a fever, however, and had therefore sent his dragoman to guide Aird to his destination. So Marcus trotted along beside the consular factotum, and the sudden revelation of the strange tropic town struck the American dumb with wonder.

Presently they brought up before the deep-arched gate of the tavern. And while the dragoman accosted a huge, all but naked, negro who was in attendance, Aird stared curiously at what seemed to be a tattered, half-witted beggar who squatted in the shadow, idly sifting sand through his long, brown fingers. At a sign from the dragoman, Aird passed within, and seated himself on a shelflike divan which ran around all four sides of the tavern's long, vaulted main room, while the dragoman went in search of the hostess.

It was a curious apartment—cool, tile-floored, silent. The windows, of which there were many, had been glazed by the simple expedient of filling up the deep apertures with empty liquor bottles set in mortar; and through them the brilliant North African sun cast jeweled, church-window lights, stained to rare tints of topaz and amethyst and aquamarine. Here and there the lights fell on a nargile or a brass coffee tray on one of the many little tables, but for the most part they contended only with shadows.

Soon the dragoman returned, ushering in the hostess, Sará Lastyrie—a handsome *brune* of perhaps thirty-five, dressed in faded mauve and black, and wearing a heavy gold anklet doubled about one forearm.

"You wish to be entertain', M'sieu?" she asked as she came forward.

"Yes—that is, Ma'am," Aird stammered, handing her the letter of introduction and explanation with which the consul had forearmed him. Before opening the missive, the woman fixed a pair of deep brown eyes on Aird in a long stare of appraisal which he found most curiously perturbing. She read the letter then, slowly, as if with difficulty, while Aird alternately watched her in troubled uncertainty and let his gaze stray about the apartment, abruptly aware that he had been projected into a new, mysterious, and perilous world.

"I comprehen'," said the woman suddenly, looking up. "You are M'sieu Air' of Amerique, and you are come in the affair of M'sieu Palmer, who is dead. I am Madame Lastyrie, and will condue' you to his room—which is at your disposal."

WITH this Madame Lastyrie turned, and Aird followed her out across a clay-floored courtyard, shaded by a disreputable palm or two, to a rickety stairway of worn, unpainted wood, which led to the balcony above. A few steps down the balcony the woman threw open a door, entered a dark apartment, and with the aid of a stick flung back the shutter of a window set high in the wall. "*Voici,*" she announced. "This is the apartment of M'sieu Palmer."

Aird glanced swiftly about the little room—from the battered *armoire* against one wall to the rickety deal table and chair under the high window, and then to the bed, with its dusty, long-untouched counterpane, opposite. But there were no signs of writing above it, and only when Aird turned in disappointment to Madame Lastyrie did he see upon the fourth wall, scratched through the whitewash, the words "S. A. Gray & Co.," and below them a long irregular medley of seemingly incoherent letters.

"We move the bed, after M'sieu Palmer die," ex-

The battle flame flashed up in his brain. Catching up the water-filled nargile, he dealt the man a smashing blow that felled him unconscious

Patch

Which Romance Wrought Upon the Gray Career of One Marcus Aird

plained Sará. "It is a custom. And now, M'sieu, will you for the moment excuse? I have the *affaire*."

She vanished, and Aird fell eagerly to a careful examination of the curiously scrawled message. That it was Palmer's deathbed confession was soon evident; but the Gray & Co. cipher was an intricate one, and after the first three lines Aird found himself in difficulties, for, apparently as the dying man grew weaker, the letters swayed more and more drunkenly, and gradually became all but undecipherable.

These first three lines, however, were enough to set Aird's already tight-strung nerves a-tingle. They read:

I gave back the church bonds to Moore. I think he hid them somewhere near El Abiod before the Riffs attacked us. The money I took from you—

Aird was still diligently laboring to decipher the rest of the tangle when Sará Lastyrie appeared in the doorway. "*Déjeuner est servi, mon ami*," she announced.

AIRD at first declined to eat; then, reflecting that he might as well rest a bit and take the opportunity to ask a question or two, he got up and followed down the rickety stairs.

In the courtyard, the tattered beggar whom Marcus had previously noticed at the gate crouched in the scant shade, preoccupied as before in sifting the dust through his brown fingers. But this time, as Aird was about to pass, the man rose suddenly, crooked a bony claw at the American, and glared with the wild, prophetic eyes of a John the Baptist. The bony hand gestured solemnly; and from out the dusty beard a hoarse voice suddenly boomed out, croaking in excellent English to the time kept by the gravely flourished claw:

> "*It is the Angel Israfel,*
> *And he stoppeth one of three*
> *By thy heartstrings and thy glitt'ring lute,*
> *Voice wherefore stopst thou me—*"

The voice abruptly ceased; the hand dropped; the fierce eyes clouded; and with a face grown suddenly dull and childish the man all at once sank to his haunches and again fell idly to sifting the dust through the talons which were his fingers.

Aird stared in dumb amazement, but Sará, plucking at his sleeve, drew him on into the main room, where he found one of the little tables set with a luncheon for him.

"It is but the poor *lunatique*, M'sieu," she explained as Aird seated himself. She hovered about, talking at random in her husky, caressing voice, while she served him eggs and fruit and coffee. Presently she asked: "You have the pasa-porta, M'sieu?"

"Passport?" Aird repeated. "Yes, of course. The port officials found it quite correct."

"You have it with you?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Why?"

"Oh, it is well to be careful," she replied evasively. And a moment later, as a slim, graceful young girl, whose eyes were red from recent tears, appeared in the doorway, Sará added: "My sister Lenor', M'sieu. She will serve you. I have to do elsewhere."

Aird raised a detaining hand. "Just a minute, if you don't mind?" he asked. "Tell me—about this man Palmer. Where did he come from?"

"God knows, M'sieu. From the deser', I think. It was about two months ago that he come. He ver' fatigue' seeck. He give me money and I care for him, but he ver' seeck and he have the woun'—here and here—terrible, M'sieu. I have the docteur, but no—he die."

"And he had no—no baggage with him?"

"*Rien, M'sieu*—he have nothing except that in his pockets. As I have said, he come in ver' fatigue—from the desert; he lean upon the shoulder of the old *mendiant*."

"Who's that?"

"The old beggar that you saw in the courtyard. He is quite mad, but without harm; one lets him wander about and gives him to eat."

"Then Palmer and the beggar came together?" Aird put down his cup and gazed for a moment into vacancy. Then a wild possibility occurred to him; he leaped to his feet and ran out into the courtyard.

But the beggar was gone.

AIRD returned to his luncheon in the now deserted main room, finished it thoughtfully, and then went back to his task in the apartment where Palmer had died. A dozen little things told his meticulous eye that some one had been in the apartment during his absence, but he thought little of the matter and fell eagerly to work. And after some two hours' arduous labor, he had deciphered all but a few words of the message. It read:

I gave the money and church bonds back to Moore. I think he hid them somewhere near El Abiod before the Riffs attacked us. We barely escaped with our lives; Moore was hit on the head and has been out of his mind ever since.

The money I took from you I spent partly. The rest I gave back to Moore too. I am sorry for all the trouble I have caused you, but—

Aird was puzzling nervously over the last word or two, when the almost sepulchral silence of the house was broken by a sudden sound of tramping feet and

Sará had risen to escape Aird's detaining hand, when a tall figure which had appeared in the doorway walked hesitatingly toward them

of gruff voices. Aird stepped to the door and over the balcony rail saw a number of crash-uniformed Spanish soldiers hurrying about the courtyard, pausing here and there to peer into corners and under benches. Four of them came running up the balcony steps; of these, two continued on up the ladder which led to the roof, while the others went systematically around the balcony from room to room. As they came to Aird's door, Sará Lastyrie appeared, pale and tight-lipped.

"They seek one who have desert'," she explained to the American. "Show them the pasa-porta."

AIRD produced the paper, and while a scowling corporal scanned it carefully, Sará poured out a river of smooth-flowing Spanish explanation, gesturing first to the bed, with its counterpane dusty from disuse, then to Aird, and finally to the scrawled wilderness of figures on the whitewashed wall. The soldier handed back Aird's passport with a grunt; then the two of them entered the room, peered under the bed, behind the hangings, and into the clothes press; one of them, in a most businesslike way, even thrust his bayonet several times through the dusty counterpane into the mattress. Then they passed out and pursued their search elsewhere.

For a moment or two after they had gone Aird stood by his door on the balcony, watching the hurrying figures of the soldiers and listening to the hubbub of the hunt. It ended in no view halloo, however; presently the band of searchers was reassembled by the officer in command; and soon came the rhythmic tramping of their departing feet.

Aird returned to his work. But the remainder of the message was evidently unimportant—merely the last excuses of the poor devil who had gone wrong and paid so dearly for it. And so for a time Marcus abandoned himself to the memories of the surprising day and to the strange impressions that crowded so vividly upon him—the whisper of the slightly stirring palm leaves in the courtyard, glimpses of the little lizard scampering about the roof beams, the strange scent, curiously commingled, of roasting coffee, camel corral, some sort of strange flowers, and divers unknown ingredients, which came to him through door and window. The first shadow of twilight had fallen when he turned in his chair and saw that which held him breathless: on the dusty counterpane of the bed through which the soldier had thrust his bayonet was a round crimson spot!

Even as Aird gazed, horror-smitten, the spot seemed slowly to grow larger, like a spot of ink on blotting paper. And as a realization of what the spot signified flashed into his mind, he forced himself to his feet and moved tremulously over beside the bed. Gingerly, with fearsome fingers, he stripped off the counterpane, and was about to explore farther when something stirred under the blanket beneath, and he shrank back, blind with terror, as the something leaped with a snarl from the hollowed-out mattress. When next Aird could see clearly, he beheld a pale and blood-stained youth crouching beside the bed, a knife held ready to strike, his white teeth bared in wolfish menace.

FOR an instant the two stood thus. Then Sará Lastyrie, followed by Leonor', glided swiftly into the room and flung herself between them.

"No, no, Fernan'," she cried sharply. Turning to Aird, she added: "It is all right, M'sieu. This is Fernan', the—the fren' of my sister Leonor'."

She paused, glancing from one to the other in indecision. Then, as if resolved upon some great risk, she turned to the American, stretching out her hands in a passionate gesture of appeal. "*Voilà*, M'sieu," she cried. "Fernan' is a soldier. He desert because he wish to marry Leonor' and take her away wit' him before it is too late. There is one Seray, who is rich and horrible, who wish her for a wife—and the rich obtain their desire. Fernan' come las' night—fatigue', starve'. It is suspec' that he is h re. I hide him in the bed of the room where you are. The soldiers come; they search; they do not find.

"But they come again, M'sieu—and again, until they find. And then there will be—death, M'sieu. So Fernan' and Leonor' must go away, and to go away they must have the pasa-porta. M'sieu, can you not help? They are but children."

Turning, Sará pointed to the two lovers. The young Spaniard had dropped back weakly and sat on the side of the bed; Leonor' had crept farther into the room and was clumsily endeavoring to bind up the ugly gash in his leg that had been made by the soldier's searching bayonet.

"I don't know," said Aird doubtfully. "I don't know as I think much of a fellow that deserts. What did you enlist for if you weren't going to stick?"

THE Spaniard looked up and flushed darkly. "Listen, Mister," he cried passionately. "When I am fifteen a boy—I go with my brother to Amerique—to California. There we work in the vineyard—in the winery. I learn; I make the money; when I am grown I come back to España to see the father and the mother. Soon I am seize'—conscrip'—and made to be a soldier because I have not before serve'. I cannot escape. I am sen

(Continued on page 42)

What Is an American?

By HONORÉ WILLSIE

Part II

The Conquest of the Workingman

THERE was an old Sioux chief who loved Frederic Remington, the artist. When they told the chief that Remington was dead, the old Indian looked off over the prairie and said slowly:

"Another big chief gone! First the buffalo, then the Injun, then Remington."

America might make the phrase a little broader and say: "Another big chief gone! The buffalo, the Indian, then the Anglo-Saxon."

For the old Anglo-Saxon, the maker of trails, the giver of laws, is going. Here in America he opened up the wilderness, he drove the road, he bridged the stream, he made the law. The wilderness was of unprecedented richness of resource. The roads he made were straight and easy. His laws were broad and kind. The needy of Europe followed after the trail maker, overran him and smothered him.

America was conceived in the idealism which was typified by two great Anglo-Saxons, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. America has always believed that the ideals of these men were so fundamentally right that they would carry America through any set of untoward conditions.

She has believed this so firmly that she has ignored all the untoward conditions and has left the ideals to take care of themselves. And this is what has been happening in America:

SINCE 1820 America has received from Europe and Asia some twenty-eight million people. Eighteen million of these came in the period from 1880 until now. Ten million of these came before 1880. In other words, America had sixty years in which to adjust herself to ten million newcomers who were Teutonic, of the same race stock as the original settlers. And she had thirty years in which to adjust herself to eighteen million aliens, eighty-seven per cent of whom were eastern and southern Europeans, of utterly different race stock.

Now, the point about race stocks is this: that people of the same race have the same fundamental outlook of life and assimilate each other easily, while a great number of alien races gathered together will not mingle easily, and will, with their different ideals, institutions, and tongues, disintegrate the existing institutions of the country, unless the *citizens* of that country realize the imminence of chaos and force their ideals on every *inhabitant* of the country. The stability of a nation is to be measured not by the number of its inhabitants but by the number of its citizens.

America has taken for granted an unprovable idea: that by some unnamed and mysterious process she could assimilate any number and kind of humans. That shortly out of this assimilation would come one single race that would be an improvement on anything that went into the making. This is delightful if true. If not true, one may do some lying awake of nights wondering what the America of two generations hence may be.

The immigration to America since 1880 has brought elbow to elbow races that are in many ways as alien to each other as they are to the Teutons. They are the Alpine, the Mediterranean, the Asiatic, and the African stocks, all with inherently different social and political traditions and ideals. The Slav has as little in common with the Teuton as he has with the Latin races. The south Italian is one of the most mixed types in Europe. His contribution in numbers to America in the past few years has been very great, and he has shown a great tendency to live in colonies of his kind, which adds to the difficulty not only of assimilating him but of educating him. The south Italian temperament is alien to the Slav and to the Teuton. The Greek is not the ancient Greek, but commercial in ideal and instinct. And the Teuton, the Anglo-Saxon, who has been expected to assimilate these, is nearer barbarism than any of them. He shows it most strongly in his love of trail making and adventure and in the simplicity of his law. And he always has been and probably always will be a poor "assimilator." After centuries in India, in Africa, in Australia, and America, he still is the Teuton.

On the other hand, at least two of the south European races now pouring into America have remarkable mixing powers. These are the Slavs and the Latin people. Out of the chaos of east and west in Russia it is the Slavic type that emerges triumphant. The Latin races mingle well with even the most divergent people. For example, they have not hesitated at any time to mingle with the negro. They do not hold the strong aversion of the Teutonic mind to the negro. In South America, in Mexico, in the West Indies, we find that the Latins and the negroes have become amalgamated.

This quality of the Latins, in the light of the present type of immigration, is of the utmost importance to the United States. There is a strong movement on foot among the railway and steamship companies to relieve the congested conditions in the Eastern United States by transporting colonies of south Italians and Slavs to the South. The Southerners resent this bitterly, feeling that with eight million negroes on their hands their labor problem is sufficiently complicated without adding another form of cheap and ignorant labor to it. They have not noted, seemingly, the racial complications that may take place in addition to those of labor. The Mediterranean and Asiatic races not only interbreed with the negro, but also have a decided tendency to live in the warmer rather than the colder parallels. With three-quarters of a million of south Europeans coming to America a year her race problems are not simple.

"Sticka da pine where da oak oughta be. Nobody know different in 'Merica"

More imminent than the question of race mingling itself is that of labor and of government. We have here in the United States a set of institutions that were made by Anglo-Saxons. The people who are inheriting these institutions are fundamentally different from the people who made them. How are they treating the Anglo-Saxon legacy?

IN 1907 the President appointed an Immigration Commission to investigate the immigration conditions in the United States. Their work was remarkably thorough and impartial. After four years of investigation, one of the members of the commission summed up its discoveries this way:

"The conclusion of greatest significance developed by the general industrial investigation is that the point of complete saturation has already been reached in the employment of recent immigration in mining and manufacturing establishments. Owing to the rapid expansion in industry which has taken place in the past thirty years, and the constantly increasing employment of southern and eastern Europeans, it has been impossible to assimilate the newcomers, politically or socially, or to educate them to American standards of compensation, efficiency, or conditions of employment."

A man who was interested in the immigration problem wanted to know just what was or is the American standard of efficiency. He knew of no better way to find out than to ask American workmen and American employers what their standards were, and to follow this up by asking south Europeans what was their own standard and what they considered the American. The man, whose name was John Ames, took considerable time and trouble to ask these questions.

The first man he asked was an ironworker on a New York office building. The ironworker was smoking a cigarette at the noon hour and looking up into the red network against the sky. Ames offered his cigar case to the man and sat down beside him.

"I wish," said Ames, "that you'd answer some fool questions for me."

"Fire ahead," said the workman, lighting the cigar.

"What's your standard of efficiency?" asked Ames.

"I don't talk anything but English, being an American and not a Wop," said the ironworker, succinctly.

Ames nodded. "I know. Neither do I. And I'm not very sure that I can translate my question. I think I mean this: How well do you think you ought to do your work?"

The iron man looked at Ames a little patronizingly. "Are you a college professor or something like that?" he inquired.

Ames nodded.

"Something like that, only even more foolish."

"I just as soon answer you then," said the ironworker; "you are harmless, and you know good tobacco!"

THE two men grinned at each other, and the ironworker looked from Ames up into the dizzy height of iron framework. "I've noticed," he said, "that you can do one of two things in a job. You can do it as well as you darn can, or you can do it well enough to pass the inspector. If it passes the inspector the boss is satisfied and you draw your pay. But if you take any kind of pride in your work, you know whether your rivets will hold or not, and you wake up at night, remembering one that the inspector never noticed. You remember that if that beam loosens up, the whole blame floor will go down, and it drives you crazy, till you get back and report it. You ought to do your work well enough so you can't kick yourself no matter what happens. My old dad used to say that to me. He was a blacksmith, the prettiest forge worker I ever saw. Of course, you've got to remember this. If you are ignorant, even if you put your best into the job, your best may let the floor fall, see? That's one reason I'm against foreign labor. They're ignorant, and you can't teach 'em."

"How much pay do you draw?" asked Ames.

"Sixty cents an hour," said the ironworker.

"Do you think you earn it?" asked Ames.

"I earn it as long as I take the responsibility of not sneaking on the inspector," said the ironworker. "And my reputation is, that it's no use to ask me to cover up a bad joint. Of course, the boss don't want us to do any better work than we have to. His idea is to save

time marry and work. If you depended on the boss for making your reputation you'd be an inspector jollier and nothing else much."

"Are you a German?" pursued Ames.

"I told you I'm an American. My grandfather was a German. My mother's folks all came from New England."

There was a piping whistle, and the donkey engine began to grunt. "Much obliged," said Ames, and he went off, feeling somehow exhilarated.

THE next questions that Ames asked were of the boss of a concrete construction gang over in New Jersey. The boss was a tanned, stocky fellow, turning fifty years old. He was watching half a hundred workmen make a huge ditch.

"These are Wops—Dagos," he replied to Ames's query. "I don't know which is the worst to handle, Dagos or Polacks. They all was farm workers over in the old country, and they won't do any more work than you can drag out of them. Hey! Get on the job, you!"

He pegged a pebble neatly into the back of an Italian who was eying the landscape.

"Sometimes I have Wops, sometimes Polacks and Hungarians. With Wops, you've got to cuss till you're ashamed and carry a club and make 'em think you're a murderer, or they won't work. And look out, or they'll knife you on your way home, or steal your baby to get even. The Polacks and Hungarians and all them, you've got to treat decent. Make 'em see you are boss, but no cursing or kicking. But you've got to keep right after them. I'd like to get hold of a good bunch of American laborers. Still, I don't know. They know too much."

"How's that?" asked Ames.

"Well, you see, you've got to bid so close these days for a job that you can't afford to put but just so much in it, work or material, either one. So I often think it's just about as well to have ignorant workmen. You take an American, he'll take some pride in his job. All these fellows think about is the quitting whistle and their pay envelope."

"I wonder," said Ames, "if competition wasn't so close, if the bosses would put better work and material into their job."

"Nix," answered the boss. "While there's all this cheap labor coming over, and nobody caring how bum the work is as long as they don't get killed themselves, nobody's going to do any better work than they have to."

"What are you?" asked Ames. "An American?"

"Sure," said the boss. "My father and mother was both Irish. I was born in New York."

"What do you think is the American standard of efficiency?" asked Ames, seriously.

"Say that again, slow," said the boss, blinking.

"What," repeated Ames, "amount of honest hard work and effort do you think a man ought to put into his job?"

THE boss scratched his head. "You mean like in the old days when if a man built a house or made a shoe he made it on honor?"

"Exactly," answered Ames.

"They ain't no such thing any more," answered the boss. "Look here. They's fifty men waiting for my job. I ain't going to do anything but what the contractor tells me to. Those old days are gone. Folks won't pay for work that's done on honor. I won't and you won't. Thanks!" sniffing at the cigar Ames handed him.

John Ames went back to the railroad station slowly. He had the feeling somehow of being a fly in a spider web, with little hope of being disentangled. Competition, he thought, is the life of trade. Evolution itself continues only through relentless competition. Somehow, with all this competition of labor, the efficient ought to be sifted out. But—but—

Ames sighed and made his way to a factory of which a friend of his was the manager. He found the friend with a piece of paper in his hand, looking puzzled.

"What's the matter, Jim?" asked Ames.

"Well," said Jim, "I'm always howling for competent workmen, but—I don't know—most of my men are south Europeans, and I've fussed a good deal because the general run of 'em take no pride in their work, not like an American or a German does, you know. But I hired an American a few

Bill in a two-room flat up in Harlem was writing for a new job

weeks ago. First thing he does is to report to me on a paper like this when any of the covers he finishes are defective."

"Good!" said Ames.

"Theoretically, yes," answered Jim. "But actually, we can't afford to make good on our defective covers and put them out at the price we do. He's a good workman. I'd like to keep him, but—"

"See here," asked Ames, "if you were in a trust and had no competitors, would you make good your defective covers?"

"Well," said Jim slowly, "I don't see that that would make any difference. There certainly would be no reason at all then, except the public demand, for perfect covers. And it's always easy to fool the public. I tell you when a manufacturer has on one side an unlimited supply of ignorant labor and on the other a public that hasn't any high standard of quality, you can't expect too much of the finished product."

"What's your idea of a standard of efficiency?" asked Ames.

Jim, whose hair was beginning to turn gray, looked for a long moment out of the factory window into the dirty street.

"Jack," he said, "I haven't got one. And I'll tell you why I haven't. I never was taught one when I was a kid. That's the time to teach your public—when they are kids. All I can remember was being told to make a success of myself. And in America, making a success means making money. We roast these Slavs and Dagos for running each back [illegible] are we Americans any better? [illegible] and have it out with him. Hey, Mac, Mac, [illegible] standard of efficiency? I'll get it out of him. Competition ought to give us a [illegible] business nowadays—don't I? Don't know though."

He made his way to a factory of which a friend of his was the manager

Ames started for home. Finally, [illegible] he reached the little suburban town where [illegible] stopped to watch a group of Italians who were [illegible] quitting work on some "Company Contract." Ames walked along with one of the workmen, who carried a carpenter's kit on his shoulder.

"Did you learn your trade in Italy?" asked Ames.

"No, I getta it here," said the Italian. "I joina da union. I getta good men."

"How long did it take to learn?" asked Ames.

"Oh, I getta odd job, maybe six mont'. Then I pay twenty dollar; joina da union."

"You like the work?" asked Ames. "Hard to make boards straight, make good staircases, good porches?"

THE Italian laughed richly. He had the face and throat of the singer. "Oh, good enough! Who care? 'Merican, all they want is good show. Sticka da putty and paint in da crack, sticka da pine board where da oak oughta be. Nobody know different in 'Merica. Nobody care!"

During the weeks following, Ames talked and weighed talk until it seemed to him that all the world was made up of a mad rush of humans whose main object in life was to give as little work as possible for the greatest possible amount of pay. He spent one evening talking with a Hungarian through an interpreter. The Hungarian's job was to work a lever that let a machine stamp out disks. He had a stolid face, but his eyes were luminous. He had been a farm laborer in Hungary. He had worked there unbelievably hard for unbelievably small pay.

"How hard do you have to work here?" asked Ames.

The Hungarian shrugged his shoulders. "The boss gets all he can out of me," he answered.

"How much work do you think a man ought to give his boss?" Ames asked the question patiently.

The Hungarian's eyes deepened. "How much work would you give your boss if your work was mine?"

Ames scowled and thought.

How much enthusiasm could any man, educated or uneducated, put into part work?

Was it human nature to take pride of honest workmanship when one did not see the completed work, but only the smallest detail of it? And still, honesty is honesty in part work or any other. What had happened to industry in America?

Finally Ames got the address of Bill, the Bill who worked for his friend Jim, and whom Jim had fired for too great efficiency!

AMES found Bill writing in a two-room flat up in Harlem. He had a wife and two babies. Bill needed a shave. John Ames felt embarrassed, but he went at the matter boldly, told Bill of his conversation with Jim, and ended with:

"When he told me he'd fired you, I decided that I would come round and get you to tell me how you looked at it. A man that has your standard of work must have some ideas that will clear things up for me."

Bill lighted one of Ames's cigars and sat for a long time staring at nothing. Mrs. Bill, who was thin and sweet-faced, with hunger lines about her mouth that somehow hurt Ames, hushed the children and watched her husband anxiously. Bill licked the wrapping of his cigar and said nothing until he had smoked an inch. Then he said:

"My dad made soap. He made it this way: He used to take the old gray team every two weeks with a load of barrels filled with tinware and soap. He'd circulate through the country for a day or so, and he'd come back without the tinware or soap, but with the barrels filled with fat scraps that the farmers' wives had saved for him. He had some zinc vats and a furnace in the barn, and some wooden forms and wires on a sheet of tin for cutting the soap out. [illegible] And he made good soap. He was always improving it, and he was proud to have Wm. Thompson [illegible] on every cake.

"There [illegible] town, and they needed a soap factory in their plant

(Continued on page 21)

James Schoolcraft Sherman

THE death of Vice President Sherman [illegible] the Republican national [illegible] its two leaders—the first [illegible] thing has occurred in the [illegible] nomination and election—and [illegible] Republican party one of its stanchest and most unalterable supporters. Mr. Sherman was a regular of regulars, a stand-patter by practice and by temperament, a sturdy figure of a type which is changing if not passing completely away—a type completely repugnant to the spirit that has come to be dominant at Washington during the past few years. Neither an orator nor a statesman, nor a man with dramatic gifts of any kind, he yet, by reason of his good sense, affability, dependableness, and devoted partisanship, had long held power in his party. A politician from his early youth, he had held important office for a quarter of a century, and he was content to be that which made him most useful—a cog in the machine.

Born, October 24, 1855. Died, October 30, 1912

HIS CAREER

MR SHERMAN was a characteristic "up-State" New Yorker. He was born October 24, 1855, on a farm near Utica, of an old and thrifty American family. His paternal grandfather was that Captain Sherman of the steamboat *Burlington* of which Charles Dickens wrote admiringly in his "American Notes." The captain died in 1868, leaving forty-six fancy waistcoats, and to his daughter-in-law, the Vice President's mother, an estate of $100,000. Mr. Sherman's father, General Richard U. Sherman, was a journalist, first in Rochester and later as founder and editor of the Utica "Morning Herald." He was for many years a Federal officeholder in Washington.

The young man was graduated from Hamilton College in 1878, admitted to the bar in 1880, and in 1884 elected Mayor of Utica. Two years later he was nominated for Congress, and in 1887 began his long career in the House of Representatives. He suffered a brief defeat after serving two terms, but returned the next term and remained in Congress until he was elected Vice President on the ticket with Mr. Taft.

In Congress, Mr. Sherman was a close friend of Speaker Reed, who often called on him to preside over the House, and his talent as a parliamentarian soon made him valuable. Speaker Reed appointed him chairman of the Indian Affairs Committee, on which he served all the rest of his Congressional career. As a member of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce he made a favorable report on a Nicaraguan canal before the Panama project had developed. He was father of the Philippine Cable Bill and of the bill for reorganizing the revenue-cutter service.

Similarly a lieutenant of Speaker Cannon, he presently made use of the quintet sometimes called the "Big Five," made up of Cannon, Sherman, Dalzell, Payne, and Tawney. His chief source of power in the national Legislature was his membership in the autocratic Committee on Rules, on which he held the third place, and helped Cannon and Dalzell keep the House in subjection to those regulations which the Speaker was destined to see so radically amended. On the floor, too, he was regarded as one of Cannon's ablest lieutenants and spokesmen.

HIS PERSONALITY

THREE times—in 1895, 1900, and 1908—he served as chairman of State conventions, and in 1906 he was chairman of the Republican National Congressional Committee.

In 1899 President McKinley offered him the post of Federal Appraiser of the Port of New York, but his Utica constituents held a mass meeting that resulted in his decision to stay in Congress. He was made a trustee of Hamilton College in 1905, and he was treasurer and president of the board of trustees of the Dutch Reformed Church.

Mr. Sherman's personal popularity in his home neighborhood, and among those with whom he worked shoulder to shoulder for so many years as a dependable cog in the Republican machine, was undoubted. He was unassuming and affable, and there was more than a casual significance in the nickname Sunny Jim, which he carried during his latter years.

The Purple Patch

(*Continued from page 19*)

here to fight the Moros. I have no wish to fight the Moros. They are a poor people and this is their country. I wish to go back to California.

"Well, I meet Leonora—and she promise to wait for me. I am sent to the interior, and there are battles. Two weeks ago we capture a little town. After we enter there come shots from a house, and those inside are taken and led out to be execute'—two old men, a woman, and a boy. I am in the *esquadra* that is to fire upon them, but that I cannot do. I throw down my gun. I am arres'—punish. I escape and journey by night. Now I am here, and I mus' escape or I, too, shall be execute'. I speak truth, Mister."

AIRD wavered; and Sará, placing her hands on his shoulders, spoke swiftly: "You see, M'sieu, it is life or death for him—and for Leonor'. And it is but a little thing we ask—your pasa-porta. Afterward you can swear it have been stolen from you and you can get another."

"But the passport is for me—describes me—and we don't look much like each other."

"I know—but that make no difference. I alter it to describe Fernan'—and his woman, Leonor'. But to have the printed paper with the seal on it—that is sufficient. With that he can go aboard *Le Dolphine*, that leaves to-morrow for Amerique. Ah, see, M'sieu! Those two are young; they have not yet live'. We two, M'sieu, are old; we have love'; we have fought; we have—live'. But they—ah, M'sieu, we who have known life must help them."

Aird made no answer. Instead, after a long look from Sará to the two lovers and back again, he thrust a hand inside his vest, hauled out a long yellow envelope and a fat bill case along with it. From the wallet he counted out ten bank notes, and these, together with his passport, he handed to Sará. The woman watched him with wide, exultant eyes, but she returned the money with a little smiling shake of the head. Then, thrusting the passport inside her dress, she caught Aird's hand in both of hers. "Ah, M'sieu," she cried, "you are a *man!*" And Aird, flushed, bewildered, was only dimly aware that he had unearthed buried treasure.

"You had best go away now, M'sieu Air'," said Sará a moment later. "Fernan' will make the attempt to go near dawn; meanwhile the soldiers may come again, and there is much danger for those here. It is not necessaire that you should make the risk."

BUT Aird set his lips. His long-starved soul had tasted Adventure and was avid of more. "No," he answered, "I guess, if you don't mind, I'll stay here to-night and see how things come out. Maybe I can help some."

Late that night Sará Lastyrie left Marcus sitting in a corner of the main room, and slipped away to finish preparations for the flight of Leonor' and Fernan', who had been concealed in an upstairs apartment. "I still have the fear, *mon ami*," murmured Sará to Aird as she left. "Ben Seray suspects; he will, if possible, bring the soldiers to search again. It is to be on the *qui vive*."

When the woman had gone, Aird glanced curiously about him. The bulk of the evening's customers had gone; only a group of three merchants from the interior and a pair of Moroccan waterfront loafers remained, smoking furiously over their long-empty coffee cups. And seated unmolested in a corner, moving his lips as if addressing some auditor seen by his mind's eye, was the strange, English-speaking lunatic whom Aird had encountered that morning.

It was a stifling night; the loungers at the little tables sat half naked, and, to avoid greater discomfort, the negro factotum had put out two of the four smoky copper lamps by which the long room was lighted. A gaunt, rusty-black cat paced back and forth along the floor tiles, panting like a dog, its vivid red mouth open, and its tongue lolling out.

OUTSIDE, the moon had risen silver clear, and its light, stained into jewel tints by the crude bottle-glass windows, now shed a grotesque mockery of a churchly illumination through the room. It fell upon the figure of the madman in the corner, and seemed somehow to stir him with a strange excitement. He moved uneasily; his eyes shifted here and there. Presently he rose, squared his shoulders, and, with head erect, stepped to one of the little smoking tables. Standing before it, he raised one hand in a majestic gesture, and then began to speak, slowly and with a certain restrained oratorical fervor. For an instant Aird could not believe his ears; then he realized that the man was mechanically delivering the invocation of the Episcopal service.

The two remaining loafers at the other end of the room watched and listened with grins of stupid amusement; and after a while they got up and vainly tried to slip past the dozing negro at the door. Halted by a suddenly outstretched arm, they paid their score and vanished. The negro for a moment stared dully at the feverish, open-mouthed cat, and then resumed his semislumber. And in this low-ceilinged Levantine tavern, littered with the paraphernalia of the evening's entertainment, reeking with the odors of spilled liquor and stale nargiles, the one-time clergyman went on droning out his churchly phrases, wandering aimlessly from prayer to collect, and then to catechism or baptismal rite.

FASCINATED, Aird watched the speaker until at length the orotund voice grew feeble and trailed off into silence. Then rising, he moved forward and laid a hesitant hand on the other's bare, shrunken arm. "You're Justin Moore," he said, trying to catch the empty, shifting eye. "Isn't that your name?"

"Name," repeated the man dully. And then, as if catching a cue, he went on: "—name is more to be chosen than great riches. Whosoever—"

"No," Aird interrupted, "I mean, what's your name? I take you to be a fellow I know something about, and I want you to tell me if I'm right or not."

Again the vacant eyes regarded Aird absently. "Mean—name—take you—" The poor, half-numbed brain groped awkwardly about among the words of Aird's question, and then settled in pitiful triumph upon a familiar phrase. "Take thee to be," the man repeated with an air of mixed solemnity and satisfaction, "take thee to be my lawfully wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this—"

He hesitated, and before Aird could speak again, Sará Lastyrie glided into the room, followed by Leonor' and Fernan'. All had been made ready for the flight of the young people; Fernan' had been disguised as a bearded vineyard worker; Aird's passport had been altered for him so as to conform to this pretense; and their meager luggage had been rolled in a couple of rugs, Levantine fashion. *Le Dolphine* was even now anchored off the quay, ready to sail with the tide just after dawn; and Sará had arranged for a boat to take the young people out to her just before that time, when the port officials would be least vigilant.

One thing deeply troubled the conventional soul of Marcus Aird—Fernan' and Leonor' were not married. Nor did it appear from their plans that they proposed any immediate observance of that formality. Now, to Aird, this was a more shocking situation than Fernan's peril of capture; and when he saw that the man whom he took to be Justin Moore was still mouthing out the phrases of his ritual, a fantastic idea seized hold of him.

TO Sará, and then to Leonor' and Fernan', he propounded this idea; and, after much explanation, he won a half-comprehending consent. Sará, indeed, became enthusiastic and provided Fernan' with a ring taken from her own finger. This arranged, Aird gave some needful direction, had the young couple kneel, and then going over to the ragged figure on the divan, took his arm and led him forward to where the two knelt in the ghostly, stained-glass-tinted moonlight.

"'Dearly beloved,'" suggested Aird in the ear of the man whom he took to be Justin Moore. The man stared at the kneeling couple, and there came over his face a pitiful look of nervous embarrassment, as if he had been an actor who had forgotten his lines. "'Dearly beloved, we are gathered—'" suggested Aird again. And suddenly the man's face lighted. He raised his hands with an impressive gesture, and in a fine, sonorous voice repeated and continued:

"'Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and in the face of this company to join together this man and this woman—'"

WITHOUT faltering, with only an occasional hesitation, this strange minister went on with the service. And the bride and groom, coached by Aird, made in their turn an approximation of the proper responses. Sará hovered beamingly near by. The black porter stood statuesque in the doorway, rolling his oxlike eyes in amazement. The gaunt desert cat still paced up and down, panting red-mouthed in the heat. And so at midnight was made the marriage between Leonor' and Fernan'.

(*Continued on page 24*)

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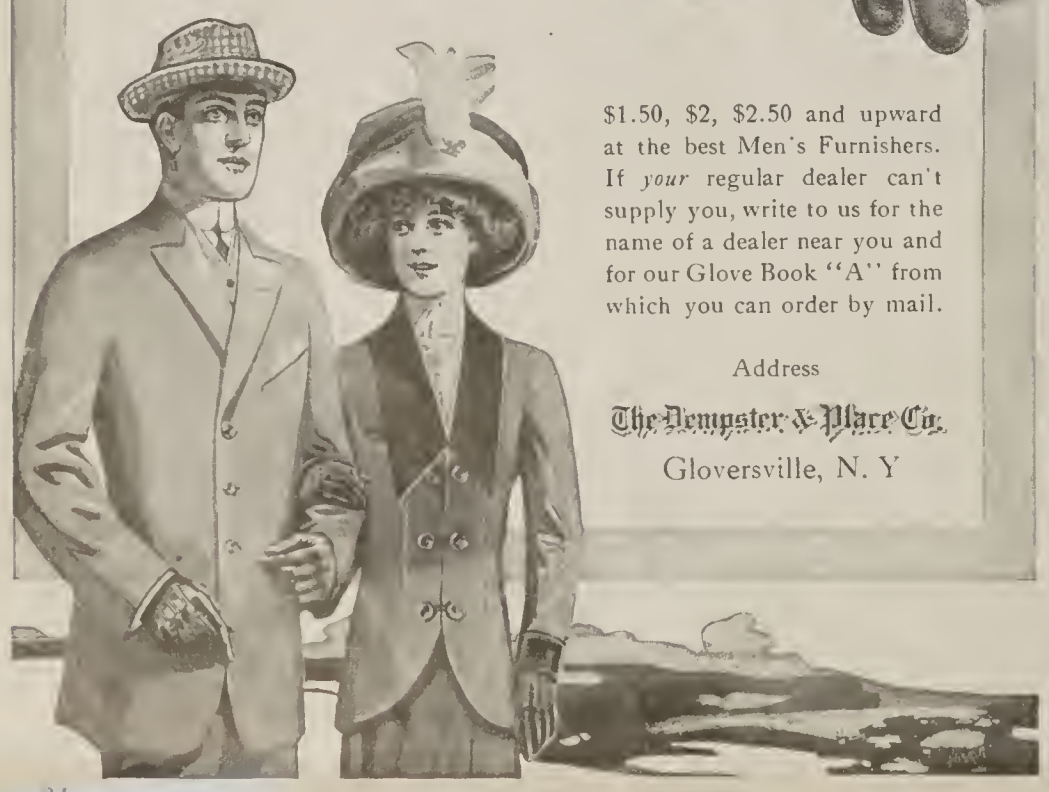

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The Purple Patch

(*Continued from page 22*)

The final binding word had been spoken and the mad minister had passed mechanically to the ultimate benediction, when Sará clutched Aird's arm convulsively and uttered a low, terror-choked cry. Turning swiftly, the American caught a fugitive glimpse of a face that had been peering at them through the doorway—a thin, sinister face, with the mouth twisted evilly to one side. The apparition vanished. "Serav," gasped Sará in Aird's ear. And for the moment, the clergyman having come to the end of his ritual, there was silence—tense, expectant, peril-pregnant. The next instant there came a scuffle of bare, swiftly running feet, and three Spanish soldiers, with Serav at their heels, burst into the room.

IN after years Aird was often puzzled to explain what he did then. For he was as unused to strife as a baby rabbit, and his skill in fighting craft was pitiable. Yet something came to his aid—perhaps some instinct inherited from ancestral warriors. For when a soldier had seized Fernan' by the arm, when another had covered the staring negro with his pistol, and Serav had advanced snakelike upon Leonor', then the third soldier had strode insolently up to Aird and, jabbing a pistol into the American's ribs, had insolently ordered him to surrender. When this happened Aird had started to raise his hands in automatic obedience; just then, however, as his hands came to shoulder height, the battle flame flashed up in his brain.

With a lightning swift movement Aird thrust the revolver barrel aside; and in the same instant, catching up the water-filled nargile from the little iron smoking table at his side, he dealt the man a smashing blow that felled him unconscious. Then Aird jumped back and, picking up the table itself, rushed forward to battle.

Meanwhile, however, the diversion created by Marcus Aird had taken Serav's eyes from Sará, and that resourceful lady had promptly smashed the lamp which stood behind her. Running to the other end of the room, with a soldier at her heels, she jumped up, caught the lantern which swung there from its hook, and just as the man struck at her flung it to the floor. Save for the patch of faint, tinted moonlight at the other end of the floor, the room was now in utter darkness—a darkness filled with ominous, indistinct sounds—restrained breathings, faltering footsteps, hesitantly advanced weapons.

Aird never knew just what occurred except as it immediately concerned himself. When the second lantern went out, he was brandishing the iron table by one leg, at once as a club and as a shield. A soldier fired just as the room was plunged into darkness, and the bullet rang against the table top like the clapper against a bell. Aird hurled the table ferociously in the direction in which he remembered the man to have been; then he leaped to one side, crouched, motionless, close to the floor, and listened—listened with the fierce intensity of a blind man on a battle field.

He heard, first, only that sinister medley of muffled sounds—creepings and halted breathings and stealthy movements. Then some one tripped roughly against a table at the other end of the room, and abruptly three swiftly exchanged pistol shots smashed the silence as with hammers.

The thump of a falling body followed—and then that horrible quiet, with its undertone of threatening movement.

NOW Aird could make out the faint, shuffling murmur of some one creeping—creeping. It ceased at last; there was a pause; and then came a sound like that one sometimes hears in a butcher place, followed by a choked coughing. This, in its turn, was drowned by the racket of a sudden scuffle, and two close-gripped wrestlers stumbled past Aird, to fall heavily just beyond. The noise of that struggle died away in the echoes of a shot; and once more ensued that quiet, with its background of deadly murmurings.

And this time Aird was sure that one of those creeping, crawling menaces was growing louder, coming closer to him. Trembling in spite of his tight-set jaws, he tiptoed a step or two to one side, and stumbled over an inert mass lying on the tiles. He fell to his hands and knees, sprawled over the inert figure, then, recovering in an ecstasy of horror, he scrambled to his feet and jumped noisily backward. The next instant the enemy that had been creeping upon him lunged forward, and the heavy brass hilt of the knife bayonet, which had been aimed at his throat, grazed his temple violently.

In desperate fury Aird closed with his man, and by good fortune, catching the wrist of the hand which held the bayonet, he prevented a second blow. Instantly the man dropped the bayonet, clattering, on the tiles, and forthwith Aird felt his throat seized in the vise of gripping hands.

Frantically Marcus strove to tear away the tightening fingers. Overbalanced, the two fell heavily together; but that deadly grip never relaxed. Over and over they rolled, Aird jerking this way and that, convulsively, as the congested blood began to benumb his brain. And now, in this last extremity, his hand touched the blade of the soldier's abandoned bayonet; and a second later, with all his waning strength, Aird was stabbing madly at the body of his antagonist. The last act he remembered was loosening from his throat two hands that had stiffened about it in their death clutch.

WHEN Aird fully recovered consciousness the sun was glittering bright through the bottle-glass windows. He lay on one of the long divans; there was an odor of hartshorn in the air and the tang of liquor on his tongue. He had a confused remembrance of a myriad happenings since that desperate fight in the dark: memories of alternate deathly nauseas and faintings away, interspersed by half-sensed recollections of words and cries, the coming of men with lanterns, the carrying out of divers heavy objects. Now, however, his head was clear again, and his battle-sick stomach quiescent. He became conscious, too, that some one was bending over him—Sará Lastyrie.

"Ah, *mon ami*," she cried softly, "you are yourself! I am so please'!" And very gently she fell to stroking his forehead.

Aird regarded her silently a moment. "Well," he inquired suddenly, "how did it all come out?"

"Be tranquil, *mon ami*, as to that," Sará responded gravely. "Leonor' and Fernan', they are escape'—safe on the steamer."

"But the soldiers?"

"They do no more harm. They are kill'—all three, thanks to you, *mon chère*. So, too, was Abbas, *mon pauvre nègre!*"

Aird raised himself on an elbow and glanced about the room; it was empty, though still in some disorder. "But what's become of—of them?" he asked.

SARA shrugged her shoulders. "When it is over and all is quiet," she explained, "I light the lamp. Leonor' is faint, Fernan' is more hurt. But I make them go—immediate. And they go, *mon ami*—out into the night to the ship, those lovers—and I see them never more. Then I find that you and the poor beggar man are hurt, and that the rest are dead. So I drag you to the couch, and I call the gendarmes. I tell them that the soldiers fight with each other until all are kill'. This the gendarmes believe; ver' frequent such thing happen—here in Moroc'. They take away the *cadavre*."

"I see," commented Aird thoughtfully, and remained staring at Sará until a slow flush crept over her features. "What's going to become of you?" asked Marcus abruptly.

"Oh—" She laughed a little bitterly, and then suddenly she bent forward and kissed him. "Ah, monsieur," she murmured huskily, "you are a good man as well as a brave one. Nothing will become of me."

"But," cried Aird, struggling to a sitting posture, "you can't stay here alone. Why not come to America—with me?"

The woman stared, wide-eyed. "You mean," she exclaimed, "—marry with you?"

"Of course, I mean it," Marcus affirmed. "You're just about the best ever." And, awkwardly, he returned her caress.

She made no resistance, but still regarded him with that wide-eyed, half-hypnotized stare. Then all at once she turned away and fell to weeping, while Marcus sat silent, his brain awhirl.

Sará calmed herself after a moment, and, turning, spoke brokenly: "You are very good, Monsieur," she said. "But, no

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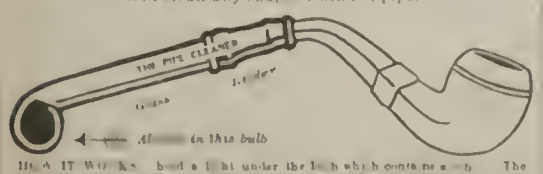

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The Purple Patch

Continued from page 24

—oh, no! You are of Amerique—and I of Africa. And there have been other men. But you must not have care for me. Those in authority will not harm me—there are good reason why. I get me another *nègre* to serve—I keep the inn as before. And if I like, there are always men—men of Moroc', like me."

Sará had risen to escape Aird's detaining hand, when a tall figure, which had appeared in the doorway, walked hesitatingly toward them. "May I ask," said a precisely modulated voice, "if you can tell me what—that is—where I am?"

It was the mad beggar, still clad in the tattered burnoose, and with a dark-stained bandage about his head.

Aird got dizzily to his feet and came forward. "I guess you can," he answered. "But first tell me: who are you? —that is, what's your name?"

"My name?" the man responded promptly. "Why, Moore, of course—Justin Moore."

AN hour later Aird had learned the whole story; how it had all begun back in New York when young Palmer, about to go away on his summer vacation and inextricably in debt, had taken some twenty thousand dollars in money and securities from Gray & Co.'s safe-deposit box. Palmer had been in difficulties for some time and had frequently come to Moore for advice, both spiritual and material. So now, when after the theft had been committed, he experienced a reaction of intermingled remorse and fear, he had gone to Moore, resolved to lay the whole situation before him. But Moore had been out when he called, and he had been shown into the clergyman's private study to wait. And here Fate had laid a trap, for Moore had left a bundle of bonds belonging to the church endowment fund on his desk; and the chance to make a really big haul had decided the hesitating young man; he had taken the bonds, slipped out of the house, and hurried aboard the departing steamer, on which he had already engaged passage.

Late that night Moore had discovered the theft, and a little inquiry had made it certain that Palmer was the culprit. Aghast at his own carelessness in leaving the bonds unguarded, Moore had made a confidant of no one, but had turned detective, traced Palmer to his steamer, and set out on the next boat after him. A long chase had followed, but Moore had finally caught up with his man at a town in the interior, whither he had fled. Palmer was already heartily sick of his exile, and Moore had had little difficulty in persuading him to give the bonds back and to return with him. And then had come the catastrophe.

ON the return journey back to the coast the caravan with which they were traveling had been attacked by a band of desert bandits. Moore had had just time—as he hoped, unobserved—to hide the bonds under a rock when the banditti had swept upon them. He remembered only that there had been a tremendous uproar and confusion; that a brown horseman had swooped upon him like a hawk; that he had fired his revolver vainly; that a sword blade had flashed above him. And then had come darkness—a blank darkness which had lasted until, a few minutes ago, he had come to himself lying on the floor of Sará's tavern, with Sará's serving woman washing the blood from this second sword cut on his head.

That night Aird sent the two words *"Found—Safe"* flashing across the wide Atlantic to gladden the heart of the girl whose troubled eyes and delicate, grief-shadowed face had constantly haunted him. And following it went letters explaining how the money and securities had been taken and given back and lost again; how Palmer had fled and died; and how Justin Moore had pursued him, had received the sword cut which had obscured his mind, and had suffered the blow in the dark which had undone the damage and restored his reason.

TEN days afterward Aird and Moore, with an escort of soldiers, journeyed to the scene of the Riff attack, and from under a rock in a sandy valley strewn with whitening skeletons recovered the bonds upon which Moore's good name depended. Two weeks later still Aird brought Justin Moore back to New York, and so ended his Great Adventure.

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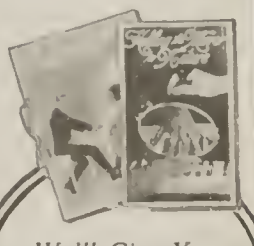

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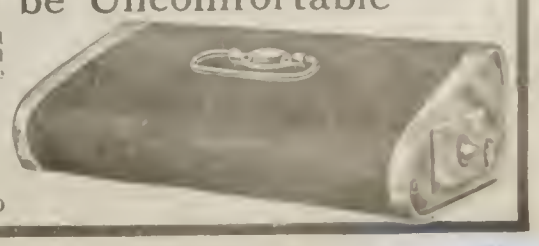

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The Purple Patch

(*Concluded from page* 23)

Once more Marcus Aird was seated in the elevated train on his way to work; once more was he caught in the cogs of relentless routine. Yet there was about him a difference, distinct if undefinable —something in the set of the shoulders, in the carriage of the head, in the glint of the eye. The morning paper lay unheeded on his lap as he glanced about the car; opposite him a girl was reading "Treasure Island"; at his right a man and woman were sleepily discussing a new play called "Purple Patches"; the other passengers were drearily immersed in dull newspapers. And, as he looked, Marcus's eye gleamed with mingled triumph and compassion, for he was not as these folk were, dependent for their pleasure on the second-hand thrills of play and story. He had hung the walls of his memory with the brilliant tapestry of his own vivid experience, had stored the chambers of his mind with treasure looted from life, and therein his soul might dwell in luxury. It mattered not how straight the rut of his routine, how charged with dreariness the scroll of his days. Here he was master.

The Love Story

(*Continued from page* 17)

left, he tapped his boot with his riding crop and looked unrelenting at nothing, while the minutes crept on.

"I always think," said the girl, "that the man who laid out this garden had a vicious little cynicism of his own with me for the victim—it is all so trim and snug and artificial, so grand and yet so unsatisfying, those great smooth, velvet terraces and gravel drives reaching out and out to the gate which leads to the real world beyond—to the rough tangled woods of genuine things. Whoever comes in, must come by that gate and, coming by that gate, he must be of the rough world but the true world beyond. I wonder who he will be and if he will ever come."

She paused and Hamilton awoke.

"By Jove," he said, "I don't know. That's a deuced pretty idea."

AND time was up, for the great red sun sank in the west and, as the cool shadows, chilling and shuddering, swept up the garden, from over the marble walls sounded, for the last time, the bugles in "Retreat."

And when the sun, once more fresh and warm, rose again in the east, Alice from her canopy heard an indistinct rustling, a strange, padding sound without, and, pushing open her bedroom window, saw through the ivy and over the fresh dew of the lawn, a long brown moving line where the regiment, silently and slowly, was marching up the hill and away to the west. It was not a regiment on parade—it was coatless and dusty, and no gleam of sunlight glanced from the slanted forest of the wood-covered rifle barrels. It was simply a silent, deadly power. Even the band trudged, head down and morose, until a single trumpet sounded one bar of warning, a drum beat in preparation, and then, as the sun gained its full brilliance above the hills the whole sweep of music broke out with an exultant flare.

At intervals, down the line, where the heads of the three battalions lay, could be seen two figures raised above the rest on horseback rising and falling, with the same methodical rhythm as the men on foot. One of these, the girl knew, must be he—king that he was, and conqueror, coming in to break a heart and then marching gayly away to fife and drum—but which one he was the distance would not allow her to know. And then, as the head of the column reached the crest of the hill, where, in a minute, its sound would be lost on the farther side, she heard one last sinking refrain:

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown?
She wept with delight when you gave her a smile
And trembled with fear at your frown."

Full and strong it went on:

"In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In the corner obscure and alone,
They have—"

But here the band passed the top of the

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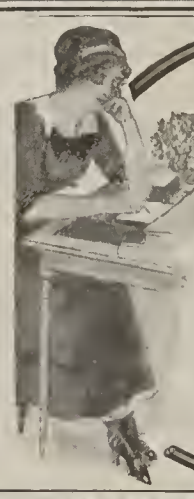

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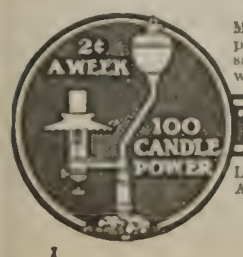

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The Love Story

Concluded from page 26

hill and the wagon tram at the end of the column drowned all farther sound in a disagreeable rumble.

The regiment never came back, and, in time, Alice married the Honorable Charles Alfred Montague Barstow. They lived happily enough, although there was some slight talk in the papers the other day about a separation; but no one really believes it; and, when you figure it out, the vicar's daughter was the only one who was badly treated in the bargain.

For Hamilton? While the band was playing and the morning sun was rising and, from the big house on the hill, unseen arms were reaching toward him, did not some stray thought, some little ray of regret, sweep him? Did he "remember"? No, frankly, he didn't. The music was old and the sun was uncomfortably warm—to one who wore a scratchy flannel service shirt. Out of the valley he marched and, king though he was, his one chance for a kingdom was gone.

He grew old in time—people do—and fat and rather florid of face. One cannot do the things that he did without these disagreeable consequences. For three years now he has been on recruiting service in Seattle, and they tell me that he is soon to be transferred to the office of the depot quartermaster on Governors Island filing blanks and signing requisitions. In time, he will be retired on three-quarters pay (of a lieutenant colonel) and will live at No. 486 South Main Street, Bayonne, New Jersey.

It's a picturesque business, isn't it—this breaking of hearts?

An American?

(*Continued from page 21*)

And they bought dad out, so's they could use his name and get his trade. His soap was famous all through the State. They made dad foreman of the soap factory. One day he came home, and I'll never forget how white his face was. He says to my mother: 'Ma, they've taken my good name away from me. They've put my name on soap that ain't fit to wash cattle with, and *they won't let me improve it,*' and they never did. Dad never got over it. He didn't live long after that. As a kid, I couldn't understand all of his feelings, but I got some of them.

"I went into a wagon factory to work. I come of a family of good mechanics, and my idea of work was like my dad's—make the thing you make as good as you know how! It wasn't so much for the money you'd get out of it as it was for the feeling that you ought to, that it was fair to your boss and fair to yourself. And I found out that they didn't want that kind of thing. They wanted the man who would do exactly what he was told, and help make wagons as cheap as the public could be made to buy. I was about the only American in the shop. Dagos, Poles, and such were the rest, and their idea was as much work as they could rattle through, if it was piece work, no matter how it was done. Or if it was pay by the day, just as little work as the foreman would stand for. No pride at all in what they did.

"Well, still I was thick-headed. I got up a process of seasoning the wagon spokes so they'd last longer. And the boss laughed at me. Said there was no profit in building the One-Hoss Shay. He didn't want his spokes to last long. Then I got up a brake that was powerful and wouldn't wear out the wheel. The boss liked that and paid me a little for it, and they put it out, with my name on it. But they fixed it so it would wear the wheels out easy. With *my name* on it! And then I quit. And when I came home and told Annie, I knew just how my poor old dad felt. Poor old devil! Kicking him out because he took pride in delivering the goods!

"Well, I drifted from shop to shop. And they didn't want me. And here I am, forty years old, and they've broken me. That's the story, if it does you any good."

"Billy," said Annie, "*I* believe in you. *I'm* glad you're honest—I—I—" she wavered a little and looked at the child in her arms. "I hope the children will be exactly like you."

The two men stared at each other,

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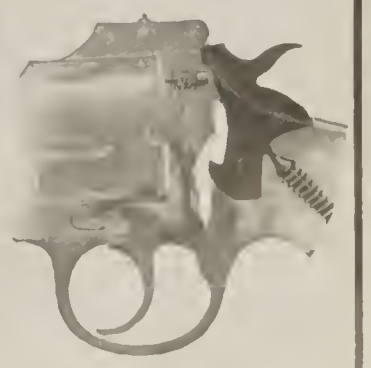

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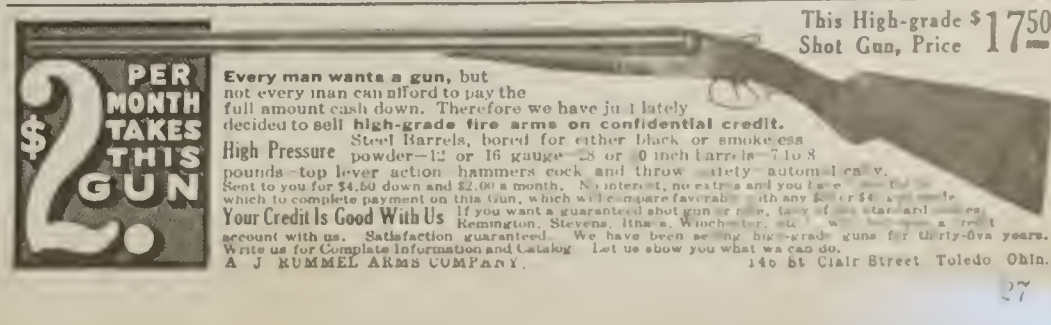

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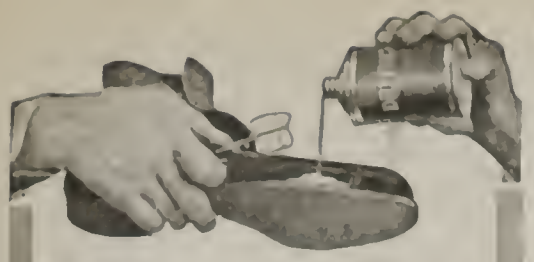

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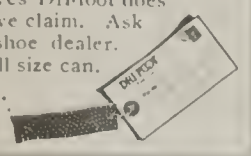

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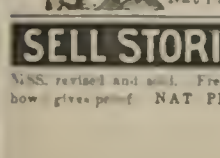

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An American?

(*Concluded from page 27*)

and Ames could hear his watch tick. Finally Ames said: "I wish I could get at the bottom of it. What's this heavy immigration got to do with it?"

"When you've got an unlimited supply of ignorant labor you can't demand high-class work, and when you find that your public don't know the difference, you aren't going to care yourself if you're a manufacturer. The day of fellows like me is past. I'm a has-been, but I'm writing for a new job."

Joined to the other talk he had had, Ames found a certain amount of illumination in what Bill Thompson had told him.

He could not pretend to know whether there was more inherent honesty of workmanship in Bill the Teuton than in the Italian carpenter. He did believe that a certain pride of craftsmanship is inherent in all human beings, but when he had thought it over he concluded that this came from the impulse of the artist in us, and that it would not be roused by the industrial spirit of to-day. Just as soon, he thought, as immigration and machinery made possible the gigantic quantity of part work that is done to-day, the death blow was given to the old type of honor work. The village shoemaker made the whole shoe. He took the artist's pride in the finished product, and the village was his critic. To-day an underpaid, ignorant alien puts the nails in the heels of many shoes an hour. What standard of efficiency is he supposed to have? He will have somewhere nearly the standard that his employer forces on him, and his employer will have just what the public forces on him.

Industrial competition is about the only form of natural selection that civilization has left us. Science and philanthropy are saving for us the lame, the sick, the blind, and the inefficient. And it is the ignorant and the inefficient who breed most rapidly. So long as industrial competition is free, a constant weeding of workmen must take place. The competitors that survive under the demand of industry will be of one type: the type for which industry has asked.

THE last reckoning of the matter is with the buying public. And we, the public, have no particular standard of efficiency. We never have been taught any. We are so busy succeeding that we haven't time to evolve one. When the Immigration Commission said that it was impossible to educate the south European to the American standard of efficiency, it might have gone further and explained that the phrase American standard of efficiency was by way of being a ghastly joke. And the ignorant laborer is rapidly becoming the buying public.

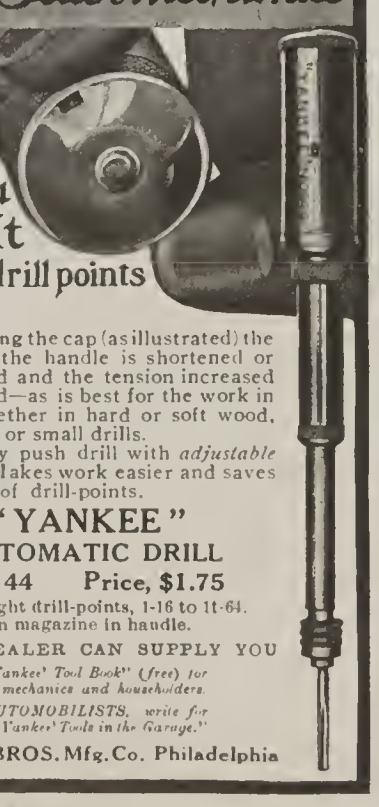
Time was when to say American workmen meant intelligence, meant pride of workmanship, meant honest responsibility. Whether it was because they were Teutons, Anglo-Americans, that this was true one cannot say. The north European people always have been good workmen. It may have been the institutions they evolved over here, the manliness that the franchise gave, the trained intelligence that universal schooling gave, that made them preeminent. But the fact remains that they were great and that they are going.

No nation is greater than the ideals of its citizens. What is our American ideal of work? What are we going to stand for? The whole idea of humanity's progress rests on one premise: that each of us puts more into the world than we take out of it. And so many of us give less than we take that the scheme is unfair. Some do double and treble their share of the world's toil. And lying, cheating work is retrogressive. It hinders instead of helping progress.

What is America's ideal of work? What are we teaching our children about it? Do our schools take our sons and the sons of the Italian carpenter and the Polish dirt shoveler and teach them year in and year out that we owe to the world the best work that is in us? And do we teach them that work, just plain work, is the most essential, therefore the most soul-satisfying fact of life? And do we show them over and over that the man who cheats on his job cheats not only his boss but his own right to self-respect and his own right to give to the onward movement of the world?

Bill Thompson is starving. How are we going to make the man who takes his heritage understand for what Bill stood?

"YANKEE" TOOLS Make Better Mechanics



More Power or Less As You Need It Saves drill points

By turning the cap (as illustrated) the spring in the handle is shortened or lengthened and the tension increased or lessened—as is best for the work in hand; whether in hard or soft wood, with large or small drills.

The only push drill with *adjustable tension:* Makes work easier and saves breakage of drill-points.

"YANKEE" AUTOMATIC DRILL
No. 44 Price, $1.75
With eight drill-points, 1-16 to 11-64, in magazine in handle.

YOUR DEALER CAN SUPPLY YOU

"Yankee" Tool Book" (free) for mechanics and householders.

AUTOMOBILISTS, write for "Yankee" Tools in the Garage."

NORTH BROS. Mfg. Co. Philadelphia

KEEP WARM
With this Mechanical Memory
—Save Coal Too

DO NOT trust your own sense as to the right degree of *heat* in the house. How often have you let your house become overheated so you had to open the windows—or let it drop to a sudden chill!

These heating worries with damage to health and pocket can be avoided when you re-enforce your heating plant with

The JEWELL HEAT CONTROLLER

It is a simple, economical device, easily attached to any furnace or boiler. *More than human* in sensitive feeling—and exact automatic action. It will automatically open or close the drafts on the variation of one degree.

It saves fuel—a lot of it—saves the endless routine of furnace attention, and there's no telling how many colds and doctor's bills it prevents. **With the clock attachment** you can reduce the heat during sleeping hours to increase in the morning when you want it.

Don't *wish* your house warm in the morning—buy a Jewell and *have* it warm.

You will like to read the interesting story of the Enchantress, "IMA JEWELL"—Send for it—and for our booklet "The House Comfortable"—Both FREE. Address

JEWELL MANUFACTURING CO.
23 Greeo Street Auburn, N. Y.

$97.50 PER CARAT GENUINE Perfect Cut DIAMONDS *Direct from the Importer*

Benefit by this BASCH Plan: Tell us to send you any Diamond set in your choice of the thousands of *solid gold mountings* shown in our big Diamond Book *at our expense*, without payment of any money in advance; *without obligation to buy.* You can own and wear *Diamonds*, pure and brilliant—give them for *Christmas*—at our *Importer's* price, *$66 to $97.50 per Carat!* This astonishing low price is made possible by enormous sales, *Direct Importing* and elimination of all losses and expenses. The *BASCH* plan protects you with the

BASCH Money Back Guarantee —a legal contract to buy back any Diamond for *90% in cash*, any time within two years; allows full purchase price on exchanges *any time!* Quality, value and *Carat weight* legally certified. Backed by our reputation for unequalled values for 34 long years; and by our entire capital.

Write Now For The New BASCH Diamond Book—Free! 104 pages. Illustrations from $1,000,000 stock of Diamonds, Platinum, Gold and Silver Jewelry, Watches, Silverware, etc. Explains *BASCH* Plan and Money Back Guarantees; contains interesting and important information absolutely necessary to intelligently buy a Diamond. Complete, authoritative. *Now* ready to mail to you *free* on receipt of your name.

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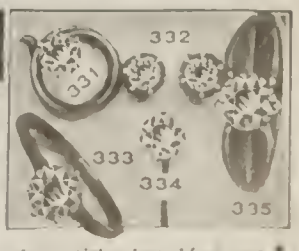
1/4 carat $17.50
1/2 carat $45.00
1 carat $97.50

L. Basch & Co. Diamond Importers BASCH Dept. C325 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.



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TRADE MARKED — WATER MARKED

¶ Now, all Writing Paper probably looks alike to you. But some are the actual equivalent in paper quality for their price, and some are not. To you, the quality-value of a Bond Paper is about as intangible as the quality-value of Iron Pipe.

¶ So we have Trade-Marked Thirty-Four Bond Papers with the Water-Mark of "the Eagle and the A" because they are good papers, and so that you might be able to identify them.

¶ There is an "Eagle A" Bond Paper for every use, because there is one at every price—from 6c to 24c a pound.

¶ A production last year of over 15,000,000 pounds of "Eagle A" Papers bespeaks their worth.

Your Printer or Lithographer handles our products. Ask to see samples of

"EAGLE A" WRITING PAPERS

Be Opinionated about your stationery. Tell your Printer you want him to use

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The De Luxe Business Paper

Or, write us and we shall send you a Handsome Portfolio of Specimens.

You ought to have samples of it.

In writing please mention which of these Sample Sets you prefer.

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Every housewife will want one the minute she sees it. Send postpaid on receipt of price.
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Save him the necessity of sterilizing his thermometer. Have your own personal *"Tycos"* Fever Thermometer, just as you have your own tooth brush. If your druggist hasn't it, send us $1.50 for a 1-minute *"Tycos"* Fever Thermometer. *Accept no other.* TAYLOR INSTRUMENT COMPANIES
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Special This Month!

We want to send you this fine $25 Thin Model Gents 17-Jewel Elgin, the one Watch that has long been the Standard of the World, Complete with beautiful Double Strata Gold Case, and fully Guaranteed for 25 years, on

FREE TRIAL $16.50—$2.00 ONLY A MONTH

—and if you don't say this is the biggest Elgin Watch bargain you ever saw, send it back at our expense. If you wish to keep it, the way is easy. Pay us only $2.00 and the rest in similar amounts each month. **No interest—no security**—just common honesty among men. We want you to see for yourself that this fine 17-Jewel Elgin is better than other watches costing a lot more money.

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Write today for particulars and we will send you our new FREE WATCH and DIAMOND BOOK, also our book called "Facts vs Bunc" or all about the watch business both at home and abroad. Write for it today.

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The House That Sells More Elgin Watches Than Any Other Firm in the World.

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Get our 112 page Catalog of *VOLTAMP* Electrical Novelties. Greatest Line of Miniature Electric Railways and parts; Xmas Tree Lighting Outfits and Toys, etc—Telephone, Telegraph and Wireless Sets; Motors, Dynamos, Induction Coils, Transformers, Rheostats,—everything electrical for the experimenter. Catalog with valuable coupon sent only for 6 cents in stamps or coin (no postals answered).
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WHITE VALLEY GEMS
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These gems are chemical white sapphires—LOOK like Diamonds. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliancy guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure.
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FREE Literature will be sent to anyone interested in the wonderful Sacramento Valley, the richest valley in the world. Unlimited opportunities. Thousands of acres available at right prices. The place for the man wanting a home in the finest climate on earth. Write to a public organization that gives reliable information.
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ORIENT CLARK'S FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CRUISE, February 15, 72 days, $400 and up, by new Cunarder "Laconia." Hotels, drives, guides included. F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., NEW YORK

Brickbats & Bouquets

WITH all its boasted facilities for getting at facts, COLLIER'S has not yet learned, evidently, that John D. Archbold identified and admitted the genuineness of those letters which COLLIER'S condemned as forgeries.—Omaha (Neb.) *Bee.*

✣

COLLIER'S editorial on Roosevelt is being reprinted in the Progressive organs. It shows that Norman Hapgood was right when he said that the "bit of writin'" if done by the office boy instead of the boss would have gone into the waste-paper basket instead of cold type.
—Providence (R. I.) *News.*

✣

Dear Sir—I desire to congratulate you on the recent change made in the conduct of COLLIER'S. That journal has deserved well of the country, but the great influence which it had laboriously accumulated was being rapidly frittered away. In carrying out its new policy it will resume its proper place. I am, sir,
Very truly yours, ARTHUR P. WILL.

✣

A powerful recruit to the Progressive party has been added by the accession of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, one of the most influential publications in this or perhaps any other country. . . . This is the logical home of this great publication, being honest and fearless and constructive, it was bound to gravitate to this point. . . . The Progressive party will feel the effects of its powerful support, and the country at large will rejoice in the bold decision which it has made. The political history of the country is sure to undergo a change, and COLLIER'S WEEKLY will be in at the change and responsible in a gratifying measure for it.
—Memphis (Tenn.) *News Scimitar.*

✣

Subsequent issues of COLLIER'S will soon tell upon what plane the publication is to continue.—Marlboro (Mass.) *Enterprise.*

✣

When Mark Whatsisname, who is hired by COLLIER'S to spatter mud or worse over the reputations of clean public men, tackled Senator Warren of Wyoming because he secured a few public buildings for the growing mountain towns of his State, readers of this vicinity took little note of it, except to wish we had somebody of Warren's influence and energy to get us a public building, but now Mark has tackled Congressman John W. Weeks because he has accomplished something for the Newton-Brookline district, we begin to sit up and take notice. Weeks is berated because, in an advertisement appealing for a reelection, he enumerates the things he has secured for the towns and cities of his district. It seems to us it is a fine record of achievement, and one which would lead us to vote for Weeks were we a citizen of his district. This is a representative Government, and, as we cannot all go there, we expect our Congressman to look after us from getting us a department report now and then to a public building.—Malden (Mass.) *News.*

✣

Senator Warren of Wyoming has not placed himself in an enviable light by his response to the attack upon him, which COLLIER'S magazine made in charging him with the "illegal absorption" of Government lands.—Savannah (Ga.) *Press.*

✣

VENTURA, CAL.

The word Socialism must appear in the pages of your Weekly within the next four issues or I will cancel my subscription. You ignore the workingman's party.
R. R. ROSAMOND.

✣

Among the majority of readers of and believers in COLLIER'S it has been a matter of surprise and puzzlement that COLLIER'S, after years of advocacy of the doctrines now set forth by the Progressive party, has not cast its fortunes with that party in the present campaign. . . .

One feature must here stand out with commanding saliency. This places beyond any question that may have been raised heretofore the sincerity both of COLLIER'S and its editor, and the freedom of the editor of COLLIER'S in expressing his true convictions. This casts a most favorable light on all that COLLIER'S has said and done in the past. And furnishes added confidence for its proclamations in the future.—Detroit (Mich.) *Tribune.*

Especially when most people know that the Progressive platform stands emphatically for all those demands for social and industrial justice which COLLIER'S WEEKLY has been conspicuous in holding to the front in its fight for governmental reform.—Los Angeles (Cal.) *Express.*

✣

You and your band of muckraking leaders, consisting of disappointed millionaire reformers like Pinchot, editors of yellow publications like COLLIER'S, Philadelphia "North American," and the Kansas City "Star," and political jobhunters backed by Frank Munsey, Bill Flinn, George Perkins, and the Trusts, are greatly mistaken if you think you can delude the American people with a false cry of fraud and permanently disrupt the Republican party.—RAY K. SHIVELEY of Richmond (Ind.) *Palladium.*

✣

Whatever the personalities invoked, COLLIER'S again assumes a position of usefulness and influence. . . .

COLLIER'S has not always been fair or just in its partisanship. But it used to be our greatest national weekly. The weakness of its recent slump into a professed "independence" that was really nothing but a bewilderment mystified and chagrined a host of readers who will be gratified to find their old favorite again standing resolutely for definite and respectable convictions. We extend congratulations.
—New London (Conn.) *Telegraph.*

✣

NEW YORK, N Y.

I expect now to see COLLIER'S take the same place in the Progressive Party as was held by "Harper's Weekly" in the early days of the Republican party.
—ARTHUR J. HARVEY.

✣

As long as you are going to straddle, why not straddle fairly? One vote for Wilson and two for Roosevelt. Can't you scratch up one for Taft? Then nobody's feelings will be hurt.
HENRY M. MINTON.

✣

A personal word regarding the change in your editorial policy:

In the past I have enjoyed COLLIER'S thoroughly. Its editorials have been clever, fascinating, keenly entertaining. They have been enjoyable—just as sharp-witted repartee is enjoyable; just as Bernard Shaw, for instance, is enjoyable.

But, like the mental stimulus of each of these—of alcohol and of many other stimulants—the reaction is often unpleasant, unwholesome. There is the point: mental "stimulus" rather than mental "inspiration."

The editorials in your current issue are different. They ring true. They are substantial—sincere. They may not have the former sparkle or "brilliancy" perhaps, but at any rate they are most refreshing, and I believe you are to be congratulated upon the change. C. L. MEAD.

✣

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Nov. 2, 1912.

I wish to congratulate your most able paper in taking its stand at last on the side of the bravest, cleanest man in public life to-day—Theodore Roosevelt. It has been exceedingly hard to be patient these later weeks and see COLLIER'S wasting this great opportunity—the greatest in a generation or more.

A reader for many years of COLLIER'S, I have felt chagrined that it hesitated to take its place among the hearty supporters of the Progressive party, but now all is well and I shall once more read the paper with satisfaction. ERNEST E. DAY.

✣

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Oct. 28, 1912.

I have read in your issue of November 2, 1912, your statement of change of policy. I have read of what COLLIER'S WEEKLY stands for, according to this statement, in respect to corrupt business and corrupt politics, and from this statement I learn that because of your stand in favor of honesty you find it necessary to support that man who, according to the sworn testimony before the Senate Committee, has profited more largely from corrupt business and corrupt politics than any other man of national standing in the history of the country. I am not in favor of your sort of honesty, and you may cut me off your subscription list. I would much prefer not to receive the remaining numbers. JAMES E. O'BRIEN.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THANKSGIVING

VOL FIFTY NO 10

NOVEMBER 23 1912

QUEEN OF SHEBA'S VISIT TO KING SOLOMON

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S VISIT TO KING SOLOMON is one of the most famous incidents in the history of the ancient world. The beautiful picture shown herewith, from Ridpath's History, illustrates but ONE event out of all the THOUSANDS that make up the history of every nation, ancient and modern, in that monumental work. If you would know the history of mankind —every famous incident, every historic occasion, every conflict and every achievement, from the dawn of civilization down to the present time—then embrace this splendid opportunity to place in your home the world-famed publication,

Ridpath's History of the World

COLLIER'S READERS are offered *one more opportunity* to place this magnificent History in their homes. Hundreds have already availed themselves of our special offer. We have shipped this splendid set of books to delighted readers living in every state in the union, and every purchaser is more than satisfied. We are closing out the remaining sets of the last edition, brand new, down to date, beautifully bound in half morocco. We offer these sets to Collier's Readers

At a very low price and on easy terms

We will **name our price** only in **direct letters** to those **sending the coupon** below. **Tear off the coupon,** write **name** and **address** plainly and **mail now before you forget it.** Dr. Ridpath's widow derives her income from his History, and **to print our price broadcast** for the sake of more quickly selling these few sets would cause **great injury to future sales.** ***Send coupon to-day.***

President McKinley said: "I am familiar with the merits of Ridpath's History of the World, and cordially commend it to the scholar as well as to the plain people generally."

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Nine Beautiful Royal Octavo Volumes

FREE

WE will mail free a beautiful 46-page booklet on history to every reader interested in our offer who **mails** us the **coupon** below. It contains portraits of Socrates, Cæsar, Napoleon, Shakespeare and other great characters in history; also specimen pages showing beautiful style in which the work is written.

4,000 double column pages
2,000 superb illustrations

RIDPATH'S enviable position as an historian is due to his wonderfully beautiful style, a style no other historian has ever equalled. He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the Southern Seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan; to watch the Greek spearmen work havoc with the Persian hordes on the field of Marathon. He combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability.

RIDPATH in your home means you need never spend a lonely evening. You can associate with the world's heroes; you can cross the Rubicon with Cæsar, after which Rome was free no more. You can sit at the feet of Socrates, the loftiest genius of the ancient world. It is ennobling to commune with these children of destiny. To be associated with great men and events is to be great one's self, and you will add to your store of knowledge, which is power, and to the richness of your life.

Send Coupon Today.

RIDPATH takes you back to the dawn of history, long before the pyramids of Egypt were built; down through the romantic, troubled times of Chaldea's grandeur and Assyria's magnificence; of Babylonia's wealth and luxury; of Grecian and Roman splendor; of Mohammedan culture and refinement; of French elegance and British power; of American patriotism and religious freedom, to the dawn of yesterday. He covers **every race, every nation, every time,** and holds you spellbound by his wonderful eloquence. Nothing more interesting, absorbing and inspiring was ever written by man.

RIDPATH throws the mantle of personality over the old heroes of history. Alexander is there; patriot, warrior, statesman, diplomat, crowning the glory of Grecian history. Xerxes, from his mountain platform, sees Themistocles with three hundred and fifty Greek ships smash his Persian fleet of over a thousand sail, and help to mould the language in which this paragraph is written. Rome perches Nero upon the greatest throne on earth, and so sets up a poor madman's name to stand for countless centuries as the synonym of savage cruelty; Napoleon fights Waterloo again under your very eyes, and reels before the iron fact that at last the end of his gilded dream has come. Bismarck is there, gruff, overbearing, a giant pugilist in the diplomatic ring, laughing with grim disdain at France, which says "You shall not." Washington is there, "four-square to all the winds," grave, thoughtful, proof against the wiles of British strategy and the poisoned darts of false friends; clear-seeing over the heads of his fellow-countrymen, and on into another century, the most colossal world-figure of his time.

Mail coupon promptly. No agent will call. The sample pages are sent by mail.

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Please mail without cost to me, 46-page booklet of sample pages from **Ridpath's History of the World,** containing photogravure of Napoleon and Queen Elizabeth, engravings of Socrates, Cæsar and Shakespeare, diagram of Panama Canal, and write me full particulars of your special offer to COLLIER'S readers.

NAME .....

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Write your name and address carefully and mail coupon to-day.

COLLIER'S

Model 37-A
Complete
$1475

Marion Cars Have Been Built for Ten Years

THEY have been produced through a decade of successful manufacturing. Marions that were built and sold ten years ago are doing good work to-day. Those we are building and selling now are of the same sturdy, staunch construction that has made the Marion famous for its lasting qualities.

In addition they have all the refinements that modern methods make possible and the most complete and luxurious equipment that the market affords.

This 1913 Marion has more high-priced features than any other moderate-priced car. It is a *big* car—*big* in quality, size and efficiency. It possesses *big* power, *big* wheelbase, *big* tires, *long* flexible springs, and roomy comfortable riding space.

As to appearance—from all parts of the country we are receiving comments calling it one of the handsomest cars of the season, irrespective of price. Letters from new Marion owners tell us so. The straight body lines, flush sides and beautiful curve of the rear are making distinct impressions. The deep, rich colors are attracting unusual attention. Details for comfort are being appreciated.

All of this we expected when we were spending months in preparing and perfecting this newest Marion to give you Style and Class heretofore unknown at the price.

Moreover, we want your further confidence in the Marion—confidence such as Marion owners have had in their cars for ten years. We want every one to know the Marion, its features and fineness, just as Marion owners know them. Therefore we ask you to read closely and carefully consider its details.

Take them in order. What else can you ask in equipment—here is everything you need in a motor car. You have the most successful gas starter, electric lights to guide you at night, top and windshield for stormy weather, Warner speedometer "how far and how fast"; demountable rims to make tire changes easy.

We've already told you of the finish. Marion cars themselves substantiate our claims. In regard to the body—the photograph shows its roominess, its deep tufted upholstering—hand-buffed leather, the cowl over the dash and its graceful lines. You must ride in one to appreciate its excellence.

The Marion motor is quiet, powerful and efficient. You'd be amazed to see the accuracy in its workmanship and testing. We calculate to thousandths of an inch. Every operation must pass our rigid inspection. Carburetion, ignition, lubrication and cooling are cared for in the same painstaking manner. Our engineers require perfect balance, elimination of all vibration and sound, and economical development of power from every motor which leaves the Marion shops.

All this shows why you can place utmost reliance upon Marion mechanical construction. Thoroughness of manufacturing is also seen in the chassis. Your experience has taught you the value of such features as long wheelbase, easy-riding springs (ours are made of English steel), reliable brakes and steering gear. The finest anti-friction bearings are the most expensive and these are the only kind we use, just as all of our materials are of the best.

We could enumerate a thousand and one points about the Marion 37-A but for space.

Electrically Starting 48-A, $1850

Then there is the larger Marion, a 48 horsepower car de luxe, with electric self-starter, lighting system, horn and complete equipment, $1850. Longer, roomier, more powerful. Wheelbase 120 inches, 36x4-inch tires.

The Marion "Bobcat", a mile-a-minute roadster, is the snappiest speed car of the year. It has the same chassis details and equipment as the 37-A. Color, cardinal red. Price, $1125.

We offer to bona fide automobile dealers, or to business men entering the trade upon a substantial basis, the fairest sales agreement ever written. Ask about it and territory.

Big Features—37-A

EQUIPMENT—Disco self-starter; Prest-O-Lite tank; Dynamo electric lighting system; 80-hour storage battery; Warner speedometer; Mohair top, boot and storm curtains; Q. D. demountable rims, one extra; plate glass windshield; tire irons, tire repair kit; tools, pump, jack; robe rail foot rest.

FINISH—Rich brewster green or deep wine color; metal trimmings, nickel-plated; wood trimmings, mahogany; lamps, black enameled; fenders, hood, dust shields, baked enamel.

BODY—Five-passenger, big and roomy; graceful lines, flush sides; divided front seat; deep upholstering, hand buffed leather; center control; all doors open toward the rear; deep cowl over dash; gasoline filler tube between front seats; concealed tool boxes; pockets for route maps, veils, etc.

MOTOR—30-40 horsepower; four cylinders, cast in pairs, long-stroke type; bore and stroke, 4x5 inches; large valves, valve springs enclosed; automatic carburetor, steering column adjustment; dual ignition, magneto and batteries; 3-point suspension; constant level oiling system (circulating); water cooled, centrifugal pump, fan, large jackets, cellular radiator.

CHASSIS—Wheelbase, 112 inches; pressed steel frame, strongly reinforced; cone clutch, spring inserts; shaft drive, enclosed in torsion tube; 3 speeds forward, selective sliding gear transmission; front axle, I-beam drop forging, rear axle double trussed; front springs semi-elliptic, rear ¾-elliptic, imported steel; four double-acting brakes, large and effective; strong steering gear; artillery wheels; 34 x 4-inch tires.

A new illustrated folder in colors has just gone to the press. The edition is limited for immediate distribution, to fill early requests. Don't wait until they are gone—write now.

The Marion Motor Car Company, 914 Oliver Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

The Defender

THE FIREMAN ranks with the soldier in courage, but behind the fireman stands the insurance company to make good the loss which the fireman's courage cannot prevent.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company leads all companies in the amount of losses paid. Its payments now exceed 150 millions. It stands always ready to meet any call which may be made upon it.

When next you insure

Insist on the Hartford

Agents Everywhere

Maurice L. Rothschild Merchant

No. 98

"You know what a selfish world this is; everybody trying to get something; more and more. We're trying to get satisfaction; and we've learned that the best way to get it is to give it.

"Very simple rule to work by; 'be sure your customer is satisfied; with quality, style, fit, service, value; and don't be satisfied yourself until you're sure he is.'"

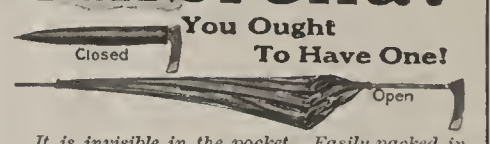
This extract from an advertisement of a retail clothier emphasizes the necessity of backing up advertising with real goods—and added to these goods, the rendering of SERVICE.

This "I serve" spirit is the reason for the effectiveness and power of advertising. That's why I call Maurice L. Rothschild merchant, and don't think of him merely as retailer or storekeeper.

H. G. Hammesfahr.

Manager Advertising Department

Have You A Pocket Umbrella?



You Ought To Have One!

It is invisible in the pocket. Easily packed in any Satchel. Strong and Durable. Always with you without *Inconvenience. Just* the thing for travelling—or *any* day.

An Ideal Christmas Gift!

For Wife, Mother, Sister, Sweetheart or any Men Friends

It takes just three seconds to uncover and pull out to a perfect, full size umbrella, and stronger than any of the old style umbrellas. It is just as easily telescoped to a miniature umbrella, only 15 inches long and 1½ in diameter. It is the only umbrella that telescopes to fit in the pocket, grip, suit-case or hand-bag, so that you always have instant protection without inconvenience.

It costs no more than other good umbrellas and lasts longer. Made in several designs, both ladies' and gentlemen's styles, all of highest grade. Sold on money-back guarantee. Ask your dealer for one. If he cannot supply you, *write us* and we will tell you how to get one without cost *provided* you send your leading dealers' names and addresses. Ask for interesting booklet and price list.

POCKET UMBRELLA CO., Dept L2, Findlay, Ohio

Rémoh Gems

Marvelous Synthetic Gems

Look and Wear Like Diamonds
Not Imitation

—the greatest triumph of the electric furnace. *Will cut glass*—stands filing, fire and acid tests like a diamond—guaranteed to contain no glass. Remoh Gems have no paste, foil or backing—their brilliancy is guaranteed forever. One-thirtieth the cost of a diamond. These remarkable gems are set only in 14 Karat Solid Gold Mountings.

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Write for our 4-color De Luxe Jewel Book—yours for the asking.

Remoh Jewelry Co.
638 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

20¢ Anti-Nicotine "JIMMY" Pipe

3 for 50c

A sample can of my famous Community Mixture FREE when 3 pipes are ordered.

THIS will be your "Jimmy" pipe after the first smoke. No matter if you own a hundred pipes, you will reach for your "Jimmy" pipe every time.

Talk all you want to about the flavor, aroma and smoothness of tobacco. I know this—a lot of that flavor, a lot of that aroma—a lot of that smoothness—is made or killed by the pipe. In this "Jimmy" pipe you get all of the flavor, all of the aroma, and all of the smoothness, and at the same time robbing the tobacco of its nicotine poison.

There's no guesswork about this pipe.

The "Jimmy" pipe is the result of study, experiment and experience.

Get Pleasure Without the Poison

The cup is made of Meranto, mined in Scotland, and baked in electric ovens until it is hard as rock but still porous, just like the finest meerschaum, which absorbs the dangerous nicotine. The stem is of sweet-tasting Weichsel wood, grown in the German forest. The bowl is made from choice second growth hickory. The combination forms that sweet, mellow taste which is the perfection of pipe smoking.

It isn't the prettiest pipe you ever saw, but it is the sweetest, coolest and all-around, most enjoyable pipe you ever smoked. "Jimmy" pipe is the right name. Prove this at my risk. Send me 20c for one pipe or 50c for three, and if you don't agree with me, say so, and I will return your money.

To show my heart is in the right place, I will send a sample can of my famous Community Mixture if you order three pipes. My 1912-13 Smokers' Guide is free with every order.

H. MENGES, The Smokers' Friend
319 Menges Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.

WHITE TOWN CARS

Built Particularly For Women

THE White Forty Coupe is the pioneer woman's gasoline car. To the woman who drives, it offers the touring radius and flexible speed of the gasoline roadster, combined with the comfort, safety, and ease of operation of the electric brougham.

The left-side drive admits of easy access to the driving wheel from the curb. The White Electrical Starter, positive under all conditions, not only is operated by one simple motion from the seat, but also renders impossible the inconvenience of the engine being accidentally stalled. The lighting of the car, electric throughout, is likewise controlled from the driving seat.

The first of its kind, the White Coupe is the recognition of woman's demand for a clean, safe motor carriage for town and suburban use, having the grace, speed, and radius of travel which only a gasoline car can give. White Coupes are built in Thirty, Forty, and Sixty horsepower models.

The White Company
CLEVELAND

Manufacturers of Gasoline Motor Cars, Trucks and Taxicabs

How Is Business?

Could you profitably use suggestions for increasing your business?

Would you like to get a few valuable profit producing pointers?

Under the heading "Business Builders" in Collier's National Directory, in the first and third issues each month, you will find ways of enlarging the scope of your business.

They are not get-rich-quick schemes — but safe, sound methods, the reliability of which Collier's guarantees.

It will pay you to look in the Dec. 7 issue for these helps.

Collier's National Directory

Small advertisements classified for the convenience of Collier readers.

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Save $8.00 to $22.00 on

Hoosier Ranges and Heaters

Why not buy the Best when you can buy them at such low unheard-of Factory prices. Our new improvements absolutely surpass anything ever produced. Save enough on a single stove to buy your winter's fuel. Thirty days free trial in your own home before you buy. Send postal today for large free catalog and prices.

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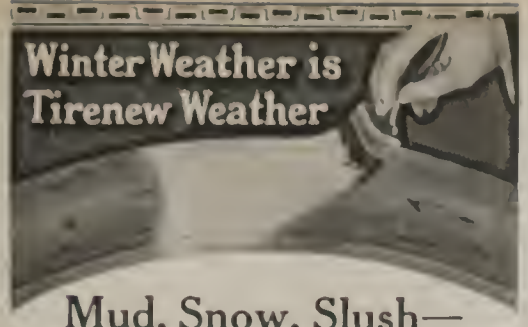


Mud, Snow, Slush—

this means that your tires are practically running in water—moisture is constantly soaking into the tire fabric through the cuts in the outside, rubber coating, rotting the tire, shortening its life and inviting blow-outs and rim-cuts.

Narco Product — TRADE MARK

TIRENEW

Waterproofs and Protects

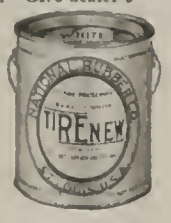
A liquid, unvulcanized rubber compound with a base of pure gum; thoroughly waterproofs the fabric, protects and preserves the whole tire—the liquid tire insurance against oil, moisture and air. Makes tires look like new.

Tirenew Before Storing—

don't store your car without first Tirenewing the tires INSIDE AND OUT—it will prevent storage deterioration. Then when you DO put the car in commission again your tires will be in shape to resist oil and moisture.

Many Garages
do Tirenewing—ask yours.

A Trial Can—Send 25c in stamps for a trial can—contains enough to Tirenew one tire. Give dealer's name and state which color you want—tire gray or pure white.



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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 23, 1912 — SATURDAY

VOLUME FIFTY — NO. 10

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This Starts Any Motor–Any Time –On First Quarter Turn

Champion Priming Plugs will start your car or engine *any time and every time* on the first quarter turn because they insure both a hot, fat spark and a rich mixture right at the plug's firing point. Absolutely necessary in cold weather for *most* cars—highly desirable the year 'round on *all* cars.

Open needle valve slightly (you needn't remove glove) and inject gasoline. Passing through its own channel to plug base, it vaporizes directly at spark point.

Gasoline will not vaporize in a cold cylinder on wintry, windy days.

The best spark possible cannot reach down to the gas.

A few drops of gasoline at the spark will instantly do the trick. With **Champion Priming Plugs** you will *always* start.

They save towing bills or cost of help from a garage.

Run your car through the winter without annoyance or loss of time; with **Champion Priming Plugs** it is always ready to *go*. Don't wait for another cold day to prove that you must have them.

Champion Spark Plugs are regular equipment of over 60% of the American cars today, including the two largest manufacturers: Ford and Overland.

Now comes the **Champion Priming Plug,** which adds to the perfect spark plug a perfect priming device—needed by every car owner.

Champion Priming Plugs will not foul or "soot-up"; will not leak compression; porcelain will not crack or points burn under any conditions.

We stand behind every Champion Plug, guaranteeing both workmanship and entire satisfaction—or your money back.

If your dealer is not yet supplied, send us $5 in any convenient, safe form and we will send you a set of four Champion Priming Plugs, prepaid, the day we get your order.

Please give name and year of your car, and name of your dealer

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY

101 Avondale Ave., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

This Christmas Give Your Wife an Electric

An Electric for her *very own*—what more enjoyable surprise could your wife receive on Christmas morning? Every woman longs to own an Electric. Every woman knows the comfort, convenience and heightened social prestige it gives. Why not make this the *happiest* Christmas?

Your wife would love to drive about in her own Electric—quiet, fashionable, simple and safe. She can pay her social calls; do her shopping; attend the theatre and reception. *You* will enjoy the convenience of it, too.

And Christmas is the season of seasons for an Electric. The cold, biting winds and snow flurries without make you feel all the cosier within an Electric. There is such exhilarating pleasure in gliding noiselessly down the boulevard, through the park, threading in and out of congested traffic—quickly, easily, without bother or effort.

Driving an Electric is simplicity itself—no trouble whatever. Any woman—even a child—can operate an Electric efficiently. The first cost of an Electric is decidedly moderate when you consider its lasting, satisfactory service. Maintenance expense and cost of power is far lower than that for other types of cars.

Interesting literature about the Electric Vehicle sent gladly. Write today.

Before you buy any car —consider the Electric

ELECTRIC VEHICLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

BOSTON — 124 W. 42nd St. NEW YORK — CHICAGO (46)

Chalmers
MOTOR CARS

"Thirty-Six" (4 cylinders)	$1950
"Six," 2, 4 or 5 passenger	$2400
"Six," 7-passenger	$2600
"30" (4 cylinders)	$1600

Limousines and Coupes

(Fully equipped. F. o. b. Detroit)

"Built in Chalmers Shops"

Chalmers cars are manufactured by the Chalmers Motor Company in the Chalmers shops at Detroit, Michigan.

Our buildings, equipment, stock and materials represent an investment of $6,000,000.

We have made this great investment because we believe in the future of the automobile business. We back our faith with our money.

The Chalmers plant comprises 17 buildings laid out over a thirty-acre site. Three of the main buildings are shown above.

These 17 buildings contain over one million square feet of manufacturing floor space.

The equipment of our factory consists of the most modern machinery and labor-saving devices—unexcelled in any automobile plant in the world.

Employed in this factory are 4,000 men engaged in the work of designing, building and testing Chalmers cars.

WE state the above facts because we want you to realize that Chalmers cars are *manufactured* cars; that the parts are made by the same company that puts its name on the finished product.

Nearly every essential mechanical operation, from the engineer's designing board all the way through to the shipping platform, is carried on by Chalmers workmen in the Chalmers shops, under the direction and control of Chalmers executives.

We believe this is the only way to insure permanent success in the automobile business. If we were manufacturing typewriters, adding machines, railroad cars, or anything else, we would not buy our parts outside. For experience has shown that the greatest accuracy and greatest economy come from concentrating manufacturing operations in one plant and building complete one particular product.

This is the logical and the right system in any industry. The automobile business is no exception. It is subject to the same commercial laws and rules and the same manufacturing methods as other businesses. We realized in the beginning that to continue permanently in this business we must equip our plant to build our own parts. And we have done so.

The Chalmers factory is one of the best equipped in the industry. No other plant is more completely equipped for producing high class cars in large quantities and at medium prices. No other motor car manufacturer builds in his own factory a greater proportion of the vital parts of his car than we do.

Here are some of the operations performed in the Chalmers factory which many manufacturers have done outside in the plants of parts-makers:

We build our own motors complete from the casting of the cylinders to the final testing for full rated horsepower.

We build our own self-starter, designed by Chalmers engineers and patented by the Chalmers Company.

We manufacture our own transmissions.

We cut, temper and grind our own gears.

We make our own axles—all except the bearings. These are Timken.

We heat-treat our own steels—in one of the most perfectly appointed heat-treating plants in the industry

We build our own steering gears. We make our own tops.

We rigidly inspect each part and operation from raw material to finished car. Many parts are inspected not only once, but half a dozen times.

Here are three reasons why we manufacture Chalmers cars in our own shops instead of buying parts from specialty manufacturers and assembling them in our cars. Each reason is important to you as a motor car buyer:

1. ***Accuracy.*** We can make the parts for Chalmers cars better than any parts-maker. With our large volume, we can afford all the special machinery and specially trained men that the motor builder, the transmission maker, or the manufacturer of other parts would employ. All this special equipment we concentrate on Chalmers cars alone. Thus we have all the advantages of quantity production, but the first thing in our mind is *accuracy*.

2. ***Economy.*** In manufacturing our own parts we save the parts-makers' profit. We manufacture just as economically as any parts-maker. We buy our materials as low as anyone. In addition, we get the benefit of lowest cash prices, for we discount every bill.

The savings thus made go to you, partly in the form of added quality and partly in the difference in price between our cars and the high priced cars—which alone approach Chalmers cars in Quality, Comfort, Convenience and Beauty.

3. ***Service.*** The wisdom of this policy of manufacturing will be more apparent in three or five years than it is now. For automobiles are not bought for one year, but for several years' service. The manufacturer who makes his own parts is in a stronger position and will be able to give better and longer continued service to his owners than those who are dependent upon the parts-manufacturers.

Into the Chalmers cars we have put the best thought, the most skillful craftsmanship, the most vigilant inspection of our 4,000 brain-power organization. We have built cars in which we take pride. Every part represents ourselves. Every part represents an ideal.

Building the cars in our own plant by our own men and under our own eyes, we are able to make them measure up to our ideal—Chalmers, the utmost motor car value at the price asked.

We believe this is the kind of a car you want. See it at our dealer's salesroom.

And let us send you the "Story of the Chalmers Car." Many have told us it is the most interesting automobile book ever written. Write for it on the coupon.

Note These Chalmers Features

Comfort, convenience, luxury and good looks distinguish the Chalmers 1913 cars. Power, strength and reliability are built into every inch of the Chalmers chasses. These cars offer all you can ask in motor car satisfaction. They are quality cars at medium prices.

"Thirty-Six" (four cylinders)	**$1950**
"30" (four cylinders)	**$1600**
"Six," 5-passenger	**$2400**
"Six," 7-passenger	**$2600**
"Thirty-Six" Limousine	**$3250**
"Six" Limousine	**$3700**
"Thirty-Six" Coupe	**$2250**
"Six" Coupe	**$2700**

(Prices include full equipment and are f. o. b. Detroit)

Note these splendid features of the "Thirty-Six" and "Six" and judge for yourself the superiority of the 1913 Chalmers cars.

Electric Lights. Gray & Davis electric lighting system, acknowledged to have no superior, is regular equipment.

Turkish Cushions. Most comfortable and highest grade automobile cushions made. Soft as a down pillow.

Eleven-Inch Upholstery. Featured on some of the highest priced cars. Seats are as comfortable as your favorite armchair.

Chalmers Self-Starter. A year's use has proved it the simplest and most reliable on the market. Operates by compressed air.

Four-Forward Speed Transmission gives maximum of flexibility; provides a proper gear for every condition.

Long Stroke Motor. 4¼" bore; 5¼" stroke. A motor of unusual power. Built complete in the Chalmers shops.

Continental Demountable Rims. Make it possible to change tires in a few minutes and without hard work.

Large Wheels and Tires. Insure easy riding and low tire upkeep. 36" x 4" tires on "Thirty-Six"; 36"x4½" on "Six"; 34"x4" on "30."

Long Wheelbase—118" on the "Thirty-Six"; 130" on the "Six"; 115" on the "30."

Beautiful Bodies. The new-design, flush-sided metal bodies are exceptionally roomy. Finish unsurpassed by that of any other car.

Nickel Trimmings. Handsome; easy to keep clean and bright, regular equipment.

Dual Ignition. Most reliable ignition system built; maximum range of spark control.

Improved Carburetor. Readily adjustable from dash to suit all driving conditions.

Speedometer. A jeweled magnetic speedometer, specially designed for Chalmers cars, is regular equipment.

Silk Mohair Top. A splendid, perfectly fitting top, tailor-made in Chalmers shops.

Rain-Vision Windshield. Easily adjustable, good-looking, specially built for Chalmers cars.

Please send "Story of the Chalmers Car" and 1913 catalog.

Name .....

Address .....

Collier's, Nov. 23

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

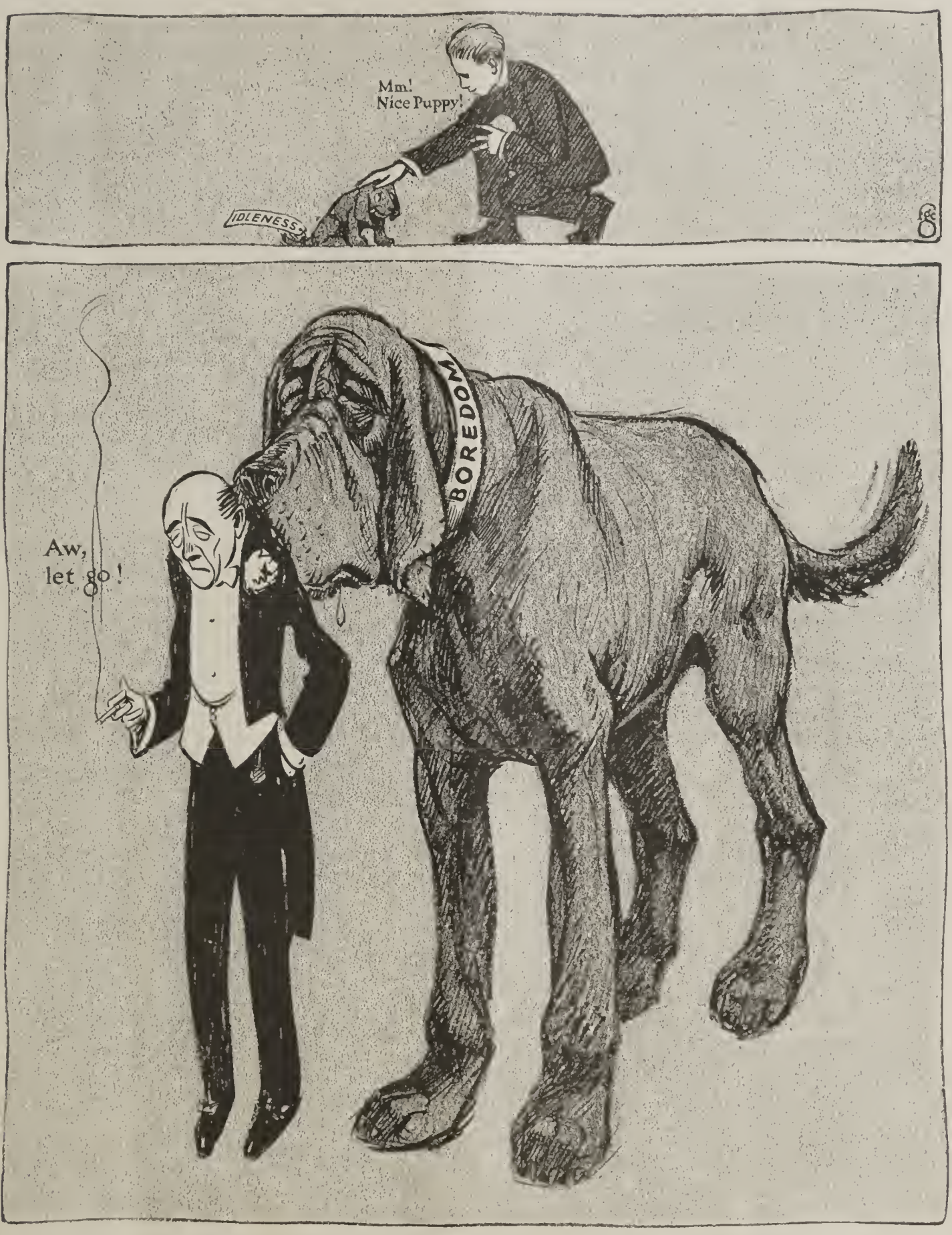
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



Natural History

Unto Others

A SONG *of those within the desert places—*
The dull, the strange, the erring of all lands,
Who face the future with despairing faces,
And stretch forth pleading, unavailing hands.

The heirs of poverty, the slaves of weakness,
The arrogant who will not heed commands;
The spiritless who wear a coward's meekness,
The desperate who spill life's creeping sands.

Oh! holders of the prized and vantage places,
Oh! sharers of the peaceful, happy days,
Oh! scions of the wise and favored races,
Oh! revelers along the sunny ways—

I beg a moment's pause, with earnest faces,
That common blood and Fatherhood demands;
A prayer for those within the dreary places
Who stretch forth pleading, unavailing hands.

GEORGE W. PRIEST.

THE NOVEMBER RECESSIONAL

FOR HALF A YEAR we have been fed on nervous excitement. We have lived with politics and baseball and football, with war and with murder, till the mind is slightly weary of the blare. That period of high excitement is ending. The tumult is dying in a long receding roar. The torches of the political redeemers and their marching men burn out. The clean turf of famous fields lies buried under leaves and the early snow. Bleachers and grand stands are as empty as the heart of SCROOGE. From their recent frenzy, the people return to steadfast ways. Now, as always, men build their homes out of love, and, by the hard work of their hands, safeguard it against change and loss. That is the stuff of history, under the drums and tramplings of the conquests. Then, as now, men turned to the age-long striving, lighted for a little by youth's romance, and warmed through after years of sag and weariness by the steady comforts of the home. Always men live in these invisible values, and go about their ancient work.

THANKSGIVING

ONCE MORE a young and mighty nation pauses a moment in its noisy toil to give thanks for its manifold blessings and sing its harvest home. Since the first man dug for roots in the perilous forest with his little ineffective stones, and raised his voice in an ecstasy of gratitude to some unseen giver of food, man has gathered his family about him and given thanks for the harvest. As we stand in our public places and sit about our board, let us be grateful first and last and beyond all else that we have bread to eat. The crops are at the bottom of the nation's prosperity; its wealth, its learning, its art, its virtue depend on its food supply. Few men can be good or useful if they are hungry; no nation can be happy if the harvest fails. There is no army of defense like the tillers of the soil, no public servant like the farmer. He stands as the gods of our ancestors and makes our truce with nature. Whether he himself plows his stony fields or rides his mowing machine over the limitless prairies; directs his darkies on the old plantation, or guides the water on to his Western apple ranch, he is, of all of us, the nearest GOD, for he is the ultimate creator. This year the harvest is the largest in the history of the country; the corn crop is the best the world has ever seen. Well may we thank the GOD of our fathers and His faithful human husbandmen for the blessing of which no war can deprive us, which no politics can imperil, no sadness mitigate. For the year to come we shall have the foundation of all happiness. We shall have bread to eat.

HAVING FUN WITH COLLIER'S

TO BE ABLE TO LAUGH when the joke is "on you" is to possess a healthy human quality. The man who has this gift will not see himself as playing too large a part in the world's affairs. He is likely to save his self-esteem many buffets and to go about his work a more contented, if a less exalted, being. COLLIER'S has had no little joy of late from the "jolts" it has received. No sooner have we recovered from being described as "a millionaire Eastern magazine" than we learn we are "a muckraking, Socialistic sheet, appealing to the passions of the mob." We are pictured as a high brow and a prig only less often than we are accused of being truculent and uninformed. We resemble, according to our critics, something between a spring poet, an anarchist, a Standard Oil magnate, and Gyp the Blood. Senator WARREN is convinced that we thrive by blackmail; a correspondent of the Richmond (Ind.) "Palladium" sees us as "a disappointed millionaire reformer, like PINCHOT"; while another contemporary is certain that the Harvester Trust had enough left to "put COLLIER'S over for the third party ticket." These are hard rôles to reconcile, but, as versatility has also been ascribed to us, we shall endeavor to keep up the supply of "vital spots" in which our friends, the newspaper paragraphers, may lodge their barbed shafts.

'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but . . . 'twill serve,

says MERCUTIO of his wound. We may give thanks, then, at this season (was it Dr. JOHNSON who once said: "I am glad that he thanks GOD for anything"?) that we are not so rich that we must dodge taxes or live abroad; nor so radical that we must suspect of larceny every neighbor who is richer than ourselves; not so blinded by altruism as to hand over our modest carpetbag to the first stranger who shakes us by the hand and asks us if we "Be n't Uncle SILAS from down Squash Corners way?" nor so mercenary that we must lie awake o' nights conspiring against the pennies of the poor.

PORTRAITS OF TWO STATESMEN

FROM A STENOGRAPHIC REPORT of a speech delivered at Laramie and elsewhere throughout Wyoming by Senator WARREN, Republican:

I hope you have all had COLLIER'S. If not I will try to get a few copies and give them to you. It advises the country that you have got three grafters in Congress—two in the Senate and one in the House, and, by the way, did you ever know COLLIER'S to say a good thing of Wyoming in your life? I never did. I never knew COLLIER'S to say or do a thing that would tend to boost Wyoming or anything in her, or the States around her. . . . Now they advertise through COLLIER'S that you have been keeping men in Congress who are grafters and scoundrels and thieves. What kind of advertising is that for Wyoming? . . . in all these COLLIER charges there is nothing new except that I am guilty of getting buildings for the State; there is nothing that is less than ten years old. . . .

I seldom answer everything that the newspapers say about me in election time, because you and I know that they lie by the yard and by the mile even, and you and I know that when we do answer a thing they will say you have not answered it, and they will bring up another page about you, and it takes all your time to answer them. In the case of COLLIER'S, an alien paper, paid for, of course, by those who are opposing me, controlled by millionaires in the East, I will touch upon briefly, because I feel that there are strangers here who may want to know about it and my friends may want something to say about it. . . . First, there is an element in the East that has had control of the New England and Middle Eastern States for years and years which are jealous of the position I have got in the United States Senate. It is not, I am happy to say, among the Senators to any great extent.

COLLIER'S is a muckraking paper anyhow, and, as I have stated before, you have never heard of their writing anything good about us, and everything they have written is from ten to thirty years old, except that about getting the public buildings. Everything they have said is at least ten years old. . . .

Concerning Senator SIMMONS of North Carolina, Democrat:

EDITOR COLLIER'S: WASHINGTON, N. C.

I heard with my own ears Senator SIMMONS'S outdoor address in Newbern on October 31 to thousands of people, in which he denounced COLLIER'S in most bitter and venomous terms. In part, he said it was the meanest, dirtiest, mud-slinging, muckraking, radical sheet published in the United States, and any white man in North Carolina ought to be ashamed to let it come in his home. This is only a little of what he said about you. But it will give you an idea how much the Senator likes you.

J. E. ADAMS.

"JUST CALL ME MAY"

IN A DRUNKEN BRAWL in a dingy flat a girl is mortally stabbed, and as the police, bending over her, ask her name, she says: "Just call me MAY; that will do. I do not want to tell you who I am." And the press of a great country reprints the little sentence from coast to coast. The wise words of a great philosopher would not be given more publicity. Why? Because, after all, the little things are the big ones. The simple are the universal. And because the one unappeasable hunger of the human mind is for drama. It is thus that the yellow press can hold the multitude. Virtue we need, wit we need, philosophy we need, but drama we must have. The scare head calls her a beauty. She was probably no more beautiful than she was good, but she did the one thing which could thrust her, if only for a moment, from the sordid unimportance of her little life on to the screen of the world's events: she died dramatically.

ETERNAL YOUTH

IT WAS young IDAS, if we mistake not, who, in Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS's poem, lay "wounded with beauty in the summer night." We like to surmise the feelings of this susceptible young Greek were his eyes to fall upon those maidens of a later day who make of a ramble in the city streets or of an excursion to a football game so dangerous an adventure. From over furs and velvets, whose softness they put to shame, look out at us these faces of sweet peril. "Shy as a squirrel and wayward as a swallow," the disarming innocence of their frank regard is the very poisoned tip of the arrow of the mischievous god. The Elizabethan lyrists experienced many naïve hardships in their time because of the beauty of their ladies. Witness DRAYTON's:

Good folk, for gold or hire,
But help me to a crier;
For my poor heart is run astray
After two eyes that passed this way.
. . . . . .
For God's sake, walkin' by the way,
If you my heart do see,
Either impound it for a stray
Or send it back to me.

Though the troubadour no longer fingers his troubled lute, we may be sure that there is stored up each day in the heart of youth some image of vexing loveliness as an earnest that the Maker's hand has not lost its cunning.

MARCHING ON

IS THERE ANYWHERE in the world a better sport than marching for a principle? The band strikes up a heart-inspiring air, the column swings off down the avenue to the rhythmic beat of drums, the cool wind unfurls the banners with their bright colors and their lofty sentiments, the crowd cheers, the horses tramp, and all the little worries of a narrow life fade away in one glad, free, onward stride. And now the women have taken to marching. Well, why not? Surely a woman needs all the inspiration and the fellowship that she can get to help her take life gallantly. Men have always had martial music and the applause of the people to cheer them on to battle, but women, who have the hardest battles and the heaviest burdens, are told to endure with patience. All sorrow and pain and hardship is multiplied many times when it must be taken passively. By all means, let the women march, whatever they want to march for, getting all the fun and companionship and courage they can from flying banners and martial music and fellow soldiers, that they may go back, each one to her separate battle, and face life valiantly.

CARICATURES

"CARICATURES," says EMERSON in his "Journal," "are often the truest history of the time, for they express in a pointed, unequivocal action what really lies at the bottom of a great many plausible public hypocritical maneuvers."

"DRESSING UP"

WHAT CHILD does not enjoy "dressing up"? Our mimicry is frankest in childhood. What little girl has not put on a long skirt, "done" her hair, and given a tea party to her little friends, all in their mothers' dresses? "Dressing up" is not, however, outgrown. JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU wore an Armenian costume with fur trimmings that proved highly becoming; ROUSSEAU's disciple, TOLSTOY, used the smock of the Russian peasant. BALZAC wrote his novels in the garb of a monk. CHATEAUBRIAND never wearied of clothes as clothes nor of exotic touches. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, who loathed CHATEAUBRIAND, doted on dinky little caps and tight trousers, and enjoyed "making up" for amateur theatricals. Then there is PIERRE LOTI, CHATEAUBRIAND's literary heir, who was in America recently. How could the typical American "interviewer" comprehend LOTI's absurdities? We, for our part, would deny him neither the rouge pot nor the right to wear a Persian costume in his country house if he likes Persia and paint. Latins are born actors; that partly explains their picturesqueness. They are not so much afraid as Anglo-Saxons are of being a bit "different"—or even a bit ludicrous. LOTI is said to sleep in a bedroom modeled on the chamber of a Breton peasant, with a checked cotton coverlet and a pair of wooden shoes under the bed. This is at his home in Rochefort. Of course, in Morocco, he has delighted in Arab habiliments and a burnoose; in his book about that country he avows his weakness for "the fantasy of disguises." It is a harmless indulgence. If MARIE ANTOINETTE and LOUIS XVI lost their heads, it was not because they played at milkmaid and watchmaker.

THE TRUE COSMOPOLITANS

WE ARE NOT an isolated nation. We are more at one with the old countries than they are ever at one with each other. They are neighbors; we are their brothers. There is an upheaval somewhere in the world, and the citizens of France or Finland may become involved. Some of us always do. Few of the heroes of history are unhonored in our public places. In one city stands a monument to KOSSUTH, "Erected by the Hungarians resident in America"; in another a statue to GARIBALDI, "Erected by the Italians resident in America." These wistful people come and come, bringing their lares and penates and setting up their national heroes in our public squares. War breaks out in the Balkans, and the little man who blacks our shoes is going out to fight to the finish for his country's honor. There is war five thousand miles away, and the woman who sells us oranges is kissing her husband good-by for the last time. So does the pulse of the world beat in our city streets.

THE MOB

THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC NOTE of modern life is the dominance of crowd psychology. Present-day thinking is done very largely in the mass. The individual who stands out like a lone pine above and apart from his fellows is not so common as he once was. More and more men come to do things together, and together to reach toward the heights and to sink into the depths. They gather together in many places and for many reasons, at the theatre, before the score board at the corner, on the sidewalk as the parade goes by, and for a moment they are as one man, swayed by one emotion, driven by one impulse. Never before in history has this been so universally true. So it is peculiarly suitable that in the present production of the most tried and true of all our old stage friends, "Julius Cæsar," the mob should be the most striking feature. The old-time way of delivering what is probably the most clever campaign address in the English language, ANTONY's speech to the Roman mob, was in a steady burst of oratory as from a pulpit: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears." Those of us who have never before heard it delivered in any other way are astonished at the vast enhancement of meaning and interest when the mob is made an organic part of the performance. As Mr. FAVERSHAM delivers the speech, it goes something like this:

Friends! [roars of rage] *Romans!* [howls] *countrymen!* [roars] *lend me your ears!* [roars of denial];
I come to bury CÆSAR [growls], *not to praise him* [skeptical growls].
The evil that men do lives after them [roars of assent];
The good is oft interred with their bones [skeptical roars];
So let it be with CÆSAR [growls]. *The noble* BRUTUS [cheers]
Hath told you CÆSAR *was ambitious* [loud cheers], etc.

It is but another tribute to the genius of SHAKESPEARE that such a speech, treated as pulpit oratory, should yet have held us spellbound all these years.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES

WE HAVE OBSERVED before that there is nothing new under the sun. We again deliver ourselves of this original remark, for we have just seen, walking about the stage in a Roman tunic, what we thought was the most modern of phenomena, the ward boss. He is called merely "a citizen," but, during ANTONY's speech, he is the voice of the mob and at the same time the leader of the mob. He both follows and directs his fellows from

We will build him a statue with his ancestors

to

We'll burn the house of BRUTUS.

We should also like to draw our readers' attention in this connection to another speech. When commenting on the newness of the modern woman and her picturesque demands for equality, read in the same play PORTIA's speech:

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, BRUTUS,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
PORTIA *is* BRUTUS' *harlot, not his wife.*

VERACITY

BRUTUS was a plain, blunt man; ANTONY was nothing of the sort But ANTONY said he was a plain, blunt man, and the crowd believed him. Times have changed. The modern ANTONYS can't get away with it so easily. Wherever we come from, we all have a fellow feeling for Missouri.

Rear-Admiral Knight, commanding the squadron

To Protect Americans in Turkey

Loading supplies on board the Tennessee at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. This ship and the Montana compose a special-service squadron which, under the command of Rear-Admiral Austin M. Knight, is to guard American interests during the war in the Levant

Turkish Prisoners

Turkish soldiers who have been captured in battle being led away by their Bulgarian captors. The prisoners are being escorted to the rear, where they will await the outcome of the war and the fate of their native land. The Bulgarians are humane to their prisoners, considering the hatred that exists between the races. In some instances the prisoners are being utilized to finish stretches of railroad which were under construction when the war broke out. The division between Yamboli and Kizil-Agach was completed by eight thousand prisoners, and Bulgarian troops later were transported over the new line to take part in the general assault upon the Tchatalja forts

THE TIGER COMES TO CAMBRIDGE

A Doddering Graduate Views One of the Season's Big Games

By ARTHUR RUHL

THERE are still old men in the world who can remember the '66 Harvard-Princeton game. Out of the dark backward and abysm of time they can still see the setting sun shining low across that melancholy field and themselves rising with the rest of the beaten to roar out for the thousandth time the long, slow Harvard cheer. The score was 6—0 in Princeton's favor and time was nearly up, when there was a stir among the coaches, a few quick whispered words of instruction, a slap on the back, and one of our oldest and dearest—an ancient, twenty-three years old, perhaps, who had fought three years for the Crimson and had to gnaw his heart out on the side lines all that desperate afternoon—went in to save the day.

It was one of those moments when the world stands still, and in that stillness a lone bugler, with a diabolical ingenuity for twisting the steel in the wound which could only come to a cornetist in a college band, saw fit to stand up and wail out "Fair Harvard." The brazen notes fused with the gold of the declining sun in one exquisite dying fall, the teams gathered, crouched, broke—and round the new man's end went a Princeton runner for another touchdown!

That was the end, and the undergraduates trailed back to Harvard Square in the dusk, to write long letters home or lean on the mantelpiece and weep gently into the grate which was the only thing the Corporation gave them in those days with which to keep warm. Nowadays they have steam heat, and telephones in the entries, and even the venerable old dormitories in the Yard have yielded to the modern mania for taking baths. And these soft Ionian ways, far from weakening them, seem actually —but we are getting a little away from our story, perhaps, which is Princeton's next coming to Cambridge, only the other day.

Brickley of Harvard, who kicked three goals from the field

The point is this—it was sixteen years since the Tiger had been seen on Soldiers' Field, and it was a new Cambridge to which he came hunting. First of all, there is the Stadium. This, it appears, is not new, but it was new to me, as doubtless it is to other inhabitants of the hinterland west of the Charles River, and you must have the Stadium in your eye before you can understand what a really remarkable spectacle a "big" football game at Cambridge now is. Here is a vast amphitheatre as high as a six-story building and big enough easily to include a quarter-mile track, and, being made of reenforced concrete, for all practical purposes cut out of solid rock. It can neither burn up nor fall down, nor can the winds blow up through the seats and freeze the occupants thereof, and the hollow inside is so fitted with galleries and stairways that the spectators approach their places easily from behind instead of laboriously climbing up from the front. The steep bank of seats is surmounted by a colonnade, and from the top of this the newspaper reporters and telegraph operators look down like sparrows from the edge of a roof. The shape of the amphitheatre is that of a long horseshoe, and through the open end the spectators can look across practice fields and tennis courts to the boathouses and the Charles and, beyond, the roofs of Cambridge and the tower of Memorial Hall. The first glimpse of that huge audience through the open end of the horseshoe, if you come down a bit late, as I did, after the seats are filled, will certainly make you stop, and the sight from the inside, with the undergraduates singing and cheering and thirty thousand beautiful ladies and highly cultivated and dashing gentlemen in fur overcoats their relatives and friends—looking down, is worth seeing too. People who don't like football are always talking of gladiators and the Roman Hippodrome, but the Romans would have to get up pretty early in the morning to beat this.

It was in this place and before this audience that these twenty-two fortunate young gentlemen had the privilege of showing what they were made of. The scene had changed and the game had changed since the Tiger last hunted along the Charles. The football of '06, from a spectator's point of view, was a fairly simple matter. As the eleven men on his side were solidified into one unit, and the eleven men on the other side solidified into another unit, and both these separate units spent most of their time trying to squeeze into still another unit, about all that was required of him was to know whether the combined mass was moving toward his or toward the enemy's goal.

All this is changed. Something is happening all the time now, and you never know what is coming next. The ball may be in the center of the field one minute and the next—as actually happened when Princeton scored—carried by a couple of forward passes clear down across the line. Splendid gambles these forward passes, for, according to the present rules, the ball may be thrown any distance—eating up a quarter of the field at a throw when successful: when not, of course, carrying the penalty of losing the ball. The doddering graduate, accustomed to the old battering-ram game, has his breath taken away every other minute.

Waller (with the ball), who made the Tiger's touchdown

He hears people about him rattling away about "Minnesota shifts," "secondary defense," and so on, and when he tries to find out just what happened from the newspaper next morning he suspects he must have stumbled into a column of musical criticism. "Princeton revealed the general style of her attack," he reads, "in this first period. On the majority of her plays the line shift was made from a formation which in this first movement had only the three center men on the line of scrimmage, a variation of the Yale tackle shift, and like it, save that the ends were also lined up with the tackles, one of them shunted with them to either side of the line," and so on.

THE GAME STARTS—IN FINE FOOTBALL WEATHER

EVEN the field is different. Behind each goal line there is a ten-yard zone extending clear across the gridiron, into which forward passes may be thrown, and if properly completed count for a touchdown. Formerly a forward pass had to be caught before the player crossed the line. The gridiron proper is ten yards shorter than it used to be, and the kick-off is made from the forty-yard line—ten yards, that is to say, short of the middle of the field, measured from the kicker's goal. A team must gain ten yards instead of five, but it has four downs instead of three to do it in. The on-side kick has been eliminated, and there were times during this game when one saw the backs calmly letting a punt hit the ground and bounce round until it came to rest. A touchdown counts 6 and a goal from touchdown 1. A goal from the field counts 3. Each half is divided into two periods, between which there is a minute's rest and a change of goals.

Well, here they were then, with their splendid field and their lively new game and very fine football weather. It had rained the afternoon and evening before. A steady downpour threshed against the windows of our train all the way up from New York. As we crossed the river at New London there was nothing to break the blackness of what one always associates with sunshine, white yachts, and barebacked crews but a dim red light on the bridge pier. As warm and wet as May when we emerged at Back Bay, the wind soon freshened, blew a gale overnight, and when morning came there was the gilded dome of the State House shining bright in the sun, a snipping breeze and frost in the air—perfect football weather. The Stadium field seemed scarcely to have been wet when its straw blanket was raked away, and young Mr. Waller of Skaneateles, N. Y., kicked off for Princeton.

Harvard's left half back, Hardwick—destined later to make the touchdown—caught the ball and was promptly downed on his twenty-seven-yard line. There was a fresh breeze blowing out of the northwest, little felt by the sheltered audience, but brisk enough up in the air, and Harvard promptly went after it. In this endeavor they were assisted, it would be difficult to overstate how much, by the superb punting of Mr. Felton. Mr. Felton hails from Haverford, Pa., and the top of his head is six feet and one inch from the ground. His punts went six miles, more or less, above it. They sailed clear up into the blue ether above the stands, where they could catch and ride on the wind, and they not only went high and far, but very often just where the Princeton backs were least likely to be. Mr. De Witt, who performed the corresponding service for Princeton, although a capable player and the bearer of a name terrible to Princeton's opponents in the past, was nowhere near so successful, even with the wind.

PRINCETON FAST—HARVARD "HEADY" AND VERSATILE

THIS exchange of aerial courtesies having taken place, the two teams settled down to show what they were made of. Princeton played on the offensive with superb dash and precision. She got under way much quicker than Harvard. The forwards and backs would gather, then would come the quick shift, and simultaneously, as a part of the same movement, without the slightest delay—the only way, of course, for the shift to be played against a capable team—the ball would be snapped into play and the runner shot through. The Harvard team, which appeared to have an unusual amount of football sense, sized up what was coming without much difficulty and shifted quickly to prepare for it.

The apparently casual manner in which the play was awaited was a continual source of interest to one accustomed to the battering-ram game, when the two teams lined up head to head like a couple of bulls. Sometimes the formation was comparatively close, but there were other times when the team with the ball faced almost nobody at all. The opposing team was scattered all over the place, waiting, as it presently appeared, to diagnose the shift and see just where it was to be directed. The moment it started, the scattered defense started too, concentrated, and when the ball was ready to be advanced was on the spot to intercept it. There was one especially curious play, later in the game, when Princeton, having the ball, spread almost from one side line to another. If the Harvard team spread out in turn, the two or three left in the "line" would have a good chance to gain through "center," which, at that moment, was scarcely more than an imaginary point. If Harvard didn't spread out, a long forward pass to one of the outlying runners might be expected as a matter of course. The Harvard players scattered as far as they dared and still have a chance to stop a play straight forward. Princeton tried the latter and made a fair, although not startling, gain.

Harvard, sticking pretty close to the punting game while she had the wind, did not unmask much of her offensive work in this first period. The Princeton backs attacked the Crimson line fiercely, but were not

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HARRY MONROE

A Chicago Wonder-Worker Who Used to Make Counterfeit Money and Now Makes Real Men Out of Counterfeits

By

PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

This is the first article of Mr. Macfarlane's new series, "Man-to-Man Preachers," *to gather material for which he has just completed a journey over the country. The purpose is to complement the remarkably successful series on* "Preachers in America" *with vivid sketches of a number of extremely interesting men who both preach to their fellows and reach out for them. This by no means is to say, however, that those of whom Mr. Macfarlane has written previously do not come at close grips with the world and its problems. Nor is this to say that some of those in the new group are not great preachers. The men in* "Man-to-Man Preachers," *in addition to Harry Monroe, will be:*

The Rev. William J. Williamson
of St. Louis, Missouri, to describe whom Mr. Macfarlane chooses the title "The Friendliest Man in St. Louis"

The Rev. George W. Truett
of Dallas, Texas, who once a year rounds up the cowboys on the ranges

The Rev. Mark A. Matthews
of Washington and the Great Northwest, the Crusader of Seattle

The Rev. Francis E. Higgins
Missionary to the Lumberjacks of the Minnesota Northern Woods

The Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman
the man who revived Revivalism in America

THE hero of this story used to make money—counterfeit money. Now he makes men—real men—out of counterfeits, frayed, poorly engraved human counterfeits. Men that once were something and now are nothing—but derelicts. Men that once were ruddy-cheeked boys, whose gravest sin was that they raided the doughnut jar and the jam pot; yet boys who have grown up to be wolves and sharks who prey upon society. Though grown, they have remained children—children of crime—for psychologically your average criminal is often not an average man, but an average child grown old without growing up. They are not so much a cold, plotting sort, as folk who lead felonious lives by first intention, without thinking, without planning, by a sort of instinct. As naturally as you when hungry reach out and pluck an apple, they reach out and pluck a pocketbook or a diamond pin, or stand a man up in a dark corner and harvest him like a crop.

With many of these there comes a time when they grow stale on life as they know it. They get tired and sick of being the hunted, cheated creatures of the underworld. Usually this is after a term in prison or a debauch on rum or drugs. Then they think of trying to play the game square. If at such a time they happen into the little Pacific Garden Mission on Van Buren Street in Chicago, they will meet a man who knows how to help them, for Harry Monroe has been over the route himself.

THIRTY-TWO YEARS OF WORK—FOR OTHERS

FOR thirty-two years now he has stood every night as a coworker in the mission and conducted a jolly—yes, that is the term—a jolly evangelistic meeting. Almost daily he has gone upon the streets to talk and sing his message of hope for the despairing. Wonderful things have happened to this little man, who, with a cap and apron, would pass for your typical jolly innkeeper of French fiction. But no Frenchman, he! Ireland was the heath of his fathers. New Hampshire is his own birthplace; but he will tell you he was born again in the mission in Van Buren Street. And, as I said, wonders have befallen him during his ministry there.

One day on State Street he was talking to a crowd of sporty-looking young men. Suddenly one of them sat down upon the curb and began to look very serious. That young man was "Billy" Sunday, the famous right fielder of the White Sox. That night Billy Sunday came to the little mission, and Mrs. Clarke and Harry Monroe talked with him. That talk changed Billy Sunday from a roistering ball player to a flaming evangel of righteousness, who for two decades and more has gone up and down the land smiting sin after his peculiar fashion.

One night "Mel" Trotter, a drunken barber, staggered into the Pacific Garden Mission. Harry Monroe had words with him, too; told him to get "down on his knees and do business with God." Had you heard of "Mel" Trotter? Perhaps not, because he works among fallen men. That is his specialty. "Mel" Trotter is the greatest evangelist of his times to drunkards. Trotter goes to the drunkard and tells him to hope; *helps* him to hope; prays with him, talks with him, works with him till he has got a new bone in his back and a new will in his heart. Besides, Trotter has a genius for organization. He is the typical, the ideal rescue mission man; but he has syndicated himself. He lives in Grand Rapids and conducts a rescue mission there; but he superintends a chain of rescue missions that extends from Boston to San Francisco. There are more than thirty of these in all—a chain of life-saving stations on the shores of that vast ocean of hopelessness on which the souls of men in the grasp of drug and drink habits toss helplessly to and fro. And this "Mel" Trotter, captain of all these life-saving crews who annually drag thousands of men from liquory graves, staggered, a drunken bum, into Harry Monroe's mission in Chicago only a few years ago.

ONE WHO WAS SAVED

BUT you say these must be exceptional cases. They do not impress you. Ah! but they should impress you. They are doing it every night in the year at the Pacific Garden Mission, and have been for thirty-six years. Twenty of those years Harry Monroe has been in practical charge. The little mission saved him. Now he, through the mission, by the power of his Gospel, saves thousands of others. In those thirty-six years more than one hundred thousand men and women have knelt at its penitent forms. Men have been reformed from drink, from drugs, from stealing, from every crime known to the calendar. Women, too, soiled and bedraggled women, out of the gutters of that great city, as presently you shall see, have come in despairing and have gone out to hope and to win their way back to character.

Let me show you a typical criminal whose heart was touched in the mission. He sat at dinner with me in a restaurant over on the North Side. This young man had spent seventeen years of his life in penitentiaries; four separate terms in four separate States. A drunken father had sent him early from his home in Pennsylvania. Bad associations had the usual effect. He hit a man in the head on State Street one day with a billy—hit him hard. The judge gave him ninety days in the Bridewell. While there, the associate of criminals, he decided to learn to be a crook. He devoted himself to mastering the technique of thievery. Instructors were all about him. When he came out he began as a "moll buzzer," which, you understand, means a pickpocket who specializes on the fair sex; he buzzes the "molls." That was the beginning only. The man did not know fear, and does not yet. No man, no prison has ever cowed him. He has never been on his knees except to God. He and a pal held up a train. Detectives found him with thousands of dollars in his possession. He could not explain its presence. His pal got away. My dinner guest was no squealer. He took his medicine. By the time he came out of prison he had devised another specialty. It provided him with easy money. It had one disadvantage. It landed him in prison about once a year for a three- or four-year term. Once he was out thirteen months. He began to think his luck had turned; but no, he went back again. Each term in prison hardened him more. In an Eastern prison he stood by and saw a convict beat a hated guard to death. The convict, standing in wait behind the door, invited him to join. He declined. The guard, sinking under the blows, appealed to him for help. This he also declined. He saw the convict murderer go to the death cell. He saw him march past to the death chamber. He heard the trap fall. And he felt all this keenly. The criminal is not the least sensitive of men. He is one of the most sensitive. He is all feelings. On the intellectual side his mental processes are primary, and more instinctive than intellectual. But my convict friend's fortunes grew harder. They had to shoot him once to capture him, and they did it unhesitatingly. He thought he had knocked the policeman senseless, but he was mistaken. Shouts and then shots came after him. One bullet passed into his leg, and he kept on going. Another crashed into the bones of his back, and he fell.

Seventeen months ago he strayed into the Pacific Garden Mission. He heard Harry Monroe talk. He heard the triumphant recitals of men he had known in prison. Harry Monroe got his wise hand on his shoulder, he got the love of his Saviour into the man's heart. Ever since the man has lived a straight life. He has not made any great success of it. Things in his past have constitutionally unfitted him for steady employment; but he is overcoming these. He is at work now as a clerk.

I heard him stand up in a little North Side mission and tell his story unfalteringly, facing a group of men who had come out of the Bridewell, and he assured them it was not society but themselves who were at fault.

A MODEST, SELF-EFFACING LITTLE MAN

DO YOU think it is easy for such a man to walk the streets, sometimes without a dollar in his pocket, when he knows how to go out and gather a handful in an hour? No, it is not easy; but he has his face set right. He never was a "squealer" or a "quitter," and his friends can see that he is slowly winning.

But it was Harry Monroe I started to tell you about. He is a modest, self-effacing little man, round as a ball, bald on the top of him, puffy in the throat, and leaning back when he stands to counterbalance an overfullness in his front. His features are smooth except for black brows that look like fur patches on his face.

Part of a Pacific Garden week-night audience—all sorts and conditions. There was a choice collection of human wreckage in the back center, but it melted away when the camera was pointed. Services are held every night

Under these brows are eyes—eyes so small and set in a face so fat that they disappear when he smiles or speaks vehemently. As I told you, too, he once made queer money; but he stopped this for very imperative reasons. In the late 70's he returned again to his old haunts, the streets of Chicago. He was a young, round-headed, hard shouldered tough, who fought and roistered his way up and down Clark Street and in and out of the saloons on Whisky Row. In his own words, spoken quickly and with slight emphasis on the adjective: "I was a *crooked* man." Yes, he was a crooked man in what he cynically believed was a crooked world.

Those were the days when Mike McDonald and George Hankins were the king-pin gamblers of Chicago. Mike's place was "The Store," over a saloon at the corner of Clark and Monroe Streets. Hankins's layout was near the corner of Clark and Madison Streets. These two places became the North and South poles of young Monroe's life. He vibrated between them, drew sustenance from each. Faro, roulette, poker, monte, *rouge et noir*—every device ever used to take money from the padded pockets of cow-punchers, lumberjacks, sailors, or miners who drifted into Chicago to see the world and have a good time, was there. One of the most skillful assistants in relieving these various brands of sports of their money was Harry Monroe. Still, he insists he never was a gambler. The distinction is one I cannot quite see; but I give it to you as revealing a characteristic idiosyncrasy of the man. He will admit that he made bad money and passed it for good; that he stood men up in dark corners and took their money away from them; he will admit that he was a hanger-on at McDonald's and Hankins's places; that he was a capper and a steerer for their games; that when a sucker was to be skinned he did the job and did it "proper"; but, thank God, he never was a gambler.

When I questioned Harry about this seeming inconsistency for a moment, he said, with a sigh: "Oh, well, never mind if you can't see it; but I can see it, and it's a fact. I suppose people cannot understand how I could run with such a bunch and not gamble, but I *never was a gambler.*"

And so, because the kinks in this man's character are as honest as the open sunshine, I write it down flatly: "He never was a gambler."

Perhaps, after all, there is a distinction here that is worth considering. Perhaps the gambler is worse than the highwayman. Indeed, come to think about it, isn't he? Doesn't he rob more people and work infinite'y greater harm? Isn't he far more demoralizing? Yes, honest, Harry, you are right, after all!

AFTER THESE MANY YEARS

TO-DAY Harry Monroe is one of the most respected citizens of Chicago. The great men of that great city admire him; they delight to honor him with their friendship and their confidence. He is a soft-spoken, courteous gentleman who shrinks from notoriety; and yet is willing that his story, commonly known in Chicago, may be widely known in the nation, for the sake of the hope and inspiration it may be alike to men who are down and want to get up and to the kindly-hearted who would help them up if they only knew how. One of the lecture bureaus offered Monroe a flattering number of dollars a lecture for unnumbered nights. He has a family, a devoted wife and charming children who are preparing themselves for a place in the world. That lecture income would be wealth to them and to him. Yet he declined it. It might center his thought upon himself instead of upon the love of Christ. So he toils steadily in the mission from one week's end to the other. He toils for the joy of working, of seeing other men wrought upon as he himself was wrought upon by the spirit of hope from on high.

Now, by the way, the Pacific Garden Mission itself is a reformed institution. Forty years ago it was the Pacific Garden, a beer hall, and one of the worst. But Chicago, in those days as now, had eminent citizens who were both farseeing and unselfish. One of these was Colonel George R. Clark. He was the first man in Chicago to go into the real estate business in a large way, that process of laying out new additions which at one time threatened to bring all of northern Illinois into the city of Chicago. Something caused the owner of Pacific Garden to move. Colonel Clark instantly leased the place and put up the word "Mission" on the old beer-hall sign, leaving the rest of the name standing as it was. Associated with him in this work was his frail little wife, Sarah D. Clark. For thirty-five years, summer and winter, from Sunday night to Saturday night, it is said that this little woman, in the day of her wealth and in the day when most of it was gone, never failed to be in the mission at night, singing and [illegible]—I almost wrote "exhorting," but they do not exhort much at this mission—to the scores of broken men and women who now, for more than a generation, have streamed through that doorway to sit in the grimy chairs with sodden, unstirred minds, or sink upon the beer soaked floors of the old garden and moan out the desire of their wretched hearts for better things.

In the winter of 1880 drink and prosperity were killing Harry Monroe. The "rubes" and the "hayseeds" were easy. He gathered their rolls off from them as the farmers out in the State gathered corn, and he spent it as fast as he gathered it. Whatever else he bought, he always got whisky. Whisky, whisky, whisky! until he was a mere ambling barrel of the stuff. Yet no man who is going down—and Harry Monroe was going down—ever plunges so swiftly that there is not a pause of some sort on the final brink of the abyss. Such a pause came to Monroe. He was at the end of a big spree. But a few nickels remained in his pockets. It was time to pull himself together for another "killing." The hour was six o'clock on an early February evening. He was picking his way through Jim Fitzsimmons's place. It was full of sporting people of both sexes. They were moving about and the scene made Harry dizzy. He took his way to an evergreen tree at the back and sat down. A glass of beer was brought to him. He looked upon the "suds," and for the first time that he could remember there was no desire to plunge his lips into them. He was thinking. The black, bushy brows stood up fiercely on his face. The black, stubby hair stood up fiercely on his head. A moment later he jumped up and left the place—almost ran out of it—leaving his beer untouched. In the next hour he was in half a dozen drinking places, but could not drink. At 7.30 he was staggering past the Pacific Garden Mission on Van Buren Street. He did not know it was a mission, but heard the singing and was attracted by it. Lurching into a seat, he stared stupidly around him. Colonel Clark was on the platform. Monroe's brain was clear enough to ask himself: "What is that fine-looking gentleman doing down among this gang?" Then he saw a little lady moving around in the audience, a lady who gave every indication of refinement. The little lady was Mrs. Clark. The trembling drunkard, who had not been so close to a real lady since he left his mother's home, followed her movements with open mouth and bleared, bewildered eye. There were worthless bums there, lower than himself; men whom he had kicked out of his way time out of mind. She had kind words for them. There was a group of women huddled in a corner, looking half timid, half brazen, and altogether miserable.

He knew their kind; he knew what they were; he even knew some of them himself. The little woman had her kind word for them, too.

Harry Monroe on the platform of the Pacific Garden Mission in which he was converted from a crooked life 32 years ago. He preaches a happy gospel. Most of the row of men behind him have come up from the gutter through the work of this mission

AT THE MOURNERS' BENCH

WHEN the singing stopped, Colonel Clark spoke a few golden words and the testimonies began, although Monroe did not know what to call them. He listened cynically for a time, until he recognized one of the speakers. When last he saw that man he was shivering in the November blasts, without a shirt, wearing only a thin linen coat, and he would have sold the coat for a five-cent drink of levee whisky. Now he wore clean clothes. His face was shaven. He was not a bum. He was a man. Monroe gazed at him in a sort of wonder. Later there were other testimonies that set him thinking, and even some in the huddled group of women stood and expressed a determination to lead [illegible]. The idea of a better life began to take [illegible] mind. That must have been what [illegible] when he turned against the beer on [illegible]. As the meeting drew to a close Colonel Clark made an appeal for men to be prayed for. Monroe raised his hand, but almost imperceptibly. It [illegible], that Colonel Clark had been watching him. Anyway, he reached his side almost instantly, and said: "Young man, did you raise your hand?" Monroe had a blunt, rather-ish way of speaking.

"Sir, I think I done somethin'," he replied shortly. Instantly the great-hearted Colonel had smothered the puffed, trembling hand of the poor drunkard in both of his, exclaiming: "Young man, do you know that Jesus loves you and so do I?"

"That," said Monroe, in telling the story to me—"that was the thing that put me out of business. 'Can I pray for you?' says he. Says I: 'Yes, sir.' We went up to the old mourners' bench, and the old gentleman began to pray. Well, I thought prayer was a mockery. I prayed because he asked me to and out of respect to his interests. However, this is a fact, that when I got on my knees I concluded that it was the right thing, whether any result came or not. It was cold-blooded; it was right to be there whether results followed or whether they did not. And on my knees that night I promised Him that if He would help me I would undertake to live right. I didn't have any great experience, as I hear people talking about. That didn't strike me at all. What I got was just the determinaton to do right and the conviction that God would help me. I just said: 'Sir, from to-night I am going to live right.'"

And now let the writer break into the narrative long enough to say that this absence of any mystical experience is rather characteristic of the man's religion and the marvelous work he is doing. There is little perspiration about his inspiration. There is no cant, no shouting of shibboleths, scarcely any fervor even. The tones heard in the Pacific Garden Mission to-day, under his leadership, are the tones of light-hearted joy. They even laugh when they pray, and they think God laughs, too. They quote Scripture to show that there is "rejoicing in Heaven" when a sinner kneels at the penitent form in the mission, and they reason that there will not be much rejoicing without laughter.

"I AM GOING TO STICK!"

BUT there was no laughter in the soul nor on the lips of Harry Monroe as he set a trembling foot on the stony cobbles of Van Buren Street that night. He was entering upon the grimmest fight of his career. The hooks of hell had hold upon him that night, and he knew it. He got a room in a lodging house, but he dared not go to bed. The thirst for drink came over him. They had given him a New Testament at the mission. All night he sat and pored over that Testament. The thirst gripped harder, and he read and prayed the harder. But at five o'clock in the morning he was again upon the streets. A brewery wagon rumbled by. Monroe was so thirsty that he wanted to lick the dew off the hoops on the kegs. He felt that if Lake Michigan had been one vast sea of foaming, lathery lager, he still could have drained it dry. By half-past six he stood at the corner of Clark and Van Buren Streets, hesitating. The crisis had come. He was debating in his mind whether he would take a drink or not, whether all that had transpired would be for nothing. The very quality of the wickedness of his past life came to the rescue. He was a man who had never run away from a fight. He had always gone the limit; had got what he went after. Twelve hours before he had started after a sober life, and now, though all the pains and racks of the alcoholic's hell were torturing him, he would not be defeated. To himself, then, he almost shouted: "No! *I am going to stick!*"

And he did stick. The battle was a terrible one. It lasted six or seven weeks; but he won, and from telling about it in the mission to becoming Colonel Clark's assistant in that work was really not such a long step, considering the very remarkable talent for soul handling that the young roisterer, now reformed, so kindly developed.

My visit to the Pacific Garden Mission happened to fall upon the night of the thirty-sixth anniversary of its founding, and I looked about me with wonder upon that dingy room out of which such marvelous influences are proceeding. Monroe was leading the singing with a tenor voice, now somewhat frayed but still effective. The spirit of the gathering was not what one usually

(Continued on page 28)

HIS SENSE OF HUMOR

By HIS FORMER WIFE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Teddy had come home and someone was with him

I ALWAYS supposed it was his sense of humor which made Teddy leave me after our nine years of married life. But when I saw him take his place the other evening on a platform well filled with men and women in evening dress, to make the closing speech in a remarkably witty and brilliant program in the cause of a popular movement; when I heard his soft, persuasive accents, once so mockingly familiar; saw him lift his hand in the old gesture to put back that rebellious lock, my surprise at seeing him in that particular place was swallowed up in wonder at his seriousness.

I stood up in my place at the rear of a crowded hall where many were standing. I stared across the sea of heads at him with round eyes. I had suddenly become aware that he was stating many arguments which I had once formulated to his great amusement. He was profoundly in earnest, or I was dreaming. I sat down before he finished speaking, and shrunk back in my place. I felt as though I myself had been making a speech, only that I should never in the world have been able to do it so well. He was cooler than I should have been, and more winsome; less passionate, but more eloquent. Presently there was much deserved applause.

THE meeting was adjourned. I arose to put on my furs, still swamped in wonder. As I turned to settle myself in my cloak I beheld him standing a few paces in the rear, gazing at me with a tentative smile. I think I stared back at him with cold accusation, for the light went out of his clean-cut youthful features (how youthful he did look!), and the corners of his mouth fell babyishly. I looked away, blinking hard. What was Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba? But, clearly, he was waiting to speak to me, for as I would have passed him in the crowd, he held out his hand. An instant's hesitation, then I gave him mine in the old grip.

"I didn't know you were in New York," he said. "I would like to come to see you."

"I think you'd better not," I replied.

My lips quivered absurdly, and I wanted to fix his tie. Then I remembered our seven years' separation and what it had meant to me, what a vast deal it had meant to me in unforgettable instances.

"I may write, mayn't I," and he felt for his notebook.

I gave him the address, hesitantly. Then, suddenly, I knew it was maudlin to be standing there, shaking hands and telling where I lived. It implied an impossibility. I pulled myself together and said good night. I could imagine him making a delicious anecdote of all that. I laughed, too, when I took off my veil and gazed into my mirror. Nine and seven are sixteen—the years since I took off my veil as a bride.

However, I was not too disturbed by the episode. The translating of French stories went on as usual the following days. Marcel Prévost had not lost his relish—I even translated "The Husband of Mlle. Hendier," that ridiculously pathetic thing of the old maid of forty who fancied for years she had a husband. I was myself *une femme seule très contente*, and forty.

BUT when I have finished my evening paper and am about to choose a book from the shelves, my hand hesitates; I find myself drumming on the desk and staring at the eyes of the Botticelli. I am asking the old question again:

"What made him do it? *Was* it really his sense of humor?"

We were both newspaper writers when we married, but throughout our married life we were always intending to quit journalism and become authors. Of course, we had to earn our living, which delayed things. There was a time in Washington when I paid the board bill, earning double Teddy's salary, and more. Then came a time in New York when I had no regular work for a long period. Teddy then paid the board bill and I wrote Sunday stories for pin money. It was at this time I filled long days writing fiction. It was at this time I meditated much and shaped my philosophy.

I WISH to make it perfectly clear how I for years imposed my tedious mental processes upon this poor human being I had ensnared into matrimony under false impressions. He married a girl from the West—energetic, full of daring and enthusiasms. I had a straight blue eye, a man's grip of the hand, a laugh that came from the diaphragm. No one would have called me pretty—but certainly contagiously happy. A square jaw, a long upper lip, should have given warning of what was to come.

What was to come was New York for us both—frivolous, gay, superficial New York, and its reaction upon our different temperaments. Imagine Teddy, supple, slender, clean-cut, sliding into New York ways with a perfect adjustment, laughing back at its Broadway face with merry, all-seeing eyes. But imagine him yoked to a Western woman who refused to go with the current, who set her heels and pulled back like a lassoed heifer. This tired man would come home after a day of rewriting and be invited to listen to this woman's interpretations of New York. I prowled incessantly and wrote about what I discovered.

I don't wish to be too hard upon myself; no one does. But I must be fair to Teddy, for this is to be a human document. So my imagination pictures him stretched out on a couch after dinner, smoking a cigarette and, with half-closed eyes, listening to my effusions. Suddenly he would start up in utter disgust and attack my stuff savagely. "All bad," he would declare. I was too tragic, the stories never would sell.

And he was right. They never did. I still have rejection slips which read: "We have felt the charm of this story, but cannot quite visualize it in the columns of 'The ——.'" On looking these over, Teddy would exclaim: "What did I tell you? You're solemn and stiff and almightyish. Confound it, why don't you drop the problems of the universe and tell a story?"

THEN, to show me how the thing ought to be done, Teddy would sit down to the typewriter and dash off a complete novelette in an evening. He was called a lightning-speed man at the office. When I tell you he wrote ten thousand words on the death of Leo XIII from a press clipping, you can guess what his imagination was. It flowed like torrents of lava from Vesuvius once it was well erupted. Such times as Teddy chose to write a novelette I sat on the floor and picked up the pages as they fell, scanning them with intensest application.

But try as I would to dissemble, I never was able to make believe I liked his stories. To me they were banal, flippant, sleazy. His characters seemed to chatter like very light-headed people with the sort of sentiment one hears in melodrama. I always wanted to say when he finished a manuscript: "Well, what of it?" And yet he sold them. Not to the publications which could not quite visualize, etc., but to publications which paid him a fair price.

He didn't count that success; at least, he didn't flaunt it over me. He just hammered the stories out when he felt like it, and took me out to dinner with the results. "Here's to tragedy," he would say gayly, lifting a glass, and I would reply under my breath: "Thine eyes are like the fishpools of Heshbon." I could not reply: "Here's to spontaneity," for me there was no reality in all his sentimental output.

Underneath my slow mental processes has always been a desperate desire for the real, and the real has often escaped me when it was under my hand, when it was transacting itself all around me. For the matter of that, when are we ever away from the real, even in melodrama? Some one's reality is being enacted even there. Even in farce comedy there may be lurking a tragedy for the tragic heart.

Just before we finally left New York, to go to Boston on the third *étape* of our married experiences, the Bernard Shaw fad had set in. Friends would call me up by telephone to know if Teddy and I had seen "Candida." We saw it two or three times, and it amused Teddy greatly. I will confess the truth, it pained me. The sparkle of its facetious cleverness thrust knives into me, and slashed the tapestry of my social creed. That was just what it was written for, to torture the grave prejudices of such thinkers as I, plodding along the old ways, striving to find reality for ourselves by delving into the earth, diving to the depths of the sea, staring at the stars instead of observing the obvious so plain to the paragrapher and the newspaper artist.

WE USED to have Saturday night gatherings of fellow journalists at our room on the upper West Side, and the philosophy of Bernard Shaw came to be our chief topic of conversation. I never discussed it much, being kept rather busy making Russian tea. The men smoked, and, stimulated with cigarettes and tea, the discussions would wax furious until after midnight. "Man and Superman" had just come out. Whether woman pursued man or man pursued woman was the general thesis. Story after story would be projected in illustration from the memory of these decade-old newspaper writers of the metropolitan journals. From some harrowing tale of a wronged girl shooting her lover in a cab, my mind would make excursions to the "Splendors and Miseries of Balzac." Amid the laughter, staccato utterances, blue haze of smoke, I suffered through imagination while they debated:

"Man is by nature a Mormon!"

"Woman is by nature a Sybarite!"

"Home is the tyranny of woman over man!"

"Man is the victim of suggestion!"

"Woman invented marriage to preserve parasitism!"

I don't suppose there was the slightest seriousness in anyone's thought. It was as if they were all playing in drama at making drama. Somebody's cup was always empty, and I had to attend to the tea table and candles. This preoccupation kept me out of the discussion. In the midst of some battle of absurdities some one would call attention to my facial expression. Then Teddy would declare with mimic tragedy: "She hasn't the slightest sense of humor."

"She's such an infant," one of the women would cry, "she believes in love."

And another: "She thinks husbands are sacred to wives."

And yet another: "She's imagining poor Teddy kicking over the traces and seeking an affinity."

WHEN everyone was gone Teddy would lecture me jocosely on my stiffness while he smoked a last pipe. "Do you know what you are, Toots? You're an anachronism. Or I'll put it to you better: You've lugged Iowa into New York and can't lose it. Sometimes I don't know myself whether you are a reincarnation of Hypatia or just a transplanted Western schoolma'am. Do those little Western colleges fill you so full of Greek history and Milton that you can't ever get it out of your system?"

Our going to Boston was rather unexpected. Teddy had the offer of a substantial increase in salary and

was willing for that reason to leave New York, though he had his doubts about how his sense of humor would take in the city of idealists and "pikers." I asked him what a piker was, and he replied: "A money-grubbing Yankee with a conscience—a horrible conscience, like yours." Then it suddenly came over him that Boston might have a terrible effect on me. At the last moment he hesitated.

I was left behind for a time to settle up numerous small matters which, owing to his determination to take nothing seriously, usually had devolved upon me. And I stayed behind rather longer than I had expected to, largely because Teddy's sense of humor, recently augmented by reading Shaw, was making for coltishness in fresh pastures, to the detriment of remittances. When I arrived in Boston I found him living at a man's hotel with a member of the staff of his paper, and very reluctant to surrender bachelor comfort. He thought I might go to live somewhere on the north shore and let him come to me week-ends. To my middle-class upbringing that was an impossible arrangement.

He had somehow slipped the bridle of our old intimacy. His astonishing proposals filled me with a vague terror. I could not grasp the situation. I felt like a hanger-on, and was miserably ashamed of it. But I had no sensible, practical argument to offset his nonsense. I could only jumble out nervously that there were our things in the freight house and we ought to get settled.

"What," he cried, "you've shipped boxes to Boston? The encyclopedia, the candlesticks, the Bokhara, and the Browning?" He lifted his shoulders comically and made a grimace. "Oh, Toots, you're in for it. You'll take Boston hard."

WHATEVER Teddy meant by that, and you may understand it who, reading, sympathize with him, I did not take Boston hard. I took it beautifully, even as he took New York. I belonged by heredity to New England, and in Boston I felt my heredity assert itself. New York's lower East Side, fetid and clamorous, answered by New York's Broadway, brazen and bedizened, had wilted me. But in New England soil my roots struck out again healthily. Not all at once, but gradually, I regained the sense of well-being. It was Teddy who took Boston hard, as I look at it. His roots needed a special kind of soil, even as the rhododendrons do in that climate.

I found for us a temporary home in a boarding house near the Public Gardens, where I arranged our things and strove to combat the attractions of down-town cafés by shining up the brasses, rubbing the furniture with oil of lemon, going down on my knees to the rug with ammonia and water. I made sofa pillows and bought potted flowers. I burned a pinch of incense now and then, and kept a new magazine under the drop-light. But it was difficult, very difficult, to reestablish the home intimacy. I tried joining Teddy down town instead of stopping at home until he came, but that was infinitely more difficult, quite impossible.

WHEN a community so disagrees with a man that he can only stomach it by absorbing antidotes in its most cosmopolitan centers, he is placed under a heavy assessment. We were facing a new season, a replenishing time. I spent many hours in the shops trying to find something we could afford, and I shall never forget the misery a certain haberdashery window on Boylston Street caused me, the things in it were so good-looking and so frightfully expensive. I accused myself of being to blame for our hard-up condition. If I were not so dull and shabby, if I had more tact in concealing contrivances—there was so much of humiliation in my thinking that I sometimes splashed a tear over the darning of hosiery.

But I wasn't taking Boston hard even then. No, indeed, I was waking up to its variety of opportunity. The Public Gardens soothed and perfumed my spirits all the long summer, and tinted my thoughts with the variety of bloom. The English tea rooms overlooking it comforted my loneliness with their exquisite setting forth of home ideas. The Public Library was a great, cool, restful place of beauty to my hungry heart. My morning walks out Commonwealth Avenue in the midway parking made me meet square-shouldered fathers with tall athletic daughters, and leaning over the bridges of the Fenway I watched the equestrians.

To express what all this meant to me I began writing again, and the experiences of a New York woman in Boston sold, sold to one of the best evening papers of the city. Oh, the great relief of working again! And the checks, though small in amount, were grateful. In the fall I was offered the post of dramatic critic. Then Teddy and I rejoiced indeed. We were able to take a furnished apartment and the part-time service of a maid.

I DIDN'T get a tailored suit and a new hat directly, as I should have been obliged to do in New York. Many Boston women are rather frumpy, especially the literary kind, and I set my teeth over the dowdy figure I presented for the first visits to the theatre. We had signed a lease, and the rent was high, so I meant to go slowly. But after a fortnight I stopped one day at a milliner's and selected a new hat—ordered one copied, rather, and to be sent home, and walked up Boylston Street, reveling in my approaching smartness.

When I arrived home that evening Teddy was there on the lounge, smoking a cigarette.

"Anything new," I asked him.

"Nothing much. Oh, yes, they wiped out my salary this week with a judgment."

"A judgment—what is that?"

"A judgment is a decree of the court given to a suitor. My tailor has just found out I am in good old Boston, and has come down on me for a lot of old things—a raglan coat—and—"

"Why, Teddy, you wore that raglan coat out two years ago. Do you mean to tell me it was never paid for?"

"Do I mean to tell you? Well, no; I never mean to tell you anything like that," and Teddy blew some rings of smoke languidly toward the ceiling.

A little later the boy came with my hat done up in a bandbox and marked C. O. D. With the inherited New England conscience jabbing me with needles, I sent him back with it. Then I went into the bedroom, closed the door, and, opening the bottom drawer of the bureau, placed my salary under the paper lining. When I came out to dinner, Teddy asked me who had called. After some subterfuge I told him.

"Now, do you think that's nice," he asked me, thrusting his hands in his trousers pockets and walking up and down. "You've got into a painful habit of doing things like that, of being obviously abused, of coming it over me with superior righteousness. I tell you what it is, I don't like being made a tyrant of by [illegible]. In fact, I don't like the domination of [illegible] ideas, the ideas of a piker."

Eh, well, there was [illegible] anything very much one could [illegible] very honest trifle. I did [illegible] salary was only one hundred [illegible] two weeks to earn the rent. I regarded that as a serious obligation. It was a rather [illegible] had any notion of the various demands upon Teddy, I should never have consented to taking the apartment. But now it seemed we were in for a winter of it. We got through three months painfully, and then came January, which I think, engraved on both our hearts: "We've paid the rent." Also, it seemed to implant a peculiar grudge in the heart of one or the other.

There were so many theatres in town I was obliged to go out every evening. Composition, especially critical writing, was always slow work with me, so that I rarely reached home before one o'clock. I don't know exactly how Teddy spent his evenings, sometimes at home alone, writing or reading, often away from home. There was a rather gay crowd on his paper; there were card parties and suppers in the homes of some of these news writers. They never came to our apartment, I think, had I been home, they would not have come. They were not the same sort we had entertained in New York—not theorists but realists.

Once or twice Teddy stayed over with a friend. That worried me. In fact, the grind of night work, the absence of Teddy's companionship, our rather silent meals, affected my nerves. I think I took on an injured air. I know Teddy said once quite unexpectedly: "Couldn't you change your expression, sweetheart? Folks will think I beat you."

IT WAS exceedingly difficult to keep the worry tone out of my writing. There were a number of musical comedies running at the theatres simultaneously. Their brand of humor exasperated me to atrabiliar moods. I became lugubrious in my criticisms. The editor spoke to me about it. Ours was a more literary paper than others, but we could not afford to annihilate the farcical in our columns. We needed advertising as well as others, and tolerance for other tastes than our own was not to lower our own standards. In fact, he concluded to shift the staff a little. I might have a day or two "off" and talk things over later in the week.

Teddy did not come home that night and I walked the floor unable to sleep. The following day, having nothing to do, I sent the maid away and shined things to a state of refulgence with the old vigor. Later on I got out some clippings and made notes of the ideas which came to me, mapping out a program for the editor when the time of talking it over came. Night came and I ate a lonely dinner. Afterward I lighted the lamp in the library and sat down to read, determined not to worry. But at nine o'clock I took to walking the floor again. Finally I went into the bedroom and threw myself across the bed. I had scarcely done so when I heard a fumbling at the outer door and sat up to listen. There were voices. Teddy had come home and some one was with him.

"YES, this is where I live. Look at the place. Fine, isn't it?" he was saying.

"Pretty swell, I should say," remarked a strange, male voice.

"But it's always empty. My wife's at the theatre every night. I can't bear the solemn, beastly place. That's why I drop in on Harriet and little Frank so often."

"That's a skittish crowd, isn't it?"

"Well, so-so. Not a bad lot, though. They're what I call 'instinctives.' My wife would pounce on that word with joy. Whew, but she'd use it!"

"Very clever woman, I'm told."

"My wife? Oh, clever, yes, if you like. But solemn as Job. You know, she really reads those dum— 'Industrial Democracy,' 'Battle with the Slums'—puts their arguments into her reviews. She dotes on symphony concerts and Lowell Institute lectures. Look at these walls—Mona Lisa and the Botticelli Madonna. Of course I admire masterpieces—but [illegible] with her [illegible]."

Amid the laughter, staccato utterances, blue haze of smoke, I suffered through imagination while they debated

MY VILLAGE

by RILEY ALLEN

ILLVSTRATED by THE REESES

"We Stopped At The Mossy Trough"

THE railroad passed My Village by when it cut its arrogant way across the broad acres of our county, and we are glad of it now. There was a time when surveyors and engineers drove their stakes up the valley, and My Village viewed their coming with mingled regret and expectancy. But in the end the road went through Medford, ten miles below, and our pretty lanes and venerable trees were left as they have been for a half century. When I came to My Village it had settled back from its flutter of excitement and Medford sniffed at it with some disdain.

You will look in vain for My Village on the maps; and yet it is not many miles from the big city whose tumult sometimes reaches us from afar. We are beyond suburban additions; the summer boarder is unknown, and as yet the valley is guiltless of "mountain resorts" and those bona fide country inns presided over by French chefs and imported English waiters.

Sometimes automobiles flash along the shady road that leads out of the valley, and gay parties stop for a moment to exclaim with delight at our old post office and the great elm that bends above the horse trough, but we have neither souvenir post cards nor apple cider for sale, and the gay parties go on, honking a little less loudly, perhaps. Only I and old Dobbin have discovered it, and that is why I call it My Village and rather resent the motor cars and the people from the city.

We are not enterprising, you see. I am afraid I shall never be enterprising, and Dobbin has long ago left off his pranks of coltish youth and achieved equine dignity and repose. In his stout old heart, I believe, he has called it My Village ever since the day when we stopped to drink from the moss-grown trough under the elm. As for me, there was a pretty good sort of a civil engineer spoiled in the making and a pretty poor sort of a painter also spoiled. I knew it in college, when I graduated second in my class and realized that I knew infinitely more and cared infinitely less about trusses and spans and peak loads than about chiaroscuro and composition.

SOMETIMES now I like to think that I stuck to the trusses and spans, serving seven years as Jacob served for Rachel, only my Rachel was a dream of the open road and the clear sky. And there came a day when, an expert now, I passed critical judgment on a great steel bridge over which, almost before the last rivet was cold, a surge of mighty traffic roared; and that same week in the New York office I shook off blue prints and estimates as one might shake off the shackles. I had a few thousand dollars and some casual investments that seemed bound to uphold my reputation for luck; and there was a tingle of autumn in the air, a tinge of autumn in the woods, to welcome me to freedom.

I am not sure of Dobbin's past, but I think he too had his dreams of freedom. I took him from between the shafts of a milk wagon, the marks of the cruelty of city life in his swollen fetlocks and on his gaunt gray sides, and I led him through back streets to a livery barn and gave him a week of blessed rest. And on a morning such as only early autumn can give to man, we drove away from the city, Dobbin and I and our canvas-topped wagon, caring not at all that folk going to their day's business stared at us, even a little pleased at the curious following of children we gathered.

That is how we discovered My Village, driving up the valley two weeks later, painting a little, browsing a little by the roadside, on terms of contented comradeship with ourselves and the world.

We stopped at the mossy trough, and I saw an ancient sign that announced the post office and general store. Came forth, as we drank, a cheery little man

with a wisp of grizzled whisker and a snarled and smiling face. I bowed to him.

"Be you the photygrat man?" he asked.

"No," I said. "I'm doing a little painting and a little traveling."

"House painting?" said he. "Sorry, but we jest had one through here two year ago. And mostly we paint our own houses, anyway."

"Oh, I'm not a regular painter," I assured him. "I do it just for fun."

"One of them artists, mebbe," guessed the postmaster, and I admitted it—with inward reservations.

"But not a real artist," I hastened to add. "I can't even enlarge crayon portraits."

He chirped out a laugh, and I ventured to give him a cigar. He looked at it doubtfully, read the lettering on the gilt band, but its flavor tempted him and he smoked. No peace pipe could have been more effective. It was cool under the great elm, the postmaster felt inclined to talk. While he enjoyed my cigar, I enjoyed his dry and racy comments, his slow New England speech; and Dobbin, his eyes closed, his scant tail a-swing like a pendulum, enjoyed a quiet snooze.

"Ef you want ter stay," said the postmaster, "mebbe Mary and me could fix you up a few days."

SO THE first summer boarder came to My Village, only he came in the fall. And I was not a real summer boarder, for Uncle Sid and Aunt Mary Huxtable took me to their hearts with the simplicity, the warmth that makes My Village greater than the cities of the earth. Aunt Mary—bless her! Her heart was pure gold, and her cooking as near perfection as possible for the frail works of mankind on this imperfect earth. I slept that night between snowy sheets her mother had woven, a dreamless, happy, untroubled sleep.

The next morning Aunt Mary and I found a pasture for Dobbin, and then we went down to the post office to see the mail come in. There was the sound of a rattling cart on the road, and presently up drove the mail carrier, ten miles from Medford. Uncle Sid came out. We do not get much mail in My Village, but I met many of its celebrities there that morning—"Pap" Mason, the shoemaker, Tommy Shaw, the fifty-year-old blacksmith, who, because his father, eighty odd, still labored skillfully at the forge, was regarded as a mere youngster; old Mr. Morton, who had retired from farm life and therefore, he told me, seldom reached his fields until nine in the morning. A gentle-faced, silvery-haired minister, the Rev. Mr. Grandy, pointed out to me the white spire of his church and asked me to visit the parsonage; the druggist invited me to Sunday dinner.

We were still at the post office when I heard another rattle of wheels, and three veterans came up the road. The first veteran was a tall bay horse, the second a buckboard, the third a man in the buckboard.

"Old Dr. Cameron!" said Aunty Mary. "If you want to meet the father of the prettiest girl in the valley—"

I had no time to stop her. Nor am I sure that I should have objected, anyway.

WE WALKED down to the trough. Dr. Cameron sat in the rickety buckboard, almost overwhelming it. A great crag of a man he was, gaunt and huge of frame. White hair flowed from under his broad black hat almost to his shoulders, and his face was tanned and seamed and furrowed. Like some landscapes, it showed the ravages of the years, and his eyes were gray and a little dim and unutterably kindly, but his big hand retained its grip, and his courtesy was perfect. It savored of other times.

"A painter, eh?" he said, smiling. "I am not sure that we can interest you. But you must come to see us—my granddaughter and myself."

He waved his hand to Uncle Sid and the others at the post office and drove on.

"I should like to paint your doctor," said I to Aunt Mary. "There in his buckboard. He's magnificent!" I watched him down the road, and there sprang to the imagination stories of wild midnight rides for life or death, of lonely vigils by the stricken and comfort for the sorrowing.

"He's gettin' old," said Aunt Mary. "Gettin' old, and soon we'll have a young doctor here, they say." I am not sure but she sighed.

Aunt Mary went back to her baking. I consulted Tommy Shaw as to pulling off Dobbin's shoes for the winter, strolled an hour with the [illegible] of a softened theology, and came home at noon with an excellent appetite for fried crul[illegible] and dumplings.

IN THE afternoon I picked up my easel and paint box resolutely.

"Aunt Mary," said I, "now for it." And that afternoon I spent beneath the giant elm. It was very quiet, and the picture moved slowly. A lumbering farm wagon or two came past, the sturdy horses breathing hard after breasting the long hill, thirst mingled gratefully into the cool waters. The drivers looked almost shyly at me, but we fell easily into talk. Once again the doctor passed, this time driving hard, going past me with a wave of the hand, his white hair flying in the wind and the bay horse trotting with mighty strides. At the sudden noise Uncle Sid came to the door of the post office, shading his eyes and following the speeding buckboard.

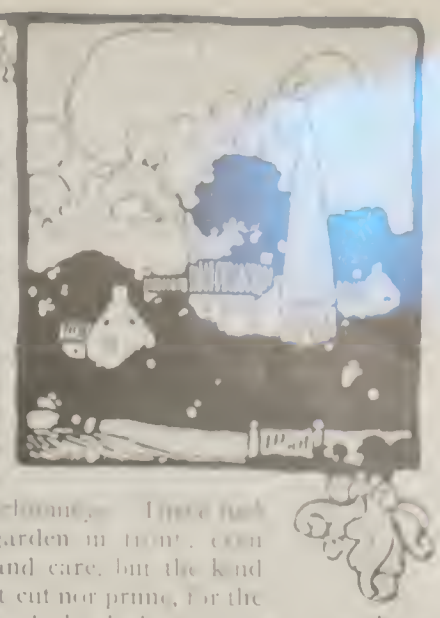
"Must be Mis' Aiken," he said. "Jim's ben expectin' somethin' now for two weeks."

It was an errand of life or death, then! And I hoped it would be life—new life ushered into this peaceful valley. Thinking thus, the picture stopped altogether, and I leaned back, listening to the drone of great flies above the water, to the subdued bark of squirrels high in the oaks, the dropping of early nuts. For autumn was painting the leaves in a riot of colors I could not mix.

At four o'clock the down mail came past, on its way to Medford. By this time I had given up painting for the day, and consigned easel and box to the care of Uncle Sid. The mail went on, and I set out for a walk.

There are few streets in My Village. We have a board of aldermen, but we have not yet come to the problems of asphalt or macadam. I hope we never will. My way that afternoon led through wide highways and under elms and oaks as mighty as those at the spring. School children trooped homeward, laughing, rollicking on the streets, and I, who had been brought up on city squares, wondered dimly if it were top or kite time, and if I could regain my old skill at marbles.

The street became a road, a road that had once been broad, for an avenue of ancient and noble maples



Long Tramps Over Hills And Through The Luring Forests

stretched before me, forty feet at least from side to side. The avenue brought me to a pair of wide-flung gates, and beyond the gates the road became a driveway, ending in front of a great house that stood back under many trees.

I think I should have known the house at once as Dr. Cameron's, for it stood there massive and full of years, and as on him the years had left their mark [illegible] look upon the [illegible] branches the [illegible] dwelt, secluded from the highway. It had once been white [illegible] and there were still traces of paint on its four tall pillars that rose in front. But now it was gray—gray and old—and vines ran wild over verandas and balconies, and even up to its heavy red chimneys. There had been a wonderful garden in front, even yet it showed love and care, but the kind of care that does not cut nor prune, for the hedges grew high and the beds in spring must have been riotous with bloom. I looked at the great trees, and a simple, stately phrase from my mother's Bible rose unbidden to my mind—"the cedars of Lebanon that are high and lifted up"—only here cedar and elm and oak and maple were gathered like old men in regretful talk of their vanished youth and strength.

As I stood there before the gates, thrilling with pure delight at the gray house and the trees, a girl came from the door and stood upon the veranda, looking down the road. And I knew, as I had known the house, that this was Dr. Cameron's granddaughter. I lifted my hat and turned away, but as I went homeward there remained a remembrance of the long, level rays of the late afternoon sun striking through the trees and lingering upon a handsome dark head, of a rather slender figure in the simplest of white, and I regretted that the gates were thirty yards from the house. For I thought, "I wonder if her eyes are gray!"

I had just regained the main road when the buckboard came back, more slowly than it had gone, and Dr. Cameron drew up at sight of me. I noticed that his face was tired and old, but there dwelt on it a kind of light of victory, and I guessed that it was life that had come into the valley.

"I walked up your road by mistake," said I. "But it is a wonderful house. I should like to paint it."

He assured me that I could, and in a manner that warmed me to him. "But I'm afraid you'll find it sadly neglected. It's getting old, like myself, and though Margaret scolds me occasionally, I have not the heart to put an ax to my cedars and oaks."

He laughed a little as he drove on, and I walked home in the clear, crisp afternoon, thinking as I walked that I was glad his granddaughter's name was not Marguerite nor Marjorie nor Margarethe, but Margaret. I am old-fashioned in the matter of names.

NEXT morning after breakfast, as I sat on the back steps smoking a pipe and lazily feeding Aunt Mary's cheerful flock of Wyandottes and Minorcas, I heard a voice in the kitchen.

"Good morning, Aunt Mary. I've come to see your painter!"

Aunt Mary came out to me, wiping floury hands on her ample apron, and behind her was a slender, laughing girl who looked over Aunt Mary's broad shoulder with a frankly mischievous glance.

"Miss Cameron," said Aunt Mary, introducing us, and I saw that the girl had the doctor's gray eyes. Hers were long-lashed and clear and sweet, and her face was one for merriment and tenderness. This morning merriment seemed uppermost. She swung a pink calico sunbonnet, she had the direct, unspoiled gaze of a child, and we shook hands gravely.

"I have heard all about you already," said she, "and it's been so long since I saw a real painter—" Her look was one of frank amusement, and Aunt Mary has since told me that I blushed to the ears.

"—and so I came over to see you. But I thought you were older!"

"No," said I, "I am not a bit older." And I regarded her with some uncertainty, but thinking, on the whole, that there was a delightful lack of formality in My Village.

"We all know each other here," she said. "Aunt Mary has been Aunt Mary—oh, ever since I was a small girl. You mustn't be surprised if I come over to claim you for a cousin. Grandfather said you wanted to paint our house, and I've come to [illegible]

distinguished strangers service, sunbonnet and all. Welcome!"

a kind of grotesque attitude of exag and we all laughed

her," counseled Aunt Mary, beaming maternal pride. "Land, I never get She worries Sid half to death with ngs on"

"Thank you, again, for your kind offer," said I, and by this time I was recovering from my blushes. "I'm coming over to paint to-day."

AUNT MARY smelt burning pies and dashed back into the kitchen. I finished feeding the clucking flock.

"Now," said I, "I must go bait my charger. Will you come along, cousin?"

We walked across the fields to Dobbin's pasture.

The morning was a jewel's radiance on the breast of earth.

The air was wonderfully clear, the hills seemed a stone's throw above the flaunt of colors in the trees.

So still it was that we heard the long whistle of the train stopping miles below in the valley, and presently, far down above the shining river, a black ribbon of smoke smudged the clean sky.

"I'm glad the railroad passed us by," said I. "Down there it has taken their beautiful trees and old houses and it has taken the old times away. I like your village. I want it to be My Village."

"I like it, too," said Miss Cameron, and she added, "But I hope you understand it—and us. I am afraid you came for local color and types and things of that kind. Did you?"

"No," I answered. "I came because I was tired of hustling around and working hard just to get ahead of somebody else who was hustling and working, too. Dobbin likes it and I like it. So here we stay."

There was no question that Dobbin liked it. He moved leisurely across the pasture as he saw us at the bars, cropping a little on the way, pretending that he really didn't care for the nose bag full of oats that I carried.

Presently he arrived, an anticipatory rumble deep in his old throat. Miss Cameron stretched out a hand and patted him on the nose. He moved up close to the bars, smelt the oats, and decided in favor of the hand. I held out the bag enticingly, but Dobbin dropped his head so that Miss Cameron could rub him between the ears.

"He's not a bit hungry," said I.

"You're not a bit complimentary," said Miss Cameron.

"That kind of a compliment," I declared, "would be out of place in My Village. Anyway, Dobbin has already said it."

WE LEFT a regretful Dobbin to his oats and strolled back across the fields.

Miss Cameron pointed out various objects and spots of interest.

Here, on a little knoll, had once stood a blockhouse, and a Cameron and a Huxtable had fought to hold it against a night attack of savages.

And here was the field where, at a later date, men and women had turned their faces to the sky and prayed for the success of the Continentals in the Ticonderoga expedition of '76. And here, in the old village hall, her grandfather, the old doctor, and eighty others gathered and pledged their lives to the Union when Lincoln's first call went like a bugle through the North. And she told me that before Lee bowed his head to the bearded, silent man at Appomattox, four hundred and sixty out of the five hundred men and boys in that peaceful valley had left it for the scourged red battle front.

"Did you know that Uncle Sid was a drummer boy in grandfather's regiment?" she asked. I thought of the little dried-apple man at the post office, and looked at the distant hills.

"Now," said Miss Cameron, "you see why I am glad you are not hunting for local color and types to show your friends in New York. If you paint our village, paint it because you love it. Perhaps I am a type, too, but I don't like to know it," and she laughed. With that laugh we were back on commonplace ground. Miss Cameron remembered suddenly she must oversee the construction of some trelliswork in her garden, and I found that I could postpone my painting for the morning and help her.

The Cameron gardener was old and inclined to be suspicious of my intrusion, but when I took off my coat and proved that I could use a saw and hammer, he thawed visibly.

We ran the trellis up to a balcony, and he twined over it masses of wayward and refractory climbing roses so tenderly that I marveled.

"Why, your old gardener loves it!" I whispered.

"I'm afraid he's spoiled, like the garden, and grandfather, and myself," said Miss Cameron. "He's been here a long time. How long have you been here, Ezra?"

"Nigh fifty years," answered Ezra, looking down indulgently at us from his high stepladder. "I planted some o' them trees," and he pointed at a group of stately oaks. "Your grandmother stood there too, Margaret, and watched me plant 'em. And your grand-'ther, he laughed and joked, like all young fellers."

Ezra glanced at me quizzically, and I fear that for a second time that day I grew red. "And," added Ezra slowly, "that was the year afore she was married. They were changing the garden." He touched the roses with infinite care. "She looked like you, Margaret."

Miss Cameron turned away a little. "I think we'd better see about that place for your easel," she remarked.

WE FOUND a spot where the morning sun struck through the great trees and flung a golden light over a balcony. A tall chimney above, a splendidly modeled gable, and a triangle of roof completed the picture.

"With you in the balcony looking out through those old vines—" I suggested.

Miss Cameron shook her head doubtfully. "I am too young yet for that picture," she said. "And besides, doesn't it sound rather romantic for a morning when I must see about cleaning carpets? It's fall, you know." Suddenly her voice took on the—I must admit it—nasal inflections of Aunt Mary. "I must be gettin' ready against winter!" she observed, and Ezra looked around surprised at our hearty laughter in the old garden.

My appetite at lunch—dinner, My Village calls it—was immense. Aunt Mary eyed me shrewdly.

"And how do you like Margaret Cameron?" she asked suddenly.

I thought a moment. "She is a very unusual girl," I decided. "But, you see, I have hardly met her. Tell me about her, Aunt Mary."

"Not much to tell," responded Aunt Mary. "It's been about eight years since she come here from New York, ain't it, Sid?"

"New York!" I echoed, surprised.

"Yes, New York!" said Aunt Mary with asperity. "Ain't all of us country folk. Her father and mother died there, and she came to live with her granddaddy when she was eleven. That's all. We've all loved her since the day she come. She's full of fun as a colt and she's the best and prettiest girl in the valley." And Aunt Mary ended her little speech emphatically.

"I agree with you," said I.

If there is a Father Time and his sickle, he passed quickly, lightly over our valley. We had a few days of Indian summer with its yellow sun and golden haze, and one night a frost swept the sky clean again and the stars leaped close. Now the faint thud of nuts to the ground, the swift flight of red and yellow leaves, the bracing chill of morning, and the farmers laboring at harvest spoke of the real autumn.

I painted, I tramped the hills and the fields, and I forgot cities and subways and electric lights and steel bridges, except when from down the valley the trains whistled and their dark smoke blemished the sky.

On the second night I went to the Camerons'. We dined in a stately paneled chamber. I found the house far more wonderful within than without, though the evidences of declining fortune were many.

"Our furniture is old," said Dr. Cameron, but there was more of pride than apology in his voice. "And we are simple folk."

EZRA'S wife was the cook and the waitress, the first maid and the second maid, as Ezra was the gardener and the groom and stableman.

Miss Cameron showed me all the house, after dinner, the doctor following with amused resignation at his granddaughter's flings for my lack of knowledge of antiques. I had never held it a crime not to know a Chippendale from a Clydesdale, nor a highboy from any other kind of urchin, and Miss Cameron did not spare me.

"Just think, grandfather!" she cried, "he doesn't know anything, even if he is from New York!"

Together, Miss Cameron with gleeful triumph, Dr. Cameron with a courtesy as old-fashioned and perfect as the grandfather's clock in the hallway, they showed me rosewood chairs, Chippendale, Heppelwhite, fiddle-backed and fragile; a mahogany sideboard that antedated Lexington; glass and porcelain; carved four-posters; a brass warming pan that had kept Cameronian feet warm a century before. I learned at once the difference between a highboy and a lowboy; and a Louis XIV sofa was easily distinguished from a Louis XV sofa after Miss Cameron's withering explanation.

In the midst of it the telephone sounded, sharp and incongruous, and there was a call for Dr. Cameron. He put on his hat and coat resignedly. Ezra brought the tall bay to the front door, saddled, for at night the doctor rode. And I would have gone, but they both exclaimed against it.

So we stood on the great porch and watched the doctor's big figure down the moonlit road. Then we turned back into the house.

Miss Cameron showed me a pair of andirons the doctor's grandfather had brought home from a trip to England. "They are not as good as gas logs, perhaps—" she smiled. But I stopped her.

"Don't—please don't!" I said

SHE looked at me, still smiling.

"Because," I went on, smiling too, "it isn't fair to poke fun at me." And I became serious. "It's just these things—this village—the people here—I've wanted all my life. I haven't any folks, you know. I was brought up by a guardian, and—well, he wanted me to go into business, and I ran away, and so, you see, I haven't had any home, either. Now I've found a place where things count besides business and money, and you mustn't tease me because I don't understand some of these things that make your home wonderful."

I ended smiling. But I had meant it.

Miss Cameron gasped. "Oh!" she said quickly. "It is I who have not understood. I was so afraid that deep—down deep—you were laughing at us. And it made me angry. Please, please forgive me!"

Her gray eyes were very sweet. I held out my hand.

"Thank you," said I. "Thank you and your grandfather for a very pleasant evening." And I went down the white and moonlit road with my head full of many

(Continued on page 33)

THE TATTOO

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY H. DIVCH WILLIS

THE other day, the train having stopped, I looked out the window. We were at Tulu. I had not realized that I would ever see Tulu Station again, with its red-clapboard, smoke-smutted sides, rising on that triangle of cindered ground between three sets of railroad-junction tracks. A robin had built its nest last summer under the eaves of the station, though for the life of me I could not see why a bird should choose such a place; a single trunk was sitting under it on the platform, catching the drip of the drizzling rain from the station roof, and the tag on the handle flopped nervously in the wind. I wondered how many persons in the world could remember as I remembered, with no little sense of horror, just what I heard and saw at Tulu Station on the 23d day of January.

On that day there was a blizzard, if you will recall it—not a wind-driven, dry-snow blizzard, making feathery drifts on the tracks which a snowplow tosses into a spray, but a straight down, vertical fall of big, slow, moist flakes, apparently dropped down one by one from a putty-colored sky and sticky as if covered with white sirup. Everything groaned, creaked, and snapped under the weight of this leaden accumulation. Telegraph wires dropped and pulled poles and cross arms all awry; the reaching, long-armed, long-fingered branches of trees, lowered inch by inch, finally snapped and lay about in the wallow of the snow like human skeletons. You could see, as the train came into Tulu at the brown and gray dusk, that two tracks showed no signs of traffic and that we could thank the down grade for having come so far.

I SWUNG off the rear platform, watched the crew turning the seats in the empty cars, saw the train back out and disappear behind the wall of the storm before I picked my way, through the sticky mush underfoot, toward the light in Tulu Station.

Inside it was stuffy enough with the heat from a white-bellied stove, and the odor of shoeblacking and coal gas, but it could not be said that there was anything within to forewarn of the drama for which that commonplace interior was set as a scene. Even the agent was commonplace. He wore the gloom of Tulu, of the day, and of his lonely junction depot kind. His shoulders drooped, his eyelids, with their sparse fringe of wiry eyebrows, drooped, his mustache drooped, his coat, with tarnished buttons, fell in festooned disorder about his slab sides, and his trouser legs bagged above a pair of old arctics two sizes too large for him. He was studying a train-order sheet, tracing the words upon the yellow paper with a cold and snow-wet finger.

One notices little at first in such a waiting room; it is only after several minutes, for instance, that the senses become conscious of a clock which clacks away with horrible persistence. At almost the same moment that I noticed this measured beating of weary time I felt that human eyes were upon me, heard a human sigh, and from the face of the timepiece I turned to penetrate the gloom beyond the feeble rays of a smoky, greasy swinging lamp, and to see in the corner a face of a single fellow wayfarer, who, like me, was waiting for the train to the seaboard. Such searching eyes I have never seen! As I remember them, they were wide and brown and belonged to a man who had just let youth go reluctantly, but I felt uncomfortable under their scrutiny, for they seemed to be reading my past, seeking to catalogue me according to my position in society, and to dive into the motives which had brought me there and, by divination, determine my purposes and destination.

PERHAPS my feeling under this scrutiny was the keener from the fact that the man who sat in the corner, with his knees drawn up under the settee and his chin resting on his knuckles, did not give the impression of high cultivation or good birth. I wondered that such a young man, with the stain of manual labor still upon his hands and an awkwardness of bull strength in the carriage of his trunk, should be so concentrated in his attention or so intense in whatever thought lay behind his stare of inquiry.

"Three hours," said he at last in a curious, incurious voice. "We'll have to wait three hours. They say they've sidetracked No. 7 at Devondale and No. 9 will make her regular run. You're goin' south?" I nodded.

"Come from up-State?" he snapped.

"Yes."

He sighed as if the inquiry was over, and, getting up, threw his two powerful hands behind him and began pacing up and down slowly and so near the stove that the perspiration began to gleam upon his brown face and wet the velvet collar of his overcoat, which he still kept turned up about his thick neck.

"'E. A. E.,' says the life guard. 'An' no questions asked.' 'I get you,' says the professor, an' went to work"

Shall I say that it was half an hour before the freight train from Tawney, groaning under its weight of clinging snow, pushed her way over the frogs and switches, and with a shriek of a steam whistle trundled northward on the main line? Time passes with an agony of delay in such waits. I could not say either whether it was five or twenty minutes after the rattling freight had puffed away that a fourth face appeared at Tulu Station. Another man had come. Noiselessly, in the wet snow on the platform, he paced up and down, cautiously from time to time he stopped, and as if believing himself unseen, with a quick and shifty glance between narrow eyelids, stared in at us through the window. The yellow light from the brass lamp fell upon his countenance each time he paused, and showed him to be of some forty-five years of age, with a shaven face, a double chin, and distended cheeks. He looked like some creature which has lived under the sea, but there was unrest in the expression and a rat-peering in his bright beady eyes which suggested the character of a curious, suspicious lizard, forewarned by instinct of events about to happen.

The man, pacing up and down past the glowing stove, sighed again, and, looking up suddenly from his heavy thought, evidently saw the peering face of the newcomer. He drew himself together with a tautening of his muscles, as if he recognized the prowler, stopped, covered his chin with his hand, and then uttered a little mirthless laugh.

"Did you see him?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"Why doesn't he come in? It is cold and wet outside. Like enough he's waitin' for No. 9, too. He's a fool."

Just as if the man outside had heard, the latch of the depot door clicked, and, with the soft sound of the storm, he came in.

"It's growin' cold," he said, with a nervous smile, and rubbing his fat, bare hands together over the rising heat from the stove.

The other man looked at him as he had looked at me, with a gaze which seemed aimed at the depths of his personality. He finished with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

"Maybe it's ready to clear off," said he in a voice much too loud for the little room—loud and vehement enough to rouse the station agent in his little compartment behind the ticket window from a half doze. One would have said that he gave emphasis to his remarks because they had some hidden meaning which careful vehemence would make plain.

"Sit down," said the short, stocky man. "We've got three hours to wait. You make me nervous pacing out them six steps and then back."

The big man glanced at him quickly and angrily, but he sat down in the corner he had left and turned to me.

"My name's Rowell," he asserted, measuring his words like a mechanical device. "I am traveler for the Whippet, Doane Belt Company."

Before I could answer, the beady-eyed man had hitched a chair toward us and, looking Rowell in the eye, said: "Well, mine's Wasson. And, Mr. Rowell, will you tell me why you thought it was going to clear off?"

"I had a feeling—I had a notion—" began the other, with a complete loss of deliberation.

WASSON laughed—an ugly bit of rudeness, and, thrusting his hand in his coat pocket, caused some object within to give forth the sound of metal rattling on metal.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the other.

"I laugh," said Wasson, glancing about the station as if ill at ease, "because if you had that notion strong enough, my friend, it would clear off. That's a theory. Let a man have a notion strong enough and the thing he has the notion about happens. I have an example in mind. I know a case—"

Rowell sat up.

"Well," said he.

"The light is dim," the lizard-eyed man objected. "I'll light this other bracket lamp. You might want to see my face as I tell this, gents."

"It hurts my eyes," objected Rowell, but the other did not seem to hear. He threw the match on the floor, stepped upon its glow with a big, square-toed shoe, and returned to face us from his wooden chair.

"I want to show you gents that a notion is a dangerous thing," he began. "Maybe you'll be interested in this, Mr. Rowell. Next to a notion, the most dangerous thing is a woman. I ain't no scientist, y'understand. But there ain't any more dangerous business in the world than this here power of suggestion, an' in the hands of a woman it is more'n ever the real thing."

ROWELL fixed his unblinking gaze upon the speaker, and shut and opened and shut and opened his powerful brown hands.

"Go on," said he. "Don't wait. Probably you've got a story."

The other had a story. He told it. One would have said he had some personal interest in his yarn. But it was a tale to think about, and except for the ticking of the clock in Tulu Station and a few clicks of the telegraph instrument in the booth where the drooping station agent sniffed and snuffed and yawned, and the purring of the storm outside and a shifting of the red-hot coals in the pot-bellied stove, there were few interruptions.

"I knew of a feller once," said Wasson, in a voice of suppressed excitement. "He worked in a machine shop. He was a big, strong guy with a simple mind.

simple that he
y there was in
akin' love. And
weren't nothin'
the machine shop
nvelope over to
was his mother.
Fer men are like horses, see? They grow up in harness, and not knowin' what it is to get wild and run and smash up things, why, they never does it. You get me?

"This guy lived up-State in one of them manufacturing towns. There was a river runnin' through the place, and after the whistle blew in the summer time, this guy used to beat it fer the swimmin' hole. It was his only bad habit—swimmin'. And, tracin' it back, it was swimmin' that made a—"

HERE Wasson lowered his voice and looked around as if he expected to see accusing faces staring at him out of the chaos of the snow-blind night.

"Well, gents, swimmin' made a near murderer of that guy—that did it—swimmin' and a woman and one of them notions—pretty near a murderer—maybe a chair case.

"Yes, this feller's name we'll call George, and George was like a boy about the swimmin' hole. No fish had anything on him. He was all black from bein' naked in the sun, and swimmin' packed muscles on his shoulders until they looked like the buttocks of a fire horse, and the upper part of his legs was that hard he could crack nuts on his thighs. And a mind like a boy's.

"There come a theatrical show to town, say last winter. In it was a manager named Charles B. Longstreet, nicknamed 'Nickel' because he never charged nothin' more than five cents to any of his summer attractions. Maybe you seen his ads in the 'Showman.' He runs the White City Park. There's a Y. M. C. A. tank in that town, an' 'Nickel' Longstreet, one night when the Merrymount Burlesquers was playin' in town, happens in to some swimmin' and divin' exhibition, and what's he see but George swimmin' in that tank.

"'Come down and work fer me summers as a life guard,' he says, puttin' his hand on George's wet back, where museles was standin' out like walnut shells. 'It's somethin' soft—good pay an' short hours, an' I want a big, good-lookin' feller like you fer the women to stand and look at.'

"George blushes an' says: 'I don't care nothin' fer that. What could I do winters?'

"'Take candy from children or get a job with a taxieab—it's all the same to me,' says Longstreet. 'You're thirty-five if you're a day. Nix on the machine shop fer yours any longer.'

"GEORGE took the job. He moved his mother down to one of them little apartments over on the hill on the north side of town and got a job in a garage, tunin' up cars, and when it got along toward spring the boss let him take out a few parties in the seven-passenger. By June the guy had knocked off work with the automobiles, and Sunday, the sixth, he appears on Long Beach with red trunks and a white, armless shirt, stamped 'White City Bathhouse. Life Guard.' On Tuesday he swam out twice fer two fools who had gone out beyond Seal Island when the water was still under 50, and it was a newspaper story, and Sunday two thousand young wrens pointed him out to each other, and some asked him foolish questions, and he paid about as much attention to any of 'em as he would to the forms in a show window. He'd got the habit of not seein' women except as the half of folks who wear skirts. Swimmin' was his passion, an' when night came he got into his clothes and beat it home just as when he was in the machine shop, ate his supper, took off his shoes, curled his toes in his socks, and read the baseball news and any story there was about criminals or detectives or the like of that, and then yawned and went to bed.

"Maybe when his mother died the change came. She went four days before the Fourth, an' 'Nickel' Longstreet would have been glad to let the guy off, even though Sunday and the holiday came one night after the other, but George turned up fer work. He seemed the same—only maybe a little more of a simp—big an' good-natured an' stupid an' with a new look in his eyes, like a child that's lost.

"It was the middle of that month when, one afternoon about four-thirty, the special officer, a half mile down the beach, blew 'emergency' on his pea whistle. George

"Finally the big feller throws him up against the board fence there an' broke the top rail, an' seven or eight splinters falls on the snow there"

was rowin' around in the shallow water opposite the band stand an' he jumps out on to the sand and hikes it down toward the dance hall with long strides. Then he sees a pair of arms reachin' for a hold on the air an' a red cap come up out there where the eel grass grows, an' he knows it's a woman an' that she is about all in. He does the crawl stroke in racin' time, so's the little crowd on shore say he goes like a high-power motor boat, an' he leaves a wake of suds on the water behind. He picks her out an' gets her chin over his arm an' he starts back, an' when he gets on shore he wades out holdin' her over his arm like you'd hold a wet overcoat. Her hair was gold color and hangin' all loose and flappin' against his leg as he walked.

"He motioned the crowd aside, and the special officer, who was waitin', says to a frankfurter salesman:

"'He's the boy, ain't he? Watch him lay her down fer me to attend to an' walk away. That's the way he always does. He treats 'em like a dog what's killed a woodchuck.'

"And at that the special was in wrong; George broke his rules. He held the girl over the crook of his elbow. Her face was turned up to the sun—cream white, the color of the back of a celluloid mirror. Her tidy arms lay across that welt of an arm of his an' he stopped a bit an' looked down at her an' pulled in his breath.

"'Let her alone,' he says. 'Gimme room,' an' he turns her over to let the water run out of her, an' then he lays her on the dry sand as easy as you'd handle a door mat, an' he works over her lungs an' moves her arms until she commences to gag an' take in air. An' then he looks down into the pretty face of her again an' nods to the special an' walks away, an' the crowd cheers, feeble an' sheepish, the way they do, an' nobody thinks any more about it except another doped-up layout for the 'Tribune.'

"But she was the woman. Every man has one. Fate flings him up against her. He's lucky if there ain't fifteen or twenty, say some. But there's a difference of opinion. One is sometimes worse. This one was a milliner's girl—about twenty years old. Her name was Ethel.

"All you got to do is look on the program to see that Ethel was bound to come back. She slanted the life guard's picture in the daily an' it made a bigger hit with her than the savin' of her life. She had a 'two and kitchenette' with another girl, an', with a short-sleeved pongee an' a striped blazer an' a bath-towel hat pinned on her golden hair, she says to this other girl on Sunday: 'How do I look?'

"'You look all right, kiddy,' says big May. 'Only that neek is cut too low for day wear, dear. It ain't refined.'

"'If you had a neck like mine, you'd think it refined as the deuce!' she answers. 'I'm goin' to the beach.'

"'Who with?'

"'I'm goin' alone.'

"'A swell chanee of it!' says the other, but she was wrong.

"ETHEL went to the beach alone, and she went two hours before George went on to watch the bathers after twelve o'clock. You know them girls who is good enough, but has to have men on the string an' baits ten hooks at a time, an' will ery over wheel grease on a dress an' laugh over some poor ten-dollar-a-week guy who's waitin' fer her in a theatre lobby with two orchestra seats, while she's burnin' the wind out of town in a college boy's car with big May on the rumble seat behind. Them girls get skill by playin' the game so much and their hearts is made of lobster salad. This one laid fer George like a female detective, an' she came upon him walkin' along below the roller coaster.

"He recognized her all right. Maybe he had dreamed of her—lookin' up with empty eyes an' unconscious at the sky, with that look of innocence on her pretty face. Maybe he— Well, anyway, he knew her, an' there was color added to her beauty now, an' he just stood still as a patrol box an' let her walk up to him with her eyes feedin' on his.

"'You was the man,' she says. Nothin' more. She had learned the game. That's all she says, with her eyes swimmin': 'You was the man!'

"'What?' says he.

"And she laughed.

"'I came down all alone to-day,' she says. 'But don't look so worried. I ain't goin' into the water again. Oh, it was horrible!'

"'Yes, I guess so,' says the big stiff.

"'I suppose you're goin' right to work now,' she pipes, turnin' her head on one side.

"'No, I weren't,' he says. 'Not fer a couple of hours.'

"'I hate to stand here—it's so conspicuous,' says she, turnin' in the direction he was facin'. 'My! You're taller an' bigger than I thought,' she says, as they began to walk. 'You know that even when I was unconscious, I knew how strong you were. Somehow I knew just how you looked and that you were tanned. I suppose you know my name already. Of course you do. It's Ethel Adelaide Ellis. I'm a workin' girl.'

"She went on talkin' like that, an' finally George loosened up a few words, too. He'd felt kind of lonesome without anybody to meet him when he went home at night an' put the key in the lock an' smelled that smell of bein' closed up all day. An', more'n that, there weren't any duty not to think of girls an' marriage left. Fate had pulled the harness off this old family plug an' turned him out to pasture. He just began to notice that he couldn't look down an' meet Ethel's orbs without feelin' like a man on a glider.

"'I'm tired,' she says when they had reached the end of the beach. 'I'd like to sit down, but maybe you have to go now.'

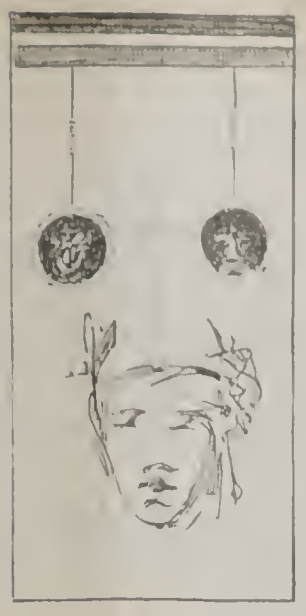
"'No,' says the boob. 'S'all right. Where d'yer want to sit—over on them rocks?'

"'Yes,' she says. 'You an' I.' An' them words maybe gave him a case of volplane. He took off his coat, an' when they was seated under the cliff, listenin' to the wallops of the waves an' smellin' fresh seaweed, she put her forearms against his an' compared 'em.

"'My, you're—powerful, ain't you?' she asks. 'An' you're brown. You make my arms look white as the

(*Continued on page 36*)

Mr. William Faversham as Antony in his revival of "Julius Cæsar"



Henrietta Wakefield and Thomas Hardie in the Damrosch-Irwin comic opera, "The Dove of Peace"

SHAKESPEARE AND "SNOW WHITE"

And an Interesting Attempt at Comic Opera in the Gilbert and Sullivan Vein

By ARTHUR RUHL

NO, it is not your Uncle Abinadab, reading a campaign editorial from the New York "Evening Post" aloud at the dinner table. It is Mr. Frank Keenan, at the Lyric Theatre, playing Cassius in Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," which was written in 1599 or thereabout.

"Why, man," rasps Mr. Keenan, having already explained to Brutus that the ambitious Cæsar is an ordinary man like anybody else, "he doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus. . . . In the name of all the gods at once, . . . when could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome, that her wide walls encompass'd but *one* man? . . ."

Mr. Keenan, than whom no actor on the local stage is more gifted in getting things "over," has been criticized a good deal for his Cassius. It is objected that he was too cross and too colloquial. To me—although, to be sure, contemporary happenings gave added point to his lines—Mr. Keenan's reading of the long arraignment of Cæsar in the first act was the most enjoyable part of Mr. Faversham's revival of the play. The quarrel between Brutus and Cassius in the fourth act I missed and know not how Mr. Tyrone Power may have carried it off, but in the earlier scenes his sonorous voice became a trifle monotonous. A most unusual organ it is, as he has many times revealed—but he seemed here to be depending a little too much on its majestic sound alone, and not thinking overmuch of what the lines were intended to convey.

A similar lack was felt in Mr. Faversham's Antony, vivid and pleasing as it was on the whole and amiably disposed, as the spectator must inevitably be to the actor who had the artistic energy to put on the play. The noble Roman Mr. Faversham was, always. He has an unusually fine figure and carriage, a rich and melodious utterance. The picture he makes not only has dignity but a vivid, youthful quality which is undeniably attractive. The lack is that of light and shade, of the suggestion of intellectuality behind that fixed expression, which might almost have been that of a man looking from a car window or driving an automobile—for Antony, although a Roman, was a sensitive, clever, and subtle man.

Indefiniteness such as this assisted in explaining the peculiar pleasure given by Mr. Keenan's performance. Mr. Keenan was no marble Roman, but a very earnest citizen of that ancient town, as much worried over Cæsar as Colonel Roosevelt's opponents were over him a few weeks ago. His performance may not have been in the best classic

(*Concluded on page 28*)

The seven dwarfs discover the princess asleep in one of their beds, in the Little Theatre's production of "Snow White," a fairy-tale play for children

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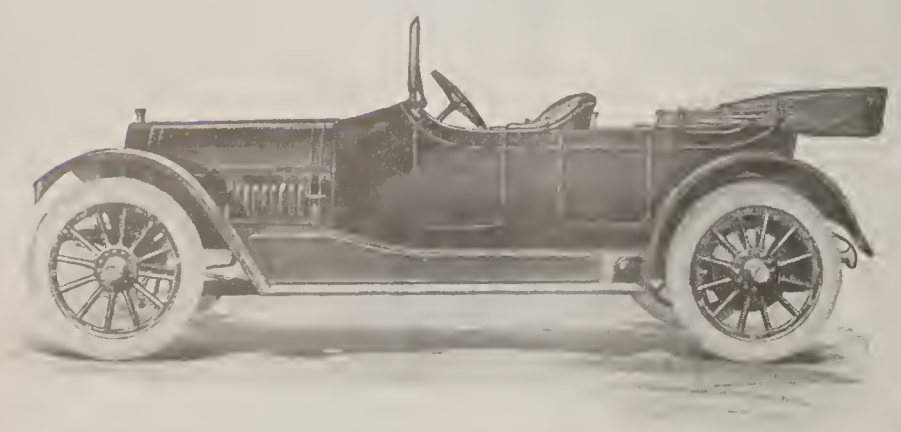

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The Tiger Comes to Cambridge

(*Concluded from page 11*)

able to make much impression on it. There were none of the long runs that the same men had made in Princeton's earlier games, although there were several dazzling starts. De Witt made one successful forward pass to Baker toward the end of the period and followed it with a punt which drove the ball down to Harvard's fifteen-yard line. Felton promptly returned it, and after zigzagging back and forth, with honors about even, the two teams were on Princeton's twenty-two-yard line with the ball in her possession when the first period ended.

The second period had not long been under way when Harvard, with a series of fierce rushes, carried the ball to Princeton's four-yard line. Then Princeton held nobly, and Brickley, the stocky Harvard right half back, who, with his team mate, Hardwick, had been doing most of the rushing, couldn't gain an inch. Things like this used to happen often in the old days. The ball would get down to the line and then just not get over; the drop-kick would hit the goal post and bound away, and the Harvard undergraduates would troop sadly back to the Yard and wonder why—oh, *why!*—the gods must forever frown on their holy war with perfidious Yale.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN CAMBRIDGE

WELL—something seems to have happened in Cambridge. It struck one when Wendell, Harvard's captain, a little lame, retired to the side lines in the middle of the first period, in quite a matter-of-fact, casual way, as if it were understood that a second-string man in good condition is better than a first-string man unable to do his best. And it struck one again now, when Mr. Brickley, instead of dying but never surrendering against the impregnable Tiger line, calmly stepped back and with precision and perfect good humor, from a difficult angle, drop-kicked a goal. This made the score Harvard 3, Princeton 0, and the Tigers got down to business right away. Against the Harvard line they could do nothing. On punting exchanges they lost, and their chance did not come until along toward the end of the half, when from their forty-six-yard line they made three forward passes in quick succession. The first, from Left End Andrews to Pendleton, carried too far and was uncompleted. On the next play the skillful Mr. Andrews hurled another, and this Mr. Pendleton caught by leaping in the air. Harvard's quarter back, Gardner, downed him on Harvard's twenty-six-yard line; there was a try through tackle which Mr. Storer hurled back with characteristic Bostonian disdain, and then Andrews threw the ball again. This time it was caught away over on the right wing by the aforementioned Mr. Waller of Skaneateles, who dodged several Crimson players, straight-armed another, and, after falling down, scrambled to his feet and over the line. The goal was not kicked. Score, Princeton 6, Harvard 3.

The second half brought into the game Mr. "Hobey" Baker, a blond-haired youth from Manayunk, Pa., who, the week before, in Princeton's defeat of Dartmouth, had run forty-five yards through the whole Dartmouth team for a touchdown. Mr. Baker went in at left half back in place of Pendleton, and on him, in almost an empty field often, fell the responsibility of catching Felton's long punts. He did it well and was exceedingly quick and worth watching, although he was never able to get loose long enough to do anything very spectacular. After a few minutes' play Princeton fumbled on her five-yard line and Harvard got the ball. It looked as if a touchdown were inevitable, but Princeton received five yards for offside play and by dogged defense had the Crimson team at the six-yard line after two downs. Again the accomplished Mr. Brickley was called on, and, panting as he was from the rushing he had been doing, he stepped back to the fourteen-yard mark on the next play and kicked another goal. Score, Harvard 6, Princeton 6.

Again the ball went into play, and after a few exchanges, including a pretty double pass by Princeton, which Mr. Bradlee, who was playing in Captain Wendell's place, alertly spoiled, De Witt kicked. Gardner, Harvard's quarter back, made a fair catch on his forty-seven-yard line, and again Brickley was called on to kick from placement. Forty-seven yards was, of course, only three yards short of half the whole length of the field, and a slightly diagonal breeze was blowing across the goal posts. Naturally the entire thirty thousand people held their breath as Mr. Brickley's right foot lifted the pigskin, and naturally the Harvard stands found difficulty in expressing their emotion when the ball hurtled down the field and straight between the posts. This made the score Harvard 9, Princeton 6.

THE LONG KICK FROM PLACEMENT

THOSE who were near enough to Mr. Brickley hugged him. The rest of us knew all at once that we had seen fame in the making, and that in the town of Everett, Mass., where this gifted young man played on the high-school team, and at Exeter, where he was half back for a year, and in Cambridge his afternoon's work would be remembered. Without the touchdown, which came later, he had won the game by his three goals, and won it not merely as a kicking virtuoso but by continuous work as a line-bucking back as well. As the team was plowing through toward the goal for its touchdown in the final period, Brickley finally dropped, not injured it appeared, but simply all in. They carried him over to the side lines, and he dropped face down in the straw like a sack of meal, and like that, a moment later, four of his comrades lugged him off the field. When Mr. Arnold Bennett, the English novelist, recently viewed one of our games, he beheld a similar sight, and it spoiled, so he said, his entire afternoon. I doubt if it so affected most of those in the Stadium. Although they may have wished that the Harvard back had been relieved a little sooner, they knew enough of football to presume that he was nothing more than "just banged up," as one of those who saw him in the locker room explained to me as we were leaving the field, and they knew how quickly a trained athlete in good condition gets over that. Undoubtedly it is pleasanter for all concerned to walk off the field than to be carried off, and under ordinary circumstances it ought to be done, but if ever a man earned indulgence young Mr. Brickley did. He had fought as bravely as he had brilliantly, and given all that he had for his college and his team, and there was even a sort of grim satisfaction in seeing him thus lugged off—to be bathed and rubbed and rested, and to wake up next morning with a conviction of a hard job well and completely done, which none of the inevitable and more serious defeats of life, perhaps, could ever quite take away.

He did not make the touchdown—his team mate, Hardwick, had that honor—but several of the fiercest final rushes in a fight much closer than the score would indicate were his, and the ball was all but over when he was helped away. Hardwick kicked goal while he was still reposing on the straw that probably seemed as soft as a summer cloud; and although the ball was kicked off again, there was only time for a few plays before the referee's whistle blew and the game was over.

THE END OF THE GAME

SO ended the Tiger's first visit to Cambridge in sixteen years—the first victory for Harvard over Princeton in twenty-five. The band and the undergraduates poured out on the field and did the snake dance up and down it. They cheered Princeton, and the Princeton visitors cheered back, and the two panting teams cheered each other and got over to the locker building as best they could. By the time the last spectators were out of the stands the Princeton eleven, none the worse for wear and looking incredibly young and boyish in their everyday clothes, were whisked away in automobiles for the five-thirty train for New York. Before that, however, all the Harvard undergraduates gathered in a solid bank in front of the locker building to cheer their team. From the aerial crest of the Stadium you could look down on all of them, and that sight, with the sound of "Fair Harvard" coming up through the frosty twilight, and that dark column, thirty thousand strong, moving slowly across the old bridge and up to Harvard Square, was one that those who looked down on it will not soon forget.

PIPEOLOGY

Prince Albert tastes as dif ferently in a **Deutsche pfeife** *as it does in any other kind of jimmy pipe. It isn't the pipe—it's the tobacco! The* **Deutsche pfeife** *shown here has been in service at least 100 years. The bowl is porcelain, the nicotine bag underneath being horn. The stem is wood and the mouthpiece horn.*

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flow and ebb;
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battle my confidant, my
collaborator—

my jimmy pipe!

No man is my friend who
would say of you one unkindly
word; you have earned the best
the tongue can bestow, my
good friend, my true friend—

my jimmy pipe!

Deny me not a taste of
tobacco from your fragrant bowl;
you have won your reward,
your rest;
but to me, your charm is like
the spell of magic; I yearn for just
one more cool, soothing smoke
ere I lay you in peace and quiet,
so well deserved—

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service; ready, willing, eager to give
me happiness; beauty
adorns you not, I confess;
but best of all my earthly possessions,
I pay you homage
—a tribute born of enduring
affection,

my good friend, my true friend,

my jimmy pipe!

Get out your jimmy pipe!

And get it via the speed line, because time's flying and it's long since Prince Albert tobacco sounded the recall of jimmy pipes from attic rafters, dark, musty den corners and other forgotten spots—laid away simply because fond owners would not stand scorched tongues, ill-smelling fumes and parched throats!

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Harry Monroe

(*Continued from page 13*)

associates with a meeting in a rescue mission. The occasion had brought scores of reformed men and women together from all over the city and various parts of the country. These well-dressed folk, with cheer and the signs of right living abundant in their clothes and features, afforded a sharp contrast to the fringe of bums at the back and a group of shrinking women who sat by themselves. It required considerable imagination to realize that these well-dressed, comfortable-looking, middle-class folk had most of them entered the mission as members of one or the other of the two contrasting groups. The whole air of the meeting was one of jollity. There were no groans, no pratings about sanctifications and holiness; no pleading for second blessings; no traces or signs of theological dogma or sectarian bias. The atmosphere was one of cheery comradeship with God and with each other.

THE MAN IN ACTION

MONROE was moving to and fro upon the little platform, now reading the Bible, now praying or calling upon some one else to do so; now cracking a joke or telling a touching story, or perhaps singing a verse of a song and motioning to the audience to join in the chorus. He appeared to be enjoying himself hugely. So did every one else, excepting that mute fringe of men at the back, who, as they say at the mission, were apparently "all in with sin." Once Monroe sang "The Church in the Wildwood" with such rare sympathy as to bring tears to the faces of many. The order of the service was change, continual change. Songs were short, prayers were short, speeches were short; Scripture readings likewise. Everything seemed to be in vibration; everybody was in tune; yet nothing appeared to be studied and one felt no sense of strain. It was some time before I appreciated the skill and the method with which Monroe was leading.

The spontaneity, the rapid alternation of touches of sympathy, humor, lightness, and pathos, were all skillfully engineered by him. When the atmosphere threatened to become somber, he threw a joke in, or a slang remark that brought a smile. When the levity appeared about to prevail he called for a touching solo, or got a man on his feet who sounded a serious note, and then turned him off just in time to keep the spirit and the interest of the meeting poised and expectant. If Harry Monroe can do with a thousand people what he did that night with two or three hundred—and those who know say that he can—then he is undoubtedly one of the most skillful leaders of assemblies in America.

The utmost good humor prevailed. One convert of the mission chose to celebrate the occasion in rime. He appeared upon the platform and began to unroll a long reel of manuscript.

A shade of apprehension darkened the faces of the people.

"Oh!" exclaimed Harry; "it looks like a piece of wall paper." Everybody laughed, and the poet took his cue. His verses were by no means dull and he galloped through them quickly.

"Not so bad as I thought it was going to be," twitted Harry, at its conclusion. Again everybody laughed, and none more loudly than the poet.

ONE WOMAN'S LIFE WORK

BEHIND the pulpit was the shadow of a woman with a crutch beside her chair. Most of the time through the singing and the speaking and the laughing her eyes were closed and her lips were moving in prayer.

"Let us all bow while Mrs. Clark prays," said Harry.

The fragile woman tottered to her feet. Every eye was riveted upon her. This was Sarah D. Clark, whose consecration to the cause of the broken-spirited had not once failed in thirty-and-six years, though an accident had prevented her from attending regularly during the past year. Everybody knew the story of her devotion. Everybody marked the whitening of her hair, the wasting of her features, and everybody thought this might be her last anniversary with the Pacific Garden Mission. She murmured her prayer—short like the others. As she sank into her seat the hand of Harry Monroe was beating the air rhythmically and the audience was singing:

"Grace flowing for me, grace flowing for me;
O wonderful grace, flowing from Calvary."

Then he shifted swiftly to:

"How I love Him, how I love Him,
Since He bled and died for me."

After which the testimonies began. And such testimonies! There were scores of them—men who stood up and pointed back in time to the day when they were converted, or around into space to the very chair or spot upon the wall or pillar upon, near, or against which they had been when their decision was reached. All, too, had the chronology of their conversion carried down to the present. "Thirty-one years, five months, and seventeen days"; "sixteen years, one month, and two days"; or it might have been only "five years, four months, and fourteen days, and right by that post over there," etc. Thus the stories went, and they carried tremendous conviction in the joyous simplicity of their narration. Without exception, although these reformed folk were talking to comrades who knew their former condition well, they touched with extreme delicacy upon the specifications of their past sins, and with brightness and enthusiastic love of detail upon the circumstances of their conversion.

A young woman stood up and began to speak. Her face was refined but marked by a terrible seriousness. The light in her eye was abundant witness that she had come off more than conqueror in her battle with temptation, whatever it was.

"Street-walker when she came in here," whispered a voice in my ear.

THOSE WHO COME

A HANDSOME young man stood up in the rear of the hall. His face was bright and his manner unusually engaging. A wife and child sat beside him. He spoke with rare charm.

"A professional thief at ten years of age—has spent seven years in prison in two separate terms; converted here five years ago; now the crack salesman of one of the greatest business houses of Chicago," whispered the voice.

This was marvelous. These were miracles beside which the raising of the dead seemed less important. One man of eighty-one, speaking with the enthusiasm of thirty, told how he had been converted in that mission thirty-five years ago; and now with health of body and spirit was at once a traveling salesman and a personal evangelist.

As he finished speaking the audience began to sing:

"Traveling home, traveling home,
Led by Jesus, we are traveling home."

A number of fine matronly looking women, bearing evidence that they came from well-ordered and well-nourished homes, added their testimony. As one of these sat down the audience broke out with:

"Jesus, what a friend for sinners!
Jesus, lover of my soul."

"The keeper of a bawdy house when the mission found her," whispered my voice. It seemed unbelievable!

There was a greater and greater use of song. The meeting was approaching its climax. Monroe was guiding it carefully now, lifting it, swinging it, this way and that as the great Rocky Mountain stage drivers used to lift and swing their teams in and out and up and up over the mountain trails. Monroe held the reins tightly. His eyes had narrowed till they were only slits; their glances were darting here and there over the audience, and especially boring into that fringe of human wreckage which crowded itself into the back seats, or sifted to and fro in the standing groups. Monroe's hands, with their short, stubby fingers, kept moving in the air, as if he were feeling the temperature. With his marvelous power of intuition he had located certain struggling souls in the audience. He was watching, watching, watching! At just the right moment he would let down the net. Suddenly the testimonies closed. A quick, rollicking song burst forth for a moment, was checked, and a solo began from a voice clear and

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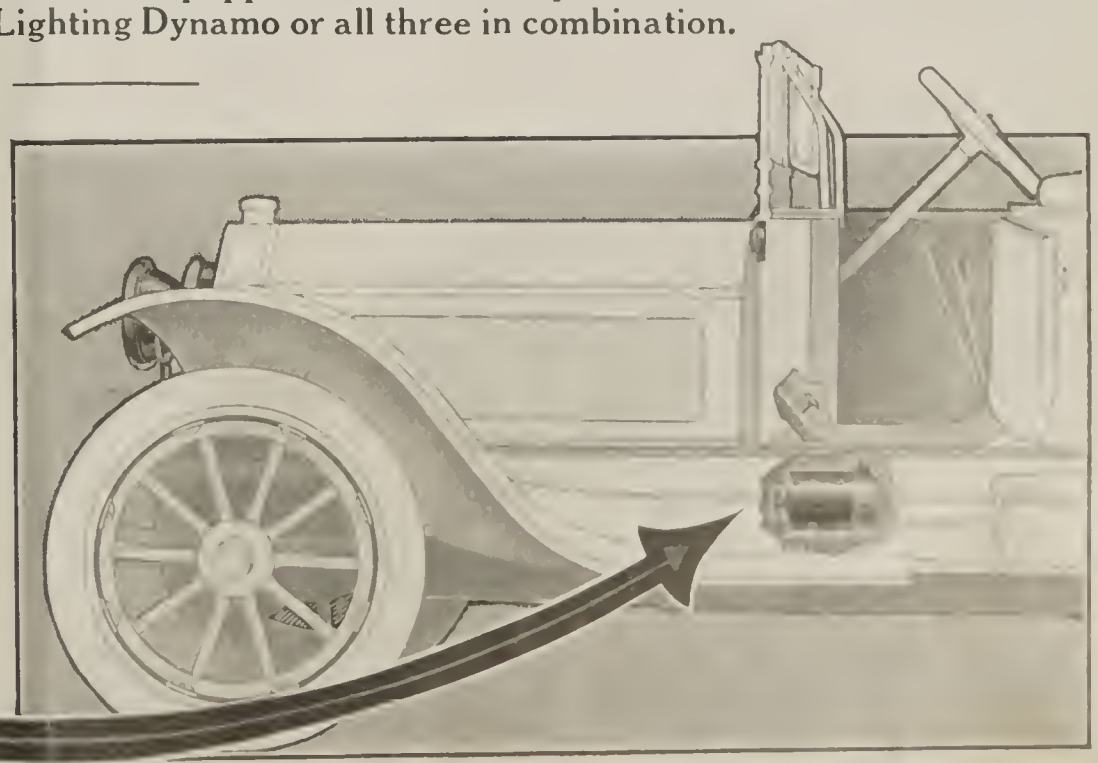

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Write

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Harry Monroe

(*Concluded from page 26*)

sympathetic, with notes that seemed to deliberately search out the hearts of men and women on the floor and then abruptly lifted themselves in larklike soaring circles, as if the very souls of those despairing were being borne upward on the wings of song.

But still the eye of the little wonder-worker played over the audience like a hypnotist. Before the song was quite concluded, an almost imperceptible motion of the leader's hand had waved her into the background, and while the barely finished notes trailed off into nothingness, Harry Monroe was making a short, earnest appeal for men and women who wished to be helped to hold up their hands for prayer. The appeal lasted no more than a minute. The waiting, searching gaze of the mesmeric eye played over the audience for less than thirty seconds. Then a short prayer was offered, and the leader said abruptly:

"The audience is dismissed."

Instantly he and his workers, both male and female, who had been distributed strategically about the hall, were getting to the sides of the men and women whose hands had been raised, speaking with them, and leading them forward. Amid the buzz of conversations, amid the clump of feet and the scraping of chairs, each worker with his or her subject was kneeling, talking to them, trying to get out their stories, to ascertain the springs of their action, and if possible to induce them to open the floodgates of their feelings in prayer.

In a very few moments it was all over. I watched Harry Monroe at the door making friendly and necessary disposition of the last of them. Thirty-two years ago he had come in that door a conscience-haunted criminal, and had gone out a saved man. Had any such miracles been wrought to-night? I did not know. Harry did not know. One only knew.

But Harry seemed to read my question in the blank look I gave him as he turned around.

"You never can tell," he said. "Mel Trotter came in here like one of those, and he went out as they have gone."

Shakespeare and "Snow White"

(*Concluded from page 21*)

manner—of that I do not pretend to speak—but he made the old lines bite and hold, as it is his habit to do, whether he be playing a senator in a toga or a gambler with a white poker face in "The Girl of the Golden West." If this be colloquialism, we might easily bear much more of it.

Taken as a whole, the representation was capable and satisfying. The senate scene was designed from Géróme's painting, "The Death of Cæsar," and the costumes followed pictures by Alma-Tadema.

"SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS"

THE LITTLE THEATRE swings to the opposite pole from "The Affairs of Anatol" in the production of a play for children made from the familiar Grimm fairy tale of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Snow White was the little girl with skin white as snow and lips red as blood, whom her wicked stepmother, Queen Brangomar, sent off into the deep wood to be murdered because the queen was jealous of her beauty. The chief huntsman couldn't bring himself to do it, although he pretended that he had, and Snow White went to live with the seven dwarfs, to make their beds and keep house—and you should see the changes she made—for them. How the wicked queen found out that Snow White wasn't dead and came in disguise and tried to kill her with the poisoned comb and then the poisoned apple, and would have succeeded but for the faithful dwarfs; what the magic mirror said and how the wicked queen turned ugly at last and Snow White came back and married Prince Florimond and lived happy ever after—all this is set forth, and most delightfully, in the play.

There is no space here to describe the hundred and one little "touches" by which Miss Jessie Braham White, the author, and Mr. Ames and his producer, Mr. Platt, have transferred into stage terms the freshness and quaintness of the fairy story. All the players, including the really charming little children, seem to know just what to do, and to do it with as much pleasure to themselves as to the audience. That children will like it is certain, because the audience at the dress rehearsal was mostly made up of them—brought in from some institution—and they laughed aloud at the jokes, stood up when anything startling was about to happen, and got more and more excited as the play went on. And grown-ups still pliable enough to look out of a new corner of their eyes for a little while will like it too.

"THE DOVE OF PEACE"

MR. WALTER DAMROSCH and Mr. Wallace Irwin are about as promising a team as could be got together on our side of the water to continue the Gilbert and Sullivan traditions in comic opera. The result of their collaboration is offered in "The Dove of Peace," a whimsical view of the results of permanent universal peace.

The music is the better part—that of the ordinary musical comedy of commerce is not to be mentioned in the same breath with it. Mr. Irwin's gifts as a rimester are well known—some of the lyrics "compose themselves to music," as Mr. Damrosch remarked in his curtain speech the first night—and he combines with unusual verbal facility a wide-awake newspaper man's knowledge of affairs. It must be confessed, nevertheless, that Mr. Irwin is not as funny here as he can be and that whimsical starts have commonplace ends more often than one would wish. When the sailor, a sort of Dick Deadeye character, wails that the captain used a word that day which wrung his heart with pain, or words to that effect, you get ready to be amused in the Gilbertian fashion, which would consist in giving this horny-handed tar sensibilities incongruously delicate, whereupon the sailor rather flatly explains that the word was "fired." This is not saying that he hasn't provided an amusing book, and the entertainment as a whole, with its interesting music, is of a kind as refreshing as it is rare on Broadway.

"THE BLINDNESS OF VIRTUE"

IT is a trifle ungracious to dismiss as a tract a play which has so much genuine charm as Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's "The Blindness of Virtue." We are taken here into an English vicarage household and made to feel at once not only that the author is familiar with that quiet sheltered life but that the players are, too. This might be the actual vicar of East Brenton, Middlesex, and this his brisk, capable, tactful wife. So might Effie be his daughter and young Mr. Archibald Graham, sent down to the country to "read" with the vicar, actually an Etonian, and a recent student at Oxford. In short, these are what are known as "nice" people, and the spectator gets not only that but the feeling, through the lines, that the author is "nice" too.

This is a quality rarely met in our theatres. While it has little or nothing to do with dramatic values, it has a good deal to do often with the spectator's pleasure. It is pleasant to feel at home, even in the theatre, and conceivable that more enjoyment may be found in the peaceful and even parochial adventures of such genuine human beings as these than in the startling evolutions of the brassy savages created, for instance, by a Mr. Henri Bernstein.

The play is a tract, nevertheless, in the sense that its purpose is to preach—in this case the author's conviction that parents should acquaint their daughters with certain fundamental facts before their natural but misunderstood instincts lead them into situations which might otherwise be avoided. The same theme was worked out in tragic form here last year in a German play, "Breath of Spring." The tragedy is only approached here, and the play ends with everybody in it sobered but enlightened, going in to a cheerful English breakfast.

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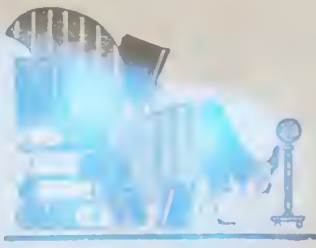

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Leroy Scott

His Sense of Humor

(Continued from page 15

"Guess I'll be toddling."

"Oh, have a smoke. Wife won't be home for an hour. No? It's the atmosphere here, I tell you—you can't resist it. She exudes herself into the very walls. 'Thou shalt not' is writ large o'er all. It hounds me!"

"You're proud of her just the same. Her cerebration is the real thing."

"Her cerebration—do you like that beastly grind she does? Tell you what I think: she's the legitimate mental offspring of William Winter. She loathes Bernard Shaw."

THERE was a burst of laughter, followed by more aimless talking, and the man took himself off. I remained perfectly rigid, sitting on the edge of the bed in the dark. After about a half hour I walked out into the library and found Teddy fast asleep on the couch. I regarded him scornfully for some five minutes, then took off his shoes and loosened his collar and left him.

In the morning I got up early, shined his shoes, put out clean linen, and fixed his bath. Those were my middle-class notions of being a good wife. Then I set about making a pot of strong tea. He seemed determined not to waken, but at last he roused with a start, drank off his tea, and made ready for the office. He looked at me dubiously from time to time, but made no attempt to talk. For my own part I suppose I was ominously silent. So he left the house almost without speaking. Not knowing what else to do, I set about an examination of conscience.

I had had what Teddy would have called an "uncommon jolt." The editor's rebuke, coupled with the conversation I had been guilty of listening to the night before, laid a heavy hand upon me. I felt that something tragic was about to occur. Just as the clock struck ten Teddy reappeared. He walked into the dining room without taking off his hat or overcoat. I followed him and stood by his chair.

"What is the trouble?" I asked.

He pulled a blue envelope out of his pocket and threw it on the table.

I SIMPLY looked at it without touching it, for I knew the significance of the ominous color. It was the office stationery.

"What have you been doing?" I asked fearfully.

He cast one expressive, whimsical look at me and folded his arms resolutely.

"What are you going to do?"

"Going to New York."

The tragic thing was named. I clasped my hands on my breast and let it go through me. Then I said agitatedly:

"It could be fixed up if you would apologize."

"Yes, but I won't. The devil take them! Worked my nerves to a frazzle on that murder story for six weeks. Your blessed New England jury brings in a verdict of 'guilty.' Must have a victim! Oh, I know the temperament. Well, I expressed myself. Do you hear, I expressed myself about this sacred Commonwealth!"

I saw it all, the group of men in the city room. Teddy's dramatic outburst, his refusal to write the lead according to editorial sanction. It must have happened yesterday. Since then he'd been with the "instinctives," reading Shaw.

"If you'd explain," I faltered, clasping and unclasping my hands.

"They'd never understand in a thousand years. Neither would you. Self-righteousness, condemnation, Puritanical smugness forbid."

"Does it seem like that to you?" I asked humbly.

"It seems—how can I make you feel it—as though I were dominated by a solemnity which is appalling. It seems as if the birds couldn't sing, the flowers grow, the children laugh. The very pictures on the wall change their expression and the books on the shelves their meaning because you own them. Can you understand that? I suppose not. Very well, understand this. I want to go to New York and I want to go alone."

WE were very still for a few minutes. When I looked at him he was searching my face with a hard gaze.

"It can't be as bad as all that," I said. "Why are you looking at me so?"

"It's just as bad as that, and I want to know what you are going to do about it?"

Published by Doubleday, Page & Company at the Country Life Press in Garden City, New York

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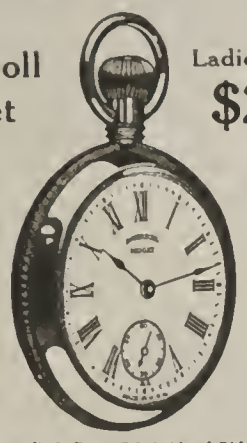

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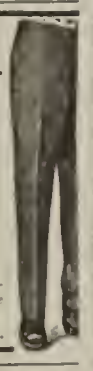

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RACINE CREASER CO., 56th St., RACINE, WIS.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

His Sense of Humor

Continued from page 30

"I—I'll stay right here. There's the lease."

"Thank God, there is. I forgot it." Teddy laughed wildly and then came around the table and kissed me. "You always were a brick, Toots."

I spent the day helping him get his things ready. He did not ask why I was at home and not at work. In the evening he went to the office of his former chief, and, after talking with him, talked to New York over the private wire. The New York office was glad to make a place for him, it seemed. His temperament got recognition, his salary a boost. There was handshaking all around. Teddy was all right.

HE spent a half hour telling me about this, and left me jocosely, much earlier than was necessary for his train. There was not a scene, there were no tears. He held me in his arms at the last and kissed my eyes. Then, as he picked up his bag, he patted my cheek. As he stood in the open door he laughed: "Toots and her lease. God send you win out, boofut, darlin'."

When the door closed I struck my eyes with the flat of my hands so hard the eyeballs ached. Then I sat in the dark library for two hours, thinking, thinking as solemnly serious as my soul desired. I thought our obligations gripped me, but it was the theorists who gripped Teddy.

From the time he left me, I began to be successful in journalism, as in the old days before our marriage. Ideas multiplied in my brain. I was active, resourceful; nothing was too laborious, nothing too baffling to undertake. I became a "piker" in earnest, saving ideas, not money, formulating them, organizing them, "putting them across." Every city has its journalistic bogy, and I captured Boston's. A book outlined itself from accumulating data; it grew in spare time and eventually was finished.

Teddy had followed my work from afar, occasionally writing a letter of commendation. He wrote me about the book, and, as a footnote to the letter, suggested that an absentee husband must be an unpleasant incumbrance. For his part, he said, he seemed instinctively to live alone. The suggestion was painful, but in time I got used to it, and in time acted upon it. A decree of absolute divorce was mine on Christmas Day before I was forty years old.

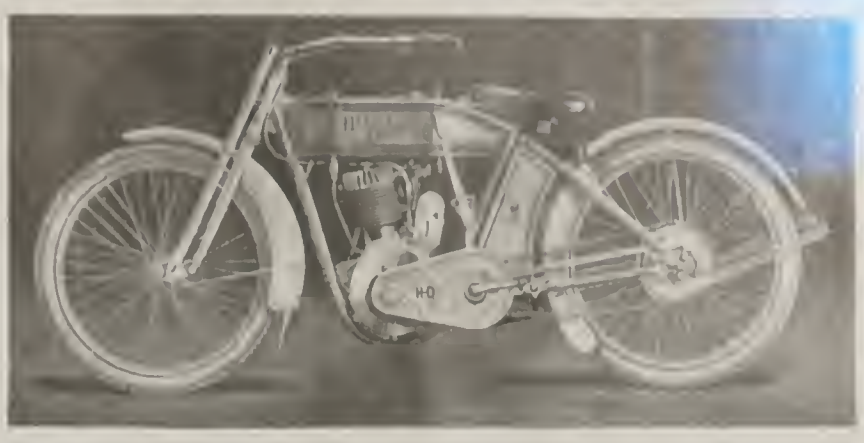
AS I have tried to indicate, I have always been slow in my mental processes, constructing things like a brick wall. Every brick which I have accepted has first received considerate examination. When I put it in my wall I put it there to stay. So I have accepted concepts of religion, concepts of sociology, concepts of men and women. I had a concept of New York which eventually drew me back to it, a place where a vast deal of constructive work is required to care for the tide flowing through its gate, to Americanize the inflow, that the outflow to the prairies may not destroy democracy in the nation's interior.

I argued that the metropolis was large enough for me to move in without encountering Teddy. But I heard of him the first week of my arrival. He was doing the things I had planned to do; he was associating with the men and women I wished to associate with. People who did not know of our past relationship spoke of him to me as one of the rising young men. A few persons who did know whispered to me of his movements and accomplishments. He was so beautifully serious for one so young. He had such noble ideals. He had thrown himself into the progressive movement heart and soul. He had even sacrificed an editorship to stand for what he believed. He was writing plays that his ideas might be visualized.

NOT until my own ears heard his arguments could I believe, however, and even then I was swamped in wonder. Young, of course he is young, and always will be. But serious, earnest, constructive—well, notes, leases, and marriage had not meant much in the past. What were for him the indissoluble compacts? What was the instinctive mood which was governing him now? Why had he wanted to come to see me?

The answer came to me yesterday like a bolt from the blue. My wall of brick

HARLEY-DAVIDSON



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(5 actual horse-power—35 cubic inches piston displacement). Dynamometer tests show that this motor develops 166 per cent. more power at 5 miles per hour than even the former 4 horse-power Harley-Davidson, which was the acknowledged leader in its class. 145 per cent. more power at 10 miles an hour, 80 per cent. more power at 20 miles an hour.

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His Sense of Humor

(*Concluded from page* 31)

und mortar tottered. Through rents and gashes the sunlight streamed into the cellarage, exposing toads and lizards of unlovely thoughts, long resident there. I sat on the shattered structure and beheld them scooting out and away. My cherished prejudices were exposed to my own vision.

"Do you know what Edmund has done?" a woman said to me in a dark hallway outside a committee room. She shook me as she asked, holding me by the shoulders like a culprit. Why was she shaking me, and why were her eyes glowing into mine like torches? "He has married." "Who?" She spoke the name of one of the loveliest of ladies, of one whose name stands for every ideal which I would ever have cared to stand for, one who has been a mother, one who has worked for the social good, one who has written graciously and fautlessly, one who not only loves symphonies but is herself a symphony—in fact, one who had succeeded beautifully where I had bungled.

I HAD finished my paper a few minutes ago and again my hand sought the book on the shelf. To-night I did not hesitate. I fetched forth a book of books, and I read in it:

"For you, O broker, there is no other principle but arithmetic. For me, commerce is of trivial import; love, faith, truth of character, the aspiration of man, these are sacred; nor can I detach one duty, like you, from all other duties, and concentrate my forces mechanically on the payment of moneys. Let me live onward; you shall find that, though slower, the progress of my character will liquidate all these debts without injustice to higher claims. If a man should dedicate himself to the payment of notes, would not this be injustice? Owes he no debt but money? And are all claims on him to be postponed to a landlord's?"

I turned the leaves and read yet again:

"The individual is always mistaken. He designed many things and drew in other persons as coadjutors, quarreled with some or all, blundered much, and something is done; all are a little advanced, but the individual is always mistaken. It turns out somewhat new, and very unlike what he promised himself."

I replaced the book upon the shelf and again sat staring at the eyes of the Botticelli,

"You cannot write fiction," she of the unfaltering gaze remarked placidly. "You have not the slightest sense of humor, nor have I. But I told you what I thought of life when you wrote your book. Ask the other lady about this."

I TURNED to the Mona Lisa and contemplated her long. After a time I folded my hands on the arm of my chair and smiled, too. For the Mona Lisa's smile is very, very wise.

The Bugaboos

The Wea-tha-profit

This is the Wea-tha-profit, sore distressed,
Who doesn't know the East Wind from the West.
He always wears his rubbers, rain or shine,
And carries an umbrella when it's fine.

Faultless Shirts WITH PATENT NEK-GARD

YOU want the best shirts your money can buy; you want all the comfort a shirt can give. Then insist on getting Faultless Shirts—they are the only shirts that combine all this. No other shirts can beat them in downright excellence of fabrics, in roominess, in nicety of style and custom-like finish. *And mark this!*—no other shirts can even equal them in absolute comfort. We use on Faultless Shirts the now famous Nek-Gard, which protects your neck from the spot and pinch of the *front* collar button. In Faultless Shirts no collar button can touch your neck. This wonderful invention is changing the shirt buying of keen, thrifty men. During the past few months thousands have found real shirt comfort never before possible. Why don't you? Don't let your dealer force you to be uncomfortable! Don't buy shirts with the now antiquated, incomplete, exposed-button neckbands! Faultless Shirts cost no more because of this great improvement.

The Nek-Gard is made without seams, cannot tear, does not increase the neckband's thickness, is unhurt by laundering. **It's the best thing that ever happened to a shirt.** It happened to the best shirt—and cannot be had on any others. Remember: Faultless Shirts—with patent Nek-Gard! If your dealer does not sell them, write us and we'll tell you who does.

Faultless Pajamas and Night Shirts

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There's more than roomy comfort in Faultless Nightwear. There's *style* as well—shapeliness, good fit and beauty of finish. Cut full at every point—no binding or pinching. Made from soft, sleep-luring fabrics from the best American and foreign looms. Flattened seams. Sold by Faultless Shirt dealers.

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Gives an added zest to coasting because it can be steered *at full speed* around all obstacles. Light enough to easily pull up hill—yet so strong it

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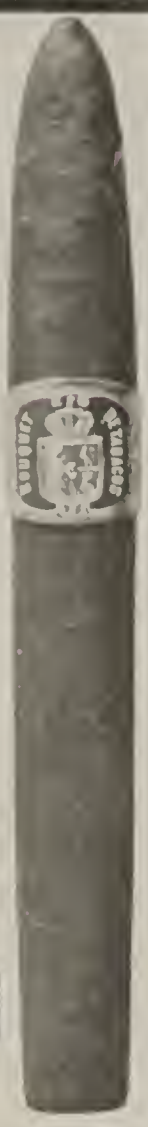

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I have found many rare grades, many delightful aromas. But the daintiest flavor, in my estimation, comes from a mountainous district in Cuba.

An expert on the ground selects this tobacco. And I have it made up for my personal use in Panatelas the size of this picture.

Many friends have come to depend on me for these rare cigars. And, having quit business, I shall take delight in somewhat enlarging this circle.

I will supply a few men from my private stocks at $4.50 per hundred, express prepaid. Or $2.35 for fifty. These prices will just about cover expenses. I am doing this largely for fun.

I invite to this circle only men who like mild, harmless smokes. Men who seek for dainty leaf, and rare, exquisite flavor. Tastes for coarse and strong tobacco don't agree with mine.

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Before you order let me send you five. Tastes differ on tobacco, and I want none disappointed. Send me 10 cents to cover postage, packing and revenue stamp, and I will mail you five of these cigars.

I can attempt to supply but a limited number. If you wish to be one, kindly write me today. Simply ask for the five cigars. (12

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AGENTS WANTED

J. U. ULLRICH & CO., 27 Thames St., New York

My Village

Continued from page 18

fancies, in which a young girl played considerable part.

"Aunt Mary," said I the next morning at breakfast, "I must find a stable for Dobbin soon, for I'm going to stay all winter."

Aunt Mary and Uncle Sid beamed at me, each over a pair of spectacles.

"Got to paint that old Cameron house 'fore you go, ain't ye?" asked Uncle Sid. I told him there were many other things to be painted. But I am afraid they did not believe me.

Somehow after this it mattered little that my painting progressed very leisurely, and that Dr. Cameron's garden proved itself absolutely unfitted for persistent application. After the first week, under Miss Cameron's mockery, I confessed that I had come into the country to regain control of shattered nerves and to rest a worn-out body. She looked at my six feet one hundred and eighty-odd pounds in such derision that I quailed inwardly.

THAT autumn was a period of bright days hurrying one upon the other's heels before the approach of winter: a period of full harvest, of harvest moons that made My Village a lovely and enchanted spot; of hills decked out ever more gayly in reds and browns and gorgeous yellows. It was a period of long tramps over the fields and through the luring forests; of drives at night when old Dobbin, scenting somehow the savor of his own long-ago youth, loitered along the silvered roads resolutely unconscious that he made a third party.

And even before the first breath of winter came down from the north to send the last scarlet leaf scurrying into hiding, I knew that I needed the gray-eyed girl who was my companion on all these long tramps and quiet drives. I knew that the miracle of love had come to me, as straight, as true as I had come to My Village two months before. And I rejoiced to think that I was free to claim it, and to speak it proudly, as a man should speak of love that fills his heart.

Autumn flung her last handful of golden riches over the valley, and then came the sharper touch that meant winter. One morning, dressing in my room that was now a little chilly, I heard a sharp knock on the front door below. Uncle Sid answered it.

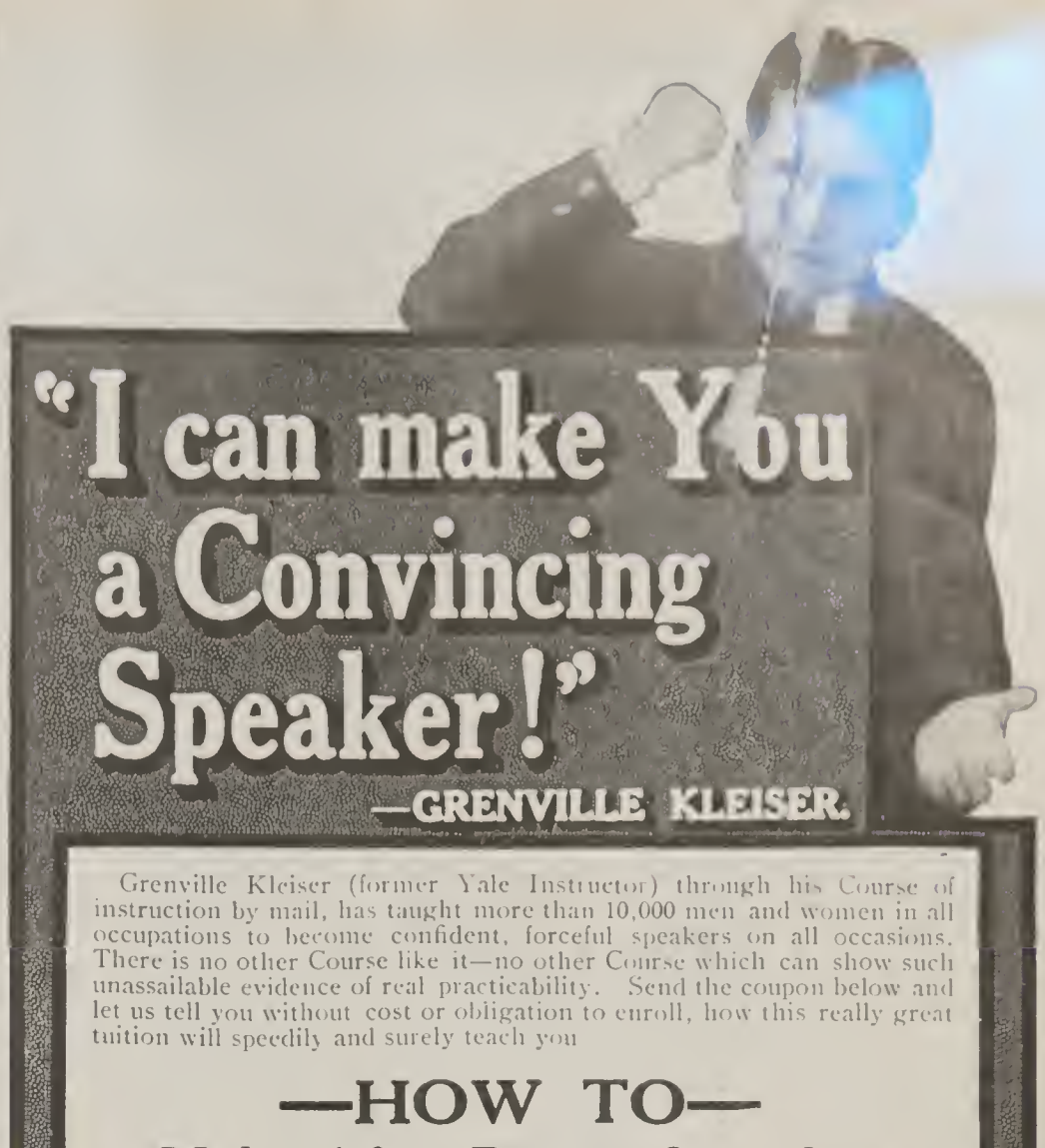
Then I heard his voice, a queer voice, calling to Aunt Mary. I ran downstairs. Aunt Mary had already gone, and Uncle Sid's ruddy face was white.

"Old Doc Cameron has been hurt," he said, as solemnly as prayer. "Fell and got hurt last night, and they sent for Mary while they're gettin' young Doc Barnes from down to Medford."

That was a terrible morning in My Village. I do not think there was any work done. We hurried to the store. It was gray dawn, but already half the men I knew were there, and many women. The story was soon learned. Dr. Cameron had been called in the night to bring another fragile life into the valley, and as he rode homeward after another victory over death the veteran bay horse, that had taken him so faithfully on many a weary round, had slipped on the icy road. Some one heard a horse whinnying loud in the night, and had found Dr. Cameron unconscious in the road, the bay standing over him and nosing the doctor's face with human anxiety.

THEY carried the doctor to his home, and the young Medford physician, with two diplomas and all the fashionable practice of the summer resort, came up in his smart gig and examined him, with a bright professional manner that seemed to me like an insolence. There were no bones broken, he said, but there might be internal injuries. And to Miss Cameron's anguished questions he answered jauntily that he guessed there was nothing much the matter, only a bad fall. Then he mounted his high gig, and his smart trotter took him back to Medford.

All that winter Dr. Cameron lay on his bed, sometimes a little conscious, sometimes rallying a little. A new doctor moved into the valley and saw him every day, each time shaking his head doubtfully. The spine was injured, he thought. But as spring came on and the hills burst into living green like birds into song, as the bright days again trooped one after the other and warmth flooded the valley, the doctor left his bed. He moved around a little on a cane, bent and uncertain.



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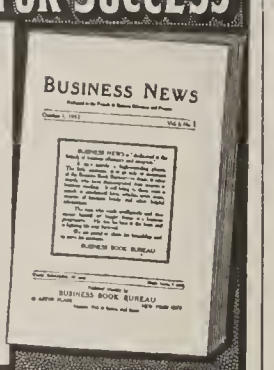

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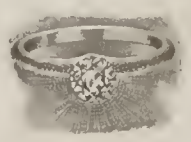

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My Village

(Continued from page 31)

But he never regained his strength. All day, as spring advanced, he would rest under a great cedar, on a bench he himself had fashioned when Miss Cameron's grandmother was a young wife, and sometimes, sitting there, he forgot the passing years and spoke as if he talked of that other Margaret. On his face came a look of peace and of nobility that moved one like a psalm of exaltation. And one quiet afternoon in early summer, as he sat gazing over his garden, we heard him call "Margaret!" in tones of great joy and love, and a moment later, when we had hurried to his side, we found him at rest forever, smiling in his long sleep.

So it was death that had finally come into the valley, but not as a defeat for the gentle warrior who had won so many battles. I have never seen men and women weep as on the day when they buried Dr. Cameron on the high hill above the river, where those who lay there could watch its shining flow.

THE months of daily and nightly care had shadowed his granddaughter's eyes, and for a while the merriment was gone from her face.

"I think I will go away somewhere for a rest," she said to Aunt Mary and myself, but she did not go. And presently, the splendid youth in her triumphing, she laughed again and we planned picnics and excursions into the woods, and I vowed to speak my mind.

But there came from the world I had gladly forgotten a telegram. Another bridge to be built; my old employers called me. I declined, and they sent another telegram, squandering money in a long appeal that tugged at my pride as a builder.

"For three months, then," I answered, and packed in a disgusted fury. Then I went to see Miss Cameron. "It's only going to be a few weeks," I explained, "then I'm coming back."

And I went away cursing myself that I had not spoken. But the gray eyes seemed a little distant in their glance. I ground my teeth and registered an oath to return in a month.

The bridge was like the labors of Atlas. It was out over a savage western river, and for two months I slept in a rude pine shanty and toiled as in a nightmare. Structural steel was delayed; there was a strike somewhere that held back men and material; plans were changed overnight by a smug board of directors sitting in their New York offices; a rival road stole half of my construction crew. Three months went by and two on top of that. I lost twenty pounds, but we flung the bridge over at length and I went to New York.

IN the office a letter had been held for two weeks. I did not know the cramped, quaint writing. It was from Aunt Mary. I read all the news of My Village, from Mr. Grandy's latest sermon on Basic Belief to Tommy Shaw's marriage with the pert, seventeen-year-old miss in the drug store. And at the end Aunt Mary wrote:

"Old Dr. Cameron's place is to be sold. When things were wound up, he didn't leave a cent, and Margaret is going away. They say a man from Medford is after it for a summer hotel."

Dr. Cameron's place sold for a summer hotel! Margaret going away!

My employers never forgave me—at least, not until afterward—because, still reading the letter, I tore out of the office. But I caught the first train to Medford.

In the smoking car, where I sat chewing a cigar with some impatience, I met a pleasant young chap and we fell into conversation. I told him I was going to Medford.

"So am I," said the pleasant young chap, and when I told him my home was near, he pulled from his pocket, in a burst of undeserved confidence, a well-thumbed piece of paper.

"There's a bully place for a summer resort going begging out there," said he, "and it's up at auction to-day. You must know it—some old doctor's place up the valley."

"Yes," I said, without enthusiasm, "I've seen it. It's a nice place." And I measured him with my eye. He looked prosperous, and my heart sank.

"And do you know," he went on, confidentially, "I believe there are two others on this train going out after it, too. It was handled by our man for the Medford agent, and he has been doing some great advertising—Colonial, old furniture, lots of trees, and all that sort of thing. We'll make it famous if we get it. There's an art collector on the train, too, I think."

I WAS on the steps when the train whistled for Medford. Before the pleasant young chap was off the cars, I had found the only livery stable in town, and Mr. Josh Riggs, proprietor, cleaning a buggy. He told me he had four.

"Here," said I, "I'll take your fastest horse and a light cart for all day, and I'll give you fifty dollars to tell anybody else that comes along that you haven't a thing left and they'll have to wait."

"Elopin'?" asked Mr. Riggs with interest. "Seventy-five."

"Not eloping. Just trying to beat out a couple of city fellows on a deal. Sixty," I told him, and Josh wagged his head, chuckling. And thereby tore down a reputation for thrift he had spent a lifetime in building up. I did not regret the sixty when I saw the handsome young three-year-old he harnessed in a twinkling.

Those ten miles from Medford seemed forty. It was close to noon when we swung out on the road up the valley, and it was nearing one o'clock when I reached the post office. Uncle Sid came out, to start back with wonder at sight of my foaming horse.

"Where's the sale?" I called. He did not need to ask what sale.

"Over at the house," he said, and I told him to get in beside me.

"I'm not going over," he answered. "Seems like Mary and me jest couldn't bear to see old Doc Cameron's place sold that way."

But I cried to him to hurry, and he came. And I talked fast as we drove through the quiet streets. Before we turned into the wide driveway Uncle Sid was more excited than myself.

THE sale was set for one o'clock—I had seen that from the piece of paper on the train. It was five minutes to one when we reached the house, and already the auctioneer, hired by the real-estate man in Medford, had mounted a chair on the lawn. Around him there were a score of men that I knew and many of their wives. And there were many others from the valley below and from Medford, drawn to My Village by the news that the old Cameron house was going under the hammer There was even an auto with two young chaps and several pretty girls. We drew up before we came to the gates, and walked in, so that they did not see how my horse had been driven in that last hour. I looked for Miss Cameron.

"She's not here," said Uncle Sid, guessing instantly what my glance meant. "She's over with Mary. She couldn't see it sold, neither."

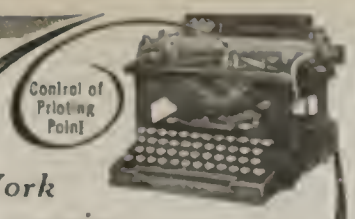
At a minute to one o'clock the real-estate agent looked at his watch, went out to the road, returned with obvious reluctance. And I knew that his expected purchasers had not arrived. So I whispered to Uncle Sid.

Uncle Sid went over to the agent. "Ain't this sale set for one o'clock?" he asked. "I wanter bid."

"Ye-es," hesitated the agent, again looking at his watch, "but I'm rather expecting some more people."

"Look here, young feller," Uncle Sid returned, "tell that man o' yourn to git up and start in. It ain't legal to hold this." They had some words, but Uncle Sid was in the right, and the agent, after a whispered consultation with his auctioneer, yielded surlily.

THE auctioneer read with horrible slowness a long description of the place and its contents, and then after a long pause he called for bids. The bidding started slowly. One of the city men put up a feeler of three thousand. Another man jumped it to five, and old Mr. Morton, who had come to look on, made it six on the chance of a bargain. It hung at six. Finally the first man from the city, glancing sharply at Uncle Sid, threw in a sudden "Ten thousand!" and then Uncle Sid, with some deliberation, raised it a hundred. By hundreds and fifties and



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My Village

Continued from page 31

even tens they began to go up. I hardly listened to the bidding. I was waiting for those wheels down the road.

As I stood on the outskirts of the crowd, one of the city men came and drew me aside.

"You're the man behind that old farmer," he said.

"Am I?" said I.

"Yes, you are. Now look here. I'm in with the chap bidding against your old party now. We came here because we heard some big hotel men from the city were after this. We're interested in that summer place at Medford, and we don't want rivals. See?"

I SAW.

"If you're here to start anything in that line, we'll take this if it goes to forty thousand. But we don't want it. Now here," and he whispered in my ear, "you can make us run it up, but you can't break in here with a hotel. See? And if you'll call off the old fellow now, there's a thousand in it for you. It'll pay expenses, anyway."

"My friend," said I, "I'm not in the hotel business. I'm here because I don't want a hotel within ten miles of the village. See?"

"Sign an agreement not to buck us and we drop out now," he cried.

"I'll give you my word," said I.

He looked at me. "You're on!"

So at twelve thousand six hundred the other city man dropped out like a shot and Uncle Sid raised the figure an economical five. The real estate man growled, his auctioneer droned "Twelve thousand six hundred and five—and five—who'll raise it to ten—to ten—" until I could have knocked the chair from under him, for he was plainly playing for time—and for those wheels down the road. But at the end of five interminable minutes, his raised hand went slowly down.

"Who takes this property?" he said to Uncle Sid. I answered, "I do," and handed him a check.

He was still turning it doubtfully over in his hand when the wheels I had been listening for sounded, and the young man I had met on the train dashed up. He was too late. And he took it with a smile, came to me, shook my hand and acknowledged he was beaten.

"You certainly tied up the transportation supply in Medford," he declared. "Twelve thousand six hundred!" and he groaned. "But I left those other two men trying to buy horses. I'm glad you're not in this for a money proposition. Good work, anyway." Then he shook my hand again and followed the crowd as it went out the gates. The real-estate man sourly turned over to me the keys of the house, and he and his auctioneer drove away. Uncle Sid, happy as a boy, fidgeted around the lawn.

"Now, Uncle Sid," I cried, "hurry home and tell Miss Cameron that the new owner must consult her about business here on the premises. Don't tell her who the new owner is, and get there before some one else does!"

UNCLE SID hurried away, and I was left alone in the garden. I walked around under the trees—my trees now—and looked at the great old house, lonely there in the quiet garden, the curtains drawn. Dr. Cameron was gone; his granddaughter had fled from the bargaining away of the house and its vines and trees; even Ezra, the gardener, had left his beloved flowers. I wondered if the house would welcome a new tenant. And a tiny whisper of fear came to me as I waited.

Then I saw Miss Cameron walking slowly up from the gates, and I went to her.

"I am the new owner," said I. "Congratulate me, cousin—and I hope you are a little glad yourself because the house will have some one here that loves it."

"I do congratulate you!" she cried, gasping a little with surprise and trying to smile so bravely, with such a quivering mouth and the tears so close to the gray eyes that I was silent as we went together up the walk. I led her to a bench under the trees. And suddenly the tiny whisper of misgiving was silenced, and all my doubts and fears vanished and I took her hand and held it in both of mine.

"I am the new tenant," I said to her, "and I love it all, Margaret, as I have

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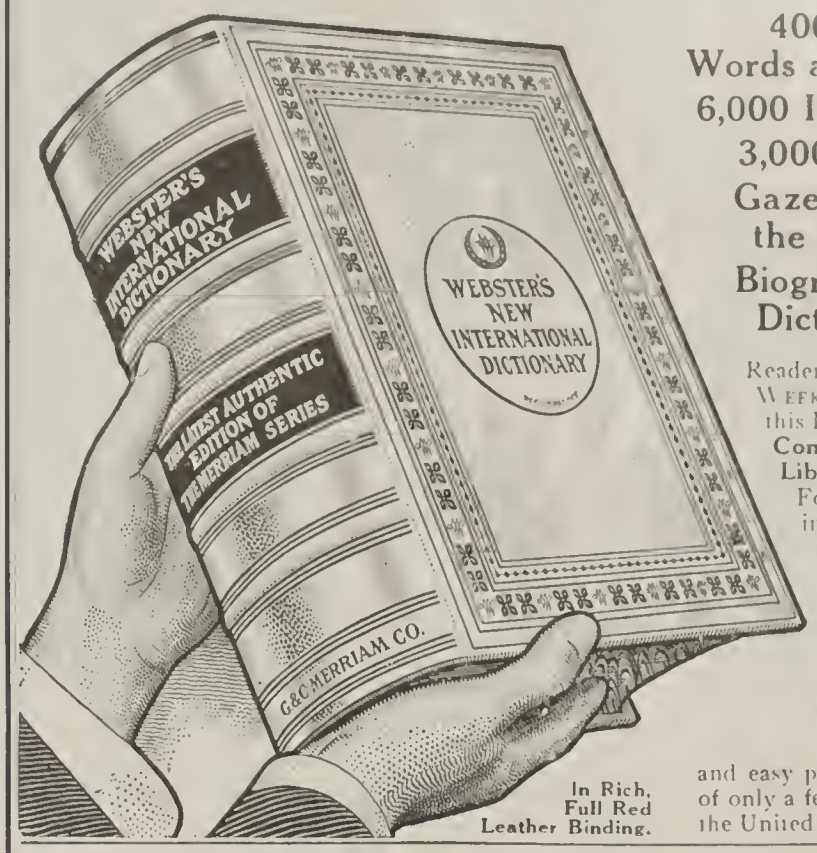

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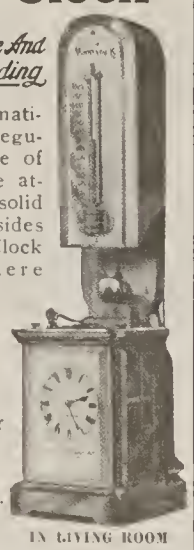

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My Village

(*Concluded from page 35*)

loved it from the first. But I cannot love it if you are not here, too—here to make this old house and this old garden full of life and joy and peace for me."

Her hands were trembling in mine, but she lifted her face and looked at me steadily as I went on:

"I came here away from the noise and the tumult, and I found such a life as I had dreamed of. And I found you, Margaret. That is why I loved the house and wanted it—to be ours, always. I want you to be with me. We will have to go into the noisy world, sometimes, but always we can leave its din and its hardness and its silly striving behind, and come back here together—come back home, dear, to our village and our trees and roses, and our house—if it will welcome me gladly because of my love. Will it—will you, dear?"

Then her hands ceased trembling and she looked up at me with such sweetness in the gray eyes, such tenderness in her face, that I needed no other answer, and I held her close a long and happy time.

THE afternoon sun fell gently through the trees, and presently it struck upon the western windows and they flashed in the warm light.

"The old house is smiling, Margaret," I said. "I believe it does welcome its new tenant."

"We welcomed you long ago," said Margaret, smiling too.

The Tattoo

(*Continued from page 20*)

top of a Washington pie.' She marks a place with her two first fingers across the broad, flat, sinewy place just below his elbow. 'Fascinatin',' says she. 'It was there you held me, wasn't it? I guess that it grew strong to save my life.'

"George shut his eyes like a toad sleepin' in the sun.

"'Yep,' says he, 'that is so, sure. It belongs to you.'

"The girl wriggles and laughs.

"'I'm glad there ain't any scars or marks there on yer arm,' she says. 'Lots of men gets tattooed on their arms. It's horrid! You won't never do it, will you? 'Cause if you did I'd know that you were all through with me.'

"An' George, the easy mark, says 'No' to the milliner, an' thinks that she is different an' better than all other women. He don't see that she is made up of clothes an' smiles an' cute ways an' love of attention from many men, pretendin' to herself, like a kid playin' Indian or policeman, that she is in love with all of 'em. Maybe he thought she was a woman like his mother.

"HE must have thought a lot about her anyway. The big stiff bought her flowers done up with silk cords an' played the sketch as well as he could, but boyish an' awkward an' seemin' more like a butt than ever, because he was gettin' older than most of the other boys who took a whirl with Ethel. She was teasin' him all the time. She'd come down to White City late on them summer afternoons an' accuse him of flirtin' with other girls, an' she'd shake him an' go off with some department-store buyer who owned a gasoline, twenty-horsepower tin kitchen. An' he stood it. He'd pull his head down onto that thick brown neck of his like a man that's been hit over the head with a sledge hammer, but it never seemed to shake his faith. He never called her down. He was as patient an' silent as a dog, an' when a bunch of squabs in bathin' suits watched him go by, they'd ah and oh like a crowd watchin' fireworks, but never knew the kind of goods this big guy was made of.

"But when 'Nickel' Longstreet came into the game, George, the life guard, went home one night an' took off his shoes an' tried to read the baseball news, but couldn't stop thinkin' about his boss an' Ethel. He'd seen Longstreet pass the girl into one of the movies, an' seen the two of 'em standin' an' talkin' when she came out, an' he'd seen 'em go off down the beach together out of the light of the electric lamps, an' he thought of the diamonds that 'Nickel' wore on his finger an' in a stud an' in a horseshoe scarf pin, an' he remembered how 'Nickel' brushed his gray hair over his ears an' carried a Malacca cane over his arm an' wore light gray club-check suits an' used violet water after bein' shaved. This was enough for George.

"He went next day to the shop where the girl trimmed an' fitted hats, an' walks down between the feathers an' flowers an' wax faces, an' he beckons to her with a hooked finger.

"'See here,' he says, slantin' Ethel with a pair of steady eyes, 'don't you ever have anythin' to do with this Longstreet again. That's what I come to say.'

"'It is, is it?' she says. 'You've got a nerve. Well, then, you better go while the goin's good.'

"'You heard what I said,' the big feller repeats. 'That's all. Good-by.'

"The next day was Tuesday, an' George went on at twelve o'clock at the beach. The water was gettin' cold toward the end of the season, an' there weren't half a dozen who took a chance with the surf. He got dressed early, at five, an', comin' out of the bathhouse onto the strip of board walk, he meets his boss just gettin' into an automobile with Ethel.

"He watched 'em go off, an' then he climbs the wooden stairs that run up beside the Surfside Café. There's a door at the top, an' he knocks an' asks for 'Sailor' Jerry, who lives there.

"'I come to get a little art,' he says.

"'What do you want—anchor? The grand old flag? Eagle an' wreath?' asks Jerry. 'I never seen you on the beach without sayin' to myself what a good subject you'd make. What'll it be?'

"'Well,' says George, 'I just want three letters.'

"'Where'll you have 'em?' says the tattoo artist.

"'Put 'em here on this flat place on the arm.'

"'Right-o. But you'll be back for more work when you see what a swell job I can pull off,' says Sailor Jerry. 'What letters?'

"'E. A. E.,' says the life guard. 'An' no questions asked.'

"'I get you,' says the professor, an' went to work.

"When the job was done George hopped on a car an' went to town. May was at the apartment, but she was goin' out.

"'Sit down, George, an' make yerself at home,' says she. 'I thought you an' Ethel had passed some talk.'

"The life guard didn't answer. He waited alone, watchin' the lace curtains blowin' in the dog-day wind that blew up the narrow street, an' he might have been figurin' how the Sox would be beaten for the pennant an' he might have been wishin' his mother was alive so's he could go back to her an' get some comfort. His arm still hurt him, but somethin' in his solar plexus pained worse—like somethin' had been taken out of him with a knife.

"IT was eleven when Ethel came in.

"'So you're here?' says she. 'I thought you'd be around when I seen you to-night on the beach.'

"'I came to say good-by,' says the guy.

"The girl turns a little white an' then laughs an' powders her nose.

"'Look!' says George, rollin' up his sleeve. 'You know what this means!'

"She turns a couple of shades whiter when she seen her initials tattooed there on the big arm. Maybe she wanted to burst into tears. She didn't do it. She gritted her white teeth together an' stuck out her jaw.

"'Listen to me,' she screamed at him. 'You've gone an' done it. Very well. Take it from me you'll be sorry. It's nothin' to me. I hate you—you overgrown boob!

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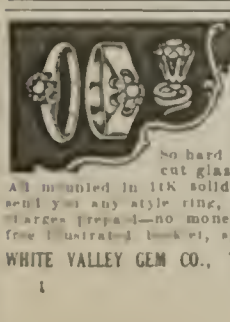

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The Tattoo

(*Continued from page 36*)

But you'll be sorry. The time'll come when the police will get you by them letters on yer arm. You ain't never done any wrong, you say. No, but you will. You won't never see them letters but you'll think how some day you'll do somethin' an' they'll be lookin' for you.'

"An' she pointed her finger at him, an' her eyes was blazin' an' red, an' she was like a tiger.

"'Oh, you've done it,' she cries, whippin' herself into a fury. 'You'll watch them letters an' wonder when you'll do wrong, an' when they'll come an' tap you on the shoulder an' say "You're the boy with E. A. E. on yer arm in India ink Come with me." Oh, you'll *do* something, all right. Don't forget what I say. Look at them letters every night when you go to bed. They'll make you do wrong—them letters. You can't shake 'em. They won't wash off, an' some day there'll be a card at the headquarters with yer name on it an' yer photograph, an' it'll say "tattoo mark, right arm, E. A. E." I tell you I see it written just like it was written on this ceilin', so help me! And now—get out!'

"He had listened to her with his jaws fallin' open. She had blown at him like a storm. He had stared at her, an' when she was done he looked frightened an' shook on his legs an' ducked his head as he went out. When he gets home he lights the gas in the chandelier and pulls up his sleeve, an' there is the letters E. A. E. on his arm. He begins to wonder what he would do to get 'em out in case the police was after him. In the mornin' he looks at 'em again.

"HE felt ashamed of them letters an' he didn't want to have the gang on the beach to look at 'em; he got the notion that some of 'em would have somethin' on him. He could almost hear the division Cap assigned to inspection at headquarters say: 'Jim, go out an' pick up that guy with the E. A. E. tattoo.' He could almost hear some gent in the witness box sayin': 'Yes, I know this man. How? Why, it's a cinch! He's got an E. A. E. on his arm, right here—a tattoo mark. He used to be the life guard down at White City Beach.'

"So he winds a rubber bandage over the place when he goes into the water an' he tells them who asks what's the matter: 'Oh, I got a sprain.' When the late fall days were sunny, he'd sit on the sands an' stare out over the water, an' maybe he was thinkin' how he wished he could forget this Ethel an' her cunnin' little ways, an' maybe he was hatin' his boss, 'Nick' Longstreet, old enough to be her father, who was sendin' her presents an' passes to the theatres, an' takin' her around, an' maybe he was thinkin' how he could get them letters off his arm, so's he wouldn't have to look at 'em when he pulled off his clothes at night, or sit on the edge of the bed when he put his feet out in the mornin' an' read 'em over again an' try to laugh over what the milliner with the gold hair had screamed at him, with her eyes shinin' fire. He was alone a good deal. But the tattoo letters on his arm was always with him.

"When the beach closed up an' the concession men had boarded up the fronts of their shops an' the cold wind began to blow the dry sand in piles all over the board walks, an' flags that had been put up on the 'Divin' Girls' Pavilion' was all whipped to strings, an' the sea gulls came in an' lit on the rail of the band stand, of course George wasn't workin' any more as a life guard. He had his job back at the garage, but three or four times he goes down to White City an' looks at the cold water an' listens to the squawkin' of the birds, an' when he's sure no one is lookin' he pulls up his sleeve an' looks at the blue marks on his arm. An' once he takes the point of his knife an' picks at them little dots the way a man tries to get splinters from under the skin.

"I'VE got a hunch that the big guy wondered, too, about Sailor Jerry, who had put the ink into him, where he was layin' up for the winter an' whether he had forgotten the job he'd done on the arm. An' he heard some one say tattoo marks could be taken out by milk shot into the flesh with a hypo needle. But he was afraid to go to anybody to get it done because then somebody else would be next to the E. A. E. an' put the cops wise when he pulled off his crime.

Which is the Sensible Way to Keep Your House Clean?

Of course you want your home clean. Not merely clean-*looking* but absolutely, *sanitarily* clean. If you simply remove the surface dirt and dust with broom and dust cloth, your home *appears* clean, to be sure. But what about the germ-laden dust that your broom stirs up, that pollutes the air you breathe that settles in your food that settles in your rugs where you or playing children stir it up and become infected. There is only one way to *safely* remove the disease germ-laden dirt and dust.

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Collier's Nov. 23-12

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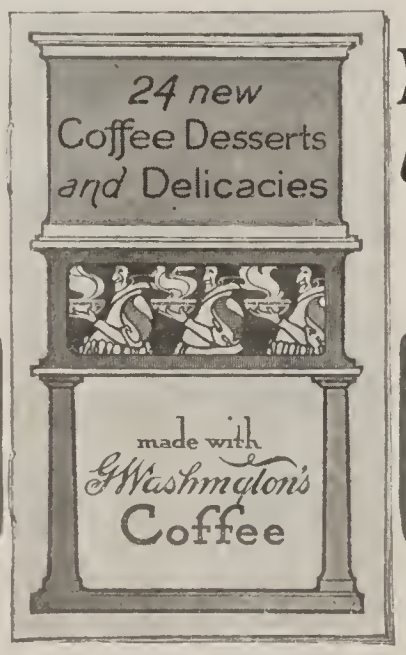

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The Tattoo

Concluded from page 37

"He wondered what his crime was to be. He hadn't any idea, see? But he had begun to believe the girl was right. He'd seen it in dreams. He'd got the notion. He'd have put money on it. Some day he was goin' to pull it off—and make the notion real. He practiced not jumpin' when people came along from behind an' put a hand on his shoulder. He wished he'd hurry up an' do the dirty work an' have it over. He wished the chance would come so he could take his medicine an' beat it, flyin' from the law with nobody knowin' about them tattoo marks but Ethel A. Ellis an' Sailor Jerry, an' probably both of 'em crazy to tell.

"WELL, he got his chance all right. It was a week ago at close to midnight. He was workin' late at the garage, an' his old boss, Longstreet, the showman, comes up in a seagoin' night hack an' gets out an' comes walkin' on tiptoe between the noses of automobiles pointin' at each other from the two whitewashed walls. The light was dim, but the tattooed man could see that 'Nickel's' face was white an' scared.

"'George, old top,' says Longstreet, 'I'm in trouble. I've got to get a good car an' get out of town. I want to prove an alibi, see?'

"'What been doin'?' asks George.

"'It's a woman,' says Longstreet. 'Maybe you remember her—a skirt named Ethel. You knew her. I've been doin' a lot for her—a regular meal ticket an' ticket agency for her. Flowers, candy, an' a set of furs she wouldn't take. She's been stringin' me, see? She got sore tonight an' calls me some names. We was in my office in the Bankhead Building. Well, I was mad after all I done for her. I talks back an' then she tells me she's just been givin' me a jolly an' never would marry me or nothin', and finally when I walks toward her she slaps my face. I'm blessed if I can stand that. I beat her up, see? She threatened to get a warrant for me, an' I got scared an' beat her up some more. I lost my temper. When she come to I shut the door an' goes out. She'll make good on this; she'll have me pinched. You got to get me out of town, see?'

"GEORGE slants the feller an' his diamonds an' his yeller overcoat an' goes up so close to him he could smell the violet water.

"'All right,' says George. 'Get in that racin' car—the gray one.'

"For the first time in many a week he rolls up his sleeve an' holds the tattoo mark up to the light as if he didn't care who seen him lookin' at it. Then he cranks the car an' they starts.

"Just seven hundred an' eighty feet from Pine Island bridge, on the way to North Tawney, he stops his engine. The night was dark. The interurban had just gone in from its last trip.

"'Get out,' says George.

"'Somethin' broke?' asks Longstreet.

"'You got to get out,' the big guy says.

"So Longstreet got out an', without sayin' a word, George, pullin' off his coat, rushes on him like a load of bricks, an' he winds one set of fingers around the manager's fat neck an' set 'em into it as if the neck was a lump of putty, an' with the other fist he sledge-hammered the poor gink until no more sounds come out of him. There ain't a sign on him of a blow from anything but a fist or a scratch except what comes from the grip of them fingers.

"Finally the big feller throws him up against the board fence there an' broke the top rail, an' seven or eight splinters falls on the snow there. The feller's head was floppin' around as if it was tied onto his body with a shoe string, an' his arms was like two strips of flannel, an' the body had about as much life in it as a string of spaghetti.

"THEN George sees the diamonds an' the bulge of the pigskin pocketbook, an' he thinks maybe that robbery is as good a motive as any. So he takes 'em, lookin' up an' down the road for automobile lights. An' then he thinks of the girl he couldn't forget, an' he wallops the thing in front of him again, an' picks up the body an' chucks it over into the ditch an' stands an' listens to the wind moanin' over them stretches of salt marsh.

"BUT it's cold, an' he cranks up the car an' turns her around an' goes back to the garage an' puts his arm in front of one of the acetylene lights an' reads over them letters E. A. E. an' wishes they weren't there. He knows he's got to beat it. Maybe Ethel will tell what's on his arm, then there won't be a headquarters in the United States that won't be lookin' for that mark.

"Well, he was right!"

The man had evidently finished his story; the clock in Tulu Station clacked away again vehemently.

Rowell's breathing had made itself noticeable, too. He sat with his big shoulders bent forward and his eyes fixed upon Wasson's as if he were held in a magic spell.

"The man—ain't dead—is he?" he asked, clenching his big fists.

The other shook his head. "It looks as if he'd pull through," he admitted.

"Did the girl tell?" questioned Rowell, shivering as if the station were not a smother of heat. "For God's sake, what a story! Did the girl tell? Did she tell about the tattoo? Why don't you say something?"

WASSON smiled cynically.

"She told everything," said he, fingering the metal things in his overcoat pocket. "The game's up. She squealed on him. Where'd you think I knew about the E. A. E. if she didn't?"

With a violent motion of both huge hands, Rowell covered his eyes.

Wasson leaned forward.

There was a little decisive click.

"Bracelets for yours," he said easily.

"Take 'em off of me!" screamed the other, trying to get up from the bench. "Take 'em off of me! You've got the wrong man! Take 'em off!"

"Sit down or I'll knock you down," roared Wasson. "I've got it on you right. The girl even said you'd be here, George. Sit down!"

The other man stared down at the steel cuffs that bit into the flesh on his sinewy wrists: he seemed to be making an effort to calm himself.

"Look here," he said. "Listen to reason. You've got the wrong man. I'm the big life guard's brother. The girl telegraphed me that George was in trouble an' that she was leavin' for Europe with him to-day. That's right. I'm tellin' you straight. She told me a man would meet me here and give me the particulars."

Wasson laughed outright. "You say she has skipped with George an' that you're agent for the Whippet, Doane Belt Company, an' you ain't the man, but his brother, an' that the man an' the girl has got out of the State an' is goin' to live happy ever after. A swell story! Oh, what a swell story! An' this to me—Inspector Wasson. Ain't you ashamed of yerself?"

"It's the straight goods," said Rowell. "The girl Ethel—the little golden-haired milliner—has put one over on you. If you don't believe it—why here!—look—pull up my sleeves!"

WASSON put his hands forward and unbuttoned the man's shirt cuffs. He rolled back first one sleeve, then the other.

"E. A. E.," said Wasson, with a smile on his fat lips, and, reaching for the bracket lamp, he held it above the great, bare, muscular forearms of the prisoner.

The skin upon them was white as a woman's and unmarked by so much as a pin prick of blemish!

Wasson sighed, unlocked the handcuffs, and sat down.

"Some girl that—Ethel A. Ellis, what?" said he. "I guess she an' yer brother has made their getaway!"

At eight-thirty o'clock we three—Rowell, Wasson, and I—caught No. 9 going south, and from the life guard's brother and me the police inspector, who taught us a little game of cards, won two dollars and forty-five cents, the exact price of a round trip from Tawney to Tulu Station.

Announcement

This is the beginning of a concerted endeavor on the part of a few manufacturers of pure, honest food-products to arouse the American public to a realization of the need for intelligent discrimination in the purchase of what it eats and drinks, and to provide a simple, effective means of recognizing those foods which are pure, wholesome and honestly labelled.

Earlier efforts to awake public interest in this important problem have not fully met the situation, because they have been largely negative—they have told the consumer the names of a few evil foods and dishonest makers but have been silent about pure foods and honest makers. They have said "don't" instead of "do," and like most destructive endeavor they have wearied the reader and often ended by hurting the good along with the bad.

The town of Westfield, Massachusetts, in working out this problem, has proved the immense superiority of the contrary policy. There, through the work of a remarkable Board of Health,—which is really a Board of *Health*, not sickness—the consuming public is furnished with a simple, handy and reliable index showing the foods which are fit to eat, instead of being warned against a few of those which are not.

Inspired by the success of this simple plan, the firms whose names are signed to this statement have united in an endeavor to place this index of nationally distributed food products, known as the Westfield Book of Pure Foods, in American homes everywhere. They plan to accomplish this through straightforward, educational appeals, to which this is preface, to tell people what they ought to know about what they eat and drink, why they should know and how they can find out.

The standards of purity on which the Westfield Book is based are not those of any manufacturer, but were arbitrarily and impartially established by the Westfield Board of Health, for the single purpose of safeguarding the health of Westfield citizens. This movement reflects the attitude of that Board—not the position of any single manufacturer.

This effort is selfish only in that it seeks to make honest business better, by encouraging the makers and sellers of *all* good foods. The men who are doing the work and paying the bills profit only as all men of their type profit—in the growth of a public ability to distinguish between good foods and bad. The campaign is not an attack on the makers of bad foods, nor on the dealers who carelessly or wilfully distribute them. It is constructive first and destructive only incidentally, although in effect it will prove the most damaging of all attacks upon the cheerful business of poisoning the public for petty profits.

The story of what Westfield has done, and how it was done, is briefly told in the following pages, reproduced from Collier's Weekly of August 26, 1911, followed by brief instructions which explain how you can reap the benefit of the work of this pure food community by sending for a copy of its book,—the Westfield Book of Pure Foods,—which the Board of Health has republished for general distribution. Aside from this public-spirited aid, however, the Board has no connection with this movement.

The names of the firms co-operating to bear the expense of this campaign are signed below, not as a bid for publicity, but simply because no detail of such a matter should be concealed from the public. The Westfield Book of Pure Foods, which they seek to distribute, lists the names of many competing houses which take no part whatever in the movement but necessarily share equally in its benefits, as every product mentioned in the book has passed exhaustive, impartial tests which conclusively prove its purity and worth.

The American Sugar Refining Co., New York.
Baker Extract Co., Springfield, Mass.
Baker Importing Co., New York.
Beechnut Packing Co., Canajoharie, N. Y.
Belle Mead Sweets, Trenton, N. J.
Dr. E. F. Brush's Kumyss, Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Clicquot Club Co., Millis, Mass.
Corn Products Refining Co., New York.
The N. K. Fairbank Co., Chicago, Ill.
F. A. Ferris & Co., New York.
H. J. Heinz Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Jones Dairy Farm, Fort Atkinson, Wis.
Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Chas. B. Knox Co., Johnstown, N. Y.
Francis H. Leggett & Co., New York.
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co., Boston, Mass.
Minute Tapioca Co., Orange, Mass.
The Moxie Co., Boston, Mass.
The National Onion Salt Co., Chicago, Ill.
Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.
Southern Cotton Oil Co., New York.
Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.

Additions to the above list will be given in the Nov. 30, Dec. 7 and Dec. 14 issues

Here are some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

Read the three following pages

Westfield

A Pure-Food Town

By MARGARET WAGNER

¶ This article was ordered by a magazine especially interested in pure foods. It involved considerable expense, as the writer went to Westfield and personally investigated the town conditions. The article was accepted and scheduled for publication. Several months before it was scheduled to appear the magazine published a general article on pure food. Immediately following the publication of this article the advertising department of the magazine reported the cancelation of a number of advertisements of foods. The number increased daily until twenty thousand dollars of advertising had been canceled. Much of this advertising was by well-known, reliable firms, whose only explanation was that pure-food articles were prejudicial to the buying of all kinds of prepared foods, whether honest or fraudulent. The business management of the magazine, alarmed, placed a ban upon pure-food articles. Collier's believes in constructive work in protection of the consumer, and will publish soon a list of certain products which have been shown by strict analysis to be absolutely free from anything that could possibly be considered harmful.

Professor L. B. Allyn

YOU don't know Westfield? Westfield is in Massachusetts, forty minutes out from Springfield. Now to be "forty minutes out from" anywhere usually amounts to a town conviction. "Forty minutes out from" indicates that the town is a mere hanger-on, an unallied suburb glad to connect its meager individuality with the city forty minutes away. Not so Westfield. Westfield stands sturdily upon its own record, insists upon its separate entity, and even regards its connection "forty minutes in" as sadly deficient in the real matters that pertain to cities—such as caring for their citizens. And Westfield is conscious that it merits unique honors. For its citizens can buy and *will* buy only food and drugs that are pure—Westfield has made it almost impossible for them to buy anything else. More than that, it has educated its citizens to a point where they are unusually intelligent as to food values, so that Westfield housekeepers not only buy pure food and pure drugs, but the food and drugs that give best value for the money.

Varnished Peanuts

ON THE main street in Westfield is a grocery shop. It is a nice, clean-looking store with boxes and cans neatly arranged, and white-sleeved, white-aproned clerks. And the proprietor is a pure-food expert.

He might grant that there is no direct harm in certain preservatives, and yet he prefers to be on the safe side.

"There's too much of a demand in this town for pure goods to carry any that have doubtful preservatives.

"No, ma'am," as he turns to a customer, "we can't sell you any of those peanuts. Yes, I know they *look* nice. But the Board of Health found that they're coated with shellac and I'm going to send them right back. It'd be worth my reputation to sell them."

"Goodness!" exclaims the housekeeper in horror. "Thank you so much. Send me the candles instead." Then she turns to her companion: "I'm going to order some ice-cream."

"Well," returns her friend, "order it at Blank's. I went to the school yesterday and their ice-cream has ten per cent more fat and solids than any ice-cream in town."

And now we have stumbled upon the secret that makes Westfield an entity, a town of record, and a town of pure food. The secret is the school. The school is a State Normal School, and happens to be stationed at Westfield. It has been at Westfield since 1839 with marked effect upon the community.

The present principal, Mr. C. A. Brodeur, began to worry a little over the futility of teaching the girls chemistry. Still, chemistry had to be taught. Moreover, chemistry is a useful science. Mr. Brodeur wondered if it could not be made somehow into a practical science that would touch and enter the lives of the girls. The chemistry department needed a new head, so he sent for Mr. Lewis B. Allyn, then a teacher in Boston, to try to work out a plan which would present chemistry in a practical and interesting way. Mr. Allyn proved equal to the emergency. The first chemistry lesson of the new term taught how to take a stain out of

An experiment in detecting the presence of poisonous formaldehyde in milk. The dark liquid was milk preserved with formaldehyde. The other glass contained pure milk

a white dress. Interest in the department revived at once. Everybody wanted to know how to take out stains, and stains were experimented upon until the wardrobes of the students of the State Normal School at Westfield were spotless. Then Mr. Allyn taught the girls how to make flavoring extracts.

They made their own vanilla and almond and lemon flavors and sent them to the kitchen and then criticized the pies and cakes in which they were used. Then they began to dye cloth, and their wardrobes blossomed forth in many colors. By this time chemistry had become a popular subject, and when the dyeing lessons were followed by analyses of foods it became difficult to keep the pupils out of the laboratories. Professor Allyn invited the pupils to bring foods for experiments. Every article served in the school was tested, and the girls began to purchase special articles from grocery, drug, and candy shops. The results were fascinating—and startling. One girl who brought a jar of her favorite brand of raspberry jam for analysis found it to contain inferior apples, colored with coal-tar dye, and flavored with ether! A delightful concoction known as a tart proved to be puff-paste made with alum, with a jelly center dyed with coal-tar!

Some of the Fakes

THERE were other discoveries.

"Cream" proved to be ordinary milk evaporated to one-half its bulk.

"Vanilla" contained wood alcohol, which is not a particularly nutritious beverage.

"Pure whisky" contained burnt sugar, prunes, and tannic acid. The flavor of this delectable compound was strengthened by oil of sweet almonds, *sulphuric acid, and ammonia.*

"Strawberry jam" proved to be apple stock and coal-tar dye. The pupil who analyzed this compound found some apparently genuine seeds in this mixture. A bit curious, she planted and tended them carefully, and the class shared her delight when the tiny green shoots developed into *hardy clover!*

Some of the Products Which Were Analyzed and Found to Contain Harmful Ingredients

The druggists of Westfield are cooperating with the town Board of Health by refusing to sell the patent medicines and pain-killers which are known to be injurious

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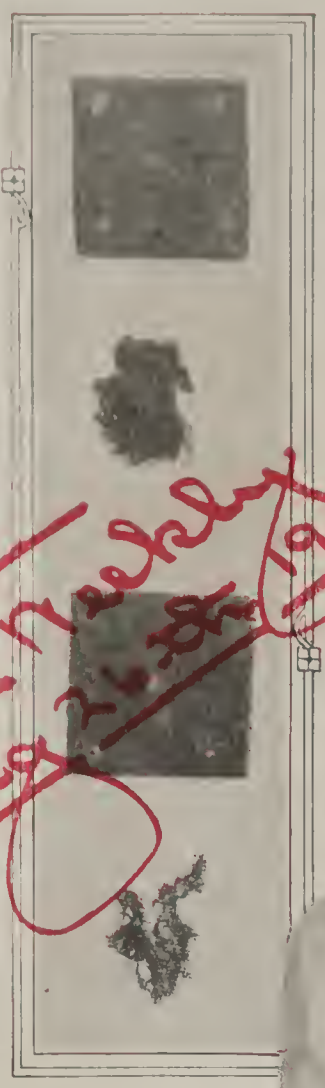
But perhaps the unkindest cut came in the testing of sweets. Nearly all the candy tested revealed coal-tar dyes. The laboratory became gay with cloths dyed green, yellow, blue, and pink from the delectable, toothsome bits of which the girls were so fond. And then there were serious discoveries concerning drugs. One pupil, whose mother had died suddenly and inexplicably, brought to the laboratory some headache tablets which had proved soothing to her mother on various occasions and which she had taken on the day of her death. An analysis revealed acetanilid in quantities large enough to have caused death. This discovery made a profound impression upon the girls. One by one they brought their favorite powders, pills, and tonics to the laboratory. Almost all of these showed traces of poisons that are sure to have a permanently injurious effect. The girls at Westfield banished drugs.

The Effects of Analysis

THIS was practical chemistry, but it was the kind of chemistry that could not be confined to the classroom. The students of the school who resided in the town warned their mothers of impure products as soon as they discovered them. Grocers, confectioners, and druggists were perplexed at the sudden falling off of a demand for one kind of goods and the sudden increase in the demand for another. Moreover, the girls themselves went shopping and, proud of their new-found knowledge, expressed themselves publicly.



"All Wool"

The small bunches indicate the actual amount of wool taken from the samples

"Look at that woman buying the jam we analyzed in the laboratory," remarked one girl to another in a perfectly audible tone in one of the best grocery shops in town. "I'll bet if she knew that it was old apples and coal-tar dye she'd think before she'd buy it." Of course this spoiled the sale and the grocer waxed indignant. Indignation also grew among druggists, bakers, confectioners, and milk dealers. The people of Westfield were beginning to ask questions that the dealers could not answer, and, naturally, resentment against the normal school grew. Finally a number of merchants refused to supply Professor Allyn with goods. The Professor overcame this by sending the girls to make purchases for analysis, but soon even the girls found it difficult to purchase. Threatening letters began to arrive at the normal school. Drummers who came to town and failed to sell goods went back to the manufacturers declaring the school a meddlesome busybody. Then the manufacturers sent special representatives to visit and warn Mr. Allyn that he must desist.

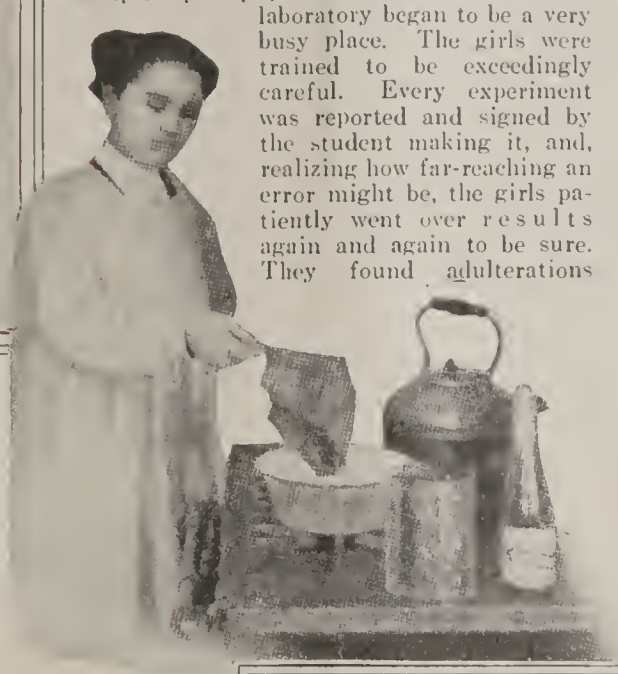
Ending the Craze for Lollypops

JUST at this time the lollypop craze struck Westfield. The bright-colored balls proved irresistible even to dignified normal students and lollypops were devoured by thousands. Then Mr. Allyn brought lollypops into the laboratory. He chose the brightest and most attractive, and the horror-stricken girls extracted enough poisonous dyes to make the school one of total abstinence as far as lollypops were concerned. Mr. Allyn made his results public, and lollypop buying in Westfield suddenly ceased, while the manufacturers sent more threatening letters.

But the hostile feeling in the town actually hampered the school work. Goods for experiment had to be obtained surreptitiously, which was inconvenient. So a number of grocers were invited to the school to inspect the work. Eight grocers came. They looked curiously at the banners of gorgeous colors dyed with coal-tar from food products, and inspected with a good deal of interest the food museum. The museum occupies a corridor near the laboratory. It consists of tall glass cases in which the foods, pure and impure, are placed. On one side appears, first, a bottle of Heinz catsup, labeled "Pure," and directly opposite, an equally attractive bottle of "catsup" is labeled: "Stewed pumpkin colored with coal-tar and preserved with benzoic acid." Then come various brands of canned goods—peas, beans, etc. On the one side the well-known pure brands—Francis Leggett, White Rose, and the American Dehydrated Company's products are prominent. On the other are various brands of "French peas, beans, and spinach," labeled: "Colored with copper sulphate." Pure olive oil faces a decoction of cottonseed oil, peanut oil, poppy seed, corn, and sesame oils, also labeled by the manufacturer "pure olive." Pure coffee looks across at a package labeled "20 per cent chicory." Pure tea confronts tea that is faced with graphite.

The grocers returned to their shops interested but puzzled. Then one enterprising man tried an experiment. He rearranged his stock, putting all the approved foods to the front. When his customers appeared he recommended the brands.

"I've just been up at the normal school, madam," he asserted, "and these brands are there in the museum labeled 'pure.' You can see for yourself." **In twenty-four hours he found his sales increased so that he was confident that fighting the normal school had been a mistake. The other grocers were quick to follow his example.** Then one man went a step farther. He assured his customers that he would not sell any goods unless they first had been approved by the school. He instructed the drummers who asked for his trade that if they would send samples to the normal school and those samples were approved he would buy. The drummers sent samples promptly and the normal school laboratory began to be a very busy place. The girls were trained to be exceedingly careful. Every experiment was reported and signed by the student making it, and, realizing how far-reaching an error might be, the girls patiently went over results again and again to be sure. They found adulterations



Catsup Dye

Coal-tar dye in a bottle of catsup colored a white cloth a bright red. What would it do to the stomach?

The photograph on the right shows a coffee test. To a glass tumbler three-quarters full of ice-water a teaspoonful of the finely ground coffee is added and stirred in thoroughly. Pure coffee contains a large quantity of oil which causes it to float, while its common adulterants and substitutes, chicory, roasted cereals, legumes, etc., will sink, forming muddy liquid

were divided into two kinds. The first is the fraudulent adulteration, which lowers the value of the article but which does not affect the health of the consumer. Coffee adulterated with chicory is a good example of this kind. Chicory is harmless—indeed, many coffee drinkers prefer it to coffee—but no housekeeper wants to pay the price of coffee for chicory, as chicory is very much cheaper. Injurious adulteration means not only the lowering of the value of the article but actual injury to the consumer.

Deadly Crème de Menthe

EVEN where experts disagree about the amount of preservatives necessary to cause direct injury, they are in general agreement that the use of such preservatives permits the use of goods which are, in plain language, rotten. Of the groceries tested in the laboratory, one of the most frequently adulterated is baking-powder. So little baking-powder is used in some homes that this product would seem comparatively unimportant. But a great deal of baking-powder is used in the bought cake and biscuits, and a great deal of this is adulterated. The adulteration may be by ammonia, which is fraudulent but not injurious, or by alum, which is decidedly injurious, as it hardens the tissues of the mucous membranes. Jams, jellies, catsups, confectionery, candy, dessert powders, flavoring extracts are often loaded with coal-tar dyes. These dyes are sometimes harmless, but very frequently injurious, depending on the particular combination. There is one bottle of crème de menthe at the normal school which contains a coal-tar dye sufficiently poisonous to have killed two people. The bottle is almost full, but the small amount used caused the death of a man and his wife, and then the product was sent for analysis. Extracts are also adulterated with wood alcohol, and with turmeric, a fraudulent adulterant.

Adulterating Dairy Products

EGGS and butter were found to be frequently adulterated. Eggs in the shell suffered no more than indefinite detention in cold storage, but eggs sold by the barrel to bakers are not in the shell. These are often bad eggs to which formaldehyde has been applied to kill the taste and odor. This horrible mess of putrefaction and poison comes forth as delicious cakes. And creamery or dairy butter is renovated and kept sweet by the same means. When the grocer has held butter until it is too rank to be sold, he ships it back to a manufacturer. It is steamed; new milk is added, and then it is rechurned, colored, well seasoned with some preservative, and returned to the grocer to be labeled "Fresh Dairy Butter." Cooking butter is frequently renovated.

Jellies, jams, catsups, and all the products which are adulterated with coal-tar dyes are subject to further adulteration through preservatives.

Canned meats and sausage, etc., were quite frequently found to contain preservatives. In every case the exact preservative used was discussed and an opinion expressed on the question of harmfulness. Whatever was discovered was faithfully reported back to the grocers, and **the grocers rose to the occasion. They held a meeting and signed an agreement to stand by the work of the normal school,** to make a fight for pure food, and to ask the Board of Health of Westfield to help them. The people of Westfield responded to that request by making Mr. Allyn a member of the Board of Health. Thereafter he was no longer a meddler, but an official. This made the work at the school far more important. The normal school became the town laboratory. There was no difficulty about the interest in chemistry. Students came before and after hours to experiment. Mr. Allyn's appointment to the Board of Health made it possible for him to print the results of school experiments in the daily papers. When the papers declined to print them as news the Board paid for them as advertisements.

Groceries became a small part of the work. One family which had moved into a recently renovated house suddenly became ill. The attendant physician thought the symptoms those of poisoning, but could find no evidence. So the Board of Health called upon the normal school. The students got to work and analyzed every particle of food which the family consumed, but without result. Finally they started on the wall-papers. In a gilt paper which decorated the dining-room they found arsenic, one and one-half grains to the square yard, an appalling quantity. The landlord took off the offending wall-paper and the family recovered. But the people of Westfield had become suspicious of wall-papers. One dealer complained that one of his prettiest patterns would not sell because the folks were afraid of arsenic. The paper was green and gilt, as the condemned paper had been, and Westfield refused to buy. Finally the dealer sent the paper to the normal school. **The school found it harmless; the Board of Health published the fact, and the dealer has sent all his samples to the school to be tested ever since.**

Merchants were not long in discovering that the normal school experiments did them more good than harm. One woman who was a confirmed user of some anti-pain pills was warned by her physician to discontinue their use. Believing that the physician wanted to secure her continued visits and make the profit upon her illness himself, she continued the pills, but sent some to the normal school for analysis. She was seriously ill before the analysis was made, and when it came with an imperative warning she at once stopped the pills. The normal school could

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Westfield—A Pure-Food Town

(*Concluded from page 14*)

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had no possible object in deceiving her, and she trusted its verdict more than that of her physician.

A young woman who is a resident of Springfield, "forty minutes in," became partially paralyzed shortly after she had taken a dose of salts prepared for her by a local druggist.

She insisted that she had been poisoned, and her physician sent the salts to the normal school. They proved absolutely harmless, and the Springfield drug clerk evidenced his appreciation of an honest analysis by sending quantities of samples to be analyzed at Westfield.

Adulterated Liquors

SALOON-KEEPERS and liquor dealers also began to send their products to the school. This aroused some slight protest among the temperance folk, but as the town permits the sale of liquors it was deemed the town's duty to see that those liquors are pure. Certainly if pure rye whisky is bad for man, what can be said for whisky that is composed of linseed oil, ammonia, and sulphuric acid? New England rum was found to be a mixture of ether, essence of smoke, and sulphuric acid, without a trace of molasses. Samples of beer proved to contain salicylic acid. Ginger brandy was guiltless of ginger or brandy. It contained 28.59 per cent of alcohol and was colored with coal-tar dye. The extent of adulteration in strong liquors can be estimated when in a single year out of one hundred and eight samples of whisky submitted just two pure brands were found. Wood alcohol was frequently an adulterant. It is stated that in two years of medical investigation four hundred cases of blindness were traced to wood alcohol, and still laboratory analysis revealed an extensive use of wood alcohol in bay rum, witch-hazel, Jamaica ginger, paregoric, and soothing sirups. These revelations had a decided effect upon the drug stores of Westfield. But **the druggists were soon converted to the school methods.**

"Bless you," remarked one of the most successful druggists, "the school and the Professor don't hurt trade any. For my part, I'm glad they hit the trade, for they are putting an end to dope fiends. I used to sell the poor things powders and pills that I was suspicious of, but didn't actually know had dope in them, and now I've sent them all to the Professor, and there isn't a bit of cocaine in this shop."

This druggist has a window exhibit every year in which he places approved and condemned drugs. He boldly labels a brand of paregoric with a card bearing the words: "Wood alcohol in this—not good for baby!" and enjoys the sensation it produces.

Then the normal school began to experiment upon the milk served to the people of Westfield. They found a good many things the matter with Westfield milk. Sometimes it was watered; sometimes it was colored with annatto. Annatto is a vegetable dye that is harmless. It makes skim milk have the rich yellow color supposed to be peculiar to milk that is rich in cream. Sometimes coal-tar dyes were used to color the milk. And, worst of all, milk was found preserved with formaldehyde and boric acid. Professor Allyn kept a specimen of milk preserved by formaldehyde for eight years and it is still sweet. Yet its use in any quantity has the most serious effects. **The milk dealers fell into line with the grocers and druggists and started a campaign for better things.**

Then the butchers began to yearn for the seal of approval. It is rare to find any preservative in fresh meats, but there was danger of diseased meat, so the Westfield butchers made a practise of sending the glands of animals to the school. These were tested for tuberculosis and other diseases, and promptly reported. **The butchers warned the stockmen of the tests to come and Westfield began to get clean meat.**

A Fighting Baker

THE last of the tradesmen to yield were the bakers. Professor Allyn found wood alcohol in one baker's products, particularly in his ice-cream. He warned the baker, but the baker persisted. Then he wrote a newspaper article condemning the baker's products. The baker sued Mr. Allyn, claiming that he had damaged his business. A Springfield jury, "forty minutes in," awarded the user of wood alcohol $1,000. The town of Westfield promptly made Mr. Allyn town chemist, with a salary sufficient to more than pay the fine, and the baker, boycotted by public sentiment, went into bankruptcy. The fine helped him to recover, but, although he still makes a pretense at business, his trade is ruined.

But the education of the people of Westfield did not stop with adulterants. Daily the students of the normal school work out tables as to relative values of food. For instance, not long ago they purchased samples of all the ice-cream sold in the town.

Analysis revealed fat contents varying from eight to twenty-six per cent. The table was placed on the blackboard of the school and read by visiting housekeepers. The eight per cent man was forced out of business as a result, while the dealer supplying the rich twenty-six per cent cream is chuckling to-day over his increase in business. Westfield housekeepers can compute whether a can of Van Houten's cocoa is more expensive at forty cents than a pound of the "Purity" cocoa which costs twenty cents. Laboratory analysis shows that Van Houten's has just two and one-half times as much real cocoa as the Purity, and that therefore the pound of the former at forty cents is actually cheaper. And the Westfield housekeepers will patronize only those firms which are helping in the pure-food fight.

"Why, they're returning goods that in themselves are O.K.," grumbled one grocer, "just because they're packed by a firm that uses preservative in its catsup. The other goods are free from preservative, and the catsup has an honest label, but the women declare that the firm is not fighting for pure food and they won't use any of the stuff. It's good stuff, too, but I guess I can't order any more."

The Chamber of Horrors

TO assist housekeepers who may not find it convenient to go to the normal school, the Board of Health has established a museum of its own right in the center of town. This museum has room only for condemned goods, and eager housekeepers search its shelves for information as to doubtful products. More than that, the Board of Health will send to the school any brand which any housekeeper wants analyzed and satisfy her as to its purity.

The work has not stopped with Westfield. **The girls who have graduated from the normal school have carried the work into the graded schools throughout the State.** Even little children can appreciate some of the simpler experiments, and seventh and eighth grade boys and girls are quite capable of testing many of the foods in their own homes. Samples of goods sent in from neighboring towns—from Springfield, Hartford, Holyoke, Chicopee, and Northampton—are never refused, but carefully analyzed and reported upon. Goods have even arrived from far-away States, and in these cases the normal school has assumed a double duty. If the goods are found defective, a report is at once sent to the sender, and also to the State food inspector. Mr. Allyn has also maintained a close connection with the Federal inspector in Washington, and frequently sends him reports upon goods which are sold throughout the country.

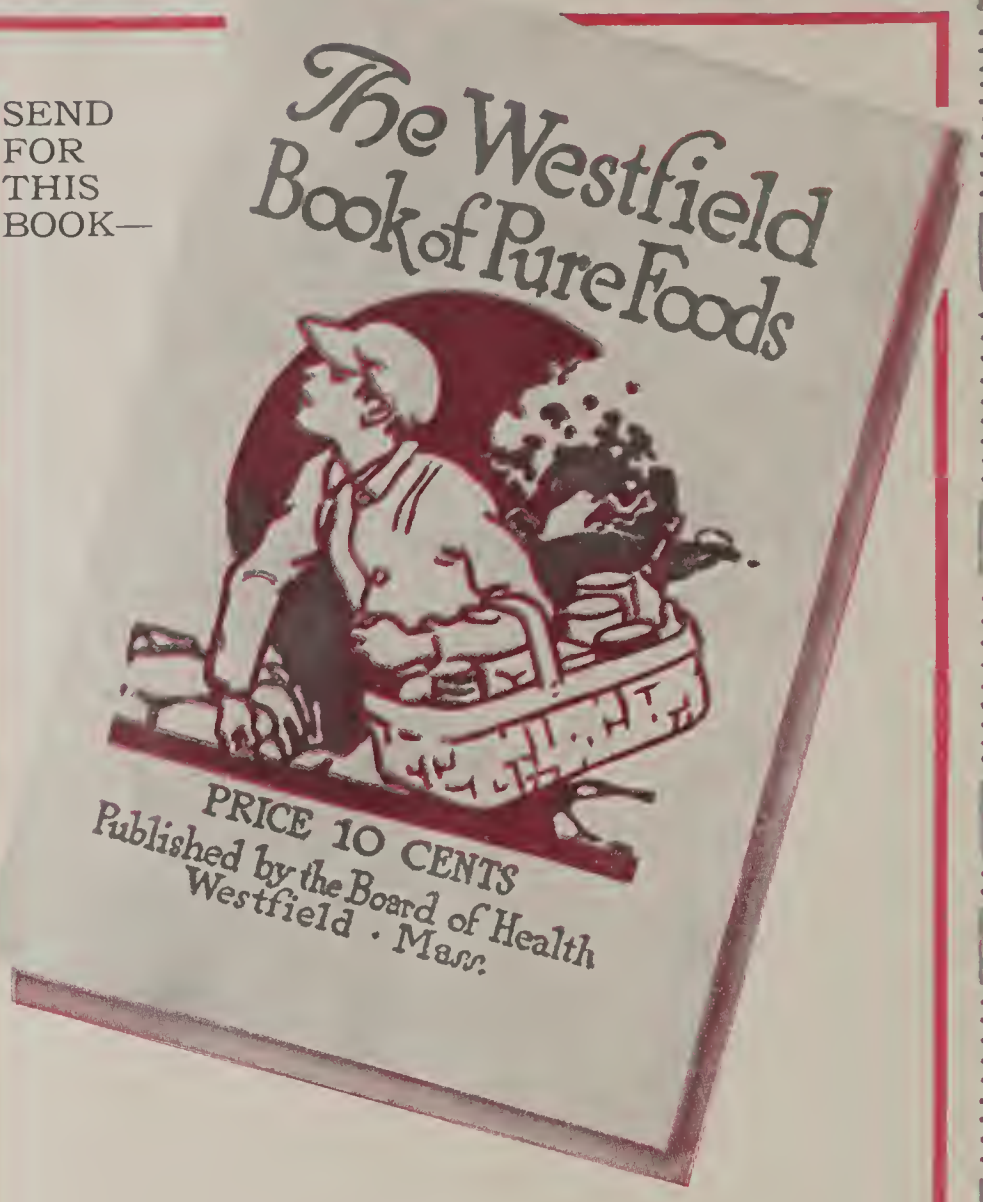
During nine years of experiment Westfield has analyzed twenty thousand samples of foods and drugs. Mr. Allyn has kept careful records of all the work, and the normal school to-day is a vast storehouse of useful knowledge which has been acquired by making chemistry practical and interesting. And Westfield, "forty minutes out," has used that knowledge to demonstrate that where public sentiment wills there can be a Pure-Food Town.

"How Westfield Worked Out the Food Problem"—a sequel to the article reprinted above, will appear in Collier's Weekly for November 30th—and is the second of a long series of educational food bulletins.

Get this and following issues that you may benefit by this constructive campaign for better foods—and more of them.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY. It's a "short cut" to a certified food supply for you and your family.

SEND FOR THIS BOOK—



IT IS AN INDEX OF PURE FOODS

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods gives you the net results of over 20,000 exhaustive tests by a disinterested authority, summed up in the shape of a handy, compact index of food products which have been proven clean, pure and wholesome.

With the Westfield Book hung in your kitchen you can be thoroughly sure that what your Grocer sells you is fit for your use.

IT LEAVES NO ROOM FOR DOUBT—and as the book lists 117 distinct classes of food products—under many brands—carefully indexed—there is slight chance of your grocer being unable to supply you with one or more of the brands listed under each heading.

If he cannot, it is certainly high time that you knew it—and that he knew it. But the book tells him where he can buy any or all of these tested products—and if you want them—he'll get them.

FOLLOW THE BOOK AND YOU ARE SAFE—GUESS AT YOUR FOODS AND YOU CANNOT BE.

Of course this book does not list every pure food made, although it covers nearly all food products nationally distributed by the grocery trade. Many meritorious products with limited or purely local distribution, may not have been analyzed in the Westfield Laboratories. Products mentioned in The Westfield Book of Pure Foods are definitely known to be fit for you and your family—products not mentioned—*may* be—or may not.

It would be unfair to assess the cost of printing and mailing this new edition of The Westfield Book of Pure Foods on the citizens of Westfield, who have already done more than their share toward the common good.

The Board of Health has, therefore, fixed a nominal price of ten cents on each copy which just about covers its cost and mailing.

INSURE YOUR HEALTH—AND YOUR CHILDREN'S—by filling out the coupon below—sending it with ten cents in stamps or silver to The Board of Health, Westfield, Mass.

Isn't it worth many times this trivial sum to know that you can distinguish between good foods—and bad?

TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE

BOARD OF HEALTH, WESTFIELD, MASS. 11-23-12

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or silver, for which send me the "Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name.....

Street.....

Post Office.....

My Grocer is.....

Name.....

Address.....

Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?

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COL

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The BALKAN POWDER MINE

by STEPHEN BONSAL

An immigration article

by Honoré Willsie

and another detective story

by Harvey J. O'Higgins

—and

an article by Frederick Palmer, received at the last moment from Sofia

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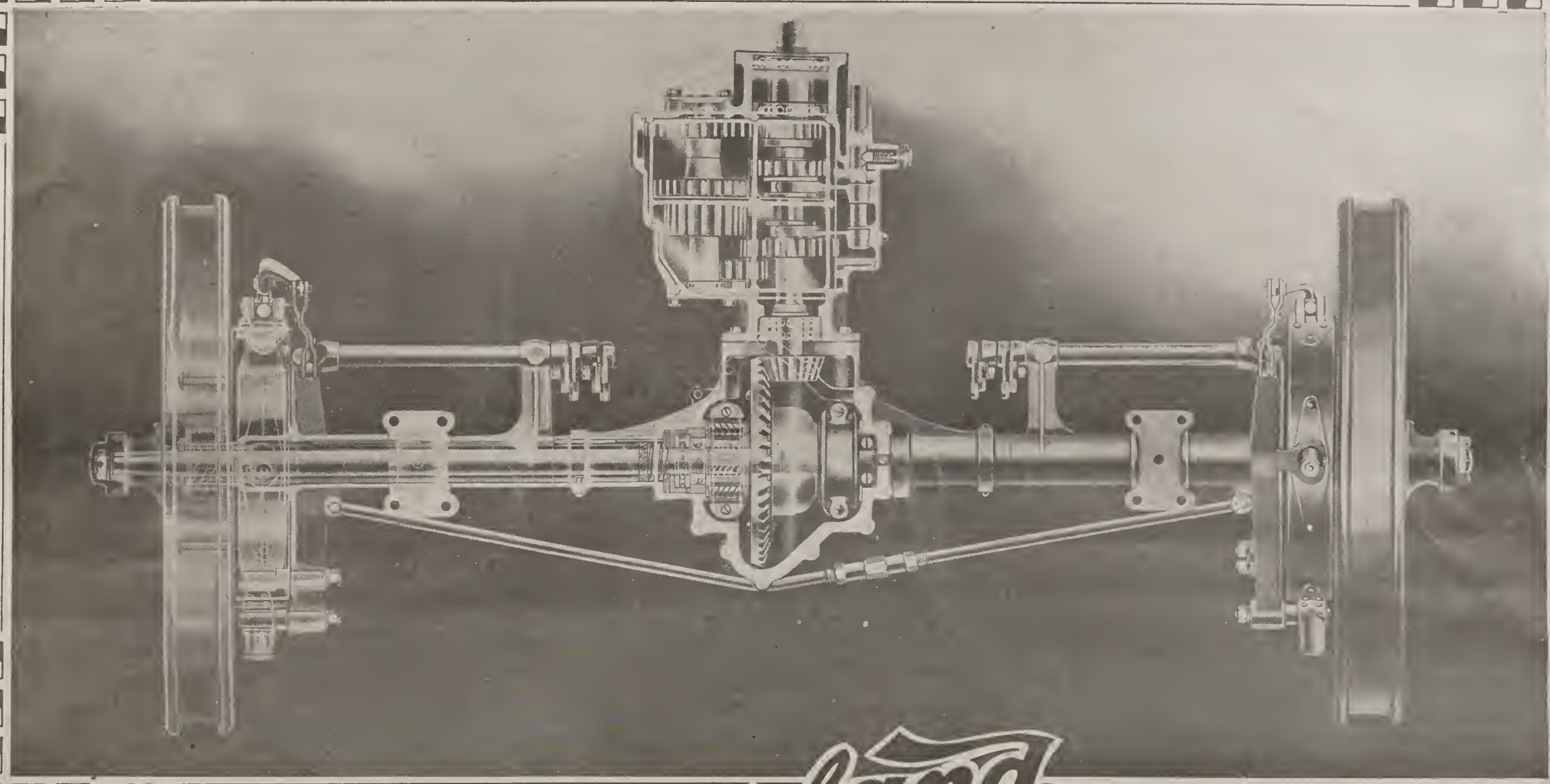

Overland

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30 Horsepower
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Timken Bearings
Center Control

Warner Speedometer
Remy Magneto
Prestolite Tank

Mohair Top and Boot
Clear Vision Wind
Shield

$985

Rear Axle Analysis

a remarkably fine piece of mechanism. It is noiseless, perfectly smooth, unusually rugged and practically frictionless. It is known as the three-quarter floating type. This is a rare feature for a car at this price. Most all of the $1000 and $1200 cars have rear axles of the semi-floating type.

¶ And here is the reason. The semi-floating axle consists of a rear axle housing, the differential, and the two axle shafts, with bearings between the housing and the shafts. Thus, the weight of the car and its load is carried half and half on the axle shafts and on the housing. Consequently, *the axle shaft has to do double duty.*

¶ It is entirely different with the Overland three-quarter floating rear axle. *Here the load is carried only on the axle housing,* directly on the bearing—and not away from it as is the case with the older semi-floating type of rear axle.

¶ In distinction to many other cars, the Overland combines the transmission and the differential mechanism into one unit; in other words, the transmission is "on the rear axle" instead of amidships. This practice is employed by many producers of very high priced motor cars. The result is much engine power. In the Overland transmission the shafts are short and all gear changes are made with short movements of the gear shifting lever in the center of the car.

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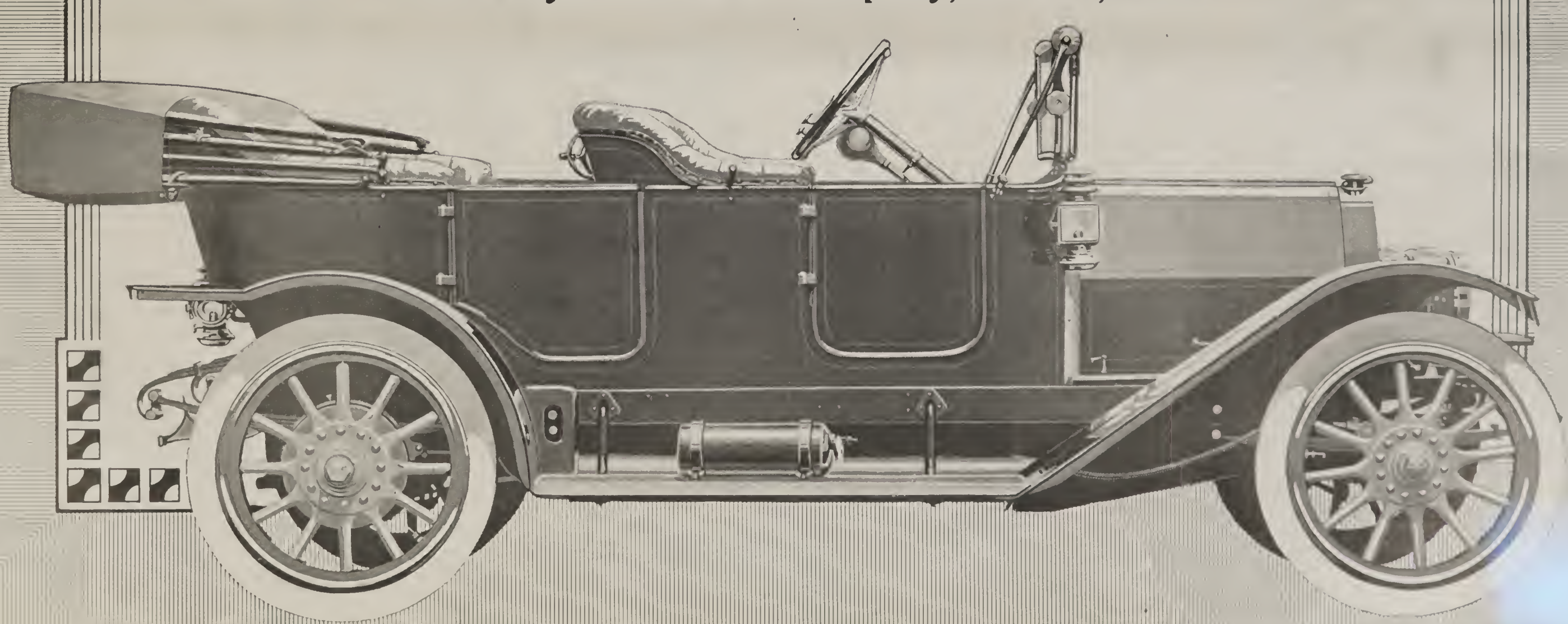

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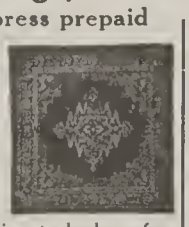

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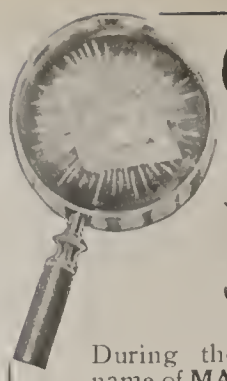

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 30, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME FIFTY NO. 11

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED, PUBLISHERS

ROBERT J. COLLIER, *President* FRANKLIN COE, *Treasurer*

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

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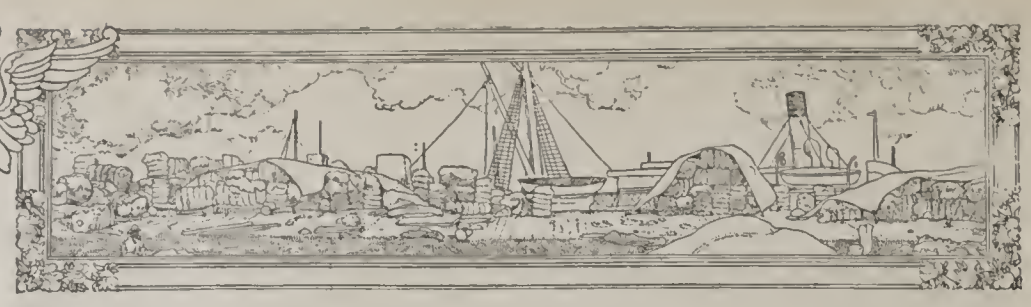
STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR

THE IDEA!

LAW.— *"Who's that trying to flirt with me?"*



ONE OPPORTUNITY

TO APPEAR URGENT about specific appointments is not our idea of being helpful to a President-elect. But one correlation between man and office happens to be so important as to justify calling attention to it: Mr. WILSON was elected on two overshadowing issues, of which the more important is the enforcement of the laws to prevent monopoly. In the public mind there is one citizen more closely identified than any other man with this issue; this citizen is at the same time a lawyer of acknowledged ability, proved in the service of the public. Mr. LOUIS BRANDEIS of Boston has the desire and the ability to prevent monopoly. Mr. WILSON will need to fill two or three offices which call for exactly these qualities; we should regret to see him fail to take advantage of so obvious an opportunity.

HINTS TO A SHY SENATOR

COLLIER'S WEEKLY *prints . . . an attack upon Senator* WARREN *of Wyoming of a detailed severity not often equaled in the press of this country. . . . The merits of these charges will, we presume, be ascertained in . . . the Senate.*—New York (N. Y.) "Evening Post."

COLLIER'S *piece . . . which is loaded with specific accusations of illegal doings.*—"Life," New York.

It is clearly the duty of the Senator from Wyoming to call for an investigation of the damnable charges vouched for by COLLIER'S—*a duty to himself and the public whom he is presumed to serve.*

—Huron (S. Dak.) "Spirit."

COLLIER'S WEEKLY *has issued Senator* WARREN *of Wyoming an open invitation to sue it for libel. . . . And* COLLIER'S WEEKLY *is a responsible journal, financially able to meet any judgment a wronged man receives against it. It has a standing, furthermore, which does not permit its charges to be brushed aside as if they need not be noticed. . . . He can't afford to disregard it.*—Washington (D. C.) "Times."

COLLIER'S WEEKLY *is the publication that is financially responsible, and has a circulation in all parts of the country. It openly invites Senator* WARREN *to compel it to prove its charges in the court. And now, what are the Senate and Mr.* WARREN *going to do about it?*

—Cleveland (Ohio) "Leader."

COLLIER'S *invites Senator* WARREN *to sue it for libel.*

—Chattanooga (Tenn.) "Times."

The latest advices from Wyoming say that the Republicans will have enough strength in the Legislature to maintain WARREN as a potential danger to the United States Senate. There is still time for Senator WARREN to ask the Senate to investigate the charges against him before he asks the Wyoming Legislature to reelect him; if he does not see fit to take the initiative, we think the investigation will take place anyhow. Almost any one in Senator WARREN'S position would be sensitive to the distinctions involved in the question as to whether the initiative came from him or from some one else.

A LANDMARK IN HUMAN PROGRESS

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED in judicial progress, gentle reader, carefully read this paragraph. President TAFT, as a judge on the Federal bench, wrote an opinion some years ago which was harshly criticized by other courts and other judges. Yet his opinion was so plain, so just, and so sensible that the average layman could not understand why it should be criticized, and concluded that what was justice was not always good law according to good lawyers. Yet the highest court of New York State, after years of contrary reasoning, has now concluded that Judge TAFT was right. It has rendered a decision which will do much to put public faith and confidence once more in our courts. Here is the story: The Legislature of Ohio passed a law making it criminal for a railroad to fail to put blocks in its railroad frogs. That law was passed for the protection of railroad employees, to save their feet from being caught in the empty frogs and themselves placed in peril of being run down by some oncoming train. This particular railroad did not block its frogs, and a railroad employee was caught and injured by a train. President TAFT said that the fact that the railroad company had itself violated the law put the burden on the corporation, and released the injured man from blame. Other courts held that the injured man was just as much to blame as the company, inasmuch as it was his business to know that the company was violating the law, and he should have exercised just as much care to avoid being caught as if no law had been passed. In the case of Knisley *vs.* Pratt, decided in 1896, the New York Court of Appeals decided that a woman who lost her arm in operating an unguarded "punching machine" was not entitled to recover, although the Legislature, for her protection, required her employer to place a proper guard around the machine. The Court of Appeals held the owner of the machine blameless, and added:

> It is impossible not to feel great sympathy for this unfortunate plaintiff, who has been maimed for life, but her recovery is barred by legal principles that are salutary and proper in the general administration of justice.

Again it was hard to understand the "legal principles" which stood as a barrier between this woman's injury and the ordinary principles of justice. The question is now cleared up in the State of New York, and, let us hope, the example will be followed by others. In the case of Fitzwater *vs.* Warren, just decided by the Court of Appeals, that court follows President TAFT'S opinion, and holds that risks occasioned by the failure of the employer to obey the law are not assumed by the employee, even though he has full knowledge that the law is being violated.

> The statute which the defendants violated [says Chief Justice CULLEN, who wrote the opinion in this case] was enacted for the express purpose of safeguarding the persons of employees. Where an employer deliberately fails to comply with the statute, the courts should be loath, except in a very clear case, to hold that the employee assumes the risk of his master's violation of the law; otherwise the beneficent results sought to be attained by the statute will fail to be realized.

This decision is a landmark. No lawyer can fail to appreciate its significance. The court itself realizes this significance, for it adds:

> There seems at the present day an effort by constitutional amendment to render a master liable to his employee for injury received in his employment, though the master has been guilty of no fault whatever, and I feel that such effort is in no small measure due to the tendency evinced at times by the courts to relieve the master, though concededly at fault, from liability to his employee.

The court also takes occasion to repeat that any agreement on the part of the employee not to sue for damages on account of subsequent injuries is void as against public policy. Judges HAIGHT, VANN, WERNER, and HISCOCK join Chief Justice CULLEN in his decision, while Judges GRAY and COLLIN dissent. Five judges out of the seven of the highest court in New York State appear to be committed to justice and common sense. Two continue to follow precedents formulated in the days of the stagecoach.

THE BEST PLACE TO BE POOR?

A MICHIGAN WOMAN is married to a man who came from a farm to Pontiac when he was fifteen years old and went to work for $2.50 a week. He makes $15 a week now, in an automobile factory; he has five children; his health is not good; he says that factory work is killing him; and the wife, who cooks for him and takes care of his children, says that at home he is "as cross as a bear." Although she has never lived in the country, the wife wants to go to a farm; and the young children "talk farm all the time." There is a pathetic irony in what the husband and father says when the issue is joined: "Now you just shut right up about a farm, because I have no intention of going to starve my life out on a farm." He tells his wife that she would be lonesome, that she would get sick of the farm. "Maybe I would," the woman says, "but it couldn't be worse than it is now—it couldn't be as bad as this struggle to keep body and soul together on my man's wages." These two Americans of Pontiac have raised a question which is troubling their fellow Americans all over the country. What can I do to get away from the city? Can a city-bred man with a capital of $1,000 or less succeed on a farm? Where can I, a salaried man of thirty-seven, making $1,800 a year, go to find a farm? Doubtless there are sophisticated souls who think these are humble questions. It is one of the fortunate facts about the future of this country that the régime which begins next fourth of March recognizes questions like these as being close to the foundations of statesmanship.

LOOKING FOR HAPPINESS

A NEW JERSEY woman's club received the report of its program committee last month, and immediately the club was divided into two excited factions. One group of women foresaw the shaking down of the spiritual pillars of the home if the program committee's work was accepted, but the rest applauded the committee for moving forward with the times. This is the outline of subjects submitted under the general title, "The Rational Pursuit of Happiness": For the individual health and wealth, the study of the preventive treatment of disease; the conservation of human energy; mental control; and the pursuit of culture through books, travel, music, art, and friendship. For the common good, four general topics were proposed: health, freedom, cooperation, and ideals. Talks were arranged on the fight against tuberculosis, on the physical diseases of society, on sex hygiene, on The Hague Tribunal, on social liberty, the prevention of crime, organized charity, and a single moral standard. The word "rational" in the general title of the year's outlined work caused the split. "The pursuit of happiness," being vague,

would have sounded all right to the members, but to call a program of this kind a study of the *rational* pursuit of happiness was going too far! It was a white-hot discussion which followed, all the ministers in town preaching sermons on the topic. There emerged from the debate the two factions—those fatalists who believe that happiness is the result of accident, something which cannot be pursued, or else it is altogether a question of spiritual peace, and those others who believe with MARCUS AURELIUS that rules for happiness can be formulated. "Be simple and modest in thy deportment," they quoted, "and treat with indifference whatever lies between virtue and vice. Love the human race. Obey GOD." In this day, when so much is undertaken for social betterment, this club's plight seems strange! In how many communities would the work of the program committee stir up similar discussion?

THE STANDPATTER'S DAY

SO SURELY as reaction comes after action, if not in 1916, then in 1920 or 1924, we shall come upon another period like our own late nineties, or like the Restoration after the Puritan unrest, when the Standpatter shall appeal to us as comfortable; and those who now earn glory and profit through the accident of being temperamentally agreeable to the mood of the times will receive the bricks that now hurtle about the timorous heads of Uncle JOE and Chancellor DAY.

TO MAKE AN APPLE ORCHARD PAY

A DOLLAR A BUSHEL is what the Western man expects to pay for apples grown in the Ozark Mountain orchards of Missouri; the growers have received perhaps half of the dollar and counted it a fair bargain. Now, however, the orchard owners have their eyes on the Eastern markets, and one of them, at least, is trying out a selling experiment which will test the rich city buyer's regard for the fruit. Packed in individual cartons, with two leaves attached, a Missouri grower has sent six thousand of his choicest apples to New York. He will be paid fifteen cents each for them, and they will cost the ultimate consumer forty cents apiece. The same grower is sending a thousand boxes of twelve apples each, without the leaves, for which he will get fifty cents a box. City families who buy them will pay a dollar for the twelve, or eight and a third cents apiece. All of which causes us to suspect that the proof of the pudding is quite as much in the garnishing as in the eating.

FROM MONTANA

A MEMBER of the Cabinetmakers' Union from the Mountain State has the floor:

EDITOR COLLIER'S: TOSTON, MONT., November 14, 1912.

I am *very* anxious (unless there be good reasons to the contrary) that Dr. WILEY—Old Doc WILEY, who fought our battles, and in doing so incurred hatred and abuse and insults to no end—I am very anxious that this same Dr. WILEY be Secretary of Agriculture in Mr. WILSON'S Cabinet. And I write to ask if you cannot lend the aid of COLLIER'S to this enterprise. Such an appointment would realize all the sentimental ends of *poetic justice* and all the practical ends of a great department of Government and of life. Can you not get the women—the pure-food women—stirred up on this matter? I believe that appointment would mightily please the people and mightily *dis*please certain very sinister interests. For those two reasons I hope to see it made. I'd like also to see Mr. BRANDEIS Attorney General, but I'm not going to appoint the whole Cabinet. WALTER H. LITTLE.

This letter reflects a public opinion of which the new Administration should be careful to take notice. Dr. WILEY or Mr. BRANDEIS may or may not be possible, but whoever is chosen should measure up to their standards.

FINES ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN

A POLICE JUDGE in Kansas City has perceived that it is not exact justice for one man to be allowed to go free merely because he has the money to pay his fine, while another who has no money goes to jail. Said he:

> The rich men pay their fines and go, but the poor man is imprisoned, to labor at fifty cents a day until the amount of his fine is worked out; and that is nothing more than sending a man to jail for debt, a practice supposedly abolished long ago.

As a remedy, the judge—he is EWING C. BLAND, a son of "Silver DICK" BLAND—has inaugurated a system of installment fines for men of family and previous good record. The fine is recorded and the man is permitted to go about his own business on condition that he pay a fixed amount of his wages each week to the court, and take proper care of his family. Thus, the judge points out, the offender is compelled to work to keep out of prison, the public will not have to pay for his support, his family will not become charges on the community, and yet he will feel the sting of the law every time he makes a payment.

DON'T BE BORED

PROVINCIALISM is a patronizing word, but how otherwise can we describe the self-satisfied indifference with which you, Gentle Reader, safe in your armchair, have skimmed the history-making headlines from the East? However much we may disavow the intention of being our brother's keeper, the Universal Father has often a gentle reminder for us that by our neighbor He does not always mean the fellow who lives next door. The "unrecorded Lexingtons" of which FREDERICK PALMER writes from Sofia in this number, even though their scene be remote Bulgaria, should not find an echo wanting in American memories. We are not yet so invincibly materialistic a people that we can see without an added pulse beat the gradual driving back to Asia of those hosts of MAHOMET who have for so many centuries in Europe menaced the frontiers of the Cross. Don't be bored, then, with the little Balkan bill of fare Mr. BONSAL and Mr. PALMER have prepared for you this week.

THE POPULAR SONG

THE INANITY and general clumsiness of the "lyrics" in the ordinary musical show are known to all who have ever attempted to read them separated from the tunes on which they are more or less mechanically strung. We have several times given horrible examples here of songs of the "Oh, come, let's spoony spoon, by the light of a moony moon, my gumdrop goo-a-goo girl," variety. It is a pleasure to quote a few typical lines from the verses written by Mr. WALLACE IRWIN for Mr. WALTER DAMROSCH'S music in their new comic opera, "The Dove of Peace." The song, "What Lips Are Made For," is on a subject with which the usual "lyric" carpenter might be expected to do his worst. The heroine thus relates what EVE said to ADAM:

I like my eyes and I greatly prize
My ears, sweet sounds arrayed for.
But my lips—ah well, dear ADAM, *tell—*
What can *my lips be made for?*

The book of the piece treats whimsically the subject of permanent universal peace. Here is a bit from a song about a young Irishman who "could swing a shillalah wid PATSY MCGRAW" and had a "tongue in me head sharp as GEORGE BERNARD SHAW":

But the darlints got jealous at heart when they found
There was only one hero like me to go around,
So they wrangled like minxes
And scratched mad as lynxes
Till half Ireland's beauty lay dead on the ground.
'Twas so bitter and grueling, this feminine dueling
Of Kilkenny maids in this Kilkenny fray,
That to make them immune I composed this sweate tune
Which I sang just to wheedle their anger away:

Dove of Peace, seek thy nest!
Love, increase, and warriors rest!
Bullets, guns, and murderous hatpins,
Bid them cease;
Lions sleep with lamblike grazers,
Soldiers put on tennis blazers,
Change their swords to safety razors.
Dove of Peace.

And here a song by the militant suffragettes:

At last has downtrod Woman taken wing
From out the race of timid pullets.
No more she eats
Assorted sickening sweets—
Her bonbons now are bullets.
You masculine clods we once called gods,
Your resignations tender—
A tribe of lusty feminine Chanticleers
Have learned to crow in these latter years,
Surrender, cowards, surrender!

This may not be GILBERT, but those who mourn the days when "Pinafore" and "Patience" were young will feel more at home at "The Dove of Peace" than at most musical entertainments of these days.

THE HAND AT THE HELM

NOT LONG AGO we quoted a French proverb: "If only youth had the knowlege, if only age had the power." Sometimes we think it ought to be changed to: "If only age had the vision, if only youth held the power."

The Arena of the War of the Balkan Allies Against the Turk

The allies went into the war with a perfect understanding of the division of work. The Montenegrins laid siege to Scutari. The Servians cleared Macedonia and captured Monastir. The Greeks took Salonica. The Bulgars were given the giant task of forcing a passage straight to Constantinople. Adrianople was cut off and in three weeks King Ferdinand's army was before the forts of Chatalja, which protect the city of Constantinople itself

THE MAN OF THE WAR

By FREDERICK PALMER

Mr. Palmer has found the Bulgars a people with a cause for which they are willing to die. "The map of the Balkans," he asserts, "is spattered with Lexingtons." And it is of these men who have gone forth from farm and village that he writes in his first article from the arena of hostilities. He had not at the time he wrote been able to reach the front

SOFIA, Nov. 2, 1912.

A TWO weeks' old war ought to be pretty young. This one is already of age. It may be over, or other powers may be drawn into it, before this letter travels the distance back that I have come. However, that is a detail. The question which the world has been asking ever since the Balkan peoples amazed it by a few days' military movements is already answered. How was the miracle worked? Not sheerly through brilliant generalship and excellent arms which an open international market supplies to all comers in return for cash. We look to the human element; to the base of the pyramid; to the man who carries a rifle and rations and blanket and one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition and sleeps on the ground, and if he escapes pneumonia and dysentery and keeps on marching, has the luck to be shot at.

I saw a group of the miracle workers this afternoon when I was on my way to the bank to get American dollars changed into Bulgarian francs. The cut of their clothes was not according to the tailoring advertisements in which the young man in riding breeches stands at a horse's head chatting with a lady at a vine-covered gate. They might have ridden over the pass in Darius's time, and been more in style than to-day. Their horses were scraggly, long enduring, bred in the school of the survival of the fittest under the rule of the Turk for some generations, like themselves. They carried their shoulders back and their chests out. Their ages were from twenty to forty-five. Some had fair hair, and all had noses more prominent than we associate with the Slav. Their expression was that of a peculiar stolidity which might easily be mistaken for stupidity. Woolskin coats, homemade trousers, and homemade woolen leggings and sandals, picturesque and primitive, formed blankets and beds wherever night might overtake them.

"Where did they come from?" I bade Chris George ask them.

"Macedonia!"

"And where are they going?"

"To fight the Turk," was the answer.

CHRIS GEORGE, MACEDONIAN, FROM SAN FRANCISCO

CHRIS GEORGE is himself a Macedonian. His real name is Christo Georgieff, and the way that he came to me was a piece of good luck, like that of reaching Belgrade just as Uskub fell. It came after a day of bad luck, for there is all kinds of luck in a campaign. At the Foreign Office, at the hotel, wherever I went, I had inquired for some native who knew English or French and wanted employment.

"All gone to the war or else taken by the other correspondents," was the answer.

This business of hunting up an interpreter in a time of utter mental preoccupation by a city and a nation, when the women and boys are doing the men's work, was taking valuable hours needed for other things. I had tried to ask the way to a certain public building of a native when the answer came back in my own tongue:

"You speak English, eh?"

And it was the American accent. A dozen more sentences and I understood that Chris did not know only the phrase-book sentences of "Good day, sir," and "John is a good boy." He could really *talk* English.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Waiting for the English Red Cross to come. Maybe they'll take me along."

"Have you any recommendations that you have brought from America?"

Christo Georgieff had one. It was from the Pig and Whistle in San Francisco, wherein the proprietor stated that Chris, who began in the kitchen peeling potatoes, had been gradually promoted and was wholly trustworthy. He had left the Pig and Whistle only at his own request, to look "after his private affairs in Macedonia," the same being that of a school-teacher in a small town. But, better than his letter, I liked the way that Chris looked one in the eye. Maybe I am wrong in my judgment, but we are already getting on so well that I am trusting him to do everything except write my letters and telegrams. Pierpont Morgan could not have formed a new trust in the early 90's more promptly than Chris and I came to terms.

These riders from over the passes were of the type which had made an infantry whose success is unsurpassed and whose quality in detail we can only judge finally when we have more data to work with. That rare tourist, who went through the Balkans to Constantinople on the Orient express, in looking out of the car window, has seen this picturesque peasant tilling his fields and tending his flocks. His opinion has been that of the German drummer and others coming hither on business from the very superior world beyond the Danube, which regards all to the southward as undeveloped, ignorant, and Oriental.

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS A FIGHTING MAN!

THIS Balkan man was a fierce-looking fellow, who made resounding talk about what a fighter he was; and, of course, if the great superior powers of Europe—final masters of the military art (in which none has been put to the test in forty years)—did not protect them, the Terrible Turk would drive them through the passes as they drove their sheep! For the Turk, whatever else he was not, was a mighty warriof! As such the Turk had been set down in history. He was a precedent, a fetish, just as perhaps the military superiority of some other peoples may be.

Washington's saying, that "In time of peace prepare for war," might be paraphrased into "In time of peace prepare your mind for military surprises in time of war," such as the little Japanese, Shintoist and Buddhist, and the Bulgar and Serb peasant, militant Christians, have lately given us. This peasant, who was supposed not to be able to fight, was also considered hypocritical and cunning. As a matter of fact, he has been fighting for over five hundred years, ever since the Turk took southeastern Europe, which, as a buffer, perhaps saved all Europe from being Mohammedan. There you go back to the kernel of the situation.

EACH GENERATION OF SONS HAD ITS TRY

THIS war began with Jesus Christ and Mohammed. For over five hundred years that has been the Bulgar and the Serb cause. The shepherd peasant has fought so steadily that he has kept his population stationary. Rather mealy mouthed, secretive, suspicious, he may have seemed to the outsider, in comparison with a suave ruling race, with the ruling race's prestige and attractiveness. Without jury system, without a voice of any kind, the Christian had known Vali, Bey, and Pasha as the law, the judge, and the executive. So he had to palaver while a fresh generation of sons was growing up. And each generation of sons had its try. They got rifles and took to the hills, and descended on the Turks. Used to the Turk method of fighting, they perhaps did not follow Hague conference ethics. Religion and race were at war. Naturally official investigations by European diplomats said that the Christian side had played as foul as the Turks according to international Marquis of Queensberry rules. So had the ancestors of the diplomats in their time.

But when the Balkan Christians rose, casting their desperation and race and religious feeling against inevitable defeat, and they were wiped out, the superior comfortable Christians north of the Danube said: "I told you so. They're quite inferior to the Turk, who is a great soldier."

If the trouble which began at Lexington with the Minutemen and lasted eight years had been a rebellion instead of a revolution, Europe would have said what a craven lot the American colonists were and how magnificent were the British regulars. If the Minutemen of Lexington had not had their kinsmen from New York to South Carolina to back them up, they would have failed, and failed every time that they tried. But that would not have changed the character of the original undertaking. The map of the Balkans is spattered with Lexingtons which have been unsung, and now we need not be puzzled by what has happened, for the song of all the Lexingtons at last, getting the voice of a fair opportunity, is being sung. Whenever there were "massacres" and "risings" in the Balkans, the superior Christians to the north (superior by fortune of some generations of progressive government of their own), instead of joining in as the kinsmen from New York to South Carolina did, said: "Please be easy on them, terrible old Turk," through the routine diplomatic channels which are of such militant practical value in stopping a massacre after it is over. And not one of the Christian nations, [illegible] Christian kings, now teaching their [illegible] Prayer just as the Balkan folk do, would [illegible] thing to be done for fear that, if any [illegible] got some Balkan territory, or new Balkan States were established, it would interfere with the [illegible] of Europe and the balance of power, which is bounded on the north by *La Haute Politique* (which fills newspaper pages of Feuilleton), on the east by pure human selfishness, on the south by Turkish diplomacy, and on the west by Christian international jealousy. Better let the Turk keep Macedonia in mediævalism and backwardness unless you yourself can do the reforming and make a profit out of it!

In '77-78 Russia, which is still primitive enough to be aroused by the sentiment which inspired the Crusades, went after the Turks on her own account, and she pounded them plentifully. The Bulgars helped loyally and bravely. But they didn't get any credit except in the P. S.'s of official dispatches. Then the Berlin Convention proceeded to sit under the ægis of the autonomy of Europe, and when the great powers had finished with repeated questions from the delegates, "What do I get if I yield on that point?" and the answers, the Christians of the Balkans were left with a husk and a postponed hope and to go on with a rising for each generation.

THE RÔLE OF FERDINAND

BISMARCK, master mind of the convention, made that noble, unselfish, Christian remark, to the effect that the Balkans were not worth the bones of a Prussian grenadier, and Bismarck used to go to church regularly, too. His remark represented, however, pretty clearly the European state of mind. History, ever moving forward, knocking down old idols, building new ones, perpetrating its splendid satires, now reveals Krupp guns being put out of action by the French Creusots in the hands of the Bulgars, and a campaign against the Turks trained by the Germans, worked out thus far as brilliantly as that from Gravelotte to Paris, and these craven inferior Christians showing a mettle, a skill, and endurance as infantry which are the admiration of every infantry officer in Europe.

Perhaps Bismarck made that remark because he knew what a rich country the Balkans were, and he knew there was no chance of any Prussian grenadier burying his bones there to add to German territory. So he did not propose to let the horse near the manger have a look in. No more did Lord Salisbury or Turkish bondholders in France. That, on the principle that trade makes trade, the development of southeastern Europe would benefit all Europe, is not in the province of *La Haute Politique*. Yet there must be some concessions to European public opinion; and a prince of the regulation royal European brand was sent to rule the principality of Bulgaria—buffer state headed by the scion of the many-branched German royalty. Such was the compromise.

But Ferdinand was true to the German type in a way not altogether anticipated. He chose Bulgaria as his country in truth. He liked his people, and in the same human fashion that makes the young "boss" set up by the old boss aim higher. He wanted more territory. He felt the call of the Bulgar race as if he were a Bulgar born and bred. He appreciated the possibilities of the land and population. Sofia itself was an example. It hardly seems possible that this was the same Sofia which I knew in 1903. Population more than doubled, fine pavements, many new buildings, splendid churches and cathedrals—and all in thirty years of freedom from the Turk when the craven people at last had constitutional self-rule. The good seed grows only when it has good soil. A new nation was created of a people for five hundred years Turkish subjects; a people wanting to learn, striving to learn.

THE INFLUENCE OF ROBERT COLLEGE

HERE enters an American influence. One of those "peculiar eccentric Americans who have made their pile, as you Yankees say" (I quote from another person), thought that Constantinople was a good place in which to found a college, something on the style of our own—not a Harvard or Princeton, but what are known as "fresh water" colleges, which also have their yells if not so much celebrity for their football teams. In his eccentric way he thought it better to spend some money in giving any poor boy down in the poor old Levant a chance for a collegiate education than to spend it all converting Turks in the heart of Asia Minor who will not be converted. They do not see the superiority of Christianity over a religion that makes you certain as your life insurance policy will be paid of a whole harem of houris when you die. [illegible] went to Robert College? Why, mostly poor Christian boys from the Balkan States, just as our own poor boys go from farms and villages to our colleges for scholarships, and when they were turned out with their diplomas they had the spirit of the United States—the best spirit perhaps—better than we always know at home—as a predominant guiding factor of their knowledge. The Sub-Secretary of Foreign Affairs here is one. They were invaluable to a people making a beginning as a nation. You find them scattered [illegible]

garia and Macedonia, radiant centers of the things, the [illegible] of whose enjoyment they and their people can [illegible] than we because they have been in the [illegible]

[illegible] may have been peculiar, but it ho[illegible] to make a dollar go a long way, [illegible] had been otherwise.

THE PLAN FOR WAR

PRINCE FERDINAND, under a Turkish protectorate, who seized the opportunity to declare Bulgaria's independence at the time of the Turkish revolution and thus became king, was able, perhaps because he was an outsider, to overcome all the jealousies of the little Balkan States, who liked to show they were also masters of *La Haute Politique*. Abdul Hamid, that wicked, murderous, shrewd, plotting old ogre, who seems to have known his Turkey of the late decadence much better than Christian European authorities knew it, always fanned the flame of their suspicions. Ferdinand led the way, with the idea of the Balkan States forming an alliance and striking the common enemy, which seemed the most natural thing to do, and the strategy of it was perfect, as a look at the map reveals. The long strip of Turkish territory in Europe would be struck on both sides—inclosed in a vise. If the Bulgar army could hold the main Turkish army back on the Constantinople peninsula, then other forces to the westward, being isolated, must yield. At the right hand of the king in carrying out these negotiations was the Minister-President Gueshoff, both Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs. His father was a merchant in Manchester, England. He is a business man and worth four or five million dollars, it is said, which is a good deal for Bulgaria.

Therefore, the preparation of these little States for war with the Turks was as definite a proposition, with time allowance for the arrangement, as the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company. With a population speaking Turkish and knowing their neighbors as the Swiss know the French and Germans, they knew the disposition of the Turkish forces, their character, numbers, and the resources for rapid reenforcement, almost as well as Major General Wood knows the same situation with regard to our own army.

SELF-SACRIFICE IS THE KEYSTONE

WHEN the great powers thought the Balkan States could not whip Turkey, the Balkan States did their own thinking in much the same way that the Japanese did, while the world, comparing the relative sizes of the little island of Japan and the Empire of Russia, foresaw a small creature disappearing down the gullet of a large corporosity. The business man Prime Minister, in a country where the stability of the currency might be easily shaken, prepared for the war by having a bank, without profit, buy up all the wheat, and grind it into flour, and then put a price for bread which no speculator could raise. That is another tangent of how a people with a real cause may go about their work, thinking not of personal profit, for the present, but of what may come after the victory in a race's epochal struggle.

Meanwhile, the Turkish Government relied on the powers to keep these tutelaries of theirs from going to war. The powers were quite reassuring at first. You could not go to war when snow lay on the lower slopes of the Balkans. A winter campaign! Shades of Allah, and all the great padishahs! Impossible! But there was Mukden with an army crossing a frozen river for a five-weeks battle—which, of course, was too recent news to reach Turkey; and apparently the chambers where *La Haute Politique* holds its pourparlers.

"War in the Balkans; no! snow will fly soon!"

In the fall, when the crops are in, the peasants can leave their work. However, you know this part of the story from the newspapers which carry by wire what I send by mail. All the land's strength had gone into the army.

Every man between twenty and forty-five was a soldier, and must respond wherever he was (though it be Los Angeles or Athabasca) to the call as a reservist. And all were called. The whole fighting force went to the frontier, guns and supplies complete.

There, resting on the geographical line—imaginary line, but here so terribly matter of fact—waiting for the word, was all the military power of a people finger on trigger.

YOUNG CHAMPION AGAINST OLD CHAMPION

"MOBILIZATION in the Balkans," it was called by the European press.

If Germany got halfway in this kind of a mobilization on the French frontier, the French would be going, too. In fact, they would have already started. And the powers were reassured that the Balkan States were only making a bluff to force Turkey to grant reforms in Macedonia, until suddenly the powers awakened to the fact that the little Balkan States were in deadly earnest! They were as much in earnest as Peter the Hermit in spirit, and in hard fact as the man who puts his last dollar in a margin in a panic.

Savoff, hailed as the Von Moltke of the time, had the supremest factor of generalship, a soldiery which says that "I have a cause that I am willing to die for" in this practical, skeptical twentieth century with its individual self-preservation of life, and its progress in all kinds of weapons of destruction. They were clay to the molding of generalship, educated in the best schools, plus a literal ferocity of purpose. These peasants, hardy, enduring, able to live on a hunk of bread day after day, bred to sleeping in cold, had lived for this day, and their ancestors had. It was the young champion, training, waiting, at last having his chance to take by surprise the old champion whose weaknesses he knew. It was the fighter, scorned by his superior kinsmen across the Danube, having his hands untied and his fists free.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CRUSADES

THE men at the head of the army thus need not explain their actions. They need only use an instrument of flesh as a mechanic uses the uncomplaining tools of steel. Two weeks of war and yet no list of wounded and killed published. The people go to their Te Deums for victory in the churches without knowing whether or not brother, son, or husband are killed. In their faces the revelation of that fine stoicism which the poet sings! A people with a cause! And to them it is the cause of Christ against Mohammed. Perhaps that little cavalcade of Macedonians whom I saw riding into Sofia from Macedonia are more like the early Christians than we are. Who knows? With such a situation, then, a censorship is child's play. The curtain may be drawn over all operations at the front; and it may be raised when the staff is ready. "It's not nice work," as the lady said the first time she visited a butcher's shop. No, not nice work going on there behind the curtain. You could hardly expect it when the Turk is being put out of Europe, when a people who for generations have known massacre and failed in their efforts at retribution are let go free against the enemy, men from Anatolia and Asia Minor unchanged since the Crusades.

Have you seen any fighting? you ask.

That being the business of the war correspondent, my answer is that I have only just arrived. Europe, where war seemed unavoidable, sent its reporters to cover the affair as we would cover a national convention—all kinds, kinds as various as the full buffet of appetizers at a cosmopolitan hotel with strange sounding names and equally strange appearance and inexperience in war.

JAMES H. HARE IS WITH MR. PALMER

THE staff received all with bureaucratic passes—for a time, seeing no avalanche, including every "Blätter" and "Figaro," from which anyone who wanted to see the war could get credentials. Then the staff said "no more."

After a journey of four thousand miles, when it was made quite clear that America was unrepresented and some Americans who had seen a little war before wanted to go, an exception was made for Mr. Hare and myself. But more of this later, and, meanwhile, that shepherd peasant is the miracle worker of the war. Sit astride a gun as it fires into Adrianople and you cannot know more than this.

Wounded Servians being removed from the field after the battle of Vranya

THE BALKAN POWDER MINE EXPLODES

By STEPHEN BONSAL

THE young nations of the Balkans, weary of waiting upon the European concert, at last fired the Balkan powder mine, and after a brilliant six weeks' war are in a position to dictate terms to their traditional oppressor.

In map 2 the territorial rearrangement in southeastern Europe, which the Balkan States are generally thought to have agreed upon before the first hostile shot was fired, is graphically revealed. By this arrangement Bulgaria's dream of a Greater Bulgaria is fully realized, beyond even what General Ignatiev planned by the treaty of San Stefano. The bulk of the Christian districts in European Turkey are now at last brought into the enlarged fold of the Czar of the Bulgarians. The kingdom of Roumania is rewarded for her neutrality in the present campaign, and for the very effective assistance which she brought to Russia in the Pan-Slavic War of 1878, services that were anything but rewarded at the time, by a slice of territory on the Black Sea, which she has long coveted and which can be turned by her to great advantage.

AUSTRIA VERSUS THE ALLIES

SERVIA expands and goes to the Adriatic, taking in the Turkish province of Old Servia and a number of the Albanian districts. Here Bulgaria loses to her ally at least one slice of Macedonia, which she has always coveted, and by this arrangement Austria is quite bottled up, and her dream of an advance upon the Ægean would seem to come to an untimely end with the frontiers of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

It will not be pleasant for Bulgaria to accept this feature of the rearrangement. It would seem impossible for Austria to do so. If the above represents the irreducible minimum of the demands which the Balkan League will insist upon, a general conflict over the distribution of the spoils would seem to be inevitable. If the members of the victorious coalition stand pat, Austria would have to fight or to make concessions which would perhaps be ruinous to her prestige and certainly greatly weaken her political and economic position. Should Austria not accept the accomplished facts and decide to even go to the extremity of war in the furtherance of her traditional claims and policy, the outcome would very much depend upon the attitude of Russia, upon what the great Slav power will do in the circumstances.

If the boundless enthusiasm which the splendid showing of the "little brothers" in the last four weeks of war has aroused from the Baltic to the Black Sea is reflected in the attitude of the Russian Government, and if the Czar ranges his great power on the side of the Balkan League, either Austria will have to reduce her demands very considerably or a situation will be at once created which can hardly be composed without a great European war, a war which might eventually end in far greater changes in the map of Europe than any which are outlined above.

Map 1 shows the counterproposals which are being made by the Austrian Foreign Office or by statesmen and diplomatists who are inspired in this quarter. It is a haphazard map, drawn up by those who undoubtedly regard the preservation of peace as the paramount consideration, and the localizing of the present conflict to its actual boundaries as the first duty of all concerned. By this arrangement the important changes are: First, Servia does not go to the Adriatic, and Austria's path to Salonica remains open through a more or less free Albania, an Albania under the protection and tutelage of Vienna and Pest.

Servia is offered compensation for her loss of the Adriatic ports and back country in the form of a much larger slice of Macedonia than was conceded to her by her Balkan allies. She is also to receive an outlet on the Ægean Sea south of Series. Certain it is that this arrangement will never be accepted willingly at Belgrade, and its bare suggestion has raised quite a storm of indignation in Sofia. There it is pointed out that Servia is compensated, not at the expense of the vanquished Turks, but to the detriment of the victorious Bulgarians, and of their claims and pretensions.

WHAT OF MACEDONIA?

THE Balkan allies, even before the great powers are taken into council, seem to fight shy of the details of the Macedonian question. The division of Macedonia, that salad of odds and ends of races and mosaic of religious creeds, is not worked out in detail, and apparently that considerable party of Macedonian Slavs under Sandansky and the late Boris Sarafoff, the kidnaper of Miss Stone, who have strenuously opposed the annexation of their tormented country to Bulgaria for some years past, are not given any consideration whatever in the settlement. Probably the movement for the independence of Macedonia, with which they are identified, will now disappear, although it may not do so. Doubtless this party of malcontents were merely the result of, and their outbreaks were provoked by, some of the many self-seeking moves which Bulgaria has made in the Macedonian question during the last decade. In this connection it is a fact which should not be forgotten, and which certainly loses nothing from its frequent telling to the shepherd revolutionists on the bare hills above the Vardar, that Macedonian volunteers under Major Panitza were much more helpful to Russia in the great war which she waged for the emancipation of the Bulgarian provinces than were the Bulgarians themselves. Indeed, all Macedonians hold, whatever their views on the final solution of the question may be, that in this way a debt of gratitude was incurred by the Bulgarians which should have been frankly recognized and liberally requited at the first opportunity. However, it is probable that the magnificent triumph of the Bulgarian arms to-day will be accepted as a perfect justification of King Ferdinand's somewhat tortuous policy in the recent past, and that there will be no effective opposition to the extension of Bulgarian rule over Macedonia.

THE STATUS OF ALBANIA

ONE of the most obscure phases of the problem, and one which, owing to the open clash between the Balkan League and Austria as to the distribution of the spoils, looms large to-day, is what can be done with the

Map 1, showing the division of the conquered area desired by Austria—with Albania recognized and Servia shut off from the Adriatic, but allowed a way to the Ægean Sea

Map 2, showing the territorial rearrangement the Balkan States desire, allowing Servia its entrance through Albania to the Adriatic Sea

Albanians, who are no more related to the Slavs, or sympathetic to their plans, than they are to the Turks. They speak an Indo-European tongue but do not belong to any of the recognized groups of the Aryan family. It is thought they are descended from the ancient Illyrians, who were driven westward by the advance of the Slavs. They are divided into two groups: the Ghegs in the north and the Tosks in the south.

THE "MORAL JUSTIFICATION" OF AUSTRIA

UNDER their great leader, Skanderbeg, the Albanians made a desperate resistance to the Turkish horde. They were never really conquered, but, as the years rolled by, a large number became Mohammedans in order that they might hold office and secure other favors. They have been allowed a considerable measure of self-government, and the Porte has often made use of these stalwart soldiers to overawe the neighboring peoples. It is probable that to-day something more than half of the Albanians have become Mohammedans, while the rest remain Christians, about equally divided between the Orthodox and the Roman Catholic Church. They hate their neighbors, the Slavs, and this feeling is returned in good measure. Doubtless in the days to come the Albanians will need protection against measures and acts of retaliation, and this is, of course, the moral justification of the Austrian pretension to a protectorate over their country.

Some agitators from among their number claim that there are more than a million Albanians. Probably six hundred thousand is a more nearly correct figure. Latterly, a number of pretenders to the Albanian throne have arisen, and, of course, they all claim to be descendants of the valiant Skanderbeg. Of recent years political propaganda has been carried on by Austria, Italy, and Greece in the highlands, so long held by men of this interesting, although savage, race, but without achieving very definite results. In the north the country is honeycombed by Austrian agents, but, as a rule, I should say the Albanians show no great desire to see the "double eagle" flying over their rocky home. Some years ago the Mohammedan Albanians struck out in a new direction and sent a petition to the British Ambassador at Constantinople, asking to be placed under the protection of Great Britain, but nothing came of this step.

Another curious remnant of the races which have overrun the Balkan country, and later been submerged, are the Roumanians of Macedonia, or the Kutzo-Vlachs, as they are locally called. They are generally admitted to be the descendants of the aboriginal Thracians, who amalgamated with the Latin colonists. There is certainly a strong resemblance between the language of these people and that of the latter-day Latins who inhabit Roumania, although most unfortunately they are separated from each other by a wide belt of purely Slavonic country. The chief settlements of these people are on the Pindus Range and in the vicinity of Monastir and Krushevo. They have well-built stone houses, but in the summer time their towns are almost entirely abandoned, by the men at least, who wander about the country as itinerant merchants.

THE TURK PLAYS POLITICS

THE Vlachs kept strictly to business, peddling and horse trading principally, leaving politics alone, until quite recently. On this account they were treated more leniently by the Turks than were the other Christians. Under these favorable conditions many of them accumulated fairly large fortunes, which they have since begun to dissipate in politics. Early in the seventies a certain Apostolo Margarti of Monastir, a wealthy merchant from among their number, was fired with the idea of awakening a feeling of nationality among his people. This propaganda was at first rather favored by the Turkish Government because its object was hostile to the Greeks, who were then regarded as the most dangerous revolutionaries, and because it threatened a split in the Christian ranks. Again, while it was natural that Greece and Servia and Bulgaria should be suspected of wishing to annex Macedonia, [illegible] ambitions were at this time not ascribed to the Roumanians. Of recent years these Roumanians or near Roumanians have suffered a great deal from the barbarous oppression inflicted by the Turks on all Christians, whether loyal or rebel, and numbers of them have, from time to time, joined the insurgent bands. [illegible]

Government from Bucharest watches the propaganda [illegible] isms in Macedonia with interest, and gives [illegible]ry support. It is not believed that Rou[illegible] ambitions in this quarter, but it [illegible]that should Bulgaria annex Mace[illegible] do it more or less equally with [illegible] Roumania would only consent to [illegible]e submerged or annexed should [illegible] compensation, and it is generally known that the extension of her frontier in the Dobrudja, as far as the Kustchuk Varna line, and even beyond, is the compensation most coveted.

It has been generally thought that in the hour of victory the claims of Greece would be easily adjusted, and in advance a few more slices of Thessaly and of Illyria were apportioned to her. But with Greek troops first in Salonica, coveted by many suitors, there is another and a hitherto unforeseen conflict on the horizon.

One reads much in the European papers and in the cables from the capitals of western Europe at least, of the triple alliance and the triple entente, and, most of all, of the European concert. If there were not only too much reason to believe that these combinations do not exist, except as anachronic figures of speech, there would be little apprehension regarding the preservation of the general peace of Europe. And, of course, that such apprehension exists is plainly apparent in every responsible quarter. We are told that the triple alliance exists and is working beautifully and beneficently, and yet Germany and Austria were unable to prevent Italy, the third party to the alliance, from attacking Turkey, from annexing Tripoli and Libya, and as a consequence bringing the whole awkward and unwelcome question of the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire upon the carpet. Conversely can we hope that England and France, who, together with Russia, are supposed to form the triple entente, could hold Russia back, should the Czar decide to oppose Austrian claims in the Balkans and to support the maximum demands of Bulgaria and the Balkan League, by force of arms if necessary?

Again, do we really know anything about the feeling in St. Petersburg to-day? Or with what purpose several Russian army corps are being mobilized, if indeed the report is true and such a partial mobilization is taking place? The "little brothers" have won victories as amazing and perhaps in a military sense as decisive as any that have been fought since the dawn of history. The "big brothers" are delighted, and there have been enthusiastic mass meetings in Moscow and elsewhere, but the Russian court and the Russian Government have given no sign. When Prince Boris had the measles, and again when King Ferdinand sprained his ankle, the Czar kept the wires between St. Petersburg and Sofia hot with sympathetic inquiries, but to-day, in the face and in full view of these epoch-making events, the Czar has not a word to say.

This may be diplomatic reserve, an attitude of impeccable correction which, however, is not generally observed in the fraternal relations between the Slav States, the "big" and the "little brothers," and it may be something quite different. Perhaps the powers that be in St. Petersburg think the Bulgarians are going too fast. Twenty years ago their land was a petty principality, whose existence was neither generally nor officially recognized, then it became a kingdom of sorts; and now an empire of all the Bulgarians and some other Slavs is in contemplation.

All this is upsetting some traditional calculations and starting quite a train of new ones. Do the Russians want a Bulgarian Empire with a large coast line on the Ægean as well as on the Black Sea, with Constantinople within its grasp whenever Bulgaria wishes to extend a hand to take it? The man who could answer this question without fear of mistake could make a colossal fortune on the European stock exchanges in the next few weeks.

He would not require any capital. He could do it on a shoestring.

To resume: the demands of the Balkan League clash with the historic pretensions and the political plans of Austria, and the harmony at present existing between the members of the League is more apparent than real. What Russia proposes and plans in the circumstances, we may have our own ideas, but we have no indications, much less facts, to go by. One thing only is certain to-day. The balance of power in this part of the world, so long and so carefully cultivated, has been upset by a short six weeks' campaign, and all talk of returning to the status quo is, of course, absurd. You may move a house and put it up successfully in another place, but you cannot transfer it from one set of foundations to another set which do not fit without grave danger of a mishap. The Balkan allies have swept away the foundations upon which more or less lamely and more or less insecurely and yet upon which a peace of sorts has been preserved in the cockpit of southeastern Europe for the last generation.

The foreign offices and the chancelleries of Europe have been so long charmed by the old shibboleths and the old watchwords, and so long enmeshed in the nets of their own weaving, that it will be hard to break the spell and to shake themselves free.

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The Turkish infantry retreating from Tchorlu after the disastrous defeat inflicted by the Bulgarians

The next question, undoubtedly the most pressing and pertinent one of all, is the inquiry whether the Balkan League will survive the political dangers and pitfalls which now threaten that harmony and solidarity which have been so successfully maintained during the military operations. It is undeniable that the separate political programs of Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Greece, for which the sons of these countries have fought with such gallantry during the last four weeks, are quite antagonistic.

WILL THE VICTORS SHOW POLITICAL SAGACITY?

WILL the Balkan Slavs and their Greek allies, in the hour of their dazzling victory, show the political sagacity and a spirit of moderation sufficiently strong to arrange their differences and come to an agreement on all points where their historic claims clash? Will they, in the face of many insidious propositions that are being made to them now, remain united and inseparable in the terms of their demands as were their fighting men when facing the military situation? Should they resist temptation and the intoxicating suggestions of the hour and remain united, will the irreducible minimum of their demands be so worded that Austria can and will accept them? In other words, will the peace settlement secure to Austria her road to Salonica and the sea, or will it take it away from her?

Of course, it is not certain that Austria will fight even in the latter case, or however unwelcome the terms of the settlement may prove. Austria-Hungary is a great empire, and a great empire has many interests always in jeopardy and many irons in the political fire. You never can tell when she will fight. If her political pretensions to the land stretching along her frontier, from the Adriatic to the Ægean, are not recognized by the terms of the settlement, will she enter the field in a military sense, or will she confine her opposition to diplomatic pressure? Here, again, we come back to the attitude of Russia, and official Russia has made no sign.

This is not the whole Balkan question, or even the whole Macedonian question, in a nutshell, as I wish I could present it to the reader. Everywhere there are sharp-pointed fragments, the débris of hard blows struck in the centuries past, that will not fit in with any proposed settlement, and there are not a few loose ends of intrigue which will not be woven so easily into a peace compact. If the maximum demands of the Balkan League can be put through, there is, of course, a better chance for European peace than if these demands are pared down by the intervening powers and the men who have overthrown the Turkish Empire are given something they do not want instead of what they are fighting for. There are still a number of other contingencies which may arise. But a clear view of the actual situation will not be helped by going into these details or by extending the horoscope to more remote possibilities. It is clearly a case where we should say: "Sufficient unto the day—"

The time is not yet, but some day a great historian will write the wonderful story of the rise and decline of the Turkish Empire. To-day we are only concerned with the decline, which progresses hourly with the steady march of a law of nature. We are also concerned with the weapon that has brought the arrogant Turk to-day so low, because it was not an Oriental scimitar nor yet a modern Krupp gun, but simply common-school education which, in founding Robert College near Constantinople in 1860, the generous New York merchant whose name it bears, placed within the reach of every child of Christian parents born in the bondage of the Turk. Curiously enough, Mr. Robert chose for the site of this institution, which has shaped the course of history in southeastern Europe quite as effectively, perhaps more so, than the ukases of the Great White Czars, the little village of Roumeli Hissar, there on the narrowest point of the Bosporus where the Turks entered Europe and built the first fort that threatened Constantinople. Here Mr. Robert started his little school, and here, under Mr. Hamlin, Mr. Washburn, and Professor Grosvenor, the instinct for political freedom in the breasts of the young men so long held to political slavery was awakened. Here the lessons in organization and in political science were taught which to-day are bearing such a wonderful harvest. Here, for fifty years, the Bulgarians, the Servians, and the Greeks were prepared for self-government; here Ivan Gueshoff, the Bulgarian Premier to-day, learned his lessons, as did all the makers of modern Bulgaria, with the exception of Stambuloff.

In a conversation which I had with the Sultan Abdul Hamid in 1904, a conversation in which Tarshan Pasha and Munir Bey talked while the Defender of the Faithful listened very eloquently, I learned that the menace of Robert College had not escaped the sharp eye of the lonely dweller in the Kiosk at Yildiz. "I know the American teachers keep well within the law," said Munir in a most excellent French which the Sultan, despite his frequent denials of knowledge of the diplomatic language, followed with evident interest and with perfect understanding. "I know they are worthy men and keep within the law, but I also know that their school is as dangerous to our existence as was the fort on the same site which Mohammed the Conqueror built to the Greek supremacy which he was soon to overthrow." And the Sultan's dark eyes flashed approval and his lips moved, but he said nothing. Why should he? It was Kismet. No man, be he Sultan or serf, can escape his fate.

Wounded Turks Being Carried to the Rear

The wounded in this caravan are luckier than most of their fellows in that wagons have been found for their transportation. In the hurried retreat toward the Chatalja line of forts many were left by the roadside without medical care and without food. The Turk on the straw in the forward part of the cart was wounded by an exploding shell

Feeding the Balkan Fighters

The women of the Balkan fighting nations, whether Montenegrin, Servian, or Bulgarian, have performed the duties of the commissariat, following and feeding the army

Refugees from the Country Districts Entering Constantinople

Turkish families in the threatened areas adjacent to Constantinople hurried in great numbers into the city. The picturesque group shown in the photograph is typical of the refugee class. The women, although villagers or of the small farmer class, are as closely veiled as if they belonged to the upper classes. In the hurry of flight they have come with few belongings, although a boy is bearing strapped to his back what may be a rough table

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COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE Democrats must wait three months before they come into the fullness of their power. During the short session which begins next Monday, Taft will still be in power to block them, and so their tariff program cannot begin until after Wilson is President. During this short session, however, some fairly important legislation will come up. The most important is the Kenyon Bill, to prohibit the shipment of liquor across State lines into prohibition States. This is a bill which the temperance people have advocated for more than ten years, and which would have passed on any day, at any time, during that period if it had come to a vote. The bill has always been prevented from passing, however, by the methods common during the Cannon régime. Cannon, while Speaker, always carefully "packed" the Judiciary Committee against it. Before appointing the Judiciary Committee, Cannon would always have an understanding with a sufficient number of the appointees to the effect that when this bill came to them they would quietly hold it in the committee and never report it back to the House. All this has changed, however, and the Kenyon Bill is likely to come to a vote early this session

THE REASON FOR AN EXTRA SESSION

THE Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill became a law August 5, 1909. That is, three years, three months, and twenty-five days ago. And during every one of those three years there has not been an hour when the people of the United States, if they had had the opportunity, would not have rejected this bill by an overwhelming majority. They had their first chance to express their opinion of it when a Massachusetts Congressman died, and, in electing his successor, the district overturned an old-time Republican majority of 14,000 and sent a Democrat, Eugene Foss, the present Governor of Massachusetts, to Congress. The people didn't get their second chance to express themselves on the Payne-Aldrich Bill until the Congressional primaries in the spring of 1910. They then showed their feeling by keeping at home a large number of conspicuous Standpatters, like Tawney of Minnesota and McKinlay of California, and nominating Progressives in their places. The people had still another chance to express themselves in the fall of 1910. At that election they turned out of power the party that had been in control for sixteen years and made Congress Democratic by an overwhelming majority. The people further expressed themselves, even in the absence of definite elections and votes, by a state of public opinion so obvious that Senators like Aldrich and Hale voluntarily retired. The final expression of public opinion is too recent to need recalling. *But in spite of all this steady disapprobation of the present tariff, not so much as a comma of that law has been changed.* So long as the Republicans controlled one of the three branches of the Government, tariff revision was impossible. The exact hour when this condition ceases is twelve o'clock noon, March 4, 1913. After that moment the Democratic party will be completely in power. After that condition has come every hour not devoted to the business of getting the tariff reduced will come near being a breach of faith with the public. With all the speed that can be practiced, it will be nearly August before a new tariff can finally be made. *That is to say, in this Republic it will have taken four years for public opinion to express itself in a statute.*

IN A MONARCHY

UNDER the present Parliamentary system in England, the Payne-Aldrich Bill could not have lasted six months against a hostile public opinion. If we had the English system, repeal of the bill by a single house, corresponding to our Lower House of Congress, would have been final.

94 DAYS

FOR 94 days after the date of this paper the Republicans will continue to be responsible for preventing tariff reduction. Thereafter—that is to say, after March 4—for every additional day the Democrats will be responsible.

MICHIGAN'S NEXT SENATOR

SEVERAL very important Senatorial contests will come up in various State Legislatures during the coming January; none is more vital than William Alden Smith's fight for reelection in Michigan. It ought to be possible to decide this contest on the tariff issue; if the people of Michigan like the Payne-Aldrich tariff and want it perpetuated, let them return Smith; he voted for it and defended it. But if Michigan wants to participate in the tariff revision which is bound to take place under Wilson, they should send to the Senate that very able Democrat who is Smith's opponent, Alfred Lucking. To do careful justice, it is necessary to make clear that Smith is not the old-style, intriguing Standpatter; he is well meaning and amiable, but a United States Senator ought to be more than this, and Mr. Lucking would be. Moreover, Senator Smith is of the class of politicians who "play safe." He carefully kept his record clear on the Lorimer matter. He gets on the record as voting in favor of the direct election of United States Senators, but he never does anything to bring the system about in the State where he has been enough of a boss to initiate it if he were really in earnest about it. After all, Smith's record on the Payne-Aldrich Bill isn't essentially different from the record of Burrows, who was so emphatically rejected by Michigan two years ago.

THE MASSACHUSETTS SENATORSHIP

THE Republicans have control of the Massachusetts Legislature, and the next Senator from that State will probably be one of these men: Ex-Governor Eben S. Draper, ex-Governor Curtis Guild, Congressman John W. Weeks, or Congressman Samuel W. McCall. All these men are exceptionally high minded and honest; in ability they differ somewhat, but any one of them will measure up to the New England standard for men in this high office. In their responsiveness to the progressive spirit of the times, they differ decidedly. It is not agreeable to oppose a man so high minded and able as Congressman McCall; and yet Mr. McCall was one of the Committee on Ways and Means which formulated the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill; he defended that bill on the floor and voted for every schedule of it. His votes throughout that session coincided exactly with the votes of Mr. Payne or Speaker Cannon. And, in spite of vast differences of character and scholarship between McCall and Cannon, it is *votes* that count. Massachusetts wouldn't elect Uncle Joe to the Senate.

THE BIGGEST OVERTURN

JUST as a matter of human curiosity, it is worth recording that one Congressional district, which has never before failed to elect a Republican to Congress by pluralities like 15,000, this time elected a Progressive by a majority of 287. The district is the Twelfth Michigan, which embraces all of that upper peninsula which has been a bulwark of Standpat Republicanism since the Civil War. The Republican, who is defeated, is H. Olin Young. His Progressive successor is William J. MacDonald. The Progressive party movement in the upper peninsula was organized on September 20, just six weeks before the election. A good deal of credit for this overturn must go to F. L. Baldwin's Escanaba "Journal." It would be interesting to know whether any other community in the country gave such a decisive Progressive victory.

SOME OF THEM

A TEXAS friend of this paper writes for knowledge:

"You are always talking about Wilson's Administration being endangered by Brices and Gormans of the same kind that wrecked Cleveland. If you know any Brices or Gormans in the Senate or House to-day, why don't you name them?"

This paper has been naming them, brother, for more than three years, with the result that there are now a good deal fewer of them in public life, and those that are left are less disposed to make trouble. However, if it is desired to know their names, read:

On July 3, 1908, the Democratic party, assembled in National Convention at Denver, put this plank in their platform:

"We demand the immediate repeal of the tariff on . . . lumber, timber, and logs, and that these articles be placed on the free list."

Less than a year later, during the months of May and June, 1909, the following Democratic Senators, in defiance of their party platform, on six separate occasions voted *with Aldrich* and the Republicans *against* free lumber, also *against* reducing the duty on sawed lumber from $1.50 to $1, also *against* various other reductions in the lumber duty:

FLETCHER, Fla.	SMITH, Md.
MARTIN, Va.	SIMMONS, N. C.

There were others, of course, like Bailey of Texas, but they have resigned or been defeated. The four men named constitute the real menace to Wilson in the next Senate. They are named here, not to embarrass the Democratic party in its hour of triumph, but rather, by ample warning to the party press and the country generally, to prevent the debacle that came upon Cleveland's Administration.

WHAT IS AN AMERICAN?

Part III—*The Heritage of the American Woman*

By HONORÉ WILLSIE

THERE are nearly six million women in the United States who are breadwinners. This means that one-fifth of all the women of America are coming directly in contact with American industrial conditions.

When Charles Dickens came to America he wrote a glowing description of factory work for women. He found it half idyllic. One can only imagine what sort of a picture his tender pen would make of women in factory work to-day.

The women that Dickens wrote about were daughters of New England—Anglo-Saxon women, who, he said, sang as they worked! They were the daughters of farmers and villagers, and they worked, not to keep from starving to death, but for extra money and for the social life that they found possible in town. Lucy Larcom, with her sister and friends, worked in the cotton mills of Lowell, Mass. The factory girls of her day were of the ambitious type, whose brothers had gone West. The factory work was the means of earning an education, and its only competitor for women was school-teaching! When Emerson and Edward Everett lectured in Lowell, two-thirds of their audiences were made up of factory girls. The factory owners were obliged to post notices prohibiting employees from bringing books into the factory. The girls in the factory had to go regularly to some church. The vast majority of the factory women were young and unmarried. They did not stay in the mills long enough to suffer physically.

But with the coming of the immigrant woman all this was changed. The immigrant woman would work under conditions which these early factory women would not tolerate. Lucy Larcom and her kind were pushed out, and in their places came women who *had* to work: native born some of them, foreign born most of them. And just in the ratio that the immigrant woman increased did factory conditions for women grow toward the intolerable.

This much seems true: that factory work of any type is not good for women. Statistics, personal observation of employees and physicians, the evidence of factory women themselves, point to but one conclusion—factory work is injurious to women. In the early days, when competition was not keen, when women used the work as a stepping-stone to better things, the factory did her less harm. But under modern conditions, work in a factory lowers a girl's vitality. A close student of present-day conditions says:

"It steals her youth, it breaks her health. Too often it blunts her moral sense. Five years of factory work can and do render a girl at twenty-one a physical wreck so far as normal functions go."

THE problem of the immigrant woman in industry must be considered separately from that of the men, for all that it is so inextricably bound up with the work of the men. With the overwhelming amount of labor pouring into the United States and the resulting lowering of wages, it has been necessary for women to go to work. And with their going to work has come a still greater lowering of wages wherever they have competed with the men.

But the point where the woman's problem differs from the man's is this: This is the first time that women have been drawn into competitive industry. The idea of competition as a necessity to life is as foreign

And now, just as immigration treated the first factory women, so it is treating its own women, using them, suffocating them, and casting them on the industrial scrap heap

Marya sewed pads into children's coats for a cent a hundred. It took her a long time to get the "hurry" idea into her brain and she nearly starved at this

to a woman as it is to an Indian. Yet relentless competition has been one of the most important processes of human growth. The masculine half of humanity has had to fight for everything that he and his mate and his children would possess. Out of this struggle of the masculine world has come civilization. Women have missed this constant weeding of the incompetent until industry demanded her.

OUT of this forcing of women into industry ought to come a mental competence that would help to offset the fact that Lucy Larcom and her kind have been supplanted by the peasant woman of south Europe. The woman who has been an industrial unit, who has come through the relentless selective test of industrial competition, ought to be more fitted for training children by her experience. Yet, as a matter of fact, industrial life delays a woman's marriage and factory life injures a woman's child-bearing powers, so that whatever her children and her generation might gain by her increased mental training it loses in her physical deterioration.

Marya was sixteen years old when she came to America. She was a Slav and she could neither read nor write. So far in her life she had had no incentive to think. Her people's people had been like her. Marya could plow and plant, ride and reap with any man. So could her mother and her grandmother. Marya was of medium height and as powerfully built as a little draft horse. Her forehead was none too broad, but her black eyes were set well apart. Her nose and mouth were heavy, but her expression was more docile than it was stupid, and her jaw line was long and strong. Marya, when she came to America, knew less about most things than the average Anglo-American child of seven.

Marya, the plodding draft horse, entered into American industrial life, one vital test of which is speed. Hand and brain both were heavy, and for a year Marya drifted. It took her a long time to get the "hurry" idea into her brain: to learn that she could get a job only by rushing in ahead of fifty other women: to learn that she could hold it only by working as fast or faster than her work companions. She learned other things more easily. She learned that a newspaper folded small and hard against the pit of the stomach, under the clothes, eases the pangs of starving. She learned that if one can be sufficiently thirsty to drink great quantities of water, starvation shrivels the tongue less. She found that a dill pickle for a cent and a smoked herring for a cent, with constant calls on drinking fountains, made it possible for her to live for an unbelievably long week on fifty cents.

MARYA basted cuffs for ten hours a day, earning $2.50 a week at first, gradually rising to $4 a week. But she was too slow and held the job only a month. She sewed pads into children's coats at a cent a hundred until starvation drove her to looking for another job. She washed dishes in a restaurant. She cracked almonds and pulled bastings. A year of this, and Marya, thin and quick moving, and with the healthy brown of the fields turned to the sickly white of undernutrition, was ready for factory work. She had gotten the idea that handwork was too slow, that she must learn to use a machine. Her method of getting the job was simple. She knew little English, but the foreman spoke four or five languages. He had the wonderful gift of tongues of the Slav.

"I want a job. I'm an American," said Marya. "I've been over here a year."

"Where've you worked?" asked the foreman.

Said Marya: "I sewed on buttons on Fourteenth Street. I basted armholes on Clinton Street. I sewed glove thumbs on West Broadway. I sewed yokes of shirt waists on Fourth Street. I—"

"Enough," said the foreman. "Put your things there. This girl will show you how to run the machine."

All that Marya's job demanded of her was that she push down a lever with her foot and jerk out a lever with her hand. She must do this, however, with precision and speed. At least four thousand times a day she must push down the lever with her foot and jerk out the lever with her hand. If she bungled the hand motion it might cost her a finger. If she fell much short of the number four thousand, it would cost her her job.

There were a thousand girls in this factory. All of them stood at their work. There are a good many reasons why long hours of standing work are bad for women. A woman's leg muscles are not as well constructed for standing as a man's. The knee joint, the thigh, and foreleg muscles will not support her easily for a great length of time when standing. Added to this is the actual unceasing strain on her feminine organs, which is enormous when standing, and still bitter hard when sitting at factory work.

There are nearly six million women in the United States who are breadwinners. Five years of factory work can and do render a woman a wreck as far as normal functions are concerned

It was a year, though, before Marya began to feel seriously the effects of her work. She was of a hardy race and inured to heavy work. But still Marya was a woman. And by and by the speed mania got her. She gobbled her meals. In the factory the mad whirl of the machinery got into her blood. She learned to distinguish the click of the levers about her, and for eight hours she scarcely looked from her machine while her jerked foot and hand lever faster and faster

Continued on page

PADAGES PALMER

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

BARNEY COOK, as a telegraph boy, had once been summoned to a dressing room in Daly's Theatre by an indignant star who had refused to entrust his message to any but official hands. And he had once been called to a grated office in the Tombs to take a telegram from a prosperous-looking elderly gentleman in handcuffs. It was chiefly from the memories of these two experiences that Barney constructed his expectation of what he was to find when he should enter the private offices and operatives' rooms of the Babbing Detective Bureau to report for duty.

As, for example: Babbing, in his sanctum, at a make-up table, gumming a false mustache to his lip. His dresser waiting to hand him a wig and a revolver. The room picturesquely hung with costumes and disguises, handcuffs and leg irons, dodgers that offered rewards for desperate captures "dead or alive" and sets of burglar's tools and the weapons of outlawry—the latter arranged decoratively on the walls after the manner of a collection of trophies.

And Barney's better judgment accepted that picture from his inebriated young imagination without really knowing that he had accepted it—until he was called from the outer public office of the bureau into Babbing's private room, and found the famous detective sitting at a table desk, in a swivel chair, reading his morning mail like the manager of any successful business at work in the office of any successful business manager. "Sit down," Babbing said, without looking at him.

Barney sat down, against the wall. He was conscious of the stimulating disappointment—the interested surprise in disillusion—that reality gives to the alert romantic mind. So to speak.

THE office was as commonplace and average as Babbing's conventional business clothes. There was nothing on the walls but some framed photographs of office groups. There was no furniture but the desk and the chairs. There was nothing on the desk but telephone instruments, pens and ink, paper weights, and some shallow wire baskets that were filled with letters, telegrams and typewritten reports. There was, in fact, nothing interesting in the room but Babbing; and Babbing looked as uninteresting and ordinary as the room.

His letters had been opened for him, the pages flattened out, and the envelopes attached to them with paper clips. His right hand reached a sheet from a wire basket at one side of the desk, and put it on the blotter before him; his left hand held it a moment for his eyes to read it, and then carried it to one of the baskets on the other side of the desk and dropped it automatically in its proper place; his right hand, meanwhile, had produced the next letter. His eyes moved only from sheet to sheet. "Did you tell your mother about the case you were on yesterday?"

"No, sir."

The left hand passed a letter back to the right. The right hand dropped it in the waste basket. "What did you tell her?"

"I tol' her I had a new job."

"As a detective?"

"I was scared to tell her that. She'd 'a' thought it was the same as a policeman."

"Well?" The left hand pressed a call button. "Suppose she did?"

"She'd 'a' thought I was goin' to get killed."

Babbing turned his head to look over his glasses at the boy. "Like your father?"

BARNEY smiled an apology for the absurdity of mothers. "Yes, sir."

A clerk opened the door. Babbing tossed a letter across the table to him. "Find out who that fellow is. Right away."

The clerk reported: "Mr. Snider has just come in."

Babbing continued with his reading. The clerk went out, ignored even by Barney—as the commander's civilian secretary would be ignored by a young uniform.

"So you told her what?"

"I tol' her I was waitin' in an office with a telegram yestc'day, an'—they wanted an office boy, an'—they offered me twelve a week. An' I took it."

Babbing apparently forgot him in the perusal of a two-page letter closely typed. His eyes parted with it reluctantly. "Did you tell anyone else?"

"No, sir."

"I see," Babbing said. And Barney was not aware that he had stood a test of character and passed an examination in discretion. He had no suspicion that Babbing's absent-minded manner was almost as much a disguise as if it had been put on with spirit gum. He was waiting for Babbing to finish with the letters and direct him to his work.

"Don't use the public office, hereafter," Babbing said. "Come in at 1056." He turned to a phone. "Tell Snider I'll see him." He pressed a call button. "You'll have to start by learning to speak the English language," he admonished Barney. "We haven't cases enough on the Bowery to keep you working where people say 'I tol' her I was waitin'' when they mean 'I told her I was waiting.'" He changed the switches on an office phone. "Bring me my schedule." He said to Barney: "Stay where you are. I'll have something for you in a moment."

DOORS began to open, unexpectedly, on all sides. A stenographer appeared, with a notebook, sat down to face Babbing across the desk, and prepared himself and his fountain pen to take dictation. Archibald, the office manager—a grizzled old man, with the lean mouth of a prelate—brought a list of Babbing's appointments for the day and discussed them with him, deferentially. An operative, who proved to be "Chal" Snider from Chicago, drifted in as if he were casually interested, and shook hands with "The Chief," and drew a chair up at one side of the desk, and made himself at home, with his ankle on his knee and his hat on his ankle. The day's work had begun.

To Barney, watching, it became as bewildering as the smoothly intricate activity of a complicated machine. Babbing dictated letters in a leisurely undertone that was continually intermitted for telephone calls, the arrival of opened telegrams, corroboratory references to filed records, consultations with Archibald, directions to operatives, and above and around and under it all an interested reciprocation of talk with Snider. "Hello! Yes. Where are you? Have you got the goods on him? I see. Who's with you? Can you get in to see me? I'll relieve you with Corcoran. Three-thirty this afternoon." "Take this. William P. Sarrow, and so forth. Dear Sir. Yours of the fifteenth. Regret that I'm unable to meet you and so forth. Previous engagements in Chicago on that date. Suggest the twenty-seventh." . . . "Wire that fellow to stop sending me telegrams or he'll queer the whole plant. Sign it Adam Hansen." . . . "Yes, Chal? Did he bite?"

And because Snider was telling a connected story—a patiently connected story in spite of all distractions—Barney's confused attention slowly concentrated on him.

In ten minutes the engaging Sullivan had moved to the vacant chair opposite Barney, had lighted a Padages Palmas rather gaudily, and was listening to Babbing with a flattering admiration showing in his bluish-gray eyes

Snider was becoming bald; his hair was parted down the middle with mathematical precision, as perfectly aligned as the ribs and backbone of a kippered herring. He spoke rather mincingly, smiling, but never moving his hands. He had an air of pudgy inertia—an inoffensive sedentary air, good-natured—and a look of credulity. He made a specialty of confidence men. He was telling about one who had been operating in Chicago under the name of Charles Q. Palmer.

Palmer had advertised, in the want columns, that he wished to buy a hotel property in Chicago, and the owner of the old Stilton House had answered the ad. Palmer was living in splendor at the La Salle; the owner of the Stilton lunched with him there, talked terms, and convinced himself that Palmer had money and knew something about the hotel business. They inspected the moribund Stilton House together. Palmer saw possibilities in it. He paid $200 for a two weeks' option on the property and took the only good room in the house, in order to audit the books at his leisure and consider a plan of business rehabilitation. The proprietor assisted him, deferred to him, flattered him, and secretly chuckled over him. A price of $50,000 was agreed upon. Palmer affected a brand of expensive Havana cigars, called Padages Palmas; and the proprietor added a box of them to his show-case stock for Palmer's use. They became as intimately friendly as it is possible to become in a business deal where the seller has to maintain a consistent indifference because he is getting too much for his goods.

"The thing that sticks in *his* crop," Snider said, "is those millionaire cigars. Palmer smoked two boxes of them. The old man squeals about it worse than anything."

"What are they? A perfecto?" Babbing asked, with the air of a teetotaler showing curiosity about wines.

"No," Snider explained, "they're like a panetela, only longer. They're a little longer than a lead pencil and about as thick. They're some' smoke."

Babbing gave Archibald a telegram that he had been reading. "Wire them I can't take it up personally, but if they'll turn it over to our branch office there, I'll be on later, to direct the investigation. . . What was it, Chal? The same old game?"

"Sure," Snider smiled. "At noon on the fifteenth, the day the option expired, he bought the hotel with a New York draft for fifty-five thousand, and opened an account at the old man's bank with a check for the extra five thousand which the old man wrote. He was carrying a little black handbag full of furniture catalogues and decorators' estimates and plans he had drawn for remodeling the ground floor of the Stilton. He got five hundred under the old man's nose, put it in the bag, and went off to make a deposit with the contractor who was to do the remodeling. One of the boys from the hotel happened to be at the Central Depot about three o'clock and he thought he saw Palmer going through the gates; but he didn't speak of it until the old man began to worry because Palmer hadn't turned up for dinner. He was afraid Palmer had been blackjacked!

"Next morning, he found out, at the bank, that Palmer had drawn all but fifty dollars of his five thousand. And the New York draft turned out to be phony.

"They brought the case to us, but Palmer had made a clean getaway. There was nothing in his trunk but some hotel sheets and bundles of old newspapers to give it weight. Our boys are at work on it."

BABBING had finished his correspondence. He began to walk up and down the room in an idle interval. "He's probably in town here, now."

"What makes you think so, Chief?"

"Why didn't you wire us? That three-o'clock train is one of the slowest on the line. It doesn't get here till eight-thirty next night."

"We didn't have the case till late yesterday morning. And there was nothing to show he came this way."

"He'd arrive last night. Did you get a good description of him?"

"Yes, but he was wearing a beard and mustache."

"How old?"

"They say about thirty-five, and heavy—a hundred and seventy or may be more. Five foot eight or nine. Dressed to look like a prosperous hotel man. Light eyes, bluish gray. Nothing peculiar about him."

BABBING was standing at the window looking out over the lower roofs of wholesale houses to the ferries of the North River and the docks and chimneys of the Jersey shore. It was an invitingly clean and bright spring day. "I'd like to try a long shot at that fellow," he said. And little Barney's heart leaped with the blind instinct of a setter pup that sees preparations for the hunt.

Snider took his hat from his ankle and his ankle from his knee. "At Palmer?"

Babbing drifted back to his desk and sat down.

"Got a hunch, Chief?"

Snider asked it in the wistful manner of envy interrogating the inscrutable. Babbing stared at him, thoughtfully. Snider blinked and waited. Babbing said, at last: "It was raining hard last night at eight-thirty. . . . He wouldn't shave on the train."

Snider put his hat on the floor and leaned forward intently. "We couldn't run out all the barber shops in town, could we?"

"He'd go to a hotel, and get it off in his room."

Snider's expression indicated that there were almost as many hotels as barber shops.

BABBING glanced at his watch. "I can locate him in an hour if I can locate him at all." He rose briskly. "Explain to Archibald. I'll phone to tell you where I am as soon as I get in touch with anything. Where's my bag? Dump those reports into it." He opened the door of a clothes closet in a corner by the window and took out a soft black felt hat, a black raincoat, and an umbrella. He put on the coat, and it looked as provincial as a linen duster. He shook out the rolled umbrella, untidily. "Come on, boy," he said to Barney. "Carry that bag." Barney grabbed it. "This is no day to be in school, is it?" Babbing said to him at the door. And Barney's throat was so choked with excitement that he could only gulp and grin.

Snider, seeing them go, had the puzzled eyebrows and the doubtful smile of the man who does not believe that you can do it but would like to know how you propose to begin. To find, in the city of New York, a swindler whom you have never seen, of whom you have no accurate description, who may not have come to New York at all, and who will be carefully concealing himself if he *has* come!

NO SUCH doubts as Snider's occupied Barney's mind, of course. He had other things to think of. He had his first ride up Broadway in a taxi-cab, for instance—whirring along in a bouncing rush of luxury whose incredible cost grew on the taximeter so fast that it took his breath away like a Coney Island chute and he held back against the cushions, with his eyes on the dial, delightfully appalled. And he had the confused emotions of being outfitted in a round felt hat, such as college boys are supposed to favor, and a pair of enameled-leather shoes, which Babbing bought for him in a Broadway shop while the cab waited at the door. Two dollars for the hat and five dollars for the shoes! Gee! And then the meter began again—measuring Fifth Avenue in dimes.

He had been aware in the shop that Babbing was posing as his father and enjoying the part; and he had had an awful moment of fear that there might be holes in his stockings when the clerk unlaced his shoes. There were none. A woman, whom he vaguely recalled as his mother, had darned those stockings for him in a Cinderella world that had since been lost in the whir of a fairy godfather's golden chariot. He caught Babbing smiling at him in the chariot; and he snickered excitedly.

When the cab stopped, Babbing reached the handle of the door and said, "Keep right up with me, now, but don't open your mouth"; and Barney stepped out of the cab as if it had been an aeroplane, and found himself on the earth again, in front of the Hotel Haarlem on Forty-second Street near the Grand Central station. He defended Babbing's satchel from the doorman while Babbing ransomed himself from the taximeter.

The detective, in his raincoat, with his umbrella, wandered into the gilded foyer of the Haarlem, looking about him simply. He found the cigar stand, and approached it, with Barney, as if it were a booth at a county fair. The clerk saw them coming. It showed in his face.

Babbing said: "Padages Palmas."

The clerk did not move. He was New York accosted by the provinces. "What did you say?"

BABBING regarded him a moment, mildly thoughtful. He cleared his throat. "Young man," he said, "I want a seegar called the Padages Palmas. It's a fairly well-known Havana, but the easiest way for you to tell it, when you see it, is to read the name on the band around the middle."

The clerk had turned his back to get a box from the shelves behind him. His ears were red.

"Yes," Babbing said, "that's the one. Are these fresh?"

"I opened it myself yesterday." The box was still full.

"I don't much like them fresh."

Snider had the bag opened in a jiffy. "The old man's wad," he exulted. "He's got the swag back, too!"

The clerk tried to look his indifference. "We don't keep—"

"You can keep four of those," Babbing cut in cheerfully and passed on. Barney followed him. And Barney could feel the clerk's eyes witheringly on his back.

This was good fun, but Barney did not see the drift of it. When they issued on Forty-second Street again and started to cross toward the Beaumont, he began to understand.

They mounted the Beaumont's marble steps together and approached the cigar counter. The clerk, here, was an older man who perhaps was accustomed to serving millionaires in shabbiness. Babbing found the box in the showcase and pointed to it. The clerk whisked it out deftly. Babbing took two. "Do you sell many of these?"

"Yes, sir," he said. "Quite a number."

"How many?"

"Well, I couldn't say, exactly. I've sold six this morning."

Babbing was slow about getting the cigars into his waistcoat pocket; and he was slow about getting his money out. "Six, eh? Counting mine?"

"Yes. Another gentleman took four."

"I'll bet that was Charlie," Babbing commented to Barney. "Clean-shaven man with blue eyes?" he asked the clerk. "Heavy set?"

"I think you're right," the clerk replied, busying himself with his cash register. "I didn't notice his eyes, but I think you're right. . . . Thank you. A pleasant morning?"

BABBING grunted, noncommittally, and went to the desk. He gave Barney his umbrella to hold, while he put on his glasses to consult the register. He turned to the arrivals of the previous night. Among the names of visitors from Buffalo and Albany, there was the florid signature of a Spencerian caligraphist who had arrived singularly from Washington, D. C. He was "Thos. Sullivan."

Babbing put up his glasses, resumed his umbrella and led the way to a leather sofa. "I think our man is here," he said to Barney, "under the name of Thomas Sullivan. He writes like a forger, anyway. We've got to pick him up and feel him out. I'm going outside to telephone to him. If he's in his room, I'll give him a stall. If he isn't, I'll have him paged. Thomas Sullivan. You follow the boy around. Nobody'll notice you. They'll think you're looking for some one. Spot him if the boy finds him, and show him to me when I come back. Then we'll get together and rope him."

"Yes, sir," Barney said.

"The telephone booths are down that hall at the left of the desk. There's a parcel rack there, and you'd better check this bag till we know what we're going to do. The dining room's at the end of the hall. He may be at breakfast. If anyone asks you any questions, you're looking for your uncle. I'm your uncle. Sit here for two minutes. Then get over by the call desk."

"Yes, sir," Barney said.

Babbing pursued his placid way to the door, and Barney sat back in the sofa. He had no doubt that Sullivan was the swindler Palmer, but he could not guess how Babbing had come almost directly to the Beaumont to locate him. He puzzled over it, happily. In the background of his thoughts, he was saying to himself: "Gee, this job's *great!*"

When his two minutes had measured themselves on the clock, he went to [illegible]. He located the [illegible]. He made sure that [illegible] had not been altered. [illegible] the foyer, a call boy, circulating among the easy-chairs and smoking tables in front of the news stand, suddenly began to crow. "Mr Sullah-*van!* Mr Sullah-*van!*" A cold tingle of excitement ran down Barney's spine and struck forward into his solar plexus. His vital organs sank inside him, rallied, and rose exultingly.

"Mr. Sullah-*van!* Mr. Sullah-*van!*"

MR SULLIVAN did not reply. The boy turned down the hall to the dining room, and Barney sauntered after him. "Mr. Sullah-*van!*" The head waiter at the door bent indulgently to ask Barney: "One?" Barney mumbled that he was looking for his uncle. Standing in the doorway, he searched the tables anxiously. "Mr. Sullah-*van!*" A man sitting alone at a far window signaled to the boy. They conferred together. The man shook his head. The boy went on. "Mr. Sullah-*van!*"

Barney had seen his float bob to a nibble.

The boy passed him on his way out, and Barney followed. But there were no more nibbles—neither in the bar, the café, the grill, the barber shop, the wash room, nor anywhere else. The boy went back to the desk. Barney returned to the telephones and stood looking regretfully down the hall at the door of the dining room where he had seen his hope. If it had only been Palmer! If they had only landed that bite!

Babbing joined him there. "He didn't get him," Barney reported. Babbing nodded. They went to their seats on the sofa. "He'll be back," Babbing said. "He hasn't given up his room."

Barney sighed. "I thought we had him."

"How so?"

"A man in the dinin' room stopped that bell hop an' then turned him down."

BABBING rose at once. "That's our man."

"But he turned him down."

"Come on. Show me where he is. You're asleep." They were crossing the foyer, and Babbing was talking in a low, indifferent, chatty tone. "His name isn't Sullivan. As soon as he learned that the boy had a telephone call, he knew it couldn't be for him. None of his friends in town would call for him by that name. Is there an empty table near him?"

"I—I don't know."

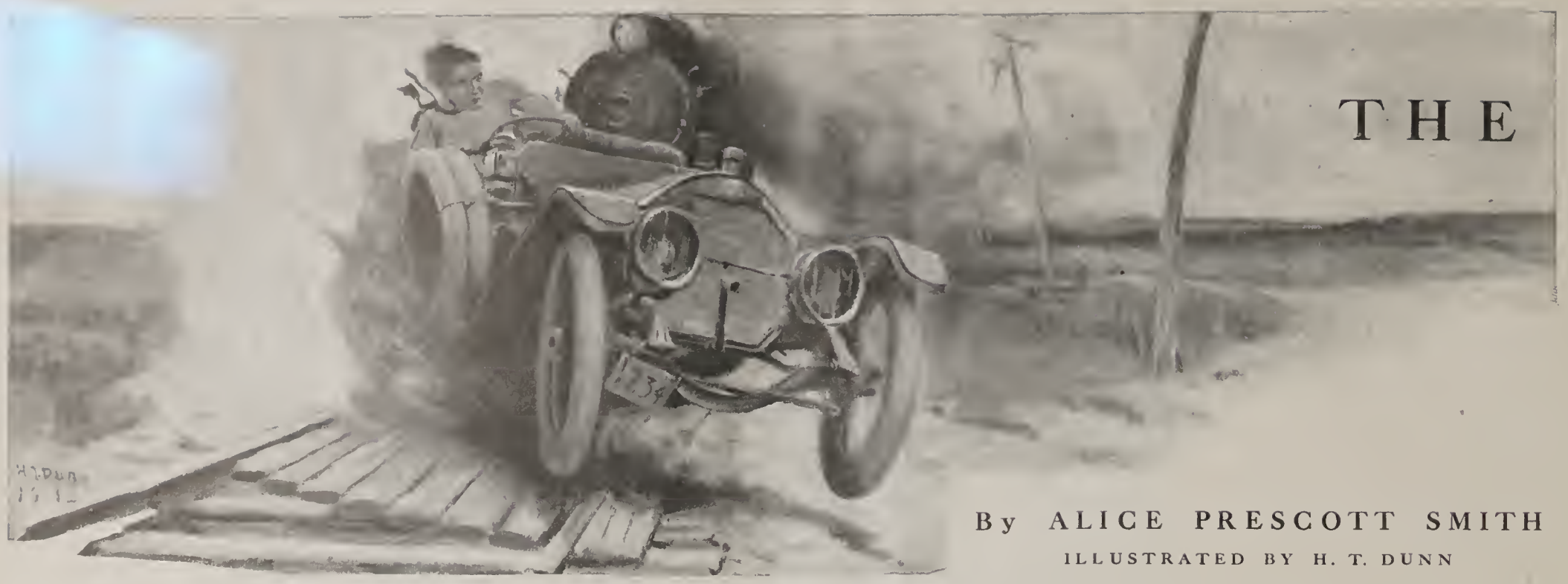
Babbing slowed his pace. "My name's Thomas Oliphant," he said. "We'll get a table near him. Then you go to the telephone and call up the office—one-seven-three Desbrosses—and get Chal Snider. Tell him I'm in the dining room here, and I want to be paged as Thomas Sullivan. Make him insist on the 'Thomas.' Don't forget that. Tell him they've paged me as Sullivan and I don't answer. Then join me at the table. Sullivan'll stop the boy again. I'll break in on him. I'm expecting a call. There's probably a mistake in the name. Thomas Sullivan for Thomas Oliphant. Do you understand? That'll give us an introduction to him. Where is he? Don't point."

They were at the dining-room door. "There he is. Over at that last window."

"I see. I'm your rich uncle from Kansas City. You're Barney Cook, my New York nephew. Go ahead and telephone. Get me a 'Tribune.'" And Babbing, refusing the offices of the girl at the coat rack, went to meet the head waiter with all his encumbrances of hat, raincoat, and umbrella. He had evidently a somewhat countrified reluctance to trust his things out of his sight.

THE multiplicity of instructions which Barney had to remember weighed him down to deliberate and cautious movement. He went slowly to the telephone; it took him some time to get the Babbing Bureau; he gave his message to Snider hesitatingly, cautiously, in veiled terms, for fear some one might overhear him; and he was almost back to the dining room before he recollected that he was to get a "Tribune." Consequently, Babbing, in his spectacles, seated at a side table, back to back with the suspected Sullivan, was concluding his order to the waiter when Barney joined them; and it was evident that there had been some difficulty over the menu. "Now, oatmeal porridge; mind that!" Babbing said. "Real oatmeal. No cattle mashes or health mushes for me. Sit here, boy." He put Barney at right angles to him. "And cream. Plenty of it. I don't care what it costs. And here. Wait a minute. I don't want my bacon fried to a cinder either."

He was talking in an insistent, querulous grumble. The waiter kept saying, "No, sir. Yes, [illegible] of cool servility that was professional to the [illegible]



THE

By ALICE PRESCOTT SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

THE name of the tortoise was Charlotte Wakefield, and she drove the automobile stage line from Langdon Rapids to Anderson's Junction.

She was a gentle tortoise, and had never been called calculating. Indeed, she had all the virtues, large and small, except beauty, which we are led to believe is in itself a means of grace. From her youth up, when, as Charlotte Norton, she carried off all the deportment prizes, she was marked for unselfishness and abnegation. She had a genius for self-effacement, and it was accepted as the natural order of things that she should sit at the piano and play waltz music that the other girls might dance.

Being quoted as a paragon, she should have been detested by her mates. But she was saved by her unconsciousness of her halo. Indeed, she thought little of herself (or about herself, rather), so that she won toleration and even a tepid regard. Then, too, her looks disarmed jealousy. She was large and square-muscled, with flat, pale cheeks, and a wide, kind mouth that knew no coquetry. She was well dressed, but carried her clothes so that they seemed the uniform of a charity school. Her broad shade hat made a straight line across her forehead, while the other girls pushed theirs back, and used them as backgrounds for their carefully considered fluffs of hair. One understood why Charlotte, in spite of the fact that she was Judge Norton's daughter, carried her own schoolbooks and buckled her own skates.

IF CHARLOTTE was negative, her father was not. Langdon Rapids, the little upper Mississippi River town where they lived, knew no larger man. He was called squire. His daughter, had she had the wish to rule, and the dimple to enforce her sovereignty, might have been the village arbiter. As it was, she played the organ in church and took her love affairs at second hand from Lilian White, the postmaster's daughter, who was her best friend. Lilian had curls and a pink skin and a moderately warm heart. She basked in Charlotte's admiration. Also Charlotte had a listening ear.

So Charlotte's school days loitered by. A pleasant, drab girlhood, which promised to drift into a comfortably spinstered middle age. Then Ross Wakefield appeared. He was a distant connection of the Norton family, and came to the judge's house to stay. He was from New York, and seemed unbelievably traveled and correct and important. He fluttered the village as the spring freshets troubled the Mississippi. Yet he married Charlotte.

It was disconcerting, and the village rubbed puzzled elbows. Here was Charlotte, designed and branded for single life, married at twenty, and whisked off into the world by a man ten years her senior. And such a man! A tall, bewildering, not-to-be-labeled man, made up of indefiniteness and the flavor of romance. It was extraordinary. Even the bereaved Lilian joined in the refrain of: "It must have been her money." Judge Norton said little, but his eyes blurred, and he grew absent-minded. His wife was dead, and he and Charlotte lived alone. He had never found Charlotte lacking in anything. Yet the village called her the putty child of an iron father. The phrase was the coinage of a shrewd-eyed boy who lived across the street from the judge.

VILLAGE judgments are apt to be sound and unpalatable. It proved so in this case. Charlotte had apparently upset all the rule of thumb. But before two years were over it was seen that she had not; that she had been true to every law of her nature, and had unerringly chosen the path of denial. Ross Wakefield proved a likable weakling with a talent for amiable manners and chronic ailments. Charlotte had, as usual, taken the poorest thing in sight and saved the other girls from sacrifice.

Yet Wakefield was not vicious, nor was he systematically lazy. He was simply as pliant in mind and will as he was in body. He was supposed to be a lawyer, but he had little beyond a dust-ridden office to prove the fact. Lawyers must be as rooted as limpets, and Wakefield was as peripatetic as a country tinker. He had a weak throat that needed Florida in winter, and a tendency to asthma that drove him to balsam mountains in summer. Between seasons he practiced law in New York.

All this life of flitting demanded money, and Wakefield had little. It was here that Charlotte read her title clear. She had some money of her own, and she used it without stint. That gone, she called upon her clear brain and methodical faculty to create more. She took a business college course and became a stenographer. She added columns by day, and came home to the flat and cooked the dinners at night. She dressed plainly, worked hard, and lived contentedly—almost merrily. She did it all simply—as she had always done everything—without consciousness of heroism. Ross was her husband, and he needed care. Also he was rather pleasant to live with. He remembered to help her put on her overshoes. She had observed that many more sheltered women were not shown that courtesy.

THROUGH all her changing years she kept in touch with her village. No economy, no drudgery, could separate her from her father. So each summer saw her, for a few days, in the yellow-painted house on the Mississippi bluffs. She came and went, a quiet, calmly smiling, almost austere, shape, and the old friends greeted her pleasantly, but paid her scant attention. She was one of the facts of life. A recurring phenomenon like the autumn color in the maples. They condescended to her somewhat. They had always done that, and now their attitude was intensified, as to one who had made the essay of life and had come home beaten. Even Lilian pointed the moral.

"It's the stay-at-homes who make good," she would say with the sucking sound of the lips that she made when she felt complacent. Lilian had married the druggist, and was raising a flaxen-haired daughter. She had grown heavy with the years and neglected to be consistently charming. One had so many things to do.

And so a half score and more of years went by. And then death came to the white-haired judge. It came gently and mercifully, and gave Charlotte time to be there. It was spring when he died, and the crocuses were pushing up furry hoods. The judge had been fond of these blossoms, and had paid small boys to bring them to him. The village remembered this, and the day of his funeral there was not a crocus left ungathered in many miles.

WHEN it was all over, Charlotte stood alone in the yellow house above the river. The spring day was still bright. Across the river, on the cemetery bluffs, the poplars were tasseling and their color was shining and their motion gay. There was a quiet jubilance in the air, and some of it pricked through Charlotte's pain. She looked at the mounds of crocuses. Nothing could have stood for more consideration or endeavor than those rabbit-eared blossoms. They were trophies of the chase. The judge had finished his race, worked through his toll of days, and this was his laurel.

The people he lived among had inconvenienced themselves to bring to him now what he had liked best. Yet the judge had been sometimes rated as hard. His daughter, who knew that he had never been unjust, but that he had exacted his own, looked at the flowers that banked the windows, and stood very still as she went over the past.

She was standing in this way when Alden Blake came in. He was the shrewd-eyed boy across the street who had nicknamed her in her childhood. He had become a great physician in the city. The world knew of Langdon Rapids at last, and it was through Alden Blake. But the village realized this but dimly.

He crossed the room to Charlotte now and took her hand. She saw the kindness and regret in his face, and it came to her that he had traveled the long distance from the city to pay this respect to her father.

"Of course I came," he said. "Your father laid his mark on me when I was a boy. I'm his product in a way. He was a strong man." He looked at Charlotte. "You satisfied him," he added.

CHARLOTTE nodded. She was still watching the poplars. It was growing dusk. Soon it would be dark under the trees by the grave.

Blake followed her eyes. "Your husband is here?"

"No, he couldn't very well leave."

"I see. Yes, you satisfied your father. I used to see it when I came back here—when I talked with him about you. Your marriage dazed him at first—it was sudden—but later he seemed to feel that you were working out something very fine in your life. I saw a great deal of him when I was here last year. He was content." Blake stopped and looked keenly at the woman, at her large, quiet face that told so little. "I wanted you to know this," he said abruptly, and went away.

And within the next ten days the heavens fell. We all carry our own particular little sky above us. The section that roofed in Ross and Charlotte Wakefield came down, not like brick, but like an enveloping feather bed. For a relative of Wakefield's left him a legacy of fifty thousand dollars.

It was as unexpected a whir of the spindle as ever altered people's lives. Charlotte gave up her place as stenographer, Ross took larger offices and joined a club, and the flat was forsaken for an apartment that was approached through an onyx entrance. The few acquaintances that the Wakefields had made came to see them and told them that now they were just ready to begin to live.

JUST how it worked out as it did only the God of Destiny knows. Ross Wakefield had been weak but always likable. A certain courtly amiability had stayed with him in the worst weather. But now he was overturned, and all the sediment in him came on top. He met new standards, and what had been hidden by poverty and isolation loomed large into view. He soon abandoned the club. For the first time he was measured with men on a casual social basis, and he found that they esteemed him lightly. A chance-flung word made him feel that they knew that he had been supported by his wife. His indebtedness to Charlotte began to grind. And so he turned to other women. They were sympathetic; they understood.

The end did not come in a day, though it seemed that it did. Within a year after the judge's death the world read one morning that Ross Wakefield had eloped with a young girl. She was the daughter of one of his few clients, and was sufficiently prominent so that the newspapers gave the affair space. The pair had gone to the unknown, perhaps to Canada, perhaps to Africa; no one knew. The outer void had eaten them up.

The story was so base, so flagrant, that the small portion of the world that knew anything about it stopped to draw a horrified breath. Langdon Rapids forgot its apathy. All its moralizings and small condescensions were lost in an uprising of affection and indignation that, had Charlotte come home to receive it, would have flowed over her in a warm wave.

BUT Charlotte did not come home. It was six months before she came, and when she did it was with a decree of divorce in her pocket. She had moved promptly, and an outraged court had given her what she asked.

So it was with freedom in her hands and a blank in her future, that Charlotte again stood in her father's house, and looked across the river at the cemetery bluffs. Lilian was with her; a chastened Lilian, full of gentleness, and afraid to meet Charlotte's eyes. "We're all so sorry," she mumbled inarticulately.

But Charlotte had been doing her own communing with the ghosts of the crocuses. "Never mind," she said, as if her friend had spoken of a broken toy. "Lilian, will you teach me to play bridge?"

CALCULATING TORTOISE

Lilian slept little that night. It was after midnight when she roused her husband. "Charley," she demanded, "do you realize what Charlotte Wakefield has been doing these six months?"

The prodded husband answered dutifully, and by rote: "Why, getting a divorce."

But his wife's reply was ruminative and wondering. "That's nothing. But, Charley, she's been learning to do her hair!"

AND so Charlotte began her fight for a new life, and her oriflamme was a coronet braid and her weapon a bridge deck. The village gaped, but was relieved. They had expected her to be broken, negative, a faded daguerreotype of a woman, washed out by floods of grief; and they had drawn back in advance from the demand on their feelings. So they joined hands with her at once in what they called between themselves her plucky bluff. They even took her as a partner at bridge without talking it over afterward, and yet Charlotte was handling cards for the first time, and played accordingly.

She had been at home for about six months when she laid her affairs before her father's friend, the old banker.

"I need five thousand dollars. I can give you a mortgage on the house. Then there's that river bottom land—"

He fidgeted his thumbs. "You're going into business?"

Charlotte fixed him with her candid eyes. "You see that I must. You know my income."

"What will you do?"

She drew off her gloves, and worked her capable, smooth-skinned hands as if she were grasping something—life, opportunity, the regard of the man before her.

"What would you suggest?" she asked, and the smooth level of her voice would have warned her father that there was argument ahead.

THE banker cleared his throat. "Yours is just the house for boarders. Now I've often thought it was a pity—"

"No boarders," interrupted Charlotte. She laid her hand upon the banker's, and the intimacy of the motion moved the man so that he let her have her say. He remembered suddenly that she had been in his Sunday-school class as a little girl, and that she had worn a pink crocheted hood.

"No one in Langdon Rapids wants to board," Charlotte went on, "unless it's the teachers, and they have less money than I have, and I should always be conscious of it and be unhappy. There are several things that I might do. I might knit lace or I might make pies. Only nobody wants them. No, I must find the need and then supply it. Isn't that true?"

The banker sat back. "In a measure." He was uneasy at this flow of words from a silent woman.

But Charlotte leaned nearer. "Isn't it wholly true?"

"Why—why—possibly—"

Charlotte nodded. "Of course. I've been watching. There's but one need here, and I mean to supply it. I shall put in a small garage and have an automobile line to Anderson's Junction."

The shock raised the banker in his chair. "Nonsense! We'll hear no more about it."

CHARLOTTE smiled. "You'll have to hear the automobiles. There's no way of deadening them. But they do get over the ground. Now since the C. & B. Road chose to leave us fifteen miles away, and since the only way for passengers coming in here on the Central to get farther east is to get over to Anderson's Junction and catch the C. & B. there, why—why, they'll hire my automobiles."

"But we have a stage line now!"

"That meets one train a day. There are three others. Mr. Barker, I'm going to try it. I've been in the office of an automobile agency and I know how to buy to advantage. Also I know the cost of the upkeep. The son of the woman I boarded with is a capable mechanic, and is sober and ambitious. I shall bring him here."

The banker rose. "It's preposterous. I refuse absolutely."

But Charlotte kept her seat. "Then I shall ask some one else. I know what I am doing. I know the value of money—just how many pennies there are in a dollar. And I can give good security."

The banker sat down. He remembered suddenly in what school Charlotte had learned the value of a dollar. "D— the security!" he said. "I'll back you for five thousand, Charlotte. But no more."

And so it came to pass. And so swiftly move the prejudices of those who intrust themselves to the madness of gasoline that the mud had not dried on the spring roads before Langdon Rapids had learned to accept the situation with complacence.

There was business from the outset. Charlotte bought two four-cylinder, five-passenger machines, and she drove one herself when her man was busy. The stage line boomed. The traveling men who had used the name of Langdon Rapids as an expletive now picked up their courage and their traveling cases and passed the glad news along the line. Sometimes Charlotte herself drove them. She had dealt with men in many capacities in her office days, and thought well of them in lump. What they thought of her it had not occurred to her to wonder. She had been too busy taking care of Ross.

BUT now it was different. Put a woman at the wheel of a car and you must look at her. So the village discovered that Charlotte held herself as lightly as a birch tree, and that she had the lean, flat back of youth. She had looked at ledgers for years. Now she went through the spring days with the breeze in her face. She saw the grass spring by the roadside; she smelled the upturned soil, and heard the bobolink. And all the while she was controlling thirty horsepower in the wheel in her hand. The color in her face was not from the May wind alone. It was from spring and power combined. She felt it as the youth does when he has the knowledge of achievement hot within him.

And so Charlotte and her machine stirred something beside the dust. Alexander Johns, the chief merchant, began to turn frequently to the yellow house on the bluff road. He was a widower with three children. A solid man, with a large house, a pedigreed horse, and an air of conviction. Furthermore, he played a good hand at bridge, read the best-selling novels, and was president of the school board. He would be a good husband and companion. His attentions gave Charlotte position. She was sought. Nothing could have put her socially on a surer basis.

The early corn was tasseling when Alden Blake came back for his annual visit with his mother. But this time he brought a trunk. His eyes had given out, he said, and he would stay two months and patch them together. Apparently it was his temper that needed mending. He exhausted the village in a day, tramped the country the first week, took tea with everyone the next seven days, and by the third week was begging his friends to let him weed their gardens. He seemed to regard Charlotte's automobiles with some cynicism. Yet he went to see her at once.

"I hear you're making it pay," he said. "How—"

She gave him the clear impersonal gaze that she had used for years with her employers. Her flat modeled face had been molded by time into a thin, clean-looking austerity. Her skin was brown as a boy's, and her cheeks pink. He saw all this.

"Yes," she said. "It's paying very well. Why not? I've lived all my life with men. I've seen them succeed. I've seen them fail. I ought to have learned something. But thank you for asking. I knew you're glad I'm succeeding."

BUT the doctor frowned. "Money isn't everything," he said tritely, and he left her then and went down to talk to the blacksmith.

He had been raised next to the smithy, and he liked the glow of the forge. He sat in the shadow of it and made the smith talk, and they talked of Charlotte.

"The queer part of it to me," the smith pursued, "isn't that she's making money. Any fool could do it with an automobile in this town. Everybody's crazy about it. It's funny we didn't some of us do it long ago. But that's not what beats me. It's that she's stood up so well under all that that cuss Wakefield did to her. She didn't seem to care."

Dr. Blake flicked the forge ashes. "She cared," he said. "Don't let anyone say that about her, Aleck."

"But if she cared, how could she act—"

Alden Blake held out his hand. "Look here, Aleck. Look at your muscle. There's nothing like it in town. Now it's the same with her. That woman's been practicing her endurance muscles ever since she married. She's been through so much that nothing could come upon her that she couldn't stand."

Aleck nodded. "Like the man who carried the calf till it came to be a cow."

"Exactly. Look at her face. Every line of it shows self-discipline. Most women of her age look peevish or vain. Why, look at Lilian Whiting. She has self-indulgence written all over her. Her cheeks are sagging with it. That's the difference. Charlotte's a moral athlete."

The blacksmith put a coal in his pipe. "It's funny. She's almost good-looking. Maybe it's her young way of walking."

But Blake suddenly walked away. He had a way of dropping conversations those days as if they burned him.

IF THERE was much talk about Charlotte, there was little with her. For at the wheel she was a dumb woman, and at the wheel she lived. July rolled by, then August. They were fervid months, and the little village under the bluffs was beaten down under the heat. People crumpled under it, but Charlotte bloomed. Her world was not stagnant: it was a place of swift sensations and rushing winds. The principal of the high school jumbled his metaphors, and likened her

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He crossed the room to Charlotte now and took her hand. She saw the kindness and regret in his face

The King of Montenegro

The King of Montenegro, though an old man, took the field in person. He is seen watching some artillery which is being rushed to the front

Flying from War

Refugees with oxcarts are trying to pass through the country, from the Turkish front where the fighting has destroyed their homes. The rains have turned the roads into quagmires, and the poor people are meeting with great privations on the way

Sisters of Mercy Who Will Nurse the Wounded

Nuns attached to the Capuchin order at Mahhaffa, to the number of fifty, have accompanied the troops to the front, where they will act as nurses. They have traveled two and two in baskets slung across the backs of mules

An American?

(Continued from page 17)

endeavor to beat the clicking levers beside her. At first, after the day's work, she went to moving-picture shows. After the second year she went less and less often, for nerve as well as muscular exhaustion began to claim her. Yet she had acquired a feverish sort of mental alertness that she never had known at home.

ONE of the fundamental differences between Marya and Lucy Larcom was that Lucy Larcom used the factory as the means to an end. With Marya the factory was the end. Lucy Larcom came of stock that had clean-cut, direct ideals, a background of theory and tradition that gave them a sense of proportion. They used the factory. If they found that the factory was using them beyond a certain point, if possible, they got out. If they stayed, the factory and immigration submerged them. And one of the most pitiful facts of American immigration is that it was the child-bearing type of Anglo-American women that had to stay, and the factory got her and her children. It was the fine, sweet, child-bearing type of Irish-American woman who had to stay in the factory, and it and immigration submerged her and her babies. And now, just as immigration treated the first factory women, so is it treating its own women, each successive wave suffocating the one that came before it.

IF there is but industry for the women in industry to look to for help, America will be in a bad way. For industry is utterly merciless to its human machinery.

Marya had been in factory work for three years before she came in contact with the factory owner's wife. Mrs. Elliot was a descendant of the Lucy Larcom type of Anglo-American. She had no children, and spent her days hunting for something to take up her mind. She came of a race of empire builders, a race that loves ideas and loves still better to put them into practice. Having failed in their business of having children for the nation, Elizabeth Elliot and her kind devote their heritage of mental energy to society or philanthropy. Elizabeth chose the latter, and made an earnest attempt to establish reading and rest rooms for the factory girls.

Marya went to the rooms only after Mrs. Elliot, on a certain day, had offered refreshments there.

"I want you to come up here often," said Elizabeth to Marya. "Come up and rest and read."

Marya's English was fairly good by this time. "It's pretty far up to come at noon," she answered slowly. "We don't get much time. Lots of us can't read. But I guess you mean good."

Elizabeth flushed. "But you ought to learn to read!" she exclaimed. "How can you expect to make anything of yourself if you don't read?"

MARYA stared into the bright face above hers. In a dumb way she felt resentful. "Those girls that can read in the factory, they don't make of themself. They go to motion-picture shows and dances, like us that can't read."

Elizabeth shrugged her shoulders and turned away. She had established the reading rooms fully believing that the ideals and cravings of the factory women were the same as her own. During the next year she was to learn differently. The factory girls did not appear to appreciate the rooms. They marred and destroyed the books and magazines. They injured the furnishings. And for every moment that they spent in the reading room they spent an hour on the street and in moving-picture shows.

After the experiment had gone on for a year, Elizabeth one day got the girls together and told them she was going to close the rooms. It was Marya who answered.

"Why didn't you fix something as good as the moving-picture shows?" she said. "Then we come. We work hard. We like something when we get out of the factory that make us forget. Up here you want us to come and think. What do you rich ones know about how a girl like me feel?"

"I didn't fix these rooms to amuse you in," answered Elizabeth. "I fixed them to give you your first chance to improve yourselves. You girls are resentful because you have to work so hard. But you won't take a chance when it's offered you to fit yourselves for something better."

"Improve yourself when you are tired like me!" cried Marya. "When your back aches like mine! When your feet and your head ache like mine!"

The two women stared at each other: Elizabeth with her race traditions of ambition, and adventuresomeness, of mental hunger and energy: Marya with her traditions of unthinking, unprotesting labor. There seemed no common ground on which they might meet. Very, very hard for Elizabeth to keep contempt out of her speech; very, very hard for Marya to keep hate out of hers.

"I can see that my efforts have been wasted," began Elizabeth—then she paused, the Anglo-Saxon breed asserted itself—the breed that loves to impose its ideas on others. "I may be able to find some other way to help you," she went on vaguely. "Perhaps you can help me yourself."

"Me?" asked Marya sullenly. "No! You're too fine a lady for a girl like me. I work for my living," and she sat down, her hollow cheeks flushed, her strong jaw set.

THE months followed swiftly after each other for Marya. Her fourth year in the factory she became engaged to a young fellow countryman who worked in the factory. Neither of them was able to save enough to furnish a room or two for housekeeping. Finally, in Marya's fifth year, when she was twenty-one, she went to pieces physically, so that her young man decided to marry her at once. Then, by Marya's working half time, they were able to board and save a tiny amount toward housekeeping.

Marya had been married a year when Elizabeth saw her again. Marya had changed much in that time. The look of youth, which, it seems to us all in our youth, must be undying, was gone. Her back was the crooked back of an old woman. Her eyes had the look of eyes that have gazed on the secret of life and, dazed and beaten, have turned away. And still Elizabeth recognized her. Marya's sullen appeal to her had never left her.

She stopped Marya, who was hurrying along through the autumn dusk.

"How are things with you, Marya?" asked Elizabeth.

The girl looked at Elizabeth with the old sullen glance. "Bad," she said. "But don't let it worry you any."

"Have you been sick, Marya?" Elizabeth persisted.

"Yes," said Marya. A new light dawned in her eyes. "I'm married. I've had a baby. It, it—"

Suddenly the girl paused, put her hands, so young and so work gnarled, to her eyes, and sobbed heavily. Elizabeth eyed her awkwardly. "It died!" sobbed Marya. "It died! And the doctor says it's because I worked in the factory so long."

"Oh, Marya!" cried Elizabeth. "You ought not to have done that. You ought to have quit long before the baby was born."

"What do you know about it?" demanded Marya. "Did you ever have a baby? Did you ever have to work in a factory to keep yourself alive and make a place for the baby to be born in? Did you?"

Elizabeth twisted her shoulders uncomfortably. "No," she answered—"no, I never had a baby and I never had to work."

"Then what business have you got talking so to me?"

Elizabeth looked into the worn face, and suddenly she put her hand on Marya's shoulder.

"Marya," she said, "I've no right in the world to do anything but to try and help you." A bitter sense of failure seized Elizabeth's throat.

ELIZABETH had found the common ground for herself and Marya! Both of them were failures in the business of motherhood. Elizabeth had failed voluntarily, Marya involuntarily. But the result has been the same, and the cause the same.

The same overwhelming growth of industry that induced Elizabeth to live in idleness and to refuse to burden herself even with motherhood had created the conditions that made Marya's baby die.

America has been curiously stupid about its women and babies. Anglo-American women, by steadily decreasing their birth rate during the past century, have deprived the nation of about 7,000,000 babies

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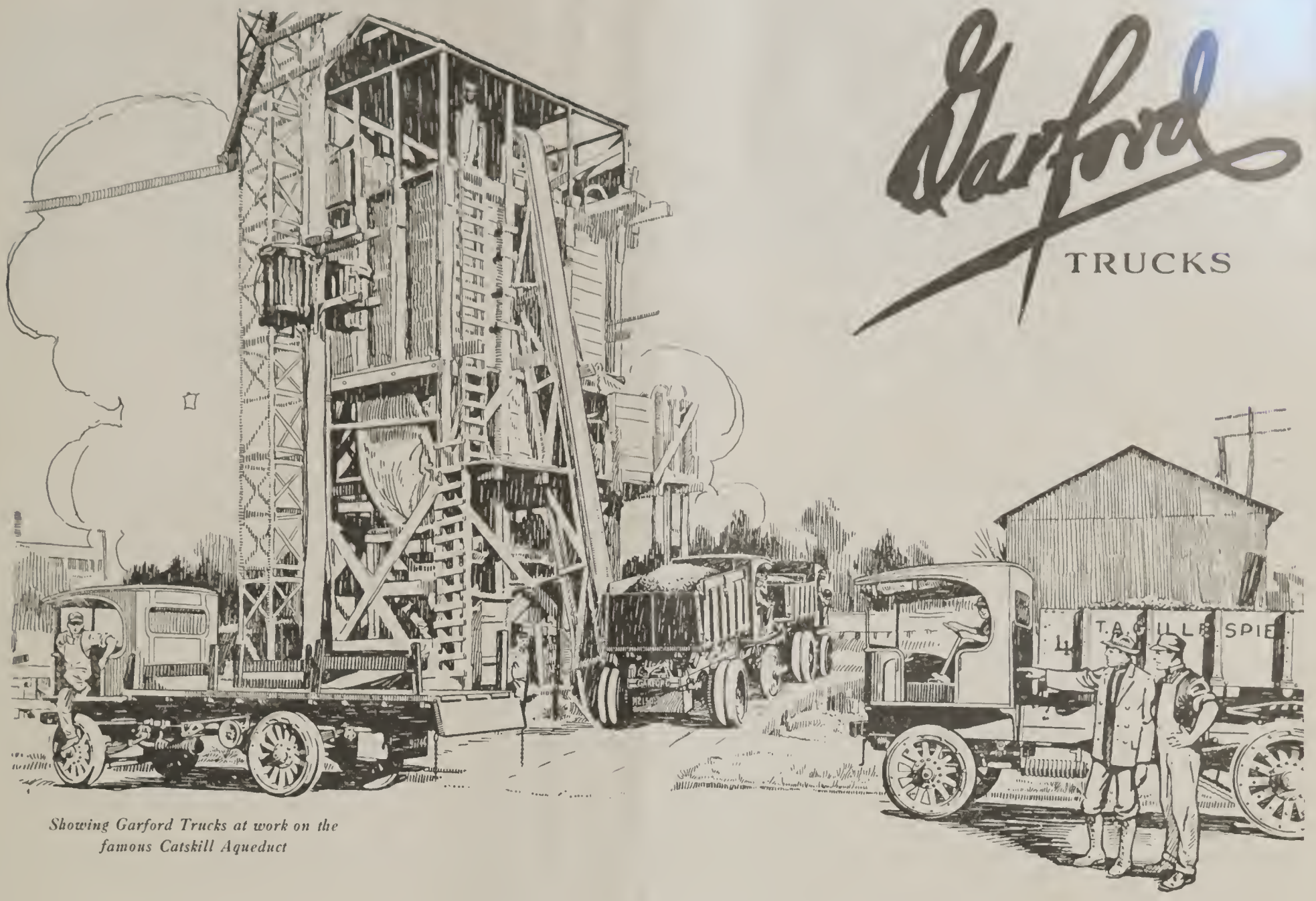
Garford

TRUCKS



Showing Garford Trucks at work on the famous Catskill Aqueduct

Chosen for the world's biggest contracting job

THE Catskill Aqueduct is the largest *undertaking of its kind in the world.* In a great many respects it is larger and more important than the Panama Canal. This aqueduct is to furnish New York City with water. It will supply Greater New York with *600,000,000 gallons* of water *every twenty-four hours*—which is 100 gallons a day for 6,000,000 people. It will cost over $200,000,000.00. It is over eighty-five miles long.

Practically every big contractor on the aqueduct is using Garford trucks exclusively. And each one of these contractors chose the Garford after testing and investigating all the best known products.

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In trucks, the Garford was selected. Prominent among the innumerable modern methods of rapid twentieth century construction you find scores of these big splendid *time and money savers* working night and day.

The use and the important part taken by Garford trucks in the greatest municipal water supply system in the world demonstrates how it can aid and help you to economically develop, strengthen and broaden your business—no matter what it might be. For if you haul things, you can use Garford trucks to a great advantage.

The general efficiency, advantages, economy and practical necessity of the Garford truck can be best explained by the experience of others. One big contractor writes:

"We made some very interesting experiments. For instance, over a given territory *one* Garford truck *made twenty-one trips a day carrying four tons per trip. A team* operating over the same haul made *but nine trips and carried but two tons per trip.* Had we put a larger body on the truck it could have made an even better showing. At the end of the day the horses were 'all in' but the truck was just shifted to the night gang and did the same performance over again."

Another large concern writes that *eight Garford trucks* are doing the work of *fifty horses.*

Another writes that *each truck can do two hundred per cent.* as much work in the same time *as a single team.*

And in contrast to these big operators are the smaller ones who only use one Garford truck. *In every instance it has been found that one Garford truck will replace five to six teams.* Can you beat that for actual economy? Can you obtain better efficiency than this? Who is there to-day that will say the horse is not a part of the inefficient past?

A line to us will bring you complete information regarding the installation of one or more Garford trucks. We have the facts and figures that will convince you. We can advise you as to style, number, size, costs and everything else that might occur to you.

All information gratis. Please address Dept. 1.

The following big New York contractors are using Garford Trucks exclusively on the Catskill Aqueduct, New York State Barge Canal, the New York Connecting Railways Bridge and many other huge projects.

T. A. Gillespie Company
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The Garford Company, Elyria, Ohio

The "Majestic"—

with electric starter and lights; full elliptic springs and 10-inch upholstery

Utmost convenience and riding ease

We believe it impossible to build a car of greater ease of riding—greater convenience of operation—than this Jackson "Majestic".

It embodies the results of many years' experience in producing comfortable cars; it literally lacks nothing that contributes to motor car luxury.

And we have gone a step farther in incorporating an electric starting and lighting system that makes the operation of the "Majestic" a matter of perfect ease and simplicity.

Hand-cranking is done away with entirely; and all the lamps are supplied with current from an electric dynamo and a storage battery of ample capacity.

The motor is started by the mere turning of an electric switch on the dash. The touch of a button lights the lamps.

If you should ask us what constitutes comfort in a motor car, our answer would be, "Not one thing, but many."

We would tell you, further, that our engineers thoroughly understand the relation of every element to each and all of the others; and combine them in perfect harmony and balance.

Thus, we use four full elliptic springs because they are the easiest riding of all—the gain over other types varying from 33 to 100 per cent.

But we do not expect them, unaided, to make the car as comfortable as it can be.

We make the wheelbase long and use large wheels and tires. We see that these dimensions are proportioned to the best advantage.

With seat cushions 10 inches thick, and slanted a trifle toward the rear, we build the seat backs to shoulder-height.

Bodies are wider and deeper than usual, with plenty of room in front and in the tonneau; and with doors of extra width.

The Jackson's reputation for good mechanical engineering and construction is maintained by a power plant that does its work smoothly and silently.

At the local Jackson dealer's, the "Majestic" awaits your inspection and test.

We urge you to take advantage of the dealer's willingness to demonstrate the "Majestic" for you.

Pick the roads you know to be the roughest and note how easily the car rides over them.

Also, write for the literature descriptive of the "Majestic", the "Olympic" and the new six cylinder "Sultanic".

Jackson "Majestic" (illustrated)—$1975

45 horsepower, unit power plant, long-stroke motor, 4½x5¼ inches; 124-inch wheelbase; 36x4-inch tires. Full elliptic springs, front and rear. Deep, roomy body, with 10-inch upholstery. Electric starting and lighting system, dynamo and storage battery. Equipment of mohair top, top hood, ventilating windshield, speedometer, oil and gasoline gauges on dash. Firestone universal quick detachable demountable rims, extra rim, tire carrier, electric horn, robe rail, foot rest, pump, jack, tire outfit and tools. Black and nickel trimmings.

"Olympic"—$1500

Long-stroke, four-cylinder motor; 35 horsepower; 115-inch wheelbase; 34x4-inch tires. Complete equipment including Disco self-starter.

"Sultanic" (six cylinders)—$2500

Long-stroke, six-cylinder motor; 55 horsepower; 138-inch wheelbase; 36x4½ inch tires. Electric starter and lights. Complete equipment. Seven passenger body, $2650.

JACKSON AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

1110 East Main Street **Jackson, Michigan**

What Is an American?

(Concluded from page 22)

that it normally should have had. The proportion of children in America under ten years of age has fallen from one-third to one-fourth. And it is steadily going down.

The only form of natural selection left to us is through the relentless selective force of competition. But with the flooding of the countless hordes of immigrants into industry the working of natural selection is distorted. With women, that which industry saves it also destroys, for the woman who survives any but the light type of industry is unfit as far as motherhood is concerned.

It is great to be an industrial nation. It is great to believe that we are storing up wealth that in a century or two we shall disseminate in a new literature and art and as yet undreamed-of sciences. But it is greater still to so clearly recognize our weak points that we fight directly to prevent their undermining that vast future of which we dream.

Steamship agents and manufacturers and mine owners are having an enormous amount of influence in the deciding of what American babies shall be. America has said she didn't care, so long as her industries flourished. She has carefully chosen the parents of her horses, her dogs, and her pigs. About her future citizens' parentage she hasn't cared. As to the influence of this on the quality of her citizens, only the future can decide. As to the influence on numbers, we already begin to see the result. With the increase of immigration has come decrease of native birth rate and impoverishment of the normal functions of the women whom immigration has driven into industry.

America has believed in giving her women a chance. She has opened her colleges and her industries to women. And the graduates of the two meet on the common ground that Marya and Elizabeth discovered! America has to-day the most brilliant women in the world, and millions of women who have sacrificed to industry their right to healthy motherhood.

Industry for women must continue. Education for women must continue. The Teutonic type of woman, whose mind and purpose was like that of her trail-making, law-giving brother, is going. The south European woman, whose mind is still asleep, is coming, is here. What are her ideals going to be? How soon is America going to recognize the importance to its national life of this woman's ideal? When is America going to see women, when are women going to see themselves as the court of last resort for America's future greatness? When are they going to breathe with the common air the fact that giving women a chance is not enough; that in giving her her chance her potential motherhood never must be forgotten; and that in not forgetting this lies the greatest chance for counteracting the loss of natural selection to our civilization?

THE solution may come from the women themselves. Perhaps the Anglo-American woman, having failed in her job of motherhood, may be foster mother to the idea that will mold the women who inherit her country. Perhaps out of the bitterness of recognizing herself as waste will come a sense of obligation to America that will mold the feminist movement which she has fostered here to the gigantic end of great motherhood. Perhaps, before she slips into oblivion with her brother, she will leave an indelible mark on coming generations, the mark of the eugenic ideal. For herself, she has failed. For those who follow after, she may leave a gift of the spirit that may in a measure compensate for her failure. Perhaps she, too, will have a right to the song of the trail makers:

Follow after! We are waiting by the trails that we lost
For the sound of many footsteps, for the tread of a host.
Follow after—follow after—for the harvest is sown
By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to your own.

The Calculating Tortoise

(Continued from page 21)

to something between a Valkyrie and a Centaur. He tried to tell her about it, but could not get speech with her. Her time was claimed by people from the outside. Even Alexander Johns, the merchant, found his turn came infrequently.

THE goldenrod shook out its plumes, the schools opened, and September came to the top of the calendar. Dr. Blake halted Charlotte on the street.

"I'm going home," he said. "Charlotte, you walk like a cat. Where did you learn it?"

"I climbed seven floors to an office every day for seven years. Stairs are better than a dancing class. I'm sorry you're going."

"Why? You have seen me half a dozen times."

"I think of you always as very much my friend. You proved that when father died."

He turned on her suddenly with his eyes narrowed—his consulting-room expression. "Charlotte, are you really—are you really the other side of it all?"

Charlotte looked up. This was the first time she had been spoken to frankly since she came home, and the relief of meeting square issues wiped all other feeling from her eyes. "I can sleep at night now," she said. "For the rest I think you must take me as I seem. One grows at last to feel—to really feel—the way one looks. Don't you think so?"

"I will tell you to-morrow. I am coming to stay with you all the afternoon. May I?"

"Why, I hardly see—"

"May I?"

Charlotte looked over to the cemetery bluffs. "Yes," she said.

And then the man turned somewhat white. "I will be there at two o'clock."

As he went down the street he met Lilian. "You've been talking with Charlotte," she began. "Did she tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"About her engagement to Alexander Johns. It's done at last. Isn't she in luck?"

"She told you this?"

Lilian shook her head. "But Mr. Johns was talking it over with Charley. Do you know he says he'll buy out Charlotte's business and put one of his sons in charge?"

Dr. Blake took out a cigar and bit the end with care. "I see," he said; "a good arrangement." Then he went to his room and packed his trunk. He wrote a short note to Charlotte. "I am leaving unexpectedly to-morrow," it said. "Our visit must go over to another time." There were a few more sentences, but he made no mention of what he had heard.

He went over to Anderson Junction at noon the next day. He said few farewells before he left, and he traveled on the jolting stage for two hours in the hot sun and looked straight before him. He climbed on the train at the Junction without saying good-by to the stage driver, whom he had known from childhood.

As the train pulled out, Blake saw an automobile swing out of the river road a mile away and head for the Junction. The machine was going madly, so that he wondered if the engineer might not see it and stop. But the train took the steady rumble of full speed and headed for the prairie. Blake dropped into a seat and let his head fall back as he closed his eyes. He had not finished the fight that he had been going over on the stage line.

HE had sat this way but a moment when the engine gave an outraged scream. He looked out. The driving road had just crossed the track, and he saw the rear of an automobile. The protest of the engine said that they had been at close quarters. Blake frowned. He was an artist in damaged bodies, and abhorred them accordingly. He dropped back in his seat and again closed his eyes.

But the dust of the machine had diverted his thought. He had some sporting blood. A machine ought to give the train a good run in level country like this. He opened his eyes and peered out.

He could see the machine but dimly

Firestone

Non-Skid Tires

The Non-Skid Tire is the "rudder" of the automobile during slippery or heavy going, keeping the car steadily and evenly on its way.

Confidence is the real basis of complete riding pleasure. Skidding and slipping, the thought of insecurity, cause a feeling of nervousness which destroys the joy of driving.

It was the demand for security, for absolute confidence—which acted as the tire builder's incentive in designing the non-skid tread.

Security Against Skidding Skidding, that ever-present bugbear to many motorists, is unknown to the user of Firestone "Non-Skid" tires. It is in the emergency their worth is proved, and no two emergencies are exactly the same.

A skid in one direction is prevented by an angle, but the next one requires a sharp edge, a third a vacuum-creating property.

Outside appliances may accomplish this *one* end, but largely at the expense of length of tire life. It is the tread which will prevent a skid, in any direction, under any road conditions, which most surely meets the necessity.

It is because Firestone compound has the amount of pure rubber which permits these sharp edges, abrupt angles and deep hollows, that Firestone Non-Skid Tires are such general choice.

Security Against Tread and Fabric Separation A skid-preventing tread is a mighty costly buy, if in performing one service, the remainder of the tire is weakened. The weight and force of a car, thrown against the tread, exerts an enormous strain not only on the tread itself, but on the whole tire.

This is the reason for the double curing of all Firestone tires. Fabric, side walls, breaker strip, cushion layer and tread, are twice cured into an entity,—a tire without a bubble, a tire to stand the going.

Security Against Loss of Power The Firestone combination of angles, edges and vacuum-creating hollows work in complete unison, cling to the road, prevent slip or spinning of the wheel and loss of power,—increase traction.

Insurance of Greater Comfort and Longer Life Security and confidence, however, are not the only advantages of Firestone Non-Skids. There is, in addition, an insurance of greater resiliency, longer life, greater economy. Thus they become the wise investment for all seasons, on all roads.

The Firestone Non-Skid tread is a built-up tread of extra thickness. These extra layers of resilient rubber take up and absorb the jolts and jars of the road, far more even than the highly resilient smooth tread.

Then, too, the Non-Skid tread being of extra thickness, there is the additional wear, just that much longer life and greater value for every time of the year. When the "Non-Skid" tread on a Firestone wears down, there is practically a *regular* thickness of tread remaining.

Firestone Non-Skid Tires, beyond question, eliminate every obstacle to secure confident motor pleasure. Wherever your car has power to go, Firestone Non-Skid Tires will take you in safety. They are, in every way,

Insurance of Reduced Car and Tire Upkeep

Write today for the guide book to Tire Security, Comfort and Economy, "What's What In Tires", by H. S. Firestone.

THE FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, O.

All Principal Cities

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

When you realize what a large percentage of your yearly tire expense is due directly to *"oil disease"* you'll lose no time in ordering a set of

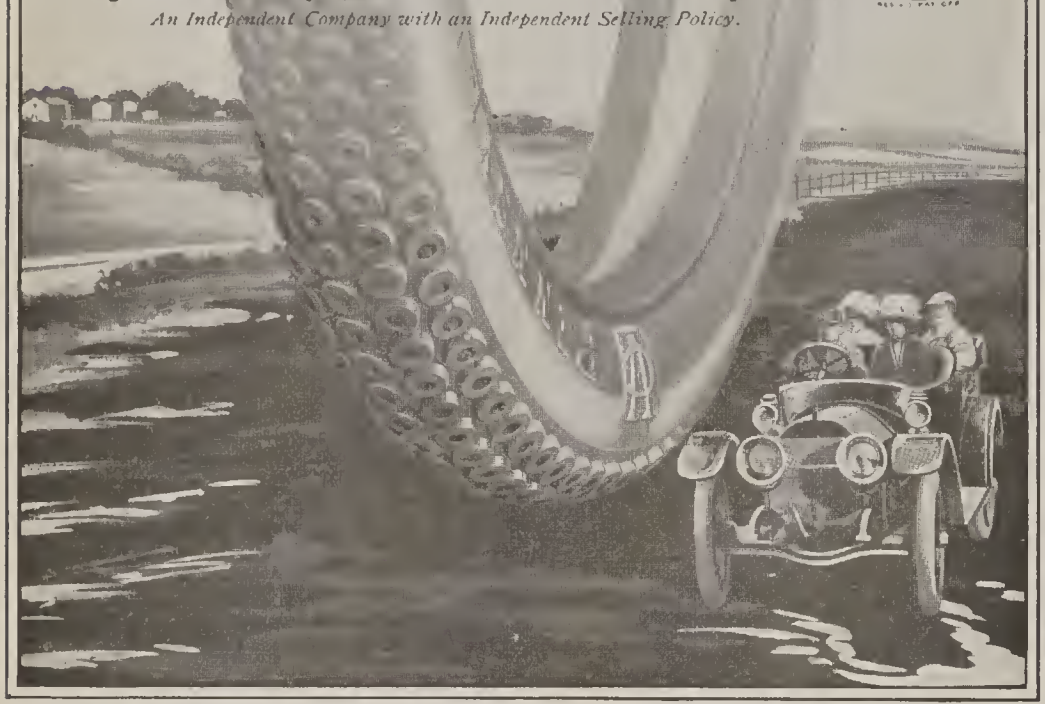
PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUP TIRES

Not every motorist is awake to the effects of oil. Tires take up oil from roads and pavements, motor standings and garage floors. It soaks into the pores and small cuts. Road friction does the rest. A very great percentage of tire deterioration is due to *"oil disease,"* which no other tires are guaranteed against. Do away with it. Equip your car with the tires that positively resist oil.

In addition to this crowning oilproof feature, Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires are guaranteed not to skid on wet or greasy pavements and are further guaranteed to give efficient service for 4,000 miles under definite, printed conditions of car weights. Three seasons of success and growing popularity claim your attention. One trial of these tires will convince you.

At your own dealer's, or write us.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO., Jeannette, Pa.
Reorganized February 1, 1910 **Branches in all Principal Cities**
An Independent Company with an Independent Selling Policy.



MORTON R. EDWIN

PANATELAS

$2.40 Per 100 instead of $5.00 Per 100

BY ALL STANDARDS THIS IS A 10c CIGAR

It will satisfy the most cranky smoker of imported brands. It is fully 5½ in. long, strictly hand made, of choicest Havana tobacco—genuine Sumatra wrapper. It smokes freely and evenly—never chars down the side, but keeps burning coolly and fragrantly to the last toothhold.

The reason this cigar is sold at $2.40 instead of $5.00 per hundred is because I buy and sell for cash. I ask no credit, neither do I give it. I personally buy my tobacco direct from the grower in Cuba and pay him at least five weeks before the tobacco reaches the U. S. Custom House. I buy for less and sell for less. The man who buys and sells on credit cannot compete with me. I believe in what Elbert Hubbard said in the April, 1907, issue of the "Philistine":

"A Credit Account is the most insidious form of borrowing money. When you don't pay the merchant at once for the goods you buy from him, you are borrowing money from him, and disguised in the price is much more than the legal rate of interest. Better to borrow the actual cash and know how much you have to pay for the accommodation."

Send me $2.40 for 100 Morton R. Edwin Panatelas. Smoke as many as you like—smoke them all if you want to, and if you then tell me that you didn't receive more than you expected, I'll return your money and we'll remain friends. If you want to know who I am and whether or not I run my business on the square, if you have any doubts as to my making good just inquire from any bank or commercial agency about me. If you don't like the report you get, keep your cash at home.

NOTE—Add 25c to above prices to cover express charges. I can't afford to pay this at the low price I offer you. When you order please state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

MORTON R. EDWIN
72 W. 125th St., New York

Make checks payable to the Edwin Cigar Co.

The Calculating Tortoise

(*Continued from page 24*)

for the dust, but could make out that it was about a hundred yards in the lead, and was racing the train on a road as uneven as a relief map. It was a five-passenger car and held but one person, so that it bumped wildly. In its careenings the solitary figure in the driver's seat went from side to side, and looked as precarious as a sailor in the rigging. Blake lost his frown. He liked a forlorn hope.

THE train took up the race. The locomotive gave a long challenging whistle and picked up speed so that for a moment the automobile seemed to stand still. Then the train steadied, and the two engines went at it nose and nose. Many of the passengers began to look out, and the locomotive kept up a grumbling call. The dust rose in a scum, obscuring the automobile except when it bobbed into sight like a chip in a whirlpool. The travelers now rose in a body and pressed to that side of the car. Blake had to share his window with two other heads—both pomaded.

It ran this way for some five minutes when the engine gave another bellow of horror, and there was a hiss of escaping steam. The track had again crossed the road, and again the automobile had slipped like a rat from under the wheels of the train. Blake cursed and went out on the platform.

In his dash across the track the machine had lost ground. As Blake stepped outside, it was for a moment almost under him. The dust eddied upward and left a clear space so that he could see. The figure at the wheel was Charlotte Wakefield.

Blake grasped the platform rod and lost a moment through daze. By that time the dust curtain had fallen, and the machine had jumped ahead. Then his mind reasserted itself. It was not a cool mind. It was a melting pot of fear and eagerness. Charlotte was pursuing him. So much was clear, but that was all. The rest was blackness lit up with red lightning strokes.

He leaned out over the track far beyond the safety limit. The machine was just ahead of him, the tail lantern almost in reach of his hand. He could not call. The train roared like breakers on a sea wall. But he must get at her; must reach her. He waved his handkerchief at full reach of his arm. She might see that. Then he drew back with a revulsion that was nausea. Suppose she had seen him and been deflected from her wheel! At that speed a moment's inattention might have sent her under the train. He tumbled back into the car and started on a run for the engine.

HE cleared his path and made his way to the head of the train by telling people in a voice of thunder that he was a surgeon and was needed. He climbed into the cab and to the very ear of the engineer.

"I'll give you a hundred dollars to stop this race."

It was the scream of a madman, and the engineer glanced sideways.

"What the devil—" he began.

But Blake had his voice back again. "Man," he roared, "can't you see it's a woman driving that car?"

The engineer reached among his levers. "Good God!" he said. "You're sure?"

"Yes! Yes! How far to the next stop?"

"We're nearly in. Clear out of here. How did you get here anyway? There's the machine now. By the eternal, you're right. It is a woman."

The slowing engine allowed the automobile to come alongside. It ricocheted wildly, but held its course. The engineer swore again and pulled his engine down yet more, giving the machine the lead. Just as it shot ahead there was a pistol-sharp report, and the machine reeled and went wild. It grazed the track, flew to the other side, then recovered and went on. The rear tire flapped like a limp ribbon.

The engineer turned a gray face. "If that tire had burst a minute earlier we'd have—" Then fury seized him. "Clear out of here. And kindly forget what you said about money. I'd advise you to cut that sort of talk out the next time."

Blake made his way back through the cars with a steady step but a drunken spirit. He was tossed emotionally as he had never been. It was ecstasy and anger. She was pursuing him. It was wonderful, unwomanly, brazen, glorious. The train was pulling down to the station. He took his bags and leaped to the ground.

The machine had reached the station first and was waiting. Charlotte stood high in her seat, searching the crowd that poured out toward her. As Blake forged forward she gave a cry of welcome.

"Alden," she called, "you have your instruments with you?"

He stopped, stopped so suddenly that it jarred him. "Yes, all that I brought west with me. Yes, I have them."

She fed her engine gasoline and motioned him beside her. "Then come, come. You'll come back with me, won't you? Janet Johns has been terribly hurt."

Blake turned his back to her and faced the crowd. While he turned he sent his spirit through as long a cycle as a soul can travel. He looked at his fellow passengers and spoke very gravely.

"I am a surgeon. This woman has followed me, as you have seen, because her child needed me." Then he climbed in beside Charlotte. "Drive on," he commanded.

She turned the machine, and they bumped out of sight of the train.

"Now tell me," he said.

IT was a brief story. Janet Johns, age ten, had been playing in the second story of an unfinished house, and had fallen and struck on a jagged timber. Her head and back had taken the brunt of the fall. No examination had been made, but she seemed shockingly injured. Charlotte pushed her engine to the limit as she talked.

Blake listened. "Who sent you?"

"No one. No one knows that I'm here. There wasn't time to tell anybody. It was just a chance that I could catch you. I couldn't waste a second. You're the child's only hope."

"Then they may have called in some one else."

"That wouldn't matter if you came. Oh, you had to come."

There was no talk for some time after that. The machine jerked and bounded so that any words that they attempted were cut in two.

"I'm sure there's another tire gone," Charlotte said at last. "I think we had a puncture back there."

Blake looked over. "Yes, the front one on this side. We're cutting it all to pieces. You haven't another outer casing?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then stop and change it."

She shook her head. "It would take twenty minutes. You don't mind the jolting, do you?"

"But you're ruining your tire. Better stop."

She looked at him. "Alden, I tell you the child is badly hurt. What is the matter? Why should you say that?"

And he looked back at her. "I thought—I was afraid— I've thought this summer that perhaps you'd lost your sense of the relation of money—its proper place. I'm sure I beg your pardon."

She did not reply, and they made their way back with no more words. Charlotte drew up in front of Alexander Johns's house and fairly spilled Blake out in her eagerness.

"I'm going home," she said. "I'm not needed here." Her voice trailed off high and nervous, so that she stopped and corrected it. "I'm going home—and behave myself," she added firmly.

Blake looked at her anxiously. He had never seen her so near the breaking point. But he said nothing. A woman has the right to pay whatever price she will for the ones she loves. He went on to find the little girl.

Two hours later he was explaining to the father that it was all right, that the child would mend in a few weeks' time.

"It is a miracle," said Johns the merchant, and he bent his head on his hands.

ALDEN looked at him. A good man and kindly; overbumptious in prosperity, this trouble had softened him. Perhaps he would deal wisely with the gifts fortune threw at him; Blake shook himself.

"It's your day of miracles, Johns," he said briskly. "You can never know how

Prosperity

Yours—or the Other Fellow's?

THE dawn of a new prosperity rises today on America. The election is over. Bumper crops have come from the fields. The farmers' bins are bulging. The railroads are buying. The steel mills are running full blast again. Many believe the American people are beginning the most prosperous era of their history.

On the *crest* of the prosperity wave will ride only those alert, far sighted houses which project themselves into the future and prepare for it. Here is a big and interesting problem for them: how are all these products, this grain, these cottons, these textiles, this steel and this machinery going to be carried to the ultimate consumer?

* * *

The railroads will take care of their share as usual. But the railroads do not carry the goods to the ultimate consumer. For every piece of goods that is hauled by railroad 100 miles, is hauled over street or roads 5 miles by horse or automobile. The extent of road transportation is today way beyond the belief of the average man.

Wheat, for instance, is hauled to the railroad by horse or automobile. The railroad hauls it to the mill and then on to the city. The horse or automobile hauls it to the grocer and from him to the ultimate consumer. Thus the story goes. Are your horses *able* to take care of the increased business?

Have you *enough* horses to take care of the increased business?

Don't buy more horses. Buy motor trucks. They can work twenty-four hours a day if necessary. They can haul three times the load. They can cover a greater area of territory. They reach out and get new business.

ALCO

Motor Trucks

6½ Ton 5 Ton 3½ Ton 2 Ton

They never tire. They travel as fast at the end of the day as at the beginning. They do not die suddenly. They do not consume on Sunday.

* * *

Motor trucks are increasing at the rate of about 100 per cent per year. They are being used now in every line of business. Nearly every house that has bought one motor truck has bought more motor trucks. Sixty-two per cent of the Alco trucks we have built were purchased on reorders. That is the evidence. The testimony of nearly a thousand Alco owners is against the horse.

Within a year Alco trucks have risen from sixth to a commanding position. They have behind them a company with a capital of $50,000,000,—a company of 77 years' accumulative transportation experience.

And bear this in mind: sixty-five per cent of all Alco owners are rated by Bradstreet and Dun at $1,000,000 or over. Big business houses are shrewd buyers. They seldom purchase mistakes. Nearly every one of these big business houses has bought more Alco trucks. This is a good guide for the smaller business house, for it can avoid the danger of an unwise purchase if it, too, selects the Alco.

* * *

We sell the Alco truck on a scientific basis. We are not so much interested in the immediate future as in the ultimate business. Therefore, a year ago, we established the Transportation Cost Bureau.

This Bureau will determine for you just how much your horses are actually costing you, will blue print your horse delivery system, reroute your hauls, estimate if you can employ motor trucks to advantage, determine how many you need, the size, the type of body, and will show you what the automobile equipment will save over the horse equivalent. The saving runs from 15 to 40 per cent, depending on the type of business. The service rendered by this Bureau is without charge to you. Write for information today.

A new 112 page book on Alco Trucks has been prepared and is now being distributed. It is sent gratis.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE COMPANY, - - 1884 Broadway, NEW YORK

Builders of Alco Motor Trucks, Alco Motor Cars and Alco Taxicabs

Movers of the World's Goods Since 1835. Capital, $50,000,000

The Town Laboratory

Section of Food Museum

How Grocers Feature Purity

How Westfield worked out the Food Problem

From Collier's Weekly of Sept. 2nd, 1911

THE movement which has made Westfield sure of the cleanest, purest food-supply in the world, began nine years ago, in the desire of Professor C. A. Brodeur, Principal of the State Normal School, to make a chemistry course interesting for girl students. To that end he brought to Westfield Professor Lewis B. Allyn, under whose care the wonderfully simple and still more wonderfully effective system of POSITIVE protection has been developed. From no safety at all to absolute certainty, in nine years, without legislation or revolution, by the sheer power of telling people what to do and showing them why they should do it—this is the story of Westfield's solution of its food problem. And the same solution can serve in large measure for the problems of every other community in the land.

Collier's readers are already familiar with the history of how Professor Allyn interested the girls of his classes in easy tests of household articles, of how this led to deeper researches into foods and drugs and liquors, until the whole town began to realize that something important was "going on up at the Normal." Opposition arose and speedily fell before the power of public understanding. The first few tests multiplied into more than twenty thousand, and an educated public opinion gradually banished the adulterated, inferior and poison-

proved it when the plain truth was first told about the patent medicines. No policeman guards the health of Westfield. The common-sense of the people attends to that far better than any other power could do it.

And when Westfield had begun to attract attention because of its food conditions, Margaret Wagner told about it all in Collier's Weekly. Shortly after her story, Collier's printed the short article reproduced on this page, and had the unparalleled audacity to accompany it with a short list of foods which were fit to eat!

Never before had an independent publication mentioned editorially the names of honest bidders for public custom. Magazines had been ready enough to condemn by name, without mercy, when the facts warranted it. Destructive criticism had become so common that it was tiresome. Here, for the first time, readers and manufacturers had a sample of the oppo-

Here Are Foods that Are Pure

A List from Which Housewives May Choose Without Doubt or Hesitancy

By MARGARET WAGNER

¶ In printing the following article Collier's realizes that it will arouse much criticism and some genuine misunderstanding

¶ It is clearly stated in the article that the foods here mentioned as samples of purity are only those which happen to have been found so in the experiments conducted at the Massachusetts State Normal School at Westfield.

¶ There may be a dozen times as many foods which are pure but which have not happened to be tested in that town.

¶ Collier's wishes to do all it can constructively. It wishes to help the people to understand that they can often buy manufactured food which is cheaper than food which they can prepare themselves, and also purer than can be prepared in the ordinary kitchen. This article need not stand alone.

¶ When other high-class institutions choose to conduct such experiments, we shall be glad to publish further reports, and the larger the list of pure foods thus established, the better shall we be pleased

IN THE last number of COLLIER'S there appeared an article, "Westfield—a Pure-Food Town." In it was told the story of the work of a State Normal School which has been a potent factor in making the title possible. The girls in that school, led by Professor Lewis B. Allyn, have labored for years in the chemical laboratories trying to find adulterants in the food sold in the town. They found them in sufficient quantities to furnish a chamber of food horrors, a museum of bad foods. At the same time, by process of elimination, the school discovered foods that are not adulterated, foods with a high nutritive value, foods that merit the title "pure." The students of the school published the names of both good and bad foods upon their blackboards and invited the town to come and read the signs and to visit the museum. The town came and read and saw. Then it went forth to denounce the bad and to demand the good and to earn for Westfield its proud title.

In ten years of experimenting the school has analyzed some twenty thousand products. Many of these are purely local—candies, cakes, pies, and ice-cream—manufactured in the town itself; meats, milk, jellies, jams, and drugs produced in or near Westfield and sold only locally. But in addition to these the school has examined thousands of products which have a national interest—products which are sold from New York to San Francisco and from Maine to Texas. From these has been compiled a catalogue

pages and the honest man was confined to the advertising section.

And while manufacturers and publishers were making this discovery, the Westfield Board of Health was flooded with letters—asking for copies of its list, praising, criticising and condemning, until it grew very evident that a big part of the country was convinced that Westfield was on the right track.

Westfield has solved its own problem, and in doing so has solved a great part—not all—of the problem in other communities. It has protected itself against impurity from within as well as from without, and it has furnished the whole nation with a handy guide by which *anyone* can pass judgment on foods which are sold in trade-marked packages.

The object of this campaign, undertaken and paid for by a few of the manufacturers whose products have passed the Westfield tests, and who have learned by experience that the country is ready to

can easily be certain of getting foods that are thoroughly fit for human use. A large number of brands are listed, under 117 important classifications, so that there is little chance that a dealer will be unable to supply at least one or more lines which it mentions. If he is, the names and addresses of the makers are given, so that he can easily order any listed product. And the insistence of a customer is not usually necessary. The grocer is honest in the vast majority of cases, and once he knows the difference between the good and the bad he is almost always as anxious to sell only the good brands as the consumer is to get them.

Full protection is thus easily within the reach of anyone who cares enough about what he eats and drinks to send ten cents (which about covers the cost of printing and mailing) for The Westfield Book of Pure Foods, which the Board of Health has reprinted and is ready to distribute.

In this book there is no condemnation—not even by inference. It does not claim to list every worthy brand, but it includes nearly all brands having national distribution. It is not and cannot possibly be so complete that omission from it signifies inability to meet its requirements. It is merely a handy, compact index of the foods which have survived the tests — over twenty thousand have been tested

refusing to buy them. The stores themselves became and stayed clean and sanitary, as the dealers realized the cash value of purity. There are no more vigorous defenders of the new state of things in Westfield than the grocers, druggists and butchers whose business has been revolutionized by it. And all this was done without a single compulsory law on the books! The people of Westfield have very thoroughly proved the fallacy of the ancient heresy that human beings must be protected against themselves, just as the great rank and file of Americans

in the article received letters and orders from every corner of the country. Those whose names did not appear felt the power of silence as they had never felt the sting of speech. They brought pressure to bear on the publishers, beginning with the ancient favorite of cancelling advertising contracts. But the lesson was learned. The people had plainly shown their desire for something definite, instead of something abstract, and their instant readiness to respond to constructive efforts in their behalf. The time had passed when only the evil doer could get into the reading

Heinz and Francis H. Leggett, when fully three fourths of each firm's products have been examined and found pure, there is no assumption that the unexamined fourth are also pure. They are likely to be, but the school has not examined them, so the school does not *know*.

From this catalogue of pure foods a list of high-grade foods has been selected. A brand of canned peas may be technically pure, and yet be dried peas softened in water and canned, a kind of food inferior to fresh canned peas. A tumbler of jelly made of apple juice, waste, skins, and cores, selling for ten cents and costing the manufacturer .01 2-3, is "pure" under the Pure Food Law, since it contains nothing but apples and sugar. But the consumer loses as much money on the purchase as if some foreign substance had been added for the food value of such jelly—well, it has no food value worth mentioning. Pure foods of this kind do not appear in the list selected. Every product mentioned is of good quality, of the best of its kind, the stuff that builds up bodies as well as fills an empty stomach.

And, finally, from this list have been stricken all the products, good in themselves, which are manufactured by firms that also produce questionable foods. For instance, one well-known firm markets a perfectly good brand of soups and adulterates its catsup and jellies. Another firm markets an excellent canned chicken and adulterates many of its other canned meats. So far as the school knows, the products here mentioned are manufactured by firms which are doing a straight business throughout.

Here, then, are products that a housewife may buy with a clear conscience, certain that she is getting no fraudulent adulterant to cheat her purse and no injurious one to sicken her family. *Of course the list does not contain all pure foods. No food can be condemned because of its absence. The Westfield Normal School has examined only a small fraction of all foods manufactured. Yet the list is worth while for it is something definite and hopeful.* We are so weary of the danger sign. In this day of bacteria, flies, mosquitoes, automobiles, trusts, and benzoate of soda, life is continually beset with warnings of "Danger ahead!" The days are filled with things to be avoided. Like a small child we grow irritable under the perpetual "don't" hurled at us by our superiors in wisdom, while we are pursuing our apparently innocent pastimes.

simply to distribute the Westfield Book of Pure Foods throughout the land, for the benefit of all who make and sell and buy foods that are fit to eat. These manufacturers are mentioned in the book, along with many others who take no part in this movement but necessarily share in its benefits.

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods is a compact, handy catalog of trade-marked food products which are definitely known to be made from proper materials, to be truthfully labelled, and physically clean. With such an index, any housekeeper, any steward, any buyer for hotel, cafe or institution,

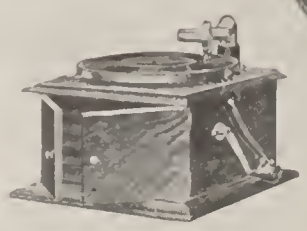
their merit and purity. It furnishes anyone who can read with a safe, reliable list of a wide variety of foods, each beyond suspicion.

Solve your food problem by sending for the Westfield Book. It will help you in giving your family and yourself a supply of pure, nourishing, healthful foods. By making conditions better in your home you go far toward making them better in your town. Fill out the coupon and mail it—with ten cents in stamps or silver—to The Board of Health, Westfield, Mass. *It makes you sure your food supply is pure.*

HERE are some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

Victor-Victrola for Christmas

Victor-Victrola XVI, $200
Mahogany or quartered oak



Victor-Victrola IV, $15
Oak

Victor-Victrola IX, $50
Mahogany or oak

$15
$25
$40
$50
$75
$100
$150
$200

You can search the whole world over and not find another gift that will bring so much pleasure to every member of the family.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate to you the wonderful Victor-Victrola.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

In Your Heart You Know that You Are Not Giving Your Body a Square Deal

I KNOW the reasons which keep back any man from giving his body the exercise demanded by good health and common sense. They are just three:

One is sheer lack of will power to force the body to do *anything*.

Another is the lack of knowledge as to just what forms of exercise are best.

The third is the notion that you don't need any exercise. This condition is typical of the man of sedentary habits.

Which is YOUR reason?

I can practically rebuild the man who, for the first two reasons, is letting his physical condition go to pot. And I can do the same for the man in the third case, provided he will stir himself enough to acknowledge his physical flabbiness to himself and to me.

The Thompson Course

will take one of you men whose bodies respond only sluggishly to the command of your minds, and will force mind and body to co-ordinate—to work in harmony. This will enable you to control not only your own body, but will give you a personality that, instead of bending for others, will sway them your way.

It is not the purpose of the Thompson Course to build big, useless surface muscles. The Thompson Course builds strong, hardy, clean internal organs—and these bring power, health, reserve energy and longevity for the man or woman who enjoys their possession.

If the day's work fags you,—

If an ill-chosen meal upsets your digestion,—

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J. EDMUND THOMPSON
Suite No. 62, Exchange Bldg., Worcester, Mass.

The Calculating Tortoise

(*Concluded from page* 26)

many times Mrs. Wakefield cheated the undertaker in the race she made for the train to-day. She gave me gray hairs."

Johns looked up and pulled himself together, jerked down his waistcoat, and came into his own.

"I didn't ask her to do it," he said.

A wave of red fire ran through Blake. It began at his toes, rushed upward, and clouded his eyes. He had not felt its like since boyhood.

"So much the more wonderful," he managed to say.

JOHNS rose and walked uneasily to the window. "It wasn't necessary," he protested. "You said so yourself."

And then Blake clamped self-control upon his tongue and spoke measuredly as to a child.

"That what she did was unnecessary doesn't change its value."

Johns turned a genuinely perturbed face. After all, his expression was kindly, though distinctly resentful.

"But I do. I do appreciate it," he said thickly. "But I can't tell her so. She's a queer woman. Why, Dr. Blake, I would have married her."

"But I thought your marriage was arranged!"

Johns still looked puzzled, betrayed. "Why it was—on my part. I would have done it."

Dr. Blake started for the door. He stopped with the knob in his hand. Perhaps Charlotte cared for the man; perhaps he was worth it. He would give him another chance.

"Oh, by the way, Johns," he said, "Mrs. Wakefield ruined two tires in that run to-day—outer casings. I was afraid she wouldn't tell you and I knew you'd want to settle with her for them."

Johns frowned. "I'll make it all right," he said stiffly. "But I don't see why she can't use them again if they're patched."

Blake gasped. "Good-by," he said.

He went to the house on the bluff. His thoughts were as line straight as the crow flies, but his feet straggled over the sidewalk in errant zigzags. He did not know how to dance, but the song in his muscles had to have some outer play. And in his gay idiocy he kept repeating one phrase. "She can use them again if they're patched. She can use them again if they're patched." He crooned it in time to his heels.

He found Charlotte alone in the big living room. He seized her two hands. "The child's all right, and I wasn't needed. And you ruined two tires and scared a township into fits all for nothing. But oh, Charlotte, will you marry me?"

She pulled away from him and sat down, and something looked out at him from her eyes that no one else had ever seen there.

"I will marry you for only one reason," she said.

And Alden Blake sat down before her like a tired child. "Oh, the reason's there," he said. "It's tremendously there. I'm a cross old gentleman with a bad eye, and it may seem absurd, but Charlotte, Charlotte, I care for you hideously."

CHARLOTTE made a distinguished bride. Langdon Rapids felt it and fumbled for reasons. The habit of patronage dies slowly, and it was almost absurd that Charlotte should be the center of all this joy and affluence. It was Lilian who wore the deepest frown. She was glad, of course, but she was vaguely troubled as at a treason unmasked. For, as she looked back, it seemed almost a reasoned path by which Charlotte had climbed to this eminence. It looked like calculation. For Lilian had forgotten that life is a long journey and that the guerdon is not always to the swift.

Padages Palmer

(*Continued from page* 19)

contempt. Barney glanced at Mr. Sullivan. He was sipping his coffee, with his head turned slightly. Barney could see that he was "getting an ear full." The waiter departed.

"Well," Babbing asked, "did you get them?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did they say?"

"They said they'd call you up."

"Well, they'd better hurry," he blustered. "If they don't want my money, I can find lots of people in this town that do. Did they say they had those Bonanza shares for me?"

"They didn't say."

"Huh! Give me that 'Tribune.'" He spread the pages impatiently. "I don't see why these New York papers don't have some Western news in them." And Sullivan, turning, took an appraising look at him over the shoulder.

"There isn't a line here from Kansas City," Babbing complained. "A New York newspaper's the most provincial sheet in the universe, bar none!"

"Aw, gee, uncle," Barney laughed. "Quit knockin' little ol' New York."

"Boy!" Babbing said sternly, "you talk as if your maw had raised you on the Bowery. Where did you ever learn to speak like that? If that's the sort of grammar you get in your New York public schools, y' ought to be ashamed of them."

BARNEY had no reply to make, and his uncle's eye forbade him to make any. He had "caught on to" the game that Babbing was playing, and he was enjoying it precociously; but Babbing was evidently not willing to have him join in it. They waited, in silence, for the call boy.

And when the call boy came, crying "Mr. *Thomas* Sullivan!" the game developed with the most propitious rapidity. Babbing interrupted the colloquy between the uneasy Sullivan and the boy, and claimed the call. "My name's Oliphant. I've been waiting here all morning for a telephone message, and these idiots go around bawling 'Sullivan! Sullivan!' when I bet they want Oliphant. If you've no objection, I'll take this call, Mr. Sullivan—"

"None whatever," Sullivan said affably. "I'm sure it's not for me."

"Come on, boy. Show me the phone."

As he passed, he laid his hand on Barney's shoulder, and gave him a warning squeeze. It was needed, for as soon as he was out of hearing, Sullivan turned to Barney with a plump, suave smile. "Isn't that Thomas Oliphant of Kansas City?"

Barney nodded cheerfully.

"I *thought* so. I've heard of him. Well, well! So that's Thomas Oliphant."

Barney grinned. "I guess everybody out there knows Uncle Tom."

"Did I understand that he's buying mining stock?"

"Yep. I guess so. He's got money to burn."

"*You're* not from Kansas City?"

Barney shook his head scornfully.

"I wonder if he knows my brother-in-law, Billy Smith?"

"I dunno. You better ask him."

"What does he do?"

"What does *who* do?"

"Your uncle."

"What does he *do?*"

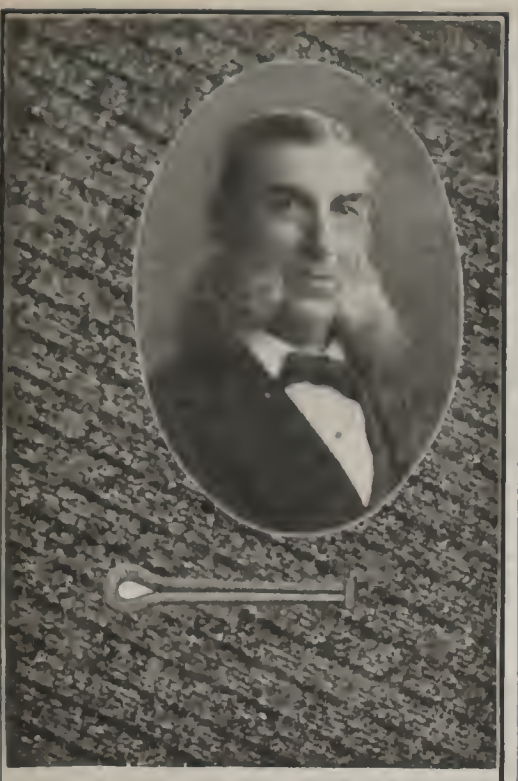
"Yes. What business is he in?"

"Say!" Barney answered. "What are you tryin' to do to me? You know what he does as well as I do."

Sullivan said hastily: "Well, I thought he might have retired, and—Well, well! I must speak to him when he comes back. Tom Oliphant, eh? It's a small world. Well, well!" And Barney saw their fish on the hook.

The fish proceeded to climb up the line and fight his way into the creel as soon as Babbing returned; and Babbing at first held him off suspiciously. Yes, he was Thomas Oliphant of Kansas City. No, not cattle. Leather, sir; leather. William Smith? No, he didn't know William Smith. He thought he had heard of William Smith, but couldn't place him. His brother-in-law? A pleasure. A pleasure. Much obliged to Mr. Sullivan for letting him take that telephone call. It was pressing business. They had been trying all morning to get him on the phone.

In ten minutes the engaging Sullivan had moved to the vacant chair opposite Barney, had lighted one of his Padages Palmas



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Padages Palmer

Continued from page 30)

rather gaudily, and was listening to Bahleng with a flattering admiration showing in his bluish-gray eyes. It developed that he was interested in Cobalt mines, heavily interested; in fact, he owned one in partnership with some New York mining experts. Being questioned by Babbing upon the rating of the Bonanza mine in the Beaver district, he remarked that it was a hole in the ground, hopeless as an investment. It was not a mine at all but merely a trap for suckers. Babbing was much taken aback. He drank in Sullivan's knowledg and advice greedily—with occasional hasty gulps of oatmeal porridge and noisy drafts of hot coffee; and Barney's innocent hunger and absorbed attention were not more childish and convincing than his uncle's.

SULLIVAN blossomed and expanded in that atmosphere of trust. He and his partners were building a hotel for the tourist trade near their mine. He had been working on the plans for the building. They had discovered one of the finest, if not *the* finest spring of mineral water on the continent. And so forth.

He leaned back in his chair, making large gestures with his cigar and smiling a broad indulgent smile. He flattered Barney. "A mighty bright boy, your nephew. A mighty bright boy. I'd like to have a boy like that in my business." "Not much!" Barney said pertly. "I'm goin' in with uncle." Some of Babbing's coffee got in his windpipe at that moment, and he coughed himself red in the face. Barney kept a straight mouth. "I don't know that you'll ever be as successful as your uncle," Sullivan said. "But you'll succeed. You've got it in you!"

He exacted a promise from Babbing that he should go no further in the matter of the Bonanza mine until he had come to the office of Sullivan's friends, with Sullivan, to look into the "proposition" there. "Excuse me a moment," he said, when Babbing had paid the waiter. "I'll just run upstairs and get the plans of our hotel. I want to take them with me. I'll meet you at the desk."

He strutted off importantly. Babbing sat a moment, smiling. "If he brings down his satchel with those plans in it," he said, "you'll get it to carry. And, at the first opportunity, you'll cut away with it. Understand? Take it to the office. They'll have keys to open it there. I'll get in touch with Chal as soon as I can, by phone. If he's still carrying his Chicago outfit in that bag, we've got our case complete. Now, don't get cheeky. If you're not careful, you'll stub your toe!"

A HALF hour later, a round-faced and sturdy youth of fifteen, breathing hard because he had been running, sat in a downtown express in the subway, holding a small black handbag on his knees. He was struggling with a dimpled smile that continually escaped control and exploded in a snort. The other passengers smiled at him, amusedly. He retreated to the back platform, giggling, and grinned at his ease out the door.

He was still grinning and still breathing hard when he entered the Babbing Bureau at room 1056, and hurried into Babbing's private office to find Chal Snider reading a morning paper at Babbing's desk. "Here's his bag!"

Snider looked over the top of his newspaper. "Whose bag?"

"Palmer's."

"What!" The cry was not wholly incredulous; it had the quality, too, of envious amazement.

"Sure! Hurry up an' see what's in it. The Chief wants to know. Hurry up. He's got him."

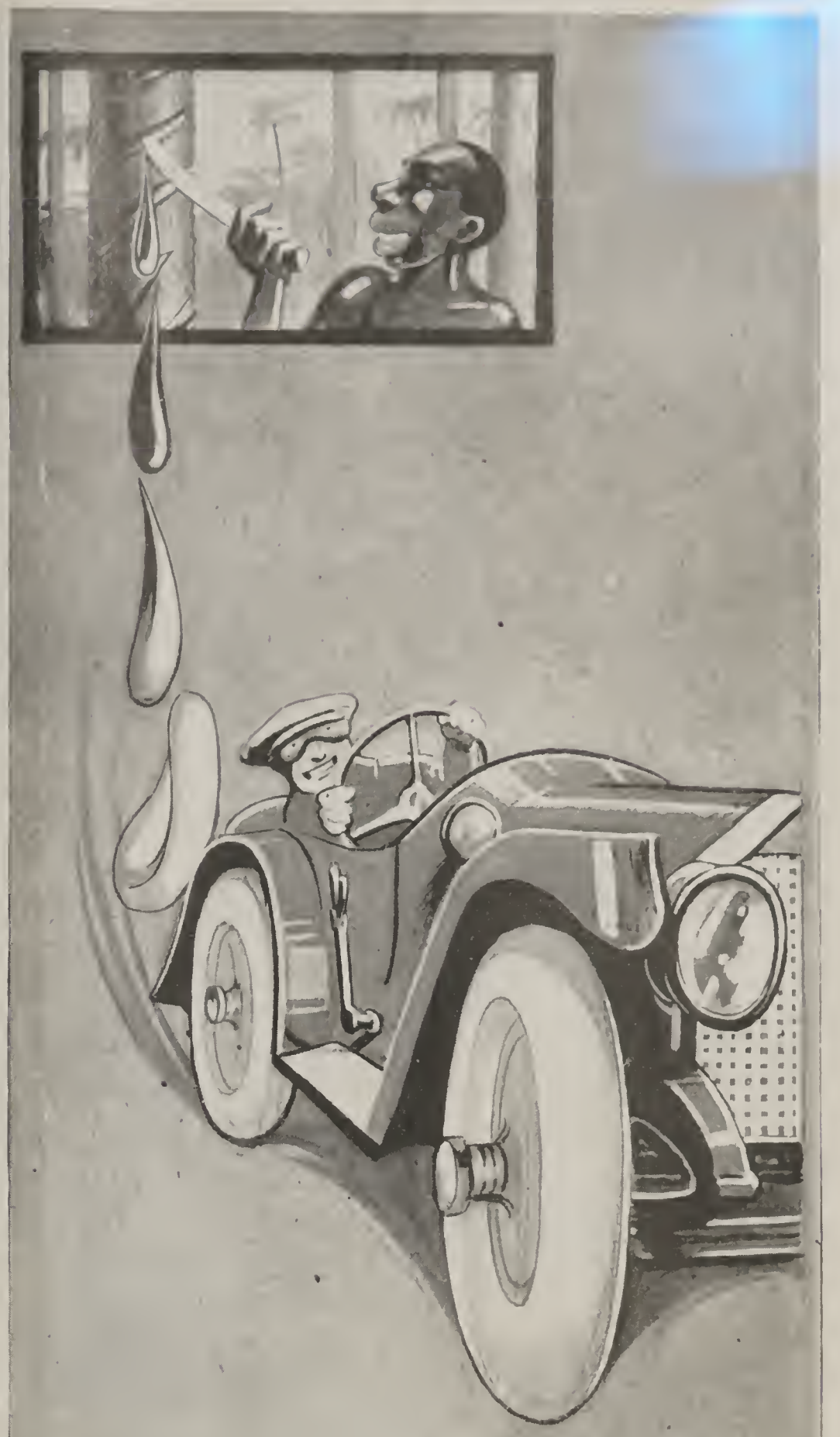
Snider dropped his paper and grabbed the phone. "Hello? Hello! Bring me in a bunch of skeletons for a small satchel. Quick." He caught the bag from Barney. "Well, I'll be switched."

Barney wiped the perspiration of haste from his forehead with his coat cuff. "We roped him at the Beaumont. He'd been buyin' them long cigars."

"Well, the old devil!" He sat with the satchel on his lap, expressing a profane admiration for it in a sort of dumfounded undertone. "The old fox! How did he think of *that!*"

"Search *me!*" Barney grinned.

A clerk came in with the keys. Snider had the bag opened in a jiffy. He dumped its contents on the desk—blueprints, catalogues, a scratch block, loose sheets of memoranda, an assortment of blank checks, and a roll of money in a



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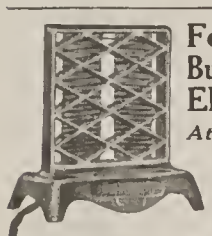

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Padages Palmer

(*Concluded from page* 31)

rubber band. "The old man's wad!" Snider exulted. "He's got the swag back too! Where is he?"

"He's off with Palmer. He's goin' to phone you. He tol' me to grab the bag an' beat it. That boob was tryin' to sell him stock in some fake hotel he's buildin' some'rs, when *I* dropped off."

SNIDER went through the swindler's papers with appropriate remarks, and then began thoughtfully to pack them back in the bag. "Where did you go from here?"

Barney told the story in an excited incoherency. Snider nodded and nodded. "He's slick!" he commented primly again and again. "He's pretty slick!"

"Well, how did he know the guy was at the Beaumont?" Barney asked.

"He didn't know. He took a chance. He figured that Palmer wouldn't go far from the depot in the rain. Didn't you hear him say it was raining hard last night at eight-thirty? He just played a hunch and got away with it."

"What's he goin' to do next?" Barney demanded in the delighted impatience of youth to know the end of the story.

The ringing of the telephone bell interrupted them with what proved to be the answer. "Hello?" Snider said. "Yes, Chief. Yes. His whole outfit's in it. And four thousand of the old man's money. Yes. Yes." He tittered. He shook over the phone silently. "Y-e-e-s. I'll ha-ave them." And he dropped the receiver into its hook and lay back in his chair in a grimacing sputter of fat laughter. "He's bringing him hee-here. He's pretending he thinks you-you've been ki-ki-kidnaped. Hee-hee-hee!" He wiped his wet eyes helplessly. "Palmer won't let him go to the police station. They're co-coming here to get us out to find you." He jumped up, suddenly, and slapped himself on top of the head with a comical gesture. "I've got to get papers for him. Put Archibald wise to what's coming." He darted out the door with unexpected agility, and Barney hastened to find Archibald.

Either Archibald had no sense of humor or it was inhibited by a stronger sense of dignity. Barney's story provoked no smile from him. "Wait in the operatives' room," he said dryly. "If we need you we'll call you. Leave the bag here."

The operatives' room was a large inner office fitted up with desks that showed inky evidences of long use, typewriters that rattled loosely, and battered filing cabinets. Two men were getting out reports on their typewriters; a third was searching the pages of a telephone directory, page after page, slowly, as if he had been at it for hours and expected to continue it for hours. Barney sat down in a corner and waited. No call came for him. He imagined the scene between Archibald, Babbing and Mr. Thomas Sullivan, when they should produce the bag and put the swindled swindler under arrest; but he had to take it out in imagining. The operatives came and went as busily as reporters turning in their copy, but no one spoke to him.

IT was nearly midday when Babbing appeared, and Barney stood up smiling to greet him. "Go home and tell your mother what you're doing," Babbing said. "And tell her to keep it to herself. I want you to come to Philadelphia with me to-night. Get yourself a suit case and bring a suit of old clothes—the shabbiest you've got. . . . Here, Clark!" he called. "Show this boy how to make out a requisition for expense money. He'll need twenty-five or thirty dollars. Be back here at four o'clock."

"Yes, sir." Barney hesitated. "Did you get him?"

"Who? Palmer? Oh, yes. Yes, Snider's taking him back to Chicago. Run along now. Be here sharp at four with your bag packed. And tell your mother not to mark your linen—except with your initials. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Babbing regarded him whimsically. "How do you like being a detective?"

"Oh gee!" Barney grinned. "It's great, Chief."

Babbing gave him a parting pat on the shoulder. "All right, boy," he said. "I'm glad you like it." And Barney did not understand why his tone of voice was depreciative.

This is the second of Mr. O'Higgins's "real detective stories."

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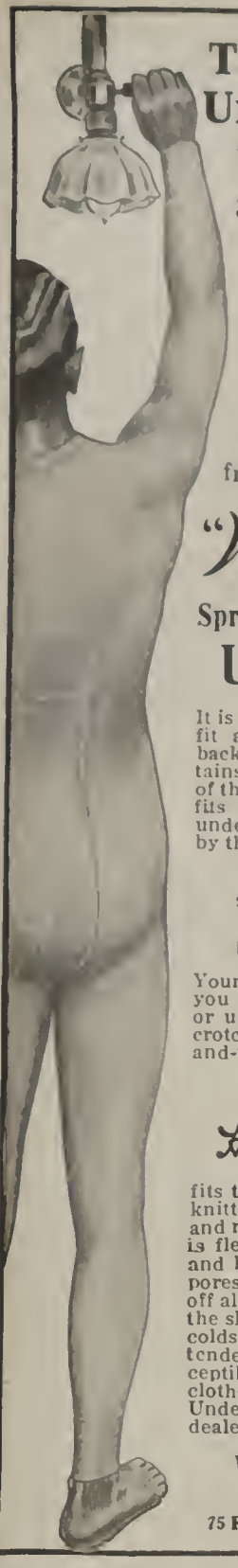

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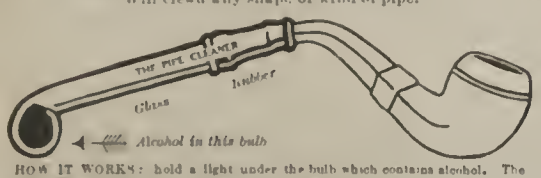

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The Booze List

THIRD INSTALLMENT; MORE TO FOLLOW —EDITOR COLLIER'S.

Revised list of alcoholic medicinal preparations for the sale of which special tax is required

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,

OFFICE OF COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE,

Washington, D. C., August 23, 1912.

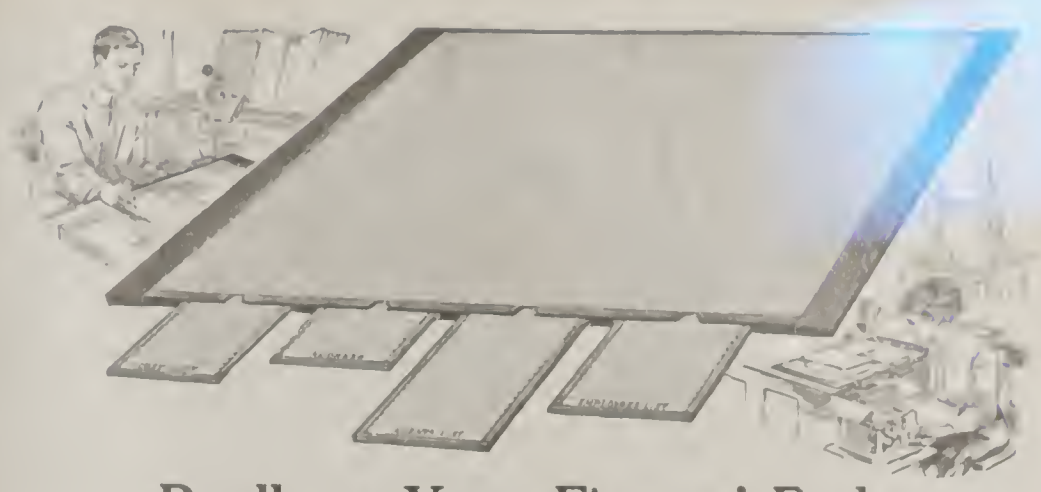
To collectors of internal revenue, revenue agents, and others:

THE accompanying list of alcoholic medicinal preparations which have been examined by this office and held to be insufficiently medicated to render them unfit for use as a beverage is published for the information of all concerned:

(*That is to say, these are the patent medicines which, while masquerading as "medicinal," are really beverages.*—EDITOR.)

Green's Chill Tonic—M. V. Green, Son & Co., Selma, N. C.
Greiner's Blackberry Cordial—Greiner-Kelly Drug Co., Dallas, Tex.
Gross Bros. Blood and Liver Tonic—Gross Bros., Ill.
Harrison's Quinine Tonic—I. X. L. Chemical Co., Chicago, Ill.
Health Bitters—H. Bitzegeio, Chicago, Ill.
Health Bitters—Jos. G. Sporrer & Co., Toledo, Ohio.
Herb Bitters—Otto F. Lentz, Petersburg, Ill.
Herbs Bitters—Herb Medicine Co., Reading, Pa.
Herbton—Hooper Medical Co., Hillsboro, Tex.
Heublein's Calisaya Bitters—G. F. Heublein & Bro., New York City.
Hop Bitters—Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.
Horke Vino Bitter Wine—Michael Bosak, Scranton, Pa.
Indian Stomach Bitters—Dr. D. Winegardner, Hanna, Okla.
I. X. L. Bitters—I. X. L. Chemical Co., Chicago, Ill.
Jack Pot Laxative Bitter Tonic—J. B. Scheue Co., Chicago, Ill.
Jack's Indian Tonic—W. L. B. Jack, Portsmouth, Ohio.
Jaffe's Intrinsic Tonic—Jaffe Wine Co., Sacramento, Cal.
Jerome's Dandelion Stomach Bitters—Jerome Chemical Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Johnston's Cherry Elixir—Parker Blake Co., New Orleans, La.
Jones Stomach Bitters—Natchez Drug Co., Natchez, Miss.
June-Kola—Beggs Manufacturing Co., Chicago, Ill.
Juniper Kidney Cure—Juniper Kidney Cure Co., Fort Smith, Ark.
Karle's German Stomach Bitters—Karle German Bitters Co., Aberdeen, S. Dak.
Karlsbader Stomach Bitters—Jos. Landshut, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Katarno—Katarno Co., New York City.
K. K. K.—Morris & Dickson Co., Shreveport, La.
Koehler's Stomach Bitters—Koehler Bitters Co., New York City.
Kahn's Iron and Malt Whiskey—Kahn Brothers, New York City, N. Y.
Kennedy's East India Bitters—Iler & Co., Omaha, Neb.
Kidniwell—Brown Drug Co., Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
Ko-Ca-Ama—The Wm. Brooks Medicine Co., Russellville, Ark.
Kola and Celery Bitters—Milburn & Co., Baltimore, Md.
Kola Wine—Reid, Yeomans & Cubit, New York City.
Kreuzberger's Stomach Bitters—R. Kreuzberger, Logansport, Ind.
Krummel's Bonekamp Maag Bitters—Hry. Krummel, New York City.
Kudros—A. M. Hellmann & Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Laxa Bark Tonic—Natchez Drug Co., Natchez, Miss.
Lee's Celebrated Stomach Bitters—Lee's Anti-Trust Medicine Co., Joplin, Mo.
Lekko Stomach Bitters—Struzynski Bros., Chicago, Ill.
Lemon Ginger—Ballard Snow Liniment Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Liverine—T. S. Mitchell Co., Providence, R. I.
Lutz Stomach Bitters—Chas. M. Lutz, Reading, Pa.
Lyons Stomach Bitters—Lyons Bitters Co., Chicago, Ill.

—ROYAL E. CABELL, *Commissioner.*



Really at Your Fingers' Ends Yet Entirely Out of the Way

The Rand Visible Index. Ball-bearing, revolving, standard capacity 200,000 names, 200 visible at one time. New names added, dead names removed, without disturbing others. Names, being protected by celluloid, are always clean and legible. Receiving standard supplied in any size or style to fit requirements.

There is certain information—addresses, phone numbers, prices, etc.,—that you ought to have *instantly available.* But a card index on your desk is bulky and inconvenient.

The Rand Desk Pad

keeps this information tucked away in your desk blotter—*right at your fingers' ends, yet absolutely out of the way.* Pull out the slide; the list is before you. Push it back, your desk is clean as a whistle.

Each name or item is on a separate slip, so that the list is kept in exact alphabetical order, and is protected by a celluloid tube.

How names are inserted.

The Rand Visible Index

is the most important development ever made in office routine. It is over four times as quick as the card index, giving you the name you're looking for *instantly.* No opening of trays, no turning of cards. A touch—a glance—and there you are.

It is used by many of the largest concerns in the country—John Wanamaker, the Standard Oil Companies, Bell Telephone. Yet is so simple in operation that it is equally valuable in the small business.

Write for information about the Rand labor-saving devices. They will put a new conception of efficiency in your office.

TIME SAVER COMPANY

234A Congress Street Boston, Mass.

261 Broadway, N. Y. City; No. Tonawanda, N. Y.; San Francisco, Cal.; Atlanta, Ga.

This White Will Solve *Your* Problem

Mill owners seeking a long-lived white for interior application need look no further than this advertisement, for *here* is a brief description of the *one* successful Mill White known today.

RICE'S MILL WHITE

"The Paint that Brims Over With Sunlight"

Not a Cold Water Paint

has *great* light-reflecting power and stays white longer than any other mill white—it will not yellow under ordinary conditions. This white is smooth and tile-like in surface, yet sufficiently elastic to resist contraction, expansion and vibration. As a result, Rice's Mill White *never flakes or scales.* Rice's Mill White flows freely without "dragging" and is the *most economical* in application of all gloss whites.

If you have 20,000 or more square feet of ceiling and wall space to cover, write us on your letter head for a free sample board showing its durable surface and high reflective power, and our booklet, "Make the Most of Daylight in Your Plant." Address

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO., 18 Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.

Originators of the Mill White Idea.

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co., receive free notice in the Scientific American.

MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.

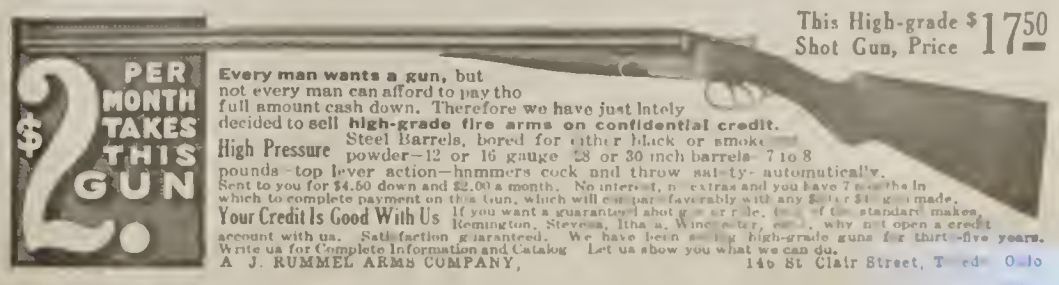
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F Street, Washington, D. C.

WHITE VALLEY GEMS

See Them BEFORE Paying!

These gems are chemical white sapphires—LOOK like diamonds. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliancy guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure.

WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., 734 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana



$2 PER MONTH TAKES THIS GUN

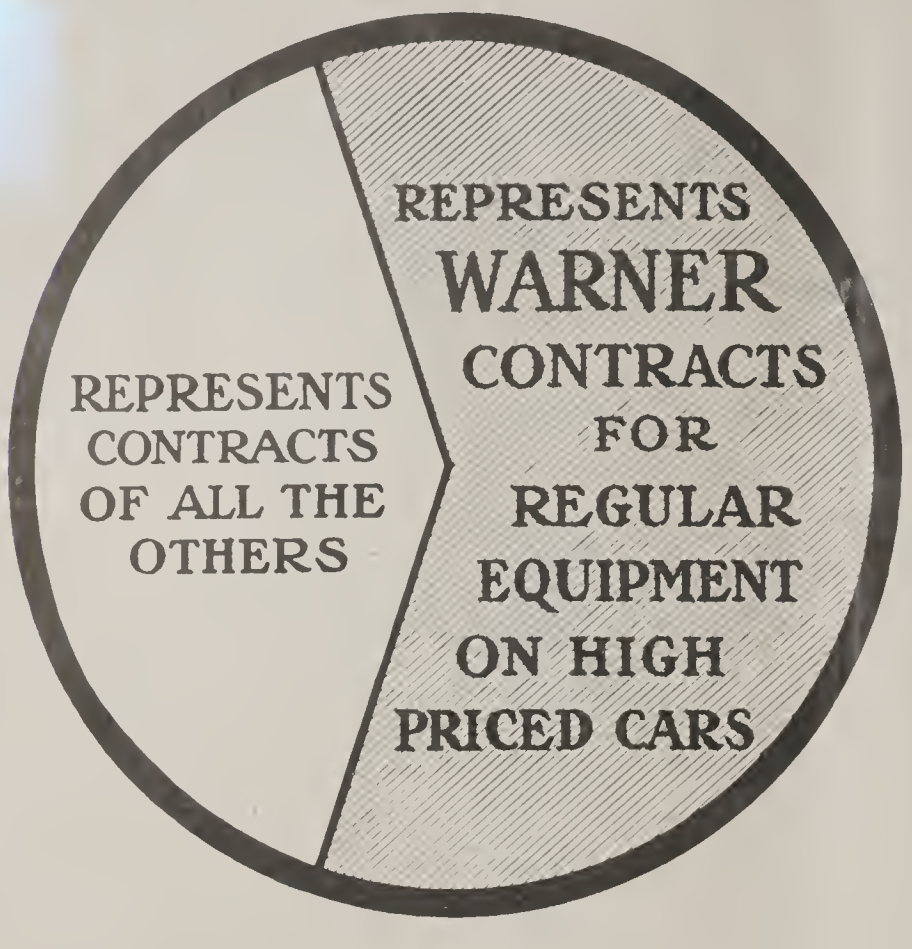
This High-grade Shot Gun, Price $17.50

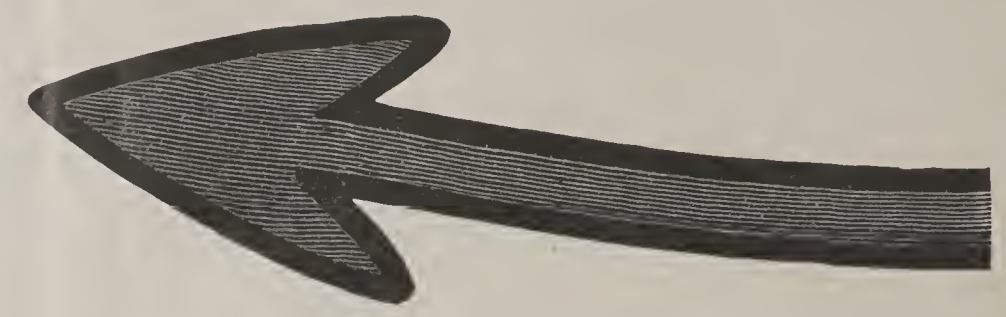
Every man wants a gun, but not every man can afford to pay the full amount cash down. Therefore we have just lately decided to sell **high-grade fire arms on confidential credit.**

High Pressure Steel Barrels, bored for either black or smokeless powder—12 or 16 gauge 28 or 30 inch barrels 7 to 8 pounds—top lever action—hammers cock and throw safety automatically. Sent to you for $4.50 down and $2.00 a month. No interest, no extras and you have 7 months in which to complete payment on this gun, which will compare favorably with any $25 gun made.

Your Credit Is Good With Us If you want a guaranteed shot gun or rifle, (one of the standard makes, Remington, Stevens, Ithaca, Winchester, etc.), why not open a credit account with us. Satisfaction guaranteed. We have been selling high-grade guns for thirty-five years. Write us for Complete Information and Catalog. Let us show you what we can do.

A. J. RUMMEL ARMS COMPANY, 146 St. Clair Street, Toledo, Ohio





WARNER

The Dominant Speedometer

Nearly every manufacturer of high priced automobiles is now equipping his cars with Warner speedometers. Read the big list on the opposite page. Here you have the approval of the most successful automobile manufacturers in the world. Their word is your guarantee.

THE above chart sums up the speedometer situation as it stands to-day. You can see by what a big majority the Warner leads. *Over sixty per cent.* of all the "regular equipment" contracts, which the high priced automobile manufacturers have thus far awarded, have been given to us. This is a conservative estimate. By the time all contracts are placed we will probably be supplying *seventy-five per cent.* of the manufacturers who are specifying speedometers as "regular equipment". Over one hundred thousand 1913 cars will be Warner equipped.

Nearly every manufacturer of high priced automobiles is now equipping his product with Warners. Study the list on the opposite page. You know these cars—every one of them. You know their standing—their undisputable value—recognized the world over. A Warner is now found on every one of these cars. It is part and parcel of the most celebrated motor cars in the world. Wherever good cars are found you will find Warners. When speedometers are selected on a quality basis you will generally find Warners. *It is the world's dominant speedometer.*

Would those critical manufacturers adopt the Warner, if it did not square up in quality with their established products? Would they put an inferior speedometer on a superior car? Do you find that producers of high priced cars put anything but the best in their cars? Do you ever find materials or equipment they are ashamed of? On the contrary you find everything up-to-date, modern and advanced. The *best* in materials; the *best* in workmanship; the *best* in design, and the *best* in speedometers—*the Warner.* This describes every car on this list —all representative and high grade American automobiles.

Further proof of the high esteem in which the Warner is held is shown by the automobile manufacturers themselves. You have probably noticed how they advertise the fact that their cars are *Warner equipped.* Look through the catalogue of any of these concerns. Turn to the equipment page, and in bold type you will find *"Warner Speedometer".* You will also find the same thing in their national advertising campaigns in the newspapers, weeklies and magazines. These manufacturers are just shrewd enough to know that a Warner on a car *adds to the public confidence in that car.* That is one reason they were willing to pay us one hundred per cent. more than they had to pay for other speedometers. *And this is exactly what they had to do.* Warner prices are never cut. They remain the same—always maintained. One price to all.

But what of these few manufacturers who are not equipping with Warners? Notice their advertising. *Not one word is said about the name of the speedometer on their cars.* Sometimes a short description of it. But absolutely no reference as to who made it. The name seems to be purposely left out. You have not the slightest idea of what you are buying. It's like trying to sell you steel without telling you what kind of steel it is—or tires without telling you whose make they are—or a typewriter without telling you who manufactured it. You are entitled and accustomed to having your purchases identified, and merchandise with a hidden or obscure name must have a rather weak reputation.

So to be sure of your speed and mileage *insist on a Warner* —the most accurate speed and mileage indicator made.

There are many good reasons why the majority of high priced automobile manufacturers choose the Warner. It has been in the hands of the public for over eight years. It has had every known test under the sun. *We have never known a Warner to fail.* The first Warner made is still giving perfect service. In principle it is the same today as it was eight years ago. It is the simplest instrument made. That is why it has continually given the most accurate service.

The Warner instrument is *made like a fine watch.* It is a thoroughly jeweled instrument. The jewels used are *select first quality Sapphires* accurate to 1-2000 of an inch and polished like a diamond. These Sapphires insure absolute precision—for life. The speed disc for instance, is mounted on four of these Sapphires. The finely made pivot rests on a perfect cap jewel.

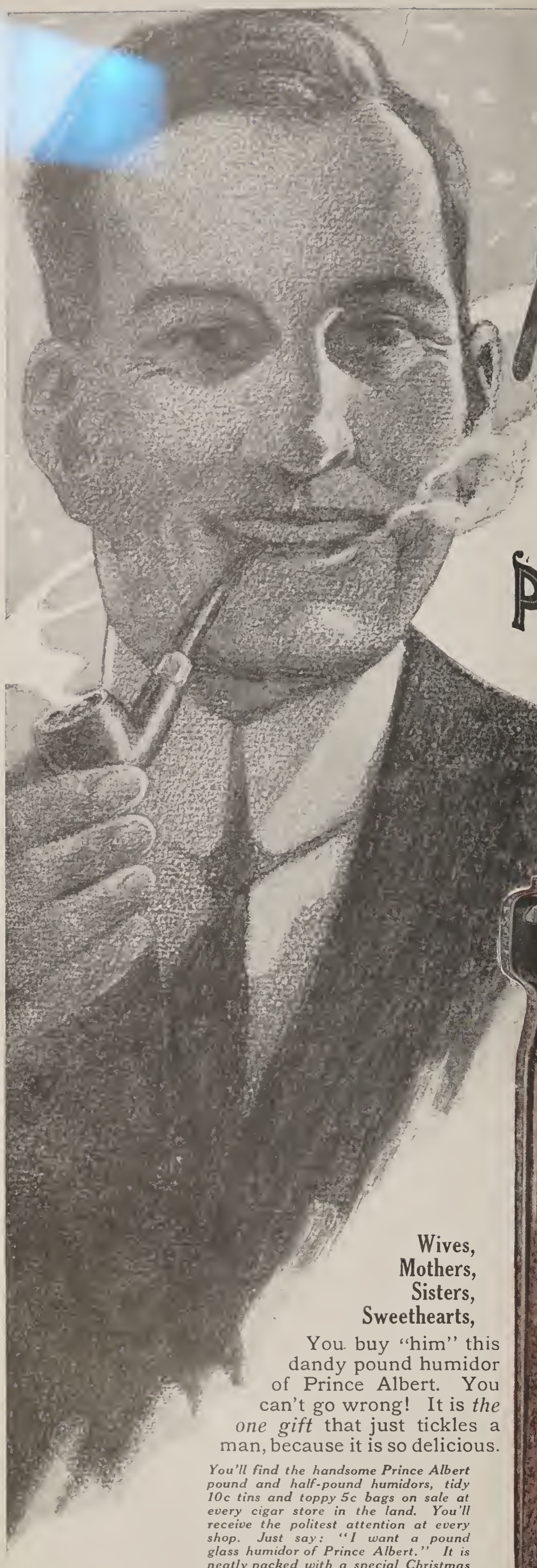
The Warner compensating device regulates the instrument in any climate, and under any sudden change of temperature. It never varies. It is always precise and true.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL FIFTY NO 12

DECEMBER 7 1912



for "him"!

—the jimmy pipe joy smoke in the dandy pound glass humidor

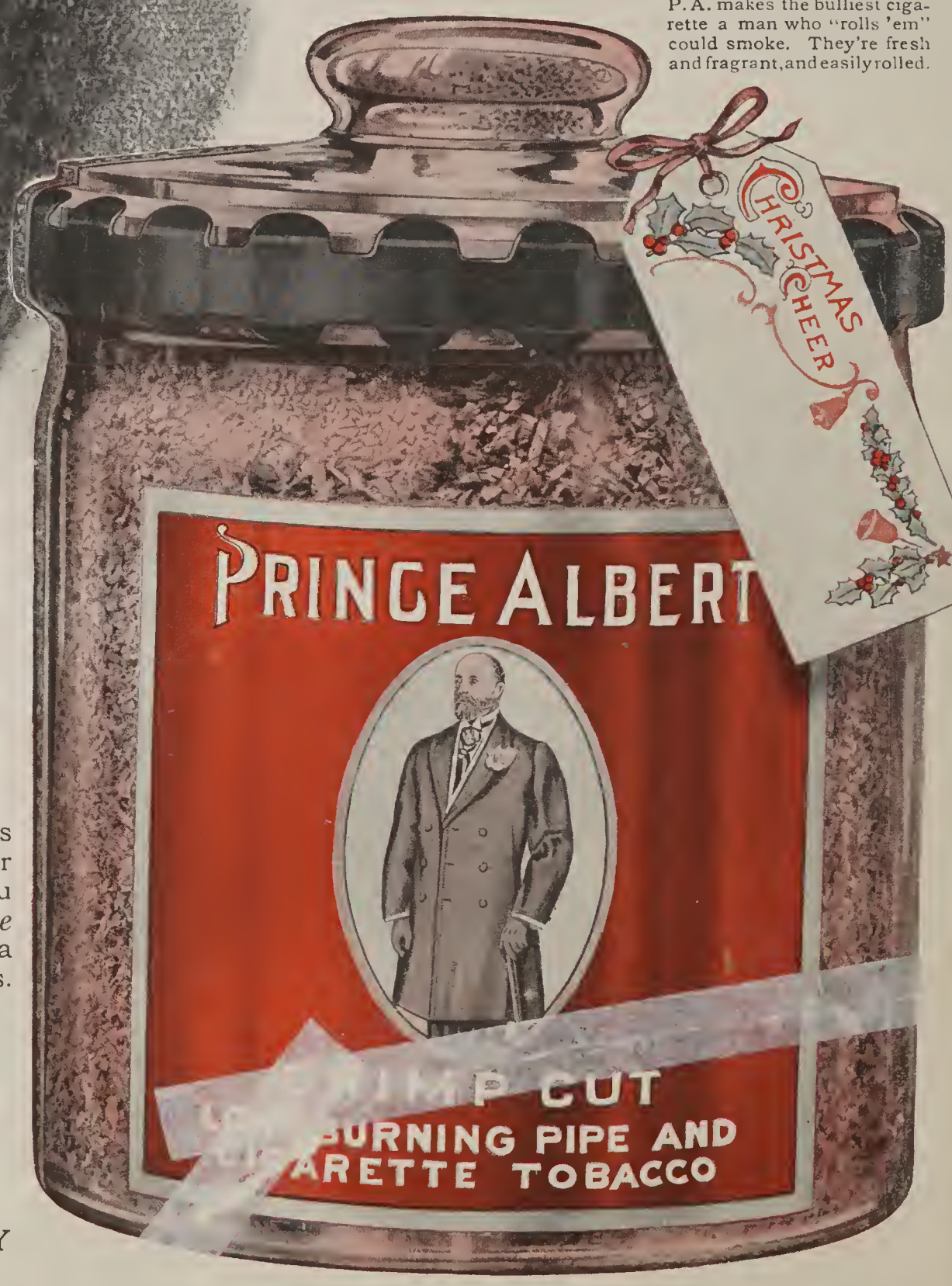
Here's *real* Christmas joy—a gift that hits just the right spot in every man fond of *real* tobacco. If he smokes a jimmy pipe, he'll get new happiness in Prince Albert; if he doesn't smoke a jimmy pipe, *he will* because he'll find P. A. a revelation. It can't bite his tongue—or anybody else's. The sting's cut out by a patented process. *No other tobacco can be like*

PRINCE ALBERT *the national joy smoke*

It's fragrant and delicious—distinct from any other pipe tobacco. It meets hearty approval at home or at the office.

P. A. has revolutionized pipe smoking. Two men smoke a pipe to-day where one smoked a pipe three years ago.

P. A. makes the bulliest cigarette a man who "rolls 'em" could smoke. They're fresh and fragrant, and easily rolled.



Wives,
Mothers,
Sisters,
Sweethearts,

You buy "him" this dandy pound humidor of Prince Albert. You can't go wrong! It is *the one gift* that just tickles a man, because it is so delicious.

You'll find the handsome Prince Albert pound and half-pound humidors, tidy 10c tins and toppy 5c bags on sale at every cigar store in the land. You'll receive the politest attention at every shop. Just say: "I want a pound glass humidor of Prince Albert." It is neatly packed with a special Christmas tag to bear "his" name. Make "his" a real, cheer-up, Merry Christmas via the joy smoke.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

The patron saint of business men

Big Ben

ARNOLD Bennett says: "The attitude of the American business man towards his business is pre-eminently the attitude of an artist. He *loves* his business."

Most American businessmen know Big Ben. He routs 'em out o' mornings and starts 'em off with a merry and irresistible "Good luck to ye."

Big Ben loves *his* business. He runs on time—he rings on time—he stays on time. He's clean-cut, cheerful, right on the job—typical of American determination and grit, and the reason he *gets* so much business is that he *minds* his own so well.

Big Ben is a cracker-jack-of-a-Christmas-present to give a business man; he stands 7 inches tall, slender, massive, with well shaped, distinct hands easily visible in the dim morning light.

He rings just when you want and either way you want, *five straight minutes* or *every other half minute during ten minutes* unless you flag him off.—His keys are large, strong, pleasing to wind—his voice deep, jolly, pleasing to hear.

Big Ben is sold by 18,000 watchmakers. If you cannot find him at your jeweler's, a money order sent to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois,* will bring him anywhere attractively boxed and express prepaid.

$2.50

Three Dollars in Canada.

3 Years to Pay

for the Sweet-Toned

Meister

Piano

$175

30 Days' Free Trial
We Pay the Freight

You are not asked to **deposit**, or **pay** or **advance** a cent in any way until you write us and say that the MEISTER is entirely satisfactory and you wish to keep it. Then these are the terms of sale:

$1 a Week or $5 a Month

No cash payment down. No interest on payments. No extras of any kind. Piano stool and scarf free.

Sold direct from the maker to you.
No dealer's profit for you to pay.

Send now for our beautiful Free Catalog which shows eight styles of Meister Pianos.

Our resources exceed $4,000,000. We sell more pianos direct to the home than any other coocern in the world.

Rothschild & Company
Dept. 10X Chicago, Illinois

Oil Your CUT GLASS

with a rag moistened with *"3-in-One,"* polish briskly with dry, soft cloth to bring back the original sparkling brilliancy. Also clean window glass, mirrors and any glassware same way. *"3-in-One"* also cleans and polishes finest furniture, lubricates anything. Generous sample and oil book free. Ask

3-IN-ONE OIL CO.
42 ANW Broadway
New York City

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN

Can be learned quickly, easily and pleasantly, at spare moments, in your own home. You hear the living voice of a native professor pronounce each word and phrase. In a surprisingly short time you can speak a new language by the

LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
combined with
Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry
Send for Booklet and Testimonials
THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
997 Putnam Bldg. 2 W. 45th St. N.Y.

GASPARILLA INN Boca Grande Florida

First Season First Class Write for Booklet

Everything New and Modern. Opens January 1st. Under Management of MR. FRANK H. ABBOTT.

Through Pullman Buffet Sleeper leaves Jacksonville daily 9.30 P. M., arrivee Boca Grande next day 1 P. M. Beautiful Gulf Beach, Surf Bathing, Boating, Fishing, Hunting.

Collier's Washington Bureau

Write to

Maintained by Collier's for the convenience of its subscribers.

Perhaps some bill in which you are much interested will come up at this session of Congress.

Can we help you get desired information?

No charge to our subscribers. Address *COLLIER'S WASHINGTON BUREAU, 901 Munsey Bldg., Washington, D.C.*

Write to

Collier's Washington Bureau

Will You?

No. 100

Do Your Christmas Shopping Early.

Do so for your own good, and for the benefit of those who serve you.

Each purchase made early in December carries the Merry Christmas message to clerks, shop girls, errand boys, drivers and helpers, and will do much toward their enjoyment of the holidays.

Consideration of others is the moving spirit behind Christmas, and a little thoughtfulness and effort on our part to buy our gifts early will make for much happiness.

Heed the advertising man's message—"only 17 more shopping days before Christmas"—because it is just as important as the announcement regarding holiday goods, for it affects thousands of human beings.

Practice and advertise the Shop Early idea.

A. G. F. Hammesfahr.

Manager Advertising Department

Special Notice:

"War!" cried the American people. The President of the United States, a hebrew of refinement said "No." He was impeached he defended himself, and his telling of it rings out in the December American Magazine. New size exactly right size

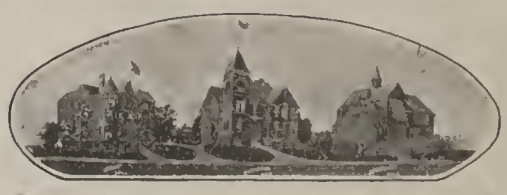
How to Entertain

If you could have ready at hand at all times a directory or an index of helps for entertaining—favor ideas—suggestions for prizes—novel place cards—books suggesting various sorts of entertainments, games, etc; if you had such an index ready at your hand wouldn't the possession of it be of value to you?

In an effort to approach such a degree of helpfulness, *Collier's National Directory, page* 44, under the heading "How to Entertain," is gathering the announcements of advertisers everywhere who have some of the above-mentioned things for sale.

You will always find something interesting among the various classifications.

Collier's National Directory
Small advertisements classified for the convenience of Collier readers
416 West 13th Street New York City



Learn a Paying Profession

that assures you a good income and position for life. For seventeen years we have successfully taught

PHOTOGRAPHY

Photo-Engraving and Three-Color Work

Our graduates earn large salaries. We assist them to secure these positions. Learn how you can become successful. Terms easy—living inexpensive. Write for catalogue—NOW!

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
949 Wabash Avenue, Effingham, Illinois

Stop Forgetting!

Good memory is absolutely essential to success, for *memory is power.* Be successful—*Stop Forgetting!*

The Dickson Method of Memory Training makes you *"Forget Proof,"* develops will, self-confidence, quick thought, ready speech. Write for free book "How to Remember"—faces, names, studies, also how to secure *FREE* my $2 DeLuxe book, "How to Speak in Public."

Dickson Memory School 771 Auditorium Bldg. Chicago

The University of Chicago

Correspondence-Study Dept.

HOME STUDY
20th Year

offers 350 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree. Elementary courses in many subjects, others for Teachers, Writers, Accountants, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, Etc. Begin any time.

U. of C. (Div. A) Chicago, Ill.

COPY THIS SKETCH

You can make big money as an illustrator or cartoonist for newspapers or magazines. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you. Copy this sketch of Governor Wilson. Let me see what you can do with it. Send it to me with 6c in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.

The Landon School of Illustrating and Cartooning
1435 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

ILLINOIS TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES

Offers to young women a three years' course of unexcelled, practical and theoretical training in Cook County Hospital, of 1,300 beds, including large children's and contagious departments. Special obstetrics in Lying-in Hospital. Private duty in private institutions. Practical courses in Dietetics, Physical Culture, and Massage. Six Scholarships. Monthly payments during entire training. Commodious Home. Address Supt.

521 HONORE STREET, CHICAGO

Study SHORTHAND At Home
Big Pay-Short Hours-Quick Advancement.

MEN become Secretaries Dept. Heads and Managers

STENOGRAPHY is the quickest and surest means of advancing you from dull unprofitable toil to congenial work with GOOD PAY and SHORT HOURS. Positions open everywhere. You can learn at home in spare hours at little expense, and in a short time be an expert. WE FURNISH A TYPEWRITER FREE IN YOUR HOME, while learning. Our FREE 38-page book is full of valuable information about our SYSTEM and what it will do for you. Write for it—TODAY—NOW.

WOMEN can earn as much as Men

Practical Correspondence School, 113K Pearl St., New York

LAW

Leading Law School in Correspondence Instruction
Est. 1892

Prepares for the Bar. Three Courses: College, Post-Graduate and Business Law. Classes begin each month. Send for catalog giving rules for admission to the bar of the several States.

The Greatest Correspondence Law School in the World
Chicago Correspondence School of Law
505 Reaper Block, Chicago

CLASS PINS

Medals, Badges, Fraternity Pins, Watches, Rings and Jewelry. Handsomely illustrated catalogue with attractive prices mailed free. Dorrety, Dept. C, Boston, Mass.

Copyright, 1899, by Notman, Boston

Power Comes From Knowledge

An individual who does not care to know never rises in the world.

Power comes from ideas set in motion.

If you have lost all desire to learn, you are on the down-grade.

It is only a question of time before an energetic knowledge-seeker will step ahead of you.

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

The Harvard Classics

This collection of books contains, within the limits of an ordinary bookshelf, all the essentials of a liberal university education.

You know the story of the Five-Foot Shelf — how Dr. Eliot, Ex-President of Harvard University, rounded out a long career as America's foremost educator by producing this great work. Its publication was historic; it is a work without parallel in literature.

New Popular Edition at a Popular Price

We have just issued a Popular Edition of the Five-Foot Shelf that will be sold at a popular price and on easy terms.

In publishing the Popular Edition we are carrying out Dr. Eliot's original idea of producing a set of books that could be sold at a price that would put them within easy reach of the average American.

Have You Seen Our 64-Page Book?

Sent Free We have printed a handsome descriptive book, which gives all the particulars of the Harvard Classics. This 64-page book will be sent free to you, if you are interested in this famous library. Simply mail the coupon cut from this advertisement.

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Inc.
Publishers of Good Books
416 West 13th Street
New York City

P. F. Collier & Son, Inc. 12-7-12
416 W. 13th Street, New York
Please send to me by mail, free of charge, the 64-page book describing The Harvard Classics, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.
Name.....
Address.....

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

DECEMBER 7, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME FIFTY NO. 12

P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED, PUBLISHERS
ROBERT J. COLLIER, *President* FRANKLIN COB, *Treasurer*
E. C. PATTERSON, *Vice President and General Manager* CHARLES E. MINER, *Secretary*
416 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, $5.50 a year. Canada 12 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, $6.80 a year. Christmas and Easter Special Issues, 25 Cents

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THE CENTURY FOR 1913

Inside History of the Past Half Century by Famous American Editors

THE *intimate ring of the word of the participant,*— this is the key-note of THE CENTURY'S new series, the "After-the-War" Papers. In these, the events of the last fifty years which have had a compelling influence on the life of the nation are discussed by famous editors, most of whom were actors in the dramas they describe.

AMONG the early papers will be: "The Aftermath of Reconstruction," by Clark Howell, of The Atlanta Constitution; "The Return to Hard Money," by Charles A. Conant; "The Hayes-Tilden Crisis," by Colonel Henry Watterson; "Cleveland's Triumph over Blaine," by Melville E. Stone, of the Associated Press; and "Recollections of Four Conventions," by William Jennings Bryan.

¶ The "After-the-War" Papers will be the historical feature of THE CENTURY for 1913.

The Balkan War Zone

From a land of peculiar current interest, Jules Guérin has brought back a number of magnificent illustrations, in full color, for Robert Hichens' remarkable account of his journey in the Balkan War Zone. These papers, by the master interpreter of the East, throw an interesting light on a people and a land little understood by the Western world of to-day.

¶ They will be a notable feature of THE CENTURY during 1913.

The Trade of the World

Of special interest to business men. James Davenport Whelpley, the Government expert, will continue this most significant series, giving authoritative information on the trade of Northern Africa, China, Japan, Russia and Canada.

What Pierre Loti Thinks of America

of the French Academy

The great poet and novelist will recount his impressions of America, as he saw it on his recent trip. Arthur Christopher Benson, author of "From a College Window," will contribute a number of delightful essays.

A New Serial Novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett

This is the story of a New York newsboy who becomes an English landed proprietor. Every line will be read as eagerly as were "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "The Shuttle."

THE GIFT OF A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE CENTURY IS ONE THAT COMPLIMENTS BOTH GIVER AND RECEIVER

The Year $4.00. At all Booksellers or the Publishers

THE CENTURY COMPANY
Union Square New York

THE CENTURY
For 1913

¶ A MAGAZINE whose eighty-odd volumes spell achievement, leadership, and permanent value

¶ A MAGAZINE that has about it the spirit of beauty, and that rarest of qualities—charm

¶ A MAGAZINE whose pages bear the fresh stamp of significance and solid worth

¶ A MAGAZINE that is welcomed year after year into the homes that have known it in the past

CENTURY QUALITY means the best at all times

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Collier's

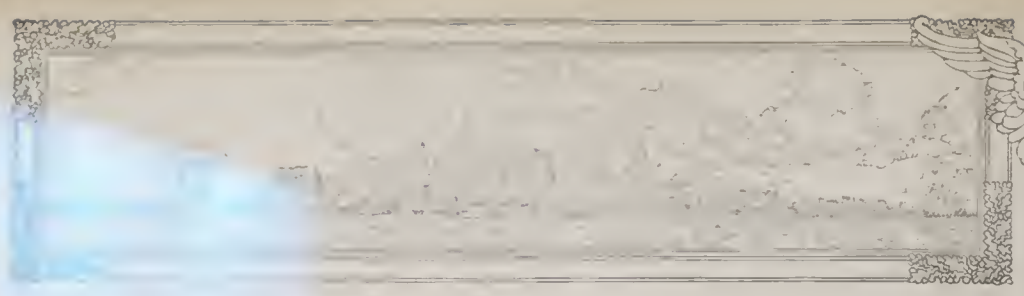
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR

A Suggestion



TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW

SOMEWHERE just emerging from college, or starting to practice law in a country town, are those young men who, twenty years from now, will succeed ROOSEVELT, BRYAN, WILSON, LA FOLLETTE, as the moral and political leaders of their generation. What will their issues be? The questions that agitate us now will have been settled. We think that one of these leaders will be a man who recognizes that alcohol is a poison and that prostitution in this country is quite largely a commercialized incident of the liquor business. Another will be a man who sees that taking money out of one man's pocket and putting it in another's is immoral, and that the character of the act is not changed by calling it a protective tariff.

ENLIGHTENMENT

WE HAVE HAD FREQUENT OCCASION to speak of the progressive opinions of the Court of Criminal Appeals of Oklahoma. Some lawyers question the wisdom of following the decisions of these newer States. We would remind such that the architecture of our best Western cities follows, not what was characteristic of New York fifty years ago, but what is characteristic of the metropolis to-day. Western tendencies are modern. A man charged with murder was recently convicted in Oklahoma of manslaughter and sentenced to a term of twenty-five years' imprisonment. The trial court erroneously instructed the jury on the doctrine of self-defense. The evidence showed that the deceased was shot in the back. Oklahoma's statutes, like those of many States, provide that on appeal the higher court must give judgment without regard to technical errors or defects or exceptions which do not affect the substantial rights of the parties. The Supreme Courts of many States have deliberately ignored this statute. Oklahoma is trying to live up to it. New York has the same statute exactly. In this case the Oklahoma court said:

> Upon a consideration of the entire record, we are of the opinion that, while the trial court erred as to the law, the jury were clearly right in the conclusion at which they arrived; *and that if any mistake was made, it was in convicting the appellant of manslaughter in the first degree, when they should have convicted him of murder.* . . . While there is error in the record, yet we find that appellant suffered no injury thereby.

Speaking of Appellate Courts which reverse cases because of the ignorance or mistaken judgment of prosecutors and trial judges, where a flawless new trial could result only in a like verdict, the court quotes from one of its former decisions these words:

> *We decline to be bound by or to follow a line of authorities so repugnant to reason, so demoralizing to respect for law, and so destructive to justice.* . . . We believe that Appellate Courts should faithfully and fearlessly do their duty, and decide every question presented with reference to the substantial merits of the case. In this way only can justice be administered.

Chief Justice HENRY FURMAN of the Court of Criminal Appeals of Oklahoma, who wrote this opinion in Fowler *vs.* State, 126 Pacific Reporter, page 831, was at one time one of the most celebrated criminal lawyers of northern Texas and the Indian Territory. When practicing he used, in the interest of his clients, every dodge and technicality known to the law. As a judge he has set his face against a system which he knows by experience is responsible in large part for the distrust in which the administration of justice in our criminal courts is rightly held by the public. In early life he was a common seaman, which may account for his common sense.

BID FOR A PENSION

IT HAS BEEN an amusing, if not an inspiring, sight to watch the canny little ironmaster measuring out his careful dole to the grave and reverend seigneurs who preside over colleges and libraries, in exchange for their scholarly chorus of gratitude and praise. The student of human nature may find innocent matter for a smile alike in the unctuous bearing of the giver and in the dignified eagerness of the recipient. But when our self-appointed Santa Claus proposes to feed the future ex-Presidents of the United States from the same ladle, when he proposes to make our public men the pensioners of the same tariff bounty which a careless generation showered upon him and upon which his boundless egotism has since been fed, the American people, in self-respect, must take the little man aside and whisper to him what a bumptious nuisance he has become.

THE STRANGER AT THE GATE

WE HAVE RECENTLY been publishing what we believe to be an admirable partial statement of a problem in industry and motherhood. HONORÉ WILLSIE'S articles have given a vivid restatement of the crisis in race continuance from lowered working efficiency, and a falling native birth rate. Not all of the truth could easily be compressed into a series of short articles. The whole truth would have stated that the very problems perplexing our intelligence are troubling England, where no such tides of immigration sweep in from over the Channel as drive across the Atlantic and tumble through our open sea gates. The problem is deeper than that eighteen millions of "aliens," largely from the south of Europe, have come among us in thirty years; and that, by their coming, the American workingman has been displaced by less efficient and more ignorant workers; and that, by this same process of swamping, the American wife has ceased to be a mother. Those very immigrant workers have a fund of good humor, idealism, valuable traditions, which could enrich our national life. They have in them the capacity for good citizenship. They are ready for hard work. Who that crosses in the steerage with a thousand immigrants, as the writer has done, and catches their eagerness for the new life, their trustfulness in the "goodness of life," and their belief in America as a place where men and women have a chance in free work, can doubt that they can be made an asset of the deeper life of the nation, as well as wage-earning units in digging the ditches and tunneling the roads of its far-flung industrial line! Many of them have a share of that pioneering and adventurous spirit which we celebrate in the original settler. The problem cannot be solved by resentment at their differences in speech and custom. They and we alike are here in a country of unplumbed resources, with land enough and work enough to "go around" and give returns of happiness. All together we must clear industry of overwork and underpay, keep unchoked the avenues to opportunity, protect the weak, encourage the strong into ways of wise achievement. But the fierce drive of modern industry is regardless of the kindly contribution which it is in the power of these newcomers to make. It is to meet this appalling waste of good values, of human life and welfare, that such a movement as the Progressive party is designed. To humanize industry, to safeguard the worker, to protect women and children, to bring joy back to work, such is a little of that program which a multitude of our citizens, of many races and creeds, are now resolute to enact in this present generation.

WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

SOME WEEKS AGO, at the height of the peach season, a farmer in Orleans County, N. Y., picked forty-one baskets and delivered them to the American Express Company, to be sold in an Eastern city at the best market price obtainable. In due time the express company accounted. They said that the shipment was three baskets short at the destination. For the remaining thirty-eight baskets they accounted as follows:

28 baskets @ 50c		$14.00
10 baskets @ 37½c		3.75
		$17.75
Less		
Express charges	$13.09	
Telegram to shipper	.50	13.59
		$4.16 net

"We enclose $4.16 for the amount," wrote the express company. Now this gives the farmer between 10 and 11 cents per basket for the shipment, which would hardly pay for the labor involved in picking the peaches. Obviously, the farmer wasn't satisfied, and would do better to let his peaches fall to the ground and rot. And yet there were a good many million people in the Eastern cities who were not able to get as many peaches as they would like to have. There is a pretty big problem here. Maybe the express company's share was not exorbitant; certainly the farmer's share was grossly inadequate. One fact noticeable is that the express company has control of the situation; they take their share whatever happens; the farmer gets what's left. In considering solutions, don't forget the suggestion that a good many people who live in cities and can't earn enough there to buy peaches might well get up and go where the peaches grow, which is also the place of fresh air, abundant food, and wholesome living.

GEOGRAPHY

THOUGH THE YEARS are long distant, we can still dimly see the face of our teacher, as with merciless severity she told us to bound Persia, mention its capital city and its most important rivers and manufactures. With clouded brain we would rise to our feet to choke out incoherently a series of astounding facts. In later years, spurred on by the reading of some history and biography, we have spent many hours over an atlas. We have consequently gained some knowledge of the physical make-up of the world and have found the study highly entertaining. It is a passive recreation, but it, too, has its moments of triumph, as when with unerring aim we show a confused neighbor the spot on the map where Salonica stands. To those adventurous spirits, who in the flesh are perhaps unable to answer to the Wanderlust, we offer the consolation of imaginary journeys to the ends of the world, seated on the magic carpet of modern times, the atlas.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE PAYNE-ALDRICH BILL?

WE HAVE BEEN FAVORED with a copy of a campaign booklet widely distributed throughout Michigan. Its title is:

"What One Friend Thinks of William Alden Smith,"

and it bears on Senator SMITH's present campaign for reelection. The subjoined anthology is our own extraction:

No written word can do justice to the inner personality of a great, good, typical, thoroughbred American gentleman and Christian; no rhetoric can reflect the affections that bind up friendships with bands of steel.

Be he of high or low station, be he rich or poor, WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH never turned a deaf ear to the petition of a constituent from home.

I have seen him sit by the hour and listen to the story of the humble widow whose husband perhaps died from honorable wounds incurred in the service of his country.

He fought Lorimerism and Stephensonism in the Senate tooth and nail.

Yet, in his success, whether public or private, he is the same old "WILLIAM ALDEN," or "WILL," or "BILLY."

We need to recount the story of his boyhood struggles, his triumphs over adversity.

He builded a home in California for his parents and gave it to them, so that their declining years might be blessed with the happiness and comforts of life beneath the golden glow of the rejuvenating West.

Never was there a more charming companion or a more interesting conversationalist.

As an orator he is sought from coast to coast—literally, he is among the nation's best. As a statesman he is appreciated far beyond the limits of this Commonwealth. His influence is tremendous, and it is invariably used on the side of right.

All very fine; and we should not like to seem so oversophisticated as to jeer either at the good man who possesses these qualities or the generous spirit of loyalty in which his friend sets them down. But Mr. SMITH is not merely a man; he is also a United States Senator, and what most impressed our hard old soul is the fact that the minute search which revealed these sentences did not uncover, from beginning to end, that common English word of Tripolitan derivation which is composed of the letters t-a-r-i-f-f.

THE HEARTS OF MEN

THE DAYS when the wandering minstrel sang his song and told his story by the yuletide board in the manor hall, and master and men, mistress and maids wept and laughed together, is gone forever. The sage, the story-teller, the singer of songs no longer stops on his gypsy way to make us merry and strengthen the bond of brotherhood with tears. But into our homes there comes a guest, as gay, as sad, as full of human sympathy and human fire as ever sat by a blazing hearth and strummed his battered harp. The story-writer touches the source of human emotion in the swarming life about him, and sends into a million homes his message of laughter and of tears.

MODERN TELLERS OF TALES

NO FOUR PERSONS are better fitted to express the spirit of common humanity that marks the Christmas season than Mr. DAVIS, Mr. BERGENGREN, Mr. FORMAN, and Mrs. RINEHART, who will have stories in the Christmas COLLIER'S, which appears next week.

BREAKING THE BLOCKADE

MANY OBVIOUSLY desirable reforms are not practically possible until other reforms, upon which they depend, have been worked out. The old 1851 Constitution of Ohio made hundreds of reforms impossible, no matter how much public sentiment was aroused. The new Constitution opens the way for the accomplishment of almost anything the people desire to have done. When the reform spirit learns to concentrate itself on the step that must be taken next in order, instead of trying to cross bridges that haven't been reached, the new era in our national life will be more of a fact and less of an oratorical figure.

THE CASE OF BECKER

THE NEW YORK policeman is blood-brother of the New York fireman. They are not only the same breed, they are the same family. And did you ever try to tip a New York fireman? Did you ever hear of one stealing anything from a burning house? Can you imagine one conspiring with an incendiary to profit by arson? A Lieutenant BECKER is inconceivable in the twin department of public safety on Manhattan Island. Simply inconceivable. Yet the two bodies of men—alike in courage but so unlike in public esteem—are the same seed fallen upon two different soils. That is what makes the situation so hopeful for reform. You are constantly assured that you cannot change human nature; that you cannot make people over by process of law. But if you cannot reform men by reforming the conditions that make men what they are, how is it that you can so easily debauch and degrade them by reversing the process?

THE PART THAT WHISKY PLAYS

AT THE LAST ELECTION West Virginia voted for a constitutional amendment, to take effect July 1, 1914, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquors in that State. The amendment was adopted by a majority of 91,000 votes. Only three counties out of fifty-five gave a majority against the amendment. The vote was a surprise. The large vote in favor of the amendment was no doubt due to a protest against certain corrupt conditions connected with the liquor traffic in some counties of the State. Saloon licenses were farmed out through the County Court, or Board of Commissioners, by certain firms who sought a monopoly of the traffic. No one not agreeable to these firms could secure a license from the County Court. The licensees were compelled to buy their supplies from these local firms at arbitrary prices. The saloon men themselves made little money. These local liquor rings controlled the politics of their counties, and it was the general belief that membership on the County Court was an open sesame to sudden wealth. In some cases the members of the court were charged with receiving large salaries from these liquor firms, in addition to the salary paid by the State. The County Courts and the local liquor monopolists were also accused of political alliances with coal-mine operators, who sought control of the courts, the prosecuting attorney's office, and other local offices. In many of the counties in the State the liquor interests did more to corrupt local politics and politicians than all other causes combined. It is safe to say that the liquor people themselves furnished stronger arguments for the amendment than all the preachments of reformers and evangelists. Some further account of political conditions in West Virginia will appear in COLLIER'S during the present month. And in due course we shall print a series of articles which will include, among other aspects of the liquor business, its control of law and the instruments of justice in some communities.

A PLOT

SCENE—*Ally of several ocean beaches near New York in midwinter. Low dunes with the sand blown level from their crests like smoke in the sharp wind. Greenish-blue rollers, dusted with spindrift, crashing on the flat sand and breaking and spreading out in white foam. Over all a bright sun, blue sky, and clear, frosty air. In the distance a light pillar of smoke, at the base of which is a huge fire of driftwood, surrounded by a dozen humans, standing like so many penguins.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—*The above-mentioned penguins—men generally, and generally without so much as a wisp of bathing suit, burned from head to foot a coppery red, not only by the suns of the preceding summer, but by the wind and salt and baking driftwood fire around which they stand. From time to time they stroll slowly down through the surf—it is a slip in technique to hurry merely because the water is ice cold—swim round like walruses for a time, and then slowly, brushing the water from their well-built shoulders and chests, stroll back to the fire again. This rite they practice every Sunday in the year, rain, shine, or freeze.*

THE IDEA—*"Mixed bathers to marry—Four Polar Bears decide to wed four Snowbirds. Four young women members of the Snowbirds, a women's winter bathing club, and four men members of the Polar Bears, another winter bathing club, all of whom bathe each Sunday in the year at Brighton Beach, are to be married to-morrow night in Brooklyn. The four couples are, etc., etc."*—Extract from New York "Sun," November 18, 1912. Respectfully recommended to short-story writers in the outdoor idyllic, W. W. JACOBS's marine, and other veins.

THE WAYS OF ATROPOS

WE ONCE HAD an aunt, a very sweet but very timid aunt. Indeed, she was so timid that she spent all her gentle life in the little town of her birth, nor ventured into the cold world for fear of the awful perils which beset the wanderer by land and sea. All her brothers and her sisters, her nephews and her nieces, were adventurous and quite incorrigible, but it was Aunt FAITH's dearest boast that by her prudence they were dissuaded from their maddest enterprises. One summer they all set out for parts remote to pass their vacations in devious dangerous ways. One went to Europe over the briny deep, one hunted grizzlies in the Rockies, one explored Canada in a canoe, one sought gold in the Klondike, but not even the mildest of these expeditions tempted Aunt FAITH. Her timid heart quailed before such perilous adventures. So she stayed quietly in her peaceful home and prayed for the safety of the others. One breezy Sunday morning, as she was walking serenely to church with her Sunday-school Quarterly under her arm, a limb blew off an elm tree and stilled her gentle admonitions forever. And her brothers and her sisters, her nephews and her nieces, came home to honor her memory from the farthermost parts of the earth

THE ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

The Selection of the First, Second, and Third Elevens and the Review of the Season of 1912

By WALTER CAMP

	FIRST ELEVEN		SECOND ELEVEN		THIRD ELEVEN	
End,	Felton	of *Harvard*	Very	of *Penn State*	Ashbaugh	of *Brown*
Tackle,	Englehorn	" *Dartmouth*	Probst	" *Syracuse*	Shaughnessy	" *Minnesota*
Guard,	Pennock	" *Harvard*	Cooney	" *Yale*	Bennett	" *Dartmouth*
Center,	Ketcham	" *Yale*	Parmenter	" *Harvard*	Bluthenthal	" *Princeton*
Guard,	Logan	" *Princeton*	Kulp	" *Brown*	Brown	" *Annapolis*
Tackle,	Butler	" *Wisconsin*	Trickey	" *Iowa*	Devore	" *West Point*
End,	Bomeisler	" *Yale*	Hoeffel	" *Wisconsin*	Jordan	" *Bucknell*
Quarter,	Crowther	" *Brown*	Pazzetti	" *Lehigh*	Bacon	" *Wesleyan*
Half Back,	Brickley	" *Harvard*	Morey	" *Dartmouth*	Hardage	" *Vanderbilt*
Half Back,	Thorpe	" *Carlisle*	Norgren	" *Chicago*	Baker	" *Princeton*
Full Back,	Mercer	" *Pennsylvania*	Wendell	" *Harvard*	Pumpelly	" *Yale*

FELTON, *Harvard*—End.

Felton of Harvard has been a long kicker ever since he played on his freshman team, and has been steadying down yearly until this season he kicks very much like his master, Haughton, with somewhat increased distance. His kicks are long and high, so that the ends, with their difficult task of getting down the field, regard him with heartfelt gratitude. But his kicking alone did not assure him the position on the All-America team. His work in the position itself, not only in boxing the tackle but in defense, is steady and sure.

BOMEISLER, *Yale*—End.

Bomeisler of Yale outclassed any other end this season, as he did last. With speed, judgment, and power, he offered the ideal combination, and when he covered Flynn's kicks, going more than sixty yards, it was a spectacle well worth seeing. He was kept for the work in his two big games, and, although short of practice, seemed no less a master of his position.

ENGLEHORN, *Dartmouth*—Tackle.

Englehorn of Dartmouth was a good all-round tackle, and had the quality, which counts for much in this position especially, of playing better in his big games than in practice. His work in the Harvard game was excellent, aggressive, fast, and yet not blind.

BUTLER, *Wisconsin*—Tackle.

Butler of Wisconsin was the best tackle in the Middle West this year, and that is saying a good deal, as there were not only team mates of his but men like Trickey of Iowa and Samp of his own team pushing him for the place. He was powerful, active, and excellent at sizing up plays, good at blocking his man, and dangerous in his breaking through.

LOGAN, *Princeton*—Guard.

Logan of Princeton played a steady, consistent game, and that steadiness is the vital essential for a guard under the modern rules. One could rely on Logan to take care of his little section of the line, and do it every time and in every game. His team mate, Shenk, became also a brilliant performer toward the end of the season.

PENNOCK, *Harvard*—Guard.

Pennock of Harvard was another of those dependable guards that one needs to properly complete the middle arch of defense. He was also good in carrying his charge through, very watchful, resourceful.

KETCHAM, *Yale*—Center.

Ketcham of Yale justified his selection of last season. He is far and away ahead of any other center in the country in his general field work. Ketcham this year has been even more active than last season. So many times he has tackled the runner down the field that he is mistaken for an end, and so many times he has stopped a runner as he came through the line as to be mistaken for a secondary defensive man.

Thorpe
Half Back, Carlisle

CROWTHER, *Brown*—Quarter.

Crowther of Brown is a fitting successor to the list of quarter backs Brown has developed. Small but well put together, he carried himself splendidly in the running game, was cool and collected, a first-class catcher of punts, and, best of all, of good judgment in his selection of plays and men

BRICKLEY, *Harvard*—Half back.

Brickley of Harvard proved himself the star of back field this season, running as strongly in straight line plunges as his team mate, Wendell, and was even better in plays off tackle. Finally he also proved himself a drop kicker of such accuracy and quickness as to be dangerous from any point inside the fifty-yard line. That is something of a reputation to possess, but Brickley earned it, and with it the place on the All-America for 1912.

THORPE, *Carlisle*—Half back.

Thorpe of Carlisle showed once more this year the greatest individual prowess of any back on the gridiron.

When I selected him last year I believed him capable of all this from his work of previous years. This season he has demonstrated in every department.

MERCER, *Pennsylvania*—Full back.

Mercer of Pennsylvania, although playing on a team that during the early part of the season was suffering defeat after defeat, kept pounding away, and, as a result, really improved on his game of last season. He was strong enough for a line plunger and, at the same time, fast enough for an end runner, and had a good change of pace to take him around the end.

THE ANALYSIS

THE first eleven as described thus offers, when lined up, the following combination:

Bomeisler of Yale on one end and Felton of Harvard on the other; Ketcham of Yale at the middle of the line, guarded by Pennock of Harvard and Logan of Princeton, with a pair of tackles in Englehorn of Dartmouth and Butler of Wisconsin, the former one of the most aggressive men on the gridiron this season, and the latter tremendously powerful and experienced. We should have a line that would take a lot of beating. With a back field consisting of Brickley of Harvard, Thorpe of Carlisle, Mercer of Pennsylvania, driven and handled by that little star, Crowther of Brown, the eleven would be a close match for any former All-America team.

There are a few words to say about these selections to show how close and difficult they have been. Although Bomeisler and Felton make the first team, Very of Penn State, Ashbaugh of Brown, Hoeffel of Wisconsin, and Jordan of Bucknell stand close to them, with Torbett of Michigan, Wagner of Pittsburgh, Jourdet of Pennsylvania, Eyrick of Cornell, Gilchrist of the Navy, and Markoe of the Army well worthy of consideration.

In the tackle positions, although Englehorn and Butler secure the places, Probst of Syracuse, Trickey of Iowa, Devore of West Point, and Shaughnessy of Minnesota were all very much in the running, with Hitchcock and Storer of Harvard, Phillips of Princeton, Guyon of Carlisle, Samp of Wisconsin, and Warren of Yale close up.

The guard position was particularly difficult of selection, and was made only after careful consultation with opponents of the various men. Pennock and Logan secure the places, with Kulp of Brown, Brown of Annapolis, Cooney of Yale, and Bennett of Dartmouth all having a look in, closely pressed by Trumbull of Harvard, Ostrum of Minnesota, Siefert of Occidental, and Shenk of Princeton.

In the center position the justification of the selection of Ketcham last season was confirmed by his work this year. Parmenter of Harvard pressed him even more closely than Bluthenthal of Princeton, with [illegible] on of Michigan, Robin[illegible] f Minnesota, and Bergie[illegible] ne Indians under consid[illegible]

Mercer
Full Back, Pennsylvania
Copyright by E. J. Reily

eration. The choice for quarter was very difficult, as of the three men on the team, Crowther of Brown, Pazzetti of Lehigh, and Bacon of Wesleyan, each has special characteristics for the position, and if my first string man, Crowther, met with an accident, Pazzetti would fill the bill thoroughly, and I would still have another first-class man and a good kicker as well in Bacon of Wesleyan. There were other good quarters in the season—Costello of Georgetown, McKissick of Swarthmore, Gardiner of Harvard, Miller of Penn State, Butler of Cornell, and a number of others.

In the back field the first string selection is especially powerful at any line of the game with Brickley, Thorpe, and Mercer. Morey of Dartmouth, Pumpelly of Yale, Wendell of Harvard, Baker of Princeton, Hardage of Vanderbilt, and Norgren of Chicago would all show up brilliantly when put in Flynn of Yale was the longest kicker and fastest man of the year, but was given no plays to disguise his attack.

It seems hard, indeed, for the enthusiast who loves good football not to make mention of hundreds of other players in the various positions who only missed recognition by a small margin, but space forbids. Yet a few back-field men must be mentioned because they did so well. Burwell of Norwich, O'Connor of Cornell, Gieg of Swarthmore, Toolan of Williams, Hudson of Trinity, Thompson of Michigan, Van Riper of Wisconsin, Eigenglaub of Notre Dame, all these are first-class.

Crowther
Quarter, Brown

RULE CHANGES WERE JUSTIFIED

IF EVER there were a complete justification of rule making in football, it certainly was demonstrated in the season just passed. For two years old players, coaches, and a large part of the really discerning football public had begun to protest against the barren and futile attempts of one team to score upon another when the two were anything like equal in ability. "A team must be thirty per cent better than their opponents in order to win" was the general consensus of opinion.

When the writer advocated the rule allowing four tries in which to gain ten yards, there was some contention that an attempt was being made to revive the old mass play and hammering features, taking away all the interesting part of open running. When the rules were finally adopted they were still further criticized for being made for the "fat boy."

They were made and based on a very careful study of the situation which for a year or so had made it impossible for a team, although somewhat better than an opponent, to win unless its superiority was tremendously marked. Those who really cared for good football were tired of seeing neither team able to show superiority or, at any rate, to register that superiority on the score board.

It was promised that these rules would do away with

Brickley
Half Back, Harvard

Felton
End, Harvard

Englehorn
Tackle, Dartmouth

Pennock
Guard, Harvard

Ketcham
Center, Yale

Logan
Guard, Princeton

Butler
Tackle, Wisconsin

Bomeisler
End, Yale

this condition, would not increase injuries, and would make a game that would be interesting to spectator and player alike. Surely this season has proved the merit of this contention. The casualty list is small, the interest was never greater, the game appeals to the players and spectators, and not for years has there been so little criticism.

If the football season of 1911 was one of weird happenings, what term is there left to describe the season of 1912?

Beginning with alterations in rules of greater import than any changes that had been made for several seasons, September found coaches and players inclined at first to consider but one point of these many alterations as of any great effect on the game. That point was the addition of an extra down in which to gain the necessary ten yards.

It is safe to say that nine out of ten people thought this change would, in its results, be confined almost exclusively to the line-plunging game. It was difficult to make the average football man see that this alteration would be much more far-reaching than this, as it would inevitably affect the generalship, not only of each individual game but also of the campaign itself. In the old game of three trials to advance the ball the quarter back was practically limited to one down, either for experimental purposes or to place his opponents in such a position on the advance as to render his second play more effective. The condition of the extra down, instead of adding, therefore, only about 25 per cent of possibilities to the tactics of the quarter-back position, really helped nearly 100 per cent, for it enabled him to take chances of experiment on two downs instead of one down, and, when there was added to this the possibilities of an unlimited forward pass, it still further increased the quarter back's opportunity to show generalship and headwork.

THE AWAKENING

THEN again, and along the same line, came a new development which, although anticipated by but few, proved in actual playing to be of cardinal importance. That was the conservation of energy. In fact, while the new game at the first blush seemed to encourage very materially line plunging because it did actually offer a possibility to a team of going two and a half to three yards at a down straight down the field one-half or even two-thirds of its length for a touchdown, it brought with that possibility a corresponding penalty of exhaustion upon which very few coaches had counted. When it came to actual games this effect became still more marked. By the first week in November it had been shown, not by one game but several, that a team starting off to pound its way down to the opponents' goal line by sheer force was indeed not only able to accomplish this march once but in some cases twice or even three times, and secure by this means what seemed to be a commanding lead by the end of the first half. Then came the penalty, for teams having done this against elevens their equal match in strength, found themselves in a position of a man who undertakes to run a mile race and completes the first half in record-breaking, half-mile time. He may have a lead over his opponents at that point in the race, but he goes back fast during the last half mile and is likely to be defeated by the time the tape is reached. The scores of these first halves ranged from seven or ten points to even as much in one case as twenty-one, and yet the teams with such leads were eventually defeated, their opponents scoring more in the second half than they had lost in the first half.

But there was another feature of the play still to be considered, and that was the remarkably easy way in which ground could be made on the forward pass if the passes were cleverly devised and well executed. A team would go from mid-field down to the goal line in two or three such passes, and that without any effect at all upon its endurance. It was simply a question of one or two men running twenty or thirty yards at a time with no opposition. Those who had contended that old-fashioned straight plunging football would come to its own again, and that the forward pass would be supplanted by the line-plunging game, or that the defense to forward passes would render these latter plays ineffective, found themselves completely at sea by the first of November. Almost every Saturday found some team bringing off the unexpected in this fashion.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE NEW GAME

THE wise ones began to see a new light, and the first step and most effective was to come back to the cardinal principles of the old game, namely, that it paid better to kick in one's own territory and save the power and strength of the attack for execution when in the opponents' territory. At the same time it was possible in this way to save both line and backs for defensive work rather than to pound the life out of them with straight short gains beginning in what should be defensive territory. In other words, the mile runners no longer took the chance of running the first half as fast as they could at an exhaustive pace and trusting to the lead thus acquired to bring them home winners.

In addition to these discoveries being made as to the effectiveness of the play, there were upsets and surprises in results that have not been equaled in any previous season. Teams that had shown the right to be considered at least in the upper class of football found themselves suffering defeat after defeat at the hands of teams which had formerly furnished only practice games. Those who had predicted that there would be no greater scoring under the new rules than had been piled up under the old began to run for cover when they found the points mounting up in astonishing fashion.

Princeton started out with a highly developed attack dependent largely upon speed. Their scores ran 65, 41, 35, 31, 62, 22 up to the time of their meeting Harvard. Rutgers and Dartmouth did each score a touchdown against Princeton, however. When Princeton met Harvard, the Tigers found their fast game was exhausting rather than effective against a strong defense which up to that time they had not met, and, although they led at the intermission by a score of 6 to 3, Harvard had outgeneraled them by trusting almost entirely to kicks when in its own territory, and a fatal mistake made by Princeton in giving Harvard the wind at the beginning of the second half or third period completed the disaster for them, because it permitted Harvard, by means of the wind and the kicking game as already described, to immediately put Princeton on the defensive. The result was that Harvard ran up 13 points in the second half, winning the game by a score of 16 to 6. Princeton ended the season by a tie with Yale at 6 to 6.

Penn's history up to the time of the Michigan game was a series of disasters, beginning with the Swarthmore game, when the Quaker players were beaten 6 to 3; followed by the Brown game, in which they were beaten 30 to 7; Lafayette game, in which they were beaten 7 to 3; and Penn State game, in which they lost 14 to 0. In their game with Michigan the Westerners secured a lead of no less than 21 points. In that game Penn, profiting by costly experience, let the Wolverines tire themselves out by steadily hammering, once for half the length of the field, and again by a succession of plunges for four-fifths the length of the field. Penn then, by resorting to forward passes, not only succeeded in almost tying the score, bringing it 20 to 21, but capped the climax by a remarkable run of Marshall's for half the length of the field for the winning touchdown. In the Indian game Penn won by an almost similar work, 34 to 26.

HEARTBREAKING EXPERIENCES

THE Navy players had been going through the same experience as Penn. Lehigh defeated them 40 to 0, Swarthmore 21 to 6, Bucknell 17 to 7, before they began to look at the game from a more modern view.

Cornell men were having an even more heartbreaking experience. Colgate defeated them 13 to 7, Oberlin 13 to 0, Penn State 20 to 6, Williams 24 to 10, and that, too, when Cornell in the end of the first half was in the lead, 10 to 0. Dartmouth completed the rout by a score 24 to 0. Michigan, conquered by Penn, then took revenge on the Ithacans, 20 to 7.

The attack in the new game, as might have been expected, suited the Carlisle Indians with their development of trick and formation plays, crisscrosses and forward passes. The Indians had with these methods a scoring aggregation of wonderful power, but their defense was not nearly as highly developed as their attack. Albright scored a touchdown on them, Pittsburgh scored 8 points, Georgetown scored 20, Lehigh scored 14, and the Army scored 6, but the Indians had, meantime, scored over 360. The Indians then made a visit to Toronto and showed the Canadians something of their prowess, not only winning from the old boys up there in the American intercollegiate game but, playing under the Canadian rules during the last period, defeated the Toronto team at its own game by a score of 5 to 1. Then they defeated the Army 27 to 7, only to lose to the previously despised Penn team, as already stated, 34 to 26.

Up to this time, namely, the middle of November, Yale's was the only team whose goal line had not been crossed, but Yale's attack was tinged with a sameness of play and lacked anything like the variety characteristic of some of the others. Yale's scoring had been light. The only time when the sons of Eli had reached 20 was in a game against Syracuse. Twice field goals had been secured against the Blue, but otherwise it had held opposing teams at arms' length. Harvard's goal line had been crossed by Brown and Princeton, and some three field goals had been made upon the Crimson, but its attack had shown greater versatility and power than had Yale's. Yale then went into the Princeton game the favorite. The Blue was supposed to have an undisclosed attack. It did not produce it, and up to the very last moment of the game was apparently defeated. Then Pumpelly, a substitute back, went in and kicked a drop from the fifty-yard line, which tied the score at 6 to 6. This was followed the next week by an overwhelming defeat at the hands of Harvard, 20 to 0, in a game in which Yale's only redeeming feature was a fourth-period brace in which, by shift plays, it carried the ball two-thirds the length of the field.

LEADERSHIP DECISIVE EAST AND WEST

HARVARD thus decisively won the title to leadership in the East, while Wisconsin, holding Minnesota scoreless and twice crossing the "Gophers'" goal line, won, 14 to 0, the Western honors, Chicago, by defeating Minnesota, taking second place. Lehigh did some excellent work, beating Swarthmore 3 to 0 and Annapolis 14 to 0. The Lehigh men had their worst beating at the hands of Princeton, 35 to 0.

The games of special interest in the various sections were the defeat of Trinity by Wesleyan, 13 to 0, in which Bacon, the Wesleyan captain, did some very good work; a very close game between Swarthmore and Bucknell, which Swarthmore won, 14 to 13; the defeat of Pittsburgh by Washington and Jefferson, 14 to 0; the victory of Georgetown over West Virginia, 16 to 13; the success of Colgate in defeating Syracuse, the conqueror of Michigan, by a score of 7 to 0; Williams's victory over Amherst, 12 to 0; Nebraska's defeat of Kansas, 14 to 3; and Alabama's tie game with Sewanee, 6 to 6. The Vanderbilt players made a splendid record in the South and, although tired with their long trip, made a fine impression in Harvard's stadium, where they lost to Harvard by a score of 9 to 3.

COLLIER'S ALL-WESTERN FOOTBALL TEAM

The Annual Selection from the Great Universities of the West for the Season of 1912

By E. C. PATTERSON

Butler
Tackle, Wisconsin

Shaughnessy
Guard, Minnesota

Des Jardien
Center, Chicago

Keeler
Guard, Wisconsin

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Trickey
Tackle, Iowa

ALL-WESTERN FOOTBALL TEAM

Hoeffel	*End*	*Wisconsin*
Butler	*Tackle*	*Wisconsin*
Keeler	*Guard*	*Wisconsin*
Des Jardien	*Center*	*Chicago*
Shaughnessy	*Guard*	*Minnesota*
Trickey	*Tackle*	*Iowa*
Pontius	*End*	*Michigan*
Gillette	*Quarter Back*	*Wisconsin*
Van Riper	*Half Back*	*Wisconsin*
Craig	*Half Back*	*Michigan*
Tanburg	*Full Back*	*Wisconsin*

TO THE University of Wisconsin's football eleven all honors for this season are given. The players making up this eleven were in a class by themselves when it came to welding together the old and the new game. The eleven as a whole was one of the best football machines seen on the Western gridirons for a long time, and its claim to the Western championship is not only undisputed but overwhelming. It went through the season without a defeat and played as brilliantly at the start as at the finish. The victories over the other conference teams were decisive, not to say crushing, although, with the possible exception of Minnesota, they were due in a large measure to the weakness of its opponents.

Wisconsin was possessed of natural football talent at the start, and what the individuals lacked in skill was soon instilled by the tireless efforts of Coach Juneau, a former Wisconsin star. Although not an untried coach when he took charge of the eleven, still Juneau must be regarded as the coaching sensation of the year in the West. He made good at once, ably assisted by "Germany" Schulz, the former Michigan star. There had been a lack of college spirit, especially in athletics, at the University of Wisconsin for several years. Juneau, at the outset, was able to infuse new life.

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Hoeffel
End, Wisconsin

In its march to the championship the team did not encounter the opposition expected early in the season, it is true, but this should not detract from its all-around, consistent work. Outside of Minnesota, the rest of the conference colleges went went down like tenpins. Minnesota, with a more or less green team, offered stiffer opposition, but the score of 14 to 0 was decisive enough to satisfy the most critical. Chicago was wholly unable to stop the wearers of the cardinal. Stagg's eleven improved later on, but at its best few believe it could have done much better than it did against that grinding attack of Wisconsin. Northwestern played an in-and-out game all season, as did Illinois. Purdue was probably a little stronger than Illinois, and Indiana had a disastrous season from the start. Iowa showed flashes of speed, probably its best game being the defeat of Ames.

Craig
Half Back, Michigan

The disappointment of the season was the University of Michigan. For once the famed Wolverine machine seemed rusty and slow. Coach Yost was on the job once more, but for some reason or other he never could get that old dash and spirit into the team. It is true, Michigan won the final game, beating Cornell by a one-sided score, but this did not count for much, considering the disastrous season of the Ithacans. Michigan's game with Pennsylvania was a travesty and showed that there was something distinctly wrong with the Westerners. With the score 21 to 0 in favor of Michigan at one stage of the game, Pennsylvania not only caught up but defeated the Wolverines by one touchdown.

In this connection it might be brought out that matters have not progressed satisfactorily at Ann Arbor since Michigan pulled out of the conference several years ago. The Wolverines undoubtedly have concealed their real feelings behind a mask of seeming contentment, but there has been no peace of mind in University circles. The alumni from the start did not approve of Michigan's act in pulling out, and several abortive attempts have been made to get the institution back. The College Conference, however, stood on its dignity and refused to invite Michigan back, and there the matter rests.

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Gillette
Quarter Back, Wisconsin

Tanburg
Full Back, Wisconsin

The Westerners have discovered that their attempt to enter into relations with Eastern colleges have not caused the commotion expected. Had they made a mark on the gridirons and on the cinder paths in the East it might have been different, but such has not been the case.

In the West the chances are that Michigan would have been defeated by Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Chicago. With such a showing, is there any excuse for Michigan's attitude? Ask the most active among its alumni. In the East not one-tenth cheer for the Westerners, regardless of their prowess. In the West, especially in Chicago, probably fifty per cent of the rooters would yell themselves blue in the face for Michigan.

FOOTBALL presented many peculiarities and contrasts this year in the West. Every team had some marked weakness, and I would not even except the Badgers in this, although they were able to make what at the beginning of the season looked a weak line into a strong one.

This brings us to the most startling feature of the season's play, the almost total absence of a really great lineman. Critics have argued that the present game does not develop great guards or tackles, but I differ in this. There are, in my opinion, just as many opportunities for a lineman to show his worth at the present game as there ever were in the old—and the style of game in the East bears this out. There was an absolute lack of strong guards, and it becomes necessary to "borrow" from some other position in order to make the line representative of the best in football talent.

Pontius
End, Michigan

It was different in the back field. A large number of stars cropped out, especially at the half-back positions. There was a scarcity of good full backs, and shifty quarter backs were not numerous, although none of the teams suffered particularly in this respect. The ends were also weak in the majority of instances.

Captain Hoeffel of the University of Wisconsin was probably the best end in the West, although he did not play as hard as he did the year before. His responsibilities as leader undoubtedly had something to do with that. Hoeffel is a fast man, is as good on the defensive as on the offensive, and starred at breaking up interference. He goes down on punts with the best, and is a sure tackler. For Hoeffel's team mate at the other end, Pontius of Michigan not only fills the bill but here was undoubtedly a star end. The work of Pontius was one of the bright features of the otherwise ragged play of the Wolverines. He was one of the most valuable men on the team, fast and heady, never quitting, a sure tackler, as well as otherwise strong on the defense. I would mention two other ends almost as good as the other two—Vruwink of Chicago and Ofstie of Wisconsin. Vruwink was the best man in the West on the receiving end of a forward pass, but he lacked in experience.

Van Riper
Half Back, Wisconsin

Co yright by McKillop

There are several good tackles—Butler of Wisconsin, Shaughnessy of Minnesota, Trickey of Iowa, Winston of Purdue, and Davis of Indiana. Of the lot, Butler and Shaughnessy would be picked by the majority, but Shaughnessy's usefulness extends beyond tack'e,

(*Concluded on page 46*)

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE two most important subjects likely to come up during the present session will be the creation of a new Cabinet office (the tenth), the Department of Labor, and the bill to prevent the interstate shipment of liquor into States which have adopted prohibition. So many members of the present Congress will not be in the next, so much of preparation for the coming tariff session will be under way, so many questions of patronage and organization will beset the Democrats, that it will not be surprising if little that is important will be done during the ninety-one days of the present session.

SAPPING AND MINING

THERE is nothing more disturbing to confidence in the Democratic party than such a paragraph as this, which was printed in the New York "Times" as a dispatch from Boston:

"SIX DEMOCRATS STAND PAT

"MASSACHUSETTS CONGRESSMEN WILL OPPOSE LOWERING OF SHOE DUTIES

"BOSTON, Nov. 15.—Six Democratic Congressmen-elect from Massachusetts are on record as supporters of the present duty on boots and shoes.

"At a conference held in Mayor Fitzgerald's office to-day an agreement was entered into to oppose any reduction of this duty."

Maybe the duty on boots and shoes is already low enough; maybe nothing ought to be done about it. But suppose the Democratic members from Pennsylvania meet and agree to do all in their power to resist any change in the duty on coal. Suppose the newly elected Democrats from Ohio meet and bind themselves to resist any tampering with the duty on wool. Suppose the members from Alabama meet and pass resolutions of fidelity to the duty on iron and steel.

Certain very cautious operations are now under way on the part of what Senator Beveridge called "the invisible government." Concerning these maneuvers, nothing more forcible has been said than these words from the most powerful Democratic daily paper in the United States, the New York "World":

"Privilege naturally favors parties whose principles lead straight to cornered markets and shackled industry, but it never dies for the cause. Privilege is never a hero. When it is driven from one stronghold it seeks refuge in another. That various Democrats will now be honored by its attentions is morally certain. The longer action is delayed the more compelling these civilities are likely to be.

"The fate of a great party and a great national aspiration hangs upon the vigor with which deep-seated wrongs are now to be attacked. *If Democrats sleep upon their rights and their triumphs they are lost.* ***The sappers and miners of privilege are already at work.***"

Happily the honest and loyal Democrats in the new Congress are very much in the majority.

ONE BILL

ONE of the promises most definitely associated with the Democratic party is economy. Congress will have to vote, in a very short time, on a proposal to pay out eight million dollars a year to State troops (the National Guard) as a subsidy for work which those troops now gladly do for nothing. The bill which will have this effect has been reported favorably by the Committee on Military Affairs, the chairman of which is a Democrat, James Hay of Virginia. Conscientious members who give care to such matters believe that this bill will be the entering wedge of a régime of extravagance which will duplicate the pension scandals, and that the outlay, within ten years, will be a hundred millions a year. The motive behind this bill is composed partly of a narrow but honest patriotism, partly of easily understandable professional zeal on the part of some high-minded and earnest army officials, and partly of the wishes and work of large commercial interests which make money from the sale of the firearms and other articles that the National Guard consumes. The activity of the lobbyists of these interests and their success in stimulating the consumption of their goods is one of the less pleasant incidents of Washington life.

COMING

WITHIN the next five years there will be on the Federal statute books a Pure Fabric Law similar to the Pure Food Law. It will prevent adulteration and deception in cloth just as the Pure Food Law prevents it as to food.

WHAT OF THIS?

F. M. SIMMONS, United States Senator from North Carolina, has lately finished a successful campaign for reelection. In his speeches throughout the State he repeatedly uttered these words:

"If I am not made Chairman of the Finance Committee, I will resign from the Senate in 24 hours."

Chairman of the Finance Committee is the position Aldrich had. The incumbent of it has charge of the Tariff Bill and possesses an almost invincible power which he can use, secretly or openly, to affect tariff schedules.

Simmons was a member of the Committee on Resolutions of the Democratic National Convention at Denver in 1908. In that position he helped to write this plank of the platform, and later voted for it in the convention:

"We demand the immediate repeal of the tariff on . . . lumber, timber, and logs, and that these articles be placed on the free list"

Subsequently, within nine months, on six separate roll calls, Senator Simmons deserted the Democrats and voted *with* Aldrich and the Republicans, *against* free lumber, and *against* various reductions in the tariff on lumber.

Senator Simmons is a protection Democrat. He is a breaker of promises and a traitor to his party. By order of seniority he will be entitled to the chairmanship of the Finance Committee. But does seniority outweigh fidelity? What do the honest Democrats of the Senate think of Simmons as the Democratic Aldrich?

FROM PENNSYLVANIA

ONE among many noticeable incidents of the Progressive movement is its enlistment of scholars and teachers in politics. The Dean of the University of Pennsylvania Law School and a former Dean of the Columbia University Law School were on the committee that wrote the Progressive national platform. Of the two Progressive Congressmen elected from Pennsylvania, one is the teacher of Economics and History in Washington and Jefferson College, a man of the Woodrow Wilson type, but a nationalist rather than a believer in the Democratic tradition of State rights. Dr. Henry W. Temple will represent the counties of Beaver, Lawrence, and Washington. The completeness of the Progressive overturn is indicated by the fact that this district heretofore has been dominated by the liquor interests.

SIBLEY'S SUCCESSOR

THE Standard Oil citadel of Pennsylvania was the Twenty-eighth District—five counties along the New York border—Elk, Forest, Mercer, Venango, and Warren. Standard Oil was born in this district more than thirty years ago. For very many years the district was represented by Joseph C. Sibley, made famous lately by the Standard Oil letters. This district will be represented in the next Congress by Willis J. Hullings of Oil City, elected on the Progressive ticket.

TOO BIG

WITHIN a very few years the people of the United States are going to focus their attention on the question of reducing the number of members in the Lower House. In the present Congress the number is 391; in the next the number will be greater by 44. The increase was made chiefly to accommodate Champ Clark. When it came to making a new apportionment, based on the census of 1910, it was observed that Missouri had failed to keep pace with other States in growth of population. If the number of Congressmen were kept at the old number, Missouri would have lost three, and the boundaries of Clark's own district would have been seriously disturbed. So an arbitrary figure was chosen which would just enable Missouri to keep its present quota of 16; this number happened to be 435. That is to say, it was done wholly upon considerations of public office, and not of public good. It was the least praiseworthy act done by the present Democratic Congress, and it almost wholly escaped public attention. The additional expense of 44 new members is the least harmful aspect of the change. It is pretty certain that the larger the body the lower will be the average ability and character of the personnel. A whole train of inefficiency and evil consequences, easily foreseeable, is going to come out of the enlargement of the House. The number of members in the First Congress, as apportioned by the Constitutional Convention, was 65. Thereafter the number was increased as follows:

1790-1800	106	1860-1870	243
1800-1810	142	1870-1880	293
1810-1820	186	1880-1890	332
1820-1830	213	1890-1900	357
1830-1840	242	1900-1910	391
1840-1850	232	1910	435
1850-1860	237		

That is to say, the two States of New York and Pennsylvania now have 14 more members than the Constitutional Convention thought it wise to assign to the whole country. It will be noticed that from 1830 until 1890 the number was actually decreased in spite of a great expansion in the country's population.

Wounded But Not Deserted

This photograph of a wounded Turk being helped on his way to the rear by a fellow soldier touches the common chord of humanity. Bravery and tenderness have been sung by the poets since songs first were made. No race has had a monopoly of the twin virtues; no strife of great war has been unrelieved by their presence. No imaginative painting could convey a greater idealism than is in this photograph, nor so keen a sense of actuality. The soldiers have felt stress of weather as well as that of battle. Their feet are wrapped in rough cloths

On the Way to the Front

The road to the south of Mustapha Pasha was filled for days with a continuous procession of men, siege guns, howitzers, and ox wagons filled with supplies and ammunition for the Bulgarian army before Adrianople. These wagons lumbered along over inexpressibly bad roads across the hills toward Adrianople accompanied by soldiers and camp followers. The army before Adrianople was hampered in the early siege by lack of heavy guns

Sharpshooters Harassing the Enemy

Servian volunteers carrying on a guerrilla warfare against the stragglers from a retreating Turkish column. Gliding from one rock to another, the members of this band of sharpshooters hung tormentingly upon the Turks, bringing down man after man from a safe distance

WHAT IS AN AMERICAN?

Part IV
The Making of the American Child

By HONORÉ WILLSIE

WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY, who is Professor of Economics in Harvard University, probably knows as much about races as anyone in the world. Like most men of scientific mind and training, his attitude toward the relative goodness and badness of the human family is dispassionate. This is what he says in an article on (American) "Race Progress and Immigration":

"The horde now descending upon our shores is densely ignorant, yet dull and superstitious withal. Lawless, with a disposition to criminality; servile for generations, without conception of political rights. . . . Yet there are distinctly encouraging features. These peoples in the main have excellent physical qualities in spite of unfavorable environments and political oppression for generations. No finer physical types than the peasantry of Austria-Hungary are to be found in Europe. The Italians, with an out-of-door life and proper food, are not weaklings. Nor even is the often slightly built Jew—the third great element in our present immigrant horde—an unfavorable vital specimen. . . . The highest obligation imposed on the Anglo-Saxon, by the presence of the alien in America, is that of political and social virtue."

Anyone who begins to study the immigration question usually starts with the prejudice that the present aliens are physically as well as mentally inferior to the early immigrants. But the more one investigates the matter, the more difficult one finds it to prove that a short dark man is inherently mentally and physically inferior to a tall blond man! Nor have the best of the scientists been able to prove that many of the south European races are servile, with a disposition to criminality, because of an unchangeable, inherited quality of mind, and not because of an overwhelmingly adverse environment.

We in America have taken for granted that environment and not brain quality was to blame. We have staked the future of our nation on this unproved point, and have let the matter go at that. We have believed that no matter how much we dilute the original stock, the ideas that this stock put forth must still prevail. Yet men of Professor Ripley's kind believe that if Anglo-Saxon institutions are to prevail in America, it is essential that the Anglo-Saxon set an example of "political and social virtue."

Just where the alien, ignorant, without conception of political rights, is to find political and social virtue in America on which to pattern himself is rather a nice question. Shall he look to industry—to the manufacturing, the mining, the railroad interests of the country? Shall he look to Congress or to the courts? Just how desirable a pace do our great institutions set for the ignorant alien? Just at what point is America vitally affecting the alien in the decision of lasting good citizenship?

JOHN AMES wanted to find this point. He eliminated industry and politics. He eliminated institutions that affect the adult as less vital than those which affect the children. For it seemed to him that the immigrant who is an adult, when he reaches America, cannot be fundamentally remodeled. While he may conform to American institutions, the ideal back of these institutions cannot become a vital part of his make-up, because he has had given him during his impressionable years the traditions of the old world. Ames knew that the great strength source of one of the greatest institutions the world has known, the Catholic Church, lies in its religious training of young children. The ideals that a child is taught before the age of fourteen become the essential part of his mental existence.

Ames started out to find what clean cut and direct ideals of citizenship the public schools have for children, and how thoroughly these ideals are impressed on the growing mind. He visited schools in the East and in the West—schools where native-born children predominated and schools practically filled by children born on the other side of the water. He listened to recitations, and he talked to children and to teachers and to parents.

He listened to a lesson in history in a grade where Italian children predominated. The youngsters were about twelve years old. The lesson was a review on the closing years of the Revolution.

"Now that we have finished the story of the war," said the teacher, a woman in her early thirties, "I want you to tell one lesson we learn from it. Pietro, you tell me."

Pietro, who was as beautiful as an Italian lad can be, which is extremely beautiful, rose with alacrity.

"It teaches us not to let any one tax us and not to let a king rule us."

"Do you all agree with Pietro?" asked the teacher, with patient brightness. The children wriggled and several hands went up. "Mavio, what do you think?"

An undersized boy rose. "It teaches us, Give us liberty or give us death. And you got to have lots of guns to do it, too."

"Leonardo, what is your idea?"

A HEAVY-FACED boy answered slowly: "It teaches that an American is the smartest fighter in the world."

"Now, children," said the teacher, "I will tell you myself, and I want you to listen attentively, for this is one of the questions for which you will be held responsible in examinations. The Revolution teaches us that right must triumph in the end. The cause of Liberty was right, so it triumphed. It teaches us that no man has a right to tyrannize over another. Now then, Pietro, what do we learn from the Revolution?"

Ames lingered about the school after hours, and captured the boy Pietro when he came whooping forth.

"Pietro," he said, "will you give me some help? I'm trying to find out what a real American is, and I'm asking everyone I know about it. What would you say was a real American?"

Pietro strode along with Ames, hands in pockets. Boys, handled in a simple man-to-man fashion, are usually very responsive, and Pietro scowled in his earnestness.

The ideals that a child is taught before the age of fourteen become the essential part of his mental existence

"A real American is one of the fellers whose folks were born in this country."

"Then you can't be an American?" asked Ames. "You nor your father?"

"Huh! Dad!" cried Pietro. "No, he'll never be anything but a Ginny! But I'll make money when I grow up and then I'll be an American, all right."

"How about those fellows who fought for America in the Revolution? Many of them were foreign born. Were they Americans after the war was over?"

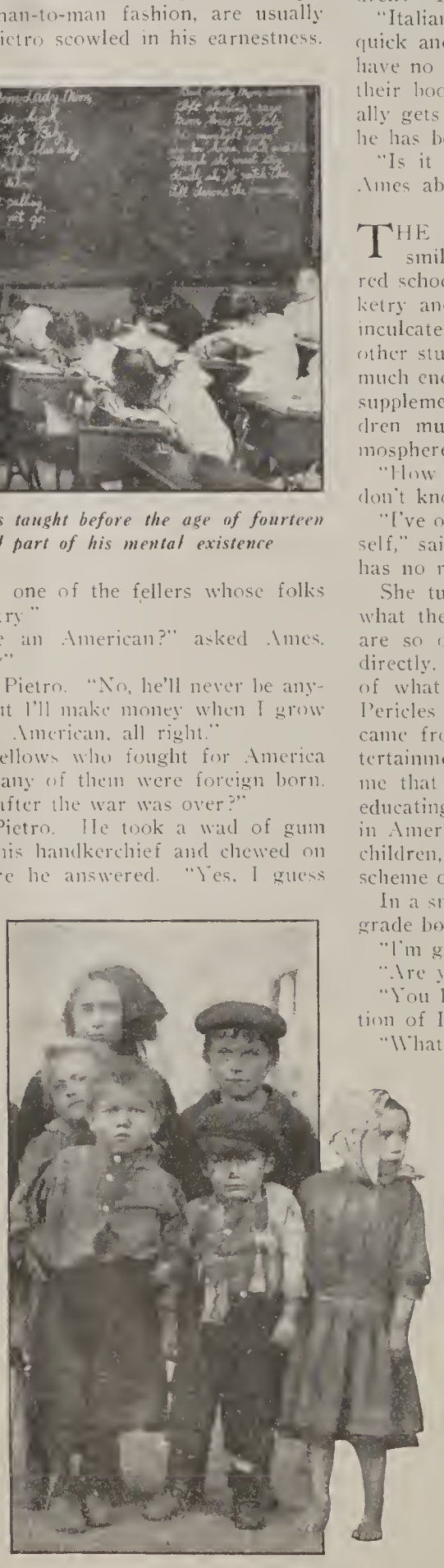
This was stiff for Pietro. He took a wad of gum out of the corner of his handkerchief and chewed on it a full minute before he answered. "Yes, I guess those men earned the right to be Americans. If you fight for a country, it's yours, all right."

"If this country went to war with Italy, which would you fight for, Italy or America?"

"America! Dad, he'd fight for Italy, but he couldn't make me even if I *was* born over there," said Pietro.

"But, if you can't be a real American, why would you fight for America?" insisted Ames.

"Aw, gee! I *like* this country. A feller can git to be anything he wants here, and I'm going to be richer than Rockefeller."



Teach them chastity. Teach them honesty. Teach them race responsibility

"But look here, Pietro. The teacher says that it's wrong for one man to tyrannize over another. How are you going to get so enormously rich and avoid that?"

"Aw, teacher!" replied the boy, looking up at Ames with eyes as soft as summer dusk. "She's nice, but she's a woman and she don't know anything about business. She's gotta talk that way, you know. All lady teachers do. I like to hear 'em, don't you? But a school-teacher can't teach business. In business you can't be thinking about liberty. You gotta think about how to make money. Dad says so. Everybody says so. Say, Mister, what do you say a real American is?"

"Pietro," parried Ames, "are you a Boy Scout?"

"Yup!" answered Pietro.

"Well, when you see your scout master, you tell him about our conversation, and ask him to talk to you boys about what makes a real American. He can do it better than I can."

When Ames left the boy, he went back to the schoolhouse. The teacher was just closing her desk.

"What difference do you find," asked Ames, "in teaching foreign children and so-called American children? Take your Italian children, for example."

"Italians are charming pupils, in a way. They are quick and sensitive and full of imagination. But they have no home background. All they get must be from their books and me. The Anglo-American child usually gets a good part of his education at home, where he has books, and parents who are cultured."

"Is it difficult to teach children citizenship?" asked Ames abruptly.

THE teacher looked at Ames intently. Then she smiled curiously. "This isn't the day of the little red schoolhouse, Mr. Ames. We teach algebra and basketry and history, and citizenship we are supposed to inculcate as we go along, to draw as a moral from the other studies if we teach it at all. But we're not given much encouragement, and it is very hard to find time to supplement an already crowded curriculum. The children must imbibe Americanism from the general atmosphere or get it at home."

"How about Pietro and Leonardo, whose parents don't know about citizenship?"

"I've often wondered about Pietro and Leonardo myself," said the teacher, "though the Board of Education has no rules telling me to do so."

She turned the key in her desk. "Don't ask a cog what the machine turns out. As long as we teachers are so overworked, we have no time to teach ideals directly. But I have no illusions as to the importance of what we have to leave out. You remember that Pericles thought that much of the greatness of Athens came from the fact that she 'gave all her citizens entertainments that educated the soul.' It has seemed to me that the Athens idea is the fundamental one for educating the class of children we have to handle here in America. But being only a grade teacher of young children, I have no influence whatever on the general scheme of education in America."

In a small Middle Western city, Ames asked an eighth-grade boy what he was going to be when he grew up.

"I'm going to be a business man," answered the boy.

"Are you an American?" inquired Ames.

"You bet! One of my ancestors signed the Declaration of Independence."

"What's your idea," asked Ames, "of a real American? What does he stand for in a general way?"

"Oh, he's a fellow who's born in this country. You can always tell an American boy because he's so much smarter than a foreigner."

"But what does he stand for?" persisted Ames. "What makes him smarter than the foreign boy?"

"Aw, he's born that way! Americans are the smartest people in the world. Look at all the rich Americans there are."

"NOW, look here, Billy," said Ames, "supposing I brought an Italian boy to you and said: 'Billy, show this kid how to be an American.' What would you do to him?"

"Well, I'd get him some good clothes and I'd teach him English, and I'd put him in school so he'd learn how to support himself, and then, let's see! I'd make a Boy Scout out of him."

"Why?" asked Ames, with interest.

(*Continued on page 32*)

THE FRIENDLIEST MAN IN ST. LOUIS

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

"BOB" HEDGES, as everybody in St Louis knows, is manager and part owner of the "Browns," that notorious baseball team which sometimes makes Missourians proud and sometimes makes them shed tears of grief and mortification. Well, Bob's motor car was headed for the baseball grounds one afternoon when he caught sight of a prosperous looking professional appearing man on the corner.

"Hello, Doctor," he called. "Come on out to the game."

The Doctor's face was a handsome one. The features were large and regular; the skin was dark olive; the hair and the bushy brows were of the rich black hue that belongs with such a complexion; while the eyes insurged against this color scheme by being blue—big and deep and rich in blue. Moreover, they sparkled, and the face, which in repose was singularly unlined, broke into a cascade of rippling smiles at the greeting of his friend.

"Come on out," urged Hedges.

THE Doctor paused and looked at his watch, hesitatingly.

"Come on, come on, come on," called Hedges, honking his horn in feigned impatience.

"Well, I believe I could spare the time," assented the Doctor, speaking in a rich mellow voice that was as smooth and soft as velvet, and yet had a hint of thunders in its depths. He climbed into the seat beside Hedges, who was driving. Introductions to the men in the tonneau followed. The new member of the party was soon deep in a discussion of the merits of the contending pitchers at the afternoon's game. But a block from the park the Doctor laid a hand on Hedges's arm.

"Bob," he said, in a sympathetic, half-regretful tone. "There's an old lady in here I ought to see for a moment. Couldn't you let me out here, and I'll come right over in a few minutes."

A shadow passed across Hedges's face, and he darted a searching look into the big blue eyes of his friend.

"I'll come right over," urged the Doctor, insistently. Hedges stopped the car. The Doctor got out and started toward a cottage on the corner of a bystreet.

"Who's your friend, Bob?" asked one of the men in the tonneau. "I don't quite get him. Jolly chap, though."

"That's the Rev. William J. Williamson," explained Bob, "pastor of a big church down town."

"Whew!" gasped the other man; "wonder if I made any breaks?"

"And we will never see him more," added Bob, rather dejectedly, for it was plain he liked the Doctor.

"Well," drawled another of the men, "not that I've got any yearnings for a minister in our box this afternoon, particularly if the game goes against us; but—I kind of like this guy! Say," he added, "what d'ye mean, 'We'll never see him more'?"

"I mean," explained Bob, as he headed his car into the parking place, "that he'll go in there to see Sister Jones or Sister Brown, and then he'll think of Grandma Smith over in the next block, and of little Johnnie from the Sunday school who's laid up with a broken toe; and he'll monkey round like that in sight of the park all the afternoon and never see the inside of it."

"Bet you're wrong; bet you he comes," retorted the man in the tonneau. "He looks like a live one to me. But say, Bob, how is it you're chummy with a preacher?"

"Nothing strange about that," retorted Hedges. "They're my kind of people. Why, I used to be the superintendent of a bush league Sunday school myself, back in Indiana, before I broke into the majors. Besides, I go to hear the Doctor preach sometimes. Everybody in St. Louis does in the course of a year, I guess. He's about the friendliest fellow going."

It was when Hedges was cranking up his machine to leave, after the game was over and the people were gone, that the Rev. Williamson appeared again in the offing. He approached slowly. His face wore a sheepish look, and there was an apologetic note in his voice as he asked:

"What's the score, Bob?"

NOW this was rather typical of Dr. Williamson's interest in sports. He loves baseball but seldom sees it. He is a newspaper fan.

And this man is a preacher? Yes, one of the most effective. But he is a man so simple one can hardly realize that he is great. His church has the largest Protestant auditorium in St. Louis. It is filled twice on Sunday. Men preponderate in the audiences. They hang upon his words. He melts them—sways them—thrills them—impels them to better ways of thinking and living.

Yet his greatest capacity is not for preaching. It is for friendship, for friendliness. The man was built for

The Rev. William J. Williamson, pastor of the Third Baptist Church of St. Louis

This is the second article of Mr. Macfarlane's new series, "Man-to-Man Preachers," the purpose of which is to complement the successful series on "Preachers in America" with vivid sketches of a number of extremely interesting men who both preach to their fellows and reach out for them. The subjects of ensuing articles will be:

The Rev. George W. Truett
of Dallas, Texas, who once a year rounds up the cowboys on the ranges

The Rev. Mark A. Matthews
of Washington and the Great Northwest, the Crusader of Seattle

The Rev. Francis L. Higgins
Missionary to the Lumberjacks of the Minnesota Northern Woods

The Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman
the man who revived Revivalism in America

friendliness. Big of body, broad of shoulder, deep of chest; there is room in him for a great heart, and when that heart is touched with sympathy or pity, the throb of it shakes his whole body as the pulse of the engine shakes the 300-horsepower racing machine. Honesty is in the marrow of the man. His big blue eyes are honest before they are blue; honest before a ray of light breaks out of them. The man is genuine. His smile is genuine. It is also broad; it cracks open the man to the very centers of character, a character as sweet and strong and pure as one may conceive in manhood.

NOR is he a mollycoddle. His hand is strong. His eye is quick. When a crank tried to plunge a dirk in his heart in his study at the church a few years ago, he seized the wrist of the hand that was raised to drive the gleaming weapon into his flesh, disarmed the man and bumped his head against the wall till all the fight was out of him. The patrol wagon was sent for; but while it was coming the Doctor used all his powers of reasoning and persuasion to induce the man to control himself, offering him liberty if he would promise to behave. But the fanatic was stubborn. Yet when he came out of jail, the Doctor was waiting for him with a sum of money and words of hope and sound advice. He has since reformed. Friendliness, you see, triumphs over the man's dangers, as it triumphed over his keen zest for the ball game.

But this capacity of the Doctor's for friendliness gets him strange associates; yes, and strange counselors at times. Indeed, it was upon the advice of a saloon keeper that Dr. Williamson, [illegible] his pulpit in Kansas City, where [illegible] people had been beating wider and [illegible] to his door, and came to St. Louis. [illegible] had been a burden upon the Doctor's mind. He saw the wider field, the greater opportunity—but, the friendships! He had not lived in Kansas City [illegible] without making them. One of the qualities of friendship is loyalty. The young clergyman hated to give up his friends—hated to leave them. His ministerial brethren, feeling the pull of affection, obsessed with the greatness and importance of their local field and sensing the power of this young Samson, urged him to remain in Kansas City. But the saloon keeper, that friend of another class, of whom most ministers would never make a friend, and to whom the preacher in his unfeigned simplicity had talked as naturally of what was troubling his mind, as he had to his ministerial brethren, said: "Why, Doc, there's more people that need savin' down there, ain't they? Go! You ain't afraid of the crowd, are you? Don't you suppose there's people down there that'll make good friends—people that need friendin'?"

AND then the saloon keeper told the young preacher a funny story that illustrated his point. But while both were laughing heartily, the man of the apron stopped—stopped very suddenly, and, laying an impulsively affectionate hand on the minister's shoulder, added: "Not that I won't miss you, Doc!" His voice was strange and broken. "I will miss you; I'll miss you like h—!"

And so Dr. Williamson came to St. Louis to live his gospel of friendliness. To live it? Yes, I put it that way. Dr. Williamson's preaching, which he thinks the greater part of him, is not the greater part. His preaching, strong as it is, is incidental. His sermons, powerful as they are, are a by-product. It is what spills out of his living gospel of friendliness that makes his sermons great.

As a St. Louis editor said to me: "He has no cant—no more cant than a codfish."

He does not merely preach; he practices. He pardons those whom he expects his Master to pardon. He loves men as, after the human fashion, a man must who would assume his Master's attitude toward them. He is without guile. He has an instinct for humanity. He is himself delightfully human. He enjoys the physical pleasures; a joke, a game, a good dinner. His interest in the whole broad range of life is keen and quick. He has acquaintance with the rich, yet keeps near the common folk. His father was a shoemaker. The boy learned the trade. He made the shoes he wore to college. He has always retained a practical interest in the practical things of life. He knows how mortar is made and how bricks are laid in the wall. He is interested in how surgeons stitch wounds and how druggists compound prescriptions, and how bankers make money. He can sit with two of his political friends while they plan a campaign and understand every move of the game, the significance of every detail. He will laugh softly, mellifluously, at the pettiness of some of their scheming, or look askance out of the baby innocence of his big blue eyes at what seems questionable or wrong to him. When the plans are finally closed it may be taken for certain that they will be on a higher plane and with a nobler underlying purpose than if the amiable Dr. Williamson had not been an almost silent member of the group.

BUSINESS and commercial organizations of the city, gathered about the banquet board to discuss the material problems of their interest, have a way of putting Dr. Williamson down for a speech at such times. And the Doctor has a way of seizing the occasion to get him innocently up and preach a sermon. He will be delicately tactful; he will be infinitely adaptable; but—he will assume for the moment that the banquet board is his pulpit, and he will take out of the materials of the moment, the leavened bread and the wine of that feast, to make a sacramental supper for the souls of his fellow diners.

A friend of the Doctor's has told me of a notable occasion of this sort which is of very recent date. The occasion in itself was remarkable. A great [illegible] manufacturing druggists had been holding a convention, the delegates to which were their own sales [illegible] and the merchants from all over the English-speaking world who handled their products. There were some three thousand of these delegates. The grand conclusion of this mercantile convocation was a banquet of three thousand covers laid in the Coliseum. No detail was spared. Everything was *de rigueur* and *de fin siècle*. Fifty head waiters were brought from Boston. (Why from Boston? One wonders.) It was announced by the toastmaster that the cost of the banquet alone

(Continued on page 41)

THOUGH MOUNTAINS MEET NOT

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

He wanted to find a cave and crawl into it, away from all this intolerable noise and discomfort —a deep, dry cave, dark and still. And then the lightning burst in the tree top over his head

TO THE other passengers in the Pullman car the pair in Section 7 were a prosperous business man of a rotund middle age, who was sedately absorbed in his afternoon papers, and a healthy youngster in his later 'teens, who watched the window fascinatedly. The man had an air of unworried well-being; he read as if he were contented with the world and tolerant of its doings, as these appeared in print; and when, in turning the paper, he glanced at the boy, he showed an appraising eye of interest in that silent young alertness that did not irritate with questions. The boy remained oblivious. The Hudson River was making a moving picture of itself in the frame of the car window for his benefit—swaying and flickering as it unrolled on a sun-dazzled film—and he and the other passengers might have been sitting in the darkness of orchestra chairs for all he saw of them.

THE man was Walter Babbing, head of the famous Babbing Detective Bureau. The boy was Barney Cook. They were supposed to be on their way to Philadelphia, to work on a case. And Babbing was waiting to see how long it would take young Barney to remember that the road to Philadelphia did not lead up the west bank of the Hudson River.

Hence his appraising glances. Hence, also, the questions that he began to ask, from behind his paper every now and then, as he turned from one news item to the next: "Were you ever in Philadelphia?" "How far have you been from New York?" "Where is Philadelphia?" "Well, in what direction do you think it is from New York?" And to these queries Barney had to answer that he had never been in Philadelphia, that he had never been farther from New York than Coney Island, that he did not know where Philadelphia was, nor in what direction it lay, nor how long it would take to get there. He admitted his ignorance reluctantly—to the back sheet of the newspaper which Babbing continued to read—but he admitted it. He had too much respect for Babbing's penetration to attempt to tell him anything but the truth.

If he had told the whole truth he would have confessed that Philadelphia was not a city to him at all, but a baseball team.

Babbing put aside his paper. "You're a *real* New Yorker," he concluded with sarcasm. He opened his satchel on the seat beside him, took a book from it, and settled down again to read. Barney returned his eyes to the window, smiling doubtfully.

He did not notice Babbing's book. Yet he might well have done so. It was a curious book for a detective to be reading—a sort of boudoir volume of Elizabethan poetry, bound in white vellum, elaborately tooled in gold leaf. It was called "The Queen's Choir," and the poem to which he first applied himself was in the middle of the book: "A Fiction: How Cupid Made a Nymph Wound Herself with His Arrows." In the last stanza there was a couplet that read:

"Though mountains meet not, lovers may;
So others do, and so do they."

And the first line of the couplet was heavily underscored.

Babbing regarded that line with satisfaction before he went back to the blank fly leaves and began to examine page after page with leisurely particularity. "Have you ever heard of the Catskills?"

"Yes, sir."

He passed several pages before he asked: "What are they?"

BARNEY looked out of the window as if he expected to see them floating down the Hudson on a Haverstraw brick barge. "I don't know," he replied at last. "I forget."

"They're mountains," Babbing said. "And we're going there."

Barney glanced furtively out of the window again, to make sure that he had not overlooked them. He knew what mountains were. He had seen pictures of them. There were none in sight. "Yes, sir," he said.

Babbing brushed the newspapers from the seat beside him and put his satchel on the floor. "Sit over here and I'll tell you what I want you to do."

BARNEY came, eager, interested, important. He forgot the window as completely as if it had been a childish toy, and his face became grave with an elderly attention, large eyed.

Babbing continued to occupy himself with his book. "We have a case against a man named Langton," he said as he scrutinized and turned the pages. "William K. Langton. For wrecking a trust company that he was president of. He's out on bail. We can't complete our case against him without the evidence of the treasurer of the company—a young fellow—James Whately. James Parkin Whately. Whately has disappeared. He's keeping out of the way, so as to protect old Langton.

"He's engaged to Langton's daughter, Mary. Mary Langton.

"I don't think he's guiltily involved, but we've got a warrant for him, on indictment, so as to hold him if we can find him. That's why the newspapers suppose he defaulted."

He paused a moment on the book. He continued, dryly: "The Langtons have a house on Forty-fifth Street. One of their servants has been on our pay roll ever since we started on the case. We've been watching the daughter to see if we could connect her with Whately, and find out where he is. Yesterday she disappeared. We learned that she received this volume of poetry by book post before she went, but we weren't able to get the postmark. She had destroyed the wrapper. My theory is that it came from Whately. There's a line in it that reads like an invitation to meet him in the mountains.

"Her father has been a great fellow for fishing—trout fishing. We found that he owns a neck of the woods up here, with a trout stream—and a bungalow on the mountain overlooking a place called Careyville. Two of our boys have just reported, from Careyville, that Mary Langton's in that bungalow with an old woman, a servant who's been in the family for years.

"The girl drew all her money out of her private account before she left. My theory is that she's going to persuade Whately to get away where we can't find him, and she intends to use the money to help him do it. We haven't much time to lose. She probably knows that we've been watching her. She won't want to have any delay. But he knows that we haven't been able to get on his trail. He'll feel more confident than *she* does. And, unless she intends to go with him, she'll have difficulty persuading him to start. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," Barney answered.

"WELL, that's our opportunity." He said it as coolly as if he were a bird hunter watching a nest of young to which he knew the frightened mother would return—to be shot.

"The boys up at Careyville report that they can't get near the Langton bungalow without rousing suspicion. We have to be careful. We can't cover the woods. Whately could travel for days in any one of a half dozen different directions without showing himself. And he knows how to do it. He has hunted all through these hills. If we're to catch him, we'll have to do it before either he or the girl suspects that we're even looking for him up here.

"That's where *you* come in. You've got to get into the Langton bungalow and watch her. He's probably hiding somewhere here. The boys at Careyville can see the house with field glasses, and they report that no man has shown himself yet. He may come out at night. Or she may go to see *him*. That's what you've got to find out.

"We'll arrange a system of signals, so that you can summon us as soon as you locate him. The boys are to meet us with an auto at Beaverton, the station this side of the one where passengers get out for Careyville. We'll make the arrangements with them, for your signals, so as to be sure they'll be practicable. And we'll take you in the auto up the road as far as we dare go toward the bungalow and drop you. We'll go on to Careyville in the machine. Then, to-morrow morning, you'll have to talk your way into the girl's confidence, some way or other. Have you brought those old clothes with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you can put them on in the auto. I'll lay out a story for you as soon as we see the boys. I don't know the locality. We'll have to have something about getting lost in the woods, I suppose. We'll decide that later. Did you ever hear of Sir Walter Raleigh?"

Barney shook his head. "No, sir."

"He's the scoundrel that started you smoking cigarettes. Here's his picture. That's what tobacco does to a man."

He gave Barney "The Queen's Choir," opened at a picture of Raleigh wearing a corseted doublet, a fluted ruff, a sash that was tied on his shoulder in a puffy bow as big as his head, a hat with feminine feathers in it, and lace falls on his wrists. "Gee!" Barney said, "was he bug?"

Babbing laughed. "Sit over there and amuse yourself. I have to go through these reports. See if you can think of some way of talking yourself into the Langtons' bungalow."

BARNEY glanced at the book. It opened, naturally, at the marked page, because Mary Langton, crying over that passage, had hugged it hysterically to her bosom and broken the binding. Barney saw no suggestion of her there. The underscored line seemed merely silly. "Though mountains meet not, lovers may!" Pickles!

For him all books were divided into three classes: school books, religious books, and books to read. "The Queen's Choir" was evidently a hybrid of the first and

crowd, combining the effervescence of both. The pictures told no story, and therefore, probably they were intended to be instructive; the reading was not only for a first grammar school grade; the cantos were merely verse. In school he had been made to commit poems to memory from the pages of his reader, and he supposed that all verses were rimed to make them more easily remembered. He knew that they were always nauseatingly moral and, hence, supposed to be medicinal. Out of school he would no more read them than he would order a drink of castor oil at a soda fountain.

HE DROPPED "The Queen's Choir" and gave his mind to thoughts of the Langton bungalow. He was not sure what a bungalow was, but among his mother's china were some cheap modern imitations of old willow-pattern plates in blue; and his sister had once told him the nursery story of the Chinese lovers whose history was pictured in the design, and he recalled the house in her story as a bungalow. Consequently he saw the Langton cottage in Prussian blue with scrollwork eaves and a pagoda's finials. Consequently, also the Langton trout stream was as broad as the Chinese river, and in it floated a junk with a shed in its stern.

He struggled vaguely with the absurdities of this fancy, but without succeeding in correcting them. The sight of the Hudson River distracted him. After a great deal of kaleidoscopic meditation, he arrived at nothing better than a picture of himself, disguised in his former uniform of a telegraph messenger, climbing over a zigzag fence of Chinese lattice to deliver a forged telegram to Mary Langton. He was neither worried nor unpleasantly excited by the uncertainty of his expectation. He waited to hear Babbing's plans and follow his instructions confidently.

When they arrived at Middletown, Babbing said: "There isn't any dining car on. I'm going out to get something to eat. You stay where you are." He added, in explanation: "You'll have to be hungry when you get to Langtons'." And Barney understood that the plan of campaign was being prepared and his part in it decided on.

He sat back in his seat and dutifully began to nurse his hunger.

IT WAS dark when they arrived at Beaverton and came out of the heat and glare of the Pullman into the coolness of a mountain night and the moist gusts of a wind that threatened rain. They were met at the car steps by an operative, who took Babbing's hand bag without a word and led the way to a waiting automobile—a covered touring car that throbbed with an impatient engine, its lights glaring on the ruts and dust flurries of a macadam road. The driver was putting on storm curtains. "Rain coming, Sam?" Babbing asked as he passed Barney into the tonneau.

"Sure's you live, Chief," the driver answered busily.

"Good! That'll help," Babbing said.

His operative followed him in. The driver fastened down the curtains. Babbing drew out a little electric pocket lamp and flashed it on Barney's suit case. "Get into your old clothes," he ordered the boy. "We'll sit here."

He gave Barney the big rear seat, with his suit case. "Let me see your road map," he said to the operative. "This is Barney Cook. We want to get as near as we can to the Langton bungalow—without leaving the main road—and then drop him out, to do the roping. I'll stay in Careyville with you. He's to give us the signal as soon as he locates young Whately. Give me the lay of the land, will you? There's the rain."

A few scattered drops began to patter on the hood. "You'll get wet enough to show you've been out all night, anyway," he said to Barney, and spread the map on his knees.

Barney was peeling off his clothes. "I can swim," he volunteered pertly, "if I don't get cramps."

Babbing nudged his operative with a secret elbow. They had their heads together over the map. "Here's our road now," Babbing said. "Where does Langton's property begin?"

THE highway from the Beaverton Station ran for five miles up a tilted valley to the top of a ridge of rolling land whose slopes had been cleared for farms. Where the ridge joined the shoulder of Knob Top the road began to wind down to the Careyville valley in tailing turns and angles; and, at the last turn, a narrower road forked off into the woods at right and found the Langton bungalow, where it sat high above Careyville with its back to the mountain.

At the entrance to this wood road the auto slowed in a sightless downpour, blinded by lightning, deafened by a thunder that shook the hills, struggling against a stampede of wind and rain that had gone wild with the night. A hand raised the storm curtain, the door opened, Barney jumped out, and the cold rain doused him, dripping wet, in an instant, as if the tank had been emptied on him. He hunched up his shoulders, pulling down his hat, and he ran to the shelter of the trees, crouching. A bright explosion of lightning that burst the sky showed a blanched world of rock and field in gray greens, the woods before him lashed and reeling, the road ankle deep in a muddy torrent. It was all blotted out instantly in a roar of thunder. When the next stab of lightning cut the darkness, the auto had vanished down the mountain side, and Barney was hidden by the woods.

HE HAD run to them as instinctively as he would have taken shelter in a doorway from a city downpour, but it was no comfortable doorway that he found. The rain was drumming on the leaves in a confused uproar, the branches were tossing, the trees creaking, and the water poured down on him in broken streams. A blaze of lightning lit up the green depths around him with an unearthly cold incandescence. He saw a wide perspective of black tree trunks, overhung with threshing branches and fluttering leaves transparently green—a confusion of frightened underbrush, dripping rocks, ferns tremulously swaying—and the ruts and stones and ditch gullies of a road that was arched with tree limbs and drenched foliage like an arbor.

It all glowed vitreously bright for one blinking instant, and then darkness snatched it away; the thunder crashed and reverberated as if he were in a cave that split and rocked around him; a new fury of rain rushed through the tree tops with a hissing, pelting rage; a wet leaf slapped him smartly across his cheek and ear. He started and struck at it, and shook it from his fingers and stood trembling.

There was no slum or dive in New York City where Barney would have been afraid, for there was no human being, from the policeman on the beat to the gangster

In their horrified silence he rested weakly, his head swimming in pain. Somewhere he heard a muffled thumping. That was her heart

in the cellar, whom he would not have known how to wheedle with his frank eyes and his innocent smile. But the woods were new to him. His feet, used to pavements, were nervous in the yielding mud that seemed treacherous and slimy. Everything about him was unstable, disordered, bewilderingly agitated; he had a feeling that it would all be squashy to the touch; and he apprehended that it concealed snakes and ratlike animals that might scuttle over his feet. He had been assured that there were no bears, or such, "nearer than the Central Park menagerie."

[illegible] the thunder leaped on them, they started off again in a panic.

Soon the panic was in Barney's legs. He had forgotten the loss of his boot heel, and the road seemed to rock under his uneven steps. A tree fell with a splitting crash of branches somewhere near him, and he leaped to escape it. His heart stampeded him. He ran blindly, fell on his elbows, scrambled up and stumbled into some bushes, and fought his way through them. An arm caught him across the chest and held him; and when the lightning flared again he found himself struggling with a sapling crazily. He clung to it, out of breath and bareheaded, with the rain trickling down the mud on his face.

HE STAYED there till he had regained control of himself. He found his hat. He fumbled his way back to the road and began to move up it again. He was careful, deliberate, apparently composed. But his nerve was gone, and he knew it. He knew that he had to be cautious with himself. He was trembling internally, and his legs jerked. The lightning and the thunder struck and vibrated in him as if he had been jarred loose inside. He had to stifle an impulse lifting him to yell and run back, with the wind, a part of the uproar, blown along with the rain.

The lightning disclosed a tall hemlock by the roadside, with branches like great fronds that looked as if they would shelter him. He felt his way to it through the brush in the ditch, and stood there, hesitating. Its trunk was wet, its roots in a sodden moss; and, although he was already as wet as the moss was, he goose-fleshed at the thought of sitting down in it. He wondered what he was going to do. He wanted to find a cave and crawl into it, away from all this intolerable noise and discomfort—a deep, dry cave, dark and still.

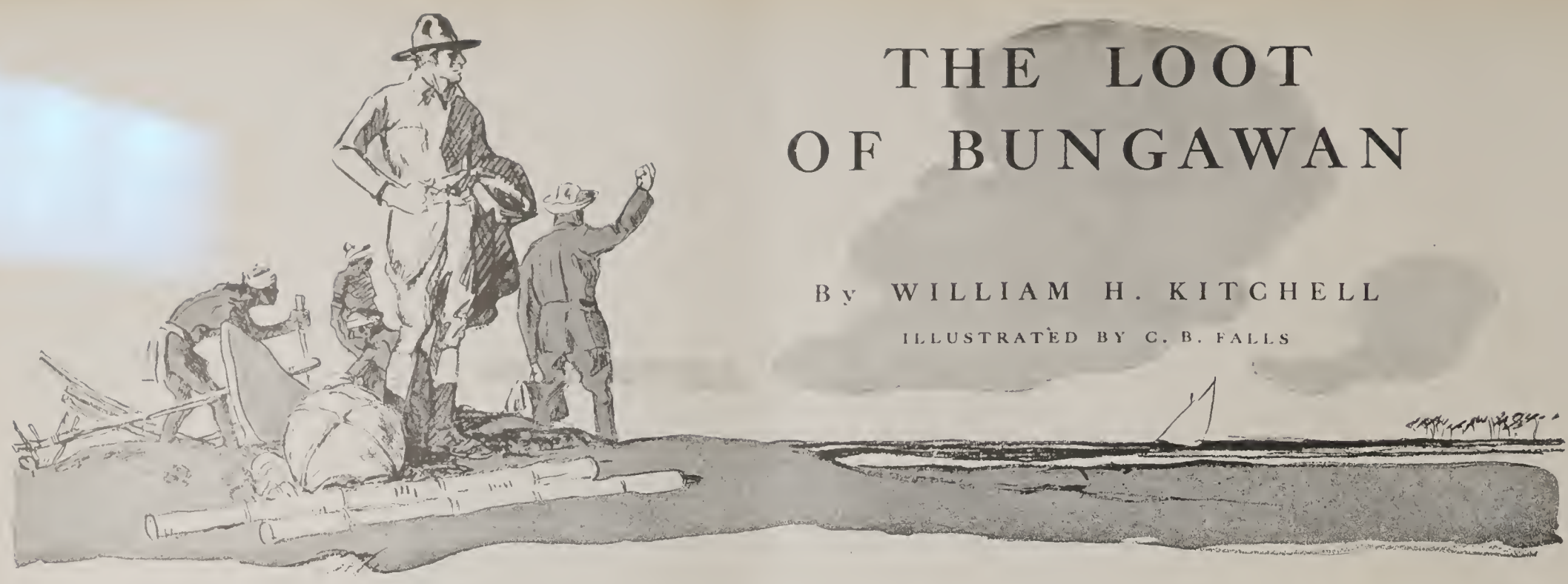
AND then the lightning burst in the tree top over his head. The bark of the hemlock under his hand exploded like a shell. [illegible] He was thrown into the ditch, and he sprang to his feet and ran with his mouth open, panting out a [illegible] whisper that he thought was shrill, bounding along in great leaps, without falling, without leaving the road, with a curious sensation as if the lower part of his body were a runaway horse that carried him [illegible] And he ran up the road instead of down. And the storm hooted and whipped him. But [illegible] and the incredible swiftness of the [illegible] him along, his mind seemed to ride [illegible] exultant, and at the same time [illegible]

Continued on page 36

THE LOOT OF BUNGAWAN

By WILLIAM H. KITCHELL

ILLUSTRATED BY C. B. FALLS



"THE boat—or I kill!"

Brabson rubbed his elbow ruefully. The yellow devil with the creese was overworking the realism. Brabson had paid Dunga Dhu to fire him off the lugger at Bungawan, but he had not paid for a massacre. So he tipped Dunga gently overboard and glanced at the beach. The man ashore was Governor Kelly, right enough. And the Governor had seen the fight. Which was what Brabson intended. He had come all the way down the Archipelago to meet the Governor of Bungawan, and he did not want Kelly to know that the meeting was premeditated.

"I've left another dollar for the swim," muttered Brabson as Dunga came aboard again. "Now pike for Panalay."

The sail went up as Brabson hurried his valise into the canoe that floated beside the lugger. It was an outrigger and full of nut-brown barbarians with mops of black hair; but they were unarmed and smiling, and they took him ashore upon a big wave that broke into soapsuds upon a white beach backed by coco palms and jungle.

Brabson shook his fist seaward and then turned to note the effect upon the man on the beach. They shook hands solemnly, and Kelly frowned.

"Have a fight with the skipper? They're a bad lot," he observed, with sympathy.

"He was a rascal," returned Brabson, nodding. "He said I was getting off at the wrong island and that this wasn't Panalay!"

The Governor stared.

"It ain't!" he ejaculated. "If you're looking for Panalay, you've dropped off at the wrong island. Yours is over the horizon, and three hundred miles away."

Brabson's surprise was a remarkable imitation.

"It can't be true. I paid him to be dropped at Panalay. I suppose it was my fault." He groaned. "If it's true, I'm ruined. The monsoon turns next week, and I'll never get away. Where am I, anyhow?"

"You're on Bungawan, South Philippines," replied Kelly, eying the valise with interest. "I'm Governor Kelly. You're stuck, all right. You're booked for three months with me until the monsoon changes. You won't regret it. But what did you say your name was?"

BRABSON told him, and kept certain items of importance to himself. Beyond the reef wabbled the dirty triangular sail of the lugger, scudding west in a choppy sea. Under the sail was Dunga Dhu—the only man south of Manila who knew he was Brabson and that he had been sent down to investigate the administration of Kelly. He would have to lie a little and bluff more; but the game was worth the playing.

So he let Kelly take him away from the brown men, away to the bungalow of the Governor on the edge of the jungle. It was a rambling affair with a thatched roof, under which a python crackled lazily after the rats. A tattered American flag draped the doorway of the front room. This was the Governor's office, and behind a calico curtain was the Governor's bedroom. Beyond was another bedroom and the kitchen.

They talked till evening. Then Kelly clapped his hands, and a native came in with tobacco and a brazier of charcoal, and tiptoed out again with a salaam to Kelly and a deeper obeisance to the new arrival.

"I wonder who he thinks I am?" observed Brabson, smiling.

"I'll tell you in the morning," said Kelly queerly. "You don't speak the lingo, I suppose? It's Moro, with a dash of local color. I'm afraid I'll have to interpret for a while."

Brabson assented cheerfully and grinned behind his cheroot. If Kelly knew!

"I'll give you my bed," remarked Kelly after the last game of cribbage. "I've got business with the Dato. The snake's tame. If he falls out of the roof and hits anything, just clap for the punkah boy. You needn't hurry in the morning. Good night."

Brabson turned in. The spice breezes blew in from Celebes and out again toward China. Dunga Dhu's lugger was beating upcoast on the black sea under the stars, and it would be three months again before another hull scraped over the reef. Brabson chuckled dreamily and fell asleep.

And morning came, as mornings do in the East, with a quick dawn and a blistering sun. The punkah boy laid breakfast under a nipa tree, and, after the bananas, Brabson went out to find Kelly. He had been hearing the Governor for ten minutes. He found him under the thatched roof of the Town Hall making an oration to the populace. It was a large audience—for Bungawan—and there were few absentees. Even the punkah boy had followed him and was gazing with awe at the lodge button upon his coat.

KELLY welcomed him with a new air of humility, and motioned him into a chair. Moro is Philippine Arabic, and Brabson had been many years in the East. So he listened to Kelly. If Kelly had known that Brabson understood him, he would have sat down quicker and said less.

Kelly finished, and the headmen nodded approval and came forward and faced Brabson expectantly.

"You needn't shake the dirtiest hands," explained Kelly. "Just touch their fingers and bow. It's a custom here for the Governor to shake hands with the native dignitaries."

"But I'm not the Governor!" returned Brabson in pretended amazement.

"You are—you've got to be!" replied Kelly with visible trepidation. "I—I told 'em you've come to take my place. It won't make any difference. I'll do all the work and you can have all the glory."

Brabson stared at him.

"But you're the Governor yourself. I'm only an outsider. I don't comprehend the game."

"It's a game, of course—but it's big and on the level," explained Kelly rapidly. "You see, they put me down here on the jumping-off place of the Philippines to govern Bungawan. I haven't been bothered since. And I'm a good boss but a blamed poor governor. I'm apt to forget details. I've kept things straight, and you won't find a dollar missing in the treasury."

"Then why do you need me?" asked Brabson quickly.

"Because I'm in bad. I ain't a big enough man, physically, to overawe the natives," admitted Kelly soberly. "I've got a big scheme started to benefit the island, but I ain't a big enough man to run it alone. I'd only start a riot. That's why I want you to impersonate me."

"All right," said Brabson without a quiver; "I'll take the job. Bring on the native politicians."

"I've called another palaver for to-night," observed Kelly after the durbar had adjourned. "We'll have some innovations to propose. Meanwhile, you've ordered a holiday. There's nothing that will loosen the soul of a native like a pig feast. You've paid for the pigs."

They spent the afternoon in the cool of the Governor's office. Kelly explained details, and Brabson smoked and listened. Whenever a headman entered, which was often, Brabson would bow to the salaam and Kelly would interpret.

"I guess you've grasped the scheme," Kelly remarked at sundown. "It's Government ownership of private wealth. There's untold wealth in Bungawan—and untold waste. There ain't a native but what's got a pearl necklace and a heap of copra—besides the money. It's a paradise of naked capitalists. Nobody works. Yet they ain't happy. They pick a living off the trees—and then stay awake nights because the barbarian next door has found a bigger pearl or something."

"I see—it's unearned increment," said Brabson, nodding. "But what do you propose to do about it?"

KELLY'S face reddened with enthusiasm.

"We'll take away the wealth and leave 'em happiness," he replied. "We won't let them keep even a dollar or a pearl."

"And then?"

"It'll all go into the treasury. Some day they'll want

Under a gayly decorated booth that was one of many along the beach stood a crowd of gayly decorated natives, and Samale was in the middle of the crowd enjoying himself throwing baseballs at gayly decorated rows of wooden dolls

schools. And there may be a famine year. Most anything could happen over here. With a good fat treasury to fall back upon, Bungawan would be the happiest place on the map.'"

KELLY was right. The game was big. Loot—and a getaway! Brabson stared at nothing in particular and deliberated. Kelly was "wanted" at Manila. He had forgotten to send up an accounting of his administration; in fact, Manila had not heard from Kelly in two years. So Brabson had been sent to investigate. The investigation was progressing. Brabson smiled. It was too good a scheme to spoil. He would let the Governor go ahead. In ninety days, no less, there would be a gunboat inside the reef—a gunboat with a guardroom. And there would be no chance of a getaway unless Dunga Dhu came back with the lugger. So Kelly could work out his destiny as he pleased.

"I see. It's a wonderful game," said Brabson with sincerity.

It was at the evening palaver, however, that Brabson realized his responsibility. It was a state affair, and nobody came but the headmen. Eleven of them there were, and they sat in a row in front of the Governor's desk in the Governor's bungalow. And Brabson played the "Governor."

"You see the old one with the grouch," whispered Kelly, pointing to a shriveled Moro who looked a hundred, and good for twenty more. "He's the ex-Dato, Samale. You've had him fired. We're going to elect a new one, and you needn't be surprised if Samale gets his job back. He was a good Dato, anyhow."

Brabson sat and listened inscrutably while Kelly talked with the headmen about bringing Bungawan into line with civilization. A new Governor wanted new reforms. Finally he called for the election for Dato.

"It is the will of the Governor," imparted Kelly smoothly, "that the man who gets the votes will be Dato for three years, with a badge and a red shirt, and the privilege of keeping his hat on when he meets the Governor. A vote will cost five dollars. Are there any candidates?"

Eleven headmen rose silently, including Samale, and the clink of money came from the ash receiver upon Brabson's desk. They voted, and Kelly grinned. "You've all voted for yourselves. We need one Dato—not eleven. You'll have to pay and vote again." Which the eleven did—four times—and with the same result.

It was after the seventh ballot that Samale stampeded the convention.

"Samale was Dato of Bungawan when your fathers were naked boys," he quavered to the row of breechclouts beside him. "He will be Dato now." He drew a pouch of buffalo hide from his girdle and threw it upon the desk. "Here are six hundred dollars. It is worth the honor. Let him who has as many swords behind him vote for himself again."

"Is the choice unanimous?" queried Kelly after the silence.

It was; and nobody got his money back.

BUT Samale, to his disgust, was not to have a monopoly of native politics. Bungawan had grown, Kelly explained. Policemen were needed to preserve order on the island, and there would have to be a Board of Works to act with Samale and the Governor in the new plan of reform. Luckily, there were enough jobs to go around, and they were all voted for, for a consideration, and nobody drew a blank. At least, nobody but Kelly. Then the official staff went out to the pig feast.

The weeks rained by, and it was during the last half of the monsoon that the island treasury overflowed from Brabson's desk into a kerosene tin and a wastebasket. For Kelly's schemes were working. When a native is fighting mad to pay ten dollars, Mexican, a month for the fun of keeping nine street lamps alight, and as much for the privilege of licensing cockfights in his own particular village, there is profit in government. These were but two of thirty plans for public ownership of private wealth, and they all worked.

For instance, Brabson took a walk one morning along the beach. It was one of the few calm mornings that happen in the season when the winds whip the coco leaves into tatters, and all Bungawan had forsaken the nipa-thatched huts for a holiday outdoors.

Suddenly he stopped.

Under a gayly decorated booth that was one of many along the beach stood a crowd of gayly decorated natives, and Samale was in the middle of the crowd enjoying himself. He was throwing baseballs at gayly decorated rows of wooden dolls. It was an expensive pastime, for there was a sign at the counter which read in Moro: "Six Balls for a Dollar. No Trust. Get Back at the Devil. If You Hit Three in Succession, Your Sins Are Forgiven, and You Get Your Money Back." Brabson knew Eastern theology. Samale was getting square in a cheap way with the gods of Bungawan.

IT SEEMED like a miniature Coney Island. There were a homemade merry-go-round whirled by a wooden pole tied to a water buffalo, and a "donkey ride" and a fortune teller. There was even a bamboo slide, down which throngs of shrieking Bungawanners slid into the surf.

"What next?" asked Brabson, grinning, when he returned to the bungalow.

Kelly sighed.

"What we need most is a scenic railroad and a moving-picture show. But I'm afraid we'll have to compromise with a baseball park," he remarked gloomily. "They'll be broke soon—and just as happy afterward. They're human, and like New Yorkers. If it wasn't for summer excursions and Coney Island there'd be a new set of statesmen in the yellow building opposite the bridge with every election."

Brabson winced. He was a New Yorker himself. Moreover, he was assisting in a game of loot that had Tammany beaten forty ways for audacity. Then he smiled. He would let Kelly play out the game.

It was the day after the soda water monopoly was instituted that Samale entered the Governor's office and laid an inlaid box of mother-of-pearl upon the desk. Brabson bowed, and Samale salaamed with dignity. He was about to walk out when Kelly stopped him.

"Blamed if he wasn't going without a receipt!" chuckled Kelly in an aside.

"A receipt for what?" asked Brabson, opening the box.

IT WAS half full of pearls.

"I thought I warned you about the bank," replied Kelly with surprise. "I started one in your name. We've taken in over nine thousand in cash already, and a berry basket full of pearls. We've got a savings department and a safe-deposit vault, and if the monsoon gives us time enough we'll start a corner on the copra crop."

"I see—and yet I don't," replied Brabson, puzzled. "Suppose they draw out the deposits?"

"They won't. They've got to give six months' notice. And by that time the next pearl crop will be gathered, and they'll forget about the deposits."

Kelly stopped and gazed queerly at his companion. Then he went on.

"I never thought they'd fall for it," he continued. "They wouldn't before you came. That's why I used you for a figurehead. It's funny. You don't understand the lingo—but you've got 'em mesmerized. They're broke, and yet they don't complain. I'm glad you came."

Brabson nodded absently.

Was it possible that Kelly had no suspicion of the truth? For of late Brabson had not been idle. He had had a palaver with the headmen for an hour the night before, and his pleading alone had lulled the uneasiness of Bungawan that all was not right with the Government. He had persuaded Samale to let Kelly alone until the gunboat came. Then the gunboat would take care of Kelly, and he would see that the loot was restored to the people. Meanwhile, he would be working up a good case against the Governor.

Anyhow, Kelly was right on one point. Bungawan went "broke"—yet Bungawan was happy. To be sure, Kelly helped by making the merry-go-round and the bamboo slide free institutions; and there was a Government pig feast twice every week until the monsoon turned and the pearl season began. This stopped the discontent.

With the changing of the monsoon came a change in Kelly.

"You're not looking well," said Brabson wickedly one morning.

"There's a reason," replied Kelly sourly, looking seaward. His tone altered strangely. "I've just heard of a native in the jungle who hasn't paid his hut tax. I'm going after him."

Brabson gazed nonchalantly seaward. On the horizon was a tiny thread of black smoke, and nearer was a dab of dirty white against the background of the sea. The gunboat was coming—and so was Dunga Dhu!

"You'll come along, of course," continued Kelly.

"Of course," returned Brabson, nodding.

Kelly went for his hat, while Brabson tiptoed toward his desk. His valise was under it, and into it he packed the loot of Bungawan. He grinned as he locked the valise within the desk. Then Kelly stood behind him.

"We'll be back before sundown. You needn't lock the office," said Kelly evenly.

But Brabson locked the door.

THEY were not back by sundown. At noon the next day they were still searching for the native who had not paid his hut tax. By one o'clock they had tramped through another mile of trackless jungle and without result. Brabson was tired and hot. He knew that there was no hut in the jungle. He knew the game. Kelly wanted to lose him and then get off with the loot. So he stuck close behind him. He would keep Kelly inland until the gunboat was safe over the reef. There was no trusting Dunga Dhu.

Suddenly Kelly laughed.

"Are you tired?" he queried with a chuckle.

"Oh, no," replied Brabson smoothly.

"You are. And you're twelve miles from anywhere—and lost besides," responded Kelly, showing no fear. "I'll put you out into the jungle—as you say."

"Why?" observed Brabson [illegible]

"I've been finding out much" [illegible] him. "You didn't want to go [illegible] to come here. And you [illegible] you thought I was a crook. Well, I'm not," looking Brabson in the eye.

"You're not?" responded Brabson [illegible]

"I'M NOT! I'm on the level. What I took from the natives I intended to give back. I'm going to build hospitals and schools and a fund for a famine year. They're children—and they don't know a dollar from a coco. So I thought I'd help them."

"I see," said Brabson weakly. He realized for a moment.

"And then you came with your yarn of piracy," continued Kelly in a scorching monotone. "You looked like an honest man—they're scarce in the Philippines—and I trusted you. But I've found you out!"

"Well?" suggested Brabson. He meant to explain and then apologize.

"You're even crookeder than you thought I was," snapped Kelly. "You've lied from the beginning. You're just a grafter. You thought you'd grab the money and the pearls and make a getaway with Dunga Dhu. But you're mistaken. There's a gunboat steaming over the reef, and you'll stay to meet it. I'm going with Dunga Dhu myself. Good-by!"

Brabson stumbled after the Governor, but the Gov-

(Concluded on page 38)

Night target practice off Cape Cruz in Cuba

HUMBLE OPINIONS *of a* FLATFOOT

A Bluejacket's Views of the System Which Prevails in Our Navy

II—Signaling, Inspection, Coaling

This is the second article of a series consisting of letters written by a sailor aboard one of the battleships to an author whose books he admires

Sketches Made at Sea with the Fleet

By HENRY REUTERDAHL

A "LAYMAN" thinks of the U. S. N. in terms of big guns, "sky-hooting" cruisers bound for the Southern Cross, and such things—well, it is too bad, but the life here gets to be taken about as much for granted as life in a dry-goods store, except for one thing—cold winds. Although I never have regretted my enlistment a minute, still this outfit disappointed me—I thought it would be three times as hard as it turned out to be. I was sick of living on the basis of personality, and hoped the navy would center things in the back of my brains. Of course, sometimes here I manage to get into the swift current of physical action and give my fancy notions a rest.

An instrument of higher optics, the stadimeter

I guess a good many of my shots go wild, but you get one on this point, don't you—that dislocation with outside happenings that comes from stewing up a lot of personal notions? When I get paid off from the navy, I think I will ship on a windjammer and see how that works.

The signaling was a gift of God, but now I know that cold. I am going to make a center rush at navigation, and think the chilly mathematics of it will do me good. Shore liberty won't do—I have given it repeated trials, but it is thin stuff.

Well, I am content to be cut off from further experiments for my four-year hitch. One fine thing about this life: it guarantees a certain physical vigor. There is nothing so bad as being too comfortable. Comfort is a killer of brain and body, and we get very little of that. The old Roman "Virtus" was a fine thing, founded on an idea that if the heart action was right and the spine strong, a man was on the way toward playing a manly part.

I WAS brought up with the idea that any rough living wasn't respectable. I tried working in a tank factory once and came home with black machine oil daubed all over my face where I had wiped off sweat. I lost all my respectability coming home that way in the street cars. The "works" were located outside the city limits, and had no wash room.

Now, that was a good job, and I knew well enough then as now it was just what I needed. I wasn't man enough then to stand by my convictions—soft living assuredly spoils the "Virtus." I have been in the navy now eighteen months and would like to see anyone tell me what I was to do or not to do, so I guess the navy is pretty good stuff for nourishing "Virtus."

I am for war not becoming obsolete for this reason—war smashes up the settled condition of things and forces an athletic readjustment. When I go ashore and see these dirty cities and contentment with ill health and moving-picture shows, I feel that the sun ought to rise to light up some better, more dramatic scenes than penny commercialisms—pool parlors, summer resorts, and girls and women setting the whole manner of living. Men growing old with no adventurous experiences to cast a little glamour on them, nothing interesting for them to tell the new generation! Are we going to let black ants and red ants shame us with their daring. I consider that the Napoleonic wars would have been an awful loss if we never could have heard of all those great situations. No one of the civilized world but has imagination quickened by the mere reading about them. And all that daring and aggressiveness must have toned up all the young men of Europe of that day. When there is no war, people read all the details of some murder done by some feeble-minded person—wouldn't it be better to have some great war for a subject? If life was so valuable, me for making life as safe as a sanatorium, with all the seeds taken out of the grapes. Anybody who isn't prejudiced by instinct can see that living is best relished when it is risked.

NOW, about the navy as a profession—it would be unthinkable to me as a life work. As an experience for four years it is O. K., but to choose these precise conditions for a life environment is simply silly. That is, in these piping times of peace. War would turn the whole thing into a game of some spirit. In time of peace, the enlisted man has the best of it at that—the rough-and-tumble end of it that calls for some spunk. We have had funny things happen in Cuba. An officer—an ensign—beat it just like a "gob." He sent a telegram back that he had resigned. He was the most sulphitic officer aboard.

Some divisions had artillery work

DEAR BLANK—We have been having admiral's inspection this week, down here in Guantanamo Bay, and the ship had to be "all dolled up." When the work was done, and we "stood by" for the official visit, the ship looked fine. Of course, cleanliness is a large per cent, but besides this, the equipment must be in good working order, and the crew ready for any drill on the calendar. Then, too, each member of the crew must have his hair cut "regulation," be in perfect uniform, and have a bag of clothes up to a complete outfit, and be all clean, his hammock must be clean, and his ditty-box scraped and freshly shellacked.

You should have seen the clotheslines a few days before the inspection. As the officers say, a clothesline full of clothes is a sign of efficiency. Well, there were bunches of efficiency, the past week. I know for myself that I scrubbed until every stitch in my bag was clean.

There are two ways of scrubbing clothes. One way is to take your bucket down on the fo'castle. The deck is wet down to keep it free from soap spots. Then you lay your clothes out on the deck, and take a "ki-yi" (a hand scrubbing brush), and go to it. Well, this is a good energetic way, but I prefer to scrub after supper, get a ditty-box to sit on, and scrub on the bridge deck, outside the storm center of "efficiency." I scrub with my hands, not laying the clothes out on the deck, and get them just as clean. You see, by scrubbing this way, and with the aid of a chew of ship's plug, washing clothes becomes very philosophical work—no Irish washwoman's stunt of sweaty energy. The cool of the evening, and a nice snow-white uniform for the next morning—I feel like a man when I put on everything clean, from socks to white hat, and all scrubbed by myself the night before!

There are two kinds of soap we can use—paymasters' "salt-water soap" and soap sold in the canteen. Salt-water soap is not true to its name. Who ever heard of scrubbing clothes in salt water? The fact is, we are allowed half a bucket of fresh water twice a day, and must make this do for washing ourselves and our clothes. The water evaporators don't supply more. If some one has run off with your bucket, you are out of luck, unless you borrow somebody else's.

Well, salt-water soap is drawn from "Small Stores"—this is the paymaster's issuing room, where we draw clothes—the price being taken out of our next monthly money. (The only other luxury that can be obtained on credit this way is ship's tobacco, coming in one-pound plugs, hard as a rock, forty cents a pound.) But this soap doesn't make as good lather as the other, so, unless a fellow is broke, he generally buys it from the canteen.

WHEN the clothes are scrubbed we rinse them under a salt-water hose, on the fo'castle. Salt water makes clothes whiter.

Then they must be dried. There are clotheslines hoisted up every night, and lowered by signal from the flagship, generally at 1 P. M., so they get the benefit of the morning sun. The signal hoisted is three international code flags, F.E.Z., meaning "pipe down, scrub and wash clothes."

I don't hang my clothes on the line. The reason is that I am so often on watch on the bridge when the line comes down, and if I am not right on hand, one of two things will happen—either some shipmate will appropriate them, regardless of my stencil on them—or, worse, the Jimmy Legs (master-at-

arms) will get them and put them in the "lucky bag," where confiscated articles are kept. Maybe I might get them out of there, but my name is on them and down I go for extra duty for having clothes in the "lucky bag."

SO, instead of putting clothes on the line, I dry them on a dope hatch. This is any hatch that allows for the escape of warm air from the engine room. My favorite place is the evaporator-room hatch. I have dried clothes in this in less than an hour, sometimes, when the heat was good. When under way the steering engine room is good—there are such big blowers there. But the evaporator-room hatch is best, because I can keep a weather eye on them from the bridge—otherwise they are likely to be snatched up to heaven like Romulus. Of course, if some master-at-arms gets wise, I will "go down for a shoot" for "hanging clothes in an unauthorized place."

If it wasn't such a nuisance I would use the line, because warm air never gets clothes white like exposure to sunlight.

Well, at admiral's inspection we had rescue-party drill, fire drill, with the fire in the paint locker, collision drill, with the hole fifteen feet below the water's edge on the starboard side of the quarter-deck. At fire quarters I am a "smotherer" and arm myself with a hammock, mattress, and blankets. At collision drill I am on the collision mat, a big, thrummed mat that is lowered over the side to stop the leak. Some divisions had artillery work, hammock inspection, bag inspection, and so on. Then the whole ship had abandon-ship drill. I provide two signal rockets, and go in the second cutter. Everyone provides provisions or something, and has a station in some boat. It wasn't many minutes before all boats were provisioned, manned, and clear of the ship. We rowed round the *Minnesota*, then came alongside the gangway, and the boats were inspected for equipment.

Well, the inspection is over, and things will be quieter for a while. This past week the ship was what is technically called a "madhouse."

THE BUSINESS OF SIGNALING

DEAR BLANK—I must effuse a little about this middle-of-May weather here at Rockland, Me., to-day. It is not put on at all. I feel every bit of it—we have stood so much fog and wet and cold since we came North. My idea of Paradise is the ship's head turned toward Cuba—we had it bad after leaving the South. Provincetown was such a nightmare of fog that the fog bell is ringing in my head yet. And here it is as clear as crystal and a fine breeze racing from the North, fragrant of pine woods. It is not difficult to arrange a land breeze here, seeing we are surrounded by land. It is a river's mouth, but it is a sort of bay, pretty islands and capes heavily wooded, and blue, humpy mountains.

The shore makes me think of Canada's little farms scooped out of the forests, such a black look to the landscape, and the keen air. Canada is a man's country.

There are delightful days in the navy. I couldn't be happier than I am sometimes, when the sun is shining and a fine breeze blowing, to walk the decks and smoke a cigar and hear the band playing. Our "back yard" is full of sea gulls always having an athletic meet, with real food as the prize.

We come up here to standardize our propellers. There is an exact course laid out. The *Minnesota* is on the course now racing back and forth trailing a long streamer of smoke. We go for our trials to-morrow.

We coaled yesterday. "Finished coaling at six thirty-five. Coal taken on board last hour fifty-seven and six-tenth tons. Total received four hundred and eighty-eight and five-tenth tons. 29 words 4 O. R." I sent this signal to the flagship from up the mast. The gigantic collier *Cyclops* was alongside us and a signal couldn't be seen from the bridge. Well, we are all cleaned up and shipshape now. We scrubbed our bridge gratings this morning, and any trace of coal would be hard to find.

Coaling is bad enough, but the worst part of it is the cleaning up afterward. Torrents of salt water out of the deck houses make some headway against the mess Then deck scrubbers, lye water, sand, holystones, and paintwork rags get after it. But these battle wagons have another way out of it. After water, soap, and scrubbing have done their best, the word is passed, "All hands paint ship," and soon we look like a gentleman again. Yesterday we scrubbed all the morning, then painted all the afternoon. I had to knock off painting to go on watch at 4 P. M. I wasn't sorry, after standing on nothing to paint the outside of the bridge screen.

MY FRIEND Frederick the Great said man was by nature more fitted to be a postilion than a philosopher. I think a lot of people are unfortunate never to have a chance to scrub down the decks. There is such a measly rigidness to the social system. If a fellow in good circumstances wakes up some A. M. with his arms feeling strong, just like swinging a shovel out in the fresh air, his chances for doing it are slim. And why? In Stevenson's "Wreckers," it tells about a remittance man that got sick of his remittance game and went out to the wilds and worked at building a railroad. This was in Australia. When he came back to his old pals, I remember one of them was still there in the park reading "The Dead Bird." I swear myself blue in the face that if ever I feel like digging dirt or wheeling brick out I go to do it

We have a pianola on board now for the crew. Our library of rolls isn't much, but suits me all right

We don't get any liberty in this place. The *Louisiana* bunch went ashore there last week and shot up the town, so we lose out. This doesn't worry me any—in weather like this it is pleasant enough on the ship.

You don't know what a fine thing the signal business is. Who ever heard of such a thing—to earn your beans by staying up in the sun and wind reading flag hoists and semaphore messages—flags and telescopes for tools—dirty cities far in the distance, and the fine sea air and sea views always present. I am in charge of a watch which insures keen interest. If this isn't better than a dusty office, I will eat my shirt. And always a jolly bunch of fellows, not a grouchy, successful man within gunshot. I prefer fog to fogies.

WELL, signaling is no pipe dream, but it is a great game. If you could be on the bridge for one of our busy hours you would say it was as keen a game as any game on the market. The game is to win out against natural dullness, and get everything accurate, and at the same time disposing of everything on the jump. If a ship makes a delay, the flagship "bawls her out." And all signals are recorded as they are received and the records sent to the flagship. All mistakes come back.

We have a new draft of rookies aboard Awful boyish looking—you can spot them a mile off. But they are not treated badly, and they will soon get broken in. A "rookie" is called a "boot," because he wears boots instead of going barefooted when we wash down. And he always says stairs for ladder and pail for bucket. And he "sirs," out of nervousness, to almost anybody. If he is pretty they make him a messenger or signal boy. Between you and me, I was made a signal boy from decidedly different reasons. They are never much good on the bridge—the old boys handle the business.

I know a fellow here who is going into chicken farming when he gets paid off. He says he is going to build his own house. He is a boatswain's mate, and on the side a great reader of Elbert Hubbard. The reading matter on a ship is inclusive of anything—one fellow takes the Theosophical Path.

GETTING COAL ABOARD

DEAR BLANK—We have had a strenuous time the last two weeks. I am not tired, but dull. Last night was the only good night's sleep I have had since we left Philly. The night before last, by reason of an extra watch, I managed to get only three hours' sleep, and that with a flag spread out for a hammock to make the iron deck of the bridge appear softer. We coaled ship Friday, and the ship was too dirty to bother getting out a hammock. While we were at sea we had every drill on the calendar, but it has been nothing but work for the last few days, scrubbing bags and hammocks and everything else, so as to present a decent appearance when we join the fleet.

We dropped anchor Friday morning here in Guantanamo Bay. As soon as we arrived we started to coal, and took on a thousand tons by 6 P. M.

Well, after the manner of travelers, shall I tell you that I saw two real live waterspouts, a lot of flying fish, and all that sort of junk?

Or shall I tell you that our first week out we saw one of the best storms ever in captivity. It was a peach. It didn't worry me any except the spray carried up against the bridge tried to cut out my eyes. Our ship "dives," and at each wave she took a fo'castle full and then tossed it, and the "strong gale" from dead ahead hurled it up against the bridge. The stacks were all white with salt when we got in. Our gun ports leak,

We saw one of the best storms ever in captivity

You don't know what a fine thing the signal business is

sound in Cuba. It took us a long time to get down here because of a war game we were playing. Our ship was a scout, and went on a scouting line to the east. But we saw nothing for days and days, and the ocean was lonely as in the times of Columbus.

I must admit the ocean is a big place, no place to be sitting on a chicken coop and looking for a sail.

Talking of cigar smoke (the fragrance of Cuba inhaled in the dismal North), there is a moving-picture legerdemain where an actor is seen benignly puffing out clouds of blue smoke which make abrupt dives and rush into a bottle. Now the display of intelligence by cigar smoke is something I am not in favor of.

One of the great beauties of nature is her disorderly conduct. I am glad the divine spirit knew nothing of architecture. And our flag hoists that go up like fluttering doves would annoy me if made out of tin.

All this preamble denotes that even if the stars in the heavens don't conform to the arrangements in the United States ensign, I am thankful mud doesn't think and have a center of gray matter in every lump.

And I very gingerly avoid turning my telescope (on night watches) on the planet Mars for fear of seeing a geography that originated on a blue print.

Now all these nickel-plated spokes come to one bearing—deliver us from *systems*.

AN ITALIAN composer of music once, in the throes of inspiration, rolled himself under a heap of bedclothes and exclaimed (in books people do a heap of exclaiming): "Holy Mary, grant me the grace to make me forget that I am a musician!"

He was good fellow.

Well, no system has got me yet, and won't. What I started to write about when I was interrupted was that a system has got the United States navy and got it pigeonholed and the seals on.

Balzac wrote an unreadable book—the subject "Bureaucracy"—this is because the subject would knock the inspiration out of anyone.

Now the composite portrait of the United States navy is a Pittsburgh product—a lumbering, awkward mountain of iron that is graceful like the ice wagon, that turns with an unwieldy "tactical diameter" which makes the banks of the North River nervous, and is the exact counterpart of ye ancient knight, an iron foundry under arms.

Now we are subdued to what we work in, and the navy has a stiffness in its armored joints. If the United States ships shine in any sea fights they will be admiraled by some erstwhile commander of the torpedo flotilla, who in his age hasn't reached the command of a dreadnought.

WHAT is it that makes naval [illegible] gray before their time? Is it the study of strategy and tactics? Now it is the constant worry to keep their ships exactly in perfect column, stern to bow exactly five hundred yards, the column a mathematical straight line—position verified to the very yard by an instrument of higher optics, the stadimeter.

(Concluded on page 37)

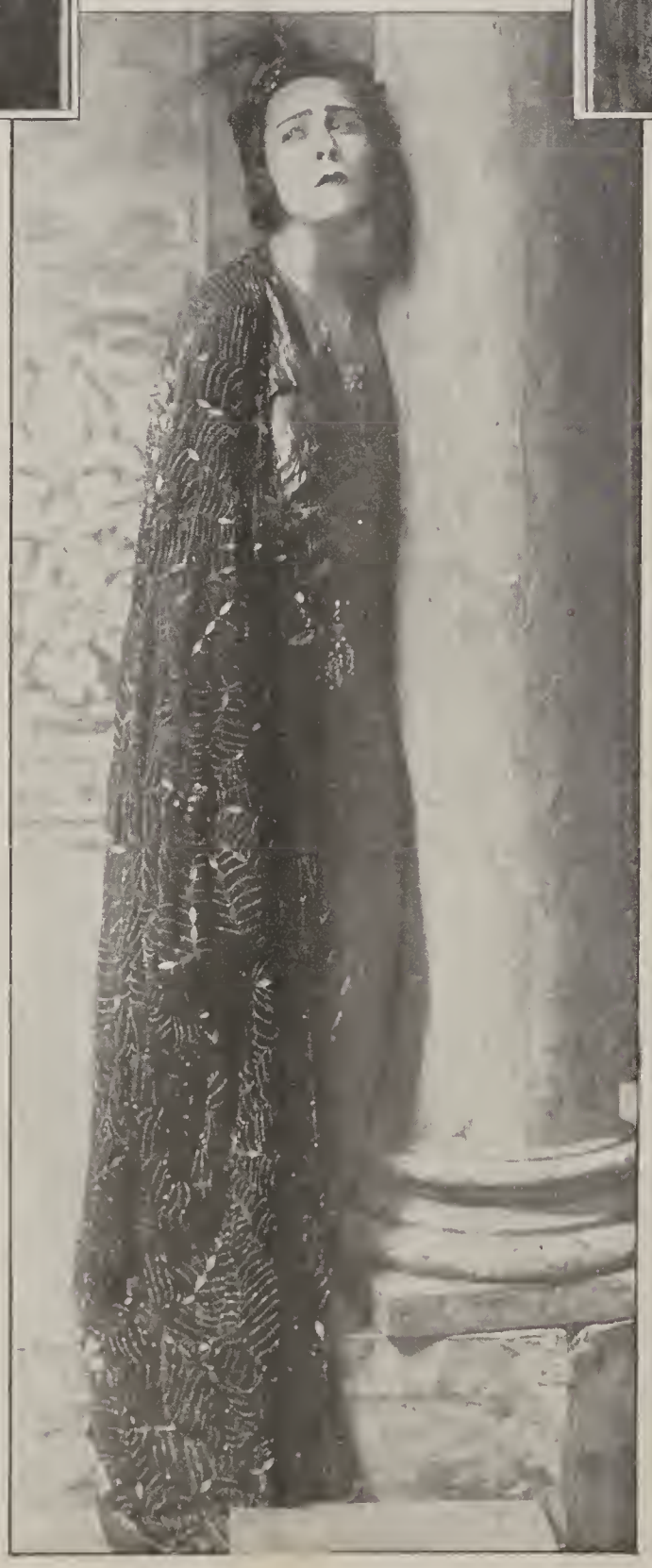
She Stoops to Conquer

Miss Annie Russell, who returns to the stage in a series of revivals of old English comedy

A scene from the Chinese play in English "The Yellow Jacket." Below is Nazimova in "Bella Donna"

Strangely Anti-Feminist Behavior of Miss Kate Hardcastle

By ARTHUR RUHL



AMONG the audience at Miss Annie Russell's revival of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" was one of those brisk young women—"new" she might be called by the rusty crustaceans who still cling to the sentimentalities of the early McKinley period—who are "up" on everything, "out" for all that is rational and advanced, and determined to permit no mere man to hurl himself at their feet without knowing the reason why.

She appeared to be enjoying the old comedy immensely, not as a mere curiosity or because of Miss Russell's charming acting, but the actual matter of the play. One looked at the stage and looked at her and wondered—can such things be? Of course, Miss Kate Hardcastle, in the play, has appealed strongly to more than a century of theatre audiences, yet consider for a moment just what it was Miss Hardcastle did.

She lived in the country with her father, and young Sir Charles Marlow came down from London to ask for her hand in marriage. Thanks to Tony Lumpkin's taste for practical jokes, Marlow mistook the Hardcastle house for an inn and Miss Hardcastle for the barmaid. Now, young Marlow was a very lion with women of the vulgarer sort, but he was as terrified by a virtuous woman, armored in all her finery, as of a row of belching cannon.

Miss Hardcastle learned of this, and to put the poor young man at his ease let him continue to think that he was flirting with a serving wench.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

NAY, having thus led him on, she even burst into pretended tears that so fine a gentleman should venture to trifle with a girl merely because she was of low degree, and drooped her hand where young Marlow could by no means escape from seizing it and pressing it to his repentant chest. In short, she deliberately set about to capture the craven male by what one would presume must have seemed to this young woman in the audience as an appeal to his baser nature, a humbling of her own personality and a general stooping, in short, excruciating for her to contemplate.

For how different must have been Miss Hardcastle's procedure were she following the theories of the really advanced young ladies of our own day! Her doddering old father could scarce have invited the young men of the neighborhood to a dance at his house lest it appear that his daughter were being "auctioned off" to some of them. Even if she accepted young Marlow at last, he must understand that she was forever to be known as "Miss," though bewildered hostesses—of whom there have been several of late in this town—insisted, when she and her husband were invited out to dinner, on introducing her as "Mrs." In fact, before young Marlow had scarce murmured "Good evening!" he would have been confronted with such a bill of rights, such a list of "This I *insist* on!" "That *no* man shall do!" as a lady might present to a pirate captain to whom she was selling herself in order to buy the release of the rest of the captured passengers.

What Mr. Marlow might be doing all this time is beside the mark, as possibly may be such observations as these. Kate Hardcastle seems, at any rate, to be vastly liked and approved of, just as that distressingly reactionary young woman, Henriette, was in the revival of "Les Femmes Savantes" a year ago, even by the same sort of lady high-brows as those about whom Molière was writing his play.

The performance was thoroughly agreeable. Miss Russell returns to the stage younger than ever, and although her Kate Hardcastle is a trifle too sweet, it reveals, on the whole, more solid good acting than you will see in a dozen of the ordinary Broadway plays. Mr. Frank Reicher, excellent as the "Scarecrow" a year or two ago, and particularly good as the vagabond French philosopher in "The Pigeon" last winter, was miscast as Marlow. His slight physique, accent, and rather stiff movements were all out of the picture. Mr. George Giddens, on the other hand, made Tony Lumpkin's horseplay spontaneous enough to seem almost of our own day, and the Hardcastle of Mr. Fred Permain was completely solid and satisfying.

"She Stoops to Conquer" is one of several old English plays, in the presentation of which, during a season of nine weeks, Miss Russell and her company are being assisted by a number of public-spirited patronesses. The opportunity is one which the public should find both pleasant and profitable.

ALLA NAZIMOVA IN ART NOUVEAU

DOUBTLESS Miss Nazimova could play a New York, New Haven & Hartford time-table and make it interesting. So long as she is on the stage at all, her wonderfully plastic body and vivid use of it gives almost any scene a certain verve and bite. Whether "Bella Donna" is the best medium she can get—her plays have not been happily chosen of late—or whether she is determined to overaccent the more exotic side of her personality until she runs it into the ground, it is certain that the silk-swathed wraith she presents here bears little resemblance to any human being, let alone a somewhat passé Englishwoman of

(*Concluded on page 26*)

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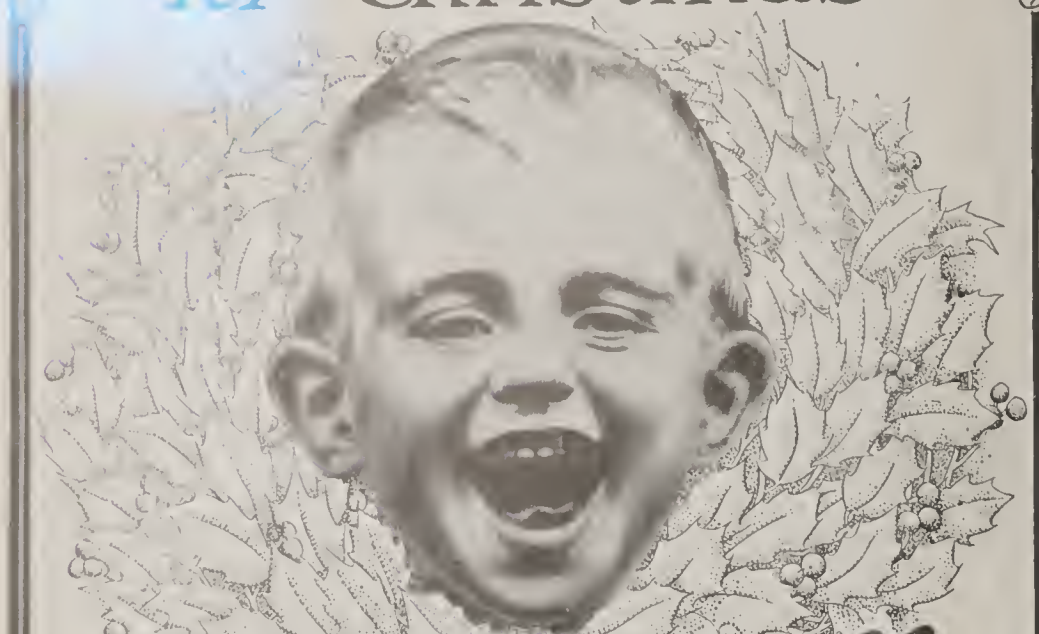

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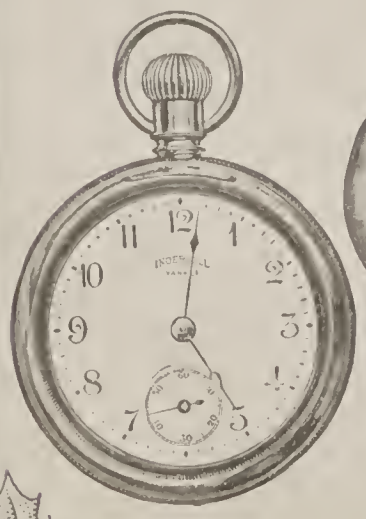

The little "Midget" Ingersoll for ladies— $2.00

Thin model gentleman's Eclipse $1.50

A scene in "Yellow Jacket." The farmer has beheaded the beautiful enchantress and is holding her head in his hand

She Stoops to Conquer

(*Concluded from page 24*)

the name of Chepstow. It is a poster and little else, though a poster effectively arranged and beautifully colored.

Mr. James B. Fagan has made a compact theatrical machine out of Mr. Hichens's novel, but, stripped of the novelist's atmosphere, little remains, of course, but a story, often verging on the ludicrous, of a woman's attempt to poison her husband by putting sugar of lead in his coffee so that she may not be hindered in her intrigue with a sort of Egyptian Bluebeard in a dinner coat who already has more women than he knows what to do with. It is a pity that this gifted young Russian should get away so far from the simplicity and directness which she brought with her when she and Orleneff first appeared a few years ago on the lower East Side.

"THE YELLOW JACKET"

"THE YELLOW JACKET" is a Chinese play, presented in the Chinese manner, with the difference that the characters speak English and that the American audience can smile at quaintnesses of stage management and point of view which in the original would be taken no doubt with complete seriousness.

The stage is set with an orchestra of four at the back, who whang cymbals and beat drums at appropriate moments. Seated in front of them, facing the audience, is a sort of interlocutor, or chorus, who explains points which the audience might not otherwise understand. At the right, smoking a cigarette, is an inexpressibly bored property man who steps right into the action to lay a pillow for the head of a dying warrior, build a mountain by piling three tables on top of each other, or provide a weeping willow tree by holding up a bamboo pole.

The main set does not change, and the scenes are made—or rather imagined by the audience—with the aid of the lines, an explanatory word from the chorus, such, for instance, as "This is a snowstorm," "This is a boat," "They are now in the palace of Wu Sin Yin," etc. To this obvious quaintness is added the unexpected charm of a story and psychology almost equally unhackneyed and ingenuous. There are moments, such, for example, as that in which one of the characters uses the phrase "Lead me to his honorable presence," with the obvious meaning of "Lead me to it!" when Broadway comes poking up through the Oriental mask; but, for the most part, the spectator has the impression—how accurate it may be, we know not—that he is seeing a translation or adaptation of a genuine Chinese play. The acting is excellent. Mr. George C. Hazelton and Mr. J. Harry Benrimo are the authors of "The Yellow Jacket," and there is incidental music by Mr. William Furst.

Alla Nazimova in "Bella Donna" with her Egyptian Bluebeard in a dinner coat

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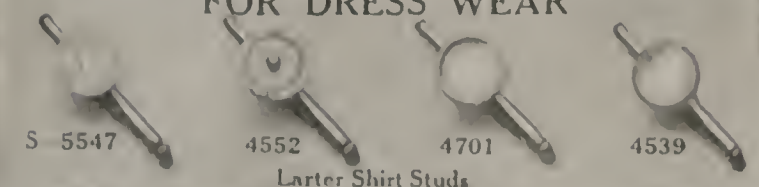

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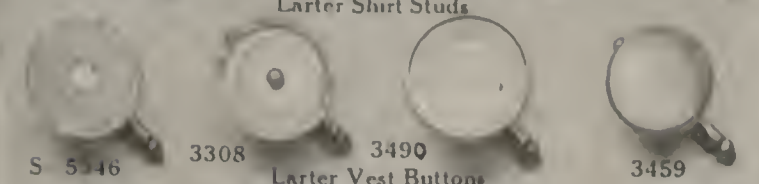
Larter Shirt Studs



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Larter Vest Buttons

Larter Link Cuff Buttons

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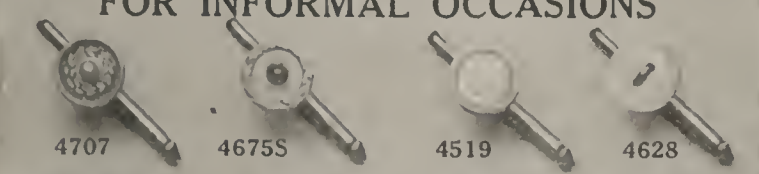

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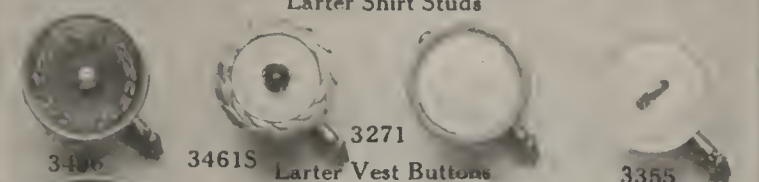

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Larter Vest Buttons

Larter Link Cuff Buttons

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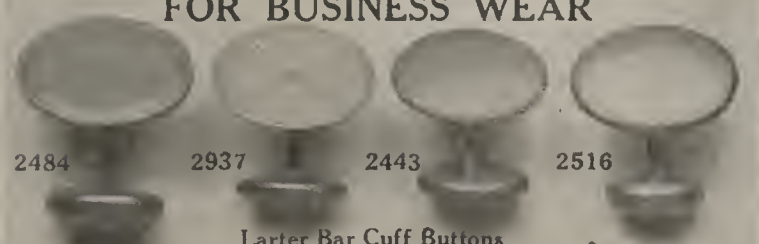

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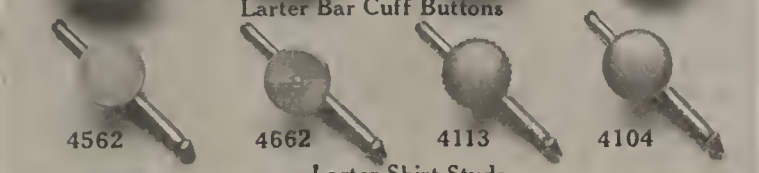
Larter Bar Cuff Buttons



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Larter Link Cuff Buttons

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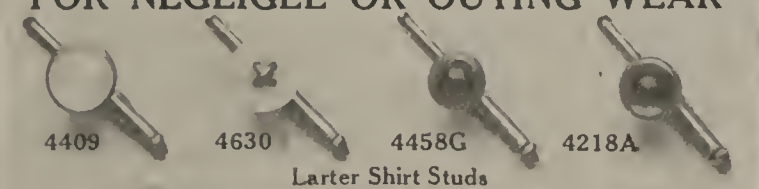

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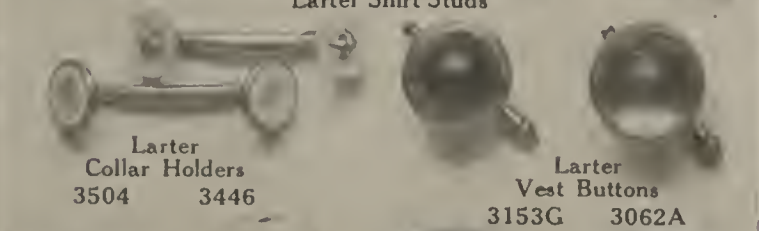

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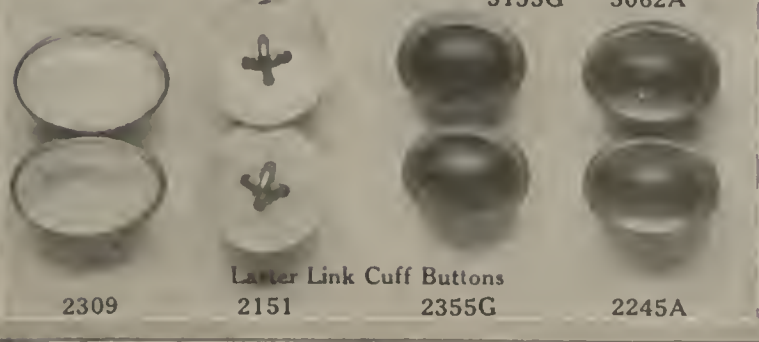

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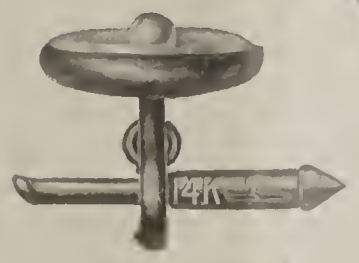

A Larter Vest Button
Enlarged Side View

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Brickbats & Bouquets

THERE is no doubt that the material for the COLLIER article against Senator Warren was collected in Cheyenne by Cheyenne men, and its publication procured by the same parties. It is, therefore, evident that the motive was not disinterested, but political and purely political. The charges contained therein have been used and are being used as political capital to effect, if possible, the defeat of Senator Warren, whose greatest weakness is unusual success in obtaining by hard work a position of place and power in the United States Senate.

—Cheyenne (Wyo.) *Tribune.*

✣

EBENSBURG, PA.

This is a brickbat. I wish I could make it bricker. You never were so patriotic as when you ceased your absolute and uncontrollable magnifying of the Roosevelt virtues. You never were so little as when you returned to back that demagogue and embryonic Cæsar.

Very truly yours, JOSEPH GRAY.

✣

WHEELING, W. VA.

Dear Sir—Have been a reader of COLLIER'S for many years, having purchased same at news stands when not subscribing, and most every copy has been worth far more to me than the price of same, yet had all previous copies been worthless, the issue of November 9, containing the article "What is an American?" would have amply repaid me for having kept on reading COLLIER'S.

GUY BROST.

✣

We don't know how it happened, but last week's COLLIER'S actually had a good word in for President Taft.

—Berkeley (W. Va.) *Messenger.*

✣

We have already expressed our opinion of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, setting it down in the list of dirty, disreputable muckraking sheets.—Staunton (Va.) *News.*

✣

Even COLLIER'S is ashamed. "There aren't a dozen men in the country who think Taft a wicked man," says our contemporary. That is not true. There are thousands of them who think so, and they were made to think so by COLLIER'S—and others.—Pittsfield (Mass.) *Eagle.*

✣

We may safely accredit COLLIER'S WEEKLY with an earnest intent to do the right thing whether or not it always does it in the right way. This periodical has been called "yellow" but never cowardly; it has been described as hysterical and somewhat disposed to jingoism, but never have its dominant principles been successfully assailed.

—Sioux Falls (S. Dak.) *Press.*

✣

COLLIER'S is now where it belongs. It has worked for the Roosevelt policies for years, and during the last four has raised more hell with Mr. Taft than any other publication in the country, bar none.

—Waterbury (Conn.) *Republican.*

✣

HARRISBURG, ARK.

The National Weekly will now take a place along in the rear with Peruna and Joe Bailey. J. C. DAVIS.

✣

LYNDEN, WASH.

Gentlemen—My subscription expires November 23. Please discontinue sending after that date. I have been a subscriber of COLLIER'S for seven or eight years, though never in accord with it politically; but I have admired its fairness and catholicity, and perhaps it will still continue so, but the fact that it is definitely committed to the support of the most consummate faker and grand stander . . . makes me think that it probably won't be worth the subscription price to me under its new policy. E. EDSON.

✣

So COLLIER'S is going to get after our United States Senators. It is a lonesome time when COLLIER'S is not after something, from Snickelfritz's vermifuge to the President of the United States.

—Parkersburg (W. Va.) *Journal.*

✣

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, a publication that has fought fearlessly for pure food and drugs, expresses our ideas splendidly.

—Burlington (Vt.) *American Medicine.*

✣

We believe the other day COLLIER'S published a catalogue of its graveyard tenants, adding the admission that it had marked other victims for the grave, but that they were still very much alive. It acknowledged disappointment but not discouragement. There are some men dead in the political graveyard of muckraking publications who are a real loss to the public service.

—Waterbury (Conn.) *American.*

✣

The "Oregonian" is not an admirer of COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

—Portland (Ore.) *Oregonian.*

✣

Mr. Collier is now safe in the fold of rich men and rich men's sons, who are engaged in trying to save the country by getting possession of all the offices and printing all the newspapers and magazines.

—Hartford (Conn.) *Times.*

✣

The difference between the modern Socialist and the modern social reformer of the COLLIER'S school seems to be this: The Socialist wants the public to take over all the facilities of production, distribution, and exchange, while the social reformer wants it to take over all the facilities of production, distribution and exchange except his—New York (N. Y.) *Railway Age Gazette.*

✣

Is silliness an absolutely necessary qualification for a sincere worker for political progress and social betterment? If not, why does Mark Sullivan, COLLIER'S WEEKLY "political commentator," give utterance to such balderdash?

—Richmond (Va.) *Virginian.*

✣

Let the COLLIER'S gobolinker inform himself as to the magnificent contribution to the literature of accident prevention which has been made by a committee of the National Association of Manufacturers . . . and we are sure that he will draw no more "gobolinks" such as we have just seen in COLLIER'S. When he has quaffed deeply of the Pierian spring of industrial knowledge, Mr. Sullivan may be more just. At present we are willing to wager that the foreman of COLLIER'S pressroom knows more about labor problems and accident prevention in a minute than the eminent gobolinker of COLLIER'S political department will ever learn.

—Dayton (Ohio) *American Industries.*

✣

TACOMA, WASH.

I believe that your sole aim is to sell papers. DAN GRIFFITH.

✣

"There aren't a dozen men in the country who think Taft is a wicked man," says COLLIER'S. One would scarcely expect COLLIER'S to be so frank in admitting its lack of influence over the public mind.—Washington (D. C.) *Post.*

✣

HAVERFORD, PA.

Sir—In COLLIER'S WEEKLY for November 2, 1912, pp. 23 and 30, I find the venerable adverb and preposition *round* spelled "'round"—a phenomenon to be observed at present in many American newspapers and periodicals. In view of the fact that *round* (which is not demonstrably an abbreviated form of *around*) has been used by *every* English author for more than six centuries, and (be it said for those who desire to hear it!) by such American writers as are familiar with the English language (Franklin, Irving, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, and others), I venture to suggest that your valued periodical might do well to lay *'round* aside, and thus set a good example to many other American publishers and authors. The apostrophe is obviously intended to indicate that the really correct form is *around;* this form is, in truth, perfectly correct, except in some particular locutions such as *round-about, all the year round, merry-go-round, all round,* etc.; but *round* is always allowable, and to print it with an apostrophe is to reveal a lack of that conscientious culture which the apostrophe is evidently intended to imply. The American dialect has already a sufficient number of earmarks to identify it.

Yours very truly, HAROLD SHORT

✣

SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.

Have a fifteen-minute talk with Mr. Wilson before March 4, 1912. He will be sure to meet your requirement. You will then be spared the great nerve-tearing problem of conducting the Executive branch of the Government through your editorials. Sincerely yours,

GEORGE SPIVINS.

And Now the Sterling Hull Is Guaranteed to You

None genuine unless the name "HULL" is on the button

LAST season the Sterling Hull---a $7.50 umbrella for $5.00---was the national bargain, and was sold more widely than any other umbrella in the United States.

Created under conditions never before attained in the umbrella industry, we were able to make---and to prove that we were making---a taffeta silk umbrella, absolutely pure dye, with an imported Pimento wood sterling silver inlaid Hull Detachable handle, which in every detail was an actual $7.50 value.

The tremendous popularity of the Sterling Hull has paved the way for another and equally notable step.

It now goes to you with our guarantee for one year, as shown in full on this page.

HULL The HULL UMBRELLA comes in all grades of good materials, and with the largest variety of handles on the market.

Besides the Sterling Hull we offer Hull Umbrellas with plain and fancy handles to sell from $1.00 up, so no matter what price you wish to pay, as an assurance of quality see to it that the name "Hull" appears on the button.

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FREE OF CHARGE"

Ask your dealer to show you our new Suitcase Umbrella, the *Practic-Hull.*

When your base (frame and cover) wears out, any Hull dealer will clip on a new one without a moment's delay.

If your dealer does not carry the "Sterling Hull" or any other Hull Umbrella you desire write and we will gladly supply you direct.

HULL BROTHERS UMBRELLA CO.

TOLEDO, OHIO

That Letter Tells the Story

Everybody who drives a car has at one time or another had some experience with "skidding." **Your** experience may not have been very costly; it may not have been very serious. You have been lucky perhaps. The time will come when you will be "up against it" and then you will lament that your foresight was not as keen as your hindsight.

Has your own experience or that of others taught you no lesson? Are you still taking your life in your hands by neglecting to take the necessary precaution against skidding? Are you still unwisely depending on rubber alone for the safety of yourself, the occupants of your car and other road users? **There is only one way** to be sure of perfect control and safe comfortable driving through deep mud, treacherous sand or on slippery pavements, and that is—equip all four wheels of your car with

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

Dangerous conditions are constantly arising. Slippery roads are always imminent. An accident is liable to occur almost any time. Laying aside the **personal injury** which confronts you and your passengers, **are you wise** to risk the **expense for repairs,** and for personal injury **liability,** when disaster can be avoided by merely taking the ordinary precaution of carrying Weed Chains with you and putting them on when road conditions demand?

On the rear tires they afford perfect traction and adequate brake control.

On the front tires they act as ladders to enable the front wheels to easily climb out of mud-ruts, car-tracks and all uneven places in pavements or roads—always insuring absolute steering control, eliminating all chances of the front wheel skid.

If you haven't a set of **Weed Chains,** or if you have a pair for the rear tires only, **get a full equipment** now. Delay is dangerous. Stop at your dealer's today and **Weed Chain your car to safety.**

Weed Chain Tire Grip Co.,

28 Moore Street, New York

My dear Jay:

Well, I've had my lesson. I certainly was "up against it" good and plenty last Thursday evening. I had played golf between showers all afternoon at the Golf Club, and when I went out to get my car to start home, I found it perched on a newly developed island, surrounded by quantities of water and mud.

Thinking I knew how to handle the car like a veteran, I didn't take my friends' advice to put on my chains and started out. Before I had driven half a mile I had gone thru' more exciting experiences than ever before in my life. That fool car acted as if it were crazy. She slipped and skidded from one side of the road to the other; the rear wheels wouldn't stay "put" and the front wheels acted something scandalous. To cap the climax I got into a soft, muddy hole and there I stuck. The rear wheels spun around and threw up mud enough to bury a good sized car. After a lot of maneuvering I managed to back up a bit, but in doing so came within an ace of ruining a perfectly good fence.

"Never again for me! Next time I'll put on my chains if it even looks like rain. Take my advice and don't ever make the same "fool" mistake I did. I wouldn't go through that nerve-racking experience again for money. It's a wonder my car was not all smashed to pieces just because I hadn't ordinary common sense and foresight.

Sincerely yours,

George

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Jerusalem and the War

By STEPHEN GRAHAM

VISITORS to Jerusalem this Christmas are likely to miss many of the picturesque human features of the Holy City. No Russians, Greeks, Armenians, Bulgarians, Montenegrins will be there; for the war will have swallowed the pilgrims. At Bethlehem on Christmas Eve the Greek monks will perform their services, tremblingly, alone; on January 6, the Festival of the Baptism of Jesus, there will be no thousand Christians in their death shrouds on the banks of the Jordan, and the common halls of the monasteries and of the great hostelries of the Russian settlement will be empty. The tall Montenegrin guides of the Orthodox Palestine Society will be either in cells hidden from the Moslem populace or will have hied them, long since, to Greece. Even the Mohammedans will be fewer in Jerusalem, there will be fewer Arabs with trains of camels and mules descending the long, dark roadways; fewer khaki-clad Syrians and Turks keeping order at the sacred edifices. There will be no hawkers of prayer beads, pictures, and thorn crowns: for there will be no purchasers. The native Jews will groan over the absence of money; they will go to the ancient wall and pray, and beat their heads against it. The owners of orange orchards will tear their hair, and the unpurchased stock of date merchants will grow a year older and dirtier. The Eastern beggars, all sores and ulcers, will not flock this year from their desert villages to Jerusalem, but will whine more plaintively where they are and rend their rags to look uglier, and hope for an end of the war. The Sepulcher will have the silence and gloom which is its due; it will marvel at the stillness that has supplanted the yelling and clamor of the Christians and the Moslems round about.

THE Russians foresaw the situation long ago, and a notice was posted in the Consulate at Jerusalem that the Government of Russia would issue no more passports to pilgrims journeying to the Holy Land until the war was over. From Russia alone ten to fifteen thousand pilgrims journey to Jerusalem every year, and never a Russian boat arrives at Jaffa but it brings its complement of sheepskin-hatted peasant men and shawl-wrapped peasant women. If the Russians are fifteen thousand, the Greeks, Bulgarians, and Montenegrins, coreligionists of the Russians, number as many, and twice as many in the year. But all those who ordinarily would be kneeling before the shrine are now kneeling behind rocks, and those who thumbed prayer books are thumbing triggers; their eyes do not look dreamily to God, but piercingly to find the foe; they have sombreros on their heads; their packs are gone, there are muskets on their shoulders. I speak, of course, of the pilgrims from the Balkans; the Russian peasants are not carrying muskets yet, though they must be wild to do so—against the Turk.

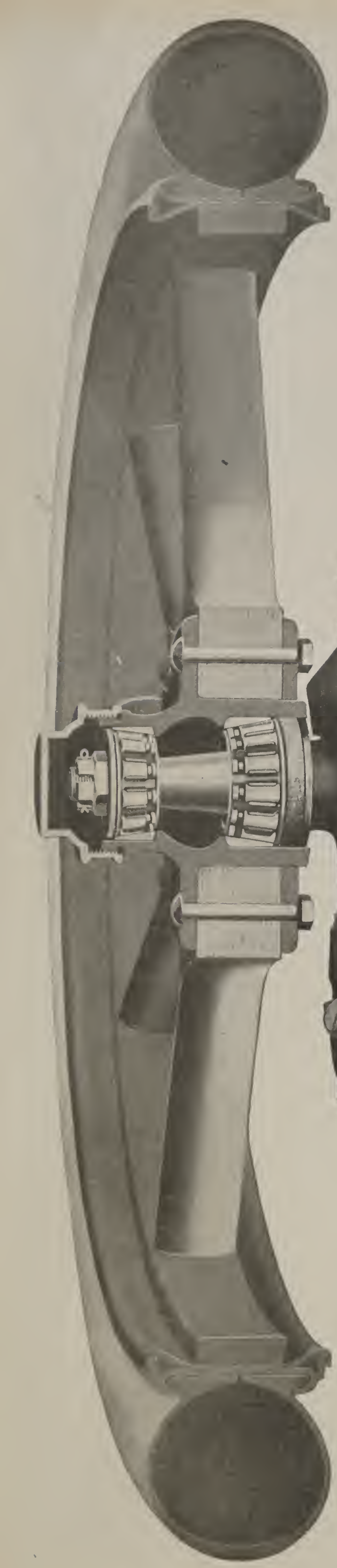
I REMEMBER when we came into sight of the dome of St. Sophia at Constantinople an old gray-bearded pilgrim took off his hat and cried out: "Oh, grant we may sing to God in thee one day, and that Tsargrad may be ours." That was no less than a historical sentiment, a memory of the ardor of many wars, the very breath in the nostrils of a Christian-fighting Turk.

"Can you tell me," said an old pilgrim to me at Jerusalem this year, "will the Last Judgment take place in the Valley of Jehoshaphat or by the Dead Sea? It is an important question, because if what the Greek monks say is true the time is not very far distant, and I should like to know to which place I shall have to go. I should like to have a good look at it beforehand."

I said I thought the great sunken basin of the Dead Sea more likely, but showing some curiosity as to the reason for the monkish prediction, I caused the old pilgrim to explain.

"This year," said he, "Tsargrad falls. There is an ancient prophecy that in the year when Annunciation falls on the same day as Easter the war of the end of the world will commence. Tsargrad will fall, Armageddon will be fought, Christ fighting on one side and Antichrist on the other. Then will come the Last Judgment and the end of the world." What a sensation it will cause in Russia and in Greece if this prophecy comes true. None are so astonished at an apparent miracle as those who urgently declare that they believe in miracles.

Constantinople may easily fall, and the whole balance of Christian and Moslem be upset in the Near East. One thing is certain about the Moslem, he is an inexorable foe: his revenge is lasting, his lust



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The front axle of your car must not give way.

It's the part that protects your life and the lives of your friends.

Head on, it meets all the shocks from rough roads and withstands the constant vibration.

Human safety demands the utmost in good axle and bearing construction.

TIMKEN
AXLES & BEARINGS
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They are found at the front of a majority of the leading makes of motor cars—pleasure and commercial.
Doing valiant service. Protecting thousands of lives.
Giving comfort and satisfaction in driving.

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Timken-Detroit Axles are made by an organization of men, absolutely, and wholly devoted to *one idea*—good axle building.

Men who work together—in unison—who have worked together for years—whose experience goes way back into the era of horse-drawn vehicles.

Men who built successful axles for the earliest motor cars—both pleasure and commercial.

Men who have added to their own the experience of all the thousands of users of Timken-Detroit Axles.

Men who make a special study of axle design in the light of all domestic and foreign practice.

Men who care so much for the reputation of Timken-Detroit Axles that they do not neglect the least element of design nor risk imperfection in the smallest part.

The integrity and ideals of such an organization are the best guarantee to the builder and owner of a motor car.

Materials, methods—the finished product are but the expression of that integrity and those ideals.

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings owe their superiority to the principles of their design.

They are correct in theory—proven in practice.

The ideal motor-car bearing must do four things:

1. *It must reduce friction loss to the minimum.* Timken Bearings do reduce it to a negligible quantity.

2. *It must carry the heaviest possible load in proportion to its size.* Timken Bearings do this because they carry the load on the *whole length* of rollers, instead of the points of balls.

3. *It must meet side pressure or end thrust.* The rollers in a Timken Bearing carry end thrust, too, along their whole length—because they are tapered and revolve at an angle to the shaft.

4. *It must be adjustable for wear.* The Timken Bearing is the one bearing that can be adjusted to take up the minute wear *without sacrificing any of its characteristics.*

You can get the whole story of axle and bearing importance and construction by writing to either address below for the Timken Primer, B-3 "On the Correct Character of Bearings," and B-4 "On the Anatomy of Automobile Axles."

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO., DETROIT, MICH.
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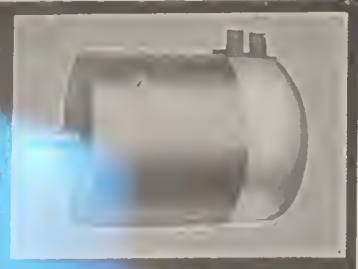

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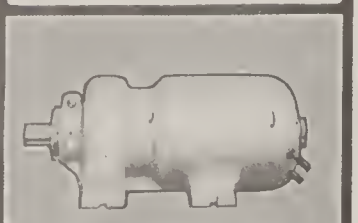
Positive in operation. Remarkably powerful. Requires but a 6-volt battery which is charged automatically without expense by the Dynamo. No complicated controls—only a simple switch. Will "spin" engine 12½ hours, propel a car 2 miles.



Lighting Dynamo

This small, compact machine is driven by the engine. It lights lamps, charges batteries and furnishes current for the Electric Starter. Has the Constant Speed feature. In use over four years. Thoroughly reliable.

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GRAY & DAVIS Lamps offer the highest type of automobile illumination. Powerful, brilliant, possessing grace and distinction, they greatly add to appearance, safety and correct usage.

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This Self Preservation League System is not boxing—not pure "Jiu Jitsu" usable only by experts, but a knowledge of the body's weak spots where instantly-learned movements, causing terrible pain to your assailant, can save you or your family from robbery, injury or death. Many are police movements—others are adapted from "Jiu Jitsu" by the famous Professor O'Brien while Police Chief of Nagasaki, Japan. This League is directed by Professor O'Brien, who has taught this instantly-learned system to hundreds, including Ex-President Roosevelt.

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Jerusalem

(*Concluded from page 30*)

to kill is something essential in the least drop of his blood. If he is humiliated politically in war, he will be ever ready to work out his vengeance personally in murder and massacre. Turkey beaten will be more unpleasant for the Christians than Turkey master; the pilgrims in Jerusalem will need much more protection than has been given them in the past, the caravans to Nazareth and Jordan will have to be guarded by Christian soldiers, no stragglers allowed, and the tourist must be sure of his revolver. It is very probable that Russia will have her own troops to guard her own people. She may also insist on the national character of her church and its shrines in the Holy Land, and break away from the Greeks, whose ecclesiastical practices are not favored by the heads of the Russian Church.

Constantinople is, of course, the great historical capital of Eastern Christianity—it is the Eastern Rome. It is unlikely that the Slavs will give it up to the powers if they once capture it. If they capture it, and hold it, and beat down the mosques, and restore St. Sophia, then the Orthodox Greek Church will swiftly assert itself as the greatest church of the world by the power of its armies and the splendor of its belief. Mount Athos will become trebly famous, and it may quite possibly happen that the victorious armies will operate upon Syria and make a Christian colony of Jerusalem.

They could hold it as a colony, for the Syrian aborigines have no love for the Turks.

When the war broke out no one dreamed of Slav success or an interruption of the status quo in the Near East, and the imagination was only stirred by the prospect of the clash of arms. But now that the Balkan confederates are carrying all before them, a fascinating problem presents itself—what will be the complexion of the Near East when the war is over?

JERUSALEM will perhaps be still devoid of people next Easter, or will the Bulgarians, Servians, Greeks, and Montenegrins be there in hordes, flushed with victory, rapturous with glory-giving, flooding the Sepulcher with tears of joy? Will the sight of their enemies triumphant overcome the commercial greed of the Mohammedan hawkers or be too much for the proud knife-brandishing Arabs? If so, the ancient, grimy floor of the "Life-giving Tomb" may once more run with blood. Or perhaps when the mob is waiting for the bursting forth of the sacred fire at the Sepulcher, the soldiers that keep order will be Greek and Russian, and not Turkish.

Whatever happens, I fancy there will be little difference in the outward aspect of the city once the war is over and the pilgrims have returned.

An American

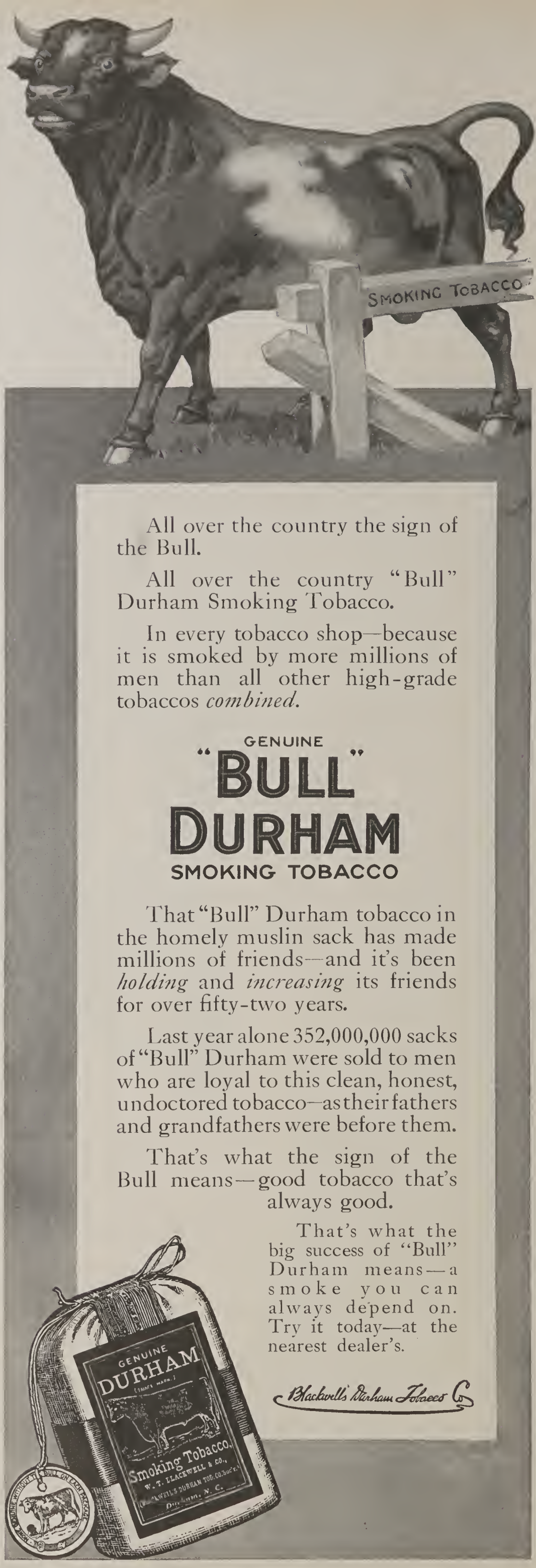
(*Continued from page 16*)

"Well, that's where he'd learn what you don't learn in school and what your folks don't teach you. It's—it's to be on the level and a good sport—aw, I can't tell you, but if you've got a good scout master, you get a kind of feeling about America, you know, that you wouldn't get in school in a hundred years. That's the way I'd teach these foreign kids. Make 'em feel as if they wanted to keep America a fine country to live in."

"I don't see what you've got to offer your Italian boy after he grows up."

Billy flushed, and his chin came forward obstinately. "What are you knocking America for? I—I wouldn't stand that from a kid!"

Ames left Billy thoughtfully. Here was a young Anglo-American, one of the type whom Professor Ripley believed under obligations to set a moral pace for America's new owners. Ames did not think that an English boy would have made a more satisfactory answer as to what makes an Englishman, nor a French boy as to what makes a Frenchman. But he did think that in relation to the incoming human blood it was of vital importance to America that Billy be taught a better answer, taught it so thoroughly that it will become an inalienable part of his character. If Billy, with his heritage of American tradition, and Pietro, with his inherent acumen, can give such replies, what, wondered Ames, would be the answer of the



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All over the country "Bull" Durham Smoking Tobacco.

In every tobacco shop—because it is smoked by more millions of men than all other high-grade tobaccos *combined*.

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That "Bull" Durham tobacco in the homely muslin sack has made millions of friends—and it's been *holding* and *increasing* its friends for over fifty-two years.

Last year alone 352,000,000 sacks of "Bull" Durham were sold to men who are loyal to this clean, honest, undoctored tobacco—as their fathers and grandfathers were before them.

That's what the sign of the Bull means—good tobacco that's always good.

That's what the big success of "Bull" Durham means—a smoke you can always depend on. Try it today—at the nearest dealer's.

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.

Bent Bones

Cause You Feet Misery

DON'T jam, crowd, bend your feet bones by wearing narrow, pointed shoes, as shown in the X-ray photo.

Give your feet a chance to be *natural*—thereby eliminating corns, bunions, callouses, ingrowing nails, fallen arch, etc.

Put them into Educator Shoes, which allow full space for all five toes, yet have a handsome "bench made" appearance. Your bent toe bones will straighten out joyfully and foot misery will be banished forever.

Prices from $1.35 for infants' to $5.50 for Men's Specials. Look for "Educator" branded on the sole of every genuine Educator. If your dealer doesn't sell Educators, write us for catalog and we'll see that your needs are supplied.

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"Lets the foot grow as it should"

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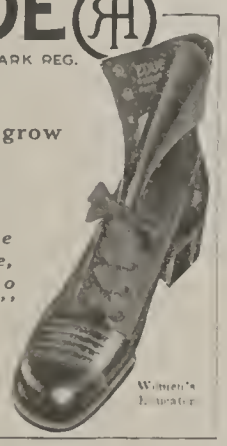

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will make your shoes wear much longer. It doesn't interfere with polishing, doesn't make shoes gummy nor greasy, yet one thorough application will render them proof against rain or snow. Prove it by the Test Tag, then get a can of Dri-Foot at a shoe dealer's, or direct from us.

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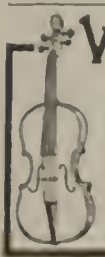


282 Pages. 2561 Articles described. 788 Illustrations. 67 Color Plates. Every Musical Instrument. Superb Quality. Lowest Prices. Easy Payments. Mention instrument you are interested in. We supply the U. S. Government.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO

An American

Continued from page 32

working child of America." By working child Ames meant one of the nearly two million children between the ages of ten and fifteen who are laborers in the United States.

There is not a person in the United States to-day who is not affected by the immigration question. The persons most directly affected are the wage earners, and those of the wage earners whose handicaps are most serious in their results for America are the child wage earners. The thing works both ways. A nation that produces thousands of college graduates every year must have something stupid about it that shows at the same time two million children whose schooling ceases and whose manual labor begins at the age of ten to fifteen. There must be something stupid about the educated class, or else there must be something wrong about the industrial system that allows immigration to injure the wage-earning classes and their offspring.

IF Billy is handicapped by a lack of ideals, what can be said of the handicap of little Jan and Ivan, who are breaker boys in a mine? Or of Vera, who works in a canning factory? These are foreign-born children, and our natural inclination is to feel that their ideals or lack of them do not matter in the least. But it is the foreigner who is inheriting America! And it is this foreign child, broken and contaminated by too early toil, that your child will have to drag along in any effort he may make toward America's progress.

Jan came into the kitchen where his mother was getting supper for the boarders. Ames had engaged board for a day or so. Jan did the work of a man, looked to be ten, and really was about thirteen years old. He gave Ames the hard glance of the sophisticated child and ate his meal in the silent, distrait manner of old age. After supper Ames asked Jan to go to a moving-picture show, but the little fellow was too tired. Ames produced some candy, and Jan, with his lighted pipe, squatted on the doorstep for half an hour, answering Ames's questions.

"How long have you been in the mine, Jan?"

"Two years," replied Jan, poking a piece of candy in the side of his mouth not occupied by his pipe stem.

"Four years of school?" queried Ames.

JAN nodded. "And them was four years too much."

"How's that?" Ames asked. "Didn't you like school?"

"School's all right for 'Mericans," said Jan. "Didn't do me no good."

"What is an American?" questioned Ames.

The child threw him a sharp glance, but Ames was only eying him in a friendly manner. "'Mericans is the rich folks. 'Mericans is the ones that has all the good jobs."

"Is that what they told you an American was in school?"

Jan scowled, in the endeavor to recall. "I don't remember they told us anything except about the fellow that discovered America. That ain't what school is for. School's to teach you books. And a workin' man like me don't need books."

"I should think," suggested Ames, "that if school is good for Americans it would be good for boys like you. I should think it would help you get along in your job, so maybe you'd be rich some day."

"What good is books in my job?" sneered Jan.

"You might want them when you grow up!"

Jan knocked the ashes out of his pipe and looked out into the night with his eyes that were the eyes of a man. "I've grow'd up now, as much as I'll ever be. I work harder'n my father works. When I git married I'll have five boys to work for me instead o' one, like he has."

JAN'S father, a dark hulk of a man, lounged up to the doorstep. His English was too broken for reproduction.

"Your boy here had only four years at school, he tells me," said Ames. "It's too bad you couldn't have given him longer there."

"You hear much in the old country about American schools," boomed Jan's father. "But when you get to this country you see what they do. Us folks get nothing out of them. But they teach the Americans how to make us poorer. Gives them the tools to get rich over our bodies."

(Concluded on page 36)

Teach your wife how to protect the home with a

Smith & Wesson

Learning to shoot will give her healthful exercise, steady nerves, confidence in herself and the knowledge that she is safeguarded day and night. These are Christmas Gifts of real and permanent value.

The picture shows the S. & W. .38 Perfected, with 4-inch barrel. A most satisfactory model for all-round service.

For your wife's use we recommend the S. & W. .22 Perfected. Has an easy pull, and stock is especially suited to a woman's hand.

Possesses all the accuracy, smooth action, reliability and durability that have made Smith & Wesson the world standard.

Ask your dealer for the Smith & Wesson today—*you may need it tomorrow.*

Send for free illustrated booklets "The Revolver" and "Target Shooting"

SMITH & WESSON, 438 Stockbridge Street, Springfield, Mass.
For 50 Years Manufacturers of Superior Revolvers

ÆTNA-IZED?

DISASTER—DISABILITY—DEATH

Are all unpreventable and mean loss of income. This loss is inevitable unless forestalled by the absolute protection of

ÆTNA DISABILITY INSURANCE

This insurance will protect your income and the income of your family. For a moderate investment the Ætna Life Insurance Company will provide you

INCOME INSURANCE

by protecting you and yours against loss by accidental injury or death or by disease. The cost is very low compared with the benefits it guarantees.

Ætna policies are free from technical restrictions and provide liberal compensations for losses sustained through accident or illness.

SEND THE COUPON TO-DAY

ÆEtna Life Insurance Co. (Drawer 1341) Hartford, Conn. Tear Off

I am under 60 years of age and in good health. Tell me about ÆTNA Disability Insurance
My name, business address and occupation are written below.

The Retail Grocer

THERE has been too much loose talk about the retail grocer. People who have no knowledge whatever of his problems and troubles have undertaken to tell him how to run his business, and manufacturers with axes to grind have tried to "force" him by stirring up suspicion and discontent among his customers.

The grocer is the natural adviser of the food buyer, and it is his privilege, duty and necessity to guide the customer in choosing between different products claiming to offer the same purity and quality.

The grocery business at best is complicated. The grocer must carry a large variety of goods, many of them subject to deterioration. His margins of profit are small — his over-head expense unusually high by reason of the necessity for frequent deliveries of small purchases.

When to this array of difficulties is added the necessity of carrying various brands of each class of food products, many of them forced on him by intensified sales methods; when he is accused of fraud if he tries to sell what he has instead of what he hasn't, it is small wonder that he loses interest in everything except keeping his head above water.

Moreover the honest grocer is constantly subjected to the unfair competition of the dishonest cut-price store with fake bargains in low-grade goods, which apparently sell as readily to indiscriminate buyers as the products of solid merit carried by the honest dealer.

To meet this competition it is exceedingly natural that some of these inferior products should find their way into the stock and stores of many grocers who would not touch them unless forced to it by this unfair competition.

Here we find a condition of affairs plainly evil, and through no fault of the grocer.

It would be unjust and foolish to demand that the grocer alone and single handed reform this condition for which he is not responsible and against which he has fought—and fought hard.

Instead of following the common practice of condemning the grocer for what he cannot help, the movement of which this is the third chapter seeks to provide him, as well as his customers, with a convenient, easy way of meeting the problem by furnishing them both with a handy guide to foods which are pure and of high grade.

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods in the hands of any grocer will enable him to prove or disprove the statements of food manufacturers as to the relative quality, purity or value of their respective lines.

So long as the grocer was without means of making sure of his stock for himself, and still less able to prove its purity to his patrons, his duty was at least a matter of doubt, but The Westfield Book of Pure Foods, by making it easy for him to *know* what he sells, makes it plainly his duty to safeguard his trade.

It is easy to lean back in one's chair and say "Let the buyer beware." But that ancient legal villainy does not apply to those in a position of trust.

Here are some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

——his Duty to the Customer

The druggist, for example, is not excused from blame if he sells poison to a child, and the grocer who sells poison in the guise of foods to people who cannot tell the difference, is almost as much to blame as the man who puts the poison into the food and mislabels it as eatable, now that the grocer has at his disposal a safe, easy way of telling the difference himself.

The grocer who cannot see that the confidence of his customers now imposes on him a duty of the plainest, most imperative sort, is morally or mentally deficient. The man who sees that duty and who knows that it is within his easy power to perform, is certainly wickedly callous if he defaults.

To blame the grocer for what has happened is unjust. To criticize him for doing his best under adverse conditions is still more unfair. And no one is less disposed to commit this blunder than the men behind this movement, who know the grocer's problems, appreciate his difficulties and have reason to respect his character.

In providing him with a means by which he can judge between good foods and bad, they are trying to help him—not hinder. And grocers who have made an experiment with the value of this new guide to pure foods, have been quick to feel the benefit in both their buying and selling.

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods is simply a handy index, listing the important nationally distributed food products that have been tested at Westfield, Mass., "The Pure Food Town," and known to be definitely pure and of high quality.

The tests on which this book are based were absolutely impartial. It is the net result of over 20,000 careful analyses made by the food experts of the Westfield Board of Health. It is not, and cannot be, so complete that anything not mentioned in it is to be adjudged impure by inference, but it is complete enough to serve as a valuable buying guide at any grocer's counter anywhere. In this book there is no condemnation, not even by inference. It lists only pure products and does not mention the other kind.

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods solves the food problem of the consumer and makes choice easy and safe for the grocer. To secure a copy, fill out the coupon on this page and mail it with ten cents in stamps or silver to the Westfield Board of Health, Westfield, Mass.

It will let you lock your doors once for all against the food faker and the food poisoner.

The names of the firms co-operating to bear the expense of this campaign are signed below, not as a bid for publicity, but simply because no detail of such a matter should be concealed from the public. The Westfield Book of Pure Foods, which they seek to distribute, lists the names of many competing houses which take no part whatever in the movement but necessarily share equally in its benefits, as every product mentioned in the book has passed exhaustive, impartial tests which conclusively prove its purity and worth.

American Sugar Refining Co., New York.
Baker Extract Co., Springfield, Mass.
Baker Importing Co., New York.
Beechnut Packing Co., Canajoharie, N. Y.
Belle Mead Sweets, Trenton, N. J.
Dr. E. F. Brush's Kumyss, Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Clicquot Club Co., Millis, Mass.
Corn Products Refining Co., New York.
John Duncan's Sons, New York.
The N. K. Fairbank Co., Chicago, Ill.
F. A. Ferris & Co., New York.
H. J. Heinz Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Jones Dairy Farm, Fort Atkinson, Wis.
Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Chas. B. Knox Co., Johnstown, N. Y.
Francis H. Leggett & Co., New York.
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co., Boston, Mass.
Minute Tapioca Co., Orange, Mass.
The Moxie Co., Boston, Mass.
National Onion Salt Co., Chicago, Ill.
Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.
Southern Cotton Oil Co., New York.
Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.
Worcester Salt Co., New York.

Additions to the above list will be given in the December 14th and December 21st issues.

Here are some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

4,000 Reliable Druggists Sell This Guaranteed Perfect Candy

We instruct all Huyler Sales Agents to order from us frequently and to return for full credit any box of Huyler not in perfect condition, and to take back any box that any customer decides is not perfect.

Huyler's

Bonbons Chocolates

Knowing just how delicious they are when they leave our 14 candy-making establishments, we insist that they reach the final purchaser in the same perfect condition.

Write for Huyler Interesting Booklet

It tells of the founding of Huyler and how purity and quality are insured in all Huyler products. Name of Huyler Agent nearest you sent with book.

Huyler's 64 Irving Place New York City

56 Retail Stores in United States and Canada

SALES AGENTS EVERYWHERE

If you like Huyler's Candy you will like Huyler's Cocoa and Chocolate. Sold by leading grocers

Sauer's FLAVORING EXTRACTS

USED AND ENDORSED BY MORE

Chemists and Housekeepers

than any other extracts in the United States for flavoring purposes. 14 highest awards in Europe and America. **Vanilla, Lemon,** etc.,—**10c.** and **25c.**—at groeers. Write for booklet of choiee cooking recipes—**free.**

C. F. SAUER CO., Mfgrs. Richmond, Va.

These frade-mark crisscross lines on every package

Cresco Grits and Barley Crystals

BREAKFAST AND DESSERT CEREAL FOODS

FOR CASES OF STOMACH, INTESTINAL, KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES

Delicious foods for sick or well. Ask your physician. Leading Grocers. For book or sample, write

FARWELL & RHINES, WATERTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

Savo Air Moistener

Fill with water and hang on back of any Radiator

Prevents air dryness. Makes it fit for the lungs. No doctor bills. Saves furniture shrinking, piano warping, wall paper cracking. Money refunded if not satisfactory after 30 days free trial. Order now, or write for free Booklet.

Price $2.00

IN USE

Savo Mfg. Co., Dept. C, 5856 S. Park Ave., Chicago

An American

Concluded from page 35

"Look here," saitl Ames, "the schools want to make Americans out of boys like yours. Why don't you give the schools a chance?"

The father gave a short laugh. "They had him four years. He's not a fool. They taught him to read, that's all. Four years is a long time for a child. You'd rather work in the mine, eh, Jan?"

JAN spat into the darkness in a manly fashion, then got up and stood beside his father, faeing Ames in the lamplight that streamed from the door. Something about the small faee, so childlike despite its too early life knowledge, moved Ames very much. What had Ameriea done to this tiny coming citizen? The father with his huge body had had a better physieal chance in the old country, and Ames could not see that Jan's mental chance was any better than his father's had been. Jan stood swaying back and forth, then of a sudden his black eyes glowed with the passion of his race. Jan was the child of a race that is passionately imaginative. The schools had not fed this imagination. This had been left to the discontent and bitterness of the overworked men who were his daily eomrades and teachers. The wealth of vision that the schools might have retained for America had been lost to anarchy. Jan spoke and thought with the preeocity of his kind. He shook a grimy little fist toward Ames, and Ames noticed that the knuckles already were enlarged by work.

"You Americans!" shrilled Jan. "I hate the lot of you! When I went to school I thought I was going to be an American. But you just taught me a little books. You didn't teach me how to be an American. You want to keep all that for yourselves! But you can't. I'll fight you till you're glad to show me how to be an American! I ain't afraid of you and your books. You don't want us to be Americans! That's why you don't teach us!"

"Heh!" said Jan's father. "Get to bed, Jan! You'll be late for work in the morning."

THE schools had Jan for four years, and the years from six until ten are long, vital years in a child's life. The church would have made a lifelong religionist of him in that time. The American school taught him a little reading and writing and let him go, an embryo anarchist.

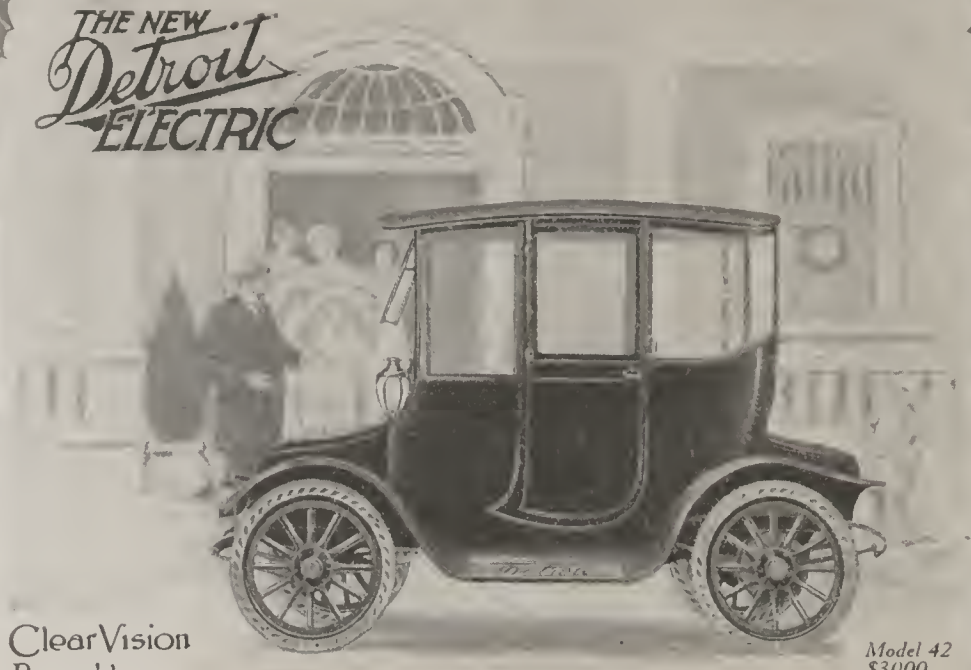
Old established races like the English, the French, or the German can afford, perhaps, to let a child's idealism seep in as a by-product of his studies. America cannot afford to do this, unless she has come to believe that her institutions can well be modified to suit the political and social desires of the new immigration. If America wants her early ideals to persist she must realize several facts. First, she must *formulate* the ideals for which she would wish to stand. She must realize that it is the prime business of the disappearing Anglo-American to keep these ideals intact. She must know that there is but one way to make these ideals a part of the character of the immigrant. It is stupid to believe that minds ignorant and superstitious, in bodies underfed and overworked, will seek these ideals voluntarily.

America must realize that the future of America is in the hands of the public schools, and that, as far as American ideals are concerned, the public schools are not living up to their job. There is just one way to give the children of our public schools an ideal, and that is to teach it as one does the multiplication table, day in and day out, year after year.

Teach them that money *getting* is not money *earning*. Teach them that they must give more to the world than they take out of it. Teach them chastity. Teach them honesty. Teach them raee responsibility. Give them this daily with their spelling lesson. In doing this is America's one chanee to give immediate form to the forces that otherwise will render her formless like themselves.

WHAT is an Ameriean? Ask the man at the desk next yours, ask your wife, ask your *child*, and, finally, ask yourself. What in your own life stands for what you believe to be American? Have you a fundamental, clean-cut ideal for America's future for which you are working? And if you have not, what reason or excuse have you for your delinquency?

THE NEW **Detroit ELECTRIC**



ClearVision Brougham

Model 42
$3000
F. O. B.
Detroit

Too Big to Come Down the Chimney!

THE wonderful sleigh of Santa Claus that rides over all the world in a single night is not more fascinating than the charm of the modern Detroit Electric. Imagine the exclamations of surprise and delight from wife or daughter if this beautiful motor car were delivered at *your* home Christmas morning.

What more exquisite expression of the Christmas spirit could you possibly offer?

It will bring joy to *all* the family from morning 'till night, from Christmas 'till Christmas, year after year—a perennial pleasure.

The real advances made in the development of the electric automobile are distinctly Detroit Electric ideas. Conspicuous among them are:

The "Chainless" Shaft Drive—a real shaft drive; Horizontal controller lever, built into the side of the car itself, out of the way; Clear Vision in *all* directions (note rear curved glass panels); All seats facing forward with front seats *centrally* located, giving well-balanced appearance whether occupied by one or more persons; Body panels, door panels and roof made of pure aluminum which retains a beautiful and permanent finish without danger of checking or warping; "Closed-in" fenders made of aluminum instead of leather; Piano-hinged hoods; doors opening forward to prevent accidents and for convenience in reaching for door handles; Springs with an elastic limit, exceeding 200,000 pounds per square inch; Four (2 sets) extra powerful brakes; Adjustable brake pedals, and other equally important features.

The vital unseen parts of an electric automobile are the very bulwark of your investment. Our new 1913 Detroit Electric catalog covers these points in detail. Sent upon request. Christmas deliveries cannot be made unless you order early.

Anderson Electric Car Co.
414 Clay Ave., Detroit, U. S. A.

Boston
Brooklyn
Buffalo
Cleveland

Branches:
New York, Broadway at 80th Street
Chicago, 2416 Michigan Ave.

Evanston
Kansas City
Minneapolis

Those cousins out west—or back east—you don't hear from them as often now. You each have new friends, new interests. But after all, blood *is* thicker than water and your picture and pictures of the other members of *your* family would be welcomed by *them*—especially for Christmas.

There's a photographer in your town.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The real food value, dainty crispness and delicious, nut-like flavor of

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

will make them extremely popular with every one of your folks.

Educator Crackers are made with the same care I give to my own meals, and I personally sample each day's bake — to make sure that everything is just right.

Once you taste that **natural whole wheat** sweetness you will be doubly convinced of their goodness. The following are a few of many kinds. Buy them in tins.

EDUCATOR WAFERS

—spread with rich, creamy butter—are a refreshing change from bread. You'll enjoy their nut-like, **whole wheat** flavor. Unsurpassed for children's luncheons, peanut butter sandwiches (use **Educator Peanut Butter**) and between-meal nibbles. Get acquainted with them today. Your dealer will introduce you.

EDUCATOR TOASTERETTES

are delicious with soup or salad. A delicate wafer—salted, buttered, and toasted to a crisp nicety. But it's the sweet, **whole wheat** flavor that makes their eating such a lingering delight. Nothing gives more distinction to any dainty function than **Toasterettes**. For the sake of your soup and salad service —try them.

EDUCATOR WATER CRACKERS

are a delightful finale to any dinner, when served with cheese and coffee. Some water crackers, though good to taste, are too hard to eat with pleasure. **Educator Water Crackers** have the natural flavor of **whole wheat**—and are "Just Hard Enough" to make their eating a genuine treat.

If your dealer cannot supply you with the kinds of **Educator Crackers** you wish, **send 10 cents and his name for assorted trial box.**

TO DEALERS

who appreciate a pure food, quality product that's well advertised and in good demand, the **Educator Cracker** proposition is exceptionally attractive. Write for it.

JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD COMPANY

28 Batterymarch Street . Boston, Mass.

A Flatfoot

(Concluded from page 23)

And Tactics? Oh, once in a great while a war game. Once in a great while. Here is the naval art of war worked out in calculus. Take a stadimeter reading and substitute (You are out of position) you

" you " position " 90m out of position—position 90m.

And this checkerboard so nice and level and square and ruled off will be knocked over with the first gun fired. And the junior officer will drop his precious stadimeter and a signal boy will kick it as he runs to hoist the signal for broadsides. And the column will do a bum parade and some of the pretty bunting will get holes in it. Oh dear! after all our careful drills it's a shame.

DEAR BLANK—As we were steaming into Hampton Roads last night we had a great time locating some channel buoys. A man was sent aloft to operate a searchlight. The captain shouted up for him to elevate the beam. The man didn't hear the order—the searchlight drowns out everything with its hissing—the captain shouted himself blue in the face. This always happens in the use of searchlights. When we had night target practice off Cape Cruz in Cuba the shouting up to the searchlight men almost drowned out the noise of the guns. The guns made enough noise, though, considering that the pointers never saw hide or hair of any target all the night's run. At the order "Fire!" they had to fire and shoot holes in waves that were only innocent bystanders. The searchlights never picked up the targets, and the uproar of orders shouted up from the bridge to train right, train left, elevate and depress, was terrible to listen to.

I hope searchlights are run with better success on other ships. In a real engagement with torpedo boats, our ship would have been a helpless mark. Last night the skipper got tired yelling up at the searchlight platform and he said for somebody to "go up and kick that man's head off." It is easier to kick a man's head off than it is to install a voice tube.

Well after we picked up one or two buoys our way in to the Roads was easy. The channel lies between two files of buoy lights just like a street. It was just like a street on a wet night with a glistening pavement between the old-fashioned kind of street lamps.

We are not doing a tap of useful work. The way out of it would be something like this to my notion: Let the government establish some large manufacturing plants on the coast and have the greatest part of all men in the naval force work at these plants most of the time. Now, at these plants, have training schools on the side equipped with guns, signal flags, landing force equipments, small boats, etc. A great part of the essential points of these things could just as well be learned on land. A river would serve for the small boats. Let each workman at the plant put in about two or three hours of serious drill each morning and then go about his work like a serious man and not like a circus monkey in a fancy uniform. Make the officers foremen. Then for about a week out of a month put each man in a ship's company and take him out for a cruise full of serious and active drills. The tonic of real work done would still be bracing his muscles. He would go at naval drills in a workmanlike way. The sea life would be fresh to him—a relief from his other work. A week's drill would do more for him than months and months do for the light-headed kids that are on the ships now fooling most of their time away. What makes them so light-headed and childish is that they almost never do any real serious work. Pushing a deck scrubber makes no demand on anyone's brains. Fellows enlist just at the formative age, when they are supposed to begin to mature. I have watched them live a navy life for two years and remain just as boyish as the day they shipped.

IF there were established the sensible navy works I am dreaming about, a man could marry and settle down, a serious man. When the United States went to war, it could line up a serious workman against the classical sailor bum and boozer of other navies. It is the *man* that wins battles.

But if my dream of naval works could come true a man would enlist to some purpose. He wouldn't have to put off living and learning until he was paid off

Madam—We Have Made the Mince Meat for Your Holiday Pies

WE HAVE solved your Plum Pudding problem, too.

Heinz Mince Meat and Plum Pudding are prepared to be the crowning delights of "extra effort" dinners.

Everybody knows our standard for every-day quality. You can imagine the result when holiday dinners are in mind.

Good things brought from every corner of the earth and put together with greatest care.

Heinz Mince Meat makes pies over which you smack your lips in memory—the kind of pies that come up to holiday expectations.

But why wait for a holiday?

Heinz 57 Varieties

We use only big, juicy, four crown Valencia raisins from Spain, and plump Grecian currants that melt in your mouth; fresh, choice cuts of beef, and white kidney suet. Leghorn candied peels and citron. Pure spices that we grind ourselves.

We spent years developing the *special* flavor of Heinz Mince Meat—blending the spices and the fruits to achieve the alluring *smack* and *tang*—found in no other mince meat on the market.

Heinz Mince Meat is sold by good grocers in glass and tin containers and stone crocks.

Heinz Plum Pudding

is as good as our mince meat—clean-made from the same fine imported raisins and currants—candied fruits and peels. The crowning touch to the holiday meal.

Other seasonable Heinz Foods and Delicacies are: Heinz Tomato Soup, Cranberry Sauce, Preserves, Jellies, Preserved Sweet Pickles, East Indian Chutney, Euchred Figs, Apple Butter, etc., etc.

H. J. Heinz Company

Member of Association for the Promotion of Purity in Foods

Señorita Silk-Spun

For Christmas Gifts

appeals not only by its superb texture and exquisite coloring, but by the advanced and attractive nature of its fall styles and models. Silk itself cannot give the marvelous colors, the graceful draping or the spun-glass delicacy of this material.

New this season—beautifully rich Señorita Silk-Spun Scarfs in White or Black, with very handsome lace designs, yet with the body needed for splendid service; finished in long, graceful, non-tangling fringe. 24 by 80 in., fish-net weaves, figured with fleur-de-lis and other attractive designs, $7 each. Scarfs 33 by 90 in., with large designs in charming floral or Grecian patterns, $9 each.

Señorita Silk-Spun Scarfs with the popular long four and five knot fringed ends, 15 or 18 in. wide and 84 in. long, in any of the popular stripes or single colors, are on sale everywhere at $3.25 and $4.

Afternoon and Evening Scarfs in the newest colors, having long knotted and fringed ends, $1 to $4—with fancy borders, $2.25 to $4.

Señorita Silk-Spun Boudoir Caps, at 50c and $1. Theatre and Motor Caps, $1, $1.50 and $2.

Señorita Silk-Spun Auto Veils, 36 by 90 in. with double fringed ends or fancy borders, $4; Hat Drapes and Face Veils, 75c, $1 and $1.25.

Señorita Motor Scarf Clasps

convert our handsome scarfs into very artistic motor hoods, with long flowing ends that may be tied and draped about the neck.

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Loot of Bungawan

Concluded from page 21

ernor had stepped into a tangle of palms and creepers and had vanished.

It took Brabson an age to find the foot track and three hours more to get back to the bungalow. He ran most of the way.

At last he staggered through a yam patch for a short cut to the village. He was nearer, so much nearer that he could see a white man climbing aboard a lugger in the offing. A gunboat lay at anchor just beyond the fringe of cocoanuts, but nobody on the gunboat seemed to be awake.

He knew the East. If the lugger got across the reef, there were twenty ways for Kelly to escape. And Dunga Dhu knew them all!

HE knocked the punkah boy out of his way as he dashed into the Governor's bungalow and into the Governor's office. The python was snugly asleep in the waste-paper basket, and there was a white cockatoo with a yellow topknot gibbering at him from the window. It was a steel-blue moment in Brabson's life. The worst had happened. The Governor had unlocked the door and the desk and had stolen the valise. Every dollar and every pearl of Bungawan was bobbing in an offshore breeze under the dirty sail of Dunga Dhu!

A footfall hit the steps of the veranda.

Brabson lighted a cigar and waited. He had seen the man through the window.

"If it isn't Brabson! How's things on Bungawan?"

He was unnerved for the moment or he would have told. Instead, he waited. Luckily, Smith was an old friend and a good talker.

A gunboat captain can find a lot to talk about, especially when he has been hurried south through a typhoon in an armor-plated steamboat with a walking beam gone wrong. So Brabson listened wistfully and prepared himself for the ordeal. Smith had run short of water, and it was too late to catch Kelly.

SMITH laughed.

"I met a white man who was going aboard a lugger two hours ago. He said he was your orderly and that you'd sent him over to Panalay for a moving-picture machine. It's a risky trip just now. But he looked like a fool."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Brabson. "I'll tell you what he's done for me."

But Brabson never told. The punkah boy had entered—with the Dato. Samale was carrying a note and a valise, and he was headed for Smith.

But Brabson grabbed Samale and shoved him outside the door.

"It's from my—my orderly," he explained unsteadily. "Excuse me if I read the letter."

"Sure thing. You'll find me on the veranda when you finish," said Smith, going out without even a glance at the valise.

And Brabson read the letter:

CAPTAIN OF U. S. GUNBOAT.

DEAR SIR—*You will find the treasury of Bungawan in this valise. A crook was after it. Be sure you get him. His name is Brabson. He's the only white on the island, but he has a black soul. You will find particulars inside and all accounts correct.*

I would have waited, but I had tried some experiments in governing the island which may not meet with your approval.

Officially yours. KELLY.

Brabson placed the note upon the charcoal burner and watched it burn. Then he unlocked the valise. He knew what he would find inside, and his surmise was correct. The loot had not been touched.

THEN he strolled outside with a new interest in the world.

"The chap who went away in the lugger looked a bit like Kelly, who was Governor here," said Smith, accepting a cigar. "He was an honest man and a crank, so they exiled him here. By the way, what happened to him?"

"He resigned," replied Brabson carelessly. "He governed well enough, but he was too fond of innovations. To give him credit, I'm not sure but what most of them worked."

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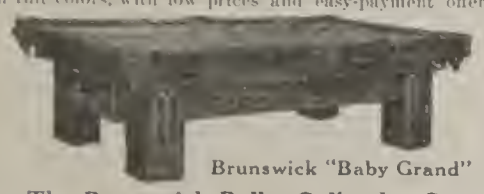

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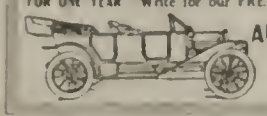

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Mountains

(Continued from page 19)

He fell and struck his forehead against something immovable, from which his head seemed to rebound with a swimming lightness that was exhilarating, his amazing body lifted him again unhurt, and sprang ahead with him. It carried him without effort, and fell and rose under him, dipping and soaring like a bird. Once the lightning showed a fallen tree trunk in his way, and he leaped with the flash and cleared it, and sailed along unwearied. He felt that he would never tire, and when he began to sink in on himself it was as if his body were a punctured balloon that had begun to flatten but not to collapse.

HIS feet seemed to be dragging. He feared that they might catch against something and bring down his head, which still floated. When another arm caught him across his chest, he hung on it weakly and let the world blow by, happily anchored in a surge that rose and fell with him, his eyes on a shore light that burned steadily on the horizon.

He had struck against a pole gate, and the lightning revealed a clearing in the woods and a house beyond it. He hung there a long time, watching it come and go in flashes, and he had not the slightest idea why it disappeared, any more than if the whole thing were a nightmare. First there would be the darkness with the small ray of yellow light in it; then the open field and the house, as distinct as daylight; then the darkness again—over and over, in a dizzy, drunken sort of blinking iteration. He felt seasick.

It occurred to him that he might crawl through the gate and sneak up and grab a pillar of the veranda when it rose to show itself, and clamber aboard it. If he made no noise the crew would not come out and throw him off into the water again. He could sleep there comfortably. He needed sleep.

HE got the upper part of his body through the gate, between the poles, without much difficulty, but his legs hung back and impeded him; and when he began to crawl along the road, watching cunningly for the reappearance of the house he found that his knees were unwilling to help him. Under these conditions his progress was necessarily slow. Besides, the house seldom reappeared in the place where it had vanished. It kept moving all around the horizon. He discovered that it followed the yellow light—that if he could hold *this* steady with his eyes, he could control the house. Then he began to gain on it. He was swimming "dog fashion," of course. On account of the weight of his legs he had all he could do to keep his chin above water, and the spray splashed in his eyes.

When he got hold of the veranda steps he clung there, floating. He was unable to drag himself out. Several times, when he was almost up, his knee slipped, and he fell back again; but he never lost his grip. He concluded that he would have to raise himself by the shoulders alone, independent of his legs; and he came up the steps on his belly, holding to the edge of one step with his chin while he got his hands on the next one. He was making more noise than he had expected, and he was admonishing himself to be quiet, in a panting mumble, when the door was suddenly thrown open and a woman stood in the light. He lay perfectly still and watched her, his chin on the edge of the veranda floor.

HE was an incredible, a shocking sight. He had cut his forehead, and the blood was over his face. One eye was almost closed in a bruise; the other wavered like a drunken man's. He was plastered with mud to the hair. His coat was torn from his shoulder. His mouth was open, and his breath came in hoarse gasps.

The woman screamed "My God!" and backed into the room. "It's a murdered man!" she cried there. "He's dyin'! He's dyin' on the doorstep!"

A younger woman put her aside swiftly and came out with a lamp. The grimace that Barney made was an attempt to smile at her. He raised himself slowly on his hands, and his head nodded and swayed. He saw her at a great distance, very small, in a little circle of light that gradually closed in upon her till she and the light vanished.

When she put her lamp down on the

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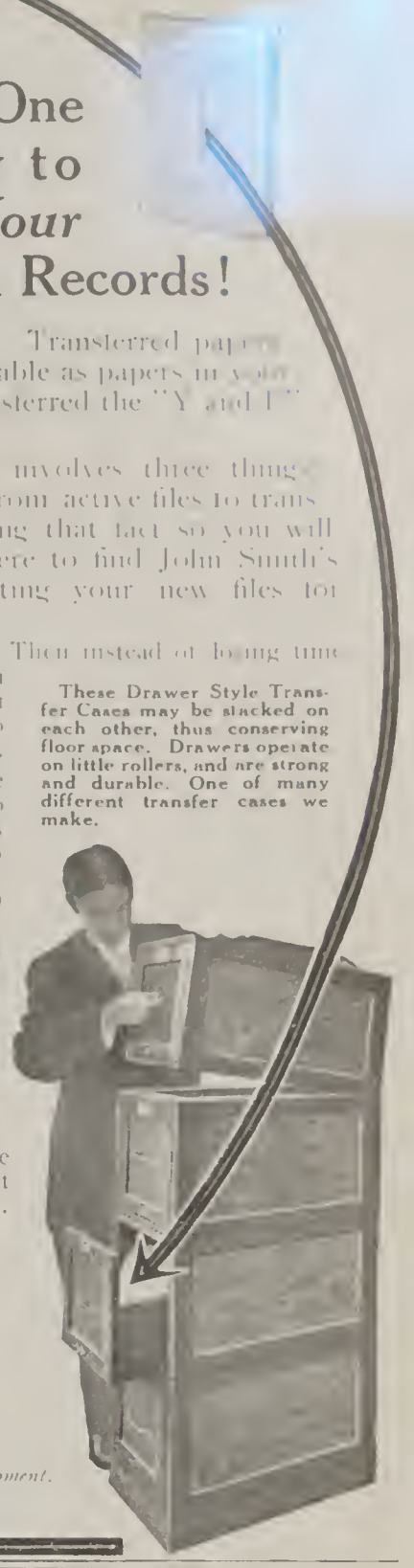

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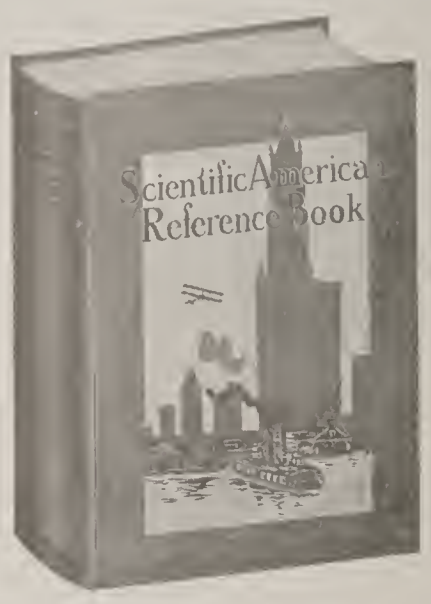

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Mountains

(*Continued from page 39*)

porch table and turned to help him, she found that he had fainted.

He regained consciousness lying on his back, looking up at the dark beams and lemon-yellow plaster of a living-room ceiling. The head of a young woman came between him and the beams, and her eyes were very large and brown. He saw them disassociated from all else, moving with an independent intelligence of their own, between long lashes under dark eyebrows. A warm, wet cloth shut off his puzzled scrutiny by applying itself to his forehead.

WHEN the cloth withdrew, she put an arm gently under his neck and shoulders and raised him. She was on one knee, on the floor beside him, and she propped him with the other knee while she took a steaming glass from somewhere behind her and held it to his lips. He drank with his eyes on her hand. The smooth, plump delicacy of her fingers interested him. He put his own muddy paw up to regulate the flow of the choking liquor, and felt the softness of her flesh. He looked up at her. She smiled at him without moving to free her hand. "Better?" she asked.

He regarded her smile with an impersonal interest. It was a very pleasant, slow smile. He looked into her eyes, and was fascinated. She asked: "What is your name?"

He answered, after a moment, as if he were in doubt. "Barney. Barney—Cook."

"Where do you live?"

"N' York."

"How did you come *here?*"

Evidently he could not remember.

"Take the glass, Annie," she said.

Some one took the glass. In order to move him she freed her fingers from his, slipping her hand down his wrist. It was his left wrist, and she touched the metal there. "What's that?" His head came over on her bosom as she shifted him. "Annie!" She raised his hand. "Annie!"

Another voice said in a whisper: "It's the *po*-lice! It's a handcuff!"

The liquor had made him drowsy, and her breast was a perfumed, soft pillow. In their horrified silence he rested weakly, his head swimming in pain. Somewhere he heard a muffled thumping. That was her heart.

THE voices went on: "They'll be after 'm." "Lock the door. Draw the curtains." "Will yuh keep him—*here!*" "I—I don't know." Footsteps were busy about him.

She whispered close: "What have you done? Boy?" When he did not answer, she lowered him into her lap and roused him, one arm about him, a hand laid on his cheek. "Tell me. What has happened?" He studied the concern in her eyes. "The handcuff," she said. She raised his wrist to show it to him. "Who did that?"

He groped in the misty blankness of his brain. He frowned, and found the seat of pain in his forehead. She asked: "Were you arrested?"

He said, at last, faintly: "Yes."

"For what? What had you done?"

He could not remember. He remembered that—that some one had told him—something. "I jumped," he said. "I jumped off the train."

"Why? Why did you jump from a train?"

He raised himself a little and put a hand to his forehead. His head felt huge. "What's the matter with it?" he complained.

"You've hurt yourself—when you jumped, perhaps."

"Gee!"

"How did you get up here?"

"I—I don't know. I was in the woods. Runnin'. I—I guess I was scared." He saw the room in the rich lamplight. "Where am I?"

"You're safe," she said, deeply. "Don't be afraid."

"I'm wet, ain't I? . . . I was swimmin' . . . That's how I got here." And then, after long thought, he added: "Gee, I'm mixed."

HE felt her shaking. It was in the hysterical relief of nervous laughter, of course. He smiled up at her with the wreck of his engaging grin. He said: "I'm glad—I'm glad I'm here, anyway. . . . Where am I?"

She regained her gravity. "My name is

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AN IDEAL FLYER

Mountains

(*Continued from page 40*)

Langton—Mary Langton. This is my father's house."

"Langton!" He had heard the name before. He could not remember where, and the pain dulled his effort to recollect. "I'm on the blink," he sighed, and sank back in her arms again, drowsily.

"Help me put him on the couch, Annie," she said.

The rest was between waking and sleeping. They carried him to a roomy leather couch beside the fireplace, and made him comfortable with cushions, and bandaged his head, and took off his wet clothing, and wrapped him in warm blankets. He was fast asleep when they were pulling off his shoes. He was big for his age, but his mouth pouted in his dreams, like a child's; and Mary Langton, flushing a little, bent over him maternally as she tucked the blanket under his bare, boyish shoulders, and her hand lingered in a comforting touch of pity on his round, young neck.

THERE were three to sit down for breakfast in the Langton bungalow next morning; and one of them was Barney, with a clean bandage fastened diagonally over his forehead and his bruised eye. He had regained his color and his smile, which beamed—with some doubtful intervals—on Mary Langton. She was wearing a lace cap and negligee enchantingly adorned with old rose ribbons; and she replied to Barney's smile with one of a protecting benevolence that remembered putting him to bed.

The third at the table was an athletic-looking young man in a shooting costume, whom Barney had recognized as the missing Whately in spite of his new mustache that continually attracted his fingers. Hat in hand, he had wakened Barney in a bedroom upstairs, where Barney had been as much surprised to find himself as to see Whately; but no questions had been asked on either side. He had brought Barney some underclothes and a dressing gown that were too large for him. "Your own things are still drying in the kitchen," he said. "Breakfast's ready."

It was he who bandaged Barney's wounds, amused by the boy's blinking and troubled silence. "We'll have to get that off with a file," he remarked of Barney's handcuff, as he helped to roll up the sleeves of the dressing gown. He brought a pair of bath slippers. "That's the best we can do."

Barney said nothing. His mind was as busy as a hive of bees, and the swarming activity of his thoughts showed in his face. Whately was enjoying his own superiority in deception; he talked with an easy naturalness, smiling inwardly at Barney's bewilderment. He could imagine what the boy was thinking. "Ready?" he asked, when Barney was washed and dressed and bandaged.

Barney nodded. "I guess I was struck by lightnin'," he volunteered.

"Were you?" Whately replied cheerfully. "Tell us about it downstairs. Aren't you hungry?"

"Gee!" Barney sighed. "Hungry!"

"Come along then."

They came downstairs to the living room together, and Mary Langton included them both in her affectionate air of greeting. She put one hand on Barney's shoulder, as she led him to the table, patting him as if he were a child. He *was* a child, forthwith. Instinctively, quite without craft, and almost unconscious of the fact that he was acting a part, he became an ingenuous youngster without a trace of guile.

WHATELY did not notice the change at first. Mary, as they crossed the room, secretly found his hand and spoke to it in a dumb pressure that was eloquent: it took all his mind to her, warmly.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked Barney.

"I don't remember," he said—and joined in their amusement, naïvely unabashed.

He stared around at the room like an interested infant. It was a sort of room that he had never seen before—with silvery gray woodwork and yellow sash curtains, silk rugs, and a hardwood floor, a bearskin before a huge fireplace, a cottage piano, furniture of severe oak upholstered in Spanish leather, books, and flowers. It was an immense room, full of sunlight and color; and the table was set at one end in an alcove of windows that looked out on the valley far below. The sight of the fruit piled in a great wicker tray in the center of the table took his

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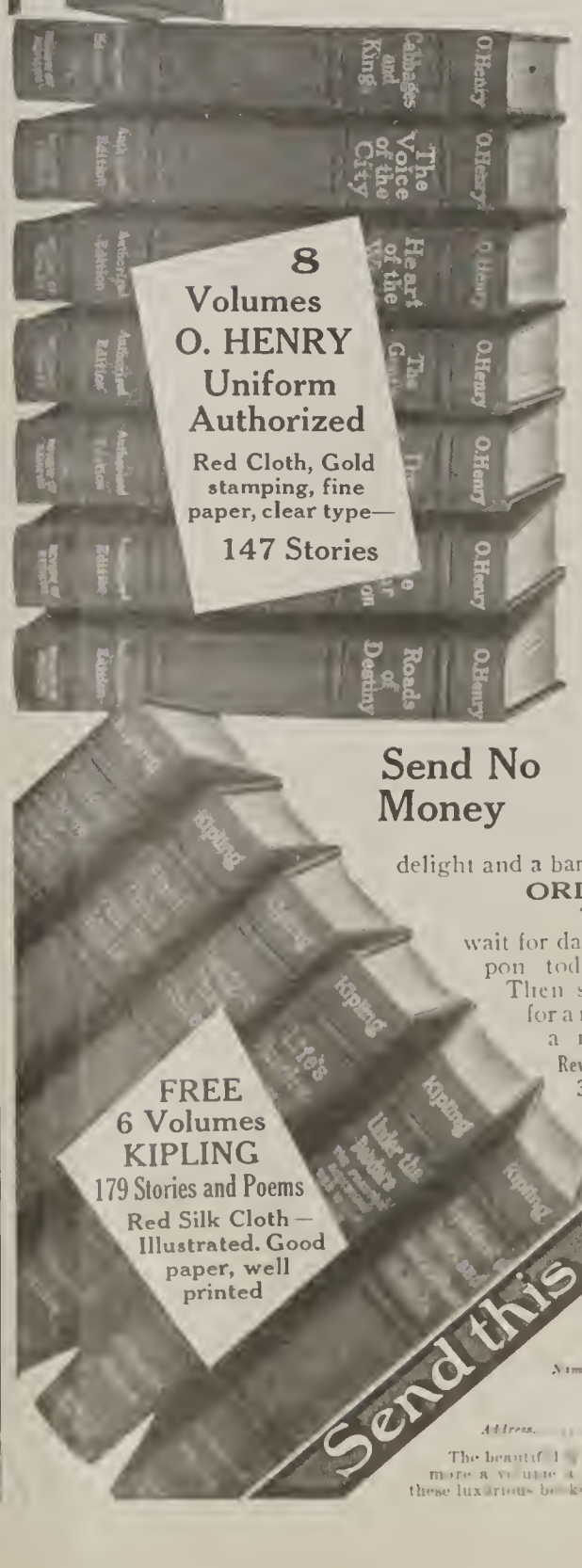

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Though Mountains Meet Not

(*Continued from page 41*)

eyes and held them. "I haven't had anything to eat since—" It seemed ages—"since I don't know when."

"Help yourself, Barney," she said, as they sat down. "To the fruit. And tell us how you got here."

He reached an orange, bit a wound in it—transparently embarrassed—and began to skin it with his fingers. "He—he lef' me on the train," he said, "fer a minute, an' I jumped 'n'—'n' beat it—'n' piked up the road—till I got here."

"*Who* left you on the train?" Whately asked.

He looked up furtively at old Annie, who was bringing in the coffee. "The detective," he said.

"What did the detective want *you* for?"

"Nothin'. I— It was my brother done it, 'n'—'n' they got *him*, but I got away—t' Oswego. 'N' I wrote home to my mother. 'N' I guess that's how they foun' out where I was."

"And you hadn't done anything wrong, at all, had you, Barney?" she asked.

Barney gave her the gaze of utter innocence "No, 'm."

Whately eyed him. This was not the troubled, silent face that he had watched upstairs. "How did you get the other handcuff off?"

BARNEY had filled his mouth with orange. He shook his head and gulped everything. "They don't put 'em onto both yer hands. He puts one onto *your* wrist an' one onto *his*. He took his off when he lef' me in the car fer a minute—'n' I broke it off the chain with a couple o' stones—after I got away."

"Don't bother him now, dear," she said, faintly. "He's hungry."

Whately saw her pale look of distress. "What's the matter?"

"I don't like to hear of—handcuffs," she said.

"Oh."

And Barney understood. For the first time he realized what he was going to do to *her* when he gave the signal to Careyville that Whately was in the bungalow.

He devoted himself to his breakfast silently. He did not care about Whately; that fellow thought himself too smart, anyway. But *she*—

He looked aside, out the window, and saw the white frame houses of the village among the trees in the valley. "That's Careyville," she explained.

"Who lives in the big house? The one with the peak in the middle?"

"It's the summer hotel."

He had guessed as much. He could see the window, in that central gable, behind which an operative sat with field glasses watching the bungalow. He returned to his plate.

Whately asked: "Where are you going from here?"

"It doesn't cut much ice *where* I go," Barney answered. "They'll get me."

"*Please* don't," she entreated Whately. "Talk about something else. Were you flooded out last night?"

Barney gathered that he was camping in the woods near by, but the location of the camp was not indicated. They began to talk about the news that they had read in the previous day's paper. Barney heard them, inattentively. His mind was occupied. He looked, once, for a long time at Mary Langton. He liked her.

She knew it. "What is it, Barney?"

"Nothin'," he said, reddening.

"Have some bacon?"

"I had some."

"Have some more."

"Nuh-uh. Had enough."

Whately lit a cigarette and inhaled it thoughtfully.

"I'm goin' out on the veranda," Barney said at last, having eaten all he could. He wanted to think things over; they would be clearer, perhaps, if he had Mary Langton out of his eyes and the operative's window before him. And he had to show himself so that Babbing would understand that he had made his entrance into the bungalow successfully.

HE came out the door upon his first real sight of the depth and breadth and distance of a mountain view; and it held him staring. Down the broad valley before him a river looped its way like a garden path, among low hills of farm land that lay asleep in the sunlight, round and [illegible]olent; and some had been only half [illegible]ed of woods that bristled on their [illegible]s like patches of hair on a French [illegible]dle. Across the valley the Catskills shouldered one another to look over the ridge at the farms that had been marching up through the forest along the river, nearer and nearer, year by year. At the foot of the ridge lay the summer hotel, above Careyville, in a pine grove. The single upper window in its central gable watched Barney like an eye.

He came out on the steps in his dressing gown to show himself, and cautiously semaphored with his right arm, raising it stiffly over his head. After a moment he saw something white drop over the window sill and hang fluttering. It was their signal that they saw him.

He was to raise both arms if he had located Whately.

He hesitated.

He turned back to the house.

After all there was no need of haste. Whately was not going to run away.

HIS bath slippers made his footsteps noiseless as he approached the door. He heard her say in a low, broken utterance: "I couldn't help thinking of *you*, dear, just like that, somewhere—all blood—in handcuffs—running all night. It's terrible! I can't bear it. You must—"

"But, dearest," he protested, under his voice, "I'm not a child. I can take care of myself better than *that*. Besides, I haven't done anything wrong, and *they* know it. That indictment was all a bluff. They have no more right to arrest *me*—"

"Then why not go back and face it? You—"

"Because your governor—"

"I tell you, father wants you to. He doesn't want you to sacrifice yourself for him. And *me?* What's to become of me, if I'm never to be able to see you—if you're always to be hiding and—and hunted! I know what father has done. It was illegal—but he didn't think it was criminal. And *I* don't. If they send him to jail—"

"We'll all be disgraced. For life."

"We're disgraced now. We're only making it worse by having it thought that *you*—when you're innocent— Please do it, dearest. *Please.* For my sake." There were tears in her voice.

Barney hurried back to the steps and threw both arms up over his head. The signal came out again on the window sill, instantly.

It was done. They were coming.

When he returned to the room, guiltily, Mary was still at the table, and Whately was walking up and down. "I guess I'll get my clothes on," Barney explained, "an' go 'n' look up my hat."

Whately was near the inner door. "I'll get them," he said. Mary did not speak. She was sitting with her elbows on the table, her hands lying clasped before her, staring aside at the window; and Barney understood that she was concealing tears. He took the clothes from Whately and hurried upstairs to dress. They would be coming in the automobile. He had only one idea—to get away before they came.

He limped downstairs very quietly in his broken shoes, his coat ripped at the shoulder, his trouser legs torn at the knees. He had intended to slip out without her noticing him, but she was sitting on the couch beside the fireplace near the foot of the stairs. "Come here, Barney," she said. "We must get Annie to mend those tears." She fingered and patted them with a futile solicitude, smiling at him wanly. "Aren't you afraid that they might see you looking for your hat? They'll be searching for you, won't they?"

"I don't care if they do see me." He looked down at his feet.

SHE drew him to her and put an arm about him. "Why not?"

"I guess I might as well let them pick me up."

Her arm tightened around him. She said, in a low voice: "That's right, now. If you haven't done anything wrong, you have nothing to be afraid of. And if you *have* you ought to be brave enough to take your punishment. . . . Your mother will help you, won't she?"

Barney nodded, hanging his head.

"Will you write to me, if I can do anything?"

He nodded again.

She gave him her town address. "And, Barney, be a good boy. Won't you? I want you to be such a big, brave, honest man."

Poor Barney could not answer. He was crying.

She held him close. "Kiss me good-by, then—in case you don't come back."

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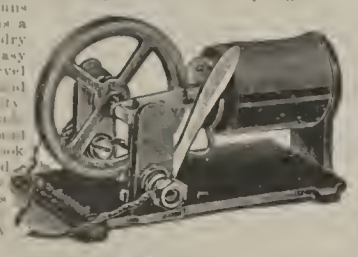

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Mountains

Concluded from page 12

He put his arm around her neck childishly, and kissed her—and then he broke away from her caress and ran.

"WHAT has happened?" Babbing asked. "What's the matter with your head?"

Barney waited till the automobile had stopped. He jumped on the step. "Don't tell them it was *me*," he pleaded. "An'—'n' don't put the cuffs on him there in the house—will you, Chief? Not while she can see you. She—she's—"

"That's all right," Babbing interrupted, with a sudden gruff kindliness. "We'll fix everything all right for her. You trot along down to Careyville now, and Sam 'll pick you up there later. Go ahead, Sam."

The car started with a jerk. Barney dropped back to the road, and ran away limping, his lips trembling, pale with a self-pitying shame. He had seen that Babbing knew and understood.

What he did not guess was that Babbing had *foreseen* and—in the broken handcuff and the story that went with it—had prophetically "planted."

Friendliest Man

(Continued from page 17)

was $34,000, a feast of Lucullus for the hand servants of Æsculapius. The tables groaned, of course; and the champagne sparkled, of course; and the oratory flowed, also of course; but the *pièce de résistance*, the grand finale, something not "of course," was a surprise ballet of one hundred girls, who suddenly appeared before the banqueters with twinkling—with twinkling—well, let us say that it was their eyes that twinkled. However, it was strictly the sort of performance supposed to appeal most strongly to gentlemen whose hair is only a reminiscence.

Now the Rev. William J. Williamson was an honored guest at this banquet—and one of the speakers, the last. At a quarter to one in the morning his turn came. The guests had been at table for five hours. All were surfeited with food. Some were surfeited with oratory. Some were mellowed with wine. Some were on the *qui vive* of anticipation of the surprise yet to follow, a hint of which had been whispered round. Certainly nobody was in a mood for exhortations from a cleric. It was as hopeless a situation as a preacher ever faced.

YET Dr. Williamson was feeling rather fit, thank you. He had been enjoying himself, the food, the comradeship, the eloquence of his friends, and the stimulating sight of great numbers of humans feeding gregariously. Indeed, he was experiencing the exhilarating effects of mild intoxication. He was drunk with the wine of the fellowship of men, which is the only wine he drinks. A big, loyal fellow, with the light and laughter of life in his eye, he got up, and in that rich barytone voice, so full of the rocky strength and the melting tenderness of the inherently strong man, began to tell these druggists that their calling was divine. They were—or they could be—ministers of God. If they were not they were neglecting their opportunities. While they blinked with surprise he went on to say:

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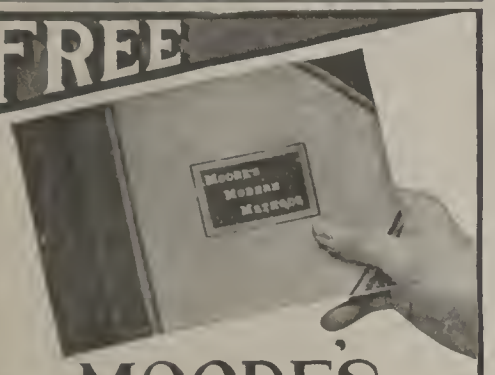

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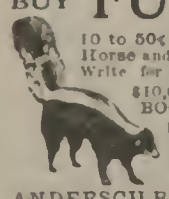

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Continued from page 43

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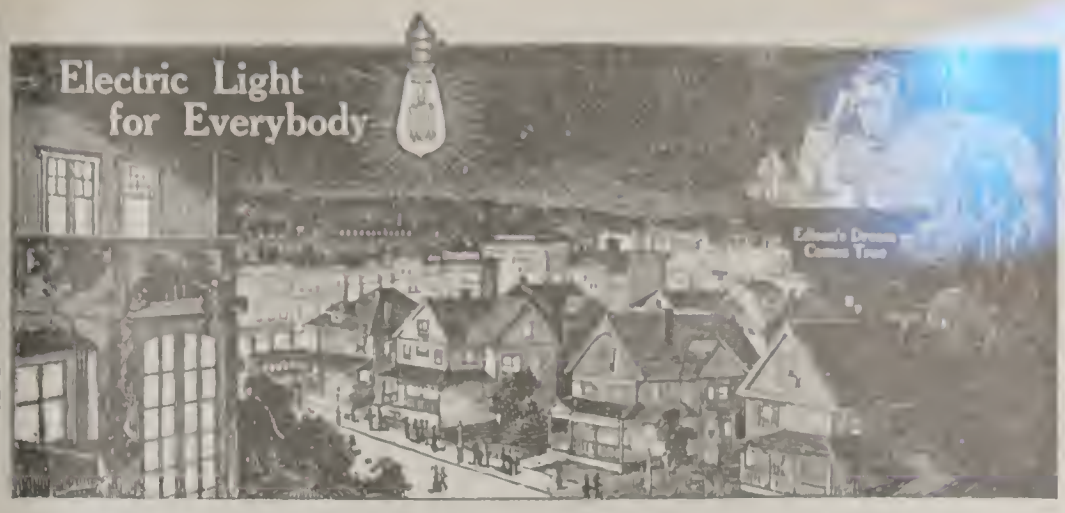
Dr. Williamson closed his address amid tense silence, which was presently broken in upon by salvo upon salvo of applause.

What mattered the chorus after that? The banqueters had seen a vision of the higher glory of their calling.

NOW this whole episode is quite illustrative of the man of whom we are writing. He goes to all sorts of places, and he makes all things holy where he goes; and does it without a ministerial air. He is not seen frocked upon the street unless his mission is one that compels it. He is happy if he can disguise his profession and sit for an hour among men as one of them. His whole work in St. Louis is built up around his personal life of friendliness among all manner of men. When he went to St. Louis the membership of his church was eight hundred. It is now twenty-two hundred. His audience was seven hundred. It is now two thousand. The number of young men in his congregation was too small to count. Now it is six hundred. Now this rapid growth is not due to his organizing power, though he is a master of men and deploys the forces of his great congregation like a general upon the battle field. It is rather because of the greatness of the man's life. I think his brother ministers will say this. I think his fellow townsmen will say it. He is without respect of persons. Some one who walked with him ten blocks through the city's streets one day counted the number of men to whom he spoke, and it was sixty-eight. One was a street sweeper, several were policemen. One was the president of the greatest bank in the Mississippi Valley. All were his friends, and he was the friend of all.

HIS sermons are always powerful, and it is his life of friendliness which makes them powerful. They are not ornate and yet they are beautiful. They are not mystical and yet they produce visions. There is a supernatural glow upon them. They are forceful, they are pictorial; above all, they are heated by the personality of a warm and enthusing life. Another might preach them and the people would be unmoved. It is the life of the man, not the tongue of him that is preaching. His sermons are not sob stories, though sometimes they make folk cry. His sympathy is unstrained. His sentiment does not mawk, nor his pathos curdle into bathos. All he does and says is marked by naturalness and sincerity.

Dr. Williamson's church itself is a society of organized friendliness. It is a helping institution. It helps in the city's life. While not a strictly downtown church, it is in the heart of a neighborhood upon which business has now all but completely taken possession. Most of the churches are moving out into the residence neighborhoods. But Dr. Williamson's church does not move. It has its



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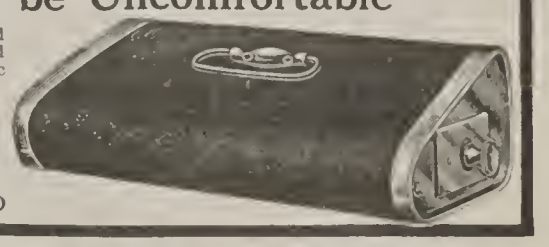

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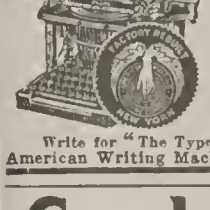

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The Friendliest Man in St. Louis

(Concluded from page 45)

pastor's instinct for humanity. As the churches move out of this centrally located district, where all the car lines cluster, the theatres are moving in; "for the children of this generation are wiser than the children of light." One theatre already in operation says in its advertising that its location is "Fifteen Minutes from Anywhere." Three other theatres are now building in the neighborhood.

Thus does the man's instinct for humanity assert and reveal itself. His church is still located "Fifteen Minutes from Anywhere," and, far from deserting the field, is preparing to erect, at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars, a supplementary building equipped for a social center and religious education.

Nor should it be forgotten that Dr. Williamson is Missouri-bred, born, and cultured, while his entire preaching ministry has been passed within that State. Countless efforts to woo him away to the great pulpits of his communion in other cities have failed. He remains a part of the life of his own State, and the perfume of his ministry goes out through all the Southwest like the fragrance of orange trees in springtime.

St. Louis, in its social and business life, is not a unified city to the extent that Chicago, New Orleans, and Kansas City are. No great crisis, no mighty struggle, no conditions of environment, have ever fused its variant elements into nearness to each other. It is therefore only a many-sided man who can touch all this life, rise or descend through all these social strata and have speaking acquaintance all along the way. Yet Dr. Williamson can do this.

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There you are—a scarcity value!

Hail, good Dr. Williamson, hail! Not merely big, broad, sympathetic, simple and humanly interested in life as ever Tom Sawyer was; but all of these simple ingredients simply combined in a pattern of sincerity that never stretches and never frays! You have builded a character which your neighbors and townsmen declare to have a *scarcity value!* Wherefore, again I say, Hail! Yes, and—Selah!

Collier's All-Western Football Team

(Concluded from page 12)

and he is needed elsewhere. There is little to choose among the other four, but for all-around work Butler and Trickey look the best. Davis did wonderful work in breaking through the opponent's line, and the same was true with Winston. However, Butler was one of the most aggressive players in the West. He was not outplayed during the season. Trickey lid not get the credit he was entitled to on account of being on a rather weak team.

It is certainly a tough job to pick ont a pair of guards who would stand the test in rugged football society. There were several hard-working, conscientious guards, such as Scanlon of Chicago, Keeler of Wisconsin, Hanson of Iowa, and Fish of Northwestern. One can hardly make a mistake in picking Keeler of Wisconsin for one guard position, as this player did consistent work all through the season. He was not outplayed, was fairly active in open field work, and helped out his center, which was an important feature, as the game was played at M. ison. Hanson is a valuable man, especially on account of his kicking, but he is weak in defense, and this would bar him. It is necessary then to step out toward the end and fill the vacant place with Shaughnessy of Minnesota. Here is a lineman who would do good work in any position. He would make an ideal guard, and in that position would be hard to beat under the present rules.

There are several candidates for the difficult center position, but Des Jardien of Chicago comes nearer to filling the place than any man we have had in the West for some time. Des Jardien is not great of bulk, at least not horizontally. He is tall and rangy and remarkably active. His usefulness is accentuated when it is seen that some of Coach Stagg's forward pass tricks center around him. As passer he is the best of them all. Powell of Wisconsin and Paterson of Michigan are about on a par.

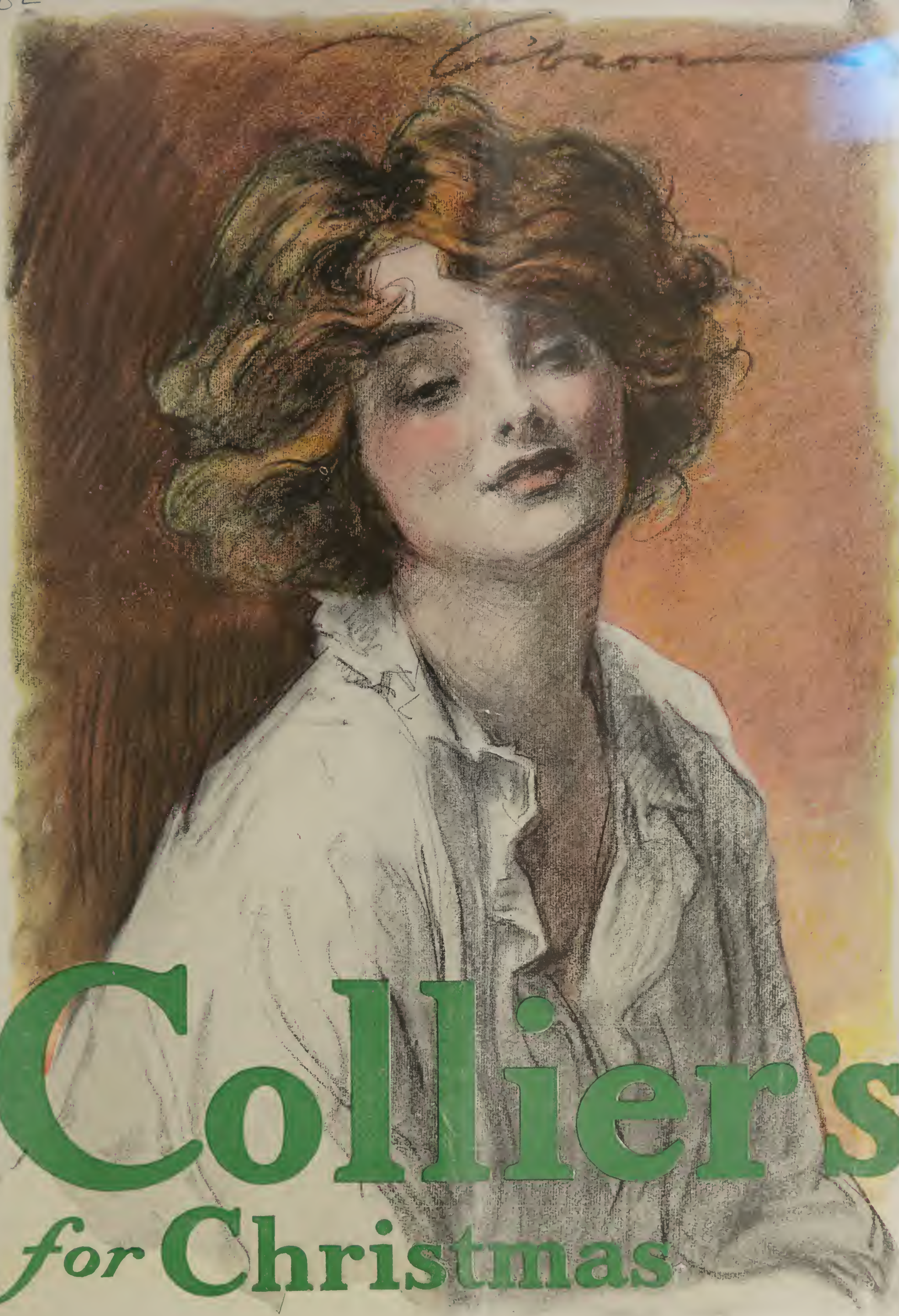
Getting back of the line, it is easy to find the right man in quarter-back position, as Gillette of Wisconsin outshines them all. Here is one of the best men in the country. Not only is he mechanically a good passer and runner, but he ran the team without a bobble. He is a wonderful end runner, his showing in this respect being helped by the perfect interference built around him. Aside from this, he was Wisconsin's only good kicker. His punts did not break any records, but they were long enough to be useful. Besides Gillette, Paine of Chicago, Huebel of Michigan, Lambert of Wabash, and Silkman of Illinois showed exceptional class. I would especially put Huebel in the first class among Western quarter backs.

First-class half backs were many on Western elevens. It's splitting hairs to choose between them. There were McAlmon of Minnesota, Norgren of Chicago, Parsons of Iowa, Van Riper of Wisconsin, Craig of Michigan, Oliphant of Purdue, and Purdy of Nebraska, all strong back-field men. After having closely watched their work, I have come to the conclusion that Van Riper of Wisconsin and Craig of Michigan top the rest in all-around ability, and these two get the places. It is hard to leave off the team such a useful man as Oliphant, such a line plunger and heady player as McAlmon, or such pile drivers as Parsons and Purdy, not to mention Norgren, the greatest punter in the West. But it is impossible to pass by Van Riper. Among present-day players he is the nearest approach to Willie Heston, of Michigan fame. No team ever stopped Van. His peculiarity in turning short around tackle on a combination run and plunge was a feature of every game in which he played. He actually never was thrown for a costly loss but once during the whole season.

Craig, playing on a weak team, did some marvelous work. His dodging, squirming runs, sometimes the entire length of the field, entitle him to be classed near the top. He gained for Michigan when no one else could advance the ball. He was not as strong defensively, but his brilliant offense more than made up for this. Norgren of Chicago really deserves mention because of his punting. This Maroon star is not the plunger or ground gainer that either Oliphant or McAlmon is, for instance, but he was valuable to his team—in fact, more so than any other man with the exception of Des Jardien at center.

There is only one more place to fill on the All-Western eleven, and, just as last year, the field is not overcrowded with strong full backs. The position will have to go to Tanburg of Wisconsin, who by all odds played the most consistent game of the year. Thomson of Michigan was his nearest rival, but the Badger was a second edition of Hugo Bezdek, the former Maroon star. This means that he was a great line bucker. In the season, until rival teams worked up a stronger defense, Tanburg was the most consistent ground gainer for Wisconsin. Thomson showed flashes of form, but he was not consistent. He also was a good line bucker and was usually called upon when his team needed the distance. McGinnis of Iowa was another one who deserved more than a passing notice. Pierce of Chicago was an exceedingly hard-working back, but he failed to carry with him that snap and drive that characterized both Tanburg's and Thomson's work.

The season was a success. It did not look promising at the start, due to the unfamiliarity with the changes in the rules and the general greenness of the majority of the teams, but as the season went on the game opened up. Forward passes were, in fact, overworked and they did not furnish the gain expected. The four downs, to a certain extent, revolutionized the sport. It early became a line-plunging game, but the restrictions in regard to piling up and aiding the runner gave it an open aspect which could be enjoyed by the spectators. Among the prominent elevens serious injuries were few, and there were a number of games where not a substitution was made.



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for Christmas

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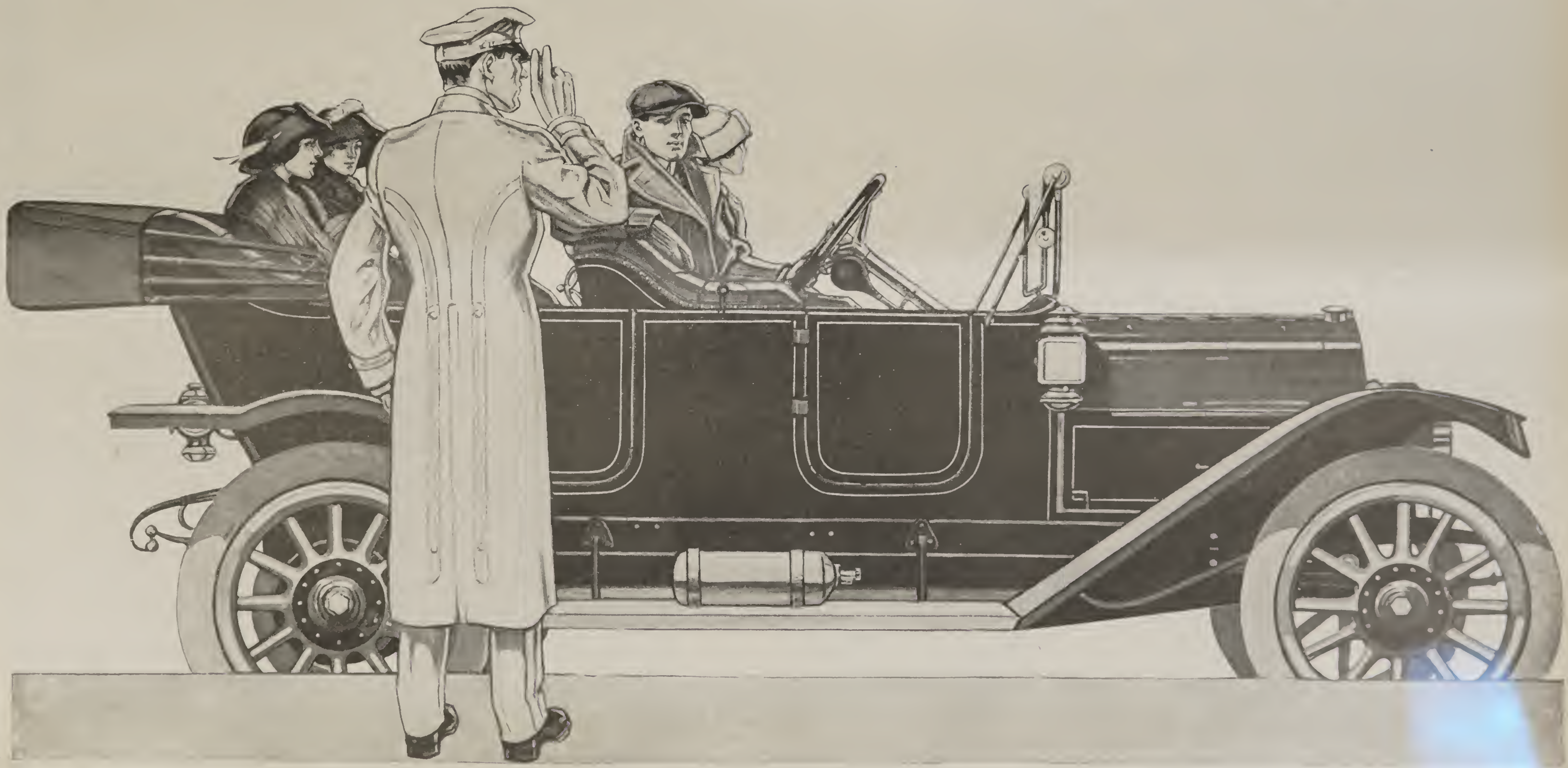

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We have a mighty interesting proposition to make to the man or woman who wants to own a good typewriter. It will pay you to know something of it. Send us your name and address *at once*. We will immediately send you all the details of how you can save money and at the same time secure one of the finest typewriters that is being sold—the

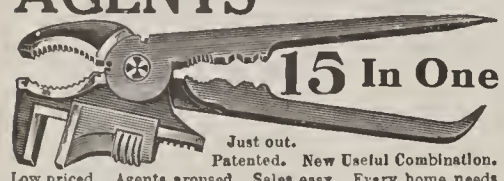
Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter

A Standard Machine for Twenty Years

Fully guaranteed. Has all the newest improvements, including back spacer, tabulator, two-color ribbon. Perfect touch. Quick action. Absolute alignment. Writing always visible. Universal keyboard.

PITTSBURGH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER CO.
Dept. 52, Union Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS BIG PROFIT



15 In One

Just out. Patented. New Useful Combination. Low priced. Agents aroused. Sales easy. Every home needs tools. Here are 15 tools in one. Essex, Co., N. Y. agent sold 100 first few days. Mechanic in shop sold 50 to fellow workmen. Big snap to hustlers. Just write a postal—say: Give me special confidential terms. Ten-inch sample free if you mean business.
THOMAS MFG. CO., 5729 Wayne Street, DAYTON, OHIO

Inventions Sought by Capital. Write for free Book,

PATENTS that PAY BEST

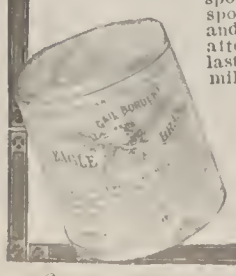
R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 12, Washington, D. C.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

No Christmas Dinner is complete without an Old-fashioned Christmas Pudding. Use the following fine recipe with

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

RECIPE—Dilute two-thirds can of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk with one and one-fourth cups of water. Beat eight eggs very light; add to them half the milk and beat both together; stir in gradually one pound of crumbled crackers; then add one pound suet (chopped fine), one grated nutmeg, one tablespoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful cloves, a pinch of salt, and two pounds raisins (weigh after stoning and cutting them); lastly, add the remainder of the milk. Pour into a pudding mould and steam six hours. Serve with vanilla sauce.



Write for Borden's Recipe Book

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
Est. 1857 New York

Merry Christmas

No. 101

Thackeray says in "Roundabout the Christmas Tree,"

"We have all admired the illustrated papers, and noted how boisterously jolly they become at Christmas time. What wassail-bowls, robin red-breasts, waits, snow-landscapes—bursts of Christmas song. And then to think that these Christmas festivities are prepared months ahead!

"I often think, with gratitude, of the famous Mr. Nelson Lee, author of I don't know how many hundred glorious pantomimes—walking by the summer wave at Margate, revolving in his mind the idea of some new, gorgeous spectacle, which the winter shall see complete.

"He is like the cook who gets up at midnight and sets the pudding a-boiling, which is to feast us at six o'clock.

"He watches and thinks. He pounds the sparkling sugar of benevolence, the plums of fancy, the sweetmeats of fun, the figs of fairy fiction—and pops the whole into the seething cauldron of imagination and at due season serves up the pantomime.

"How kind of artists and poets to devise these festivities beforehand and serve them pat at the proper time."

A. G. F. Hammesfahr.

Manager Advertising Department

One of the Squadron of Twenty-Four White Motor Trucks Owned by Armour and Company, Chicago, and Operated by them in the Principal Cities of the United States

WHITE MOTOR TRUCKS

The predominant use of White Motor Trucks by the foremost mercantile and manufacturing firms, not only in the United States, but throughout the world, is the most convincing proof of their superior merit in practically every line of service.

A Few Well-Known Owners of White Squadrons

American Can Company	Joseph Horne Company
American Chicle Company	Hudson's Bay Company
American Steel and Wire Company	Illinois Steel Company
Armour and Company	McCreery and Company
Berghoff Brewing Association	National Cash Register Company
Booth Fisheries Company	Pabst Brewing Company
Brazilian Government	Philippine Islands Government
Coca-Cola Company	Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Cudahy Packing Company	Remington Typewriter Company
Diamond Rubber Company	Russian Government
T. Eaton and Company, Ltd	W. and J. Sloane
Marshall Field and Company	Standard Oil Company
Gimbel Brothers	United Cigar Stores Company
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Gulf Refining Company	Winchester Repeating Arms Company

White Motor Trucks are built in capacities of 3-4, 1 1-2, 3 and 5 tons, and all models are uniform throughout in parts and design, thus making them the most practical for the standardization of delivery or transportation service. Literature and detailed information furnished on request.

Gasoline Motor Cars, Trucks and Taxicabs

The White Company
Cleveland

You Like to HUNT and FISH

YOU LIKE TO GO

CAMPING,—

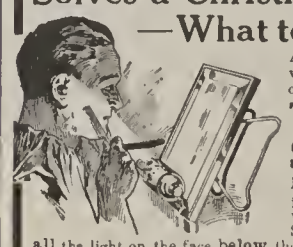
then surely you will enjoy the **National Sportsman** magazine, with its 160 richly illustrated pages, full to overflowing with interesting stories and valuable information about guns, fishing tackle, camp outfits,—the best places to go for fish and game, and a thousand and one valuable "How to" hints for sportsmen. The **National Sportsman** is just like a big camp fire in the woods where thousands of good fellows gather once a month and spin stirring yarns about their experiences with rod, dog, rifle, and gun. Think of it, twelve round trips to the woods for a $1.00 bill!

Special Trial Offer

Just to show you what it's like, we will send you the **National Sportsman** magazine for three months and your choice of a handsome **National Sportsman Brotherhood** emblem in the form of a Lapel Button, a Scarf Pin, or a Watch Fob, as here shown, on receipt of 25 cents in stamps or coin. Don't delay—join our great big Hunting, Fishing, Camping, Nature-loving **National Sportsman Brotherhood** to-day.

91 Federal St., Boston, Mass. NATIONAL SPORTSMAN MAGAZINE

Solves a Christmas Problem —What to Give a Man



Any man who shaves himself will get an immense amount of enjoyment from a gift of

The Searchlight Shaving Mirror

Made of best French Bevel plate, 8 in. square—equipped with an adjustable electric Searchlight that concentrates all the light on the face below the eyes. No light in eyes or mirror to dazzle the sight. Eyes are in soft shadow.

A Perfect Mirror for Women, too

Ideal for use for facial treatment, hairdressing.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

The Searchlight Mirror connects to any electric lamp socket by a long cord, supplied free. Use it anywhere,—home or traveling. Stands or hangs at any angle. Strong, handsome frame folds compactly.

Send us $3.50 on the distinct guarantee that if you wish to return the mirror your money will be returned without question or delay. Order now for Christmas. Write today for illustrated, descriptive circular showing the many uses for the Searchlight Mirror.

Federal Sign System (Electric)
503 Home Insurance Bldg. Chicago

ELECTRICITY
Ideal Christmas Gifts

Get our 112 page Catalog of *VOLTAMP* Electrical Novelties. **Greatest Line of Miniature Electric Railways** and parts; Xmas Tree Lighting Outfits and Toys, etc.—Telephone, Telegraph and Wireless Sets; Motors, Dynamos, Induction Coils, Transformers, Rheostats,—everything electrical for the experimenter. Catalog with valuable coupon sent only for 6 cents in stamps or coin (no postals answered).

VOLTAMP ELECTRICAL MFG. CO., Rock Building, Baltimore, Md.

STUDY LAW AT HOME

The oldest and most successful school in the world, teaching law by the correspondence plan, will send Free its beautiful catalog and testimonials, showing how thousands of ambitious men, through its Regular College Course, became successful practitioners, and how other thousands climbed to commanding business positions by taking The Business Law Course. Easy Payment Plan.

The Sprague Correspondence School of Law,
248 American Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

WHITE VALLEY GEMS

See Them BEFORE Paying!

These gems are chemical white sapphires—LOOK like Diamonds. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliancy guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure.

WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., 734 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana

Character Make-Up, Red Bald Wig, Slugger Whiskers, Orease Paint, Wax Nose, Clay Pipe, $1.00. Send three 2c stamps for complete catalogue of Wigs, Plays and Make-Up Material; also Art of Making Up.
B. TRADEMORE COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

Latest Book "Profitable Poultry," 128 pages practical facts, 180 beautiful pictures. Latest improved methods to raise poultry. All about world's famous Runner Ducks, 52 other varieties pure-bred poultry. This Book, lowest prices, fowls, eggs, incubators, etc., only 5 cents.
BERRY'S POULTRY FARM, Box 32, Clarinda, Iowa.

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A handsome binder with title stamped in gold on maroon cloth—morocco back and corners. Patent clasps make it easy to put in the new issue each week. Holds one volume.

Sent prepaid for $1.25

P. F. COLLIER & SON
416 West Thirteenth St., New York

10 Chocolate Bon-Bons

Yours to Try if You Will Pay the Postage

Wonderful chocolates they are—each with a luscious fruit or nut or cream center, that blends exquisitely with the rich chocolate coat. Each is a delight and a surprise. The 10 packed in a beautiful little box tied with golden ribbons. *Send you without charge* if you will pay the postage—only 20c. Just send postage to your seller and mention your dealer's name.

Reymer's BEST

are home-made candies for candy epicures, people whose cultivated palates instantly recognize rare quality. In Pittsburgh they outsell all others, and Pittsburgh people are noted for a discriminating taste.

Packed in very handsome boxes—most suitable for gifts. We send you a descriptive booklet with the sample box.

DEALERS Write for particulars.

REYMER & BROTHERS
400 Pride St. PITTSBURGH, PA.

10 Chocolate Gift Box

Fire-Proof

Don't take chances putting hot ashes in open barrels, or rickety cans. Use

Witt's Cans and Pails

the *really fireproof* cans and pails. All steel, deeply corrugated. Tight fitting lid keeps in all sparks and ashes. At all dealers or direct. Three sizes of can and pail. *Look for the yellow label.*

THE WITT CORNICE CO.
Dept. 7 Cincinnati, Ohio

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

DECEMBER 14, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME FIFTY NO. 13

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How About a Game of Billiards

You play, don't you? If not Billiards, perhaps Pool? No games are more fascinating. Everyone enjoys them. But you will never know them at their best until you have your own Table and play with your family and friends in the home atmosphere.

Our Catalog of BURROWES Billiard and Pool Tables

will show you how easy and inexpensive it is to have a Combination Billiard and Pool Table in your home. No special room is needed. Table can be mounted on dining or library table or on its own legs or stand. Set aside in a moment when not in use.

The catalog is free. It shows the styles, sizes and prices of Burrowes Tables. You will be impressed with their splendid construction and astonished at the

Wonderfully Easy Terms

Prices are from $15 up. All tables are sold for a small amount down (in some cases as little as $1), and very easy monthly payments. Necessary playing equipment of balls, cues, etc., free.

FREE TRIAL NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first Installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This ensures you a free trial. Write today for Illustrated catalog giving prices, terms, etc.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 410 Center Street, Portland, Me.

25 fragrant smokes 50 cents

Spuhler's clear Havana Tobies are a delightful, sweet, quality smoke. Sold direct to the consumer through my Pittsburgh stores and by mail. I reduce your tobacco bills and give you the benefit of improved quality. Send for my special introductory offer; sample box of 25 Tobies (12 varieties) for 50 cents, postpaid. Contains at least one kind that suits your taste. Free booklet.

LEO J. SPUHLER, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Christmas boxes shipped direct fresh from factory.

Feather River Cañon, California

The Royal Gorge, Colo

Cureanti Needle, Colo.

"SEE AMERICA"

Travelers to
California's Popular Winter Resorts
should journey by way of

Denver & Rio Grande-Western Pacific

"The Royal Gorge--Feather River Route"

This Scenic Highway forms the
Most Beautiful Line of Continuous Travel in America

The Traveler by this route is enabled to view the Marvelous Scenic Attractions of the Rockies, the Great Salt Beds of Utah and the Wonders of the Sierras, from the Car Windows Without Extra Expense for Side Trips

Unexcelled Dining Car Service

Through Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars Chicago and St. Louis to San Francisco and Los Angeles Every Day in the Year

Any Ticket Agent in America, on request,
will ticket you via
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Pennsylvania Station	2.45 P. M.	Arrive NEW YORK:	
Hudson Terminal	2.45 P. M.	Hudson Terminal	9.36 A. M.
Arrive CHICAGO	9.45 A. M.	Pennsylvania Station	9.40 A. M.

One Block from Broadway All Steel Equipment

PRR

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

All-Year-Around Service

TO GET full value from your motor car, you should select one which is suitable for all-the-year-round-service.

Abbott-Detroit automobiles are.

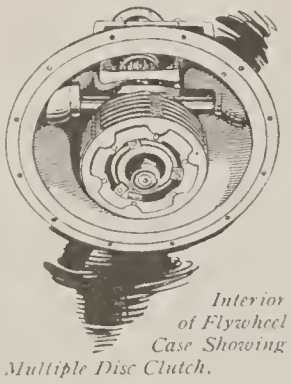
In the first place, they are driven by powerful Continental motors which have sufficient reserve power to meet all emergencies.

Each unit conveying the power from the fly wheel to the wheels is an equally efficient mechanical device.

Practically no power is lost.

THE CLUTCH

The clutch which is of dry, multiple disc type is composed of 17 steel discs, each alternate one faced with a combination of copper wire mesh and asbestos which will not burn.



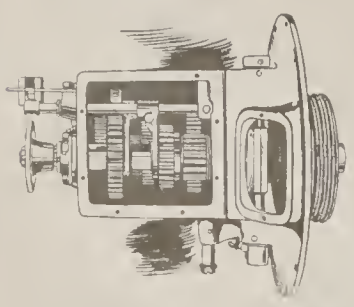
Interior of Flywheel Case Showing Multiple Disc Clutch.

When this clutch is operated, there is a total absence of all gripping, jarring and jumping, the motor taking hold gradually but firmly.

Owing to the large amount of friction surface, this clutch is most efficient and may be slipped without harm or excessive wear.

Those who have driven cars through heavy mud and winter snows, know how valuable is this ability.

Another thing, in the cone clutch, the revolving part attached to the transmission is so large and heavy that the inertia of such a mass of metal tends to keep the clutch in motion and renders it almost impossible to shift the gears readily; without producing that clashing and rasping noise so disagreeable to the occupant of the car and others nearby.



Transmission and Clutch Unit with Inspection Covers off

In the multiple disc clutch however, this inertia is reduced to a minimum and the gears may be shifted while the speed of the car is being reduced or accelerated, without the attendant disagreeable and deteriorating effects.

It wears very little and seldom requires adjustment.

Abbott-Detroit advertising for 1913 is being printed in serial form. This is the sixth of the series. The seventh will appear in Saturday Evening Post January 18, 1913, Collier's Weekly January 11, Life January 9, Literary Digest January 4. Copies of previous advertisements sent on request.

ABBOTT-DETROIT ELECTRIC SELF-STARTER

All 1913 Abbott-Detroit cars are equipped with our own specially designed, self-contained electric self-starter. Connected to crankshaft with independent train of gears. When gasoline motor starts, over-running clutch releases gears and they remain idle while gasoline motor is running.

Not an experiment—not an attempted combination of ignition, lighting and starting, but a real dependable self-starter, built as a part of the engine, included as regular equipment.

Visit our Sales rooms and have its operation explained.

THE TRANSMISSION

The transmission, which is of the three-speed forward and reverse sliding gear type, is situated just behind the clutch and its case is bolted direct to the engine crank case, so that the whole power plant forms one unit.

The main shaft and countershaft gears, the faces of which are 1″ in width, ¼ of an inch wider than those usually used in other cars of this class, are made of 3½ per cent. nickel steel, very accurately machined, ground and mounted upon Timken roller bearings.

The transmission and clutch case is oil and dust-proof and the gears and shafts run in a specially prepared lubricating compound.

If desired, the interior of the transmission case may be easily inspected, by the removal of the top cover plate.

The Abbott-Detroit transmission is one of the most compact and efficient change speed gears that has ever been placed in a motor car.

It has been built for severe service and for that reason will be found to be particularly adapted for hard winter use, when, on account of the changing character of the road it is necessary to shift gears often.

NOISELESS RUNNING

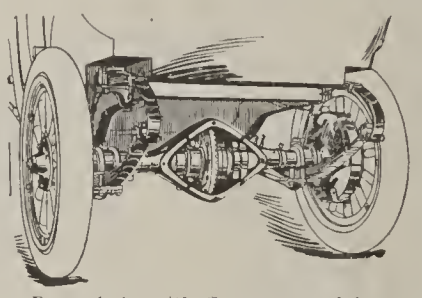
Hard winter driving will in many cars develop a noisy transmission and rear axle.

We have tried to save our owners this humiliation by paying special attention to the manufacture of all of the gears used in our power plant and transmission machinery.

OTHER DETAILS

Some other things should be mentioned as important for your consideration when buying a car which you expect to drive the year round.

There should be ample road clearance, an absence of projecting parts below the frame, a protected steering gear, wide flaring fenders, snugly fitted to the body so that no water or slush can get through, provision for entirely enclosing all moving parts including brakes, well-finished and upholstered bodies, close fitting windshields and tops, equipped with Jiffy curtains, well fitted doors of clean cut design, free from places in which mud and slush can collect.



Rear Axle with Cover removed from Bevel Gear Case. Note also Underslung ¾ Elliptic Scroll Springs.

If you will examine the new 1913 Abbott-Detroit cars and ask our dealers to explain to you how we have taken care of these various points in the most advantageous manner, you will see why we say Abbott-Detroit cars are admirably suited to give all-the-year-round service.

Remember—

Electric Self-Starter
Electric Lighting
Standard Equipment
on all Models

"The demand of the day is that an organization shall be judged by its product and not by what is claimed for itself."

This is our slogan. Apply it when inspecting the 1913 Abbott-Detroit Cars.

Models and Prices

34-40	Fore-Door Roadster, 116-inch wheel base	$1700
34-40	5-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, 116-inch wheel base	$1700
44-50	5-Passenger, Fore-Door Demi-Tonneau, 121-inch wheel base	$1975
44-50	7-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, 121-inch wheel base	$2000
44-50	Battleship Roadster, 121-inch wheel base	$2150
44-50	7-Passenger, Fore-Door Limousine, 121-inch wheel base	$3050

Advance catalog on request.

ABBOTT MOTOR COMPANY
602 Waterloo Street **Detroit, Michigan**

Abbott-Detroit

Built for Permanence and Guaranteed for Life

Out of the East

By Bliss Carman

WHEN *the three kings from the Sunrise,*
Gaspar, Melchior, Balthasar,
With their dusty train of camels,
Having journeyed from afar,
Drew together to the resthouse
In the hush beneath the Star,

"Gaspar, thou great lord of nations,"
Said the scholar Melchior,
"Thine are fame and power and treasure
And great age. Go thou before!"
Thus they stooped to pass the lintel,
Where rough shepherds thronged the door

"Little Lord, we bring Thee homage,"
Low was graybeard Gaspar's bow;
Bright the gold he bore; but brighter
The soft light about that brow.
"From the ancient East with tribute
We are come. Whence comest Thou?"

Then the Son of Mary laughing
Grasped the ruler's strong sword hand,
And a softening thrill ran through it,
As if with a new command
Saying, "Let peace go before thee,
Like the dawn from land to land!"

Musing, scarlet-robed King Gaspar
Stood aside. In vesture blue,
Melchior bowed his sage head, saying:
"Master, if our stars tell true,
Thou art come with greater knowledge
To make all our science new."

As the mystic myrrh he proffered,
Jesus lifted up His eyes
With the grave regard of childhood;
And that look of the All-wise
Melchior, with his scrolls of learning
Will remember till he dies.

Last in turn with radiant bearing
Came young gold-robed Balthasar,
He who ever had been foremost
In the leading of the Star,
With his gold hair on his shoulders,
Fair of face without a scar.

And ere ever he had knelt him,
With his greeting still unsaid,
And his fealty still unoffered,
Lo, the young Child's arms are spread,
And against the young king's shoulder
Sinks to rest that darling head.

Said old Gaspar as they traveled
Homeward through the purple hour,
When the sunset turned the desert
Into one great glowing flower,
And the camel bells were tinkling
Softly: "What a thing is power!

"I foresee Him Prince of princes,
Overlord of emperors;
Royal ones to do Him reverence,
Sons of kings to keep His doors;
While great satraps bear His edicts
That shall make an end of wars."

"Nay," said Melchior, "is knowledge
Not a greater thing,—to know
What this life means, whither tending
In its turbid coil and flow?
Surely, lords, the Son of woman
Only can be Godlike so!"

Then the youngest, smiling: "Seniors,
Truly power must build the wall
For the princely house of knowledge,
Lest the evil chance befall.
Yet my heart will not be gainsaid,
Love is first and best of all."

Thus across the silent desert
Moved the winding caravan,
With these seekers after wisdom
And the high concerns of man,
While the shining constellations
Marched across their mighty span.

Garford "SIX"

¶ The Garford "Six" is one of the world's most finished products.

Please address Dept. 1

The Garford Company
Elyria, Ohio

BERLIN LIMOUSINE *Seven Passengers, $6000*	*LANDAULET* *Seven Passengers, $5700*	*PHAETON* *Five Passengers, $4500*
LIMOUSINE *Seven Passengers, $5600*	*TOURING CAR* *Seven Passengers, $4500*	*RUNABOUT* *Two Passengers and Rumble, $4500*

Handsome catalogue on request.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR

Jenny's Christmas

"Vengeance of Jenny's case? Fie, on her! Never name her, child!"

SUCH was Mrs. Quickly's verdict, and such doubtless would be Mrs. Grundy's as she slams the door in Jenny's face on Christmas morning.

But Rossetti in his moving poem, which tells of this poor Magdalen of the London streets,

Lazy laughing languid Jenny,
Fond of a kiss and fond of a guinea,

breathes for her a kinder aspiration:

If but a woman's heart could see
Such erring heart unerringly!

And now of a truth Jenny's case is being pitifully considered by her own sex.

Magazines contrived for our own daughters' reading tell of her, her brief day of finery, her swift and shabby end; books are being written—not heavy scientific books which forget Jenny is a human being, but readable books, human books by noble women like Jane Addams—all about Jenny and her age-long problem. And the day seems at hand when Jenny's case, which has lain so long in the dusty pigeonholes of Time, is about to get a hearing.

We know something now of her ill-protected childhood, of what dangers lurk for her on her way home from factory or shop; we know of her humble reaching toward Romance and how a bitter snare was made of her dream of love. We have heard, too, the story of those who deal in her body, white young image of God's house, for profit, and of the poison distilled from that profanation which shall be visited upon our sons and daughters.

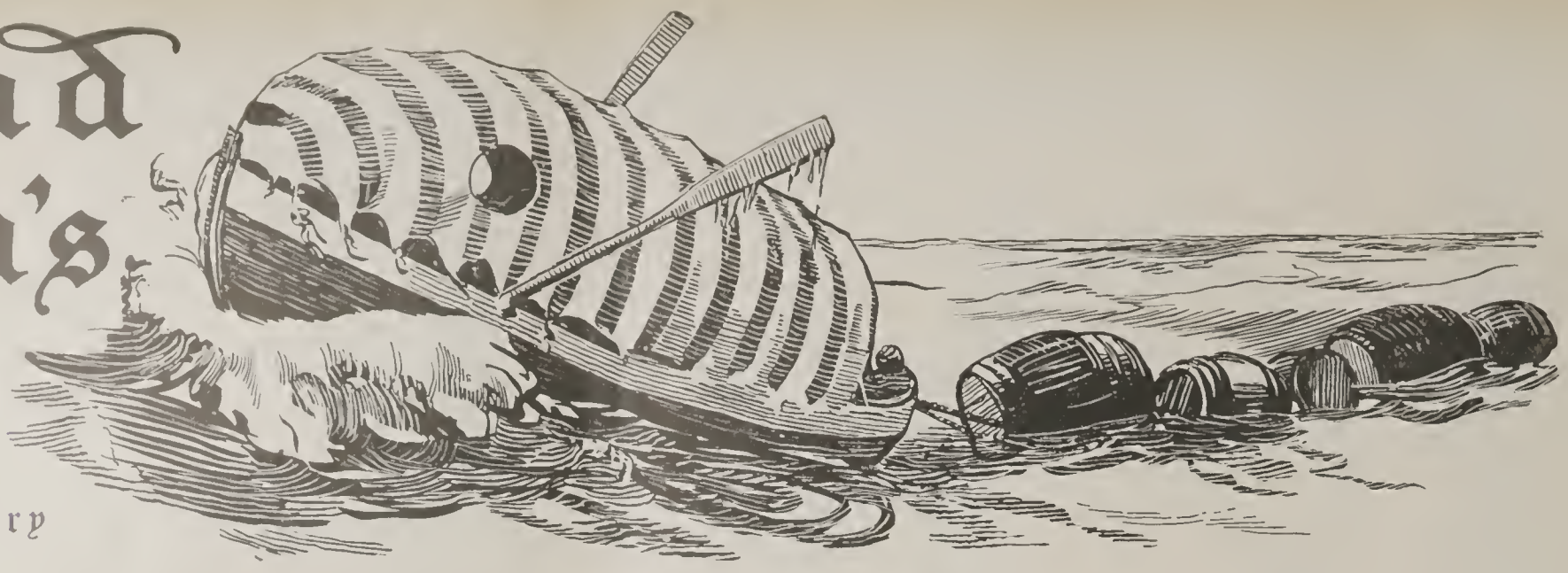
It seems incredible, now we look backward on it, that the thousands of men who went unquestioningly to death for a principle fifty years ago and the wives and mothers who sent them forth should have been satisfied to ignore that other world-wide slavery not alone of body but of soul with whose continuance, if they but knew, was bound up the well-being of the race.

Now at last Jenny is beginning to find defenders. Now at last editors and preachers, novelists and social workers, are found to tell her story, to cry out her miseries upon the world. But for the uncounted Jennies of the past who shall make answer?

And there are those to-day, camp followers of the great crusade, who are willing to trade upon Jenny's plight, writers willing to masquerade as moralists in order to sell their prurient wares. These authors of "best sellers" portray for our shop girls and stenographers the luxurious ease in which Jenny lives, her charming gowns, the fashionable background of her downfall. These enemies of Jenny—who subject her to the salacious curiosity of a second-class De Maupassant for fifteen cents a copy—are the more insidious because they make plain speaking harder: having them in mind it is easier to sympathize with the prudery of a generation which protected the ears and the eyes of its women.

We are asking our women to-day to come out of the Early Victorian comfort of false silences and to listen this Christmas morning to the cry of Jenny. She has been waiting many centuries from her sisters for that which Jesus did not refuse.

Dead Man's Inn



A Pirate Story

By
Ralph Bergengren

Illustrated by John Sloan

ON THE moonlit deck of a small, rakish-looking, black schooner, holding her eastward way across Massachusetts Bay, August 22, 182–, eight busy pirates, each wearing a long white ribbon with the inspiring word "Temperance" in gold letters, actively unloaded a miscellaneous collection of kegs, puncheons, casks, hogsheads, bottles, jugs, flasks, demijohns, flagons, and decanters of liquor into the ocean. It was an unusual spectacle. Pirates, as a rule, were more likely to be found unloading liquor into themselves. But these men were unquestionably in sober earnest. Sometimes they fiercely knocked in the head of a cask or barrel, but more often they hove it bodily overboard, and ran for another without stopping to see the fine, big, phosphorescent splash that it made in the water. Like all pirates, they worked to what they honestly considered music. A handsome but repellantly evil man, whose long yellow mustaches hung damp with perspiration, carried a kind of solo, and seven harsh voices wrestled with the chorus:

"I fight with th' Demon!
I fear not his might!
My body be sound an'
My conscience be white.
Temptation, avaunt!
I will never succumb
No more to th' cussed
Ole Demon o' Rum!"

So declared Yellow Mustaches; and even more militantly wholesome was the wild, enthusiastic chorus:

"Rum! Rum! Horrible Rum!
As makes a man silly
An' then quarrelsome!
As softens his brain,
An' as tans his inside,
An' makes him speak cross
To his innercent bride!"

Occupation and song were alike incompatible with piracy as most of us understand it; but any good psychologist, familiar with pirate character and aware that the Great Temperance Revival of 182– was just then in full emotional blast in Salem, would have guessed that these pirates and that revival had somehow or other come together. Piracy was decadent. Few still followed the profession in American waters, and this mere handful, unfortunately for the picturesqueness of our ports, had to be careful. It was their custom, for example, to come ashore in the garments of gentlemen travelers whom they had brutally but carefully murdered (for nothing is worse for a suit of clothes than careless assassination), and chance or curiosity might easily have led them into the Revival Tent. And once there, as all revivals testify, the worst man was likely to be the most impressionable. To-morrow, probably, they would feel a keener remorse for the good deed they were now doing than for any unspeakable crime that had ever disgraced their otherwise pretty schooner. But to-night they were enjoying a saturnalia of total abstinence.

The man with the damp, yellow mustaches tossed a keg of Bourbon XXX lightly overboard, and his vile, sneering laugh followed it.

"With pure water to drink
When a man has a thirst,"

inquired Yellow Mustaches lyrically,

"Oh, why will he swaller
Th' likker accurst?
'Twill burn up his innards
An' make him become
A slave to th' cussed
Ole Demon o' Rum!"

It was a long, happy job, well on to midnight before they had finished; and as the last hogshead bobbed away aft, they wiped their foreheads and shook hands with each other gravely. Only the ninth pirate, a stout, bald-headed, unribboned rogue at the helm, stared gloomily forward and shook hands with nobody.

"An' there's a good job done an' over with, messmates," said a large, powerful man, holding his thumb to the pale rays of the moon and peering intelligently, as if over a hedge of wild red whiskers, at the splinter he was about to extract with the point of his cutlass. "When that cuss in th' tent said as we'd find it a tussel to give up likker, he were off his reckonin'. Show me a good *an'* solid argymint as appeals to my mind," he added, digging remorselessly after the splinter, "an' I've a iron will as makes me able to give up anythin'. I ain't a-sayin' as I won't hanker arter a leetle wet now an' agin sociablelike, but when I says to myself: 'Leather stommick, ole feller, leather stommick—!"

"LEATHER gran'mother's stommick!" grunted the bald-headed man discourteously. "Goin' ashore allus gits us inter trouble. Allus! It's as ef we was a-lookin' fer it, a-steerin' of ourselves inter strange harbors where we ain't got no business. Drink I allus have, an' ef my stommick's a-turnin' to leather, I ain't a-noticed of it; an' wot's more, cuss me! I'd jest as soon have a leather stommick as any other ef it works proper. Who sees yer stommick?" And he relapsed into an inarticulate, grumbling murmur that seemed to come from the uttermost depths of that very organ.

To this question there could hardly be more than one answer, for they all knew that he meant the lining, and at that period operative surgery was still in its hesitating infancy. And it *sounded* sensible! You knew it was a silly question, a mere imitation of good old common sense, and yet you felt that it had to be answered.

"Th' pint is, Baldie," said the soloist, briskly twirling his handsome mustaches to get the damp out of them, "as we all know now wot likker does to ye, an' we've put enough on't into us to give it a start as I hates to think on. Nobody sees yer silly stommick cos ye're alive, so to speak, an' a-wearin' of it right side out, but ef ye was turned wrong side out an' could see yerself—" Intellectual as he might be (though he hardly looked it), Yellow Mustaches got involved in his own argument and stood twirling his moist, golden fleece helplessly, while the others waited anxiously to learn how he would finish. "Leavin' yer own stommick out on't," he continued. "Wot we've seen to-day be th' colored picturs, normal an' abnormal, an' th' Horrible Example as has a stommick jest like th' abnormal specimen ef ye cut into him. Swallerin' a snake an' havin' th' critter steal away with yer brains is all in yer eye cos ye swallers down, don't ye? An' yer brains is stowed aloft o' where ye begins to swaller. An' as fer steerin' inter places where we ain't got no business, all I axes be who steered us in?"

"It said 'Drink! Drink! Drink!' on th' sign outside th' tent," admitted Bald Head bitterly. "How was a seaman to know as it were a cussed prohibitioner—"

A NONDESCRIPT rascal with a prominent brass nose ring yawned violently—an infectious yawn, for every one of them, except Bald Head, followed his example. It was like a menagerie when one animal begins yawning.

"An' when ye recalls as they uses alcohol to pickle a toad, like the long-whiskered goat showed us," said Nose Ring earnestly, "it stands to reason as rum pickles yer stommick. Arter seein' that pore toad—"

"I like-a zee band—Ahhhhh!" added an excitable little rascal, whose neat brass earrings were rather set off than otherwise by his bronze complexion. "Sign-a zee pledge! Put-a on zee white rib! March-a in zee procesh!" Sleepy as he was, the nervous little enthusiast made a curious humming noise in his nose that they all guessed was meant for a brass band playing "Yankee Doodle," threw back his shoulders, smoothed out his white ribbon, and marched proudly six steps one way and six steps back again. Nearly everybody loves to march in a procession, although few of us are quite so willing to admit it; but the bald-headed pirate only sniffed disdainfully.

"Ef ye'd a-heard wot some o' th' sensible folks on th' sidewalks was a-sayin'," he remarked crushingly, "yer ears would a-burned till they melted yer silly earrings."

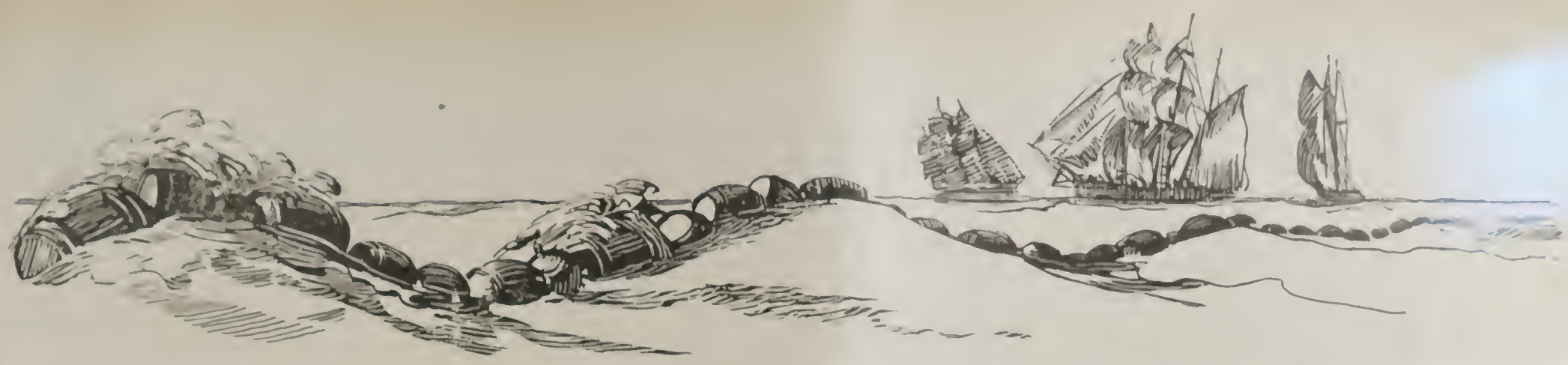
Meantime Red Whisker had dug out the splinter, and now he sheathed his cutlass, stretched his strong arms drowsily, and turned toward the cabin.

"Wot they was a-sayin', Bald Head," he remarked briskly, "don't make no difference. Wot was necessary were to change our habits afore th' stuff did us any more damage, an' we'll all feel better to-morrer fer not havin' th' cussed likker a-stupefyin' of us without our knowin' it. Ye'll feel better yerself, tho' ye don't believe it, ole feller, an' wot I say now be as we all tumble below an' git a good night's sleep afore startin' life over. Come to-morrer mornin'," he added with his feet on the ladder, "an' we'll be that free o' likker as we won't know ourselves."

It was good advice, and they all tumbled after him. The wind was fair, the nearest land far to starboard, a lantern swung at the masthead, and in the free-and-easy fashion of their reckless calling they set no watch and left the devil to look after them. Presently the moon set, and countless infinitely distant stars dimly lighted the solitary course of the temperance pirate over the summer ocean. The last hogshead lay more than a mile behind her, and from the lonely taffrail Bald Head, thirsty and sleepless, stared wistfully after it.

THE sun next morning had climbed high enough to send his rays into the cabin when Red Whisker sat up on the edge of his bunk and looked stupidly around him. It was a new day, the beginning of a new life, and the iron-willed miscreant had prepared himself for it by a good night's sleep; but, strange to say, he felt both unhappy and irritable. He forgot his intention, the last thought before he had dropped off to sleep, of springing lightly out of bed, and humming a gay little tune to himself as he pattered up the ladder in his bare feet to see how bright and beautiful and *clean* the world would look to eyes no longer dulled by pleasant but swinish intoxication. Then (he had planned) he would flit merrily to the galley and light the fire, for, in the economy of piracy, it was Red Whisker's turn to get up first and start the breakfast. Ordinarily he did not like getting up first, but in this new, emancipated life every little thing was going to be more enjoyable; and even getting the breakfast, a wild, sweet song of normal human activity. To be up and doing, this lovely morning, with a clear, unclouded mind and all one's faculties working together in perfect harmony—

Red Whisker stared at his toes and wriggled them gloomily. The sunlight annoyed him. Evidently it was going to be another of those cussed dog days! And he had, moreover—perhaps because all his faculties were so much keener and brighter than usual—a curious, disgusted realization that his feet were not beautiful; he felt as though he would like to take them off and throw them at something. What were feet good for anyway? Feet! He said it contemptuously to himself—Feet! Feet! Feet! Feet! Feet!—until by degrees the word lost all meaning, became a foreign language, became no language at all—a mere sound, and a silly sound at that. Why weren't they called hands? And if they had been called hands, and hands feet, and your nose your toes, and your eyes your ears—who'd ever have known the difference? And what difference would it have made to anybody? What difference did anything make to anybody? Why were we here and where were we going? Men were born, and worried along through life, and died—and nobody knew where they came from or where they went to: a long, sad, tedious journey on these same silly feet, feet, feet, feet, feet, getting up and getting breakfast and washing the dishes and going to bed and getting up and getting breakfast and washing the dishes and going to bed and getting up and getting breakfast and washing the dishes— Never in his life had Red Whisker felt so hopelessly miserable and at the same time so despairingly resigned to it. Life was like that, he told himself, gloomy and triste (as the French say), and nothing but his own iron will to keep a man from staying in bed till he starved and made an end of it. Just a happy skeleton under a blanket!



Red Whisker sighed heavily, took his nighty off over his head, mechanically picked up his shirt, and began somberly thinking about breakfast. Ordinarily he would have gone on deck and plunged into the ocean, but he felt this morning that he would be unable to resist the temptation of never coming up again. The white ribbon still hung from his shirt and he stared at it curiously. Then the truth burst upon him. *This* was the new life in whose fond anticipation he had dropped hopefully asleep!!!

IN EVERY existence there comes one moment when it is necessary to think quickly, to decide at once between two alternatives, and to act without hesitation. A leather stomach is one thing, but a leather life is another. A man with an iron will must learn to manage it; sometimes, even, the thing must be disciplined, for slavery is slavery, whether to your own iron will or to somebody else's. With a quick, decisive oath, Red Whisker tore the white ribbon from his shirt, and, without stopping for his trousers (fearing perhaps that his iron will would grapple with him while he was putting them on), leaped up the ladder. Little he cared now for names; call it anything you please—feet, pegs, pins, stumps, trotters, Shanks' mare, or the Marrowbone stage—his perambulatory apparatus carried him straight and true to the hold of the schooner. Nor did he pause an instant to enjoy the clean and normal beauty of this lovely summer morning. One keg, one cask, one hogshead, one puncheon (he hoped for a puncheon!), one bottle, one jug, one demijohn, one flask, one flagon, or at least one decanter *must* have survived the misplaced enthusiasm of the preceding evening. Truly it was amazing what foolish things a man could do when he was sober! And the thoroughness of it! No keg! No cask! No hogshead! No puncheon! No bottle! No jug! No demijohn! No flask! No flagon! *No* decanter! Nothing but a reminiscent smell that they had been unable to throw overboard! He tore himself from the hold and sped to the taffrail; but the *Tender Polly* was still traveling steadily eastward, and as far as eye could range nothing that could possibly have held one drop of liquor bobbed hopefully on the surface. Water, water was everywhere, but, fortunately for Red Whisker's sanity, he did not know the rest of the quotation. He tore himself from the rail and dashed down into the cabin. If he could get there before any of the others were awake—

Except for Yellow Mustaches, they were awake already—and all, exactly as Red Whisker had himself prophesied, so free of liquor that they hardly knew themselves. Still in their nighties, for at that period even the most stylish gentlemen travelers had not yet adopted the pajama, four wicked but pitifully anxious men were searching the cabin; and four bare soles, cunningly side by side on the floor, indicated where two others were feverishly looking under the table. They heard him coming, and the four miscreants grabbed up their cutlasses and turned to meet him with a single cruel, suspicious impulse.

"Wot ye been a-doin' with th' pooty medicine chist, ole feller?" asked Nose Ring with an ominously repressed politeness. "I've got a pain in my stommick—"

It was a wild scene, and the sweet, clear morning sunlight combined with the peaceful garments of night and the trouserless state of their regretful but still indomitable leader to make it even more terrifying. They surrounded him like so many half-dressed tigers, roaring of medicine chests and pains in their stomachs. The four bare soles, still cunningly side by side, backed out from under the tablecloth; and in his own berth the musical pirate reared his graceful figure and sleepily curled the ends of his long, handsome, yellow mustaches.

Sometimes they fiercely knocked in the head of a cask, but more often they hove it bodily overboard and ran for another without stopping to see the fine, big, phosphorescent splash that it made in the water. It was an unusual spectacle

"*He* ain't got no medicine chist," he remarked drowsily. "I hove th' chist overboard m'self, messmates"

Faded the last hope; gone overboard; thrown away; vanished forever—and the irretrievableness of it calmed them like a dash of cold water. They sat down on their bunks and regarded each other soberly, which was the only way they had left to regard anybody. Presently each, out of the corner of his eye, looked about for Bald Head, and one after another discovered that Bald Head was missing. His bunk was empty, had not even been slept in. Nothing remained of him but a piece of paper folded and pinned to the pillow. Frankly it was a relief not to see him; and as Red Whisker spread the paper on the table they all gathered soberly behind him and read the letter over his shoulder. Better men than Bald Head, one regrets to think, might have smiled at that letter, for pirates were rarely scholars, and Bald Head's was not an exceptionally brilliant or well-trained intellect. There were erasures; evidently he had worked hard over it. And in one place a spot that might have been either a tear or a drop of perspiration:

DEAR OLD FRIENDS—*This is from me, and I take my pen in hand to tell you, dear old friends, that when you wake up you will find it on my pill Oh! and so will know my plan, and what I am a bout to do, and why I feel that I must do what I have done. It will X plain all. I do not think it is fair to those you have to sir prize them with what you do*

This is my mind, dear old friends. I have all ways drank rum, as you well know, and, all though no slave, I am two old to change my ways of life when I can not see the good of such a change. If rum can tan the in sides as they say then my in sides must be like a shoe now, and yet I know well that it works all right, and that is the main thing with an in sides. Looks do not count with me and no man but me can say how my in sides work. No one can see his in sides, but all can feel, and if mine suits me, I say let well a loan. Do not think I am a slave to rum for I am not. I can stop as quick as the next man if I wish. But I do not wish. What is more I think that to stop now would do my in sides more harm than good. By a dam site.

When buck can nears do not think the same it is time for them to part. That is sad but true. Do you not think so? It is a wrench to go but it must be done, and the soon her the bet her. Some times when you come a shore you can come and see your old friend, but I fear you will shun him when you know all.

My plan, which I spoke of, is to keep an Inn.

I have took the small boat, a come pass, food and so fourth and as I row a shore I will pick up the lick her you have cast a drift. You do not want it and it will make a fine stock in trade for my Inn. I will keep my Inn some where near Sail M and you will be one and all well come if you will come. I will not ask you to drink.

Now it is 12 Oh! clock. I hear you all snore as I write this and it makes me sad to go. But I see it is best for all.

I for got to say that the name of my Inn is Dead Man's Inn. Do you not think that is a nice name for an Inn?

So no more now from your old friend,

BALD HEAD.

Serious-minded pirate as he was, Bald Head had evidently had no suspicion that this same idea, minus the tavern, might occur to his abandoned associates. Perhaps the letter suggested it. They looked at each other, and in every reckless but sheepish eye the same thought was clearly enough visible. Another moment and they were all on deck hopefully examining the far horizon.

"The wind's comin' about a leetle," said Red Whisker with something of his usual briskness. "Dead Man's Inn!" he added contemptuously. "Ef we don't overhaul that cussed tavern keeper afore it fogs in, messmates, we'll make Salem and catch him as he comes up th' harbor. An' onless I'm mistaken I knows one or two taverns where they won't hesitate to ask us to drink."

A SHIFTING August fog, rising and falling, now hid the sea and again mistily revealed it—a shimmering, iridescent plain on which a solitary pirate, in a small boat well laden with jugs and demijohns, pulled steadily toward Salem. Evidently the rascal was in no particular hurry. A striped awning, stretched on hoops and ending at the bow in a kind of blunt nose, shielded his bald head from the sun, if it should succeed in piercing the drifting fog bank, and a couple of large holes enabled him to peer out to port or starboard without changing his position. A compass and the remains of a simple breakfast of salt pork, sea biscuit, and a jug of rum rode on the stern sheets of his tiny vessel; and behind it, bobbing and swashing placidly over the long, lazy swells, followed a succession of kegs, hogsheads, puncheons, casks, and barrels skillfully lashed together. Over the opalescent sea, now delicately visible and again fogged in completely, the little procession took on something mysterious and even fairylike. Now you saw it, if you happened to be on shore and looked seaward when the fog lifted, and now you didn't.

It was the second morning since Bald Head had left the schooner. Fortunately many of the rotund objects of which he was in search had been sampled and floated easily in the water. He had been some time collecting them; and now the farther he got away from piracy the more absorbed he became in the idea of keeping a tavern. Noon was approaching, and from his starboard peephole he now and then made out the lovely but not yet fashionable North Shore of Massachusetts. A few more hours and he would be in Salem.

So far, indeed, he had given

little thought to the practical side of his new business; like so many of us, the fact that he had invented such an attractive name as "Dead Man's Inn" made the rest seem easy. Nearly all pirates looked forward to keeping a tavern as the sunset finish to a wicked but busy life; and, although Bald Head was still [illegible] to retire from active piracy, the nervous shock and natural despondency of seeing eight able-bodied pirates suddenly stricken with total abstinence had made him feel more or less like a grandfather. As he had written, he was no slave to rum; no man less so; but neither, under the circumstances, was he willing to become a slave to total abstinence. Yes, he had retired with honor; and, what was even more practical, with a fine stock in trade for Dead Man's Inn. And he saw the place plainly—a cozy sort of house with a long, sloping roof, its attractive title swinging on the signboard, and himself sitting on the hospitable porch, getting on a bit in years, perhaps, but still fat and handsome, the idol of young and old as he drained his glass and told them spicy anecdotes of his former atrocious, but always entertaining, profession. Sometimes he would sing them a wild, salt, pirate ditty. Perhaps he would marry and have a wife to do the heavy work of the inn—but that could wait with other details that he would take up as he came to them. Anyway there would be rambler roses rambling all over the porch, and a pump in the yard to soak your head under. Altogether it was a pretty picture. The lively marching melody that his ex-associates had picked up in the temperance procession sang in his bald head as he plugged happily onward; and he fitted his own words to it as the oars kept time mechanically:

"I laff at th' Demon!
I fears not his might!
My stommick, I bet ye,
Is workin' all right.
It may be like leather;
I bet ye instead
It's like th' inside o'
A jolly hogshead!

CHO-RUS!

"Rum! Rum! Jolly ole Rum!
As makes a man cheerful
An' then frolicsome!
Oh! milk is fer babies,
An' water fer fee-
Male wimmen, but Rum
Is th' tipple fer me!

"I laff at th' Demon!
I fears not his might!
My stommick, I bet ye,
Is workin'—"

There is probably nothing more soporific than just this effort to fit new and appropriate words to a haunting melody. The wicked bald head of the innkeeper sank lower and lower over his oars, nodded, straightened with a jerk, and then began sinking lower and lower. The fog lifted and settled at intervals. Occasionally an inward-bound ship approached cautiously, and then altered her course and gave him a wide berth as she continued up the harbor. Now and then an outward-bound vessel sighted him, came about, and returned hastily to Salem. Along the shore knots of people, mere specks afar off, gathered on every beach and promontory and stared at him curiously. Presently a distant ringing of bells reached him, softened by the fog, but he kept plugging along steadily. When he reached the mouth of the harbor, he told himself, he would tie up in some sheltered spot and wait for night in order to avoid attracting too much attention; but, after all, in a busy harbor like Salem, who would pay any attention to a plain seaman towing a line of casks and hogsheads?

MEANTIME, in the pressroom of the Salem "Bee," a man in his shirt sleeves worked feverishly, composing and at the same time putting in type an article that he evidently believed could not be printed too immediately; and across the room, crowded with excited employees of the paper, another labored with equal haste at a woodcut drawing that any intelligent schoolboy could have seen was meant for a large snake in swimming. Newspaper illustration was then young, a mere baby, but in moments of great popular excitement much could be done with a woodcut, whose appeal to the imagination was really almost as stimulating as some of our own halftones. Anybody would have known that this was a snake and not a sausage, because it had a forked tongue; and anybody could have recognized the ocean because it had a ship on it—provided, of course, that he knew it for a ship. Indubitably, too, this was a moment of great popular excitement. From every belfry in Salem the bells clamored nervously. From every house poured men, women, and children, heading for every street that led to the harbor. Some were bareheaded; others, more thoughtful, carried hats and lunch baskets. One might have thought the harbor was on fire, for the volunteer fire companies were also out and dragging their engines in the same direction. Even the questioning tap-tap-tap of a blind man's stick and the excited yelping of his dog penetrated into the pressroom.

"By George!" exclaimed the artist, gazing at his handicraft and unconsciously anticipating Phillips Brooks. "That *is* a sea serpent!" He shot a question over his shoulder: "How about fins and feelers, William?"

"The appearance of the amphibious monster now approaching our city," said the man at the galley, dictating to himself and setting the words in immortal type as he spoke, "is indescribably terrifying. His length, as estimated by Captain W. T. J. Scott and First Officer J. K. Hopper of the *Susan A. Martin*, must be at least three hundred and seventy-seven feet over all, and his circumference, roughly, about that of a hogshead."

"Fins?" repeated the artist anxiously.

"HORN-TIPPED fins," continued the other, in the monotonous voice that always goes with dictation, "guided the aquatic marvel as he rushed onward at about the speed of a modern locomotive, making twelve miles an hour. His blunt, whalelike nose turned questioningly from port to starboard and—"

"How about feelers?" asked the artist.

"His enormous feelers, like the antennæ of some nightmare submarine insect, projected just back of his eyes, and moved regularly with his deep breathing. The sea serpent, says Captain Scott, 'emitted a monotonous sound, something like singing, but so unspeakably horrifying to human ears that, after a brief consultation, we decided to put about and return to the harbor.' Captain Scott's remarkable narrative is fully verified by several other vessels, and by horsemen who have come in from Rockport and Gloucester, and report that the serpent was first sighted off Cape Ann early this morning.

"As we go to press the militia are marching to the harbor, where they will offer their services to the custom house authorities, as representatives of the Federal Government, and will embark at once to give battle to this redoubtable antagonist that has at last emerged from the ocean to confound science and endanger coastwise navigation. Whether or not there are more sea serpents is yet to be determined."

"Later—The militia are embarking."

"Later—The militia are going down the harbor."

"Later—It is rumored that the militia are attacking the sea serpent."

He finished his task with a flourish, and an instant later the printing press had it. But now nobody remained in the pressroom but the few who had to. Already the artist had finished his woodcut, and as the two tore down the stairs together they found the streets of Salem completely empty. Everybody, even the blind man, was at the water front: everything that could sail or row in Salem Harbor had vanished into the fog, through which the whole world seemed to be peering with anxious interest.

And then, at last, remote and muffled, the fog was penetrated by a rattle of musketry.

And the two boatloads of militia, firing remorselessly at the spot that Bald Head had just rapidly vacated, promptly sunk each other

FAR down the harbor the brave militia, sighting the monster, apparently sound asleep in the thinning fog, had indeed shot the sea serpent—right through his striped awning. And the very brains of the creature, Bald Head himself, peered out angrily to see who had done it.

The fog lifted, hanging like a pearly, translucent ceiling just over the ocean. Oars stopped rowing, cordage creaked, and canvas rattled like artillery as vessel after vessel came to a disgusted standstill. From small boats, long boats, short boats, jolly boats, whaleboats, skiffs, dinghies, scows, wherries, pinnaces, and launches; from barks, brigs, schooners, sloops, smacks, barkentines, hermaphrodite brigs, and everything else that could row or sail in Salem Harbor, countless disappointed eyes stared with indignant wonder at the prospective host of Dead Man's Inn. Frankly he was a woeful disappointment! They had expected a sea serpent, majestic and appalling even in death—and Bald Head was neither dead, majestic, appalling, nor a sea serpent. All that could be said for him was that he hissed as he pointedly inquired what they thought they were doing; and that he might have been appalling if the projection of his head from the striped awning hadn't made him look so much like a man in a barber's chair.

"Cuss me, messmates! ef it ain't ole Baldie hisself!" exclaimed a red-whiskered seaman, leaning over the bow of a small black schooner that had come down with the others.

"Ef we'd a-used our minds we might a-guessed it," said Nose Ring. "Here we was a-waitin' fer th' fog to lift a leetle afore we put to sea to head th' cussed tavern keeper off, an' not one on us had th' sense to guess as he'd look th' spittin' image o' a cussed sea serpent. Hears o' th' serpent, we do, an' gits as narvous as feemale wimmin fer fear as th' critter will run afoul o' Baldie an' gobble o' him."

"Better fer him as he were gobbled," said Red Whisker grimly. "Th' law's got him, pore feller! cos he's got to explain hisself to th' port officers. Which when he tries to do," he added with somber conviction, "he'll find hisself mine host o' Dead Man's Inn in —— —— —— ——!!! ———!!! ——— silly earnest!"

He spoke sincerely; and even to the usually unimaginative rascals around him, his tone lifted the host of Dead Man's Inn out from under his funny awning and hung him, feebly kicking, on a substantial gallows. For now they thought of it, every man of them realized that Bald Head was *not* the pirate to explain convincingly just how he came to be in solitary possession of an entire cargo of valuable liquor. He was by nature one of those men who the more he explained the worse it would be for him. Nowadays, perhaps, his evil but distressed companions would have allowed matters to take their course, followed him ashore, and hired an alienist. But the alienist had not yet been invented. Easy as it might be to prove Bald Head a lunatic, the rough-and-ready justice of the period had little consideration for congenital piritis. Nor would anybody have been attracted by the interesting experiment of reforming him. It was a nervous age in such matters, and preferred to hang a man rather than work over him. Even considered as the host of Dead Man's Inn, there were already more than enough tavern keepers.

"Clear th' decks fer action quiet like," said Red Whisker thoughtfully, "an' stand by to clap on all sail an' hist th' *Jolly Rover*. I've got a idee a-comin', messmates, tho' I don't jest see her—" And he sat down on the forecastle and clasped his head desperately between his tarry hands to assist its arrival.

MEANTIME, happily for the pleasure of those on shore, they, at least, could not see Bald Head. The bells still clamored; and every point of vantage had its crowd of spectators. The "Bee" was out, and hundreds of intelligent readers, unable to see the creature itself in the mass of craft that surrounded it, were enjoying themselves with the woodcut which, indeed, was a good deal more satisfactory. Some had waded out into the ocean up to their necks and stood on tiptoe staring under the fog toward the distant marvel. The president of the Essex Institute argued with a visiting professor from Harvard as to whether the phenomenon denoted some volcanic upheaval on the other side of the world,

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The Lost Road

By Richard Harding Davis

Illustrated by W. Morgan

DURING the war with Spain, Colton Lee came into the service as a volunteer. For a young man, he always had taken life almost too seriously, and when, after the campaign in Cuba, he elected to make soldiering his profession, the seriousness with which he attacked his new work surprised no one. Finding they had lost him forever, his former intimates were bored, his colonel was enthusiastic, and the men of his troop not only loved him but respected him.

From the start he determined that in his new life women should have no part—a determination that puzzled no one so much as the women, for to Lee no woman, old or young, had found cause to be unfriendly. But he had heard that the army is a jealous mistress who brooks no rival, and that "red lips tarnish the scabbard steel," and that "he travels the fastest who travels alone."

So, when white hands beckoned and pretty eyes signaled, he did not look. For five years, until just before he sailed for his three years of duty in the Philippines, he succeeded not only in not looking, but in building up for himself such a fine reputation as a woman hater that all women were crazy about him. Had he not been ordered to Agawamsett that fact would not have affected him. But at the Officers' School he had indulged in hard study rather than in hard riding, had overworked, had brought back his Cuban fever, and was in poor shape to face the tropics. So, for two months before the transport was to sail, they ordered him to Cape Cod to fill his lungs with the bracing air of a New England autumn.

HE SELECTED Agawamsett because, when at Harvard, it was there he had spent his summer vacations, and he knew he would find sailboats and tennis and, through the pine woods back of the little whaling village, many miles of untraveled roads. He promised himself that over these he would gallop an imaginary troop in route marches, would maneuver it against possible ambush, and, in "combat patrols," ground scouts, and cossack outposts, charge with it "as foragers." But he did none of these things. For at Agawamsett he met Frances Gardner, and his experience with her was so disastrous that, in his determination to avoid all women, he was convinced he was right.

When later he reached Manila he vowed no other woman would ever again find a place in his thoughts. No other woman did. Not because he had the strength to keep his vows, but because he so continually thought of Frances Gardner that no other woman had a chance.

Miss Gardner was a remarkable girl. Her charm appealed to all kinds of men, and, unfortunately for Lee, several kinds of men appealed to her. Her fortune and her relations were bound up in the person of a rich aunt with whom she lived, and who, it was understood, some day would leave her all the money in the world. But, in spite of her charm, certainly in spite of the rich aunt, Lee, true to his determination, might not have noticed the girl had not she ridden so extremely well.

IT WAS to the captain of cavalry that she first appealed. But even a cavalry captain, whose duty in life is to instruct sixty men in the art of taking the life of as many other men as possible, may turn his head in the direction of a good-looking girl. And when for weeks a man rides at the side of one through pine forests as dim and mysterious as the aisles of a great cathedral, when he guides her across the wet marshes where the sun is setting crimson in the pools and the wind blows salt from the sea, when he loses them both by moonlight in wood roads where the hoofs of the horses sink silently into dusty pine needles, he thinks more frequently of the girl at his side than of the faithful troopers waiting for him in San Francisco. The girl at his side thought frequently of him.

With the "surface indications" of a young man about to ask her to marry him she was painfully familiar, but this time the possibility was the reverse of painful. What she meant to do about it she did not know, but she did know that she was strangely happy. Between living on as the dependent of a somewhat exacting relative, and becoming the full partner of this young stranger who, with men, had proved himself so masterful and who, with her, was so gentle in his devotion, there seemed but little choice. But she did not as yet wish to make the choice. She wished things to be as they were. She preferred to believe she was not certain. She assured him that, before his leave of absence was over, she would tell him whether she would remain on duty with the querulous aunt, who had befriended her, or as his wife accompany him to the Philippines.

It was not the answer he wanted; but, in her happiness, which was evident to everyone, he could not help but take hope. And in the questions she put to him of life in the tropics, of the life of the "officers' ladies," he saw that what was in her mind was a possible life with him, and he was content.

SHE became to him a wonderful, glorious person, and each day she grew in loveliness. It had been five years of soldiering in Cuba, China and on the Mexican border since he had talked to a woman with interest, and now in all she said, in all her thoughts and words and delights, he found fresher and stronger reasons for discarding his determination to remain wedded only to the United States Army. He did not need reasons. He was far too much in love to see in any word or act of hers anything that was not fine and beautiful.

In their rides they had one day stumbled upon a long-lost and long-forgotten road through the woods which she had claimed as their own by right of discovery, and, no matter to what point they set forth each day, they always returned by it. Their way through the woods stretched for miles. It was concealed in a forest of stunted oaks and black pines, with no sign of human habitation, save here and there a clearing now

When for weeks a man rides at the side of one through pine forests as dim and mysterious as the aisles of a great cathedral

long neglected and alive only with goldenrod. Trunks of trees, moss grown and crumbling beneath the touch of the ponies' hoofs, lay in their path, and above it the branches of a younger generation had clasped hands. At their approach squirrels raced for shelter, woodcock and partridge shot deeper into the network of vines and saplings, and the click of the steel as the ponies tossed their bits, and their own whispers alone disturbed the silence.

"It is an enchanted road," said the girl, "or maybe we are enchanted."

"Not I," cried the young man loyally. "I was never so sane, never so sure, never so happy in knowing just what I wanted! If only you could be as sure!"

One day she came to him in high excitement with a book of verse. "He has written a poem," she cried, "about our own woods, about our lost road! Listen!" she commanded, and she read to him:

"They shut the road through the woods
Seventy years ago.
Weather and rain have undone it again,
And now you would never know
There was once a road through the woods
Before they planted the trees.
It is underneath the coppice and heath,
And the thin anemones
Only the keeper sees
That, where the ringdove broods,
And the badgers roll at ease,
There was once a road through the woods.

"'Yet, if you enter the woods
Of a summer evening late, [pools
When the night air cools on the trout-ringed
Where the otter whistles his mate.
(They fear not men in the woods
Because they see so few),
You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,
And the swish of a skirt in the dew,
Steadily cantering through
The misty solitudes,
As though they perfectly knew
The old lost road through the woods. . . .
But there is no road through the woods.'"

"I don't like that *at all*," cried the soldier man. "It's too—too sad—it doesn't give you any encouragement. The way it ends I mean: 'But there is no road through the woods.' *Of course* there's a road! For us, there always will be. I'm going to make sure. I'm going to buy those woods, and keep the lost road where we can always find it."

"I don't think," said the girl, "that he means a *real* road."

"I know what he means," cried the lover; "and he's wrong! There *is* a road, and you and I have found it, and we are going to follow it for always."

The girl shook her head, but her eyes were smiling happily.

The "season" at Agawamsett closed with the tennis tournament, and it was generally conceded fit and proper, from every point of view, that in mixed doubles Lee and Miss Gardner should be partners. Young Stedman, the Boston artist, was the only one who made objection. Up in the sail loft that he had turned into a studio he was painting a portrait of the lovely Miss Gardner, and he protested that the three days' tournament would sadly interrupt his work. And Frances, who was very much interested in the portrait, was inclined to agree.

BUT Lee beat down her objections. He was not at all interested in the portrait. He disapproved of it entirely. For the sittings robbed him of Frances during the better part of each morning, and he urged that when he must so soon leave her, between the man who wanted her portrait and the man who wanted her, it would be kind to give her time to the latter.

"But I had no idea," protested Frances, "he would take so long. He told me he'd finish it in three sittings. But he's so critical of his own work that he goes over it again and again. He says that I am a most difficult subject, but that I inspire him. And he says, if I will only give him time, he believes this will be the best thing he has done."

"That's an awful thought," said the cavalry officer.

"You don't like him," reproved Miss Gardner. "He is always very polite to you."

"He's polite to everybody," said Lee; "that's why I don't like him. He's not a real artist. He's a courtier. God gave him a talent, and he makes a mean use of it. Uses it to flatter people. He's like those long-haired violinists who play anything you ask them to in the lobster palaces."

MISS GARDNER looked away from him. Her color was high and her [illegible] very bright.

"I think," she said steadily, "that Mr. Stedman is a *great* artist, and some day all the world will think so, too!"

Lee made no answer. Not [illegible] displeased with her estimate of Mr. Stedman's [illegible] made no pretense of being an [illegible] her vehement admiration had [illegible] with sudden panic.

He was not jealous. For that he was far too humble. Indeed, he thought himself so utterly unworthy of Frances Gardner that the fact that to him she might prefer some one else in no way surprised him. He only knew that if she should prefer some one else, not all his troop horses nor all his men could put Humpty Dumpty back again.

But if, in regard to Mr. Stedman, Miss Gardner had for a moment been at odds with the man who loved her, she made up for it the day following on the tennis court. There she was in accord with him in heart, soul, and body, and her sharp, "Well played, partner," thrilled him like one of his own bugle calls. For two days against visiting and local teams they fought their way through the tournament, and the struggle with her at his side filled Lee with a great happiness. Not that the championship of Agawamsett counted greatly to one exiled for three years to live among the Moros. He wanted to win because she wanted to win. But his happiness came in doing something in common with her, in helping her and in her helping him, in being, if only in play, if only for three days, her "partner."

AFTER they won they walked home together, each swinging a fat, heavy loving cup. On each was engraved:

"Mixed doubles, Agawamsett, 1910."

Lee held his up so that the setting sun flashed on the silver.

"I am going to keep that," he said, "as long as I live. It means you were once my 'partner.' It's a sign that once we two worked together for something and *won*." In the words, the man showed such feeling that the girl said soberly:

"Mine means that to me, too. I will never part with mine, either."

Lee turned to her and smiled, appealing wistfully.

"It seems a pity to separate them," he said. "They'd look well together over an open fireplace."

The girl frowned unhappily. "I don't *know*," she protested. "I don't *know*."

The next day Lee received from the War Department a telegram directing him to "proceed without delay" to San Francisco, and there to embark for the Philippines.

That night he put the question to her directly, but again she shook her head unhappily; again she said: "I don't *know!*"

So he sailed without her, and each evening at sunset as the great transport heaved her way across the swell of the Pacific he stood at the rail and looked back. With the aid of the first officer he calculated the difference in time between a whaling village situated at forty-four degrees north, and an army transport dropping rapidly toward the equator, and so, each day, kept in step with the girl he loved.

Now, he would tell himself, she is in her cart in front of the post office, and, while they sort the morning mail, she gossips with the fisher folks, the summer folks, the grooms and chauffeurs. Now she is sitting for her portrait to Stedman (he did not dwell long on that part of her day) and now she is at tennis, or, as she promised, riding alone at sunset down our lost road through the woods.

But that part of her day from which Lee hurried was that part over which the girl herself lingered. As he turned his eyes from his canvas to meet hers, Stedman, the charming, the deferential, the adroit, who never allowed his painting to interrupt his talk, told her of what he was pleased to call his dreams and ambitions, of the great and beautiful ladies who had sat before his easel, and of the only one of them who had given him inspiration. Especially of the only one who had given him inspiration. With her always to uplift him, he could become one of the world's most famous artists, and she would go down into history as the beautiful woman who had helped him, as the wife of Rembrandt had inspired Rembrandt, as "Mona Lisa" had made Leonardo.

GILBERT wrote: "It is not the lover who comes to woo, but the lover's *way* of wooing!" His successful lover was the one who threw the girl across his saddle and rode away with her. But one kind of woman does not like to have her lover approach shouting: "At the gallop! Charge!"

She prefers a man not beeause he is masterful, but because he is not. She likes to believe the man needs her more than she needs him, that she and only she can steady him, cheer him, keep him true to the work he is in the world to perform. It is called the "mothering" instinct.

Frances felt this mothering instinct toward the sensitive, imaginative, charming Stedman. She believed he had but two thoughts, his art, and herself. She was content to place his art first. She could not guess that to one so unworldly, to one so wrapped up in his art, the fortune of a rich aunt might prove alluring.

When the transport finally picked up the landfalls of Cavite Harbor, Lee, with the instinct of a soldier, did not exclaim: "This is where Dewey ran the forts and sank the Spanish fleet!" On the contrary, he was saying: "When she comes to join me, it will be here I will first see her steamer. I will be waiting with a field glass on the end of that wharf. No, I will be out here in a shore boat waving my hat. And of all those along the rail, my heart will tell me which is she!"

THEN a barefooted Filipino boy handed him an unsigned cablegram. It read: "If I wrote a thousand words I could not make it easier for either of us. I am to marry Arthur Stedman in December."

Lee was grateful for the fact that he was not permitted to linger in Manila. Instead, he was at once ordered up country, where at a one-troop post he administered the affairs of a somewhat hectic province, and, under the guidance of the local constabulary, chased will-o'-the-wisp brigands. On a shelf in his quarters he placed the silver loving cup, and at night when the village slept he would sit facing it, filling one pipe after another, and, through the smoke, staring at the evidence to the fact that once Frances Gardner and he had been partners.

In these post-mortems he saw nothing morbid. With his present activities they in no way interfered, and in thinking of the days when they had been together, in thinking of what he had lost, he found deep content. Another man, having lost the woman he loved, would have tried to forget her and all she meant to him. But Lee was far too honest with himself to substitute other thoughts for those that were glorious, that still thrilled him. The girl could take herself from him, but she could not take his love for her from him. And for that he was grateful. He never had considered himself worthy, and so could not believe he had been ill used. In his thoughts of her, there was no bitterness: for that also he was grateful. And, as he knew he would not care for any other woman in the way he cared for her, he preferred to care in that way, even for one who was lost, than in a lesser way for a possible she who some day might greatly care for him. So, she still remained in his thoughts, and was so constantly with him that he led a dual existence in which by day he directed the affairs of an alien and hostile people, and by night again lived through the wonderful moments when she had thought she loved him, when he first had learned to love her. At times she seemed actually at his side, and he could not tell whether he was pretending that this were so, or whether the force of his love had projected her image half around the world.

OFTEN, when in single file he led the men through the forest, he seemed again to be back on Cape Cod picking his way over their own lost road through the wood, and he heard "the beat of a horse's feet and the swish of a skirt in the dew." And then a carbine would rattle, or a horse would stumble and a trooper swear and he was again in the sweating jungle where men, intent upon his life, crouched in ambush.

She spared him the mockery of wedding cards; but the announcement of the wedding came to him in a three months' old newspaper. Hoping they would speak of her in their letters, he kept up a somewhat one-sided correspondence with friends of Mrs. Stedman's in Boston, where she now lived. But for a year in none of their letters did her name appear. When a mutual friend did write of her, Lee understood the silence.

From the first, the mutual friend wrote, the life of Mrs. Stedman and her husband was thoroughly miserable. Stedman blamed her because she came to him penniless. The rich aunt, who had heartily disapproved of the artist, had spoken of him so frankly that Frances had quarreled with her, and from her no longer would accept money. In his anger at this Stedman showed himself to Frances as he was. And only two months after their marriage she was further enlightened.

An irate husband made him the central figure in a scandal that filled the friends of Frances with disgust and that for her was an awakening cruel and humiliating. Men no longer permitted their women folk to sit to Stedman for a portrait, and the need of money grew imperative. He the more blamed Frances for having quarreled with her aunt, told her it was for her money he had married her, that she had ruined his career, and that she was to blame for his ostracism, a condition that his own misconduct had brought upon him. Finally, after twelve months of this, one morning he left a note saying he no longer would allow her to be a drag upon him; and sailed for Europe.

They learned that, in Paris, he had returned to that life which before his marriage, even in that easy-going city, had made him notorious. "And Frances," continued Lee's correspondent, "has left Boston, and now lives in New York. She wouldn't let any of us help her, nor even know where she is. The last we heard of her she was in charge of the complaint department of a millinery shop, for which work she was receiving about the same wages I give my cook."

LEE did not stop to wonder why the same woman, who to one man was a "drag," was to another, even though separated from her by half the world, a joy and a blessing. Instead, he promptly wrote his lawyers to find Mrs. Stedman, and, in such a way as to keep her ignorant of their good offices, see that she obtained a position more congenial than her present one, and one that would pay her as much as, without arousing her suspicions, they found it possible to give.

Three months had passed, and this letter had not been answered, when in Manila, where he had been ordered to make a report, he heard of her again. One evening when the band played on the Luneta, he met a newly married couple who had known him in Agawamsett. They now were on a ninety-day cruise around the world. Close friends of Frances Gardner, they remembered him as one of her many devotees and at once spoke of her.

"That blackguard she married," the bridegroom told him, "was killed three months ago racing with another car from Versailles back to Paris after a dinner at which, it seems, all present drank "burgundy out of the finger bowls." Coming down that steep hill into St. Cloud, the cars collided and Stedman and a woman, whose husband thought she was somewhere else, were killed. He couldn't even die without making a scandal of it."

"But, the worst," added the bride, "is that, in spite of the way the little beast treated her, I believe Frances still cares for him, and always will. That's the worst of it, isn't it?" she demanded.

In words, Lee did not answer, but in his heart he agreed that was much the worst of it. The fact that Frances was free filled him with hope; but that she still cared for the man she had married, and would continue to think only of him, made him ill with despair.

HE CABLED his lawyers for her address. He determined that, at once, on learning it, he would tell her that with him nothing was changed. He had forgotten nothing, and had learned much. He had learned that his love for her was a splendid and inspiring passion, that even without her it had lifted him up, helped and cheered him, made the whole world kind and beautiful. With her he could not picture a world so complete with happiness.

Since entering the army he had never asked for a

In the fight that followed he covered his brows with laurel wreaths and received two bullet wounds in his body

cave of absence, and he was sure, if he now did so, it would not be refused. He determined, if the answer to his cable gave him her address, he would return at once, and again offer her his love which he now knew was deeper, finer and infinitely more tender than the love he first had felt for her. But the cable balked him.

"Address unknown," it read; "believed to have gone abroad in capacity of governess. Have employed foreign agents. Will cable their report."

Whether to wait for and be guided by the report of the detectives, or to proceed to Europe and search for her himself Lee did not know. He finally determined that to seek for her with no clue to her whereabouts would be but a waste of precious moments, while, if in their search the agents were successful, he would be able to go directly to her. Meanwhile, by cable he asked for protracted leave of absence and, while waiting for his answer, returned to his post. There, within a week, he received his leave of absence, but in a fashion that threatened to remove him forever from the army.

The constabulary had located the will-o'-the-wisp brigands behind a stockade built about an extinct volcano, and Lee and his troop and a mountain battery attempted to dislodge them. In the fight that followed Lee covered his brows with laurel wreaths and received two bullet wounds in his body.

FOR a month death stood at the side of his cot, and then, still weak and at times delirious with fever, by slow stages he was removed to the hospital in Manila. In one of his sane moments a cable was shown him. It read: "Whereabouts still unknown." Lee at once rebelled against his doctors. He must rise, he declared, and proceed to Europe. It was upon a matter of life and death. The surgeons assured him his remaining exactly where he was also was a matter of as great consequence. Lee's knowledge of his own lack of strength told him they were right.

Then, from headquarters, he was informed that, as a reward for his services and in recognition of his approaching convalescence, he was ordered to return to his own climate and that an easy billet had been found for him as a recruiting officer in New York City. Believing the woman he loved to be in Europe, this plan for his comfort only succeeded in bringing on a relapse. But, the day following, there came another cablegram. It put an abrupt end to his mutiny, and brought him and the War Department into complete accord.

"She is in New York," it read, "acting as agent for a charitable institution, which one not known, but hope in a few days to cable correct address."

IN ALL the world there was no man so happy. The next morning a transport was sailing and, probably because they had read the cablegram, the surgeons agreed with Lee that a sea voyage would do him no harm. He was carried on board, and when the propellers first churned the water and he knew he was moving toward her, the hero of the fight around the crater shed unmanly tears. He would see her again, hear her voice; the same great city would shelter them. It was worth a dozen bullets.

He reached New York in a snowstorm, a week before Christmas, and went straight to the office of his lawyers. They received him with embarrassment. Six weeks before, on the very day they had cabled him that Mrs. Stedman was in New York, she had left the charitable institution where she had been employed, and had again disappeared.

Lee sent his trunks to the Army and Navy Club which was immediately around the corner from the recruiting office in Sixth Avenue and began discharging telegrams at every one who had ever known Frances Gardner. The net result was discouraging. In the year and a half in which he had been absent, every friend of the girl he sought had temporarily changed his place of residence, or was permanently dead.

Meanwhile his arrival by the transport was announced in the afternoon papers. At the wharf an admiring trooper had told a fine tale of his conduct at the battle of the crater, and reporters called at the club to see him. He did not discourage them, as he hoped through them the fact of his return might be made known to Frances. She might send him a line of welcome and he would discover her whereabouts. But, though many others sent him hearty greetings, from her there was no word.

On the second day after his arrival one of the telegrams was answered in person by a friend of Mrs. Stedman's. He knew only that she had been in New York, that she was very poor and in ill health, that she shunned all of her friends, and was earning her living as the matron of some sort of a club for working girls. He did not know the name of it.

On the third day there still was no news. On the fourth Lee decided that the next morning he would advertise. He would say only: "Will Mrs. Arthur Stedman communicate with Messrs. Fuller & Fuller?" Fuller & Fuller were his lawyers. That afternoon he remained until six o'clock at the recruiting office, and when he left it the electric street lights were burning brightly.

Over the array of cheap jewelry, of banjos, shotguns, and razors, his eyes moved idly. And then they became transfixed and staring

A heavy damp snow was falling, and the lights and the falling flakes and the shouts of drivers and the toots of taxicabs made for the man from the tropics a welcome homecoming.

Instead of returning at once to his club, he slackened his steps. The shop windows of Sixth Avenue hung with Christmas garlands, and colored lamps glowed like open fireplaces. Lee passed slowly before them, glad that he had been able to get back at such a season. For the moment he had forgotten the woman he sought and was conscious only of his surroundings. He had paused in front of the window of a pawnshop. Over the array of cheap jewelry, of banjos, shotguns, and razors, his eyes moved idly. And then they became transfixed and staring. In the very front of the window, directly under his nose, was a tarnished silver loving cup. On it was engraved "Mixed Doubles. Agawamsett, 1910." In all the world there were only two such cups, and as though he were dodging the slash of a bolo, Lee leaped into the shop. Many precious seconds were wasted in persuading Mrs. Cohen that he did not believe the cup had been stolen, that he was not from the Central Office, that he believed the lady who had pawned the cup had come by it honestly, that he meant no harm to the lady, that he meant no harm to Mrs. Cohen, that much as the young lady may have needed the money Mrs. Cohen had loaned her on the cup, he needed the address of the young lady still more.

MRS. COHEN retired behind a screen, and Lee was conscious that from the other side of it the whole family of Cohens were taking his measurements. He approved of their efforts to protect the owner of the cup, but not from him.

He offered, if one of the younger Cohens would take him to the young lady, to let him first ask her if she would receive Captain Lee, and for his service he would give the young Cohen untold gold. He exhibited the untold gold. The young Cohen choked at the sight and sprang into the seat beside the driver of a taxicab.

"To the Working Girls' Home on Tenth Street!" he commanded.

Through the falling snow and the flashing lights they slid, skidded, and leaped. Inside the cab Lee shivered with excitement, with cold, with fear that it might not be true. He could not realize she was near. It was easier to imagine himself still in the jungle with months of time and sixteen thousand miles of land and water separating them; or in the hospital on a white enamel cot, watching the shadow creep across the whitewashed wall; or lying beneath an awning that did not move, staring at a burning, brazen sea that did not move, on a transport that, timed by the beating of his heart, seemed to stand still.

Those days were within the radius of his experience. Separation, absence, the immutable giants of time and space, he knew. With them he had fought and could withstand them. But to be near her, to hear her voice, to bring his love into her actual presence, that was an attack upon his feelings which found him without weapons. That, for a very few dollars, she had traded the cup from which she had sworn never to part did not concern him. Having parted from him, what she did with a silver mug was of little consequence. It was of significance only in that it meant she was poor. And that she was either an inmate or a matron of a lodging house for working girls also showed she was poor.

HE HAD been told that was her condition, and that she was in ill health, and that from all who loved her she had refused to accept help. At the thought his jaws locked pugnaciously. There was one who loved her, who, should she refuse his aid, was prepared to make her life intolerable. He planned in succession at lightning speed all he might do for her. Among other things he would make this Christmas the happiest she or he would ever know. Not for an instant did he question that she who had refused help from all who loved her could refuse anything he offered. For he knew it was offered with a love that demanded nothing in return, with a love that asked only to be allowed to love, and to serve. To refuse help inspired by such a feeling as his, would be morbid, wicked, ridiculous, as though a flower refused to turn its face to the sun, and shut its lips to the dew.

THE cab stopped in front of a brick building adorned with many fire escapes. Afterward he remembered a bare, brilliantly lit hall hung with photographs of the Acropolis, and a stout, capable woman in a cap, who looked him over and said:

"You will find Mrs. Stedman in the writing room."

And he remembered entering a room filled with mission furniture and reading lamps under green shades. It was empty, except for a young girl in deep black who was seated facing him, her head bent above a writing desk. As he came into the circle of the lamps, the girl raised her eyes and as though lifted to her feet by what she saw, and through no effort of her own, stood erect.

And the young man, who had persuaded himself his love demanded nothing, who asked only to worship at her gate, found his arms reaching out, and heard his voice as though it came from a great distance, cry "Frances!"

And the girl who had refused the help of all who loved her, like a homing pigeon, walked straight into the outstretched arms.

After five minutes, when he was almost able to believe it was true, he said in his commanding, masterful way: "And now I'm going to take you out of here. I'm going to buy you a ring, and a sable coat and a house to live in, and a dinner. Which shall we buy first?"

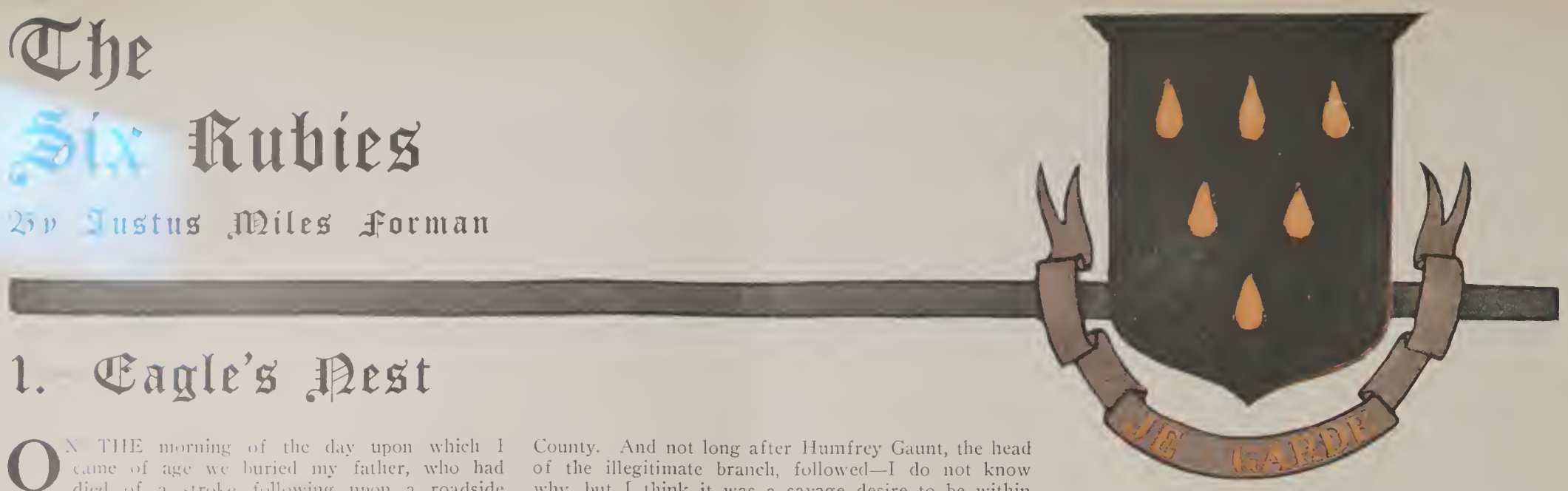
"First," said Frances frowning happily, "I am afraid we must go to the Ritz, to tell Aunt Emily. She always loved you, and it will make her so happy."

"To the Ritz," stammered the young man, "to Aunt Emily! I thought they told me your aunt and you——"

"We quarreled, yes," said Frances, "and she has forgiven me, but she has not forgiven herself, so she

The Six Rubies

By Justus Miles Forman



1. Eagle's Nest

ON THE morning of the day upon which I came of age we buried my father, who had died of a stroke following upon a roadside altercation with Cousin Matthew Gaunt, and on that night, my Uncle Henry having been summoned to town upon affairs of importance, the six rubies were stolen from the agate shield above my head as I lay sleeping.

I suppose I must at the outset explain a little about the six rubies and about the enmity between the two branches of the Gaunt family, but I promise to be exceedingly brief. To begin with, the Gaunt arms, simple like all very ancient escutcheons, are: upon a field sable six gouttes (or drops of blood) gules, and the motto is "Je garde." There is an interesting reason for this symbolism, and perhaps I shall tell the story one day, but not now. All that matters here is that a certain crusading ancestor of mine and of Matthew Gaunt's brought home, from I know not where, six rubies, obtained in I know not what fashion—enormous stones, uncut, irregular in shape, roughly polished—brought them home to England and fastened them upon a shield of black agate where before there had been six dabs of red paint. They became and remained a family possession (for they were inscribed in the entail) of peculiar pride, importance, and sanctity. They were more than treasures. Their money value, great as it was and is, seems never to have come into consideration. They were like the gold crown to the Monmouths, like the Dorset Lance. They were to my house for many centuries like the martyr's bones or the fragment of the Holy Rood to the church that harbors them. They were the honor of the Gaunts.

SO MUCH for the six rubies. Now for the quarrel. Something above two hundred years ago one Joseph Gaunt, being the third of four sons and a pretty bad lot, ran away from home to foreign parts. Shortly afterward the two elder lads died of a fever, and ten years later, credible evidence having been found of Joseph's death, the fourth son, Henry, came into the title, married, and produced an heir. Then Joseph returned, much the worse for ill living, and with a wife and male child. He at once claimed title and estates for his son, being himself near his end, but it turned out that the child had not been born in wedlock, and his claim was set aside. He died, cursing his house with his last breath, but the child lived and married and had sons, and there was a bitter feud.

Early in the century just past, my grandfather removed to this country, dropped his title, and purchased a great estate in Westchester County. And not long after Humfrey Gaunt, the head of the illegitimate branch, followed—I do not know why, but I think it was a savage desire to be within striking distance of the enemy he hated. And Matthew was his son. They bought a place some ten miles from ours. They were well to do, though not rich, and built a great rambling house in a kind of crazy Gothic style, part of stone and part of wood. Passers-by used to laugh at it.

I LAY that night after the funeral in the state room and in my father's great bed that had hanging over it the shield of black agate with the six rubies. I was neither a nervous nor a superstitious young man, and I felt that he would like me to be there, for I was master now in Gaunt House. I slept well from the moment I lay down, for I was dog weary, worn out with fatigue and with grief. And old Staines, the butler, had made me drink a glass of hot whisky and water—a pretty stiff dose for a lad of one and twenty unused to spirits.

I remember that I fell asleep with old Staines's words in my ears—the sole comment he had permitted himself to make upon his dead master: "He was the finest gentleman, sir, in all the land."

And no one could conceivably have bettered that summing up of my father. He had been a relic of a past age—a fine gentleman in a time when the very word had almost ceased to have a meaning. There had been nothing modern about my father. He had lived out his days, proud, gentle, a little austere, an incurious, courtly, and amiable ghost cherishing forgotten ideals.

I awoke with reluctance, dread, and physical pain to a kind of halfway house, a borderland between consciousness and unconsciousness. There were shapes—faces—drifting horrors. I thought I was having just a bad dream, and so, in a fashion, I suppose I was, but a dream unlike any hitherto of my experience. I heard a confusion of dim voices, and, among them, one dear and familiar, though unrecognizable. I strove to call out in answer to this voice. I strained and shook with prodigious effort. Some one said millions of miles away: "The sal volatile again! Hold it to his nostrils." There was a tingling pain in my head, and I thought I was a little stronger, the voices a little nearer, but I was as if held under a smothering cloud of darkness. I thought I screamed. Then, quite suddenly, something snapped, like a breaking wire, and I was aware of sitting up in my father's bed. My Uncle Henry's arm was about me; Staines and Mrs. Meadows, the housekeeper, were there, very much agitated; the light of broad day streamed in at the windows, and my head ached with a fiery, dizzying pain. I said in a weak whisper:

"I've had the devil of a bad dream, old Henry!" And my uncle answered me tenderly:

"So you have, Peter. So you have, my boy. But you're out of it now." I asked what time it was, and one of them said, evasively, that it was rather late.

I believe I lay back for a few minutes, sick with pain, but presently said I wanted to get up. So they sent Mrs. Meadows out of the room. I got to my feet, and, still with my Uncle Henry's arm about me, for I was extraordinarily wobbly, I took a turn down the room and back.

It was on the return that my eyes fell by accident upon the wall over the bed's head, and I saw. I said:

"Where's the shield gone to?" My uncle's arm tightened, and Staines, the butler, gave a kind of moan. My Uncle Henry said:

"I'll tell you presently, Peter. We must get you fit and well first. How's the head?"

IT WAS pretty bad, and I confessed it. So he made me get into bed again and gave me a spoonful of something vile. Staines drew the shutters, and I slept again.

It was late afternoon when my Uncle Henry and I, clear headed again and without pain, faced each other over the shattered fragments of black agate from which the six charges had been plucked, and over the velvet banner from which the gold-embroidered letters of the motto had been ripped with a knife. The world wheeled about me, and I felt physically sick.

This horror to follow so hard upon my father's death! In the very first days of my stewardship!

You must remember always that I had been brought up from infancy to regard those six rubies as sacred things, inseparable from the honor of my house. And there was, by modern standards, an excess of honor about Gaunt House. We breathed, ate, and drank it.

With a shaking hand I touched the fragments of black stone, and I stared at the six empty pits of them.

"Gone!" I said in a sort of groan. "Gone! stolen from over my very head!" I fingered those broken bits of agate as a child plays with blocks, and beside me my Uncle Henry sat silent, his hand on my shoulder.

Then began to pierce through the stunned apathy of my mind a sense that there was something mysterious here—something beyond common forthright crime. I said dully:

"But why smash it? Why break up the shield? Why rip the motto off the velvet?"

"Why, indeed, Peter?" echoed my Uncle Henry's voice beside me.

"I don't understand!" I said, helplessly. And my Uncle Henry said, pressing my shoulder:

"Try, Peter! Try! Think well! . . . Who," he asked me in the manner of a helpful schoolmaster, "who, outside this house, knew that the six stones on the escutcheon were rubies and valuable?" And I said:

"Why, nobody. Nobody has even so much as seen them. Not even the servants can have known—except, perhaps, old Staines."

I STIRRED with my finger the ripped and tumbled banner that had so long borne the motto of my race. Then, all at once, I caught it up to me, for there were words scrawled across it where the gold letters, "Je garde," had been sewn. There were other letters there, dimly fashioned in what must have been common white chalk: "Je prends." I sprang to my feet with a cry.

Still that splendid girl did not scream nor shrink though the air about her was full of biting, acrid smoke

"By God, it is Matthew Gaunt!" And my Uncle Henry rose to face me, very pale, with burning eyes.

"Yes, Peter, it is Matthew Gaunt. He or his sons or his bullies—Heaven knows which—broke in here last night during the storm, drugged you in your sleep—they nearly overdid it, too—and stole the six rubies. The broken legs of black agate were found this morning lying across your body, and the banner they'd trampled under their feet on the floor after scrawling an insult across it. They didn't try to hide what they had done. They meant us to know just where the rubies had gone."

I still felt sick. A priest before his rifled and desecrated altar must feel as I did. I hadn't yet begun to be angry. I was dazed.

"Why? Why?" I cried over and over again with my head between my hands. My uncle said a little wearily:

"Do you mean 'Why should Matthew come here and do what he did?' Need you ask? You're, officially, his enemy, now that your father is dead. You're the head of Gaunt House. He considered what might be the severest blow he could deal you—the foulest insult. He thought of this, and I expect he laughed over it. Yes, I can hear him laugh. The six rubies have been for centuries a kind of symbol to us Gaunts—the pride and honor of the house. If he takes them from us he leaves us naked indeed."

I HAD begun to be angry. I was so angry that it was like a physical pain. But I controlled myself.

"The thing is to get them back."

"How?" my uncle asked, watching me. "You can, of course, bring suit against the other house. You can go to law." But at that I burst into a bitter laugh. From head to feet I tingled with shame and rage and lust for vengeance. I ached and burned with intolerable fury. I had been always a little conscious of the anachronism of my house—a wee bit ashamed of it—but in this moment the lawless spirit of my forbears possessed me altogether. I was all at once as medieval as my dead father, as my living Uncle Henry. I was a Gaunt.

"Law! Am I a miserable farmer squabbling over an acre of disputed land? Can the law give me my honor back?"

I knew what I had to do. There was no need of oaths or promises or wild words. My anger left me quite suddenly, and I felt calm and sure of myself, and rather gay and merry.

"Come, Uncle Henry!" said I. "That wicked old hyena has sat yonder on his hilltop and laughed and sneered long enough—he and his six young hyenas. Let's put an end to it! He's got the Gaunt rubies. Yes. But he sha'n't have them another day, not if I have to tear his head off his shoulders to get them out of him. Come, let's make a call, you and I. Eh? We've been unneighborly. Let's go pay our respects to Matthew Gaunt!"

To my great astonishment, my Uncle Henry's eyes grew bright, and two tears rolled down from them. He caught at my hands and gripped them hard in his. He would have spoken, but what I do not know, for he couldn't command his voice just then.

So we stood looking into each other's faces, gripping each other's hands. And about our feet lay the slashed and desecrated banner of our house.

It was exactly as if I, outside in the dark, looked in through a somewhat clouded window upon a very dimly lighted room or rather passageway

WE SET out that night toward nine o'clock—on horseback, for the roads and lanes between Gaunt House and "Eagle's Nest," as Cousin Matthew inanely termed his pseudo-Gothic stronghold, were none of them of the best, and had been made worse by recent storms. It was a dark night, with a damp and dreary wind that drove clouds across the sky and boded rain. I remember that my mood of high confidence—of something like gayety—still possessed me. I felt a fine exhilaration, new to my experience. I remember that I whistled a tune and made little jokes to my Uncle Henry, and laughed at them. I suppose it must have been in some such mood as this that those elder Gaunts rode out to do battle; but the survival of the spirit in myself makes me wonder a little, for I had been a very modern young man, with a quiet laugh in my sleeve at the medievalism of my father and my Uncle Henry.

Well, blood tells in queer ways now and again.

So we rode through the night across that rough country, cantering along a good stretch of road, splashing through puddles, guarding our faces with an upheld arm in narrow wood lanes. And I whistled my little tune and grinned in the dark, and patted the thing that lay snug in my coat pocket. We saw the lights of Matthew's absurd house in something short of an hour, and began to mount the hillside toward them.

We brought our horses well up near the house and tethered them just outside a high encircling wall, pierced here and there by shabby iron gates, one of which hung open. There were a few lighted windows, both below and above, but most of the house lay dark. We mounted the paved terrace and rang at the big front door.

It was opened after a rather long delay by a little, bent, white-haired man in a dress coat too big for him, who looked up at us sidewise, like an elderly bird. My Uncle Henry said "Inform your master that Mr. Gaunt and Mr. Henry Gaunt have called to pay their respects."

The little servant heard this in silence, stood a moment with bowed head, as if reflecting upon it, and then, quite suddenly and before I could check him, shut the door in our faces. I said to my uncle:

"Quick! Give me a leg up! There's a fanlight." He held out his clasped hands. I stepped in them, found a projection in the stone of the door casing, and so, clinging to the ivy that was thick upon the wall there, stood looking into Cousin Matthew's house.

I saw the little bent serving man run, scuttling like a crab down the hall toward a door at the left, near where the stairs mounted, and, as he reached it, I saw Matthew Gaunt's great gray head and shaggy beard thrust out to meet him. I thought I saw another head also, but I was not sure. They conferred there an instant, and I saw, rather than heard, one of them call out toward an opposite door. A loutish country boy with a shock of yellow hair and a footman's coat came from this door, took an order, and sped clumsily up the stairs.

Then the little bent man, whom I took to be Cousin Matthew's butler, turned and came back toward the front of the house. My Uncle Henry guided my foot down to earth, and we waited.

"The master," said the little bent serving man, "regrets that 'e is not at 'ome."

"It is out of the question," said my Uncle Henry politely, "that your master should be permitted to torture himself with regrets." We pushed the little man aside and entered. He would have run ahead of us, but we checked him and made our way to the door where I had seen Matthew Gaunt standing.

He was sitting now behind a table laden with coffee things and with liquor bottles, in a large, square room whose walls were lined with books. Sitting there he gave the effect of a very big man, for his shoulders were so heavy and his neck so thick that his head, with its rough mat of gray hair and its great spreading beard, looked tiny upon them; but I knew that his legs were short and puny. He bore a far-away resemblance, the faintest in the world, to my father, but my father had been tall and had looked like a king in a picture book. Cousin Matthew looked, sitting, like a king's bully.

HE SCOWLED at us, without rising, and asked: "What the devil are you doing here?"

"Paying our respects, Matthew," said my Uncle Henry; "returning your call. Do you think we have no manners at Gaunt House?"

He said neither yes nor no to that, only his little dark eyes glittered at us and moved from one to the other, and glanced from us to the door of the room. He seemed uneasy, and I was a little surprised. He [illegible] unlooked for.

There came a [illegible] sat up and gave a little exclamation. [illegible] young footman came in. He was [illegible] he had gone and [illegible] hand he held [illegible] —one of the big, old [illegible] chamber and barrel.

So we had, after all, [illegible] credible as it sounds, he had [illegible] My Uncle Henry laughed.

"Matthew! Matthew! This [illegible] Did you think so poorly of me then? [illegible] the dolt of a boy."

"I'll take the pistol. Thank [illegible]"

Matthew Gaunt cried out sharply, [illegible] his feet behind the table, and the servant, [illegible] at last of something wrong, turned and [illegible] at the weapon he had relinquished, but my [illegible] slipped it into his pocket, still laughing gently, and with one hand he pushed the footman out of the room and turned the key in the door.

I WENT a few steps across the floor and faced the man who had dropped back once more into his chair and sat there sullenly, his great gray beard spread out across his chest. He sneered at me:

"Well, cub?"

"Where are the six rubies?" I asked him, meeting his eyes fair. "I've come for them. Where are they?" He eyed me up and down.

"You look like your father. You're a Gaunt right enough."

"That's more than you are," said I, and brought the red into his cheeks.

"You're a common thief," I said; "just a common housebreaker, like any other. Gaunts don't steal. Why, by the way, did you? You're partly Gaunt, even if it is unofficial?"

My cousin glowered at me for a moment in silence, and I expected an outburst of rage, but at the end he laughed instead.

"Why? Well, I was dull. I was infernally dull. I was bored with everything. And then, too, the rubies belonged here in the elder branch of the house. And then, too, I'd had my appetite whetted by a small success. You see, I encountered your father the other day and gave him a fright. He went home and died of it."

"That is a lie!" cried my Uncle Henry furiously and caught my arm as I was leaping forward. His face was quite white with anger. "That is a paltry, cowardly lie. A little farmer's boy by the roadside saw and heard all that passed between you and my brother. I talked with him yesterday. You insulted my brother as you passed him, and he struck you across the face with his crop. Then you turned your horse and rode away. I do not know whether there is anyone or anything else in this world that you are afraid of, Matthew, but I know that you were always afraid of Cecil Gaunt, and he knew it, too."

My uncle looked at the man behind the table, folding his arms. "A coward, a liar, and a common thief! The Gaunt blood has run thin in you. Bah! You poison the air. Get on with it, Peter lad! Let's be out of this hole!"

ONCE more I asked him: "Where are the rubies?" And he answered, scowling across at me under his shaggy brows: "Where *you'll* never find them, cub."

I drew the little black Colt automatic from my pocket and pulled free the safety catch, but my Uncle Henry touched me on the arm.

"Wait a moment!"

He went near the edge of the table, behind which our cousin sat, and took his own pistol into his hands. His face was pale. He said:

"My nephew is a young man, and he is the head of the house. I, Matthew, am old; my good years are behind me (an absurdity: he was at this time fifty-three and could outwalk, outride, and outplay me at tennis) I should be very content to die, having rid the earth of a mean and poisonous thing such as you. You will tell us where are the rubies that you stole from Gaunt House, or I will call in your servants, here and now, and shoot you before their faces."

I cried out:

"This is my job, Henry!" But he said without turning:

"Be still! I am older than you."

Matthew Gaunt stirred restlessly in his chair and scowled and muttered.

"You make a great fuss over a bit of looting," he said crossly. "You spread hard names about as if you'd a lot of 'em to spare. God save us! Well, you were always a pair of dancing masters, you and Cecil—fiuicking over manners and the like. As for your rubies—mine by rights—you've come too late. I have six sons, you're aware? Well, I've given 'em each one. I've divided the Gaunt treasure among the Gaunts. Did you pass the postman in his little cart as you rode here? You might have. Yes? Well, you

(Continued on page 44)

Noel

By Charles Hanson Towne

Hark to each thundering bell,
Singing, "Noel! Noel!"—
The jubilant chimes in ten thousand towers,
Swing in winter like iron flowers
Lost in the cold December hours.
They sing and swing,
And the old Word bring,
The wise old Message that never dies,
Under the steadfast starlit skies.

The loud winds tell
It is our Noel,
And they echo the song of each clamoring bell.
They shout in the darkness over the snow,
And through the world the tidings blow.
The bells are the great glad Voice of the Lord,
And the winds are His angels in sweet accord
Whose whispers surge and sweep through the night
Where the watchers wait for the ancient Light.
"Noel! Noel!"
Sings each sudden bell.
From the flowers
In the towers
Comes a wild "Noel!"

It is Christ's own hour,
It is Christ's Noel,
And the sad world faints in the wonderful swell.
The Voice of God rings down the years
To hush our old discordant fears.
"Noel! Noel!" I hear Him call,
"A time of Peace hath come to all!"
His rapture shakes the moonlit hills,
His glory wakes our souls, and thrills
Beyond the world, beyond the sea,
To borders of Immensity.
"Noel! Noel!
It is Christ's own hour!"
Thunders each bell like an iron flower
In every far and wind-blown tower!

A Christmas Gift From the Sea

By Frank R Shaw
Illus. by G W Ashley

"YOU'RE a hard man, Hiram Hapshott," said Mrs. Hapshott. "I never knew it until now—I named you for a kindly husband ashore."

"Ashore and at sea are two different places," replied the captain of the *Uriah B. Gaster*. "When I'm ashore I take things easy, when I'm at sea I act accordingly. Sailormen are dogs, and the more you beat a dog the better it is. So with sailors. Give 'em an easy time, let 'em think they've struck a soft snap, and they'll loaf and malinger till the cows come home. Grind 'em down, rule 'em with an iron hand, and they'll not only do their work at the run, but they'll come crawling along and ask you for more. That's my experience, and thirty years at sea, man and boy, hasn't inclined me to dispute facts as they stand."

"I call it cruelty," said his wife without heat, for she was a woman of sadness. She knew the cause of that sadness, as did her husband, but it was never mentioned between them by a tacit agreement. Twenty-five years of married life had resulted in a fine endurance of marital affection—the skipper's long absences from home might have accounted for that, in some measure—the two were good friends, and bickerings between them were a thing unknown. But there had never been tiny hands to reach up and caress the old-growing faces; baby lips had never clung to Mrs. Hapshott's broad, deep bosom. There had been one child—very many years ago, but it only raised its voice once in the great world, and before the mother's heart had quickened in response the voice was stilled forever. The Lord had given, He also had taken away, and Mrs. Hapshott endeavored to say "Blessed be the name of the Lord" with a good grace, though at times the saying was hard.

"NO, it's not cruelty." Captain Hapshott's voice was quite firm, but there was an added trace of gentleness in it now, for he had seen the shadowed eyes, and knew his wife's thoughts had flown irrelevantly, as a woman's thoughts will, to the dead child. "It's common justice. You've not been accustomed to mix with men: I have. Taking them by and large, and making all allowances, I reckon the sailorman, as found in our ships, is half dog and half loafer; but if you use a belaying pin judiciously you can sometimes make a workable imitation of a man out of him—in time, Maria, in time." He broke off to hurl a volley of abuse at the helmsman, who had let the ship sag away a full point from her course. The royal that had rippled evenly for an hour [illegible] full, and a tiny curl of spray licked over the [illegible]r main braces. It was characteristic of the dis[illegible] ruling aboard the *Uriah B. Gaster* that the delin[illegible] stiffened like a cleaning rod and became absorbed in his work. It was also characteristic that a look of pallid fear overswept his face; his lips seemed to draw back from tobacco-stained teeth in a grin of deadly oppression.

"There's a case in point," said the captain, waving his hand to the man. "If I'd gone to him and said: 'Look ye here, my lad, I want to tell you in the politest manner possible—to hint, as it were—that you're not displaying that keen attention to your duty which is a desirable thing on shipboard,' he'd probably have said that I was balmy, off my head. As it is, he'll not let the ship go off her course for the rest of his trick. I make my men reliable—and fear's the only thing to do it."

"ALL the same, I don't like it," said Mrs. Hapshott, leaning over the taffrail and watching the crisp creaminess of the ship's wake as it broke from under the counter, eddied astern, and reached like a long white lane toward the further horizon. She listened to the deep boom of the vigorous wind in the swelling canvas aloft; she listened to the thrumming of the cordage, at the hundred and one sounds that bespeak a sailing vessel's life. "I dare say a little sternness is a good thing; I'm not one to insist on softness—I've found that out ashore, dealing with servants; but there is a medium, Hiram. And I think these men ought to be allowed just a little time to themselves. How do you think they manage to write letters home when they're working all day and most of the night? And they've likely got wives and children waiting at home for some news of them—just as I used to wait for news of you. Think of the little children—" Her voice trailed away into silence. She was thinking of the children that were not, of the children that never would be.

"No, you'll never bear another child," the doctor had said years ago with a wise shake of the head. "It's a pity, but it's one of the jests of fate. There are some women born to be mothers—they're childless all their days; there are others to whom maternity is a curse, and they bring child after child into existence. I don't pretend to understand it all."

"They'd spend any spare time they might have in playing cards, gambling away their wages in advance," said the skipper with a bit of a sneer. "They aren't the men you take them for, Maria. Times I think they aren't men at all—just animals. As for wives and children—well, I won't say anything about that, but the fo'c'sle hand isn't by nature a marrying man. You needn't fret about their wives and children, lass. They haven't any wives, and if they've children—" He left the rest unspoken.

"And who's to blame if they're almost animals?" asked Mrs. Hapshott, taking up the gauntlet valiantly. "You and men like you. They work, they eat, and they sleep—because you think that living so they're kept out of mischief. You've depraved them; you've made them low. If they were treated like men they'd act like men, and they wouldn't try to forget the miseries they've suffered at sea in gross debauches ashore." Hapshott tried to pass it off with a laugh, changed the subject, and drew his wife's attention to the majestic beauty of the ship as she plunged through the sparkling water. A fleckless sky overhead was mirrored in the deeper blue of the sea; the ship had shaken off the sloth that had held her for many a day, and had become a sentient thing, bounding with life, pulsating with energy. The snow-white canvas aloft was shot across with delicate shadow; all clear, startling, distinct against the turquoise background, a man, perched on the topsail yardarm, busied himself with spike and tarpot, jockeying the heaving spar with the grim agility of a mountebank. The voice of the mate came along the deck from forward; it carried menace in its tone, and three men broke aft at a sharp run.

They tailed on to a rope and pulled; nothing happened. They pulled again, casting fearsome glances over their shoulders; the rope came in an inch at a time.

"Get moving—you're not here for the fun of the thing." The mate was among them, striking out hard blows; the sailors made no attempt to parry the punishment; they submitted to it all and seemed to hurl themselves with redoubled energy on their labor. Presently the work was done, and the mate came aft slowly, wiping his damaged knuckles on the bosom of his shirt.

"THEY aren't quite used to us yet," he said to Hapshott, pausing at the break of the poop. "They're coming to hand, though, and by the time we fetch the Southeast Trades they'll be a workable crowd. Been brought up in lime-juicers, they have; spoilt, just spoilt." He went below for a piece of rag wherewith to bind up the broken knuckles, and Hapshott turned to his wife with a satisfied smile.

"There's corroborative evidence for you," he said. "Jones knows the sailor from top to toe—there isn't a trick he isn't wise on. You can't bluff him—forty years at sea's his record; and he's never been mixed up in a mutiny."

"I wouldn't like to stand in his place before the Judgment seat, though," was Mrs. Hapshott's reply. "Hiram, I want to ask you a favor."

"Ask away, lass. I'm in a good mood; we've got a fair breeze, though I don't expect it will last long. By this time to-morrow we'll probably be reaching away along the track we've come. Take time by the forelock, old woman, and speak out."

"It's Christmas Day in two days' time, Hiram. Are you going to give the men a Christmas—a proper Christmas?"

Hapshott opened his mouth and laughed, a laugh that was pregnant with cynicism.

"Give them a Christmas—a proper Christmas! By which I suppose you mean a holiday and Christmas fare? Why, lass, they wouldn't know what to do with it if they had it. They'd be coming along in an hour asking for a job. Besides, we aren't fitted for Christmas meals. There's a brace of chickens in the coop that'll make our dinner that day—I've been saving them up on purpose; but beyond the pig for'ard—"

"Give them a proper Christmas, Hiram," pleaded Mrs. Hapshott earnestly. "It's a wonderful day ashore, though a sad one. That is, for me," she amended. "I always get thinking of the Child, and of how happy His mother must have been, though she lost Him, too; she lost Him." She thought the wound was fairly healed, but the hot tears gushed to her faded, pathetic eyes. Hapshott himself turned away, for he knew the ache at her heart: it companioned the void at his own.

To hide his emotion he threw gruffness into his voice. "I'm thinking I made a mistake in bringing you to sea, lass," he said. "It isn't a place for women, least of all soft-hearted women such as you are. But you begged and prayed, and the owners seemed willing—"

"It got to be lonely waiting there ashore, Hiram," she said simply. "It was at nights, when—when the wind howled and the snow fell everywhere—I saw other women happy and companionable, with their men about them; and it—it was more than I could stand. It would have been easier if—if there'd—if Amos had lived" He understood, and his rough, gnarled hand crept out along the rail until it rested on hers with the pressure of sympathy.

"I'M GLAD to be here, Hiram," she said. "Don't go for to think otherwise. But seeing that I'm—happy, I'd like to have those around me happy, too. It isn't much to ask: just give the sailors a bit of a rest on Christmas Day—let them have that pig for a Christmas dinner; they'll work all the better for it afterward."

"We'll get no more fresh meat for months," said Hiram Hapshott. "And you don't take to salt stuff very kindly, Maria."

"You needn't think of me," she told him. "It's a little thing for me to do: sacrifice one single luxury for the sake of making twenty men happy."

"I'll think it over," said her husband noncommittally. "It's such an idea as I've never heard of, mind you. Christmas might be kept at sea on liners and steamers and that sort of thing, where they don't care a toss about the weather and where they've got nothing much to do at the best of times. But in a windjammer—it's different, somehow. There's always something to be done—"

"For one day things can be left undone," she said. "It isn't often I ask you for a favor, Hiram; but—somehow, with Christmas drawing near, I feel as if I want to see it kept as it should be kept. There's a something within me tells me that this Christmas isn't going to be like others—and yet—it can only be different if I make it different. That's why I want you to do as I ask."

"Well, we might stop work," he said half ungraciously. "I daren't look Jones in the face and tell him so; but if you like to tell him yourself—well, it goes. We'll cut out the fixin' work, the painting and chipping, and so on, you know. They'll have to trim sail as usual, so I don't expect they'll gain much. We'll have calms and variables on Christmas Day, if I'm any weather judge; and their arms'll ache a pretty deal by the time the day's over."

"Then it wouldn't be anything of a holiday. Let them have a proper one, Hiram. Don't let them do this fixin' work, as you call it." He stared at her as at some curious animal which the sea had disgorged under his astonished nose.

"Not—not work the braces!" he exclaimed. "Why, lass—what'ud happen to the ship if we didn't? She'd be in irons and out of 'em a score of times; we'd feel ourselves lucky if she didn't turn turtle."

"IT WON'T be so bad as that, Hiram. I've heard you talk about what you do at sea when there's anything special to be done when you can't even spare a hand to the wheel. Don't you shorten sail or do something like that so that the ship'll take care of herself?"

"Yes, we brail up and brace aback, if that's what you're driving at. But it's never done except in cases of great emergency. And if we were to do it here aboard, and if it ever got out, why, I'd be the laughing stock of the seven seas. They'd never forget it—they'd invent a nickname for me, and it'ud stick forever. Ask me something reasonable, Maria, and I might see my way to doing it; but to heave to down here—why, it's ridiculous."

"It isn't as ridiculous as robbing these poor men of one day's rest in the year would be," she asseverated.

The Day Before Christm

Drawn by W.

s on Madison Square

ickens

Hiram Hapshott walked aft to the wheel and stood there at the con, his head sunk on his breast, fingering his beard. As his wife said, she had asked him but few favors in the course of their married life. What she proposed now, while [illegible] without precedent, was not entirely out [illegible] If he let the men have their holiday, [illegible]mmon gratitude—he had no great be- [illegible] a rare thing as a sailor's gratitude, [illegible]ght lead them to keep shut mouths on [illegible] Ridicule he could not stand; but [illegible] Mrs. Hapshott was his wife, and he owed her something.

"D—— it!" he exploded so suddenly that the helmsman shrank against the spokes and trembled; "why not? I don't pretend to say whose fault it is that she hasn't a child—if there'd been one she might have been more reasonable; but why shouldn't I make her happy a bit? After all, it's Christmas time, though a man sort of loses the hang of these things at sea. Why not do it?"

The mate appeared on deck, and the skipper was unable to meet his eye, for he knew that he was softening. But Mrs. Hapshott was no coward, and she boldly went toward Jones.

"Mr. Jones," she said, "I've been talking it over with Captain Hapshott, asking him to give the men Christmas Day for a holiday. Would you have any serious objections to his doing so?"

Jones, perplexed, slid his cap over his eye and scratched the back of his bullet head. Then he looked to the skipper for a lead, but found Hapshott sternly regarding the motionless compass card.

"A holiday!" he said. "What the—what do they want a holiday for? Lazy scum! Holidays—I like that, ma'am. Why—why—" words failed him.

"A holiday would do them a lot of good; besides, it's Christmas Day, and it's shameful that they shouldn't have a rest then." Mrs. Hapshott was a woman who could assert herself when necessary: and now she talked for the good of Jones's soul. He realized that it was one thing to haze a crew of foreign sailormen and another thing to beat down a determined woman's arguments.

"Well, ma'am," he said lamely at the end, "I shan't interfere if they do lie off for an hour or two." Mrs. Hapshott had carried her point. She knew that she had convinced her husband; now that she had the mate on her side nothing could prevent the carrying out of her scheme. Perhaps, she thought, as a reward for interesting herself on the sailors' behalf she might gain a little intermission from the constant gnawing sore that caused her soul's unrest. And greatly did she desire cessation, for now, with Christmas drawing so near, the ache was growing still more pronounced. God was very good, she knew, and He might look down on the work of her heart and say that it was good. Then—was it not common justice that ease should be her portion? Yes, undoubtedly it was—the balance would be struck fairly; and this Christmas might indeed be a happy one, lacking the pain of the past.

IT WAS falling dark on Christmas Eve as Mr. Jones gave the orders to clew up and haul down. The crew sprang to work swiftly, albeit they were unable to credit the evidence of their senses. It was practically a dead calm; the sea, apart from a few ripples, showed like a floor. The stars were peeping out of the purpling blue overhead, burning clearly and standing out in serried ranks; the sails lifted lightly to the faint airs.

"When you've got to the bottom you can only study to improve," said Mr. Jones, and he did his work with artistic thoroughness. The courses were brailed up and snugged along their yards; the upper canvas, light stuff, eminently troublesome in light winds, was stowed away. The men had no notion of what was afoot, but they had witnessed the pig that was housed under the longboat forward endure its martyrdom at the hands of the cook. They had seen the scalded carcass suspended under the forecastle, and, remembering weeks of hard salt beef and unsavory pork, they had licked their lips. The *Uriah B. Gaster* had an unsavory name for hardship; not a man aboard her believed in his heart that the sacrifice had any bearing on his own case—the fresh victuals would be for the cabin, of course, they said; poor forecastle hands, shellbacks, lazy, good-for-nothings such as they would receive no share.

"Make fast everything," said the mate when the last rag of canvas was stowed. They obeyed and stood expectantly, wondering what new freak would come. This, they thought, was merely a piece of gratuitous slave-driving; in a moment or two they would be ordered to cast everything adrift and set every inch of sail. They had not the spirit to grumble; long years of hardship had made them moving automatons, nothing more.

"Swing the main yards," pealed the mate from the poop, where he had been holding a conference with the captain. The main yards swung aback, the topsails flattened to the mast; the ship lost what little way she had and lay lightly bowing to the imperceptible swell. An atmosphere of peace seemed gradually to grow up about her; beyond the occasional light clank of a chain or the rustle of a rope there was silence along her decks.

"MUSTER aft here," cried Hapshott. The men slouched along to the afterdeck and grouped themselves under the poop break. The moon sprang up from the blackening sea and shone re[illegible]pon them: a full round ball. It showed sullen, despondent faces, faces without a hope. It showed tattered garments, loosely hanging arms terminating in half-clenched fists as if the tarry fingers were still grasping ropes. Mrs. Hapshott drew near to the pinrail and looked down, her heart welled full of pity. She had done something—she had given these overworked beasts of burden one day's rest at least.

"It's stand by till midnight to-morrow," said the skipper in a voice that he fondly hoped betrayed no shame. "There's a holiday from now on. You'll take your wheels and lookouts as usual; beyond that—nothing. Understand?" A faint whisper seemed to pass through the ranks, as one might see the wind rustle along a cornfield. One or two of the faces lit up suddenly, sloughed off their assumed age, and became young and comely once more. It was Christmas Eve, and thoughts flew with lightning speed to long-forgotten homes where Christmas had been a festival of delight in those bygone days before the hungry sea claimed them as its own.

"You've got to thank my wife for that," went on Hapshott. "She's asked me to give you a Christmas—a Christmas you'll have. Make the most of it. There'll be a fresh mess served for dinner to-morrow, and there'll be grog for all hands at eight bells. That's all—dismiss." The men broke up, walked forward slowly, then, as if moved by a common impulse, they came back, indeterminate still.

"Ve vish der lady for to dank," grunted a German sailmaker, fingering his cap. "Hey, boys, vat you says? Aindt it right?"

"Yes, ja—dot's it, Hans," came the replies. Mrs. Hapshott was aware of a strange compression in her throat; her eyes smarted. A stiffening of the crew was followed by something faintly resembling a cheer; then the men went forward slouchingly, but their tongues were busy.

THROUGHOUT the night nothing was done; the ship lay motionless on a gradually freshening sea. The wind blew now from the north, now from the west; never twice in the same direction; but, hove-to as she was, the *Uriah B. Gaster* made no headway. Men walked soft-footedly in the gloom, as if afraid to make the slightest sound that would dispel the Christmas peace; they talked in hushed voices, remembering their homes and scenes forgotten.

There were times when, the wind freshening a little, Mr. Jones had to haul himself back by sheer force from giving the necessary orders. Three times during his watch did he halt on the top of the ladder, his arm full of belaying pins; as often he retraced his steps and thoughtfully thrust the pins back into their places.

"I never knew the old man was so soft," he ruminated heavily, expectorating tobacco juice over the rail. "That's what comes o' having a petticoat at sea—she'll ruin him, she will. The toughest skipper afloat, an' like wax in her hands. I'd thought better of him."

But the skipper's dictum had gone forth, and Jones was too good a seaman to disobey it. He only shook his head over the glories of olden times, and made mental resolutions that the crew should pay with their pain and their sweat for these hours of idleness.

The day broke glowingly, the sun leaped out of the sea as if surprised at the spectacle it discovered. The *Uriah B. Gaster* floated serenely in a welter of eddies, but no long creamy wake stretched astern from her jolting rudder; peace enshrouded her as a tangible thing.

The men seemed not to understand. They hung about the forecastle doors as if expecting every moment to bring a call to labor; but no such call came. Presently they decided that a miracle had happened. One or two of them fetched tubs and commenced to wash their clothes, lighting their pipes as they worked—and they lit them covertly, as though expecting the sky to crush them in their temerity. Others coiled themselves down in out-of-the-way corners and slept fitfully, with one ear open, ready for a call.

Since there was none to say them nay, they breakfasted together, and discovered men among the opposite watches whom they hardly knew. They discussed this strange happening in undertones, but they rejoiced in their leisure. The breakfast was something out of the ordinary, too; toothsome, edible, it gave them cause to think. Still more did they wonder when, two bells having sounded aft, Mrs. Hapshott appeared among them, her arms piled high with gifts. From the commencement of the voyage her nimble hands had been busy with pins and wool, and now there was something for them all: warm caps that completely covered a man's head and held him immune from frostbite in the most rigorous weather; mufflers, jerseys, not one was forgotten. Even the greasy cook, a man of foul speech and unclean habits, found himself the possessor of a sleeved waistcoat knitted out of the fleeciest wool.

Even the greasy cook, a man of foul speech and unclean habits, found himself the possessor of a sleeved waistcoat knitted out of the fleeciest wool

"Crikey," he said with an oath, "it 'minds me of [illegible] things my old mother used for to knit wh[illegible] boy." And his face took on a softened exp[illegible]

"I hope you'll have a merry Christmas, [illegible]," Mrs. Hapshott, and they cheered her—they were gaining practice—until the idle yards seemed to swing in answer.

IT WAS undoubtedly a lazy day; it appeared all the more lazy through the unfinished tasks that met their eyes wherever they looked. Dinner time came round, and steaming kits were passed into the forecastles, kits that contained savory joints from the porker killed overnight. The men ate and were thankful, but when a monster plum pudding appeared they stared with awestruck eyes.

"Don't thank me, thank the missus," said the cook, who brought the duff in person. "She made it herself—last night; mixed the whole blame' thing with her own hands. Ain't it a oner?" It was—a very giant among puddings, and as toothsome as it was vast. Came, in the midst of the revels, a call aft, where the steward stood at the capstan with a dipper in his hand. Each man, presenting a pannikin, received a tot of sterling grog, for Captain Hapshott had resolved to do the thing well now he was embarked upon it; no half-water measures for him. Each man, receiving his allowance, raised his drinking vessel in the direction of Mrs. Hapshott, who was watching them from [illegible] and drank a silent toast, to her and to the memo[illegible] Christmases past.

So the wonderful day passed away, and once again night drooped down upon the sea.

"We'll have to make up for what we've lost," said the skipper over the supper table that night. We ought to have been a good forty miles further south than we are." He was beginning to repent his action, but the serene content of his wife's face more than made up for this tumbling apart of accepted ideas.

(*Continued on page 38*)

The PIRATES' REPENTANCE

by
ARTHUR GUTERMAN
with drawings by
JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

1

WHO else that aids ye Sin-beset,
For saving Sonls hath such Renown
As Reverend Eliphalet
Remembrance Wynne of Salem Town!

2

This worthie Preacher once did sail
For Portland in ye Province Maine
Upon ye Packet "Nightingale"
With Captain Jedediah Kane.

3

Ye Sloop had found ye Open Sea
When, black from out ye Offing blue,
A Pirate Brig came speedilie
And sent a Shot which brought her to.

4

Ye Pirates swarmed ye Packet's Side,
With Horrid Oathes of deadlie Sin.
Stout Captain Kane they seized and tied;
They likewise tied good Parson Wynne.

5

They tightlie bound ye godlie Wynne
And sacked ye Sloop, that wicked Horde,
And got them drunk on Rum and Gin
Which Captain Kane had put aboard.

6

Yet One there was, a Simple Soul,
To whom ye Parson preached soe well
That though his Face was black as Coal
He knew and feared ye Paines of Hell.

7

Heart-struck, ye Parson's Bonds he cleft;
Ye Parson rose in Righteous Wrath
And smote ye Pirates right and left
As Samson smote ye Men of Gath.

8

He trussed them up to Mast and Spar,
Their Flow of Wicked Oathes to stem.
He sealed their Mouthes with Pitch of Tar
And preached True Gospel unto them.

9

A Sloop to Portland came in State;
Though void of Gems or Eastern Balms,
She bore a far more Precious Freight
Of Prayerful Pirates singing Psalms.

The Dancer at the Tabarin

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

IT WAS New Year's Eve at the Bal Tabarin in Vienna.

In the center of the long room the girl from Budapest was dancing. She was a tall girl, lithe and supple, and she danced to a clamor of little bells—bells on her garters, bells around her waist, bells concealed that tinkled as she swayed, and protested shrilly when she leaped. Her sensuous dancing pleased the crowd; as she ceased, smiling, with a flash of dark eyes and white teeth, a tipsy officer in uniform presented her with a glass of champagne.

The wild Hungarian music rioted. The musicians, in red coats, with swarthy faces, played furiously. With the near approach of midnight a frenzy seized the crowd. The merriment of the carnival was giving place to something less innocent. A man in a loge drank from a woman's slipper.

The loges circled the room. From their railings, red plush and gilt, streamed long thin festoons of colored paper. The air was filled with flying confetti. As a gong announced five minutes before the hour the crowd, tired of the decorum of the tables, surged toward the boxes, where women sat, smothered in flowers—fair women and dark, aigrettes and jewels, gleaming flesh and cool, amused eyes. Behind their white shoulders men lounged, men in court dress or uniform with medals of honor on their breasts.

OUTSIDE, in the streets, and gathered before St. Stephen's Church, a reverent crowd stood in the snow. At the first stroke of midnight the people crossed themselves, and many knelt. But in the Bal Tabarin the noise only grew more boisterous, the music more riotous. Confetti were abandoned for flying flowers—roses and violets, carnations and lilies. The loges were ankle deep in crushed petals. Amid shrieks of laughter a chimney sweep, in official coat and rags, carried a squealing pig from loge to loge.

Behind the bar, at the top of the steps leading from the boxes to the main floor, an English barmaid was sharpening a lead pencil.

A thin young American girl in a dancing dress stood beside her, leaning both elbows on the bar and surveying the scene with frank curiosity.

"Look at the diamond collar on that woman over there with the bandeau!" she said. "Seems to me diamond collars are taking the place of necklaces this winter."

"I'm glad you spoke of that, Tilly." The barmaid yawned and stuck her pencil in her hair. "I'll have some of my stuff made over."

Tilly Reilly laughed. "What's the pig for?" she demanded.

"Luck. They don't look as if they needed it, do they?"

Tilly's eyes had gone back again to the woman with the bandeau.

"I wonder," she reflected, "how I'd look with a black velvet collar like that and a paste buckle on it. I'm so infernally thin!"

TILLY said "infernally." There is strong reason to believe that she would have said "damnably" had it occurred to her. The world had not been kind to Tilly in her nineteen years, and, although she was still sound and fine, there were scratches on her social veneer. Stranded in Europe by the failure of a roving company, in which she had belonged to the chorus, Tilly had refused with loathing the means many of the girls had chosen to get back, and had drifted into the cabarets as the best of a bad job.

For three months now she had been a part of the night life of the city, a dancer at the Tabarin, a familiar figure to rounders, an enigma to the other girls of the cabaret. For Tilly showed a curious willingness to live on her forty kronen a week salary, a hitherto unknown tendency to mind her own business, and an aloofness that was helped by her ignorance of the language.

TO-NIGHT, on this Silvesterabend, Tilly's eyes, as she stared over the revelers, were somewhat clouded. For her contract at the Tabarin expired that night, and she had every reason to believe that it would not be renewed. And when one is making a conscientious effort to live on forty kronen a week and no extras, and has no one to cable to for money—or, for that matter, no money to cable—and has wasted one's substance in riotous living to the extent of a kronen or so every week, a kronen being twenty cents, losing one's job is serious enough.

Tilly's innocence was not ignorance. She knew why she was to be dismissed. Her graceful dancing, totally lacking in fire or sensuality, made no appeal to the satiated *habitués* of the Bal Tabarin: her aloofness irritated them. A man one night had held Tilly tight and tried to kiss her, whereat Tilly had bitten his hand until it bled.

Weininger, the proprietor, had stormed in German, and Tilly, gathering something of his meaning, and desperately alone, had done her best. She had shortened her shabby skirts and, even after a battle royal, consented to dance in her bare feet. The result was curious, incongruous—Tilly, dressed like a bacchante, danced her virginal little dance with shamed, downcast eyes, a travesty of bacchanalia, a child repeating passion by rote.

AND now Tilly was at her last ditch. Before long, at dawn probably, Weininger would dismiss her—not pay her off, for Tilly had drawn her salary ahead, being given to the aforesaid riotous living, and having at Christmas, the week before, presented to the children of the *portier* at her *pension*, the only Christmas they had received. Also Tilly had made herself a present of a chiffon waist. Undoubtedly, Tilly had been extravagant. She did not yet know whether her delight in the waist was not eclipsed by her pain at her improvidence.

Tilly, dressed like a bacchante, danced her virginal little dance with shamed, downcast eyes, a child repeating passion by rote

Weininger would dismiss her probably at daylight, and she would have to hunt another job, and if that failed—she shuddered and closed her eyes. She had passed women in the gray dawn standing on the street corners—sometimes a group near a grating, for warmth. Tilly had always pitied them with horror in her eyes, and now perhaps in a night or two—or a week or a month, depending on her resistance, and how long she could go hungry—

"Hell of a racket, isn't it?" observed the barmaid perfunctorily. "I wish I could get a cup of tea somewhere. Sometimes I—look in that box over there! Aren't they Americans?"

Tilly looked across to where, in a loge, a young woman was sitting. Beside her, laughing and pelting the crowd below with roses, were two men in evening dress. One, the younger, was looking across at Tilly.

"Look like it," said Tilly indifferently. She had grown familiar with touring Americans seeing the sights of the night city; she had ceased to expect anything but curiosity from the women and overt familiarity from the men. "Look like New Yorkers. You can tell New York clothes far as you can see them."

In the recurrence of the performance Tilly's turn was approaching again. She stooped under the bar and brought up a box of rouge and a broken mirror. Careless of onlookers, she touched up her round young cheeks, crimsoned her lips a trifle more, and put fresh powder in the hollows that a thirty-kronen-a-week *pension* had left in her neck.

The Cossack dancers, a man and two girls, were finishing. The rhythmic beat of their heavy boots on the floor raised a light cloud of dust. Hampered by the encroaching tables, they danced furiously, giving vent to the curious shrill cries of the *steppes*. Tilly kicked off her shabby slippers and examined the sole of one bare foot.

"I picked up a rose thorn the last time," she remarked. "And some one has broken a wineglass. I wish they'd sweep the floor."

THE barmaid was large and very blond. To-night, with nothing but champagne on sale, she was not busy, having only the waiters' checks to look after. She pinned a pink rose in her bosom, and looked at Tilly with not unfriendly eyes.

"Have you seen Weininger?" she asked. "He was looking for you."

"I'm right here when he wants me." Tilly's tone was defiant. The blond barmaid leaned over and put a hand on her arm.

"Take it from me," she said, "you do what he wants. You're a long ways from home, kid. You can dance all right. I've watched you, and I know. But you've got to put some snap into it to-night if you want to hold your job. You dance like a Sunday school!"

She pushed Tilly toward the steps with a kindly contempt. But Tilly turned, speaking over her thin shoulder:

"Tell Weininger, for me, to go to the devil!" she said, and advanced delicately on her bare toes to the top of the half dozen stairs leading down to the floor. She stopped there a moment or two, looking out over the crowd. And, lingering there, her indifferent eyes fell on the loge across and met those of one of the men. He was watching her, and now he smiled. It was a smile, not a leer. Tilly smiled back at him with a flash of amusement in her Irish eyes. It was as if their glances had met in a mutual, amused tolerance of the scene that lay between them. Where Tilly had been reared the Godspeed of a smile between strangers was not necessarily evil.

"What a pretty little dancer!" said the woman in the box. "She looks Irish, doesn't she?"

"American, I think; I'll tell you in a moment."

The young man who had smiled at Tilly bent over and selected some flowers from the mass on the table. From across, Tilly watched him soberly. First he held up a red rose, smiling over it at her. Then he added to it a white carnation and held both up. Something of expectancy gleamed in Tilly's blue eyes.

Finally, after much searching, he found a blue violet, and with a little air of triumph extended the red, white, and blue cluster. Tilly smiled again, showing her small teeth, and nodded vigorously. The young woman in the box bent over at that and bowed. It was a little low, as if she had said over all the heads: "My countrywoman, greetings."

"She looks like Botticelli's Spring!" said the woman in the box. "How exquisitely proportioned she is, and look at her feet! Did you ever see such beautiful feet?"

The younger man said nothing, but he leant forward, watching Tilly.

"She looks quite—nice, too." The woman again: "What a horrible place for her to be!"

The older man laughed and signaled the waiter for more champagne. "One sees those things in Europe," he said tolerantly. "These cabaret girls are all alike—bad clear through. But some of them are like that—little devils with the eyes of saints."

Tilly looked across again. The kindliness in the younger man's eyes had not faded. And now he called the *Kellner* and pointed out a broken wineglass on the dancing floor. The *Kellner* bowed and departed. A little wave of warmth and well-being stole over Tilly's lonely heart. Some one was solicitous for her—some one who wished nothing of her, who did not leer, but smiled. Something that had seemed to have stifled in the smoke of the Bal Tabarin, or died of starvation *en pension* at thirty kronen a week, suddenly awakened to life in Tilly's breast, a something that was not afraid of the gray women on the street corners, a something that could smile in the tainted air of the Bal Tabarin, and slip, unscathed, from under the clutching fingers of the birds of prey that haunted it. And the something hated Tilly's bare legs and shortened skirts and the dance that was an imitation of the girl from Budapest.

The Cossack dancers had finished. Their athletic dancing received scant applause. The crowd, stimulated to the highest point, desired an appeal to its senses, roused with wine. In some of the boxes men sat with their arms around the shoulders of the women. The leader of the orchestra was waiting, his eyes on Tilly. Behind the musicians, near a pillar, she could see Weininger, his heavy black brows drawn together, watching her. Tilly padded down the steps in her bare feet and stood with her arms poised, waiting for the music. And, as she stood, the American flung the tiny red, white, and blue nosegay to her. She stooped and picked it up.

TILLY was not a heroine. She was only a girl who had been driven hard, and who now, in the enemy's country, stood with her back to the wall. Or perhaps it was a ditch, after all, not a wall. With the flowers in her hand, Tilly danced, danced in her thin short skirt and her bare legs. But with Weininger glowering at her, showing his teeth, with the women in the loges sneering and the men disappointed and bored, to the sensuous Hungarian music Tilly danced again the virginal little dance of her early days at the Bal Tabarin, looking, as she did it, like cool spring come again in the midst of hot, voluptuous summer.

And when she had finished, without a glance at the man in the box, she gathered her rouge and her broken mirror from under the bar, and disdaining Weininger's fury and the thought of the *pension* at thirty kronen a week—and no thirty kronen—she shook the dust of the Bal Tabarin from her feet.

The night was very cold, and Tilly's street garments were thin. As the doorkeeper let her out into the street one of the eternal gray figures on the corner moved, only to fall back into the shadow. Tilly's mood was exalted. She felt in her purse and found two kronen, and, holding them out, she faced the shadow. She spoke no German, but her gesture needed no interpreter.

"For heaven's sake, go home and go to bed!" she said. "You make me nervous."

TILLY slept late the next morning. She crawled out into her cold room and put a handful of coal in the tile stove, lighting it with kindlings the size of matches and a bit of paper. Then she went back to bed until the fire should make an impression on the temperature of the cold room, and sitting up, with her ulster around her shoulders, she examined her feet.

They were covered with scratches from the rose thorns of the night before, and one toe had been badly cut by glass. Not only that, but a streak of red ran from the toe up to the arch of Tilly's foot. Tilly looked at it in dismay.

"Wouldn't that scald you?" she demanded, plaintively, aloud.

She sat for some time looking at the foot. In Tilly's business, feet are of primary importance, meaning, as they do, clothing to wear, a shelter over one's head, and *pension*, at say thirty kronen—six dollars a week. Not that Tilly's *pension* was worth that sum, but Tilly's occupation being precarious as well as dubious, and times being hard, as they always are in Austria, she paid the usual percentage of her youth, inexperience, and friendlessness. So now she looked at her right foot and whistled.

She stepped out onto the cold wood floor. Both feet were painful, the right one hardly more than the left. She got a rag and some cold cream, and tied up the cut, and then hobbled to the bell and rang for her coffee. To supplement the meager *pension* coffee and roll—for Tilly was a healthy young animal—she got an egg from the washstand drawer, and filled a tin cup with water from the pitcher. The little red, white, and blue bouquet came out with the water, and Tilly picked it up and looked at it.

When she saw him, or perhaps before she saw him, the horror of what she was doing came over the girl like a cloud

THE flowers and her bad foot, and not having had her coffee yet, which is enough to make the strongest soul pallid, got rather on her nerves. She put the egg inside the stove to cook, and then she sat down, with her ulster over her nightgown, and looked the said pallid soul in the face. She had been a fool, and she knew it. If she had pleased Weininger last night, he would have looked after her until her foot got better. And now here she was, far from home—Tilly was vague about how far she was from home, but it was far enough—and out of a job. Why? Because a man she would never see again—and she wished to heaven she'd never laid eyes on him—had smiled at her across the Bal Tabarin.

Tilly's egg cooked quite hard and her coffee, put down with a slam outside her door, grew cold, while she sat there, hating the young man. Why shouldn't a girl dance in her bare legs? Didn't dozens of girls do it? But what was the use of sitting there like a fool, anyhow? She'd never dance again. She'd probably lie there and starve, or they would take her to the *Allgemeine Krankenhaus* and cut off her leg. At this Tilly cried a little, and ate her egg, cooked as hard as a stone.

She cleaned up her room, having a strong instinct for tidiness, and she soaked her foot in hot water. By noon she was more cheerful, and she manicured her nails. Put her foot was worse. She could walk. Dancing was out of the question, perhaps for a week, possibly more.

She sat before her shabby toilet table, with her heavy brown hair about her shoulders, and looked at herself in the glass, and went over the situation. She knew she was pretty; dressed like the women in the boxes the night before, she would have been beautiful. She even put her hair up in a great loose knot, as she had seen the woman with the diamond collar wear it, and slipped a pink garter around as a bandeau. The effect was ravishing.

Whereon Tilly took the garter and put it in the stove, with a feeling of purifying her thoughts and putting temptation behind her, and was obliged to tie up her stocking with an old ribbon.

She limped out to the *pension* dining room, and ate her boiled meat and fruit compote and creamed carrots and afterward she told the landlady, with the aid of a German dictionary, that she had been "fired," causing great confusion in that person's breast, until she learned that "fired" did not mean combustion, and that Tilly meant "dismissed." Whereat the confusion ceased and became purpose, said purpose being to get rid of Tilly as soon as possible. This she did, in gestures that required no dictionary.

TILLY crowded a shoe over her aching foot, put on her ulster, gathered up her shabby little muff, and limped out. She had not a krone to her name, and she was a vague but sufficient number of miles—somewhere in the thousands—from home. Although "home" to Tilly meant the United States, "home" as consisting of so many rooms with hot and cold water, cabinet mantels, and cemented cellar, was something she did not possess.

She went to the Prater that afternoon, and sat on a bench watching the carriages go by. Once she saw the woman who had worn the bandeau the night before. She was in ermine from head to foot, hat, muff, and long coat. Pinned to her muff was a great cluster of fresh violets. Tilly's contemptuous smile was a bit tremulous. She had nothing to eat, of course, and her foot was hurting more—she hoped it was only the cold.

At dusk an officer in uniform, sauntering by, stopped and looked at her. Then he said something in German; Tilly was glad she did not understand. She looked past him, frigidly, and he went on, shrugging his shoulders. He had only asked her if she was cold, and would like a cup of coffee, but Tilly was in arms against the world. Perhaps, most of all, Tilly was in arms against herself. She was afraid of where hunger and cold and loneliness might drive her. She was alone in Vienna: she had no friends and no money. She could not even speak the language. No doubt there were places, even in that most medieval of cities, where she might have applied for help and received it. But Tilly's idea of relief was the Actors' Fund on the other side of the globe.

At ten o'clock that night Tilly limped to the Bal Tabarin and asked to see the barmaid. The doorkeeper would not admit her, and said roughly in bad English that the barmaid was not there. Tilly did not believe him. She staggered away, back to her bench in the park, and lapsed into a sort of stupor from cold and discouragement.

IT WAS almost midnight when a policeman roused her and made her move on. She was utterly wretched. Her foot was increasingly painful. Long before she had unfastened the buttons, but the torture of the swollen toe persisted. She was not starving, but he was weak with hunger and numb with cold. Still, her determination did not give way. All that was gone was her perspective: she could see only two ways out of her wretchedness, and one was unthinkable. The other—?

She turned toward the Prater lake and made her way

They were covered with scratches from the rose thorns of the night before, and one toe had been badly cut by glass

there slowly along a snow-covered path. She was shaking with fright, but her determination held. There were only two ways out. This was one, the other being unthinkable. She said, over and over, mechanically, "I'll die first." She even heard herself saying it.

And so, limping and shivering, she reached the bank of the Prater lake.

She would not look at the water. She put her muff on the ground, and tried with her stiff fingers to take out her hatpins. She was past thinking: certainly there was no reason for saving the hat. And then, suddenly, her eyes fell on the lake, and she broke into choking, hysterical laughter.

This way was closed. The lake was frozen, solid.

HAVING seen his sister and her husband off for the opera, Sullivan had his evening free. He went to a theatre, and found his meager knowledge of German, complicated by the atrocious Wiener dialect, inadequate. Had he been quite frank with himself, he would have acknowledged that he was only passing the time until the Bal Tabarin opened after the opera.

Sullivan had thought, at frequent intervals during the day, of Tilly Reilly—not, of course, that he called her Tilly Reilly. He had thought mostly of her eyes, eyes that did not belong to the Bal Tabarin, eyes that had smiled frankly into his, eyes that had dropped demurely as she danced. And the dance! The daintiness of it, the modesty which made her slim young legs and feet, in their scant white draperies, so childish. And this flower of spring in that hothouse of vice!

Sullivan went to the Bal Tabarin. He was very early. Instead of a loge, he took a table near the center of the room, and sat back, smoking a cigarette and watching the place fill up, first with citizens bringing portly wives and ordering cheap Austrian wines, then officers, students in corps caps, a loge full of Chinese from the embassy, and last, for effect, the aristocracy of the half world, who came here, night after night, showing their beauty in the loges like merchants shrewdly placing their goods on display.

Sullivan found them uninteresting. He was much more absorbed in the dancing floor. From where he sat, he could see how the heavy boots of the Russian dancers had splintered the wood. What a place for that child in her bare feet! And last night there had been broken glass.

HE WATCHED with more eagerness than he would have cared to admit for Tilly. With the informality of the cabaret, the performers lounged around the doorways or mixed with the crowd. At a table in the corner three English girls, who did a clog dance and sang an English music-hall song or two, sat talking together. One of them was crocheting: one, a thin girl, wore a woolen shawl over her shoulders and coughed steadily. Their costumes were dirty: their eyes hard and calculating.

The Apache dancers did their turn, with much pulling and twisting, much flying of skirts and revealing of hideous lingerie and thick cotton stockings. A colored boy, fresh from Georgia, sang ragtime to the mad enthusiasm of the crowd. But Tilly did not appear. Sullivan ordered tobacco, another pint of white wine. The atmosphere was reeking: the incessant uproar of the orchestra got on his nerves. When it became clear that the program had reached its end, and was about to repeat, Sullivan got up and sauntered to the bar. He had seen Tilly talking to the barmaid the night before.

But the barmaid was a different one, a black-haired French girl. She said, with a shrug of her shoulders, that the Fräulein was *krank* and was not there to-night. She knew nothing of Tilly, and made poor work of understanding him. In a sort of rage of disappointment he got his hat and overcoat, and left the building. His anger was partly at least at himself, that he should be so interested in this chit of a girl, who was doubtless, as his brother-in-law had said, "a little devil with the eyes of a saint"; anger that he should have made himself conspicuous by asking for her; that he should be leaving with a feeling of failure at not having seen her.

He refused a cab. A fine white snow was falling in the narrow streets. At the corner a woman was standing, head bent to the storm, looking, in the wind, like some gray night bird, waiting and ominous. With a shudder of disgust, Sullivan buttoned up his coat and turned to start.

He had taken perhaps a dozen steps when a slim figure stepped out from the shadow of the building, and put a timid hand on his arm. Sullivan stopped sharply and shook off the hand. The light from a street lamp, at that moment, by some caprice of the wind, cleared of snow, fell on the girl's face. It was Tilly, Tilly, quivering, as white as chalk.

SULLIVAN faced her, almost as white as she. When she saw him, or perhaps before she saw him, the horror of what she was doing came over the girl like a cloud.

"Mother of God!" she gasped, and turning, ran, with all the speed of her cold limbs and aching feet, down the street, with Sullivan after her.

He overtook her in a dozen strides, caught her by the shoulder and wheeled her about to face him. Even in that instant, his anger had turned to pity.

"I'm not going to hurt you, child," he said. "I am only—what are you doing out here in the storm?"

Tilly swayed, somewhat, and closed her eyes. Desperate as she was, she felt the shaken depths in the man's voice.

"I am going to take you home." Tilly stirred at that.

"Home!" The word brought bitterness with it. She jerked her arm free. "You let me go!" she cried, shrilly. "If I want to go to the devil, it's my business, isn't it? I don't want pity. I only want to be let alone."

Sullivan looked down at her. His eyes were still kind, but something had faded out of them; perhaps it was faith that had gone.

"To think," he said slowly, "that last night I thought —I would have sworn that you—"

And at that, without warning, Tilly burst into loud, hysterical sobbing.

"I never did it in my life before!" she choked. "Never! Never!"

The snow was falling heavily now. Out of the white wall an occasional cab emerged to lose itself a moment later. Laughter and music, and the rhythm of dancing feet, came through doors that opened and shut. In the night city, no one is curious: each is intent on his own affairs. And so, undisturbed, Sullivan let Tilly cry out her tortured young soul on his shoulder.

After a time she grew quieter. He hardly knew what to do. He could take her to his sister—meant to, of course—but not at that hour of the night. He must get her under shelter somewhere. Asked where she lived, she said, "Nowhere," and told her brief little story between dry sobs. Sullivan, at his wits' end, called a cab and helped her into it. It was when she crossed the pavement that he saw how lame she was. At the memory of her slim bare feet and the splintered floor at the Bal Tabarin he swore under his breath.

HE TOOK her to a small hotel which the cabman, with a leer, suggested. The character of the place troubled Sullivan no whit. He wanted to see the girl comfortable, and fed, and more than all, mentally normal again. There was no lift. He and a *portier* assisted her up the stairs, and laid her on a bed in a tawdry little room. Although it was after two in the morning, the *portier* brought some hot soup, and Sullivan, drawing up a chair, fed her by spoonfuls.

Tilly lay back with closed eyes and open, childish mouth. When the soup was done, she looked at Sullivan gratefully.

"I didn't know there were men like you in the world." She held out her hand to him, and he took it between both of his.

"I thought all men were rotters," she said, sighing happily. "You—you're the best man I have ever known." Sullivan flushed uncomfortably.

"I guess the average is higher than you think," he said. "Sure you are warm enough?"

"Fine."

"Foot feel better?"

"It aches—some," she admitted.

"Don't you think you'd better take off your shoe and look at it?"

"I will—" she hesitated. "If you will turn your back."

Sullivan gravely went to the window and stood, his back to her, while she took off her shoe with a sigh of relief, and then her stocking. The foot was swollen. "It looks pretty bad. Would you—perhaps you'd better look and see if it is poisoned?"

SULLIVAN came over and looked down judicially. Then he stooped and poked lightly at the swelling with awkward fingers. "It looks bad enough, poor little foot!" he said gently. "We'll have a doctor to look at it in the morning."

"I can't lose it," wistfully. "If I can't dance again, I—" Her chin quivered.

Sullivan looked at her.

"*What* if you can't dance again?"

Tilly met his eyes.

"I'll starve to death," she said simply.

She went to sleep almost immediately after that, one arm thrown up over her head, the other across her childish breast. Sullivan lowered the light, creaking

(*Concluded on page 37*)

The Christmas Miracle

By Angela Morgan

Do you know the marvel of Christmas time,
The miracle meaning of song and chime,
Of hearty love and huge good will,
Of feasts that gladden and gifts that spill?
Do you know what happens to homes and men
When Christmas love is abroad again?
Could you look beneath, you would see the rush
Of a flood as real as a river's gush;
A torrent wonderful, deep, and wide,
That sweeps the world in its magic tide.

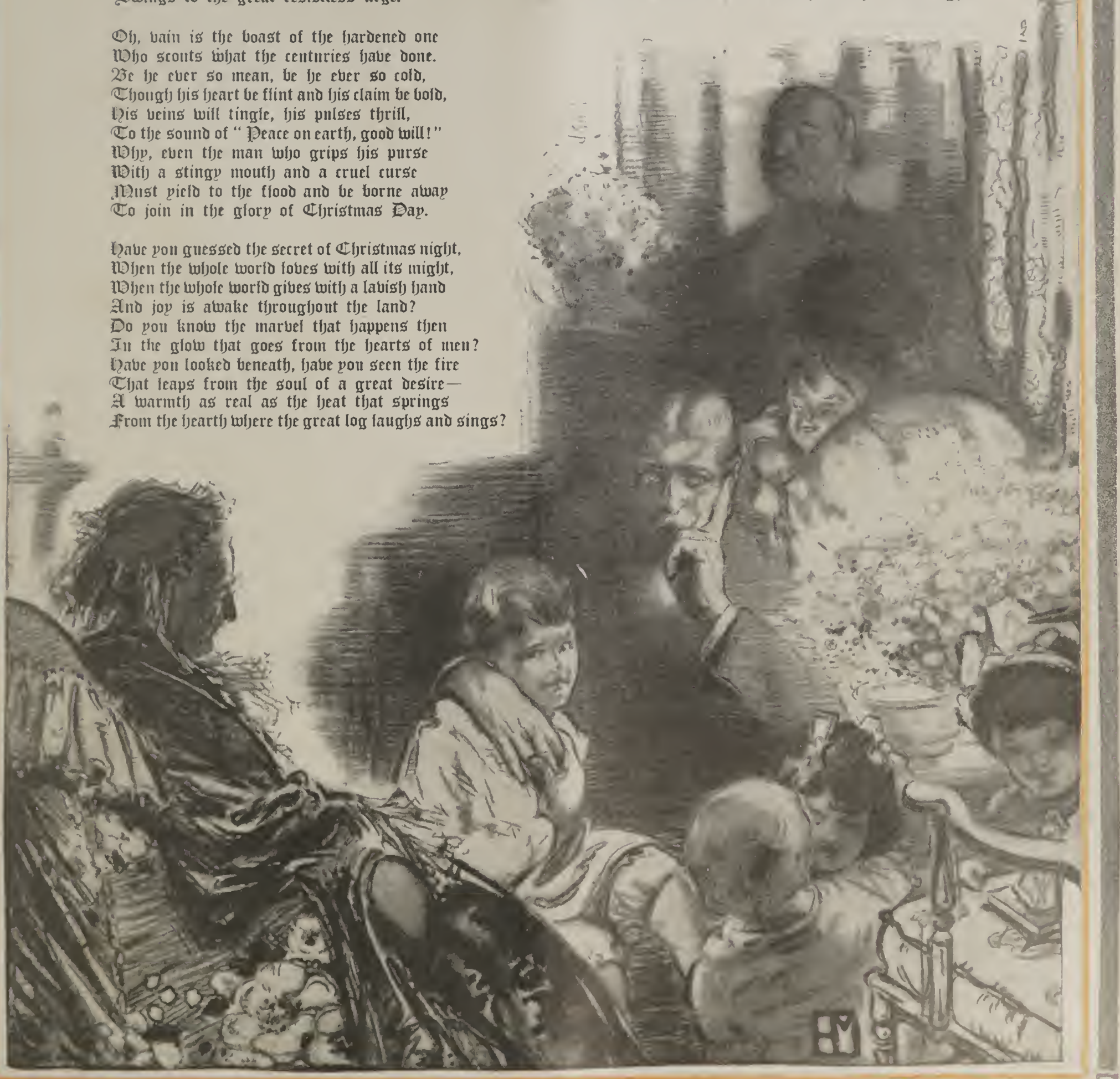
Oh, it isn't the gift, and it isn't the feast;
Of all the miracles, these are least.
It's the good that flows from the hearts of men
When Christmas love is abroad again.
For wishes are real, and love is a force,
And the tide, which ages ago had source
In the heart of a babe, has grown and gained
Till all humanity, single-veined,
Answers the call of the mighty surge,
Swings to the great resistless urge.

Oh, vain is the boast of the hardened one
Who scouts what the centuries have done.
Be he ever so mean, be he ever so cold,
Though his heart be flint and his claim be bold,
His veins will tingle, his pulses thrill,
To the sound of "Peace on earth, good will!"
Why, even the man who grips his purse
With a stingy mouth and a cruel curse
Must yield to the flood and be borne away
To join in the glory of Christmas Day.

Have you guessed the secret of Christmas night,
When the whole world loves with all its might,
When the whole world gives with a lavish hand
And joy is awake throughout the land?
Do you know the marvel that happens then
In the glow that goes from the hearts of men?
Have you looked beneath, have you seen the fire
That leaps from the soul of a great desire—
A warmth as real as the heat that springs
From the hearth where the great log laughs and sings?

Oh, it isn't the holly, it isn't the snow,
It isn't the tree or the firelight glow:
It's the flame that goes from the hearts of men
When Christmas love is abroad again.
'Tis the laughter of children, quivering high
In a shower of radiance to the sky.
For wishes are real, and love is a force,
And the torch which ages ago had source
In the star that lighted the wise men's way
Burns with a magical fire to-day.

So great the shining, so pure the blaze,
It reaches beyond, through the stellar ways,
Till—listen! A wind voice told it me—
Our globe that swims in ethereal sea
Glows like a lamp whose flame is love
To the other worlds that swing above;
And this the signal that makes them know
We have hearths and homes and cheer below.
Why, gods and angels walk by the light
That streams from the earth on Christmas night!



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By Georgia Wood Pangborn

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High up with other forgotten things
On the toppest nursery shelf.

Such beautiful ones! All pink and green
Purple and yellow and blue!
And when they grow up I'll have lots of trees,
And then I'll give one to you.

They'll blossom out here on Christmas Day
When everything's white with snow
And all the people will come and say
"My! How those trees did grow!"

And Santa Claus will be so surprised
When he hears how I did it myself
By planting the seeds of last year's tree
That I found on the nursery shelf.

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Get *Him* a Gillette Safety Razor—and Get it Now!

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A Consumer's View of Sculpture

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

IT IS hard to think of another commodity in America about which the consumer has been less consulted than he has about sculpture. Nobody ever got any serious enjoyment out of the sort of statue that is common in squares and parks unless it is possible that their producers might detect felicitics not apparent to the rest of us. That Kansas City alderman who arose in the Council and, like another Patrick Henry, passionately declaimed, "Art is on the bum!" bespoke the sentiment of a large proportion of the sight-consuming public. We have a feeling that a greater part of the tax money we have paid for plastic art has been spent injudiciously. Recent years have been productive of better returns on the investment, but far too many works of meaningless mediocrity remain to taunt us.

The word "sculpture" conjures visions of a legion of examples of the basest uses to which our public moneys have been expended in the name of Art. Ninety in every one hundred statues of the statesmen are Daniel Websterian poses, of which one of the most popular is a gentleman in a bath robe making a commencement day address, one hand on the chest, the other holding back a diploma from an anxious graduate. Whole armies of generals have been cast into the bronze from a mold taken while a tun-bellied draft horse was rearing on two hind legs. Children rarely occur in our public statuary except in park fountains. A courthouse is not complete without a blindfolded goddess on the dome, furnished with jeweler's scales and a sword. Occasionally Faith, Hope, and Charity occur in lounging dress and in easy attitude, done in bas-relief on the gable end of an imitation Athenian temple. There are instances in which a Diana has been given preference over the popular gilt rooster as a weather vane. In museums or libraries most of us have seen an Apollo Belvedere. The armless Venus is common, and in recent years many a pedestal carries a plaster miniature of the headless winged Victory

But that ends what the average person knows about sculpture. He never has a fair chance to see much else. The new plastic work that is well displayed is too often highly conven-

Youthful figures that tingle with joy and motion—"A Discovery at Pompeii," by Moulin

Sculpture as beautiful and eloquent now as it was in ancient Greece—"The Sorrowful People," by Biesbroeckj

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The best of garments lose their charm if laundered with one of the cheap bulk starches that stain and spot and leave a "gritty" finish. Don't take chances with inferior starches. Insist on Kingsford's—the clean, pure, natural lump starch, free from dirt or chemical action—best for "colored clothes" and cheapest in the end.

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T. Kingsford & Son
National Starch Co., Suc'rs.
Oswego, N. Y.

Timidity, wonder, grace—"Violets," by Larche

Sculpture

(Continued from page 32)

tionalized, half of the time even to the verge of absurdity. There are far too many plaster casts from an extremely limited number of the antique masterpieces, and a great deal of affectation in speaking about them. Young ladies who have had one or two lessons in china painting feel that they must stand enraptured before a Venus of Milo as a plain matter of duty, though at heart they may be tired of the everlasting sight of her. In our public schools an impression is general that very little plastic art of the present day, with the possible exception of a few things luckily hit off by Monsieur Rodin in moments of inspiration, is worth a cultured mind's serious consideration.

WELL may we envy France the little carefully selected collection of modern sculpture in the Luxembourg Museum. Those statues of tired-eyed peasants and laborers tell more than volumes on Socialism; and, for contrast, there are

"The Cold," by Roger-Bloche

Don't Scold Him

Just wipe off the finger-prints and smudges with a damp cloth — if you've finished your walls with **Trus-Con Asepticote.**

TRUS-CON ASEPTICOTE

is a **durable, sanitary** finish for interior walls. Washable with soap and water. Many beautiful colors. Admirably adapted for stencilling. The modern finish that satisfies all requirements—artistic, sanitary and economical.

Write for our new color book. It enables you to devise **your own** color harmonies.

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Household Helps

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Ask your dealer to show you his line of Western-Electric products. If he cannot supply you, we will.

Sewing Machine Motor $16.00
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Our Booklet No. 7668 will help you solve the problem of what to give. Send for it.

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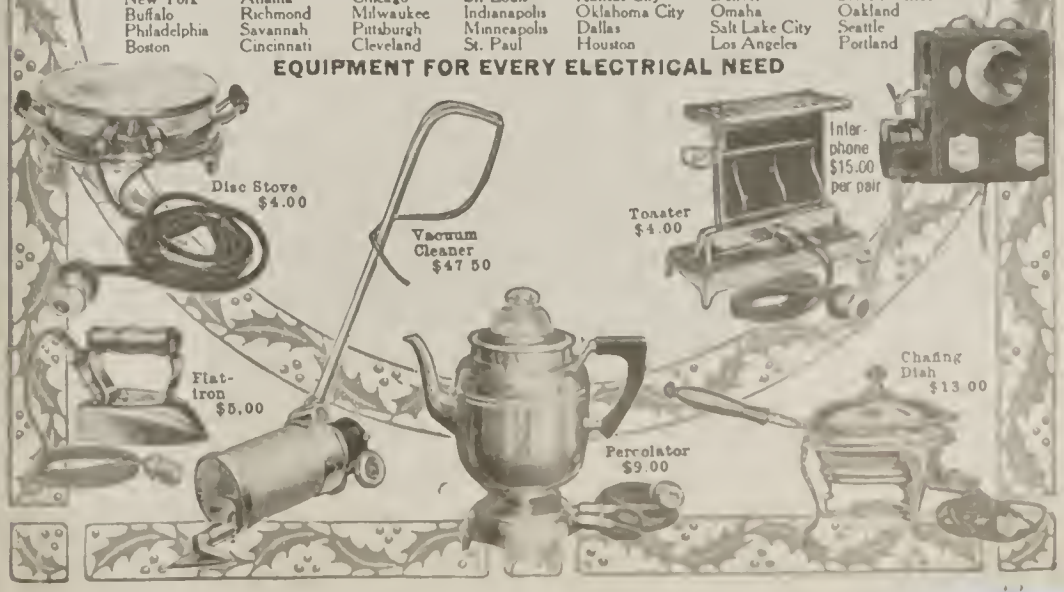

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Any time is a good time to become possessed of a Waltham Riverside watch, but a special occasion like Christmas or a birthday gives to the watch a perpetual sentiment which adds to its value.

At Waltham, watches are made with greater mechanical resources and by more expert artificers than anywhere else in the world. The first word and the last in the manufacture of marvelously correct time keepers is Waltham.

The Riverside is the most popular Waltham model. It comes in five sizes at different prices for both men and women. For the ordinary purposes of life it is probably the one best choice from the world of watches. To give one is a compliment, to own one is a luxury.

We have published a handsome Riverside booklet, full of information about these watches and rather interesting to anyone who owns a watch. This booklet is free and will be sent you for the asking, and if there is any matter connected with watches on which you would like to question us we are glad to have you write to our Office of Information.

Waltham Watch Company Waltham Mass

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STEINWAY & SONS
Steinway Hall
107-109 East 14th Street, New York
Subway Express Station at the Door

Mystery and romantic beauty—"Grief," by Riviere

A Consumer's View of Sculpture

(*Concluded from page* 33)

youthful figures in marble and bronze that tingle with joy and motion. Theunissen's carving in oak, "Portrait du Paysagiste Harpignies," or Jean Dampt's marble bust of "Le Baiser de l'Aïeule," delineate character with the skill shown in Rivière's "Les Deux Douleurs," or "La Source" by Louis Convers. And Raoul Larche in "Les Violettes" has a quality which the ancients would have found most elusive of all. This poem in stone about violets—timidity, wonder, grace—pervades even the marble until the white has taken on a faint sympathetic tint of blue.

The American collections abound with representatives of imaginary obligations to art's beginnings. None of them leaves the favorable impression in the mind of a consumer that the Luxembourg does, the feeling that plastic art is still progressive and vital, as beautiful and eloquent now as it ever was in ancient Greece.

By Rodin in moments of inspiration —"Thought"

Art is still progressive and vital— "Grandmother's Kiss," by Dampt

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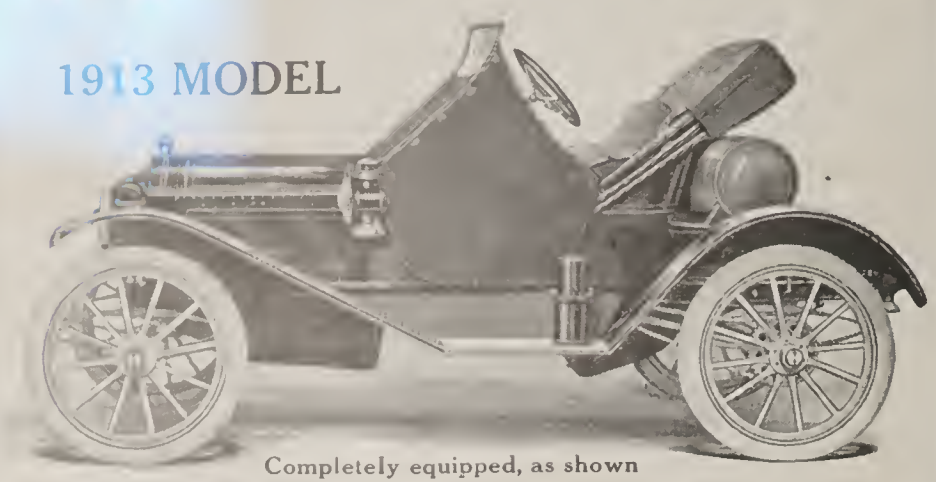

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You have been waiting for your car until the automobile emerged from the luxury class and took its place among the economical conveniences.

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In placing on the market the METZ "SPECIAL" at the phenomenally low price of $395.00 we wish particularly to emphasize the fact that this innovation has been brought about solely by systematized and economical manufacturing, in conjunction with what is probably the lowest possible percentage of overhead cost.

The METZ "SPECIAL" is a completely equipped, fully guaranteed car. 22½ horse power, four-cylinder water-cooled motor, high tension ignition system, with Bosch magneto. Standard artillery wheels, best quality clincher tires, extension top, wind shield, five lamps, gas generator, horn, pump, tools, etc. Will travel 5 to 50 miles per hour, climbs hills as fast as *any* regular stock car made, and is the *most economical car* on the market to operate.

Write for Illustrated Catalog, Book C

Dealers—This is the biggest proposition that has yet been presented to you. Send for particulars.

METZ COMPANY—WALTHAM, MASS.

Here's a Real Prime-r—It Starts any Motor on first Quarter Turn

Champion Priming Plugs start any car or motor easily and instantly, in the coldest weather, because they insure a rich mixture right at the spark point, together with a good hot spark.

Needed all through the winter by *most* cars; a good thing all through the year for *all* cars.

When your cylinders are stone cold and gasoline vapor will not rise in them, ordinary spark plugs can't help you.

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Look for the name "Champion" on each porcelain.

You run no risk because you doubtless know what **Champion** quality is. Our regular plugs are standard equipment on 60 per cent. of America's cars today, including the Ford, Overland, Marmon, Michigan, and sixty-eight others.

Champion Priming Plugs have been given every test and we guarantee them both as to workmanship and ease of starting in severest weather. With them you can run your car every day in the year.

Champion Priming Plugs will not foul, "soot-up" or leak compression. The porcelain will not crack nor points burn under hardest usage.

Get a set from your dealer today. Don't wait for cold weather to drive you to it.

If your dealer is not yet supplied, send us $5 in any convenient, safe form and we will send you a set of four Champion Priming Plugs, prepaid, the day we get your order.

Please give name and year of your car, and name of your dealer.

Champion Spark Plug Company

101 Avondale Ave., Toledo, Ohio

The Lost Road

(Concluded from page 17)

spoils me, and already I *have* a house to live in, and several sable coats, and oh! everything, everything but the ring."

"I am so sorry!" cried Lee. "I thought you were poor. I hoped you were poor. But you are joking!" he exclaimed, delightedly. "You are here in a working girls' home—"

"It is one of Aunt Emily's charities. She built it," said Frances. "I come here to talk to the girls."

"But," persisted Lee, triumphantly, "if you are *not* poor, *why* did you pawn our silver loving cup?"

THE face of the girl became a lovely crimson, and tears rose to her eyes. As though at a confessional, she lifted her hands penitently.

"Try to understand," she begged; "I wanted you to love me, *not* for my money—"

"But you knew!" cried Lee.

"I had to be *sure*," begged the girl; "and I wanted to believe you loved me even if I did not love you. When it was too late I knew you loved me as no woman ever deserved to be loved, and I wanted that love. I could not live without it. So, when I read in the papers you had returned I wouldn't let myself write you; I wouldn't let myself beg you to come to see me. I set a test for you. I knew from the papers you were at the Army and Navy Club, and that around the corner was the recruiting office. I'd often seen the sergeant there, in uniform at the door. I knew you must pass from your club to the office many times each day, so I thought of the loving cup and the pawnshop. I planted it there. It was a trick, a test. I thought if you saw it in a pawnshop you would believe I no longer cared for you, and that I was very poor. If you passed it by, then I would know you yourself had stopped caring, but if you asked about it, if you inquired for me, then I would know you came to me of your own wish, because you—"

Lee shook his head.

"You don't have to tell *me*," he said gently, "why I came. I've a cab outside. You will get in it," he commanded, "and we will rescue our cup. I always told you they would look well together over an open fireplace."

Magdalen

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

MY father took me by the hand
And led me home again
(He brought me in from sorrow
As you'd bring a child from rain);
The child's place at the hearthstone
The child's place at the board,
And the picture at the bed's head
Of wee ones wi' the Lord.

IT'S just a child come home he sees
To nestle at his arm
(He brought me in from sorrow
As you'd bring a child from harm);
And of the two of us who sit
By hearth and candlelight,
There's just one hears a woman's heart
Break—breaking in the night.

Dead Man's Inn

(Continued from page 14)

probably near Japan, or whether the unusually warm summer had tempted the serpent from some unsuspected lair in the immediate vicinity. Was he old or young, modern or paleolithic? Much depended on the answer to this question, for, if young, he probably had or would have a family. Boys sold pop corn. Ladies and gentlemen, wearing white ribbons, pointed out that rum was responsible, hitting the matter square on the head without knowing it, and getting innumerable signatures on long sheets of paper. A few observers, with the thing staring them right in the face, still insisted that *there was no sea serpent*, but they were generally regarded with abhorrence and annoyance by their more optimistic neighbors. It was a representative assembly to which the red shirts of the volunteer firemen added a flaming note of color as they manned their engines and squirted industriously down the harbor. Why they were there and what they thought they were doing would have been hard to explain, and yet, just then, it seemed perfectly natural.

"I see him!" shrilled a boy on a lamppost. "I see his tail a-wrigglin'!"

OUT there on the ocean, indeed, under the mist now disappearing before a lively breeze, boats and vessels were visibly separating, as if, for some unaccountable reason, they had quite lost interest in the wonderful sight they had been in such haste to witness. Perhaps they were satiated with horror. Outward-bound vessels continued seaward; even at that distance they had the air of busy craft that had merely paused a moment to see how this sea serpent compared with others with which they were perfectly familiar. Rowboats and miscellaneous sail came about and were returning leisurely homeward, as if each were generously willing that some other should reap the honor of being first ashore with an account of the battle. And they, too, had the air of saying that sea serpents were all alike, and when you had seen one you had seen all of them. At the very end of the procession, visible between the few boats that still accompanied the corpse, came the monster himself.

Bald Head advanced slowly, behind his stock in trade for Dead Man's Inn, on either side a boatload of militia, and just in front the official launch of the Salem Custom House. The news that the sea serpent was coming ashore to set up a tavern had gone from boat to boat and from vessel to vessel; and every repetition made it sound flatter. As for Bald Head himself, still ignorant of his mistaken identity, he only realized in a dull, hopeless way that the law had him, and that he had got to explain himself. *But could he do it?* Already the simple statement that his ship had been wrecked and everything and everybody lost but himself and his liquor seemed to increase rather than charm away an unfriendly and suspicious attitude of the customs inspector. Evidently what we should now call a "probe" was coming, and there was just one way to prepare for it—to ask himself questions and answer them with convincing frankness. But the trouble with that was to think of the answers. A dialogue, more and more painful, went on in his head as the oars thumped against the thole pins.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR—"Now then, matie, what's yer cussed name?"

BALD HEAD—"John Jones, Cap'n."

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR—"I don't think much o' that name. Say it agin."

BALD HEAD—"Bill Bones."

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR—"That's more like a name, cuss me! Now, Mr. Bones, about this likker—"

BALD HEAD—"Ye see, Cap'n, when th' ship sunk, th' hatch were open, an' everythin' in th' hold floated out nat'ral-like—"

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR—"Onnat'ral-like, *I'd* say."

BALD HEAD—"Wot I means be as when th' ship got afire, th' fire exploded a keg o' gunpowder in th' hold, an' blew off th' deck, an' blew up th' likker, an' me, an' th' leetle boat—"

REALLY there was no way of explaining it: no way but one in which it could possibly have happened! He was not a truthful man by nature, but in this awful crisis truth was stronger than invention. If he had only some way of communicating with his abandoned associates there would still be hope for him. But, alas! where were they? Somewhere on the broad Atlantic, drinking water. Everything was against him. Even his stock in trade seemed to be pulling in the opposite direction, *was* pulling—

He looked up sullenly. There could be no doubt of it. Kegs, casks, hogsheads, puncheons, and barrels no longer bobbed serenely after his little boat, but tugged in a tautening line toward the

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Because *he* needs garters every day, and no man *ever* has too many. Made by the makers of the **Velvet Grip Hose Supporter** for women and children, and fitted with *Velvet Grip* Moulded Rubber Button Clasp, it is the finest garter ever sold.

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Pad Boston Garter is sold by all men's stores and department stores.

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Holds the socks smooth as the skin.

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Macey Book Cabinets

Do Not Look Sectional-
But They Are

MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS

Dead Man's Inn

Concluded from page 36

familiar stern of a small, rakish-looking schooner. She carried all sail and was just going before the wind, after having made fast to the final hogshead. None but Bald Head had noticed the manœuver, and his heart leaped with a wild throb of joy as his astonished eye grasped the identity of a flaming patch of color just over her taffrail. The fog had lifted. The sun, still nearly an hour high, lighted that patch of color like a red beacon of hope. He knew it was Whiskers. And as the schooner went fair before the wind everything leaped tumultuously in the same direction—the *Tender Polly* herself, the stock in trade of Dead Man's Inn after her, and the prospective landlord of that merry tavern after his casks, kegs, hogsheads, and puncheons. Above the schooner floated the ghastly, fleshless smile of the *Jolly Rover!*

"Sink him!" shouted the customs inspector in a tone of authority.

And the two boatloads of militia, firing remorselessly at the spot that Bald Head had just rapidly vacated, promptly sunk each other. . . .

Several hours later, on the moonlit deck of the *Tender Polly*, nine busy pirates were emptying a hogshead, but this time they were not emptying it into the ocean. And a little apart from the others Bald Head was teaching Yellow Mustaches a new ditty.

"Th' way th' *second* verse goes, Yaller Mustaches," he was saying impressively, "be like this:

"Ef I made my mind up
To stop drinkin' rum
I'd do it as easy
As snappin' my thumb.
But wot be th' use?
Cos it wouldn't agree,
I bet ye, a bit with
My stommick an' me!"

The Dancer

Concluded from page 28

around on his toes to avoid waking her. Then he drew a chair close beside the bed, and sat looking at her, at her eyelids, blue-veined and black-lashed, at the purity of her mouth, the sweetness and character of her chin, at the swollen foot, lying on a pillow, with the fine scratches on the sole. And, with the intuition that comes to a man so surely because so seldom, Sullivan knew that the scratches were all of evil that Tilly had carried away from the Bal Tabarin.

Heavy footsteps outside on the tiled corridor threatened to rouse the girl from her sleep. He rose and stood looking down at her. He had an impulse to stoop and kiss her on the forehead, but he did not. Instead, he carried his chair into the hall and sat down, sentinel fashion, just outside the door.

The light from a gas lamp wavered in the draft, faintly illuminating the stone stairs, with their twisted iron baluster. Laughter and music came up the staircase well, but he heard neither. His thoughts had gone ahead to a future in which this girl, this waif he had gathered from the streets, should have her part: to take her back to the homeland, to care for her and cherish her, to see her growing into that purity of womanhood that was her birthright, and then, perhaps, some day to go to her and ask for her love—

It was almost morning. In the Bal Tabarin the girl from Budapest was dancing for the last time. The little bells on her garters tinkled as she swayed. Late as it was, the wild Hungarian music still rioted. As she ceased dancing, an army officer in uniform presented her with a glass of champagne.

TILLY roused from sleep at dawn, and lay a moment, remembering. Then, with her heart beating fast, she limped to the door and opened it. Outside, Sullivan was sleeping in his chair, his head dropped forward.

Tilly stood looking at him with shining eyes. When he slept on, she slipped forward and, dropping on her knees silently, put her lips to the sleeve of Sullivan's New York-made dress coat. Then, flushed and palpitating, she fled back to the room, and stood leaning against the door, trembling, with shining eyes.

"You dear!" she whispered to the door panel. "You *dear!* I'm *dippy* about you!"

Fathers, Mothers, *Will You Listen?*

Before your boy's mind has absorbed the dangerous, wrecking germ of suggestive reading, act—*and act quickly!*

Realize how you care for his food, how the doctor is called for little or fancied ills, how you worry when he is beyond your sight—but can you to-day answer the question, *"What is your boy reading?"*

Think of that boy's receptive mind open to good *or to bad!* Understand that a boy left to select bad from good cannot resist alluring titles—poisons that must count in years to come! *Don't let them get in his system!*

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is the boy-*saver* and man-*builder!* It contains stories, clean, but red-blooded, lively enough for any boy, yet uplifting and leaving a good lesson—manly reading that gets the boy's attention in a healthy way *and holds it!* Hundreds of fine stories are published through the year—some as serials, some as short stories—sufficient to keep the young mind busy from month to month. Departments of science and sport and helps in photography and craftsmanship give every issue a wide diversity. Large pages—beautifully illustrated. If The American Boy cost ten times the dollar that brings it to your home each month for a year, it would be the cheapest investment you could make.

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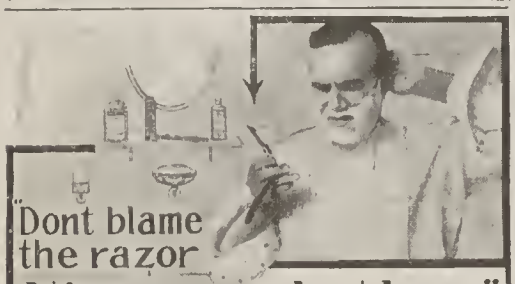

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PERKINS & CO. Lawrence Kans.

A Christmas Gift

(*Continued from page* 24)

"But the men have holiday till midnight; don't forget that," said Mrs. Hapshott. "They've enjoyed their day—I know it, Hiram. I'm glad I spoke—I'm glad I spoke."

She went to bed, but sleep deserted her eyelids.

The craving for motherhood that the happiness of the day had set aside returned to her in double measure; the fierce mother hunger of her heart would not be assuaged. Vainly now did she attempt to combat her yearnings, vainly did she assure herself that God was just and swift to repay a kindly action.

Her child was gone forever; there could never be another child. Her life was an empty, useless thing—no, not altogether useless. Twenty men had been given a day's happiness through her intervention; that in itself was something to remember with gratitude.

SHE heard eight bells struck overhead; she heard the voice of the mate, newly come on deck, bawling to the men to make sail and trim the yards; she felt the ship gather herself together and leap through the growing waves; she heard the strain and creak of the deck planks, the vibrant senses of speed. But still she could not sleep; her pain began to give place to a growing suspense. She was on the verge of some marvelous discovery—somewhere in the world outside there was something that meant more than life or death to her.

She rose, slipped on her clothing, and went swiftly out on deck.

"Hiram—what was that?" The skipper had awakened and, missing her, had made for the deck. The faint streaks in the sky showed him a strange figure, clad in a gaudy sleeping suit such as sailors love. Mrs. Hapshott clutched at his arm and held tightly.

"What's what?" He had been thinking what a fool he would seem if the story were ever told of the day now past, and his manner was ungracious.

"That!" Her finger was outstretched and quivering, but all beyond was still dark.

"A sea bird—your nerves are on edge," he told her. "Yes, that's what it is—a sea bird; they cry out loud with the dawn. It's their way of welcoming it."

Mrs. Hapshott drew herself to the taffrail and leaned out, listening. The wind was failing again; the ship had almost lost her way; she was only crawling through the water, to the accompaniment of flapping canvas aloft. Captain Hapshott began to pace the deck, looking to windward to see what promise the growing day would bring.

"Hiram, it wasn't a sea bird!" The woman's voice was full of something to which her husband could put no name.

"It must have been—what else could it be, lass?"

"To me it sounded like—but, no, that's foolishness. My mind is playing me tricks, husband." But she did not leave the rail for fully twenty minutes, and then it was to step down the ladder and to walk briskly along the deck until she reached the forecastle. She could not have explained to herself what impulse took her there; it was something outside herself, some strange power working detachedly, yet compelling her to obey its behests.

She crouched up in the bows, watching the sparkle of water spring gurgling from the forefoot, watching the frothing bubbles stream away on either side the black bluff bow. Always that same feeling of suspense, as if she trembled on the verge of a great discovery, held her enthralled.

Vainly she shook herself and assured her own heart of its foolishness. Vainly she tried to drag herself away from her self-appointed post. The air was chill with the beginnings of the dawn wind; she shivered repeatedly and remained.

THE ship woke to life about her: the men flew aloft and busied themselves there; some of them flung water over the dry planking and scrubbed stoutly with brooms.

There seemed an extra amount of zest in the way they worked, as if the leis[ure] of the day now gone had invigora[ted] them, filled them with a desire to wo[rk] marvels.

Mrs. Hapshott lifted her eyes a[nd] searched the sea's far rim. Her g[aze]

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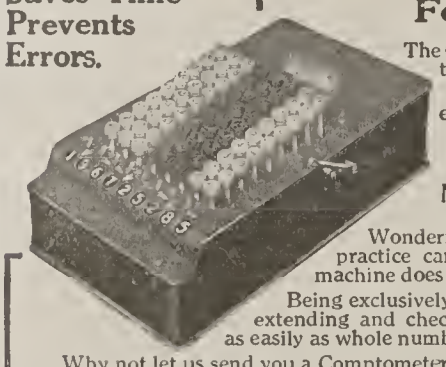

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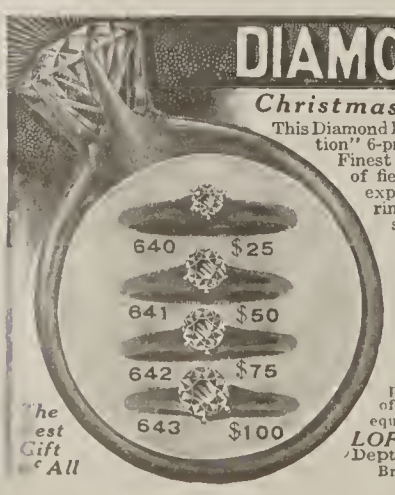

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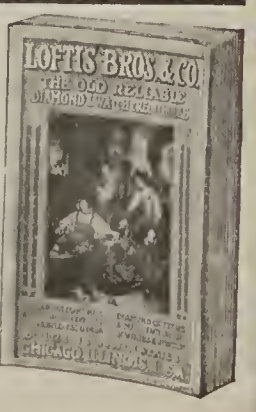

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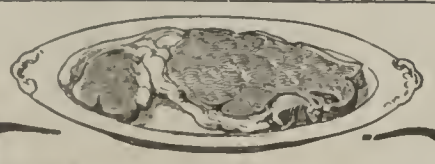

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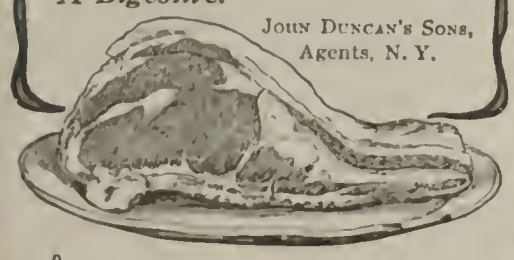

A Christmas Gift

(Concluded from page 38)

returned, only to be lifted again; suddenly she stiffened where she stood, and her ears strained.

She sprang upon the rail and stood there erect, her eyes peering intently. Was it fancy or could she actually see something?

There, in the middle distance a veritable speck in the waste of waters—was it a shadow, was it the fin of a lurking shark, or was it—was it—? Two seconds she looked, then she ran aft, the men watching her in wonder.

"Hiram—out there—what is it, what is it?"

She was clutching at him hysterically; he would have shaken her off with a laugh at her self-delusion, but there was that in her face which held him serious against his will.

"What is it? Where?" He would humor her, he said, for never a man had a better wife.

"There!" The finger pointed steadily. "Hiram, I heard a cry." He fetched his binoculars and focused them. Maddeningly slow, she thought him. He searched idly for a moment, then his figure became rigid.

"Back the mainyard," he roared in a mighty voice. From the forepeak, whither he had descended, the mate came aft at a run; the men following fast.

"There's a raft out there—some one on it," said Hapshott slowly, his voice almost drowned by the clatter of the swinging yards.

It was Captain Hapshott himself who sprang into the boat that was hastily lowered; it was he who urged the rowers onward. Mrs. Hapshott, now that the thing was done, was possessed by a curious calmness, that yet held expectancy—something strange was happening out there beyond the range of her vision; but all was working together for good. She tried to focus the binoculars on the boat and on the fragment that floated ahead, but she was all unused to the task, and could make out nothing but a blur.

THE boat turned—hung motionless; those aboard were busy at some task. Then the oars shot out, like the limbs of a gigantic spider; Mrs. Hapshott's heart beat faster and faster—so fast that only with difficulty could she draw her breath.

"Shall we haul you up, sir?" hailed the mate, reaching far outboard, and from Captain Hapshott's lips came a hoarse, unreal cry that Jones took as an affirmative. The boat shot alongside; still the captain's wife did not move from her position by the mizzenmast. The tackles were hooked on, men swarmed up them and added their weight to the falls; the boat leaped upward, was swung inboard.

"Bear a hand here," she heard her husband say; and then the mists vanished from her eyes and she saw clearly. Captain Hapshott was coming aft, talking earnestly to the mate. And in his arms he carried a little child!

They said afterward that Mrs. Hapshott might have been expecting this gift from the sea.

She held out her arms and took the wailing mite, hushing it deftly against that broad maternal bosom of hers, coaxing it, smiling down into its crumpled face. It mattered nothing to her how the babe had come—it was there; its tiny fingers around her finger; its little head nestled against her heart.

"A dead woman and a living child—no signs of identification." The words came to her fitfully, forcing themselves through the strange, hallowed joy that filled her being. "No telling what's happened—must be wife of some skipper—sole survivors—who knows? The woman's dead, poor thing—but the child seems strong enough—will be later."

"If we'd been sailing yesterday we'd have passed it in the dark likely," said the mate; "we'd never have seen it. God! look at Mrs. Hapshott; she's grown younger" The skipper walked across to his wife.

"We'll have to advertise," he said shakily, toying with the little grasping hands. "But likely no one will claim it—it's as much ours as anyone's—I'll tell the steward to make some milk ready—"

"Unto us a child is given," said Mrs. Hapshott solemnly. "Hiram, this is God's Christmas present to you and me."

For Christmas

Give Everybody Parker Gift Pens —*Leakless Pens*

X-Ray View of Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen

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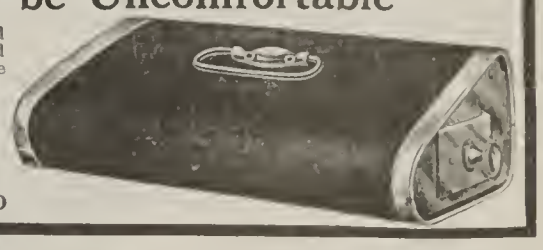

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The Six Rubies

(*Continued from page 19*)

should have stopped him. You should have smelt the rubies out like a hound. You'll have the devil of a time collecting them now. My sons are good fighters." He shook all over with laughter.

"Is that quite true?" demanded my Uncle Henry. "It will go hard with you. Matthew, if I find you've been lying again. Is it true that you've sent the six rubies to your six sons?"

"Quite true!" said Cousin Matthew, shaking still with glee. "Each son a ruby, and each will fight for it to his last drop of blood. Where's your pride and your luck and your glory now, eh? Scattered to the four winds!" He rocked back and forth.

MY uncle looked at me, but I said: "Wait a bit!" and turned to Matthew Gaunt.

"Did you send all six of the rubies away by post to-day? Answer me that!" He stopped laughing.

"I tell you once more," said he, scowling, "they've been distributed among my six sons. How many times must I say it? If you'd stopped the postman on your way here—"

"That's enough," said I. That's what I wanted to know." And to my Uncle Henry I said: "One of them is here in the house now." I pointed to the table. See! two coffee cups, two half-empty glasses!"

My Uncle Henry gave a little exultant shout, and Matthew Gaunt got to his feet behind the table, bristling like a dog.

"We must search the place!" cried my Uncle Henry. But I shook my head.

"*I* must. It's my job. Do you stay here and keep guard!"

My uncle's face showed for a moment the swift anxiety, the vicarious fear of a woman's. He might have been my long-dead mother.

"Let *me* go, Peter lad! I'm an old man. It doesn't matter about me." I touched his arm and laughed.

"D'you think I'm not a match for one of Matthew's sons and a decrepit servant or two? Shame on you!"

Old Matthew shook his fist in the air. There were beads of moisture on his square brow, come there quite suddenly, for he had been as cool as a man at a play until that discovery of mine.

"If you try to search this house," said he harshly, "you'll never leave it alive. You fool, they're six to one! They'll shoot you down like a rat."

I caught my uncle's eye and laughed once more.

"Six? Oh, they're all here, then, and the postman story was a lie! So much the better. We shall have all the rubies in one haul, only I'm afraid it's not true. Is only one of your sons allowed to drink coffee with you, Cousin Matthew?"

He cursed me furiously, and I laughed in his face.

"Don't let him shout or give any signals!" said I to my uncle, "and if I'm gone more than half an hour, kill him and come look for me!" This was in jest, for I hadn't the least idea of causing the death of even so unworthy a being as my Cousin Matthew.

I LET myself out of the room and closed the door behind me. The shock-headed servant boy was there, and may have been listening at the keyhole, for he made a clumsy, desperate attempt to throw himself upon me. I flung him aside and pressed on. The stairs led upward from the back of the hall, and I mounted them quickly, pistol in hand. There was a landing halfway, with a row of stained-glass windows—five of them. No light came through the glass, but the dim glow of an overhead lamp shone down and showed that the middle panel had a coat of arms painted upon it. I looked closer and saw the six gouttes gules upon a sable field. The insolence of it! Not even a "difference," to say nothing of the traditional bend sinister! I drove the butt of my pistol through the glass and heard the bits crash and tinkle down upon some flagging beneath. Then I went on into the upper hall, which was a mere corridor, long and straight and rather narrow, running from front to back of the house, with four doors in recesses at each side. It was lighted very dimly by two hanging lamps.

I tried the first door at the left. It opened upon a small room, lighted and empty. I closed it again with a bang and stood still in the dark recess, waiting.

I may have waited a minute, perhaps less, but it seemed a very long time, when one of the doors far up the corridor—the door of the front room at the right—opened silently; a man's head peered out and was withdrawn again. I knew the head for Enoch's, Matthew's eldest son's, though I had seen the fellow but once before, some years back. There were unpleasant tales told of Enoch.

I went swiftly on tiptoe up the hall, paused an instant outside that closed door, and, pistol ready, entered. The door swung to behind me, and I heard the latch click into place.

It was a large room, nearly as large as the library below. Not a bedroom, for it was furnished only with tables and chairs, a long sofa, and some bookshelves. There was a fireplace at one side and, opposite, a tall mirror with faded velvet hangings. There were the dead ashes of a fire in the grate, and a single large lamp burned on a center table.

The room was unoccupied.

AT first I thought I must, in my haste, have mistaken the embrasure out of which I had seen that furtive head peeping. I turned quickly back to make sure. I felt for the knob of the door, to let myself out, and there was no knob. Then I remembered how promptly the door had swung to after me, how neatly the oiled latch had clicked home, and I knew I had been lured here and trapped like any rat.

For just an instant I was afraid. I had a moment of the trapped rat's panic. Then my spirits rose again, for, after all, the room had two windows, and the wall of the house was covered by ivy. Escape was easy enough if I wished it.

But how had Enoch Gaunt got out of the place? There were no other doors. By a window? I went to one of them and examined it. It was a French window that could be closed only from the inside, and closed it certainly was.

I stood thinking, and once more I began to be a little afraid. It is more exact, perhaps, to say that a kind of uneasiness, very like fear, began to grow in me. I had the uncomfortable consciousness of another unseen presence in that room—the feeling that I was watched by eyes I could not see. I looked about me, and there was no conceivable hiding place for a human being. But, then, there was no visible means of exit other than the door, yet I had seen Enoch Gaunt enter the room, and now he was gone from it like a ghost.

The feeling of another presence near me grew stronger still. It was like something heard or smelled. It was like ghostly noises at night to a child. I began to be more afraid, and I knew that soon I should be running round the walls in a panic. I pulled myself together with a great effort, slipped my pistol into a side pocket, and drew out my cigarette case. I bent over the big lamp on the center table, as if to take a light from it, and saw it was one of those lamps that are extinguished by pressing down a little lever. I put out my hand, and in an instant the room was in darkness.

I chanced to be facing the tall mirror opposite the fireplace, and, as my eyes accustomed themselves to the sudden gloom, I saw a strange thing. I saw that the whole, high, narrow panel of glass, which was perhaps the size of an ordinary door, glowed faintly yellow with light, and that behind it, dim and black, a man's figure stood in a crouching attitude, half turned away, as if for flight.

IT was exactly as if I, outside in the dark, looked in through a somewhat clouded window upon a very dimly lighted room or, rather, passageway, for beyond the man's crouching figure I could see nothing but black hangings turned gray by the faint light which came from somewhere at one side, out of my line of vision.

For a moment I stood staring, and I confess that the back of my head felt cold and that the hair bristled there. Then, all at once, I remembered to have read in an old book of glasses which had all the appearance of a mirror from a brightly lighted room, but were transparent to a spy hiding in darkness behind them. I drew a long breath of relief, and I recall that I even took the time to wonder what possible use old Matthew could have found for such medievalism in Westchester County. Well, I had heard queer tales of Eagle's Nest.

I realized that I was now, in my com-

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Mix 2 cups scalded milk, one third cup sugar and 1 tablespoon salt. When luke warm, add 1 yeast cake mixed with one-fourth cup luke warm water; add 5 cups entire wheat flour and 1 cup chopped Dromedary Dates; beat well. Allow to rise until double its bulk, knead lightly, divide into 2 buttered pans and again allow to rise. Bake in moderate oven one hour.

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The Citizens'
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The Six Rubies

(Continued from page 10)

plete darkness, invisible to the man behind that sham mirror. I suppose it never occurred to him that he was visible to me. Certainly he stood still where he was, waiting. I took a step or two. I caught up a small, heavy, mahogany chair, whirled it once round my head, and threw it with all my strength.

THERE was a great, rending, shattering crash and a scream. I leaped forward into the passageway almost as the broken glass shivered about my feet. It was narrow, as I had guessed, and hung with black cloth. It was damp, too, and smelled of confinement and decay. I found that the faint light came from a candle set in a niche in the wall and well shaded.

Before me a dark figure staggered and scrambled and ran, its hands over its face, down the narrow passage. I called out: "Stop, or I'll fire on you!" but the figure ran on, bumping from wall to wall, stumbling, half falling, and I ran after it, my pistol ready in my hand. We came to some stairs leading upward, and there I might have had my man by the heels, for I ran better than he, but I bided my time. We mounted to what seemed a great lumber room under the roof, ran across this, and, on the opposite side of the house, half fell, half leaped down a similar stair. I hung a little back, wary of traps, so that the fellow who fled from me was perhaps fifteen or twenty feet in advance. He looked back over his shoulder, turned suddenly, like a coursed rabbit, there was a great flash of light, and he was gone.

He had not taken time to close the door or panel after him, and when I reached it I saw that he hadn't escaped, for he had caught his foot as he leaped, and fallen full length upon the floor. I stood in the opening and looked down some three feet into a brightly lighted room, hung with flowery chintz and smelling of roses. There was a brass bed under a chintz canopy in a recess; there were comfortable chairs about; there was a fire burning, a lamp on a center table, covered with books and magazines.

Beside the center table, with her hands caught up over her mouth, as if to check a scream, stood a tall young girl with her red hair in a big braid down her back. She was dressed in something straight, white, and clinging. I am unfamiliar with the names of women's garments. She stood beside an overturned chair, silent, her hands over her mouth, and Enoch Gaunt, cut, torn, and bleeding, sprawled at her feet, half under the round table.

He was struggling to get something into his hands. I might have known what it was, but I didn't. I was looking elsewhere. He rolled suddenly over, and without a word, but with sobbing, breathless cries, fired five pistol shots at me in quick succession.

I HOPE he was a better marksman in his calmer moments.

Still that splendid girl did not scream nor shrink, though the air about her was full of biting, acrid smoke.

I stepped down into the room and bowed to her. Enoch scrambled away from me and lay further off, panting. "You are very brave," said I. "I think you are the bravest woman I have ever seen, and I am bitterly sorry for this affront to you. May I ask you, for your own sake, to leave the room a moment? I have to deal with that ruffian on the floor yonder."

Her eyes questioned me over the white hands that were still clasped at her lips, and I shook my head:

"I am not a thief. I have only come to Eagle's Nest for my own."

"He lies! He lies!" cried Enoch Gaunt, on the floor beyond. He got to his knees, chattering like a frightened, wounded ape.

"He's a thief, a murderer. He's—"

"Get up!" said I, looking at him, and he got to his feet, looking toward the door.

"You saw him shoot at me," I said to that tall, red-haired girl. "And you saw that I did not shoot back, though I have a pistol here. Won't you please go? I ask it for your own sake."

She looked at me for another long moment, then shook her head, and I sighed and turned to the man.

"For this lady's sake, give me what you have that is mine and I'll go quietly."

"I've got nothing of yours!" he cried, coughing in the bitter smoke. And he grimaced at me and added:

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MAKES AND BURNS ITS OWN

The Six Rubies

(*Concluded from page 41*)

"Thief!"

"Have I got to *make* you give it up?" I took a step toward him and he howled and covered his torn face. He was a poor thing. Old Matthew would have been ashamed of him.

THEN the girl, who had been standing silent, went across to where Enoch was and stood before him with her hand on his shoulder.

"Haven't you done enough already?" she asked, looking at me with a kind of high scorn. "You have half killed him." I shook my head.

"I threw a chair at the trick mirror he was hiding behind. The glass cut his face. He's not really hurt, he's only afraid." She looked at him and back at me.

"What is it you want?"

"Only my own. I am Peter Gaunt; since my father's death, three days ago, something very sacred to my family for centuries has been in my care. Last night this coward yonder, or his father, or both, broke into my house, drugged me in my sleep, and stole what is more to me than any other conceivable thing. I must have it, for it stands for the honor of my race."

"Does your honor need something to stand for it, then?" asked the red-haired girl, and I flushed and hesitated, for that was a new point of view to me.

"I hope not," I said at last. "Perhaps 'honor' is the wrong word. Perhaps I should have said 'pride.' Well, the six rubies have been the pride of the Gaunts for a very long time. Shall I let them be stolen from me and from my children and do nothing to get them back?"

The girl caught her hands up to her breast and came a step toward me. Her big eyes looked suddenly much larger—too large for her beautiful face.

"Rubies?" she asked me. "Six rubies?" And I said:

"Yes. Matthew confesses that he stole them. He has given one to each of his six sons as an insult to me and my house. So I have come for the ruby Enoch has."

The man by the wall burst out with denials and curses, but she turned to him: "Wait!" And came a step nearer.

"The Gaunt rubies. Yes, I know. I know all about them." She seemed in some strange, still state of agitation. She spoke under her breath, as if to herself:

"It can't be. I won't believe it. Oh!" She drew a quick breath, that was like a sob.

She looked long and hard at Enoch Gaunt, then turned once more to me.

"I must explain why I seemed surprised. You see, to-day is my birthday, and he gave—and I was given a most heavenly ruby as a present—so when you spoke of rubies, I naturally—of course, I— It seemed so very odd!" She looked up at me like a child—a little, trusting child, and her voice had sounded like a child's voice, too. She was, after all, very young, though so tall and brave.

"Of course!" said I. "I understand." She asked:

"Would you like to see it? It's so very beautiful—the only beautiful thing I have ever owned. I've been quite mad with delight. When the sun shines through it, or the lamplight— Oh, I can't tell you what it is to me! You must see."

THAT soft and clinging white robe she wore was open a little way down upon the white breast. She put a hand there and pulled out a little gold chain that I had seen about her neck. She drew into sight a great roughly polished stone, so dark in color that it looked black save where the lamplight struck through and made a little spot of crimson against her throat, like a drop of bright blood.

"You fool! You fool!" chattered Enoch Gaunt from where he clung against the wall. He cursed again viciously. "He'll take it and bolt, you idiot!" He stammered on, shivering and shaking, but neither that red-haired young girl nor I seemed to hear him. It was as if he were not there.

"Isn't it heavenly?" the girl cried with shining eyes. She came nearer, holding the jewel out at the end of the chain, and I moved awkwardly a step and took it in my hand.

I knew the six stones as I knew my own features in a glass. This was the top ruby of the dexter side. They were all pierced. They had been worn by Eastern princes long, long ago.

"Isn't it heavenly?" the girl asked me once more in her sweet child's voice, smiling up at me with her trustful, great eyes. I said:

"It is very beautiful."

"And to think that it's really and truly mine! Oh, if you'd never had anything beautiful to call your own, and then, quite suddenly, this wonderful thing! . . . I can't explain how dear to me it is and will be."

ALL at once, as we stood close, looking each into the other's eyes, I saw a sudden change sweep across her face, a look of doubt, of terror—a bleak look. She recoiled a little from me.

"This— You look at me so strangely! You don't mean— This isn't—*your* ruby? Oh, it isn't your ruby, is it? You don't mean I've got to give it up after—all? Tell me! Tell me!" She seemed to hold her breath.

Well, there are things one cannot do.

I drew a sigh, and I think I smiled. I hope so. I said gently:

"No, I must look elsewhere." And at that the young girl seemed to draw herself up a very little and to give me a strange, straight look of gladness and, as it were, of pride.

"So," said I, "I must be going on my way. Once more I humbly beg your forgiveness for the scene you have had to witness. And I hope you will always be very, very happy as long as you live."

I looked toward Enoch Gaunt, who leaned against the wall, staring and clawing at his torn face, and so went toward the door. But once I turned back to where the red-haired girl stood erect, her hands at her breast and the Gaunt ruby between them. I asked her:

"May I know your name? I don't want to remember you nameless."

She said: "It is Diana."

I said: "It is beautiful," and went out of the room.

In the library below I found my Uncle Henry, very white, guarding Matthew Gaunt. He drew a great breath when I entered, and said: "Thank God! You're all right then. I heard shots."

Afterward he asked: "Did you find it?"

And I smiled as well as I was able, and said: "I'll tell you later. We must be off now."

I looked toward Cousin Matthew. "I suppose we ought to tie him up and gag him. He'll be shooting at us as we go."

"Handkerchiefs will do it," my uncle nodded, and tossed me his. But Matthew Gaunt said:

"You needn't trouble. I don't care for bonds and gags. I give you my word not to stir for ten minutes." I looked at him doubtfully, and he flushed red.

"I suppose you think my word is not worth much. Well, it is when it's pledged."

"I'll trust you, Cousin Matthew," said I, and he growled in his big beard something that I couldn't hear.

WE found our horses out beyond the wall where we had tethered them, and mounted in silence. I was very heavy and glum now, deep in reaction against my earlier mood. For I had betrayed my house to save an unknown girl a half-hour's pain. I wondered darkly if another time I should behave otherwise, and tried to think I should. But all the while I knew it wasn't so.

There are things one cannot do.

"Off with us!" said my Uncle Henry, and I turned my horse's head, but suddenly became aware of a tall, cloaked figure standing beside me—a darker shade in the gloom. It pressed closer still and held out something for me to take.

"What's this?" I asked.

The figure said, whispering: "It's for a noble gentleman!" gave a small parcel into my hand, and was all at once gone.

"For a noble gentleman!" I spurred after my Uncle Henry and caught him up.

He asked: "Did you speak?" And I said I thought I had seen some one beside the wall. But at the bottom of the hill I drew rein for an instant and tore the wrappings from what had been slipped into my hand.

"What's that?" my Uncle Henry asked. A flash of moonlight came down from the broken, scudding clouds and shone upon us briefly.

"It's the ruby," said I. And he laughed and said I didn't sound very gay over it; and we spurred on toward Gaunt House.

¶ *The story of the second ruby will appear in an early number under the title "Miss Meredith."*

C02

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The BALKAN WAR

Photographs *from* James H. Hare

and an article by Frederick Palmer

VOL FIFTY NO 14

DECEMBER 21 1912

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There is a full 80% of trackless city haulage that Electrics can do *cheapest* and *best*. You can't afford to be satisfied with your *present* delivery system until you have investigated and found out what Electrics can do for *you*. If you will write us today, we will gladly send you interesting literature about Electric Commercial Vehicles.

Public interest and private advantage both favor the Electric.

ELECTRIC VEHICLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
124 W. 42nd St.
BOSTON NEW (49) CHICAGO

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

DECEMBER 21, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME FIFTY NO 14

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Special Notice:

Arnold Bennett's admirers know "Denry." "Denry" comes back in Bennett's newest novel of stage life, "The Regent" in the December American Magazine. Exactly the right size..

BARNEY & BERRY
ICE SKATES

A Shining Present That Will Last A Lifetime

EVERY boy and girl knows when they see the name **Barney & Berry** on skates that they are the best obtainable.

In point of design, strength, workmanship and finish, **Barney & Berry** skates have no equal in the world. They are known and used in "every land where water freezes."

Select the style you desire from our Catalog sent free upon request. It also contains Hockey Rules, Skating Program and directions for building an ice rink. Your dealer will supply you with just the style you desire. Otherwise, write us.

BARNEY & BERRY
109 Broad Street, Springfield, Mass.

LET'S GO SKATING!

COLORADO AND SOUTHERN

Winter Trips
To Texas—and The Gulf Coast

The far-famed resorts of Texas and the Gulf Coast were never more beautiful than now. San Antonio, "City of the Alamo,"—Galveston, "The Oleander City,"—Houston, "The Magnolia City," with all their charm and attractions, provide all the winter tourist could wish. Dallas, "The City of The Hour," is also well worth a visit. Via

The Colorado & Southern Lines

one may reach all of these points, as well as New Orleans and points in Florida. Very low rates are now in effect allowing liberal stopovers.

Write today for a Free Copy of "From The Summit To The Sea."—a handsomely illustrated publication in two colors, descriptive of a trip from the Rockies to the Gulf, the winter amusements, hunting and fishing, and many points of interest.

T. E. FISHER
General Passenger Agent
Denver, Colorado

COLORADO AND SOUTHERN

EGYPT ITALY

THE MEDITERRANEAN ROUND THE WORLD
via SAN FRANCISCO, AUSTRALIA, CEYLON, etc.

$600 1ST CABIN – 2ND CABIN STOP OVERS **$375**

SYDNEY SHORT LINE

The pleasant and comfortable route Summer or Winter, **19 DAYS**, San Francisco to Sydney, via **HONOLULU** and **SAMOA**. Splendid twin-screw (10,000 ton) steamers "SIERRA," "SONOMA" and "VENTURA."

$110 HONOLULU (ROUND TRIP FIRST CLASS) **SYDNEY $300**

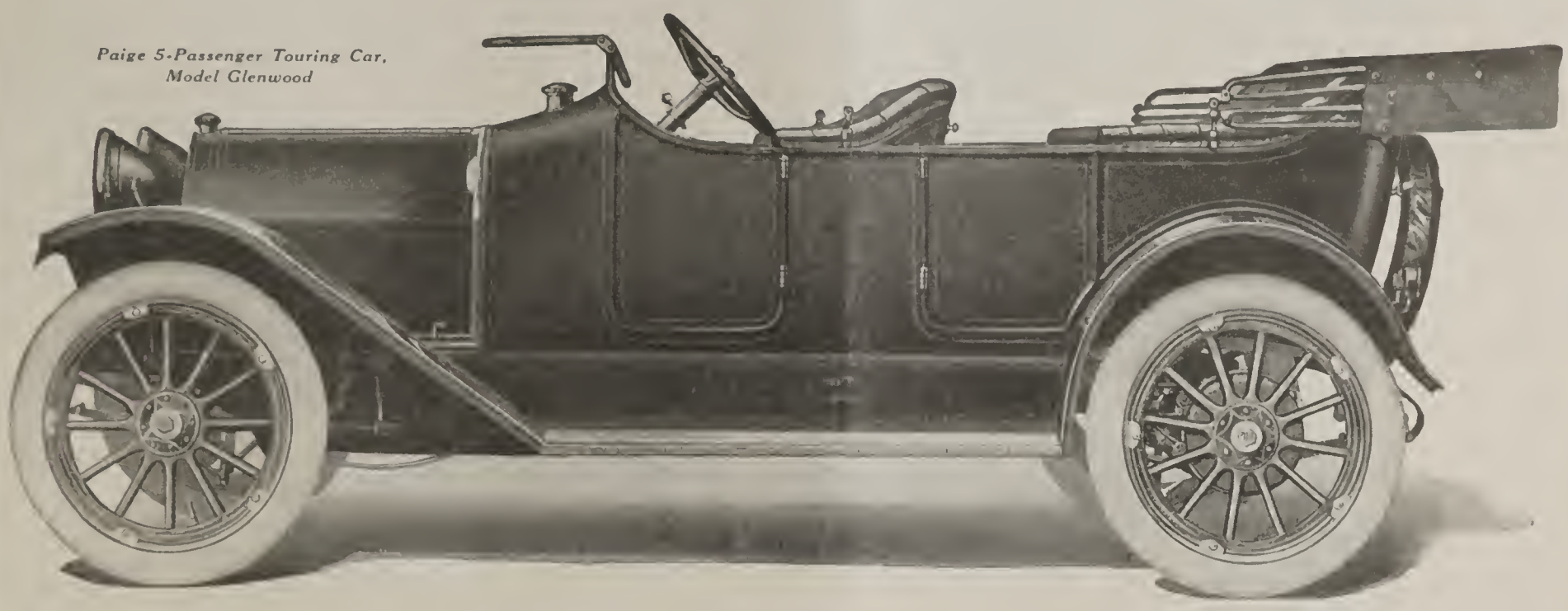
Sailings Honolulu every two weeks: Dec. 17, 31, Jan. 14, 28, etc., Sydney every 28 days, Dec. 17, Jan. 14, Feb. 11, etc. Write or wire NOW for berths. Send for folder.

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP CO., 673 Market St., San Francisco

$1275 Buys This Remarkable

PAIGE 36

Gray & Davis Electric Starting and Lighting System, Silent Chain Driven Motor Gears, 116 in. Wheel Base, 34x4 in. Tires, Left-Side Drive, Center Control, Cork Insert Clutch.



Paige 5-Passenger Touring Car, Model Glenwood

All the worth of this advertisement is lost if this new Paige model is not the *best* car and the *most* car for its price.

That's a broad, strong statement, but we mean it.

Either this car *is* the *best* car, and the *most* car for its price or it *isn't*.

If it *isn't* then we are mistaken. If we are mistaken then this advertisement is a misrepresentation, and, according to our ideas, a misrepresentation in advertising is *throwing away money*.

One of the largest producers of automobiles has said we cannot sell this Paige "36" for $1275 without losing money on every car.

We are not making as *much* profit as most manufacturers feel justified in demanding, but we are not *losing* money on this car and we would not *waste* money on it by misrepresentation.

This car stands all by itself as *extra value*. Other cars of equal value may be produced next year or the year after, but there is no other car *now* that gives *so much* in fine construction, size, power, quality of materials, and equipment for its price.

In the first place, the Paige has become the leader in the medium price field *primarily because of its motor*. We don't believe as good a motor ever went into any other car selling at Paige prices. We build our own motors. We couldn't build them more *carefully* or *test* them more *accurately* if we were building them for a $2500 car.

We have never had a Paige motor sent back to us. Every motor that goes from the Paige plant is RIGHT.

The Paige "36" Motor is a further refinement and offers some marked advantages. It is a long stroke motor 4"x5". And it is powerful—36 actual horsepower—and quiet.

Our silent-chain drive (enclosed and lubricated) for cam shaft, pump and generator, costs more than ordinary gears but helps make this motor quiet—and easier running.

Notice the size of this car, too *Not* a small automobile, but a really big car. 116" wheel base. The touring body is as roomy as probably any 5-passenger body you ever saw.

Then think of what it means when we give you a Paige Car equipped with the famous Gray & Davis Electric Starting and Electric Lighting System, with Bosch Magneto for ignition.

The Gray & Davis system is found on the best cars ranging in price from $3000 to $5000. The high-priced cars are featuring this system.

The Paige "36" was especially designed for the installation of the Gray & Davis system. It is built *into* the power plant—a part of it. Not merely added to it. The starter control is on the steering post. No simpler self-starting system has ever been perfected. A woman can operate it with ease and assurance. No *surer* starting system *ever will be* perfected, for this equipment starts the Paige "36" *every time* and starts it quickly.

Try to find some other car at a price like the Paige "36" price offering you a starting system that *compares* with this Gray & Davis system.

In adopting left-side drive and center control for the new "36" we are in step with the best of the high-priced cars.

It is the logical drive and control. Control by simple gear-shifting ball-pivoted rod.

In the "36" we continue the cork insert multiple disc clutch running in oil. There's no grab or jerk to this clutch. You don't find it on other cars in the Paige price field.

The seats are very wide and deep, with 10" tilted cushions.

Coupled with the fine balance of this car and the luxurious cushions, the full elliptic rear springs add to its riding comfort. The big 14" brake drums of this car contribute to its safety.

The gasoline tank carried under the shroud dash and filled from *outside* is a convenience typical of this car.

All dash equipment—Speedometer, ammeter, carburetor adjustment, magneto and lighting switches, etc., are imbedded flush in auxiliary dash, convenient to operator.

The equipment on the Paige "36" is unusual—Ventilating Windshield (built into body), Silk Mohair Top (tan lined), Top Boot and Curtains, Stewart Speedometer (revolving dial), 12" Electric Headlights, Electric Side and Tail Lights, Bosch Magneto, Five Demountable Rims, Robe and Foot Rails, Extra Tire Irons, License Brackets, Horn, Pump, Jack, Tools, etc., complete. Heavy Nickel Trimmings throughout.

This advertisement gives you just a hint of *how good* and *how much* the Paige "36" really is.

Let us tell you *all about it*. Write us today for Paige 1913 catalog. See the Paige dealer nearest you. If you don't know him ask us.

Paige "36" is built in touring, roadster and closed body-types.

The Paige 1913 Line also continues the Paige "25", Model Brunswick, touring car, $950, and Model Kenilworth, a roadster, $950. Regularly equipped in nickel trimming with rain vision windshield, silk mohair top, top boot and curtains, Stewart Speedometer, 5 nickel and black enamel lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, 5 demountable rims, extra tire irons, horn, pump, jack, tools, etc.

See your Paige dealer or write us TODAY.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 351 Twenty-first Street, DETROIT, MICH.

GRAMM TRUCKS

Anticipate and prepare

WHEN the temperature goes *down* your horse hauling expense goes *up*. The first flurry of snow *forces your horses to work slower than ever*. The first ice coated pavements are responsible for the thousands of accidents, falling horses, maimed horses, and horses that have to be shot.

The piling up of snow in the streets means *fewer* deliveries per mile, *smaller* delivery radius, and *more* out of patience customers. The huge snow drifts that form in the outlying and suburban districts, which your horses are absolutely unable to buck, mean a transportation expense, which, in the eyes of ordinary business judgment, *is a rank extravagance.* The cost of hauling merchandise (by horse) in the winter has, in some instances, been found to be greater than the profits on the goods delivered.

Winter, to the horse-hauling man, means perishing horses, damaged equipment, costly veterinary bills, and big losses due to dissatisfied customers. Those merchants and manufacturers who still stick to the horse, lose hundreds of thousands of dollars every single winter, *which can be saved.* As you cannot change or control the weather the solution lies in *changing your equipment.*

The Gramm truck is as efficient in zero weather as it is in June. And in June one Gramm truck can do the work of at least three first-class teams. In some cases one Gramm truck can accomplish as much as four and even five teams, but this varies, according to the nature of your business.

Gramm trucks will plow clean through big snow drifts, without a bit of effort; will not be affected by a gale or a blizzard; cannot slip, slide or fall; operate as easily over icy pavements as over asphalt; do thirty miles of work at 10° *below* zero as readily as at 70° *above;* in short, *will make as many delivery stops in the teeth of a terrific snow storm as on the Fourth of July.*

The rapid approach of winter is something every transportation man must face. Anticipate a little this winter. Think *now,* not after the season is too far advanced. Prepare for what you know is *bound* to happen. Be ready for the *most costly hauling period of the year.*

The Gramm truck has been in use for over ten years. It is built by practical truck builders in the largest individual truck plant in America. It is the most highly developed and practical truck built. We have studied transportation requirements and problems for years. What you are up against we can solve.

We will be glad to send our nearest representative or maybe you would prefer to call. Gramm transportation plans, equipment, facts and figures are worth your most careful consideration.

All advice and information gratis.

(Please address Dept. 4.)

The Gramm Motor Truck Company, Lima, Ohio

Collier's

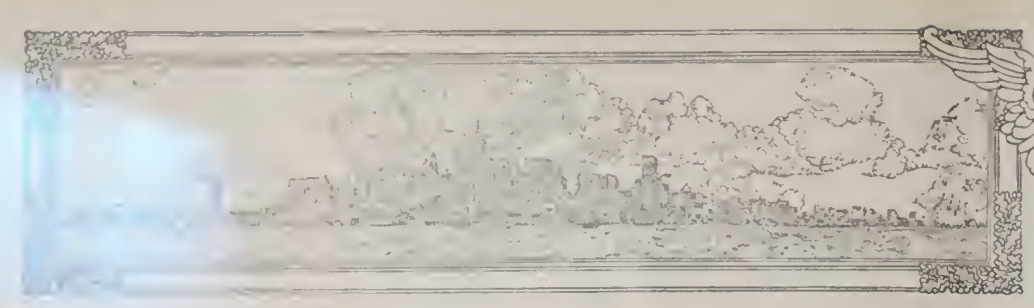
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR

The Light in the East



CHILDREN

YOU WHO HAVE CHILDREN are the blessed ones: you who open sleepy eyes in the gray dawn of Christmas morning to see a small face round with excitement peering through the bedroom door and hear from the next room treble shouts of "Merry Christmas" and the scampering of little feet. You are the happy ones about whose Christmas tree the gifts are mostly toys. There are so many who have no children. So many homeless people in city boarding houses, in village cottages, in mines, in camps, in offices: so many lonely women whom a cruel fate and a chaotic world have robbed of their heritage; so many barren in body or in spirit, to whom home is but a dwelling place and the future only a dream. You about whose skirts little hands are clinging are the ones to whom a Christmas really comes. When in the dusk of Christmas Day the curtains are drawn over the holly wreaths, and the fire throws a soft light among the yuletide evergreens, flickering on the shining tree around which the gifts lie scattered, when a little head rests wearily against the father's knee with the utter trust of childhood, and a soft, tired body snuggles up against the mother's breast, then is life justified. The memory of a hard and lonely past may bring unnoticed tears, the fear of an uncertain future may sober the smile, but this moment at least is a perfect one. The world may roll on with its wars and wickedness and misery, kingdoms may go and governments may come, philosophies and religions may wax and wane, but to you at least is this life worth living, and to you is immortality assured.

THE GALILEAN

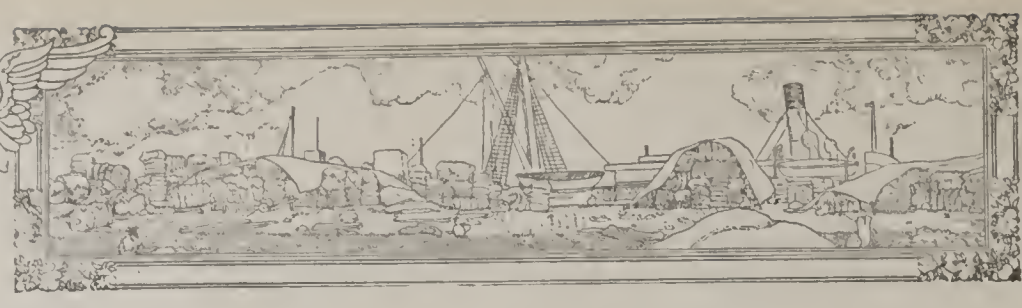
TO HIS LOVELY SPIRIT we bring our sadness and our frailty. His gentle thought knows no alien races, no outcast men nor women. He gathers us all, Jew and Gentile, toil worn and disinherited, within the healing of His love. We need His homely ways, who had no scorn for unsuccess. We need His simple speech, whose words could touch the heart of grief. He told us whither we go. He told us that we go to a place like a father's house, a place with room enough for all. Many years ago, with the tender ministration, He took away the hurt from troubled hearts, and still the thought of Him brings comfort for what is bruised with striving and comradeship for what has never been at home in life. The journey is sweeter with Him in company. His care for us is more understanding than the heart of all other friends, for in the hour of need they are sometimes very far away. His love is so sure that we take it for granted, so forgiving that we are careless of it, trusting it as we trust the sun continuing in the heavens. It sends out its gentle rays into the immense emptiness of life. It would wait, sorrowful and full of remembrance, through a lifetime of years. Inside its golden circumference it includes all the wide areas of the human spirit.

MODERN VASSALAGE

THE RESOURCES of West Virginia do not shame the word marvelous. It is the second State in coal production, the second in coke production, and the first in white sand oil and natural gas. It has extensive hardwood forests. It supplies natural gas for almost the entire Middle West. Here in these mountains and fields is the material basis for what could be a superb civilization. But the State has been for years a sort of appanage of the big captains of industry. HENRY GASSAWAY DAVIS, who ran for Vice President on the Democratic ticket in 1904, represented the State in the United States Senate for seven years. STEPHEN B. ELKINS, big physically and mentally, but inordinately ambitious for wealth, honors, and position, married DAVIS's daughter and went to the Senate. When ELKINS died, even before the funeral baked meats were cold, Governor WILLIAM E. GLASSCOCK, wishing to fill the interregnum until the meeting of the Legislature, appointed the late Senator's son, DAVIS ELKINS. Just now the great political and industrial forces of the State, from the Kentucky border to the Eastern Panhandle within a few miles of the national capital, are striving for the return of young ELKINS to the Senate. If they are successful, there will be perpetuated through three generations the rule of a single family over what may rightfully be termed feudal possessions. Of the industrial and political conditions which have gone hand in hand with this organization of society, the bitter war, open bribery, and secret intrigue, some account is given in the present issue of this paper.

INFECTION

A LARGE PART of the recent foment in Mexico came from those Mexicans who crossed the border to work as laborers and section hands on Texas and Kansas railroads, and returned to Mexico filled with the light and inspiration of better things for their people which they had seen with their own eyes.



A LESSON FROM BELOW

VASTLY OVERQUOTED, we think, are those catch phrases of biology, "the struggle for life" and "the survival of the fittest." Usually the service they yield is in defense of something otherwise indefensible—an act of heartless aggression offensive to the moral code, or a bit of selfishness that ignores all of a man's decent obligations to his neighbors. Those most apt to fly for refuge to the phrases know little of the very biology upon which they affect to rely, for they ignore the very essential fact that Nature's creatures hunt in big units as well as small. Whenever a tribal line is established, Nature enforces a rule of service within the tribe, or the pack, or the herd, as rigorously as the moral code is buttressed about and enforced among men. The wolf may do what he will with the rabbit, but among his fellow wolves he must beware of the law of the pack and the power of the pack to turn and rend him. We think some of our plutocrats are finding their riches a heavy load. While they are quoting the biological catch phrases about the "struggle for life," they are actually passing through some such experience as the drone bee faces when the hive has turned upon him, or the decrepit buffalo bull feels when the herd turns and drives him out. A very useful thing for those to remember whose business game has been to scalp the people among whom they dwell is that however much the old-time Sioux was feasted for the scalps he brought in from without the tribe, he was promptly and efficiently tomahawked whenever he tried to gather his loot too near home. A little study of a withering influence that DAVID STARR JORDAN has described in a biological treatise as the "Social Chill" would help a great many of our citizens to understand that their only hope of future survival lies in large-geared service to the big units in which the social conscience is now remorselessly at work.

THE ROOT OF EVIL

THE DETROIT "SATURDAY NIGHT" puts a discriminating finger on the root of political evil in one town. We think that if the municipal problem in other cities were studied with enough steadiness and penetration the same formula would be found:

> The Common Council of Detroit has evaded the State law as far as it dared. . . . The power of the Council is owned or controlled to a large extent by the saloon. Of the thirty-six members of the new Council, eight are saloon keepers. How many of the remaining members owe their election in whole or in part to the aid of the saloon and its agents cannot be accurately measured. . . . Let any interest secure such a measure of control over the affairs of a city as the saloon has secured in this town and you invite incompetence, inefficiency, corruption. This would be true if the controlling interest sold peanuts or potatoes. . . .

Yes, but the mere fact that it *is* beer and whisky, and not peanuts or potatoes, makes a lot of difference. True, peanuts or potatoes might "invite incompetence, inefficiency, corruption," but beer and whisky bring a good many other things, compared to which inefficiency is harmless. Here is the machinery of a city government borrowed to help stimulate the consumption of a substance which everybody knows destroys the consumer. If the social evil is not largely a commercialized incident of the liquor traffic in Detroit, that city is happy above most others. The saloon keeper is, of course, merely an ill-paid vassal of the brewer and distiller. The real overlords of Detroit, as of many other cities, are apt to be a few wealthy men at the top of the liquor business; they make their money out of the consumption of liquor and the social evil, and they use each to stimulate the other.

ECHOES

OUR RECENT EFFUSION as to the decline of the essay met with an unexpected response. There rolled in upon us a tidal wave of essays touching every topic from China to Peru. And we were assured with solemnity that it was the indifference of editors rather than any thinning out of the quality of our men of letters that leaves us undelighted to-day by the acrid eloquence of a SWIFT, the graces of a LAMB, or the thunders of a CARLYLE. Perhaps. But we hardly found a phrase that could have curtsied itself into the presence of my lady Literature. Strutting there was and elbowing for effect and much raising of querulous voices, but we doubt whether the discourse was of the courtly sort Mr. WALPOLE would have fancied. A newspaper friend reminds us of Mr. MOYNAHAN and Mr. REEDY and one other whom we have forgotten. Why not Fra ELBERTUS? We should do these gentlemen's modesty scant justice did we not believe they would blush at sudden introduction into such noble company. Mr. MOYNAHAN has a pretty gift, as had the late Mr. ANDREW LANG and Mr. COVENTRY PATMORE, but the thin voices of to-day do but make more eloquent the silent places at the great table where the masters used to sit expounding far into the night. For some, a rich silence under the cobwebbed rafters in the deserted tavern, for others the sound and fury of Chautauqua. Echoes are often more eloquent than words.

And Ye Hear Not

OH, when, within our proudest cities, where
The stanchest blows for righteousness are struck,
Vice stalks in unshamed horror, through the glare,
Dragging the name of "mother" in the muck,

Or when, in noisome, crowded, ugly dens,
The little children toil amid the grime,
And work long, painful hours in airless pens
That doom them to a sordid life of crime,

How must the Christmas angel fold his wings,
And turn away to hide his shame-hot tears,
As, through the stars above the smoke, he sings
The same song he has sung two thousand years!

SOME MORMON WOMEN

FROM THE MORMON WOMEN OF UTAH has come an act of independent thinking under stress which seems to promise good. For many years it has been the practice of certain politicians to circulate suggestions through the "Relief Society," the chief organization of the Mormon women, that the Mormon leaders would like the women "to vote for Brother SMOOT," or for some of Brother SMOOT's associates in the dominating political machine. This year, when the usual resolution to work for Senator SMOOT was introduced, it was promptly tabled. Women anxious to please the Mormon hierarchy fought for a day, under the leadership of SUSAN YOUNG GATES, to take the resolution from the table, and finally succeeded, only to see it go to a disastrous defeat. Of the General Board, only six members out of thirty present voted for the resolution. Women from all parts of the State insisted that their local membership consisted of women who were Democrats, Bull Moosers, and Socialists, and that the resolution would prove offensive to all save the Standpat Republicans. The private reports carried to Senator SMOOT from the women's organization must have been disconcerting to him. So far no consequential group of Mormon men has shown the independence in political matters exhibited in this instance by the women. Their lonesome majority for TAFT indicates the success of the Church leaders in herding them together under the old slogan of "Sustain the Authorities." For fifty years that has been the dominating political policy of a majority of the Mormons, and in this instance it brings them into conspicuous prominence as the only religious group in the country voting as a solid body under organization leadership. If the women can forge ahead in the direction of breaking up this unfortunate policy they will perform a service of vast benefit to their church. This Utah incident is an example of something deep and powerful that is going on among the women of America. We know no subject of thoughtful speculation more entertaining than the probable consequences of its sure fruition.

SANTA CLAUS AND OTHERS

THERE IS NOTHING TRUER than a fairy tale. It is the quintessence of what ARISTOTLE calls the probable impossibility. The best of the fairy tales are folklore, giving the boiled-down wisdom of centuries of experience, and the truths they teach are the old, old facts of human nature put into visible form for childish minds to grasp. These tales do not teach morals by precept, but truths by example. In "Snow White," now upon the stage, the selfish, jealous queen loses her beauty as a result of her wickedness. That she grows a long, crooked nose instead of hard eyes and a discontented mouth in no way changes the truth that ugly characters beget ugly countenances—it merely makes it obvious to young, unsubtle minds. No amount of teaching about the brotherhood of man, and Christmas kindness, and the rewards of virtue, can have such an effect on the small, objective soul as is produced by the vision of Santa Claus with his white beard and twinkly eyes coming with toys for good little boys and switches for bad little boys, shedding jollity and benevolence all over the place. Long years from now, when every incident of these stories is lost to the memory, the knowledge of fundamental human values will remain. Teach the children fairy tales and you teach them the wisdom of the ages.

THE SLAG SPOT

WHEN MR. DOOLEY came to this country, with his gift of the gab—his geniality and sociability and humorous charm—was it the fault of that inimitable philosopher himself that we had no place for him but behind the saloon bar? Who is to blame for the fact that the Irish genius for social cooperation has found among us its most notable manifestation in the solidarity of Tammany Hall? We import the music-loving Italians by the hundred thousand, and get the benefit of their gift of harmony only in the cacophonies of the street pianos. The one public library in the United States that circulates fewer books of fiction than of history and science and philosophy is situated among the Russian Jews on New York's East Side; and the Russian Jew has an ideal of citizenship as eager as his thirst for learning. Who is putting the red flag into his hands? We are hearing much about the harm that the foreign immigrant is doing to us as a nation. Does he do us harm only? And if he *did*, whose fault would it be? It is the commonest charge of our foreign critics that our national life is unbeautiful, unsocial, too barbarously competitive, and crudely neglectful of the ameliorating graces of art. We are adding every year to our materialistic civilization a huge leaven of Italians, Russians, Hungarians, Poles, Roumanians, and all strains of the blood of art-loving and idealistic races with a genius for social life. We are receiving them, as we received the negro, into industrial slavery. We are crowding them into tenements where any decent life is impossible. We are putting them where we can get no good of them and they can get only evil of us. And we are complaining bitterly about it. We are like the Russian nobleman who housed tenants in his cellar and in consequence got smallpox in his family. If the foreign immigrant is a menace to us, it is because we are making him so. We are exploiting his necessity, industrially, and suffering for the sins of oppression. That is as it should be. If we did not suffer, we should never learn.

"A LIGHT FROM HISTORY"

A BOSTON READER with a long memory, who gives no hint of his identity in signing himself "An Admirer *Still*," sent us this postal card:

DEAR COLLIER'S—I think it would be interesting just now to reprint a short editorial that appeared in COLLIER'S nearly three years ago, I think, in which the disruption of the Republican party at this time was predicted, and President TAFT compared with BUCHANAN just before the war.

The paragraph referred to appeared in COLLIER'S for May 28, 1910, under the title "A Light from History":

"Many readers wish to know why we rated Mr. TAFT so much higher" "two years ago than we do now. Let us give an incomplete answer by" "offering a comparison. Before Mr. BUCHANAN's inauguration every-" "thing looked as if he were sure to have a successful Administration." "His character, ability, and experience were promising. He had been" "well educated. He had been, almost without interruption, in the public" "service. He had held positions in the House of Representatives, in the" "Senate, in the Cabinet, in diplomacy. As Secretary of State, in an" "Administration whose foreign problems were difficult, his record had" "been good. As Senator he had stood well. His service abroad had" "apparently given him more than the usual insight into foreign politics." "His character, with its uprightness and caution, was particularly appre-" "ciated by the thoughtful. He talked well. What caused BUCHANAN's" "failure was a lack of harmony between him and the needs of the" "moment. Men like LINCOLN and SEWARD, talking about irrepressible" "conflicts and houses divided against themselves, represented the stir of" "the time, and all that BUCHANAN could understand was peace. Experi-" "ence and good intentions wasted themselves in effort after harmony." "In the end the President was found firmly joined to one faction," "using his patronage and influence to distress the other. BUCHANAN" "chose a poor Cabinet, which caused surprise, considering his long" "and wide acquaintance with men and affairs. Let us hope that the" "analogy between his Administration and Mr. TAFT's will in the end" "prove to be fanciful and slight."

With Mr. TAFT within three months of the end of his term, the analogy between him and BUCHANAN is much more clear than it was when his Administration was only fourteen months old.

Epitome

TO LOVE *all joy, to fear no wrath,*
To see heaven's stars, to know earth's path;
More than these things no mortal hath.

EDMUND VANCE COOK.

TO OUR FRIENDS

THERE ARE several ingredients that go to make up an editor. One of them is the ability to get various points of view. And even with the best of intentions and the greatest diligence that is sometimes difficult. There is nothing that helps so much toward a wider usefulness as the letters which our readers frequently send in. A letter will often get into a few words what an evening's conversation will not cover. The frank criticism of a subscriber will illuminate an entire subject that has seemed permanently obscure. And among our readers we stand as an interpreter, allowing to flow through our columns the thoughts of many States

The Bulgarians Did It with Oxen

Into the hands of the peasant soldier was put the best of rifles; modern artillery supported him; he was led by officers who knew all the lessons of the Russo-Japanese War—and the rest was left to the ox, which hauled the bread for the army, aided in transporting ammunition, and carried the wounded from the battle fields

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FEEDING THE FIGHTER

By FREDERICK PALMER

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MUSTAPHA PASHA, November 15.

NOW we know how Xerxes did it. He did it with oxen. Probably they were white oxen, and probably Xerxes kept the Mesopotamian war correspondents back in the rear with them. If I do not know the ox before this campaign is over, then the taxicab starter of a Broadway hotel does not know the smell of gasoline smoke. The white ox belt begins in southern Hungary, gets dense the other side of the Danube in Servia, and extends right away up to the rear of the victorious Bulgarian army. Had I been able to start across the frontier with the oxen, instead of arriving at Sofia while the decisive battle of Lule Burgas was in progress, I might have seen more of the censors and perhaps more of the war.

In my first article I spoke of the rugged peasant and shepherd as the man of the war. Into his hands was put the best of rifles. For his support were Creusot guns and up-to-date battery control and field wires. No detail was wanting in the application of the lessons in the use of modern armament taught by the Russo-Japanese War. The rest was left to the ox and the sheep and the goat.

The average private hardly expects as good food on campaign as he gets at home. Our own, who is well treated, gets along with bacon and beans mostly and cuts out the pie. But he must have a shelter tent for the march, he must have many comparative luxuries which have become necessaries. So must the Briton, the Frenchman, and the German when a highly organized modern commissariat sends him forth to danger and strenuous exertion under unaccustomed conditions. Where it would have cost any one of the big nations millions to have fed a force of equal size in invasion, it has hardly cost the Bulgarians hundreds of thousands. The method followed had the cheapness and simplicity of the whole tribe moving out to battle with flocks and herds and the women folk along to do the cooking.

Instead of having to fight on a menu more limited than he was used to, the Bulgarian private has practically enjoyed his regular fare. In a way, he is a home-fed, pampered soldier. He has had the equivalent of hot raised biscuits or corn bread or fluffy puffed oatmeal flakes, roast beef, chops, and French-fried potatoes on the march; the equivalent of leaving a steam-heated bedroom and setting off to the battle field after a meal of mother's own cooking.

HOME COOKING IN CAMP

HIS regular diet is bread and goat's cheese and mutton roasted over the coals of a camp fire, as Miltiades's and Alexander's men roasted theirs. Perhaps he has had to get along without the cheese at times, which is the same thing as an American soldier going without his pie and sugar in his coffee. When tending his sheep he sleeps under a straw thatch in the coldest weather. Of course, he shivers; of course, he suffers from the cold. But he is used to it; and he cannot have a change by kicking to the porter of the Pullman or the conductor of the train or the janitor about lack of steam pressure or by going downstairs and shaking up the furnace in person. He can only pull his wool skin about him and wait for the cold snap to pass.

The frugality of his fare gives the Balkan man the digestion of an ostrich. He is not used to eating for the pleasure of eating. He does not eat because meal time has come around again. He eats for the strictly utilitarian purpose of satisfying his hunger. No heavy blanket or shelter tent encumbers him. Wife or mother is no more apprehensive about his getting pneumonia than about his losing his appetite. For him the difference between sleeping in a trench and under a shepherd's windbreak is that of ten or fifteen degrees difference in the temperature of our sleeping rooms. Mind and body in the stress and exposure of war remain normal.

The officers of the regular establishments are, of course, used to better things, but to nothing like the luxuries which foreign officers enjoy; and the enduring peasant strain is in their blood. All of which goes to prove that route marches and drill in the manual of arms and fire discipline for the average youth of other countries lack one feature which the Bulgarian youth has when he is called to the colors.

When a woman is given a sack of flour by the commissary for baking she is expected to return a fixed number of loaves

For that which is bred in the Bulgarian and hardened in him we could find a substitute only by putting our own soldiers on hard biscuits and bacon and housing them in the Northern States in straw thatches for a year. Then those whom pneumonia and bronchitis had not killed and those whom rheumatism had not crippled might be in the same condition for a late autumn campaign as the Bulgarians were. Sherman's veterans, who had fought in the chilling blasts of sleet before Fort Donelson, bivouacked on the damp earth at Shiloh and wallowed through the marshes around Vicksburg before their march to the sea had achieved the physical toughness which delights great commanders.

The Bulgarian army heads had been preparing for this war longer than Colonel Goethals has been preparing for the opening of the Panama Canal. They understood their enemy and the resources of their country. As you know, when war was set as no less a definite event on the calendar than the opening of the league baseball season next spring, the Government arranged to buy up all the wheat in Bulgaria, or at least enough of it for the object in view. The bank which did the buying was allowed no profit. Most of this wheat was ground at the regular public rates. A price was set for flour which might not be exceeded. Thus any rise due to corners or speculations was prevented.

The flour is not the velvety white and powdery fine triple XXX kind. It is whole wheat flour, which makes the black bread in which the teeth of one of Philip of Macedon's sergeants major would have felt perfectly at home. In solid consistency of nourishment it is as much like our home product as a hard-boiled egg is like the heart of a charlotte russe. It is not a wafer on which you spread butter, not a contributory incidental of variety at the side of your plate, but a slab which you take without butter. It is the kind of bread which you can live upon. I think I could live upon it myself, though I would not care to permanently any more than I would care to settle down permanently in a straw thatch on the slopes of the Balkans.

Think of sending a loaf of mother's bread hundreds of miles in a cart exposed to the weather! If it bore the journey well she would hardly consider it a compliment to her baking. Think of having to carry enough of it in your haversack to satisfy your hunger! And black bread satisfies hunger. It is made expressly for that purpose. Also it saves tooth powder and dentists' bills.

A GREAT TRIBAL ATTACK

AS BREAD had to be baked for the male population in time of peace, really there were no more mouths to feed in time of war. The males were simply on the move. This made more work only for the village ovens and the private ovens in the neighborhood of the army. The war began when the oxen would ordinarily have been roughing up their coats for the winter blasts and settling down to their long holiday. They had to do their share in the great tribal attack on the Turks. Old men and boys not of service age were called out with their family oxcarts to follow the army with the loaves. Where there was neither grandfather nor grandson still living, the women of the house took the whip. For the service the Government gives a little slip of paper with "Promise to Pay," which is bound to be perfectly good if the oxen did their part and the Turks have been beaten. Not many in number were this people; not much had they to give. But this is certain—they gave their all for the cause.

The mutton to go with the bread went on its own hoofs. In countries more variously cultivated, flocks of sheep which were to be slaughtered by the army as required would have clogged the roads. In one sense there are no roads in the Balkans; in another there is a road in whatever direction you choose to go. Fences are a superfluity where personal shepherding keeps the flocks out of the wheat fields and the turnip and cabbage patches. The pressure of sheep hoofs for centuries has made the turf of the all but treeless hills singularly hard. Sheep trails cross the gullies and stream fords. You can drive a flock from Sofia to Constantinople without having to take to the highway except briefly over certain bridges. In patches of billowy black and white wool flowed the army's meat, down into the valleys and up the slopes, driven by more old men and boys who were not of fighting age.

Old men and boys not of service age were called out with their family oxcarts to follow the army with loaves

THE PICTURE ON THE BRIDGE

CHOPS always fresh! No need of refrigeration! No "embalmed" beef scandals! No puzzling quandary as how to unite the functions of the quartermaster and the commissary when the commissariat travels on its own feet! All as simple as the sheik and his men picking up their tents and moving from one pasture to another! All classic and early Christian plus Von Moltke and Creusot!

On the old bridge across the Mustapha Pasha you have a moving picture story of the dramatis personæ of the war. So solid, indeed, that bridge built in the time of Sultan Selim that the Turks of a later generation would be with that modern [illegible] magic dynamite to blow it up did no more damage

than could be repaired by a few planks and girders. Nothing is ever quite so accommodating on the part of a retreating army to its adversary as leaving a crossing over a large river to enable prompt pursuit. A regiment [illegible] on the way to the front, or a regiment [illegible] to another point in the line of investment [illegible] or a pony train of ammunition, makes a [illegible] ream of transportation. The oxen take [illegible] chewing their cuds in Oriental calm.

[illegible] carts sway [illegible] as they proceed. You wonder that the road is not strewn with wreckage. But the very limberness of the weaving and yielding vehicle adapts it to the inequalities under its tires. Groaningly it gives; but it rarely breaks. If madam is driving, make sure that she knows as well as her husband how to care for the family ark on tour. Her husband is away at the front. She will know whether he has been killed or not when the war is over and an official list of casualties has been published. It is a long cry from her viewpoint in the name of Christ against Allah and Bulgar against Turk to that of the wife of the young commuter who worries all day lest darling shall catch his death of cold because he left home on a rainy day without his rubbers.

And the traffic policeman of the bridge? He who keeps the loaded carts to the right and the empties to the left! He who says something in Slavic gutterals which means to move on. He is new to the task, but not fussed by it—this swarthy, sturdy peasant in his homespuns and wool skins, with his old Russian rifle. For no soldier of fighting age is wasted on guarding communications or doing police duty. The men from twenty to forty-five are on the firing line. Thus it is that a nation of only four millions of population is able to put so large a fighting force in the field. All of the wheat kernel goes into the flour; all the youthful vigor of the land into actual contact with the enemy. Character free of any fickleness is stamped on the faces of the men and women—fixed, stolid, and stoical character.

THE WOMAN'S PART

WHEN a woman is given a sack of flour by the commissary for baking, she is expected to return a fixed number of loaves to the commissary. The women of the household where Hare and I have our quarters are doing their part slipping great lumps of dough into the primitive oven which has been heated by spreading live coals over the floor; and the lumps come out the kind of freight which need not be marked "Fragile" and "Perishable" for transit.

By the way, next door to us lives a Turk who has a Christian wife. The children have been baptized in the mother's faith. It is the one case in Mustapha Pasha. The rarity of such a union among races that have been living neighbors for six hundred years pretty well emphasizes the hopelessness of racial amalgamation in the Balkans. The Turk remains a Turk, the Christian remains a Christian. One or the other had to go. It is the one who blocks the way for the dynamo and the public-school system who is going.

Other captured towns play the same rôle as this. In many villages the Bulgarians outnumber the Turks. They welcome the invaders as kindred and liberators. Captured flocks are added to the billowy movement over the hills; captured supplies of flour go to Bulgarian women for baking. More Bulgarian oxcarts join the stream of transport. The Turkish commanders can depend only on men of their own race to fight; not on all Turkish subjects who have been drawn in conscription. Bulgars and Serbs and Greeks in the Turkish uniform fire over the enemy's head. They hasten to desert at the first opportunity, bringing with them valuable military information. On the conquering army goes, receiving recruits and sustenance as it marches. Therefore, military experts may look for few lessons from this campaign in the business of supplying troops.

The mutton to go with the bread went on its own hoofs

This is a war by itself: a war rich in picturesqueness, teeming with human passion, which excites the imagination, but with the fighting on the Bulgarian side carried on behind stage curtains. Occasionally a hand is thrust out between the curtains with a brief official notice that another town has been taken.

Hare and I were five days getting even as far as this toward the front. The pass given us at Sofia took us only as far as Stara Zagora. There we had to wait for another pass to go on to Mustapha Pasha. We traveled by rail when a single track with a few sidings was crowded with supplies going in one direction and trains of wounded in the other. The discomfort of it was far worse than taking the trail with a horse; but you curbed your impatience as you waited hours on hours at way stations in thought of the sufferings of these men, who, after they had dropped on the field of Lule Burgas, had traveled for days crowded together.

The scene in the station at Stara Zagora is etched on my mind indelibly. In the middle of the waiting room a group of peasants who had brought horses for the artillery from the Roumanian border had squatted around their meal of bread and cheese, which was spread over the floor. Fed to repletion, they stretched themselves out and fell into the heavy slumber of utter exhaustion while the crowd passed around them. Outside was chill, pouring rain. A train of forty cars, some box, some third-class passenger, came in filled with wounded. The open doors of the box cars and the windows of the carriages were spotted with the white of the bandages of heads and hands of those who were able to stand, acting as ambassadors for food and drink for those on the inside who were not.

Great trays of quarter loaves were borne along and held up to the extended hands, and then pails of water and dippers. The busiest person in sight was one of the Bulgarian Red Cross women, as sturdy as she was vigorous. Her white gown soon looked as if it had just come out of the river. She was wet to the skin. A pair of high-heeled slippers she had on were saturated; and the raindrops were shaken with a glitter from her bare hair as she tossed her head in energetic directions and a flow of emphatic Bulgarian. After the bread and water, brandy glasses of the native cognac were distributed; and the managing directress of bounty leaped in and out of the box cars to make sure that no favored hand near the door carried more than one glass to the same pair of lips. All the while she talked from her ample lungs in the great cheer of her vitality and the lively play of her features. Her face was not beautiful, but it was peculiarly the kind that was good for a wounded soldier to look at as she poured out a portion of warming red liquor.

There were other women, I repeat. Some were as busy as she, but in much the way of Marceline; and, presumably by no other authority than that of her innate force, all were looking to her for orders. As the box-car doors were pulled to and the train moved out on its weary journey to Sofia, she wiped her perspiring brow and looked skyward in apparent recognition of the fact that it was raining.

An English correspondent, through an interpreter, complimented her on her good work, and said she was really the Florence Nightingale of Bulgaria. She showed her fine, even, white teeth in a laugh and shook some more raindrops from her hair. Afterward my interpreter overheard her passing a remark about one of those funny foreigners who had been making a speech to her; and then she asked who Florence Nightingale was. Really, it was quite immaterial whether she knew or not. It would have been impossible for a foreign Red Cross woman to have played her sympathetic part. She was "home folks." When the next trainload of wounded came in she had changed her shoes, but she still wore the wet gown and was as ready for business again as if she had just opened the shutters of the shop in the morning.

It is not worth while to speak of our own wait from four in the afternoon until midnight; of how later, at two in the morning, we were dropped at the junction of Nova Zagora; of how we waded through the mud in the darkness to an unlighted room of a peasant hostelry, where we waited again until long after dark, finally to board a train for Mustapha Pasha. Before daybreak the next morning we saw the beams of the Turkish searchlights playing from Adrianople and heard the boom of guns.

"Just in time," we thought.

In Sofia every day had brought rumors that Adrianople had already fallen. We were afraid that we should not arrive in time for the attack on the fortress.

Well, we have been here five days, and the attack is not yet. Except for an occasional sortie by the Turks, which brings a relatively small and localized outburst of fire, all is peaceful where the gunners

Is the son living or dead? The Bulgarian army publishes no list of casualties, no news

of the Cross and the Crescent watch each other from their positions. Meanwhile the garrison, flower of the Turkish army, counts its diminishing rations. They must eat while they continue to hold out, though the civil population starves.

MR. PALMER'S OPINION OF LIEUTENANT WAGNER

WE WAIT and smile over Lieutenant Wagner of the Vienna "Reichspost," who is in the thick of every fight and always first at the wire. He has invented a new kind of war correspondence. The old-fashioned ethics of the men who pretended to ethics was not to describe an action which they knew only through reports as if they had seen it. They kept to a nice distinction between what was first-hand and what was second-hand observation, what was fact and what was invention. Wagner thrills Europe with the story of a poor-winded horse ridden from the front, and of the details of Lule Burgas, when, during the battle, he went by train from here, which is seventy miles as the crow flies from Lule Burgas, to Stara Zagora, which is much farther.

At Stara Zagora he had the wire, while any correspondents who may have actually witnessed the battle did not have the wire. He could have written the account just as well in Sofia. But he "got" all Europe, nevertheless, with a staff map and a little information. Of course, if there were a forest in the army's path, it passed through the forest with the spirits of the all-victorious troops rising higher. Of course, if there were a plain in front of the Turkish position, the Bulgarian infantry charged valiantly across it. And so on, and so on. The receipt is as easy as it was for Dr. Cook.

Greek priest blessing a soldier starting for the front. The boy on the right is carrying holy water

Turkish Prisoners Receiving Sentence of Death

Two Turkish prisoners, alleged to have fired upon Bulgarian troops after capture, were executed by hanging on November 16. This small photograph shows one at prayer after receiving sentence. In the companion photograph he is washing his feet

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Five minutes were given the prisoners to prepare for execution according to the rites of the Mohammedan faith. Hanging is supposed to bar the Moslem from perfect rest in Paradise

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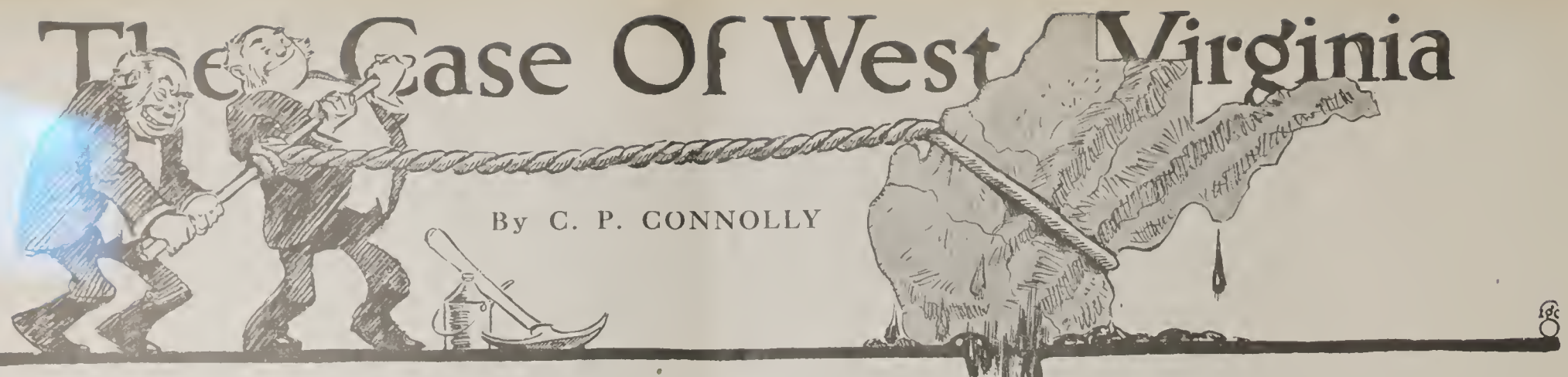
The Case Of West Virginia



By C. P. CONNOLLY

IN 1906, in a public speech, Governor W. M. O. Dawson of West Virginia said: "I have known the Legislatures of this State pretty intimately for thirty years, and I have never known any legislation to pass the Legislature, except in two or three instances, that the corporation lobby did not want passed."

"You can't get any bill through the Legislature without making peace with the big corporations, no matter how insignificant the bill is," said one State Senator to me.

It is singular how a sort of retributive justice invariably follows hard on the heels of political folly. For years, bills looking to arbitration of labor disputes have been held up in West Virginia legislative committees; the committees were controlled by the lobby. Last summer the State had all of its available militia in the field, some eleven hundred men, and still has a force on guard. Some of these boys were school-teachers, some bank clerks, but, whatever their occupation, they made up the best the State had in the way of citizenship. They were bivouacked in the gulches, deploying here and there in companies, directing themselves against armed miners who carried on guerrilla warfare—raining rifle balls blindly against every target, human or inanimate, and then retreating to the protection of their mountain fastnesses. Machine guns and searchlights were mounted on the mine tipples, or had been until the soldiers came, and terrified women sought shelter behind inner breastworks made up of hastily collected mattresses. I traveled up those narrow gulches, in places less than two hundred feet wide, in a train equipped with rapid-fire machine guns that had the power to mow down forests, and that could sweep with deadly fire the sides of those pyramidal hills. The windows of the coach in which I sat had been splattered by rifle balls. In the baggage car were the hounds that trailed the Allens who shot up the Carroll County Courthouse in West Virginia and killed Judge Massie; and behind the hounds, when they took the scent, was the young man, supple of limb and unaffrighted by danger, who had just won the world's prize as a rifle shot at Stockholm. That same morning two hundred shots had been fired from ambush on the morning shift of "scabs" entering the head house of one of the mines.

Senator William E. Chilton

"A CHECK BOOK AND A FOUNTAIN PEN"

IT WAS war, and had been war all summer. It was then November, and barefooted women and children, evicted from the company houses, were here and there huddled in tents wherever there was an unclaimed strip of ground. They even occupied the little cemetery where their dead lay buried. Their husbands and fathers were off to the war. And to fight these warring miners, under the ostensible banner of the State, the best citizenship had been commandeered by men who, stripping the State of its wealth, practically paid no tax. The war drained the State's treasury of over $200,000.

Two years ago, when William E. Chilton and Clarence W. Watson, the present United States Senators, were elected to the United States Senate, they prevented the passage of a direct primary law, to which their party was pledged. This year, when Clarence W. Watson, who had been elected for a short term to succeed the son of Stephen B. Elkins, was again a candidate, public opinion rode so restive a horse that Watson sought to hobble it with a promise that if a Democratic Legislature were elected he would not rely upon that body for indorsement, but would submit his candidacy to a post-election primary to be held in the latter part of November. But it was too late. Public opinion was no longer to be trifled with. Woodrow Wilson carried the State by forty thousand plurality, in round numbers, while the Republicans and Progressives carried the Legislature by forty thousand. Two years ago the Democrats had a majority of eleven in the Legislature; the opposition now controls it by twenty-two. In order to hush the ministers who were crying out against bribery, some of the men who sold their votes in the Senatorship contest voted also to submit to the people a constitutional amendment prohibiting liquor traffic in the State. They did not dream the amendment would carry; but it did by 91,000 majority.

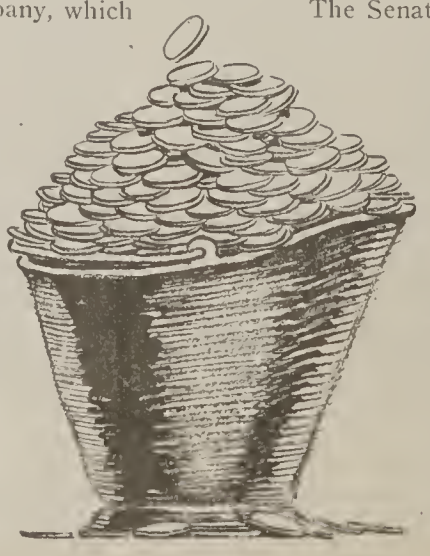
Stephen B. Elkins and Nathan B. Scott, Republicans, represented the State in the United States Senate until 1911. President Taft's Administration was an excuse for thousands of West Virginia Republicans to stay at home in the election of 1910, and the Democrats of the State came to the feast of office with appetites whetted by long abstinence. John T. McGraw, an accomplished and eloquent lawyer, had been the leader of the Democratic party in the State for years. His father had been foreman of a construction crew on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in the early days, and the son had risen until he had become the attorney of the railroad company for which his father had laid ties. He lost the railroad attorneyship in 1896 because of loyalty to his political party. When the Legislature of 1911 met, he was generally believed to have had a majority of the caucus. A brother of Senator William E. Chilton, during the legislative session, said, in the presence of several, that Watson "had come to Charleston with one delegate in the Lower House, a check book, and a fountain pen."

WATSON AS A FINANCIER

WATSON is a multimillionaire. His home is in Baltimore. He has a country residence and horse stud in West Virginia. His father was one of the first big coal operators in West Virginia. Watson, in the past, was a Democrat when the party was tractable, and a Republican when it was stubborn. He supported McKinley in 1896. He employs 15,000 men, of whom 10,000 are foreign-born, and he has periodically helped the local Republican majority in his coal regions as an insurance against labor troubles, and in order to control the machinery of law. He is a consistent believer in political insurance. He subscribed $5,000 to the Democratic national ticket, though his Consolidation Coal Company was one of the "trusts" against which the Democratic Campaign Book of 1912 specifically inveighed. Fifty-two per cent of the stock of this company is, or was recently, owned by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. The Consolidation Coal Company, a giant combine, whose electric advertising signs may be seen flashing at night across New York Harbor, owns the majority of the stock of the Metropolitan Coal Company of Boston, which latter company is engaged in the retail trade throughout New England. It also owns a majority of the stock of the Somerset Coal Company and of the Fairmont Coal Company, which latter company again controls the Clarksburg Fuel Company. The Fairmont Coal Company owns the Northwestern Fuel Company, which sells coal and coke at Chicago and in the lacustrine region to the north of Chicago.

The Pittsburgh & Fairmont Fuel Company was an independent company. It sold its coal through the Fairmont Coal Company, and had the use of certain cars owned by Watson's company. Watson notified the Pittsburgh company that it would have to seek some other outlet for its product. The Pittsburgh company had no other outlet, and without large expense could not get one. This Watson knew. According to a report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, it was practically compelled to turn a majority of its stock over to Watson's company at a nominal sum, although it was shipping at the time three hundred thousand tons of coal a year. It received a dollar a share for its stock.

When Watson had secured control of the Pittsburgh company, he turned his attention to the Southern Coal and Transportation Company, which owned forty-eight hundred acres of coal lands in West Virginia. This last company could not sell its coal because the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was always short of cars for its particular use. B. F. Berry, the president of the company, finally signed a contract to sell its entire capital stock and bonds to C. W. Watson and J. H. Wheelwright, the president and vice president respectively of the Consolidation Coal Company. Immediately after the purchase, Watson and Wheelwright sold *half* of the stock of the Southern Coal and Transportation Company and all of its bonds to the Consolidation Coal Company for $25,000 more than they had paid for the *entire* stock and bonds. The Southern Coal and Transportation Company had about $500,000 invested in its property, and sold out to Watson and Wheelwright at a loss. Whatever the reader may think of these transactions, there are plain-spoken citizens in West Virginia who do not hesitate to speak of them as criminal.



Any court of equity might rightfully hold that these officials were the trustees of their stockholders and were not entitled to these great commissions, even though their conduct in acquiring the properties was risky enough to justify them.

About the first of May, 1906, and during the progress of the investigation which the Interstate Commerce Commission was directed by Congress to make, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company sold, or pretended to sell, its stock in the Consolidation Coal Company to a syndicate composed of Watson, Wheelwright, and others. This sale was intended to evade the provisions of the Hepburn Act. Under the terms of sale, the purchase money can be paid off without any expenditure on the part of the purchasers, the annual stock dividends from the company amounting to more than the annual payments of the purchasers. There is a distinct prohibition against the full purchase price being paid in less than thirty years, and there is no personal liability on the part of the purchasers for the payment of the deferred purchase money. Meanwhile, all coal handled by the Consolidation Coal Company is to be shipped over the Baltimore & Ohio at transportation rates which it is presumed the railroad company may arbitrarily fix.

Senator Clarence W. Watson

In its report, transmitted to Congress on January 25, 1907, the Interstate Commerce Commission pointed out that during the period of most remarkable growth in coal tonnage on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad some independent coal operators were compelled to dispose of their plants at a loss because they were unable to get cars; that other persons, desiring to become shippers, were subjected to serious discouragements, "that being the policy of the road"; while the Consolidation Coal Company and its subsidiary companies, in which the Baltimore & Ohio owned fifty-two per cent of the stock, increased, developed, and expanded.

CHILTON SHORT IN HIS ACCOUNTS

HAVING glanced at Watson's business methods, let us follow him and his political partner into still more unsavory political careers. After Watson had seized the properties of his competitors, he decided to go to the United States Senate. Elkins had been a member of the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate; he would aspire to his place. That was a useful vantage ground for one who mined and transported coal on so large a scale. He was a stranger to most of the people of West Virginia, though well known to the people of Baltimore as a long-time resident of that city. His campaign was opened by a laudatory article setting forth his candidacy, sent out to many newspapers, inclosed in an envelope stamped: "General Offices of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co." Baltimore & Ohio officials claim that the use of their stationery was unauthorized and unknown to them.

The Senatorship to be filled was in succession to Senator Nathan B. Scott. But shortly after the Legislature met, Stephen B. Elkins died, leaving a short term also to be filled. Chilton, adroit and ambidextrous, entered into a combination with Watson, whereby Watson was to finance the campaign, and Chilton was to conduct it.

Chilton was a corporation lawyer and lobbyist. His firm was Chilton, MacCorkle & Chilton. They are attorneys in West Virginia for Standard Oil interests, the Bell Telephone, the Western Union Telegraph Company, the Pullman Palace Car Company, and other corporations, local and interstate. Their office is at Charleston, the capital, in the southern part of the State.

Chilton's partner, former Governor W. A. MacCorkle, was one of those who took part at the Baltimore Convention against Bryan's resolution demanding the exclusion of Thomas F. Ryan and August Belmont as delegates. MacCorkle told the convention that Bryan's resolution was "foolish and senseless." He was hissed shortly after at the West Virginia Democratic State Convention at Huntington. While Governor, MacCorkle opposed a tax against the Pullman Company, though he had recommended such a tax to the previous Legislature. After his retirement as Governor he became attorney for the Pullman Company. As Governor, he appointed Chilton Secretary of West Virginia. At the end of his term as Secretary of State Senator Chilton's accounts were short some $28,000. The exact amount could not be ascertained by the accountant. To avoid prosecution, Chilton covered the amount mentioned into the State treasury.

Some idea of the rumors and the atmosphere in Charleston prior to the legislative caucus that nominated Watson and Chilton may be gathered from a letter written from Charleston at the time by a reliable citizen of West Virginia:

Watson, the Standard oil and gas companies, Baltimore & Ohio, Chesapeake & Ohio, and Pennsylvania Railroad Companies are maintaining an immense lobby. We have positive information that $150,000 was expressed here last week for the purpose of corrupting the delegates. This information comes direct from such sources as render it absolutely reliable. . . . Evidence has come to light indicating that four delegates have been approached and one offered $[illegible], one $[illegible], one to make his own figures, and one Senator offered $[illegible] and the attorneyship for the Consolidation Coal Company, Watson's company.

Senator R. F. Kidd was the oldest Senator in point of service, and one of the ablest. He was selected by the McGraw forces as their caucus leader, and so acted until he switched and, by his vote, nominated Watson.

"PULLING LEGS"

KIDD'S betrayal of McGraw was not the only one. The son of another member of the Legislature called his father on the long-distance phone just before the caucus ballot, and thereupon that member changed his vote. The son, who was not a four figure man, later cashed a check for $4,000.

Dr. Martin, a dentist and a friend of a member of the Legislature from Wetzel County, went down to the State capital, and, after the first week of the session, returned and deposited $500 in gold certificates in his home bank. "Pulling teeth must be pretty good down at Charleston, Doc," banteringly said the cashier. "I'm not pulling teeth at Charleston," promptly answered the dentist; "I'm pulling legs"—and his veracity in this respect has never been questioned by the dentist's neighbors.

The Democratic caucus met on the night of January 18, 1911. After several ballots Watson was declared to be the choice of the caucus for the short term. He was nominated by one vote. Chilton was nominated by a majority of two votes for the long term.

L. J. Shock was a member of the House of Dele-

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Gillem *End* | T. Brown *Tackle* | Burns *Guard* | Adams *Center* | Lambert *Guard* | Barker *Tackle* | Robinson *End*

Collier's All-Southern Football Team

The Selection from the Great Universities of the South for the Season of 1912

By NATHAN P. STAUFFER

THE season of 1912 in Dixieland was remarkable for the small number of injuries; for the defeat of Vanderbilt, Dixie's 1911 champion, by Harvard; for the elimination of intersectional boundaries; for the absence of place kicks and the lessened number of forward passes; and for an undecided championship. The new rules eliminated all serious injuries, and the South, therefore, upholds the new rules emphatically. With the entrance of Texas into Southern intercollegiate ranks, through its meeting with Mississippi and Louisiana Universities, and with Virginia battling on Vanderbilt's field, we find breaks all along the intersectional boundaries.

For many years the football public has been confused while trying to unravel the boundary lines of these various Southern associations. The South Atlantic group of colleges, owing to proximity, has received most attention from the Northern papers. Virginia, Georgetown, Washington, D. C., and North Carolina and West Virginia are the leaders in this league. A much larger association is that known as the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association, with twenty-some colleges from the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Florida. Its games and scores are comparatively unknown beyond the confines of these States. Still less is heard in the East, North, or extreme West of the large territory around the Gulf of Mexico, wherein Texas colleges have another association.

In the first year these boundaries are broken a confusion arises over a champion. Apparently Texas A. and M., Vanderbilt, Auburn, Georgia, Georgetown, Virginia, and Sewanee are the leaders. Texas easily defeated Tulane 41 to 0, and trounced Mississippi A. and M. 41 points, while Auburn, after tying Vanderbilt, could barely twist out of Mississippi A. and M.'s grasp by one touchdown. Vanderbilt and Auburn will not meet Texas to decide, but comparison favors Texas. Vanderbilt, 1911 champion S. I. A. A., blessed with the best preparatory school talent and a large number of experienced players, was expected to retain its laurels in 1912. Overconfidence and too ambitious a schedule proved Vanderbilt's undoing. After a lapse of many years, Vanderbilt in 1912 met Virginia, and for the first time defeated the Charlotteville team by two touchdowns—while Georgetown (champions of the South Atlantic, 1911-12) could barely nose out Virginia by three points. After seeing them play, I believe Vanderbilt is at least three touchdowns superior to Georgetown.

	FIRST ELEVEN		SECOND ELEVEN	
End,	Gillem	of *Sewanee*	E. Brown	of *Vanderbilt*
Tackle,	T. Brown	" *Vanderbilt*	Bowler	" *Texas A. & M.*
Guard,	Burns	" *Auburn*	Peacock	" *Georgia*
Center,	Adams	" *Mississippi*	Morgan	" *Vanderbilt*
Guard,	Lambert	" *Texas*	Carter	" *Virginia*
Tackle,	Barker	" *Mississippi*	Lamb	" *Auburn*
End,	Robinson	" *Auburn*	Montgomery	" *Texas*
Quarter,	Costello	" *Georgetown*	Kern	" *Texas A. & M.*
Half Back,	Van de Graaff	" *Alabama*	Newell	" *Auburn*
Half Back,	Hardage	" *Vanderbilt*	McWhorter	" *Georgia*
Full Back,	Reule	" *A. & M. Miss.*	Vesmirovsky	" *Texas A. & M.*

Fresh from the Virginia triumph, Vanderbilt went 1,000 miles to challenge Harvard. All Southern sympathizers hoped Vanderbilt would extend Harvard's resources to the limit, many believing the fast-playing Southerners could win, but, alas, their hopes were vain. A comparison of Harvard's Vanderbilt and Yale games proves that the Crimson defeated Vanderbilt with two regulars and nine substitutes. Auburn husbanded its resources through the Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and South Carolina Clemson victories, hoping to win the laurel crown from Vanderbilt, and succeeded in tying. The score was 7 to 7. Five days later Auburn found it had overlooked the strength of Georgia, which, although beaten earlier in the season by Vanderbilt 46 to 0, presented a Thanksgiving 12 to 6 defeat to its ancient rival. On the same day Vanderbilt buried the clawing Sewanee Tigers 10 to 0.

The choice of players for the All-Southern team is a difficult task. For center, Adams (Mississippi), with his 6 feet 2 inches and 185 pounds of brawn, leads the field. Morgan (Vanderbilt), another giant of 6 feet 2 inches, unfortunately was handicapped by illness. Henderson (Georgia), another giant, was the bulwark of his team.

Among the guards, first choice falls upon Burns of Auburn and Lambert of Texas, with Peacock of Georgia and Carter of Virginia at the respective second choice.

Good tackles were plentiful. Barker (Mississippi) displayed a marked [illegible] over his opponents, and gave a fine exhibition against Vanderbilt and Mississippi many times by his great defense. Brown (Vanderbilt) was a fine tackle and Lamb of Auburn was mentioned for the Second. Bowler of Texas

Van de Graaff *Half Back*

Hardage *Half Back*

Reule *Full Back*

Costello *Quarter*

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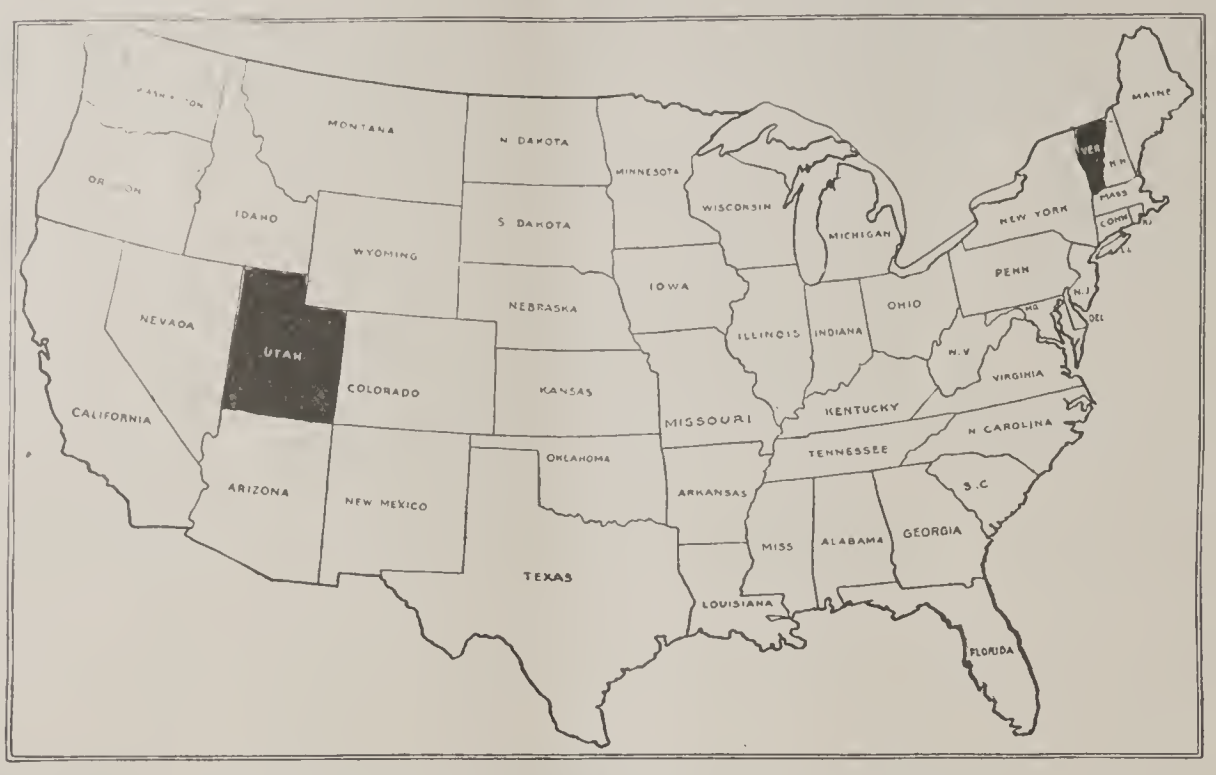
COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN



The Republican party in the fifty-sixth year of its age

THERE are men still living who remember how nearly Cleveland's first administration was wrecked by the business of bestowing patronage. The time consumed in listening to recommendations from influential backers, the strain of refusing requests from personal friends and party leaders, and the resentments that grew out of disappointment were almost too much for even Cleveland's strong physique and stolid brain. It is a common delusion that all this has been put into the class of things that never can happen again by the extension of the merit system in the civil service. Those who hold this comfortable hope about Wilson's good fortune fail to remember that the very great increase of Federal functions has much more than balanced the growth of the merit system. As a matter of fact, Wilson will have more offices to fill than Cleveland had. The aggregate yearly pay of the jobs at his disposal is more than thirty million dollars. The business of distributing these to the party workers who will clamor for them will cause Mr. Wilson infinitely more vexation and endanger his Administration much more than the big questions of statesmanship.

One Thing to Do

THERE is one easy but most valuable service by which every Democrat in the ranks can help to make Wilson's Administration successful: to ask for no job, either for himself or for any one else.

The Jobs

PRESIDENT TAFT, during October, put about fifty thousand fourth-class postmasters in the civil service. That is to say, he made the tenure of the present postmasters permanent, so that the Democrats cannot hope to oust the Republicans and take the jobs for themselves after the fourth of March. A good many Democrats, including some Congressmen, are now protesting that Wilson ought to rescind this order. In doing so they are not only faithless to Wilson but blind to their own best interests. Thoughtful persons know that the fourth-class post offices ought to be in the civil service, and Wilson's prestige among the earnest independent voters, who form so large a part of his following, could hardly withstand the shock of a reversal of Taft's order. Moreover, in the long run, a Congressman never gets anything out of the patronage at his disposal except embarrassment and trouble. As a rule, for every follower who is given an office, two are disappointed and go home to nurse their resentment until the next election. If every member were completely relieved from the solicitation of favors for his district, both private favors in the shape of jobs and public favors in the shape of Federal buildings and river and harbor improvements, no other single thing would so enhance the dignity and efficiency of Congress. Men who should be giving their time to the study of public business are kept running errands. The less scrupulous trade their vote on such important measures as the tariff in return for patronage. Men of sensitive self-respect will remain out of public life rather than endure the humiliations and make the alliances they must make in order to get patronage for their district. To be sure, Taft's order is exceedingly disagreeable to the South. Republican postmasters, who are frequently carpetbaggers and almost always alien to the prevailing sentiments of their communities, are fastened for life on the Southern towns and villages by an order issued during the closing hours of probably the last Republican Administration of the present generation. But it is better to endure this than invite the consequences of change.

This Tells the Story

THE following letter was written by a Democratic editor in the southwestern part of Virginia:

"In this section we are in a peculiar position, which demands consideration. In fourteen counties of southwestern Virginia we have blue grass, a magnificent country for stock raising. We produce the finest kind of export cattle on land worth from $50 to $200 an acre. An acre will feed a steer. Our people are very sensitive on the subject of opening our markets to foreign meats. *Personally I am a free trader*, but I realize we must approach free trade gradually; that if the Democratic party causes any shock or ruin or distress to any considerable number of people it will be set back another twenty or thirty years.

"It is the same way about lumber. Here, as in North Carolina, we are just opening up great stretches of timber land, which the owners carried for years without a dollar of return. The opening of the timber lands means not only profit for the owners and addition to the available agricultural territory, but employment for large numbers of farm hands in the better paid work of hauling, chopping, sawmills, etc.

"We cannot judge too rigidly or hold to too strict account Democrats who represent such territory, constituents, and conditions. What makes me impatient is that you gentlemen who live and think in New York City and Washington fail to realize the actual conditions which those of us who are out in the country and among the people must consider."

Mark the familiar phrases: "*Personally, I am a free trader, but—*" "We are in a peculiar position, which demands consideration." Everybody is in "a peculiar position"; everybody "demands consideration." Winfield Scott Hancock, when he was a Democratic candidate for President, was laughed at from Maine to California because he said "The tariff is a local issue" In the letter of this Democratic editor, undoubtedly honest, is to be seen vividly the rock which menaces the Democratic party.

Discriminating Communities

DETAILED study of the results of the recent election give pleasing evidence of the discrimination and power with which the independent voter has achieved important results. Iowa went for Wilson by over 22,000, but elected a Legislature heavily committed to the reelection of the present Republican Senator, Kenyon, whose defeat would have been a calamity. Nebraska went for Wilson by 37,000, but elected, as United States Senator, the Progressive, Norris, who is entitled, more than any other one man, to go down in history as the man who defeated Cannon. In California the First Congressional District gave Wilson a majority of about 8,000, but at the same time reelected Congressman Kent with a majority of about 1,850. Kent is in the present Congress as a Republican; for reelection he ran as a progressive, not as a member of the Progressive party but as a progressive with a small p. In the new Congress he will be without party affiliations, which is consistent with his record and gives him that freedom from obligation and opportunity for independence which he himself would most desire.

Democratic for the First Time

ARE there any other candidates for the unusual distinction pointed out in the following letter:

"EDITOR COLLIER'S:

"You cite that the Twelfth District of Michigan, which has never before failed to elect a Republican, this time elected a Progressive.

"Permit me to invite your attention to the result in the Third District of Iowa. Dave Henderson's old 'Monkey-Wrench District,' which never before failed to elect a Republican to Congress, this time elected a *Democrat*. That's going some. CHARLES C. QUIGLEY."

The unsophisticated may not understand that "Monkey Wrench" refers to the shape of the district which was thus gerrymandered so as to be safely Republican.

ON APPROVAL

A Christmas Story

By NEITH BOYCE

Illustrated by Worth Brehm

SIDE by side, on a bench in the waiting room of the big station in the heart of the city, sat a pretty young woman and a boy of ten. The young woman was dressed in a smartly fitting cloth suit and gay little hat, and a luxurious fur muff and scarf lay beside her on the seat, together with a small hand bag and a large lunch box. The boy was very plainly and cheaply, though warmly, clothed. One hand, in a red worsted mitten, rested on a straw suit case, which contained his entire worldly possessions.

The two had come early, for if they missed the train for which they were waiting they could not reach their destination that day, and it was important that they should do so. It was so important, in fact, that the pretty young woman had made a considerable sacrifice to that end.

"I hate to ask you to do it, Miss Wetherbee," the superintendent had said to her the day before, "but you know how it is at this time of year—everybody has their Christmas plans. I don't doubt you have, too, and it's hard, for you'll have to stay over the day up there so as to make the necessary inquiries. You understand that when people ask for a child of this age we have to be very careful, as they may want them for the work they can get out of them. Now these people make such a special point of the boy's getting there for Christmas that I want to manage it if possible. You see, it will be a more cheerful beginning for him, and as he has already been sent back from two places—"

Miss Wetherbee had hesitated. But in a moment she had said quietly: "I'll do it." Now, as she sat watching the rushing crowds, holiday bound, her face was soberly wistful. For the first time she would miss a Christmas at home—the gathering of the clans in the big house under the New England elms—the joyful turmoil, the streaming in and out of guests, neighbors, old friends, the big tree glittering up to the ceiling, the dinner, the dance.

Swiftly she dried her eyes, glancing at Gregory. But he had not noticed. He was busy observing the scene about him. His small figure was tensely quiet, his mouth firmly closed. He had not asked a single question. Miss Wetherbee reflected that for a troublesome boy—so reputed—he had been very little trouble to her, especially in comparison with other of her charges. More than once, in the course of her year's work as a humble substitute for the by no means infallible stork, she had paced the floor of this same station with a baby in arms loudly wailing. Gregory showed no such crude egotism. He had been disciplined by ten years of an institution.

THE announcement for which they were waiting, moaned out by the invisible megaphone, roused Miss Wetherbee from her reverie.

"Our train, Gregory," she said gently.

The boy started. Without a word he stood up, lifted his suit case, and followed her.

People were crowding into the day coach. Miss Wetherbee put Gregory into an aisle seat, with a cake of chocolate and a boys' magazine. He was, she had been told, fond of reading, and stood well in school. The people to whom he was going had asked for "a smart boy," but whether Gregory's kind of smartness would suit them was, of course, the question. They were stock farmers in the Massachusetts hills, whereas the two families who had previously tried to adopt Gregory had lived in small places in the suburbs, where he had promptly got into difficulties with the neighbors' chickens, fruit trees, and children. This was all Miss Wetherbee knew about him.

Presently the seat beside her was vacated, and she called Gregory and put him next the window. She noticed that neither the magazine nor the cake of chocolate had been touched. He gazed persistently out at the snowy landscape; but when Miss Wetherbee named to him the places they were passing and pointed out the Sound, he merely nodded in silence. After a time she gave up her attempt to talk to the back of his head and returned to her novel. But between her eyes and the printed page pictures kept slipping in—the big hall at home, the bustle of arrivals, laughing greetings, the yule log blazing in the chimney place, masses of holly against the white walls—and Somebody there, who was coming at her special invitation and who would be bitterly disappointed—and her new dress, a love of a pink chiffon dress with little rosebuds, in which she would have danced with Somebody. She could almost hear the thin, sweet, poignant music of the violins, the dreaming waltz that they had danced together only twice.

She had closed her eyes, the better to see and to hear. With a long sigh she opened them and looked fixedly at Gregory—at his cheek, which had the city pallor; at his narrow shoulders, tightly buttoned in a jacket that, though new, did not fit him very well. The institution always dressed its wards neatly—even the babies had pink or blue ribbons when they went forth to try their fates. But Gregory had been given a green necktie, and Miss Wetherbee knew in her soul that he would have preferred red. She had grown up with a large number of brothers, and they all had preferred red ties. But Gregory, of course, had to take what he could get. What he would like was, after all, a mystery, never having been much inquired into.

She said to him suddenly:

"Gregory, you didn't like those other places they sent you to, did you?"

He answered, with a shy movement of his shoulders: "No, there wasn't anything to do there."

"You don't know what a real farm is like. There'll be animals—horses and cows—and perhaps you can have some rabbits, and a dog that you can feed and take around with you."

GREGORY wriggled slightly without looking at her. And she could feel the small soul of him shrinking uneasily from any touch, preoccupied perhaps with vague recollections of the past and misgivings about the future. He was not going to commit himself as to what he would like. Miss Wetherbee looked at him pensively and forbore to press him. After all, she knew no more of what was awaiting him than he did, and it was no use drawing rosy pictures which might not be realized. She would have liked to say something to divert his mind, but nothing suggested itself at the moment. He reminded her of a small hermit

The engine shrieked and groaned and clanked and slowly got into motion again. "Only twenty minutes more now, Gregory," said Miss Wetherbee

crab retreating into the inmost recess of its shell and tucking even its toes in. She had an idea, likewise, that he was not very far from tears and that he would hate to have to cry before her. Gregory had never been esteemed a soft boy, having indeed been rejected as "tough" by both those pairs of tentative foster parents.

After a little she looked at her watch.

"Twelve o'clock! I'm hungry, and we have to change cars in forty minutes. Shall we eat our lunch?"

Gregory cheered up at this, and helped to arrange the contents of the lunch box on the empty seat opposite, and even smiled as he contemplated the various sandwiches, the doughnuts, and the large red apples. He showed keen interest also in the Thermos bottle which Miss Wetherbee took out of her bag, and wanted the mystery of the hot cocoa explained to him in detail. By the time they had eaten all the sandwiches and doughnuts, Miss Wetherbee felt that [illegible] was edging out of its shell, or, rather, that Gregory was really not a crablike boy. It was [illegible] timid furry wild creature had been half won to confidence, looking at her speculatively with its bright eyes, ready to scurry again at the first move.

"Put the rest of the apples in your suit case," said Miss Wetherbee when she had cleared away the crumbs and papers.

GREGORY opened his suit case and put the apples in. Miss Wetherbee had noticed that this ancient straw receptacle seemed already strained to bursting, and she now saw that it contained, besides some clothes, a couple of books, a bundle of newspaper comic supplements, a wooden boat, a baseball, several empty glass bottles and pieces of wood, and a mass of parti-colored string—the accumulated treasures of Gregory's youth.

They had to change cars several times, and once to wait for an hour at a junction. Each succeeding train was emptier, slower, and more full of coal dust than the last, and the last one of all was very cold. By now the short winter afternoon was nearly gone. They were climbing slowly, with much puffing and blowing of the old engine, up into the high hills, covered by an almost unbroken sheet of snow. The outlook from the grimy windows was very beautiful, but Miss Wetherbee shivered in her furs and Gregory in his overcoat. In the single passenger car was a merry party—father, mother, and six children—going back, so they told Miss Wetherbee, to the old home for Christmas. The two boys made overtures to the solemn Gregory, and they raced up and down the aisle; the four girls sang lively songs; the conductor lounged by the stove and joined in the cheerful chatter of the elders. Then, at the last station but one, all these people got out and were received with shouts of welcome; and the conductor helped to transport their baggage to the two big waiting sleighs and waved them farewell, and then came leisurely back and shouted "*All* aboard." And the engine shrieked and groaned and clanked and slowly got into motion again.

"Only twenty minutes more now, Gregory," said Miss Wetherbee.

Gregory nodded soberly.

A SUNSET of scarlet and purple flamed over the snowy hills. The conductor came in, slamming the door and stamping his feet, and lit the swinging oil lamp in the middle of the car.

"Fine Christmas weather—must be pretty close to zero," he said amiably. "Next station's yours."

"Don't you want to eat an apple before we get off, Gregory?" asked Miss Wetherbee. "We have a pretty long drive still."

Gregory shook his head and said he wasn't hungry.

"I thought boys were always hungry," said Miss Wetherbee with an attempt at lightness.

Gregory did not respond. He was visibly nervous. The last twenty minutes seemed endless. They were both tired and cold. The car rocked roughly. The oil lamp smoked and swung, sending flickering lights and shadows over the rows of empty seats.

Miss Wetherbee stretched her cramped muscles and stamped her feet. She wanted to say something reassuring, but instead she felt that she shared Gregory's panic. Yes, he was frightened, and so was she, now that the end of their journey was in sight. The end was the beginning for Gregory. Once more he was to be cast into the bosom of a strange family, and perhaps he would get on and perhaps he wouldn't. This rather elderly couple might not take to him. After a critical inspection and a trial of his abilities, they might want to exchange him again. And perhaps he wouldn't like *them*. Poor Gregory! He hadn't anyone special to recommend him. He wasn't handsome, he hadn't a winning manner, he displayed no striking intelligence. He was just a plain boy. He was a boy that nobody had wanted so far, neither the people who had brought him into the world nor any others. He seemed to be aware of this, and to be feebly and forlornly [illegible]

defensive more than ever now that the moment of meeting at hand. He shrank into a corner of the seat, [illegible] the blank window.

[illegible]nted the conductor as the engine [illegible]histled. He flung open the door, [illegible]nd clanking, came to a stop.

[illegible]ried Miss Wetherbee with choking [illegible]

[illegible]g and Gregory followed with his suit case. They stepped out upon an empty snowy platform. A keen, pure wind was blowing from the white summits above them. The sky was still faintly colored with the sunset red, but it was almost dark. Lights twinkled from a few buildings near by. There was no one in sight.

"Expectin' somebody to meet ye?" asked the conductor kindly. "Or did ye count on gittin' a sleigh? Too cold to wait here—better go over there to Holcomb's store, mebbe they can tell ye."

ACROSS the puffing of the wheezy engine came a silver tingle of sleigh bells, distant up the deep-furrowed snowy road that wound into the deeper shadow of the hills.

"*Somebody* comin'—guess it's your folks—well, goodby," said the conductor heartily. "*All* aboard—"

The engine, with a shrill scream, pulled out into the twilight.

"I think we'd better wait here a few minutes—Mr. Bassett was to meet us," said Miss Wetherbee, shivering.

Gregory said nothing.

They waited while the chime of the bells grew louder out of the darkness, approaching fast, tinkling, silver sweet, the song of the crisp, pure winter night.

A two-horse sleigh dashed out into the open space and pulled up beside the platform with a loud "Whoa, boy!" and a clash of the bells over the smoking horses. A stout figure in a furry coat and cap leaped out, holding the reins in one hand, peering through the dusk.

"You're my folks, ain't ye?" cried the big voice. "My name's Bassett. Yes, yes! I started time enough, only I had to break a road—drifts four feet deep some places! Still, I thought I'd 'a' got here before the train—she's gen'rally some late—but, of course, the old girl had to be on time to-day, an' I heard her whistle a piece up the road. But jump in, jump in! You must be half froze! You're Miss—Miss—there, if I ain't forgot your name in the telegram!"

A fur-mittened hand seized Miss Wetherbee's and helped her into the sleigh.

"And here's Gregory! Boy, I'm glad to see ye!" said the hearty voice. "In you go!"

They settled into one buffalo robe and another was flung up over them and carefully tucked in.

"You'll find some hot bricks—that is, they *was* hot—for your feet," shouted Mr. Bassett as he climbed to his seat. "Now, I'll just put along. The old lady'll be hangin' out of the window, lookin' for us. She wanted to start me off an hour before I come, but, says I, don't you worry, *I'll* get there on time. Cuddle down in there, it's some cold, an' we've got pretty near an hour's drive—"

He shouted over his shoulder some further remarks, but the clash of the bells rang out loudly, and the rush of the wind seemed to bite the words from his lips. The two horses sprang forward at a fast trot that at moments broke into a gallop; the sleigh slipped, creaking, over the snow. The road dipped into the shadow of the hills and wound upward. The sky above was a clear greenish blue, and presently a bright half moon rose over the hilltops. The night was white and softly luminous and sparkling. Miss Wetherbee, nestled under the furry robe, with her feet in the straw against the hot bricks, fell into a dreamy doze. Once she bestirred herself and asked: "Gregory, are you warm?"

"Yes," said a sleepy voice.

NOW and then Bassett turned to shout:

"Pretty night, ain't it? But cold. Won't be long now. *Get* along, boys!"

They climbed higher and higher, and the country spread out below them in great white rolling stretches, broken by sharp shadows. There was silence, except for the snorting of the horses and the sweet chatter of the bells.

Miss Wetherbee woke with a start. A dog was barking, a bright golden light streamed over the snow, the sleigh stopped suddenly. Half dazed, she found herself stumbling up the steps of the house. In the open door stood a tall woman, who welcomed her and then Gregory in a deep, quiet, bass voice, with a firm handshake. The room into which she led them seemed a blaze of light. A roaring fire burned in an open stove, and two pink-shaded lamps stood on the table.

"Take off your wraps now," said the bass voice. "You must be about frozen—and starved, too. Supper's ready as soon as father puts up the team—he always *will* do that himself. Would you like to go up to your rooms first?"

"Yes, please; we're covered with coal dust!" said Miss Wetherbee.

The tall old woman—she had gray hair and blue eyes, and wore a blue dress and a large white apron—smiled down at her, and led the way up the steep, narrow stairs. In the hall above another stove burned. Four small white bedrooms opened off the hall.

"If you'll leave your doors open you'll be plenty warm," said Mrs. Bassett. "There's nobody else up here. Father an' I sleep downstairs. You'll find warm water in your pitchers." She hesitated a moment at the door of the boy's room after lighting his candle. "Can I help you, Gregory?" she asked.

"No," said Gregory, shyly.

Before they were ready there was a clatter at the door below, and it opened to let in a great waft of cold air and a cheerful shout and stamping of feet and

"Me an' Towser have had a pretty lonesome time of it lately, beiu' the only young things round the farm, unless you count the live stock"

a scurrying, barking dog. Mr. Bassett's loud voice filled the house. They went down to find him standing before the fire—a short, broad man with a red face, a bush of white beard and hair, and merry eyes.

"Father Christmas!" cried Miss Wetherbee.

"That's me!" he shouted, jovially. "Got my red suit an' pack in the next room! Come—draw up, folks, and eat a bite. Get away, Towser! He won't bite, sonny; he just wants to see what you look like. Young lady, you sit here, by me—I always like to get next to the pretty girls! Son, this is your place, t'other side of me. Well, mother! ain't we going to eat to-night?"

MRS. BASSETT came in from the kitchen with a smoking dish in her hands.

"Sit down, all. Stop your nonsense, father," she said, indulgently. The merry old man seemed like a boy beside her, and Gregory contemplated him solemnly. Gregory had washed his hands and his face as far as the ears. His wrists and neck still showed the grime of the journey. His dark eyes blinked. He was so fascinated by the appearance and conversation of Mr. Bassett that he had forgotten his self-consciousness.

"Well, mother!" said the farmer in a tone of disappointment as he tucked his napkin under his white beard, "is *this* all you got for us? Guess you forgot you had a boy to provide for, or you wouldn't 'a' skimped us this way. Dear, dear! Son, you'll have to try to make out on this fried chicken—here you are, breast an' drumstick—an' a dozen or so o' them beaten biscuit, an' sort of fill up on preserves—them peaches is pretty fair, or mebbe you'd like the pears better—an' that chocolate cake'll help out a little. This punkin pie's fillin', too, an' about a plateful of them cookies won't come amiss. Well, we mustn't be too hard on mother—she means well, an' it's good enough what there is of it—or, as ye might say, there's enough, such as it is—hey?"

At this stroke of wit Gregory, with his mouth full of chicken, laughed outright and nearly choked. It was the first time Miss Wetherbee had heard him laugh.

Mrs. Bassett said placidly:

"Well, I've raised six boys, but I've about given up this one," nodding at her husband. "I guess he'll never grow up."

"Never you mind," said Mr. Bassett, "I've got somebody to hang up my stockin' with now. Me an' Towser have had a pretty lonesome time of it lately, bein' the only young things round the farm, unless you count the live stock. But cheer up, Towser! there's three of us now!"

The dog, a shaggy-haired terrier, looked up at Mr. Bassett and thumped the floor heavily with his tail. Hearing his name, he sat up solemnly, with his forepaws in the air. Mr. Bassett put a bit of biscuit on his nose and counted: "One—two—three—go!" The dog tossed the biscuit up, caught it in his mouth, and swallowed it. Gregory laughed again.

MRS. BASSETT watched him with her calm blue eyes. Turning to Miss Wetherbee, she said in her deep voice:

"It didn't seem as if we could go through another Christmas without a boy in the house. When you've had six clattering an' whistling about, in an' out, mother this an' mother that, you just can't settle down to live in an empty house. The last one was married a year ago an' went to California. That's the worst of it, they all live so far away. I've got grandchildren, but I scarcely ever see 'em. And this year, it so happens, that not one of 'em could come. I'm obliged to you for bringin' Gregory to us. It's a long journey. You're younger than I thought you would be. Why, you ain't but a girl yourself!"

"Well, mother, what's the harm of that?" chirruped Mr. Bassett. "I like her all the better for it. Give us another cup of coffee. And I guess Gregory'll take another glass of milk. Have some more cake, son?"

Gregory shook his head. He had eaten his fill. The warmth of the room after the long ride overcame him. His eyelids fluttered drowsily. Now and then he opened his eyes and fixed them on Mr. Bassett, who filled and lit a slimy dark pipe and chattered away about his stock—Jerseys, Orpingtons, the colt, etc.

Finally he got up with a clatter and asked for his lantern. "Always go the rounds myself last thing," he said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and running his broad, blackened thumb over its glossy bowl.

"Hello, the kid's asleep!"

Gregory's head was tilted uncomfortably against the back of his chair. He looked younger with the long dark lashes lying on his flushed cheeks. The three looked at him for a moment in silence.

"Nice boy," said Mr. Bassett.

"So are all boys," said Mrs. Bassett calmly, rising. "I never see a boy that wasn't nice if you treated him right. Now we must get him to bed. He's tired out. Come, Gregory!"

"Don't forget to hang up your stockin', son!" called Mr. Bassett, putting on his furry coat.

Gregory stumbled sleepily up the stairs and Miss Wetherbee helped him undress, and fastened a stocking to the foot of his bed. By this time his dark eyes were wide open.

"Do you want anything else?" she asked.

"No."

"Shall I blow out your candle?"

"No—I'll blow it out."

"Will you kiss me good night, Gregory?"

He kissed her cheek awkwardly, his slender body rigid against her arm.

Mrs. Bassett came to the door and said gently: "Good night, Gregory."

"Good night," he answered.

THEN they went downstairs, and Miss Wetherbee helped Mrs. Bassett to clear the table and wash the dishes.

"I have a girl to help me, but she's gone home for Christmas. I'll be bound you've missed *your* holiday coming up with the boy. It was good of you," said Mrs. Bassett. "How did you happen to do it?"

Miss Wetherbee explained, and they talked about her work and the children. She told all she knew about

(Concluded on page 26)

THE DUMMY

Another of the Adventures of Detective Barney

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

BARNEY COOK entered the operatives' room of the Babbing Bureau twenty minutes late, and one of the detectives, at a typewriter desk, said: "The chief wants to see *you*."

His tone was ominous. Barney looked up guiltily at the clock.

He had been given a holiday on the previous day and told to "rest up" after his exploit in the Catskills. He had taken his rest on the streets, and at the moving picture shows. At night he had gone to a vaudeville theatre with two of his old "gang." It had "leaked" to them that he was a detective—a fact which should have been kept a professional secret. He had been posing and strutting in their eyes till after midnight. And he had overslept.

He saw all these damning facts, as the accusing explanation of his lateness, while he was still confronting the face of the clock. Consequently, he asked the detective, with a schoolboy air of innocence: "What's he want to see me about?"

He was leading up to a preliminary rehearsal of his interview with Babbing. The man paused in his typewriting long enough to verify the last word that he had written; then he went on again, impatiently; and Barney was left to face Babbing, and the score of his delinquencies, with no defense but the open countenance of virtue.

HE WENT, but he went unconfident.

He had always been able to invent explanations and excuses that would pass muster in the schoolroom; and he had had a boy's contempt for the gullibility of his elders; but Babbing had given him more respect for adult perspicacity. He could never tell how much Babbing knew; and he found it impossible to lie with assurance among the covered pitfalls of Babbing's inquiring silences.

Of course, he could say that his mother had told Mrs. Cooper, next door, that he was working in the Babbing Bureau; and Mrs. Cooper had told her son "Dummy"; and Dummy had told everybody. And he had gone to the vaudeville show to get away from the curiosity of the neighborhood. And he was late getting down to the office because a bunch of fellows had been laying for him outside, and he had hung around, inside, waiting for them to go away, and—

Babbing was busy at his desk. He asked, unexpectedly: "Who was that you were talking with—on the corner—as I came in?"

It had been "Dummy" Cooper. Barney had to admit as much.

"He's deaf and dumb, is he?"

Barney hesitated. His story had cast Dummy Cooper for the part of village gossip. "Yes, 'r," he confessed reluctantly.

Babbing looked over his spectacles at him. "You can talk—on your fingers—pretty fluently?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what's the matter?" Babbing asked. "Who *is* this Dummy Cooper?"

"No one. He's just the fullah that lives next door t' us."

Babbing said, into an office telephone: "Bring me the file on the Hart gang." He pressed a call button to summon his office manager. He remarked, aside to Barney: "I don't know what you're trying to conceal—Is it anything important?"

"No, sir," the ingenuous Barney answered.

"All right. Save yourself the trouble of looking so innocent, then. Sit down."

HE GREETED the reverend gray hairs of his office manager with: "Arch, I've got an idea for that Meredith disappearance. The woman who kept the lodging house at number 125 was a Mrs. Andrews, wasn't she?"

"That," Archibald said, "I have forgotten."

"Well, look it up. And have Billy type her a letter on our Wallbridge Chicago letterhead, introducing me as Adam Cook. Something like this: 'Dear Madam: I am giving this letter to an old friend, Mr Adam Cook, who expects to be in New York for some months on business and wishes to get comfortable, private rooms for self and son. Anything that you can do for him will be much appreciated by Yours truly—' and have him sign it Charles J. Wallbridge Date it back about ten days. And when he's typing it, have him put a 6 on top of the 5 in 125. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"Good. What are we using room 1047 for?"

"I think it's disengaged."

"Clear it out and fix it up for me as Adam Cook. I'll promote that tunneling machine again. Get the model in there, and the blue prints, and put Clara in charge. Be sure to have everything right, now. I'll move in this afternoon, and I expect they'll start to check me up right away. We don't want any holes in our cover."

"I'll attend to it."

"And have the name painted on the door."

A clerk had entered with a file of typewritten reports in a loose-leaf binder. Babbing had taken it while he was still talking to Archibald; and he turned over the pages rapidly as he talked. "That's right," he said. "She's a Mrs. Josiah Andrews at number 125. Go ahead."

Archibald went out softly, after the clerk; and Barney, having caught something that concerned the name of Cook in these preparations for a plant, waited on the edge of his chair in guilty suspense. Babbing continued to read.

"Well, Barney," he said, still reading, "you'd better get it off your mind, hadn't you?"

"What?"

"Whatever it is that's bothering you. I haven't time to put you through the third degree. Come on. Give it up."

Barney grinned sheepishly. "Dummy knows I'm a—He knows I'm workin' here."

"And all the rest of your friends, eh?"

"Yes, 'r."

"Huh! You'll meet *that* on the street some day, when you least expect it. Go on"

Barney balked, silent.

"For instance," Babbing suggested, "you haven't told me that you didn't want to give up young Whately when you found him at Langston's. Have you?" He swung around in his swivel chair. "Eh?"

Barney shook his head.

BABBING rose. "Well," he said, walking up and down in a meditative promenade, "we'd better clear that up. If you're going to be a detective, you'll have that sort of job turning up every other day. You're next thing to a public hangman. And you've got to make up your mind to do your duty whether you like it or not."

He stopped to look out the window, at the roofs below; and his point of view broadened accordingly. "The morals of the situation are rather mixed. Society—people—the human family—have decided that if they're to live together they mustn't kill, or steal from, or otherwise injure one another. They have made laws against these acts. And they punish the man or woman who breaks the laws. In case of war, of course, killing and stealing are permitted by one branch of the family against another branch But in time of peace, the officers of the law, as agents of society, are the only ones allowed to kill or otherwise injure their fellows. And then only in defense of society." He turned on Barney. "Do you understand?"

Barney said he did.

"Well, then"—he came forward—"as a detective, you're allowed to do a great many things that would be punished in the private individual. You're expected to swindle, and steal from, and lie to, and betray the enemies of society in any way you can, in order to defeat them and defend society. It's your duty to do it, and do it diligently. If you don't you're as bad as the criminal. And that's the only moral law that binds you, professionally.

"But, in your private life"—he wagged an emphatic forefinger—"you're bound by all the moralities that bind everyone else. And in your dealings with *me*, you have to be an honest employee, or take the consequences. When I send you out to get a man, you're a crook if you don't use every means to bring him in, no matter what sympathy you feel for him or his mother or his sweetheart or anyone else. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good." He went back to his desk. "I'm telling you this because I have a job for you that I don't want any fumbling on. I'm going to plant you as a deaf mute, with this Hart gang. You'll have to be prepared with a trunk and a hand bag full of good clothes. Corcoran'll go with you to see that you get them right. I'll give him instructions. He'll take you—and your baggage—to rooms that I'll engage for us at the Hotel Haarlem. I'll pick you up there, as soon as you're fixed, and explain matters to you as we go along." He took his office phone: "Get Corcoran in here right away." As he returned to his study of the Hart file, he said to Barney: "You can practice being deaf and dumb till he comes."

Barney grinned at this pleasantry as cheerfully as a dog wags its tail when the voice of authority turns from reproof to forgiveness. He had not altogether understood Babbing's lecture upon the morals of his profession; the young savage in him had not yet been sufficiently civilized to make him sensible of any social compact with his fellows. But he had the instinct of personal loyalty that keeps his people clannish; and he accepted Babbing's scolding, without ill will, humbly, as a deserved rebuke of bad faith.

He accepted it, also, as a proof of Babbing's interest. It had been his experience that all his elders, who liked him, showed their affection by admonishment; and he was aware, from Babbing's manner, that he had made himself solid, as he would say, with the chief. Moreover, he was going out on another case as a deaf mute! He was likely to have some fun! And if anyone could expect a boy to reflect upon the moral aspects of anything under such circumstances—

CORCORAN arrived in due course, silent, noncommittal, with his hat on the back of his head, looking like a newspaper man on the sporting page. When he had received his instructions, he said "Come on, kid," slightingly, and he let Barney trot along behind him to the elevator. "Going to put you out as a dummy, eh?" He pressed the signal button. "I suppose you'll be able to get away with *that*, if you keep your mouth shut."

His manner was contemptuous. Barney had not forgotten their first experience together and Corcoran's disgust at "this *kid* business." He touched the detective's elbow mutely, and began to spell out a reply on his fingers.

"Aw, can *that*," Corcoran said. He did not know the deaf and dumb alphabet, and it annoyed him.

Barney lifted his eyebrows, frowned, flickered eloquently with his hands, pointed at Corcoran, repeated his pantomime, and ended with his eyebrows up again.

Corcoran said: "What the hell's the matter with you?"

Barney pointed to his mouth and to his ears, shook his head and launched into another gravely impudent communication. "I'll chuck you down the elevator shaft in a minute," Corcoran growled.

Barney spelled out on his fingers: "Yes, you will, you big stiff." And it was evident from his face that he was making an insulting reply.

Corcoran flushed and swore at him. Barney grinned. In the elevator cage he spelled out: "I've got your goat."

And he had. By the time they arrived at the Hotel Haarlem—with an auto full of purchases for Barney's new rôle—Corcoran was in a speechless rage, and Barney, still consistently deaf and dumb, was enjoying himself like a young imp.

"G—," Corcoran said, through his teeth, "I hope this Hart gang cuts your throat. They'll do it, too, if they get half a chance."

IT WAS late in the afternoon when Adam Cook, accompanied by his afflicted son, descended from a taxicab in front of number 120, rang the bell, and asked to see the mistress of the house. A disparaged looking maid ushered them grudgingly into the parlor and left them there—in a room that apparently had been outfitted second-hand from all the discarded rugs and plushes of all the defunct boarding houses of the last generation.

Barney looked around him and was disappointed. Corcoran's prediction that the Hart gang would cut his throat if they got "half a chance" had given him a promise of excitement; and Babbing had endorsed the

promise with a further warning in the taxicab. "These [illegible]," he had said, "are professional criminals. You [illegible] *them* with any mistakes, mind you. [illegible] If they suspect you're after them, [illegible] kill to get free. You'll have to [illegible]." Consequently, Barney had entered the [illegible] that he was about to penetrate [illegible].

An [illegible] an old upright piano, very yellow in the teeth—against a wall paper of faded violets on faded pink—under a steel engraving of Lincoln's cabinet, in a black frame. Between the lace curtains of the front windows a sheaf of dusty pampas plumes preserved themselves aridly in a Japanese bronze vase of chipped plaster. The carpet had footpaths worn threadbare in its design. No two chairs were mates. They looked as if they had never had mates—determined spinsters that age had only hardened. Shabby gentility in a room could go no further without being mellowed into pathos. Commonplace!

Babbing twinkled at it. He pointed Barney to a chair and waited, standing. At the sound of a footstep in the hall, he faced the door—a mild-mannered, mild-eyed widower, accustomed to courtesy and evidently able to buy it.

The mistress of the house proved to be one of those lean and angular women who dress and pipe-clay themselves to a military rigidity, with a high collar, a stiff belt, false hair, talcum powder, tight lacing and hard padding. Her features were large—all but her eyes, which were black and beady. No one could doubt her evident respectability. She even looked as if she suffered from indigestion. And the sight of her dampered the last impatience of Barney's expectation. Like a boy who has come to see melodrama and finds himself fubbed off with expository dialogue, he settled down on himself to wait for the action to begin.

Babbing had said to him: "You'll have to look half-witted—simple—dotty. Understand?" No difficulty about that. He knew *her* sort. He had listened to one like her talking to his mother once till his legs went to sleep. She was a bore.

SHE acknowledged Babbing's greeting as inhospitably as a hired housekeeper, and he explained that he was Adam Cook, from Chicago, now living at the Hotel Haarlem, but looking for rooms for himself and his young son, in some respectable house in which he could leave the boy safely while he was away at his office. "I have a letter of introduction to you, m'am," he said; and he laid down his hat, got out his glasses, put them on, took them off to polish them, put them on again, and began to search through his many pockets—and the many papers in them—for the letter.

Meanwhile he did not interrupt his explanation. His son, he confided, was deaf and dumb, and they had come to New York to have him taught lip reading at the Deaf and Dumb Institute. He had transferred his business from Chicago and opened offices in the Cranmer Building, but he had found it impossible to leave the boy alone in a hotel, even though he had engaged a young woman from the Institute to come to their rooms every morning to give him instruction in lip reading. The boy, to tell the truth, was backward. Of course. Naturally.

Barney looked it. He was regarding the poses of Lincoln's cabinet with a dull endurance.

Still in pursuit of the letter, Babbing had taken out his pocketbook, and in searching through it he spilled out a number of hundred dollar bills on the floor. She instantly unbent at sight of them, and helped him pick them up, in spite of his polite remonstrances. He was very fussily annoyed by his own clumsiness, and he crammed the bills into his trousers pocket with no appearance of respect for their value.

She asked: "Won't you sit down, Mr. Cook? You say you have a letter of introduction to me?"

"I have, m'am," he said, "if I can find it."

"From whom?"

"From your friend Mr. Wallbridge." He was going through the envelopes from his breast pocket for the second time.

"Wallbridge?"

"Of Chicago. Charles J. Wallbridge. Yes, 'm."

She seemed puzzled. "I don't—recall the name."

"Here! I have it." He handed the letter to her with an air of triumph.

She read it. She reread it. And it was evident, during the second reading, that she was making up her mind what to do. Babbing watched her over his benevolent spectacles. When she raised her eyes to his, she smiled in the way that is called "fetching"—when it succeeds.

"*My* name is Mrs. Hart," she said. "This is for a Mrs. Andrews, who has a lodging house across the street." And her tone in reference to Mrs. Andrews and the "lodging house" was slighting.

Babbing stammered: "Am I— Have I— Across the street, m'am?"

"At one-twenty-five."

"But—"

She pointed to the street number in the superscription of the letter. "It's the fault of the typewriter, you see. There's both a five *and* a six."

One glance satisfied Babbing that it was even so. He plucked off his spectacles, distressed, and apologetic. "I beg your pardon, Mrs.—"

"Hart."

"Mrs. Hart, I beg your pardon. I've been wasting your time. I've intruded on—"

"Not at all," she interrupted, with formal politeness. "I'm glad to have met you. I do not rent rooms, of course. This is a private residence. My son and his wife live here with me, and we rent our top floor to some young men—business men—who are friends of my son's. But—"

BABBING was not listening. He looked around him as if he were rather lost. "Across the— But that's the north side, isn't it? And I particularly wanted a back room that would be sunny." He appealed to her in a manner of bewildered helplessness.

"Mr. Cook—" she hesitated—"I don't know who the gentleman is who has referred you to that house, but I do know—"

He broke in, uneasily: "Wallbridge? He's a stock broker, m'am. I don't know him very well, except in a business way."

She nodded several times, compressing her lips.

"Do you mean—" he asked, alarmed.

"Your son," she said, "would need to be not only deaf but blind!"

They both glanced at Barney. He had been sitting in his chair by the window, playing a game with himself. He had been trying to imagine that he could not hear what they were saying; and there were moments when he almost succeeded. As a natural consequence of this division in his mind, his eyes found that both Babbing and she looked strange. Her nose was grotesquely large, and it showed purplish through her face powder. Babbing was small and fat and funny. She simpered. Babbing watched her as if he were hypnotized. They moved, unexpectedly, like a pair of marionettes.

When they turned to him they found him observing them with a mute and glassy stare. They went on with their palaver. Barney began to find it tedious.

When they turned to him they found him observing them with a mute and glassy stare

MRS. HART was taking a charitable interest in their housing problem and Babbing's vague and rambling impracticality encouraged her to advise him. He was a stranger to New York. He did not know whether it would be possible to get two large rooms, with bath, in a private family, no matter what one paid for them. He did not care to go to a boarding house. New York, he knew, was not like Chicago; people were less friendly; they were more suspicious of strangers; they would not admit you to their family circle so readily.

He would like to get rooms in this quarter, because it was so convenient to the Institute. He liked these old-fashioned houses; they were so homelike. The high ceilings made them cool. Lots of air. And the big windows. And the walls, being thick, made the rooms quiet. Very different from a hotel. Even in the Haarlem, where he was paying seventy-five dollars a week, he had none of the real comforts of quiet and privacy. His tastes were simple. He did not care for show.

And so forth.

MRS. HART took him to see the large room behind the parlor—which she herself was occupying—as an example of the sort of room that he ought to try to get. And when they returned to Barney, they were already arranging the terms on which Babbing could rent that room from her, and the small bedroom behind it. It was exactly what he wanted. And would she mind if he put some of his own furniture into it, as soon as he could get it sent from Chicago? He liked to have his things about him. They had associations.

She understood that. Her son was always at her to get rid of *her* old trash, as he called it, but she could not bear to part with it.

Barney swallowed a yawn.

They were having a very genial, chatty time together, though Babbing confessed that he was worried about Mrs. Andrews and his friendly obligation to deliver Wallbridge's letter. It was at last decided that he should cross the street and present his introduction, look at the rooms offered to him, and decide against them. Then he could return to the hotel, have their baggage brought to Mrs. Hart's next day, and move that evening into her charming apartment.

He paid her fifty dollars in advance for two weeks' rent. She patted Barney on the back as they went to the door, and babied him ingratiatingly; he remained stolid without any effort. She even shook hands with him on the threshold; and she had a large-wristed, bony, cold hand that made him think of pickled pig's feet.

"You are fond of children, m'am," Babbing said.

She had to admit it; and Babbing took his leave in the subduedly grateful manner of a widower who has been rescued from perplexities by a woman's instinctive sympathy for the unmanaged male.

He put Barney in the cab and left him there while he went to present his letter to Mrs. Andrews. And, of course, he did not present it, although he took it from his pocket while he was standing at the door, and entered carrying it in his hand. He merely asked to see the furnished room that was advertised for rent by a printed card on the door jamb; and he found this room not at all to his liking.

WHEN he returned to Barney and they started back to the hotel, he preserved a thoughtful silence. "I don't know whether we can get away with it or not," he said, at last. "She plays a great game."

"What do I have to do next?" Barney asked, expectantly.

"Nothing but keep your mouth shut," he replied. "If there's anything going to be done, *she'll* do it."

Barney had been relieved to escape from the sight of her. He did not relish the prospect of returning. He said, disparagingly: "What do you want *her* for?"

And Babbing answered: "The less you know about that, the better. Give me the deaf and dumb alphabet. I'll have to work that up. We've got to be thorough on this job, or we'll find ourselves in a hole."

It was this thoroughness, finally, that brought Barney back to a sense of pleasurable excitement in the plant. Not only did Babbing "work up" the deaf and dumb alphabet. He coached Barney on the details of their life in Chicago, the death of his mother there, and the imaginary incidents of his kidnaping, some years before. He took all the New York labels from his own clothes and from Barney's. He had Corcoran buy some well-thumbed second-hand picture books, and he wrote in them: "To Barney, from his affectionate Papa." He filled his pockets with fraudulent letters addressed to Adam Cook about his tunneling machine; and he saw that there was nothing suspicious in Barney's possession.

"Now," he said, on their way to the house, "don't ever sit with your back to the door. Don't go to sleep until you're sure that your window and your door

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The Divine Sarah in Vaudeville

By PERCY HAMMOND

A DETAILED report of Madame Bernhardt's first American performance in vaudeville should run something like this: After the stage hands at the Majestic Theatre, Chicago, had swept away the débris caused by the preceding song and dance exhibition, the band, with some impressiveness, played the "Marseillaise" over and over again, and then the curtain went up on a Reinhartian suggestion of the ducal palace of Ferrara, the entertainment being the third act of "Lucrezia Borgia." After the Duke d'Este had intimated his suspicion that Lucrezia, his wife, was overfond of the youth, Gennaro (one of the skeletons in the Borgian closet), Madame Sarah entered a bit wearily, and leaned upon the arm of that none too ducal throne. The Middle West arose to the event rather conventionally, applauding, perhaps, about half as much as the vaudeville audience applauds Miss Eva Tanguay on her first appearance. The audience was fifty per cent a vaudeville audience and fifty per cent a non-theatregoing audience. The vaudeville half of it was chill—Bernhardt and Victor Hugo meaning little in its plan of amusement. The prices had been raised a trifle, and it was thought by the regular contingent that Madame Bernhardt should provide in the way of diversion something more than the glamour of her name.

Well, Kronos was not particularly abashed when Madame Sarah came into view, and raised the golden voice in flaming accents of Borgian passion. Madame Sarah makes no secret of the fact that she is nine-and-sixty, and neither do her perruquier and her costumier. She is nine-and-sixty, and, with allowances for certain dissembling arts, she looks it. Rather pathetic is her clinging to the scenery, though, to those whose French is timid, her chant and intonations are as rhythmic, her rapid patter as helter-skelter, and her short, sharp, metallic strokes in diction as effective as they ever have been.

This is no veteran lagging superfluous, but a green old age, unconscious, or at least indifferent, of decays. The vaudeville audience is not a tender one and veneration is not among its characteristics. But it is very quiet while Madame Bernhardt performs, except when she becomes violent in her elocution, and then it applauds. It applauds, in fact, every bit of stormy recitation, outbursts being a safe hint for appreciation of acting in an alien tongue.

Still, it is a candid and honest audience. The youth in white flannels who precedes Madame Bernhardt sings a song thus: "Tune Time, June Time, Moon Time, Spoon Time"; and the applause bestowed upon this minstrel is twice as loud and long as that vouchsafed Madame Sarah.

Madame Bernhardt appears twice a day without much apparent discomfort. She skims deftly over the more vehement emotions, and after dashing the *louis d'or* in Armand's face in "Camille," for instance, she returns with tranquillity at once to the wings, and the eating of an apple or the manicuring of her nails. She finds it easy to dispel precipitately the histrionic moods. The outeries of Sardou are to her nothing more than the outeries of Sardou. Even the yellow drama of her son Maurice, "A Christmas Night Under the Terror," results in no particular aftermath off stage. Hovering around her dressing room (a modest compartment in the Majestic Theatre) are a physician, a valet, a masseuse, three maids, a secretary, a personal representative, an interpreter, and a treasurer. This last named functionary seems to be fully as important as any of the others. At the risk of being iconoclastic, it may be reported that ere the tumult and the shouting dies, Madame Sarah's eager hands are pleasantly outstretched for her daily wage, which is paid to her each evening in fresh $100 bills. A crease in one of them is enough to cause its rejection.

The emoluments of vaudeville is a precarious topic, if there be enjoyment in accuracy. But it appears that the overlords of vaudeville disburse $10,000 per week in behalf of this "act," that sum including the salaries of her twenty-six players and their transportation between engagements.

Miss Ethel Barrymore played "The Twelve-Pound Look" at a rival vaudeville theatre in Chicago during the Bernhardt engagement, and the line in front of that box office was by actual measurement fully as long at last on the threshold of her sister artist

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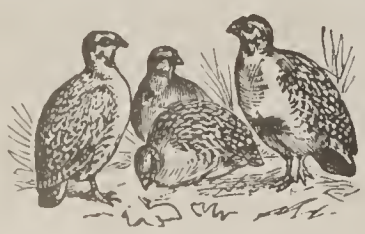

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The Case of West Virginia

(*Concluded from page* 13)

home valuable presents. One witness averred that, being an intimate friend of a certain member of the Legislature, he had walked into the hotel room of his legislative friend without knocking, and had seen three packages of bills lying on the bed. Men were pointed out as grafters who had betrayed their constituencies for money. But the actual bribery was difficult to prove at the time. Dreams of sudden wealth might have come true, but the nightmares had evidently been condoned. There was no leader with whom to advise. Even Judge Davis, who had seen counted the $1,000 received by Shock, refused to hold the money or to have anything to do with it. He did not doubt the truth of Shock's story, but he was an aged and refined man, whose life had been an open book in West Virginia, and he shrank at the thought of being mixed in a scandal. He had heard during his life of such occurrences in politics, but this was the first time he had come in actual contact with corruption, and he did not know the object of the meeting when he was called into conference.

There was determined but ineffective opposition to both Chilton and Watson on the legislative ballot. Ten Democrats voted against Watson and several against Chilton. These members were convinced that bribery had been resorted to. Some of the members voted for Watson and Chilton on the promise of former Governor MacCorkle, made on the floor of the Senate, that the charges would be honestly and fairly investigated.

Delegate E. F. Moore, a Republican of Marshall County, offered a resolution that *"Whereas,* it has been publicly charged and circulated, and is of general report and common belief in the city of Charleston and throughout the State, that large sums of money were improperly used by the candidates who secured the nominations for the United States Senate in the Democratic caucus . . . and that the action of a large number of the said Senators and delegates was influenced by such improper motives," that a committee be appointed to investigate. This resolution was modified, and a substitute finally adopted calling for an investigation of Shock's charges; but one week later no committee had been appointed, and the Legislature finally adjourned without any investigation.

In accepting office, Watson said:

"At this time let it be distinctly understood that if reasonable proof, not rumor, is shown to me or to you, that improper influences have been used by me or by my friends in this election, I will not accept the office."

Chilton's speech was more rhetorical. *"I understand,"* he said, *"that it has been intimated here that possibly I have been guilty of some corruption in connection with this nomination. Let me say here, fresh from a dear old mother's bedside; let me say here to you, fresh from the purity of a family that I love; let me say to you, here and now, in the solemn presence of good Democrats, and as God is my judge, I have done nothing wrong in this canvass."*

Governor Glasscock presented to Senator Elihu Root a petition asking for a Senatorial investigation. Nothing was done—the Governor resubmitted the charges later, when informed that there was other evidence, positive and direct, in addition to the Shock incident. They are now pending in the Senate.

Though Watson will not be returned to the Senate next January, Chilton still has four years to serve.

He was one of the active participants in the legislative canvass which resulted in his election, and it is generally asserted in West Virginia that his political record is far less creditable than Watson's. He is a servile tool of the forces that have corrupted West Virginia.

And then, again, bribery is likely to be repeated in the Republican Legislature of West Virginia this winter. The same coal barons, with whom party loyalty is an iridescent dream, and trade loyalty an axiom, are again lining up for the legislative advantages by which they monopolize the necessities of the people.

Collier's All-Southern Football Team

(*Concluded from page* 13)

At end we have a number of sterling performers. Gillem (Sewanee) did not allow the captaincy to detract from his skill. His drop-kicking and punting were matched by his brilliant defensive end work. Robinson (Auburn) played one of the finest defensive games I have seen this year. E. Brown (Vanderbilt) was the best end in covering kicks, but his lack of weight prevented him from being used for all tackle purposes in the new game. McGee (A. and M. Mississippi) was another fast and determined end. Baker (Tulane) was a splendid receiver of forward passes, and Montgomery (A. and M. Texas) one of the best of the Texans.

At quarter back no one approached Morrison (Vanderbilt's 1911 star) as a general, but several equaled his work as a runner and excelled in the kicking game. Costello (Georgetown) was a spectacular player to watch, fooling the best of tacklers, catching punts and drop-kicking with accuracy. Closely pressing him were Fletcher (Mississippi) and Kern (Texas), two fine dodgers.

In the back field were many players of high caliber. Hardage (Vanderbilt) was one of the South's best forward passers, a hard tackler, and a plucky player at all times. He merits the place of half back on the All-Southern. Reule (A. and M. Mississippi) was a fast, powerful back of the line player, and H. Van de Graaff (Alabama) one of the most certain tacklers I have seen. These three make a back field of high rank.

This 1912 All-Southern team, as chosen, has a fast, charging line of great defensive power, a back field composed of a great line plunger in Reule, two never-failing tacklers, fast end runners, and forward passers in Hardage and Van de Graaff, with a wonderful kicker in Costello. As captain I would choose Hardage.

The Dummy

(*Continued from page* 18)

are both locked. Be on the lookout all the time to see that they don't get a chance to startle you into betraying yourself. Understand?

"They may get some one in to try to pump you. If they do, be as stupid as you can. You're not supposed to be more than half-witted anyway.

"Dodge anyone you know on the streets. Don't speak to anybody, anywhere. Not even to me. No matter what happens, don't make any outcry. If we get into a tight place, the fact that you're deaf and dumb is all that will save you from serious trouble. Our boys will be watching the house. And watching you on the streets. And if anything happens, let it happen—and keep quiet—and wait—and we'll get to you."

"What's going to happen?" Barney asked, thrilled.

"Probably nothing at all," Babbing said. "We're fishing—with *you* for bait. They may not rise to you. If they do, don't worry—that's all. We'll have the line on you all the time."

So, with Barney wriggling happily under the ticklish apprehension of being a decoy, they settled down in their dingy rooms to the routine which Babbing arranged for them. The maid served them their breakfast in their apartment, on an old-fashioned card table at the foot of Babbing's folding bed. She made up Barney's room while they were still at table, and Babbing lingered over his newspaper until a young woman from his office—playing the part of a teacher from the Institute—came to give Barney his pretended lessons in lip reading. Babbing left her in charge and went to his work. At midday she took Barney out to lunch-

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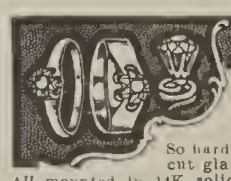

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Pass it on to your neighbor

Explain its benefits to your grocer

What Public Opinion Can Do in Your Town

THE only force which can settle your food question in the right way is the power of your opinion, backed up by that of your neighbor. If you and your fellow-citizens want the same thing, at the same time, and want it hard enough, you will get it, but public opinion cannot accomplish anything unless it is *united,* with a *single, definite object* in view.

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The Westfield Book of Pure Foods offers a basis for definite, positive public opinion. It lays before you and your neighbors something clear and concrete on foods which are pure and of high quality. It drops all argument as to what is bad and tells you the names of thousands of food products about which no argument is possible—foods which not even the food frauds and fakers can criticise. Every one of these products has survived impartial, conclusive tests which have proved it absolutely pure in material, rightly manufactured and adequately protected by its package. So long as you have before you the names of *such* products in every important line of food, used in your home, you need care nothing about the products of doubtful virtue.

This complete and handy index of pure foods makes it easy for you to be sure of buying nothing for your family that is not absolutely fit for your use, gives you something positive and clear to lay before your neighbors and your grocer and so furnishes you with the foundation for *live, effective public opinion.*

Send for The Westfield Book of Pure Foods for your own use and follow its advice in buying your daily supplies. But don't let your effort end here—be unselfish enough to pass along to your friends the same protection you are enjoying for yourself. Tell them about the book and where they can get it; explain how easily and thoroughly it solves the food question; urge them to unite with you in its use for their own selfish advantage.

And take the book to your grocer too, not just for your own sake—which is reason enough—but for his as well. Give him a fair chance to live up to it and share its benefit; let him plainly see that you mean to guide your future purchases by it and to persuade your friends to do the same. In helping the grocer to purify his stock you naturally help yourself and your neighbors and your town toward better, cleaner, purer food.

This is public opinion at its best, applied where it can do the most good and get the quickest results.

But reforms, like charity, should begin at home. Get the Westfield Book for yourself and let it make sure *your* own food supply is pure.

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NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO

The Dummy

(*Continued from page 20*)

eon at a near-by restaurant, and brought him back to the house afterward. He remained there, amusing himself in solitude, till five o'clock, when Babbing arrived.

They went for a walk together, dined together at some café, and spent the evening together either in their rooms or, presumably, seeing the sights. Mrs. Hart seemed to take no more than a kindly landlady's interest in their doings, and Barney remained dumb so religiously that his mouth ached.

BUT, under the surface of this daily round, Barney saw various hidden activities always on the alert. The teacher who came to give him lip readings spied and listened at the door, and watched about her in the restaurant and on the streets. He recognized operatives of the Babbing Bureau in the casual passers-by wherever he went. Babbing continually "tested" himself to see whether he was being followed when he was out with Barney; and when they went to the Cranmer Building of an evening, it was always in the office of Adam Cook that Babbing received his men and worked on his cases. They were reporting regularly on the Hart gang.

Barney was not allowed to go alone on the streets. And Babbing explained to Mrs. Hart one morning, in the natural course of conversation, that his son had been kidnaped in Chicago some years previous, and ransomed for five thousand dollars; and since that time another attempt had been made to steal him; and, in fact, they had moved from Chicago because of this second attempt; and Babbing had not felt it safe to leave Barney in a hotel in New York; and *that* was the real reason why they had sought rooms in a private residence.

Babbing blurted it all out in a worried rush once he had begun it, and Mrs. Hart heard him sympathetically. She even volunteered to keep an eye on Barney in the afternoons, to make sure that he did not slip out while no one was watching him. Babbing was deeply indebted to her. It relieved his mind more than he could say.

When she had left the room he spelled out to Barney on his fingers: "Watch yourself."

And Barney watched, as eager as young hope. He was leading a life of elegant idleness, sleeping late, eating unlimitedly, wearing good clothes, and doing no work whatever; and, by contrast with his days as a telegraph boy, he was a son of poverty who had fallen heir to millions. Consequently he was full of a restless vitality that remained bottled up in him like an effervescence. He made his Institute teacher take lessons from him, so that she could understand "dummy talk," for she refused to let him whisper to her, even in the privacy of his room, obeying Babbing's orders. And when he was left to his solitary afternoons he roamed around impatiently, unable to take any interest in the "baby books" that his affectionate papa had bought for him. He had been carefully deprived of the newspapers, which he was supposed to be too immature to understand. "Gee!" he said to himself, "a fullah might's well be in a coop. It wouldn't hurt 'em to let me go to a movey. Gee, this is fierce. If somethin' don't happen soon, I'll blow up an' bust."

HE was being taught the detective's patience—the patience of a cat at a mouse hole.

One afternoon Mrs. Hart came in with a workman, carrying a table to replace the card table, which she wished to remove. Barney was sitting by the window, apparently absorbed in a picture book, and he watched them with an interest that was not assumed. Any intrusion was welcome.

The workman scrutinized him casually. "Looks as if he could kick," he said to the table. And Mrs. Hart answered hurriedly: "Sh! He can read your lips."

She nodded and smiled to Barney, who watched her blankly. As they went out, taking the card table, he heard the man mutter something about "blindfold."

And he sat staring at the closed door as if he were indeed a dummy. He had been so intent upon his own deceits—and Babbing's—that he had neither seen nor suspected the deceits of his opponents. He had accepted Mrs. Hart as a mildly scheming bore who had been tricked into admitting them to her house; and he had despised her. Her "Sh! He can read your lips"—followed by her affected smile to him as she went out—had goosefleshed him, less with fear of her than with a panic at his own stupidity. What were they up to? How had he failed to see any signs of it before? How far had they gone in it? "Looks as if he could kick." The man had come there, disguised, to size him up. To what end? What were they going to do to him?

Barney had the sensations of the African hunter who found himself trailed by his lion.

He was relieved by the thought that Babbing was also out after the animal, and he ran to the door to listen. Hearing nothing, he began to caper excitedly. Something was going to "happen" at last! Babbing would come at five o'clock and they would consult together. His term of confinement would end in a dramatic springing of the trap for which he had been the bait. He began to "shadow fight" around the room, boxing the air with jubilant leads and counters, ducking and side stepping and planting mighty blows.

By the time that he had winded himself with the violence of this exercise, he had worked off enough of his excitement to sit again. Gee! if Babbing would only come now. But Babbing was not due till five, and it was vain to expect him before that time. As Adam Cook, it was part of his character to be methodical.

At four o'clock the doorbell rang, and Barney put his ear to the hall door, alertly. He heard the maid go to answer the bell. In a moment he heard her returning down the hall, followed by a heavier footfall.

He darted back to his seat by the window in time to be busy with a picture book when she knocked. He disregarded the knock, of course. She put her head in. "That's him," she said.

BARNEY looked up. A young man with a wrinkled mouth smiled falsely at him, shifted his flat-brimmed derby from his right hand to his left, took an envelope from the pocket of his natty blue serge, and crossed the room to deliver it. His feet were long and thin. He looked down at them—after he had handed Barney the envelope—smoothing his plastered black hair on the back of his head with the flat of his palm.

Barney knew him at once for what he was. The East Side breeds them by the hundreds, to be cadets, gangsters, touts, runners-up, the little jackals of organized vice protected by politics. Barney despised them as parasites, loathed them as cheap skates, and knew that they were dangerous because they shot where his own sort of tough would use the instruments of battery.

The letter was a typewritten note that read: "My dear Boy: I am to have dinner with a friend, uptown. I am sending an auto for you. Come with the bearer." It was signed "Your affectionate Papa" in the handwriting of Babbing's inscription in his picture books.

Barney guessed that it was a forgery.

He was at an age when the intelligence, like the voice, has moments of adult bass, and moments when it cracks and runs up to a boyish treble; but, in many practical affairs of life, his mind had been matured by his experience on the streets; and within the limits of that experience he was as alert as a young fox. He understood that he was being kidnaped by "a bunch o' crooks." He knew, from the sample before him, that the men might be murderous. Yet the situation, for the instant, seemed almost amusing to him, and the men nearly ridiculous. Conceive the emotions of a street mongrel when it sees itself stolen, with infinite precautions, by a thief who expects to get a reward for returning it!

HE put the letter in his pocket and went to his bedroom for his hat. He noticed himself in his glass—rather pale—and he smiled at his reflection reassuringly. Of course, Babbing had planned for all this. He had expected them to kidnap him. They would take him to some secret den, and he would overhear everything they said, and then, when he had been rescued, his testimony would convict them of all the crimes that had ever been pictured in the Sunday supplements.

It was the thought of these crimes

(*Continued on page 25*)

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The six-passenger "32", $1175 F. O. B Detroit, has equipment of two folding and revolving occasional seats in tonneau, tonneau foot rest; windshield, mohair top with envelope, Jiffy curtains, quick detachable rims, rear shock absorber, gas headlights, Prest-o-Lite tank, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse, sliding gears: Four cylinder motor, 3¼-inch bore and 5½-inch stroke; 126-inch wheelbase; 33x4-inch tires. Standard color, black. Trimmings, black and nickel.

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The Dummy

(Continued from page 22)

that made him pale. He remembered Corcoran's "They'll cut your throat, if they get half a chance." And Babbing's "They'll kill to get free." He found himself afflicted with a cold crawling in his insides; and he wished that the plant might have been arranged so that Babbing could accompany him. His mind ran up into boyish trebles again when he imagined the bandit's lair in which he would be hidden. It was a stage setting from a Bowery melodrama, and its general atmosphere was shudderful.

HE was returned to the realities by the sight of the young crook who waited for him. The fellow was obviously nervous and in a hurry to get away; his anxiety put Barney more at ease, and he looked around the room as if he were in search of something. His kidnaper stood at the hall door, with his hand on the knob, his hat already on his head, eying him impatiently. Barney went back to his bedroom.

He followed to the bedroom and beckoned to Barney to come along; and Barney, of course, stopped to ask, on his fingers, "What?" The other shook his head, showed his watch, pointed over his shoulder with his thumb and said, under his voice: "Come on, you damn dummy, I got no time—" He choked down his impatience and tried to smile alluringly. Barney gazed at that smile like a cradled infant that sees teeth for the first time. He was repeating the success of his performance with Corcoran and enjoying an artist's triumph.

It took nearly five minutes to get him to the street entrance, and there his impatient abductor went ahead, down the steps, to open the door of a ramshackle taxicab that was waiting for them, with its motor thumping. It was making as much noise as a cross-town trolley car with a flat wheel.

Barney saw Corcoran far down the street.

He slipped back into the house again to give the detective time to reach them, and he grinned in the privacy of his room, enjoying himself. At the thought that the men might get frightened and go off without him, he hurried out again, taking a picture book as if he had returned for *that*.

CORCORAN had disappeared.

The street was empty. The houses looked blank. The man at the door of the taxi smiled and wagged a hooked finger at him. And Barney stood on the steps, stupidly reluctant, his book under his arm, paralyzed by the thought that Corcoran had deserted him—to be revenged.

If the auto had been the basket of a balloon, ready to leap into space with him—or if he had expected it to shoot down the asphalt like a Loop-the-loop car, dizzily—he could not have approached it with a more fascinated mind in a more apprehensive body. He drew a fortifying long breath. When he got in, and the auto started, his physical excitement was such that the first jerk of the forward movement set him gulping. He was off.

He was off on all imaginable wild adventures. He foresaw a thrilling pursuit of the taxicab, across the State, by Babbing and his operatives in an automobile that showed at the foot of every hill just as they topped it and shot down the other side. He foresaw himself, tied hand and foot, lying on a pallet of straw in a cellar, guarded by an old hag with a face like a pick, who muttered to herself about the murders she had committed, and gnawed at her crooked fingers. He tried to escape through a grated coal hole, and they caught him and bound him to a post and fixed up a shotgun with a string tied to the trigger from the knob of the door, so that if anyone attempted to get in to rescue him while they were away, the gun would explode and shoot him through the heart. And Babbing—

"Go easy, Gus," his kidnaper warned the driver. "We don't want any argument with the traffic squad."

THEY slowed at the corner, waiting for an opening in the stream of traffic that flowed north. Barney saw that traffic with large dumb eyes from which all intelligence had withdrawn, inward, to the more vivid pictures of a fancy that was fearful with delight. Someone came out from the curb, stepped on the running board and opened the cab door. It was Corcoran. Another operative clambered in beside the driver. "How do, Tip?" Corcoran greeted Barney's captor. "They want to see you down at the office." He squeezed into the cab and forced down one of the small folding seats for himself. The driver had jammed on the brakes. "Tip" stared palely at the detective. "What d' yuh want?"

And Barney saw himself checked in the mid-flight of adventure by this premature intrusion of help. "Gee!" he said to himself. "The big boob! Why couldn't he leave us alone fer a minute!"

"They want to see you," Corcoran said, "about the same old trouble. I've been looking for you all day."

"Well, I'm busy."

"Won't take you a second. Run along down in the machine. I'll go with you."

"Now look-a-here, Cork," he protested plaintively, "you've been over me so often on that damn ol' frame up of yours—I don't know a thing about the bus'ness, an' I can tell you that, *here*, without wastin' gasoline."

CORCORAN noticed Barney. "Who's your young friend?"

"It don't matter who he is. I was told to take him uptown to keep a date, an' I got to do it. How long 'll you want me?"

"About five minutes."

Tip cursed. "All right. I'll get out. The kid can go up alone."

"They want to see Gus, too. Better come along as you are. We won't keep you any time. Who is the kid?"

"Oh ——, what difference does it make!" He was a thief accidentally intercepted by a policeman while he was making off with stolen property concealed on him. His one play was to go with the officer without arousing suspicion, and drop the stolen goods while the eyes of the law were averted. Barney, at least, could not betray him.

"Back up, Gus," he ordered the driver. "We've got to go down with these people an' help 'em put up a bluff that they're earnin' their wages. Don't you know anyone else in this burg to make a stall with, Cork, except me?"

Corcoran laughed. "No, Tip. You're my only meal ticket."

And the rest was easy. Tip Meyers made himself pleasant on the way down to the Babbing Bureau and only lost his temper when Barney could not be made to understand that he was to wait in the taxi while the others went into the Crammer Building. That young dummy (at a sign from Corcoran) insisted on accompanying them to the detective offices, making an effort to show his father's letter every time that Tip tried to turn him back. Tip did not wish that document exposed, under the circumstances. He had to let Barney follow, in order to prevent him from appealing to Corcoran with the letter.

WHEN Archibald, impersonating Babbing, received them at Babbing's desk, he broke the news to Meyers that he and his driver, Gus Kane, were "wanted" on a charge of attempting to kidnap Barney Cook, son of Adam Cook, who had retained the Bureau to protect his son from a repetition of his Chicago adventure. And Barney, still worrying about his rendezvous with his affectionate parent, produced his letter inquiringly at a most inopportune moment, and clinched the case against the kidnapers.

"Now," Archibald said formally—after Meyers had lied and struggled and sunk himself deeper and deeper into the quicksand—"the only thing for you to do is to come across with the evidence that will bring the real criminals to justice, not only in the present case, but in the Meredith disappearance. We want Mrs. Hart and her husband. We don't care so much about *you*. I may say that when we heard where Mr. Cook was living we expected something of this sort to happen, and we prepared for it. We are now in a position to provide that the Cook case need not be prosecuted, if you decide to give us the benefit of your assistance in the other matter. Otherwise, of course, you know what the penalty is for kidnaping. Corcoran, you might take this boy back to his father. And send a stenographer in here as you go out."

Corcoran beckoned to Barney to follow

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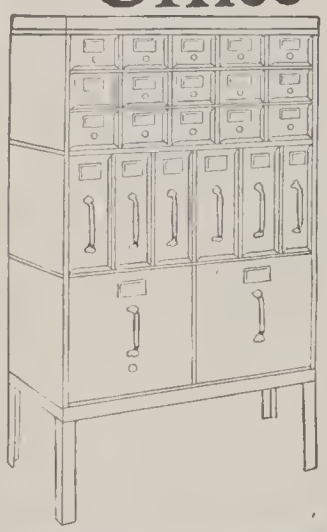

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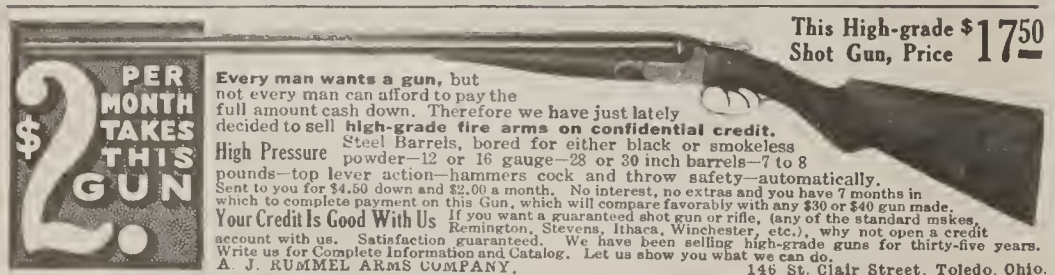

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The Dummy

(*Concluded from page 25*)

him. Outside, he said: "You'd better clear out of here until we're done with these people."

"Where's the chief?"

"He's down there still—waiting for the word to grab off Mrs. Hart."

"Well, say," Barney complained, "if you'd 'a' left me alone fer a minute I'd 'a' had the whole gang!"

"Gee whizz, kid," Corcoran gaped at him. "Who do you think you are!"

Barney waved him off. "I'm Little Pussy-foot, the Boy Scout of the Metrolopis. If you get stuck again on this job, let me know. Ta-ta! Give my love to my affeeshunt Paw-paw, an' tell him I'd like to see him when he's through here. I'm goin' home to Maw-maw."

"You're too free with your mouth," Corcoran growled over his shoulder as he went.

"Free!" Barney said. "I could talk my teeth loose." He sauntered to the elevator, whistling sibilantly. It was a relief even to whistle. "Take it from me, kid," he told himself, "this's no job fer a boy sopranner. You've got cobwebs on your top notes."

On Approval

(*Concluded from page 16*)

Gregory. Mr. Bassett came in and listened, filling his pipe again.

"Think of all those poor kids," he said, shaking his white head sadly. "I hope they get good homes. I hope this 'un will be contented here."

"Why shouldn't he?" asked Mrs. Bassett. "We've done well by our own, and I guess we'll do well by him. He'll have as good schooling an' care as they had," she explained this to Miss Wetherbee, "an' we calculate to leave him part o' the farm an' stock. There's no reason he shouldn't be well off."

"It seems to me he's very fortunate," said Miss Wetherbee.

Then she mentioned rather diffidently the formal inquiries that she would have to make—simply as a matter of record—of the minister and one or two others.

"Of course," said Mrs. Bassett promptly. "It's a good thing you're careful. There *are* people in the world, I guess, that ain't above takin' advantage of a helpless child. We'll all go down to church in the mornin', an' you can speak to our minister—he's known us twenty years. The doctor'll likely be there too, an' Lawyer Holcomb. They'll give us a good enough character, eh, father?" And she smiled proudly at her husband.

"Yes, yes, we ain't committed no hangin' offenses so fur," boomed the old man, cheerfully. "Never can tell, though. I had an uncle once went to jail for beatin' his wife. Don't know as I blame him, though. They're terrible aggravatin' sometimes, the wimmen are. I never dared tackle you, though, mother. I guess you could lick me, hey?"

When the kitchen was in immaculate order again, Mrs. Bassett opened a door off the living room.

"We've got a few things here for the boy," she said, lighting a lamp.

ON the floor was a long red sled, and on it lay a pair of skates. On the white coverlet of the bed were displayed a large pocketknife, an air gun, a copy of "Robinson Crusoe," a long tin horn, a pair of fur gloves, a red sweater, a mouth organ, and a new hatchet.

"*I* know what boys like," said Mrs. Bassett. "Then here's a lot o' little things for his stockin', an' some candy animals an' some o' them long candy canes. Now if he's asleep we might put these round his bed. There's nothin' like wakin' up Christmas mornin' in the dim, you know!"

But Gregory was not asleep. His candle was out, the moonlight poured through the dormer windows. He answered Miss Wetherbee's soft call.

"Try to go to sleep—it's late," she said.

"All right," he answered.

"Are you warm enough?"

"Yes."

"Do you want a drink of water or anything?"

"No."

She sat down a moment on the side of his bed.

"Gregory, I think you'll be happy here. I think you're a lucky boy. They're such nice people!"

He did not answer, but moved restlessly in the strange bed.

Miss Wetherbee went downstairs and sat before the fire for a little while, talking to the Bassetts.

"He's very shy," she said of Gregory. "I wonder what he's thinking about. He's so tired and yet he lies awake there."

"Natural enough—did you never see a cat in a strange house?" said Mrs. Bassett's deep voice. "Of course he's uneasy. He'll get used to us fast enough."

"I do *hope* you'll like him," Miss Wetherbee sighed. "Perhaps he's uneasy about that. Of course if you should want to send him back—"

"Not likely," almost snapped Mrs. Bassett. "He's my boy. Send him back! Take him in and then send him back as if he was a package of goods that didn't suit! I wonder at people! A boy's a boy, and, of course, he gives some trouble. So you think *that's* what's keeping him from his sleep. Poor innocent!"

She got up abruptly, as though disliking this show of feeling, and began to wind the clock. Mr. Bassett made a sorrowful noise, hanging his bushy white head.

"Perhaps he's asleep now," said Miss Wetherbee.

THIS time there was no answer when she spoke his name. The gifts were brought up the stairs and handed to her, and she arranged them round his bed, and filled the stocking, sticking the candy canes in at the top. Her face was bright when she came out, and said good night to the Bassetts.

"He *will* be happy when he wakes," she said.

Soon the house was quiet, except for the loud ticking of the clock downstairs and the low voices of the farmer and his wife as they moved about in their bedroom. Then the voices ceased. Miss Wetherbee from her bed could look out her open window over the white hillsides in all the solemn glory of the moon. The air was inexpressibly pure and sweet. A cow lowed sleepily near by, the dog snored by the stove below, the clock ticked, there were little creaks and snappings in the old wood of the farmhouse.

At home now the big hall was cleared for the dance. The violins were playing her waltz—*their* waltz, and he perhaps was dancing with some one else, or perhaps was thinking of her. No matter, she was glad she had done it. Other days would come and go, and *this* day would be marked with a white stone.

A long sigh came from the little room across the hall. Her last thought as she drifted off to sleep was of the child there, and she smiled.

Something half waked her in the twilight before the dawn—a fluttering, piping note, as of an ecstatic bird—instantly stilled again.

When she really woke, the sun, just risen, was streaming in her window. She looked out upon a wide valley, white and golden pink in the sunrise. A cheerful noise came from the farm buildings across the yard, the animals were all afoot. The stove rattled loudly below stairs. The dog barked. The door opened and shut with a loud slam.

She saw Mr. Bassett, his white hair like an aureole in the sun under his fur cap. He was walking toward the barn, and the shaggy dog ran, barking, in circles about him. Mr. Bassett had Gregory by the hand. The boy was wearing the red sweater and the fur gloves, and dragging the shining sled.

MISS WETHERBEE saw his upturned face. His cheeks were red and his eyes shone.

She put her head out of the window and cried: "Merry Christmas!"

They looked round. When Gregory saw her he jumped up and down in the snow and waved both arms over his head.

He shouted loudly. His voice rang out full and free, with all the strength of his lungs. Joyous it rang and echoed back again from the snowy slopes.

C62

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Buddha

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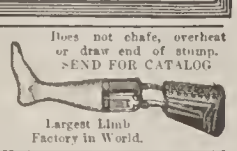

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Who Pays for Advertising?

No. 103

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Take the merchant who does not advertise. He pays a clerk two dollars a day. And the clerk sells ten dollars' worth of goods.

Naturally, that merchant must first pay the clerk his two dollars out of the ten dollars that you pay for the goods. That means twenty per cent profit, to start with, for the clerk alone. And then the store must take its part of your purchase money for rent, for heat, for taxes, insurance. And the proprietor must take his part.

Where the man who does not advertise pays two dollars to the clerk and two dollars for rent and a dollar for insurance and delivery and sells ten dollars' worth of goods, HE MUST TAKE FIVE DOLLARS FOR EXPENSES AND AT LEAST THREE DOLLARS FOR HIMSELF—AND YOU GET TWO DOLLARS' WORTH OF GOODS.

A man with the same clerk and the same store, ADVERTISING, can sell one hundred dollars' worth of goods, so that out of one hundred dollars he can pay the clerk and the rent and the taxes and the overhead, and take the profit that he wants—and the whole thing amounts to less than one-tenth of the amount taken in.

ADVERTISING DOUBLES THE EFFICIENCY OF THE CLERK, THE VALUE OF THE STORE, THE POWER OF THE MERCHANT'S ORGANIZATION.

The man who advertises persistently, intelligently and truthfully is saving the money of those that purchase from him—inasmuch as he is making it possible for the SAME organization, the same equipment, to do many times the amount of business that it would do without advertising. He can take for himself three or four or five per cent on his sales—instead of 40%, as the non-advertiser must do—and with his small percentage of profit he can become an infinitely richer man.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

DECEMBER 28, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME FIFTY No. 15

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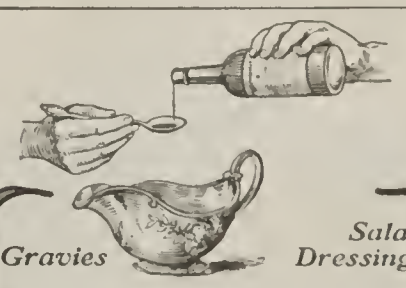

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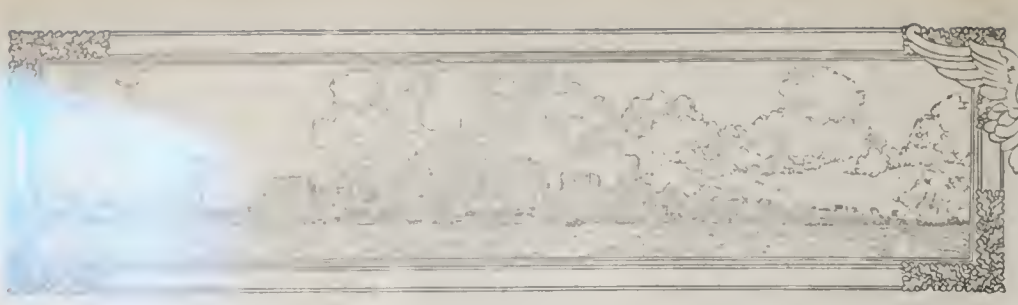
The Interrupted Mission

It must have been with joy that the messenger who came with glad tidings started on the earthward flight. But when he draws near at this season, it is with troubled eyes that he sees a world still full of anger,



THE TURN OF THE YEAR

NOW, in this season of peace, we face toward the veiled future, strong to win from it whatever its mystery holds. From unwearied plenty new life comes tumbling out upon this earth, serves its turn, and is replaced by other freshness, never failing. So we go our way, linking the long past with the ever-shaping future. As white as the snows of the gathering winter and green as the leaves of the coming spring, so pure and so fresh are the days of the year that is ours. In them we shall make the history of our race and time. We stride out in the morning to a world as fair as ever greeted ULYSSES when he surprised NAUSICAA and her maidens at play. We, and we alone, stand between the immeasurable past of all history and the dim times that lie ahead. We merge ourselves in that unceasing flow. But for us all would end. All the patient labor of innumerable workers would crumble and be lost. Stern battles have died away in long recessionals of sound, and out of that agony our peace has come. The silent host of those who fought and toiled are bidding us enhance the heritage. They abolished slavery, overthrew tyranny, conquered pain. All our vision is won for us by their straining eyes, and the high hopes that we cherish grow from their yearning. The goals they struggled toward and never reached, the horizons they put forth beyond the western stars, their gallant quests and Holy Grails, are interwoven in the richer texture of our days. The silent process waits on us. The pressure of the universe is upon our shoulders, and we take up the task eternal.

WHERE THE TASK LIES

FROM Mr. H. G. WELLS'S latest book, recently published under the title "Marriage":

"And about this sordid-looking wilderness went a population that"
"seemed at first as sordid. It was in no sense a tragic population. But"
"it saw little of the sun, felt the wind but rarely, and so had a white,"
"dull skin that looked degenerate and ominous to a West-end eye. It"
"was not naked nor barefooted, but it wore cheap clothes that were"
"tawdry when new, and speedily became faded, discolored, dusty, and"
"draggled. It was slovenly and almost willfully ugly in its speech and"
"gestures. And the food it ate was rough and coarse if abundant, the"
"eggs it consumed 'tasted'—everything 'tasted'; its milk, its beer, its"
"bread was degraded by base adulterations; its meat was hacked red stuff"
"that hung in the dusty air until it was sold; east of the city TRAFFORD"
"could find no place where by his standards he could get a tolerable meal"
"tolerably served. The entertainment of this eastern London was jingle,"
"its religion claptrap, its reading feeble and sensational rubbish without"
"kindliness or breadth. And if this great industrial multitude was neither"
"tortured nor driven nor cruelly treated—as the slaves and common peo-"
"ple of other days have been—yet it was universally anxious, perpetually"
"anxious about urgent small necessities and petty dissatisfying things."

THE RAFT OF STATE

OF THE UNITED STATES of eighty years ago, thus DE TOCQUEVILLE:

It is most especially in the conduct of foreign relations that democratic governments appear to me to be decidedly inferior to governments carried on upon different principles.

It was his idea that a democracy is not a ship of state, but a raft; it will not sink, but the feet of everyone are under water. Eighty years have brought less improvement than is desirable. Only a short time ago were stillborn, with much pother, twin treaties to arbitrate all differences with France and Great Britain. Now arises our first great question with one of these powers—the matter of the Panama Canal tolls—and, uncompelled by treaty, we will not arbitrate. This is mere rafting.

AN OHIO JUDGE

ONE OF THE PLEASING VICTORIES of the last campaign was the election of Judge R. M. WANAMAKER of Ohio to the Supreme bench of the Buckeye State. He was the only candidate not a Democrat elected on the State ticket. His election showed the keen discrimination of the average voter. He received the highest vote ever given any candidate for any office in the history of his home county. In the State at large he was highest of the thirteen Supreme Court candidates. He made his appeal directly to the people. He reasoned that a governor who appoints a judicial officer rarely appoints one with whom he is not personally acquainted, and that the people of the State, who were about to make a similar choice, were entitled at least to see him and to learn what manner of man he was. The unique thing about Judge WANAMAKER which made him the only successful candidate not a Democrat was this: He went to the people with a definite progressive program for judicial reform as applicable to the Supreme Court of Ohio. He was the first judge to be elected to the highest court in any State east of the Mississippi who avowedly favored the recall of judges by popular vote. He insisted that the people of Ohio had recently adopted a progressive constitution, and that the next reform was to get progressive laws under that constitution; but that neither or both of these would be of any avail unless progressive-minded men were elected to the Supreme bench. A reactionary court might pull the teeth of progressive laws. Judge WANAMAKER is that most radical innovation—a popular judge.

INTO THE OPEN

ONE OF THE MOST thoroughly satisfying phases of the agitation for woman's greater political and economic freedom is that it seems to be almost inevitably associated with activity in the open air. The traditional sphere of woman, since she has ceased to cultivate the fields, is indoors, to the distinct detriment of her health and mental calm. Women whose need of strength is so imperative have been tied down by the nature of their work and their social prejudices, rather than by their physique, to lives debilitating and provocative of nervous disorders. They do not get enough exercise in the open air. It is peculiarly significant of the attitude of the modern woman that, when a group of suffragists wished to make a particularly striking appeal to the Governor-elect of their State, they did not make the occasion one for glamour and social appeal, but for a long expedition on foot in the bracing weather of early winter. Even the city-bound woman, with her parades and open-air meetings, is getting more than her traditional share of the wind and sunshine. From this phase at least of the woman movement there can surely be few dissenters. If along with the mental freshness that comes with an active interest in the world's affairs there goes also greater strength and symmetry of body, something will indeed have been gained for the future of humanity. The calmness of mind, the suppleness of body, and the vivacious spirits that come from overflowing health are the surest augurs of happy, peaceful companionship, successful, joyful motherhood, and proficiency even in that phase of life for which some still think the harem to be the proper preparation.

A NEW SENATOR

WE ARE INDEBTED to Mr. PHIL E. ZIMMERMAN of Lindsborg for this specimen of the hortatory literature used by the recently successful Democratic candidate for United States Senator from Kansas. Somehow this card gives an added zest of curiosity as to what sort of Senator this new member will be. There are those who claim that as the Senate has improved in conscience it has deteriorated in dignity and intellect. It would take a pretty poor Senator to be less, either in dignity or intellect, than the Hon. CHARLES CURTIS, whom Mr. THOMPSON succeeds:

Kansas, by the way, never fails in gameness and humor. Her most recent contribution to both is the manner in which the Progressive, STUBBS, takes his defeat by Mr. THOMPSON. "Kansas did more," he says in exalting his native State; "Kansas made the Democrats secure by giving them the one additional Senator needed to make a working majority in every department of the Government." We end this course of cerebration feeling that, on the whole, STUBBS would have made the better Senator.

THE SHIFTING SENATE

THE CHANGE by which Texas loses BAILEY is intellectually a decided deterioration. BAILEY'S conscience is not up to the ethical standards of his time, but no one could see him on the Senate floor or read his speeches without acknowledging his power. The new Senator from Texas is better known for speeches that "you could waltz to" than for thought or learning. The change that brought WORKS of California in on an Insurgent wave lowered the intellectual average of the Senate decidedly; and STEPHENSON in the shoes of SPOONER is no increase in responsiveness to popular demands, and otherwise is a severe trial to the most robust optimism.

THE STANDPATTER

A MICHIGAN NEWSPAPER provides us with this report of words uttered in the course of a public speech at Saranac by the Hon. WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH, then and now a candidate for reelection to the United States Senate. If Senator SMITH has anywhere denied the words and views here imputed to him, the repudiation has not been sufficiently fleet-footed to catch up with us:

IONIA, MICH., October 29.

I have taken my last cut at the tariff [said Senator WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH Monday in his Saranac speech]. If you want it lowered, get somebody else to lower it. We are getting near the danger mark, and I have gone the limit.

When any future historian seeks a single sentence in which to crystallize the mental attitude of the tariff Standpatter, here it is. Could ALDRICH do more? As a matter of fact, PENROSE has done less; he framed and introduced an amendment lowering the Wool Schedule. This type of Standpatter who regards the Payne-Aldrich tariff with the same reverence as the Ten Commandments is a more effective bar to progress than the one who merely looks upon the present tariff as a dishonest system, in which his only concern is to be sure to get his share.

THE DOMESTIC NOTE

A YOUNG PHYSICIAN in Hubbard Woods, which is a suburb of Chicago, started to crank up his automobile with the clutch in the throttle open. The machine jumped ahead, knocked him down, and ran over him. His wife and four young children, seated in the car, assisted in this Juggernautish humbling of the head of the family. Said he afterward to a friend: "I'll bet that's the first time on record a man's whole family ran over him." The friend regarded him thoughtfully. "Possibly," said he, "in just that way—"

THE CHANGING DRAMA

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ARTISTS—whether painters, playwrights, or novelists—have been a little afraid of Nature almost from the beginning. Life, unveiled by ethics or not run into the conventional molds dear to the lazy-thinking public, has seemed almost indecent. This is especially true of the stage, where convention has held longer than elsewhere. Until a few years ago, both in England and America, naturalistic plays almost invariably came from abroad. There has been a great change in England during the past ten years. IBSEN was, no doubt, the original motive force, while Mr. SHAW has performed useful service as popularizer and general stirrer-up. Plays like "Strife," "Don," "Justice," "The Pigeon," were not being written in England a decade ago. Even such a popular piece as "Milestones," with its lack of "action," would scarcely have been accepted by a manager of that day. Mr. GALSWORTHY, writing on "Platitudes Concerning Drama," feels that a new English drama is growing. "It is not renascent because this or that man is writing, but because of the new spirit. A spirit that is no doubt in part the gradual outcome of the impact on our home-grown art of Russian, French, and Scandinavian influences, but which in the main rises from an awakened humanity in the conscience of our time." We have a similar awakened humanity in this country, but it has scarcely as yet found expression in plays. We have light, cheerful comedies in a journalistic vein, and occasional "strong situations" of the manufactured sort; but of men who write of life as they actually see and feel it, with authority and an austere suppression of easy bids for favor and applause, who simply set down the facts, so to speak, and let them speak for themselves, we have as yet almost none.

"HINDLE WAKES"

A PLAY recently produced in New York, Mr. STANLEY HOUGHTON'S "Hindle Wakes," is an interesting example of the work of the newer English school. Here is a piece almost without "action," in the old-fashioned sense of the word, depending for its effect principally on revelation of character, with scenes of the simplest sort, yet possessing the qualities of suspense and interest in an unusually high degree. The theme of the play is the betrayal—if such it may be called—of a Lancashire mill girl who goes off on a joy ride with her employer's son during bank-holiday week. The accidental drowning of the girl friend she is supposed to be with reveals the truth, and the business of the play consists in showing the effects of her act on her parents, the parents of the man, the man's fiancée and her father, and the man himself. The whole thing is played in terse, pungent Lancashire dialect, and reveals searchingly and with a continuous quiet humor the prejudices and weaknesses—and virtues as well—of the persons concerned. Neither author nor players once compromise their quiet, absolutely veracious note. "Hindle Wakes" is one of the two or three really important plays of the season.

WHY COME?

POOR AMERICA! If she houses her libraries [illegible], her shops, or her artistic enterprises in fine structures, she is [illegible]; and "See her plutocratic extravagance!" hurls her critics. If she uses modesty and gives the best grand opera in the world in an unpretentious tenement, like the Metropolitan, in New York, "See her inartistic sense and parsimony!" exclaims the foreigner. It is not enough that the Rockefeller Institute does grand work for science, and that the institute's head, Dr. CARREL, receives the Nobel Prize. "I am disappointed in the *furniture* of the institute," sighs a distinguished British scientist after looking it all over.

SOMETHING FOR WINTER

HERE IS A SUGGESTION for school children, especially for country-school children and their teachers. Some of the youthful farmers who have made two ears of corn grow where none grew before ought to be particularly interested in it. It comes from Mr. RICHARD HAUGHTON, who tells in the "Rural New Yorker" of some experiments he and his brother have made on their farm in Chester County, Pa., to find the best method of preparing soil for sowing alfalfa. The experiment is the same as that suggested by Professor MILTON WHITNEY in Circular 18, Bureau of Soils, United States Department of Agriculture. It consists of testing, by planting seed in pots, the actual soil of the farm under various conditions of fertilization. The disadvantage of the usual scheme of devoting several plots of the farm itself to the crop under test is that it is comparatively expensive, and that at least a season is used in arriving at the result. The advantage of the pot experiment is that it is cheap and may be carried on in winter indoors. Especially constructed wire pots are used, different soils put in each, and the result is known in a few weeks. There is a photograph of eighteen of these pots accompanying Mr. HAUGHTON'S article. To some ground limestone had been added; to others bone, bone and potash, nitroculture, etc., etc. Those that were inoculated produced plants very much larger than the soils without inoculation. The actual results on the farm seemed to justify the pot experiments. The Agricultural High School at Sparks, Baltimore County, Md., has tried this system of experiment under the guidance of Professor CROCHERON, and it has also been tried with success in Tredyffrin and Easttown Townships, Chester County, Pa. Mr. HAUGHTON'S article is in the "Rural New Yorker" for November 9. The instructions for carrying out the experiment may be found in the Agricultural Department Bulletin, already mentioned.

WHAT CAN YOUR CHILDREN DO?

THE IMAGINATION is liveliest in childhood. If the individual has any creative instinct, it will crop out early. Most writers have samples of childish work carefully cherished by collectors or grandmothers. In the notice of a sale of rare books recently held in New York there appears "The Embargo; or, Sketches of the Times: A Satire," written by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT at the age of thirteen. As there are only five or six copies of this masterpiece extant, we have never read it. W. H. MALLOCK, the essayist, composed the following at the mature age of eight:

The breezes are blowing
Around me, above me;
Oh, I should be happy
If Celia would love me.

But without Celia's love,
The breezes may blow,
And, for all that I care,
To the devil may go.

We ourselves made a few infantile sallies into the realm of literature. At ten we were living on a ranch in the far West and spoke the vernacular of the country. This is one of our bits of aspiration:

When the seed is freshly sown
'Neath the shaddow of a stone,
I lie all alone
By the meadow ditch.

And often do I hark
To the singing of a lark
Who soers until dark
By the meadow ditch.

Oh, the center of my dreams,
The best of all the streams,
As in the sun it gleams,
The meadow ditch.

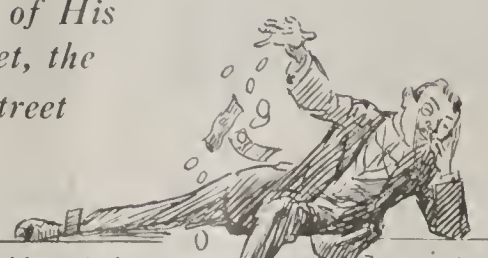
The bird mentioned must have been a pure flight of the imagination, for we are sure that larks do not "soer" in the State of Washington, even by irrigation ditches. Our grandmother saved this treasure to posterity.

'TWAS EVER THUS

SPEAKING of wives in "Shakespeare," we have often thought that HAMLET and PORTIA would make an ideal couple. But PORTIA married BASSANIO and HAMLET was in love with OPHELIA!

The CONFESSIONS

An Astonishing Revelation of His Operations in Broad Street, the Outside Ally of Wall Street



ONE minute after ten o'clock on the first Monday morning in December, 1912, I stole fifty dollars. No officer of the law will apprehend me for that ordinarily indictable crime of grand larceny. I am immune. My victims were a trusting pair of prosperous gamblers. Do you not recall that comforting maxim of adolescence: "Second thief, best owner"? We country lads exemplified it concerning jackknives, fishing tackle, and hound pups.

For the ensuing day I could afford to perform the first really honest, and consistently the hardest, labor I ever attempted in the twenty years of my parasitic business existence. That was to outline for publication an insider's warning to a gullible public. No, I'll make a comfortable living neither as a free-lance pickpocket nor the wheelman in a graft-protected roulette game.

I am a reputable broker and trader on the New York Curb. My word is as good as a surety company's bond; daily I operate in stocks worth many thousands by a mere nod of the head, sometimes with an almost imperceptible wink.

How did I manage to gather fifty good dollars in sixty wicked seconds during these dull times? It was easy for a commission broker of my skill and experience. In truth, any one of several hundred others could have equaled the performance. Many times a day these clever mulctings take place, differing only in degree from the following particulars:

BEFORE the market opened, a Stock Exchange firm (to be known as "A" in this narrative) gave me an order to buy one hundred shares of Tobacco Shops Common "at the market"; another house (call it "Z") instructed me to sell the same amount of the stock in a like manner.

When I rushed into the Smoke Crowd, the quotation was 108¼ to ⅜. For the layman's illumination, that meant that hundred-share lots could be bought for $10,875 or sold for $10,825.

I promptly reported to my respective order sources that I had bought one hundred shares of the security at 108¾ and sold one hundred ditto at 108¼. These transactions, of course, were made "under the hat," with an obvious gross profit of fifty dollars in my favor.

For safety's sake, I then proceeded to "cross" the Tobacco Shops Common stock at 108¾ and 108¼. Whispering my instructions to two cronies, I again went into the turmoil.

"A hundred at three-quarters!" yelled Crony No. 1.

"I take it!" I shouted at him.

The rest of the boys within hearing merely smiled. They are tolerant of this rough work, having done it unnumbered times themselves.

A few seconds later Crony No. 2 called out: "A quarter for a hundred!"

"Sold!" I roared, and walked away in virtuous dignity. If the Nicotine Group grinned more broadly, none made an audible objection to my farcical performance. Moreover, those alleged sales would appear on the official quotation sheet, thereby satisfying my Stock Exchange connections that I had been on the level, or effectually forestalling any complaint they might make.

In sober truth, no disinterested broker there could swear that my purchase and sale were not legal. My accomplices would not fail me. Snitchers are a negligible quantity on the New York Curb. What man dare boast of clean palms where all are making their bread and butter handling pitch? I, frankly, am a traitor to my clan in printing this betrayal. If the authorship is traced to me, I will be boycotted and ostracized by every broker and employee inside the Curb Association and out.

WITH that fifty-dollar difference in my undisputed possession, I next put through a precautionary "clearance" trade at a brother Curbite's office. Call him Blank. He has only an occasional public customer, being mostly occupied with the glossing-over process for us more active trimmers. There are a half dozen houses like Blank's. I distribute my pickings among them to avoid comment and suspicion from my own customers and Stock Exchange connections. It naturally looks bad to give up continually the name of one house as buying from or selling to yourself.

Blank's comparison slips and books should have exhibited the following formula: Bought 100 Tobacco Shops Common at 108¼ from "Z" account of "X." (I am the unknown quantity.) Sold 100 ditto at 108¾ to "A" account of "X" Both "A" and "Z" now would have Blank's name on their respective contracts.

Blank charged me two dollars for this service. Incidentally, he would go before the Supreme Court of the United States to affirm that the purchase and sale were for his own account at those identical prices. I also was debited two dollars on the selling side for the state's revenue stamp. My legitimate commissions from "A" and "Z" being $25 each, the net result was a neat half hundred.

There was an interesting aftermath. About 10.30 "A's" order clerk called me on the phone.

"What was the high sale on Tobacco Shops Common?" he inquired, hopefully.

"It sold up to 109 after I bought yours at 108¾," I assured him.

"Make my report 108⅞, and I'll go joint account with you on the $12.50!"

"Thanks, old man; but why not call it 109 and cop $25 for ourselves?"

"Naw, let's have a heart! It'll cost the customer 109 by the time he pays the firm's $12.50 commission. What is the stock now?"

"107¾ to 108¼, last sale 108⅛."

"Gee, the poor boob is out nearly a hundred beans before he gets his report! Well, there's only one born once a month now instead of every minute as in the good old days of 1906. S'long, old boy! Gimme the cash to-morrow when the stock goes through. I don't like checks for these little affairs, you know!"

After that agreeable understanding, I telephoned "Z's" office manager. He is a member of the firm, handles the customers' orders in person, and concededly is capable of engineering his own stealings.

"The low price on Tobacco Shops Common," I informed him, ingratiatingly, "was 108⅛. I sold a hundred for you at a quarter, you know. Shall I have any printed at 108?"

"If you don't," he replied, pleasantly, "I'll hand out my future business to an up-to-date Curb thief who will! Send me the difference. A bearer check will do."

The complacent crook! I did not suggest that he declare me in on the $25 pilfered from his client. "Z's" manager formerly was a member of the New York Curb Market Association. We understand each other thoroughly.

To straighten out the changed details of the transaction, I corrected my reports to Blank from 108¼ and 108¾ to 108 and 108⅞. Adding "A's" and "Z's" commissions of $12.50 apiece and a $2 revenue stamp, here was a variance of $114.50 between the simultaneous net purchase and sale. The curious might inquire which customer lost this sum? It should be divided equally, of course! The potential chance at the trading moment was that the stock would either go up or down. This time the purchaser happened to choose the unlucky resultant.

I SINCERELY wish more of these good things would come into the Outside Market! In 1906 I made so much money from their market orders that I should seriously have injured the feelings of any order clerk presuming to offer me a joint account on a paltry $12.50. Recently I have learned to appreciate sixteenths ($6.25) or thirty-seconds ($3.12), and I do not scorn even the lowly penny mining stocks with their dollar possibilities per hundred shares.

Some of the thoroughly unscrupulous ones among us would have induced Blank to change the figures on "Z's" incoming bill of sale from 108 to 108⅞, and thus have reutilized the canceled $2 stamp. This is rather mean piking, I think. Also, I am desperately afraid of any law on the statute books.

I have freely employed the criminal terms "steal" and "crook." When I arrived home on Monday evening and gayly greeted my helpmeet, I glibly described that successful fraud of the morning as "scalping." My wife, who has been sightless since a childhood attack of scarlet fever, proudly refers to her husband's profession as that of "an operator in stocks and bonds." We are a childless couple, and she imagines me to be the epitome of all the masculine excellences. To her I am sweetheart, husband, father, brother, and son, a much beloved, all in all, whom her poor eyes will never see.

Heaven forbid that my smiling, serene life companion ever shall learn the whole truth about my enterprises! I am not only a nonproducer and a parasite, but a sinner. I have no more right to inculcate the Curb's gambling spirit in some innocent clerk or small merchant than has a bartender to drum up trade for his grog shop by encouraging an abstainer to take the first intoxicating drink. Both acts are equivalent crimes against squareness, charity, and decency.

Measured by the higher law, the winner in a stock gamble plainly is culpable of profiting by some one's bitter loss. I believe this phase of the sordid situation is becoming rather well understood by the American people. Until ten or fifteen years ago the solid citizen who hoped to "make a killing in Wall Street" was eager to be quoted as a speculator, or, better yet, an "investor." To-day even the confirmed ticker fiend indulges his mania in shamefaced manner.

We Curbites are a light-hearted crew of commission pirates. At our worst we are good-humored, tolerant, and forgiving. At our best we would fleece a fellow member with as small mercy as we show our customers if the brother broker gave us the chance. Taken all in all, we are, ethically, socially, and financially, midway between the race track and the Stock Exchange. There are about three hundred live-wire specimens of my type within the ropes on Broad Street midway between Wall and Beaver. Whether they specialize in Standard Oil subsidiaries or the lowest-priced mining stocks, all are worshipers of luck, fatalists and philosophers

OUR arena is directly in front of the abandoned offices of George Graham Rice and J. Thomas Reinhardt. The former recently completed his workhouse sentence for a flagrant misuse of the United States mails; the latter is an involuntary bankrupt and isolated across the Atlantic Ocean from his indignant creditors. Both of these warped geniuses for fake stock promotion were in their separate heydays acclaimed as King of the Curb.

Rice floated the Ely Central Copper Company, with 1,600,000 shares, each of $10 par value; the Rawhide Coalition Mines Company, 6,000,000 shares, $1 par; and the Bovard Consolidated Mines Company, 5,000,000 shares, $1 par. Thousands of investors throughout the United States, Canada, and Mexico ache with the memory of what these wildcat mining propositions cost them. The high price records are: Ely Central, $5.25 per share; Rawhide Coalition, $1.47; Bovard, 22 cents.

To-day's quotations of interest to stockholders follow: Ely Central, one-half cent bid per share. Rawhide Coalition, fifty cents bid for a lot of one thousand shares, or one-half of a mill per share. Bovard, absolutely no bid to be found anywhere.

Reinhardt's pets were the Porcupine Central Mining Company, capital $1,000,000, shares $1 each; the Porcu-

# of a CURB BROKER

pine Southern Mines Company, capital $1,000,000, shares $1 each, and the Porcupine Northern Mining Company, capital $1,000,000, shares $1 each. The credulous were landed with the quill-studded trio at an approximate average of $1.59 per share. The high points were: Porcupine Central, $5.62½; Porcupine Southern, $2.31¼; Porcupine Northern, $1.75.

To-day they are quoted as follows to those Yankee and Canuck unfortunates who yearn to realize something from the slaughter: Central, 7 cents bid per share; Southern, 6 cents; Northern, 5 cents.

Their majesties Rice and Reinhardt, introduced that malodorous half dozen to the pocketbooks of investors by special warrant of the Curb organization. The charge for listing a so-called mining company is $100. Some are admitted to trading as prospects, but this warning fact does not appear in the newspapers or on the official quotation sheet.

NONE of the aforesaid six was a producer at the mines. The only way they possibly could pay the promoter lay in that unlawful manipulation known as "washing." The Laundry Trust should watch its unsuspected rival working within a stone's throw of the majestic Stock Exchange. Shades of Tennessee Coal and Iron and the Hocking Pool, but the floor members know how to do it themselves! However, we outside market lads are unsurpassed as manglers of financial roughdrys.

A large proportion of my fellow parasites are members of the New York Curb Market Association. Their dues are $25 a year, an annual income of about $7,000. New listings furnish about $3,000 more. We understand that there is a fund of $17,000 in our treasury to defend us in the courts if occasion arises.

It is popularly believed down here that "City Hall is being sweetened" to allow the usurpation of a public street for a restricted trading membership. An intelligent and tactful member of the Traffic Squad shepherds us. His stipend is $1,400 a year. We offer thanks to the patient taxpayer for this boon. The New York Stock Exchange's rules and regulations govern us, and we enjoy the friendly interest of the major trading mart. Our earnest text is: "The Exchange steals indoors; we do our dirty work in the open!"

I bank at the largest down-town institution. If I saw one of its employees in a Curb broker's office, I

John Sloan

should walk around and reduce my deposit to the lowest checking allowance. If I caught him in a New York Stock Exchange house, I would sprint into the bank and draw out every cent of my modest account.

The three hundred Curbites have, at a conservative estimate, an average of three employees apiece. In addition, there probably are a hundred camp followers, such as financial writers and touts and quotation gatherers.

That is a grand total of one thousand souls to be fed, clothed, and sheltered from the Curb cornucopia.

I am weak on statistics, but it seems plausible to me that our maintenance alone costs the nation $5,000 every working day. That makes $1,500,000 annually. No mathematician dare do more than approximate the staggering yearly Curb losses of a speculative public in oil, tobacco, industrial, gold, silver, and copper stocks. You can find some of the figures in the bankruptcy court. Now and then side lights show in the criminal docket or the coroner's office, revealing embezzlement, murder, and suicide.

Suppose, through legislative action or by moral effect, the ten hundred Curb satellites of chance could be diverted into a utilitarian field. Think of the broad, fecund acres they would plow and seed and harvest! There is a dream to inspire the poet. A saving sense of humor prevents me from riming the thought myself. I cannot possibly imagine my alert and cynical Broad Street girl stenographer as a rural milkmaid. Her destiny is not to rake the meadow, but to trim the hayseed!

THE promotion of wildcat and mad-dog stocks, so fatal to the unwary lamb, never is the least bit opaque to us initiated vultures. The method, unvarying and as time-honored as the green-goods and gold-brick games, is simple and direct.

Upon the heels of a genuine boom in an oil or precious metals district, some cunning Rice or Reinhardt secures a cheap option on adjacent territory. It *might* yield traces of the neighboring petroleum or quartz if a weak-minded optimist could be led to dig or bore there.

The up-to-date promoter is not so visionary. He prefers to gouge and bleed the rich and ready get-much-for-little vein in the body politic. Americans have a craze for stock certificates. They will sink a thousand hard-earned dollars in some just-heard-of fake when you could not sell them a full-weight double-eagle for nineteen dollars.

So, "The Intercontinental Golden Fleece-Gathering Company" is launched. After being listed or admitted to quotation on the New York Curb, "wash" sales (closely related to my Monday morning "crossing" of Tobacco Shops Common) establish a range of say $5 to $5.25 a share. This triumph duly is set forth on the official sheets and copied by the newspapers. The trap is set.

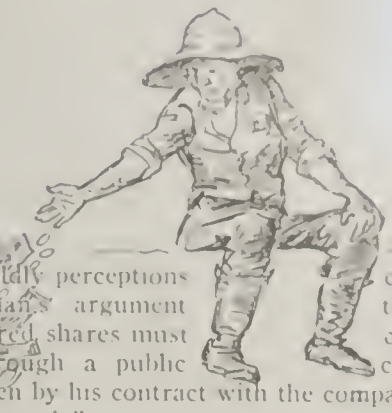
The pocketbook investigator carefully scans his sucker list, financial rating sheets, insurance company reports, and records of legacies. Expert salesmen scatter far and wide to towns, villages, and farming communities. The cities usually are seined through the medium of newspaper advertising columns.

The road agents are armed with an artistic prospectus, which unobtrusively avoids any direct guarantee of intrinsic value in the proposition; a sheaf of crinkly certificates engagingly announcing in prominent type that they are "full-paid and nonassessable"; and the official quotation sheet to prove that there is a recognized market for the "security" in the chief city of the United States.

IN a distant hamlet, the grocer's widow has received one thousand dollars from the insurance company. It is in the local bank, temporarily. She had to hire extra help to run the store. The new clerk's salary is a discouraging outgo. Her two children are small, and they must have that good schooling which is the inviolate heritage of young America.

Always lurking in the mother's brain is a black and growing fear that she may fail to win through to Harry's public school diploma. In sunnier moments, her dazzling hope is that the happy day will come when Mabel demurely steps out on the auditorium platform of the county-seat high school for her commencement reward. The widow, in fond imaginings, has planned and sewed that graduation dress a thousand times.

And here, providentially, is a well-dressed stranger offering her for one thousand dollars the very last three hundred shares of "Golden Fleece" in his control. She sees in convincing print that the stock sells every market day at $5 per share or better on the Curb.



Her unworldly perceptions cannot pierce the salesman's argument that these three hundred shares must come on the market through a public customer. He is "forbidden by his contract with the company to speculate in the stock."

THE widow does not confide in the banker while nervously drawing out her precious hoard. He is a hard man, who has been known as the forecloser of mortgages against dilatory borrowers. She does not propose to be engineered out of her five-hundred-dollar profit. What a godsend the increase will be!

After the widow's mite and the crinkly stock certificates change hands the well-dressed stranger quickly disappears from the scene, never to return if he can help it.

It matters not through what channel, Stock Exchange or Curb house, the new stockholder attempts to market the "full-paid and nonassessable" securities. "Golden Fleece" continues to be quoted around $5, but the cruel truth soon must be hers. There is no real bid anywhere.

The promoter increases his city luxuries a trifle. Back in the quiet hamlet the phantom of a filmy, beribboned graduation dress is a downright horror to the half-crazed mother.

Overdrawn? No, undertoned! Glance at an old quotation sheet, say of 1906 or 1907 vintage, with its fifty mining and oil stocks. Ask a Curb broker to give you the present market prices on them. Twenty-five will have to be marked "dead." Drowned in tears, perhaps. Fifteen can be quoted from ten cents per share value down to one cent. Five still may be at their thieving tricks under aliases, "reorganized" or "absorbed." The remaining five represent honest, if not entirely remunerative ventures.

That is a deadly percentage of ten to one against the reckless or unguarded investor. The plain arithmetic of this widespread stock-gambling curse should be taught in the schools right after the morning prayer.

Here is a sober prophecy: In the event of our aggressive country going to war with a foreign power, or because of some equal national disaster, the majority of the New York Curb stocks would break practically to nothing per share. Almost every oil and mining issue here has hanging over it a trembling avalanche of treasury stock. They are floated solely to be *sold*. Why will not the purblind public understand this colossal fact?

EVEN proved dividend payers are dangerous. It is forever a guess which way the cat will jump. Brokers' commissions and money interest charges eat up small profits. Large losses are the rule. In my considerable experience as a witness of stock market affairs, I have handled over six thousand customers' accounts. The names of not more than four or five winners occur to me now.

And always we have with us the cancerous bucket shop. No man can foretell the secret moment when a previously conservative firm commences to back its pardonable belief that all customers are fools.

A pretty scheme is to send buying advices on a certain stock East and North, and selling tips West and South. The resulting orders are "crossed," "matched," or "washed" against the customers at the high and low marks of the day. An elastic official quotation sheet is a friend tried and true to the greedy bucket-shop keeper.

All is well with the house while the market goes in its favor. If the clients miraculously gain a large credit balance the firm gracefully fails. "Heavy overhead expenses," they call it; or "A number of important accounts were undermargined." In these cases no one goes either to jail or Europe. The Federal Bankruptcy Law is a fairy godmother to the skillful insolvent.

SOMETIMES I have a sincere fear that the metropolitan Police Department will raid the Curb, if for naught else than disorderly conduct. Then, again, I am quite sanguine that the omnipotent Stock Exchange will protect us. We are indispensable to many of its members for the incubation of doubtful stocks. They are the master brigands, levying a titanic toll on the financial world. Their woof is so intimately interwoven with the warp of American legislative, judicial and social activity that it all seems a perfect fabric. If the National Administration interferes with stock speculation, No. 23 Wall and No. 26 Broadway could wreck the Wilson party with a panic which would make that of 1907 look like a rest cure for paralytics.

(Concluded on page 28)

After the Bands Stop Playing

In this picture the Turkish dead are being removed from the battle field of Chatalja in the rude oxcarts of the peasants. The cost of their victory was heavy for the Turks, but the repulse of the Bulgarians at the Chatalja line of forts saved Constantinople to Islam. Repeated assaults of the Bulgarians upon the fortifications failed to force an opening through the massive defenses. The attacks of cholera upon the Turkish troops, and the fear that the disease would spread soon into the camps of the investing Bulgarians, did much to hasten the cessation of field warfare and the negotiations for peace

Lower New York's New Sky Line

Now that the Woolworth Building is finished, lower New York is displaying its new sky line. The photograph is taken from the Brooklyn Bridge. The Woolworth Building represents the climax of the twenty-fourth year of the idea that is responsible for American skyscrapers — skeleton steel construction on caissons. The building has fifty-five stories and contains 2,500 offices. The Singer Building and the Bankers Trust are visible to the left

A Modern Pilgrimage

A group of suffragists made a picturesque appeal to William Sulzer, Governor-elect of New York, by marching on foot in the winter weather from New York City to Albany carrying a petition that he mention suffrage in his inaugural address

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Whitelaw Reid

Born October 27, 1837 — Died December 15, 1912

He was one of the first citizens of his country, distinguished in his earlier life as an editor and later as an ambassador. He was born at Xenia, Ohio, was graduated from Miami University, and bought the Xenia "News." He became a correspondent at Columbus of various Ohio newspapers, and later was war correspondent of the Cincinnati "Gazette." After the war Reid met Horace Greeley, a friendship was begun, and Reid became editorial writer on the "Tribune." Later he was managing editor and then editor. Reid was Minister to France under President Harrison for three years, and became Ambassador from the United States to the Court of St James in 1905 by appointment of President Roosevelt

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE casual reader of the newspapers might reasonably conclude that about half the world has entered into a conspiracy to make things difficult for Mr. Wilson and the Democrats. Some of the participants are quite unconscious of what they are doing. Others are entirely deliberate. The latter class includes a good many newspapers that supported Wilson, as the lesser of two evils. First, there was the widely distributed story that Mr. Bryan had been chosen as a kind of boss of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet, that he had been asked to choose the rest of the Cabinet, and that he was going to Bermuda to get Mr. Wilson's O.K. on the list. The denial of this story led to the birth of its immediate opposite: Mr. Bryan had not been invited into the Cabinet; therefore, he had rented rooms in an office building in Washington and was going to move "The Commoner" there and set up business with the avowed and immediate object of making trouble for the Wilson Administration. This story had barely died away when it was announced that Mr. Bryan had evolved a dangerous financial heresy with regard to banks and currency, and was going to try to press it upon the Democratic Administration.

The purpose of most of this, of course, is to embarrass Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan in their personal relations; to make it difficult for Mr. Wilson to invite Mr. Bryan into his Cabinet, and to cause Mr. Bryan, if he is left out, to feel hostile to the Administration, so that he will, so the authors of these stories hope, do what he can to wreck the Administration. This sort of agitation reached its climax in these phrases from one of the New York papers which have been most diligent in the invention of falsehood in this field:

> "Mr. Bryan is the genius and incarnation of disaster. He owes all his fame, his fat possessions, his prestige to his insatiable capacity for defeat. He is the Evil Eye of the Democracy. Shall he be the Evil Eye of the coming Administration?"

In determining whether Mr. Bryan would lend strength, in the sense of popular support, to the Cabinet, it will be a help to bear in mind that Mr. Bryan has three times received more votes for the Presidency than Mr. Wilson. If Mr. Wilson wants to make Mr. Bryan Secretary of State, there is no reason why he should not fill the office acceptably; in the course of his trips about the world, and his visits to capitals and rulers, he has acquired infinitely more familiarity with diplomacy than the present occupant of the office. Mr. Bryan in the Cabinet would act as an automatic insulation, to keep away those persons whose access is most apt to do harm to the Administration. In Congress, probably a majority of the Democrats are earnest partisans of Mr. Bryan; a smaller group, it must be admitted, feel strongly the other way.

Bricks for Underwood

THE other group of persons who are doing what they can to hurt the Democrats make Mr. Underwood their target. They say he is as much a boss as Cannon was. Mr. La Follette's paper expresses it in hysterical italics: "The Democratic House is a slave of the vicious caucus system." Whether stated as fact or as inference, the assertion that Underwood's position bears any close relation to Cannon's is quite untrue. Doubtless the caucus system isn't perfect; doubtless the time is soon coming when public opinion will force most committees to sit with open doors and take record votes. But anyone who looks far enough ahead must realize that any weakening of the Democratic organization's power just now will be taken advantage of by those Democrats who are anxious to escape from the party's pledge to reduce the tariff.

The Real Rocks

A GOOD many people are pointing out phantom rocks ahead of the Democrats, and some more are trying to manufacture new ones. There are just two real rocks: one, the danger that a few traitors may prevent real tariff reduction; the other, that the State rights tradition of some honest Democrats may lead them into fatal errors. One threatening error is to break up the Federal forestry system and give the land to the States; another is to give away the water power in navigable streams without retaining for the National Government control over the franchises.

One Steady Voice

FROM Mr. William Jennings Bryan's "Commoner" for December 13:

> "Why all this discussion as to what should be done on the tariff question? The path is clear —*immediate reduction* along the lines laid down in the platform would seem to be the only thing in order. From some of the advice now being given one might suppose a platform was merely a thing to get in on."

A Washington Newspaper

A CONSPICUOUS and mischievous fact about Washington is its strongly reactionary atmosphere. Society, official and unofficial business, all the points of contact of members of Congress, are apt to be strongly standpat in influence. The chief agency in the creation of this atmosphere is the principal newspaper of the city, Mr. John R. McLean's Washington "Post." Mr. McLean is a man of very great wealth, largely invested in public-utility corporations, and his idea of a newspaper is an organ to serve the interests of his other investments. He is an avowed Democrat, and has at various times been the Democratic candidate for United States Senator and Governor of Ohio. As a matter of fact, he belongs, of course, to that group of easily ambidextrous high priests of big business who constitute what Senator Beveridge calls "the invisible government." Throughout the Taft Administration the "Post" has steadily promoted the interests of Aldrich and Cannon, and by a diligent policy of suppression and belittlement made the progress of the Insurgent movement, in a hostile atmosphere, more difficult. A new Congressman who reads this paper morning after morning soon loses his touch with the people and the atmosphere of his own county seat a thousand miles away. A marked example of the way this paper helps, subtly but forcibly, to color thought and action at the national capital is to be found in this extract from a recent leading editorial:

> "There will be one great force in the next Congress whose ability to accomplish anything will depend almost solely upon a realization of its own strength. At least forty members of the new Democratic majority were elected on personal platforms, promising a continuance of the protective principle in tariff making. In addition to these frank protectionists, there were many others who promised to see to it that the industries of their own districts received proper protection. . . .
>
> "These Democratic candidates for Congress were elected because they promised to use their influence for the preservation of the protective policy. If all the Democrats who have promised to protect home industries were to join forces, it is doubtful whether there would be any revision of the tariff at all. . . .
>
> "*The Democratic protectionists owe it to themselves and their States to realize their own power, and to form coalitions for their own protection. They may not be able to give their own industries the degree of protection expected, but at least they can use their influence toward modifying the entire tariff program. By pursuing the selfish policy of demanding protection for themselves, and not caring about the other fellow, they cannot expect to accomplish anything. But by joining hands, and taking action for mutual protection, they can accomplish a great deal.*"

Here is the key to what will be the policy of the Standpatters during the Democratic régime. To follow this lead is the surest possible road to destruction for the Democrats.

The Date

A NEW Congress is elected in November. Normally it does not meet until thirteen months later. It is only by the calling of a special session that it meets within six months of its election. Most people think this rule is constitutional. It is not. The Constitution specifies the first Monday in December as the regular meeting time unless Congress "shall by law appoint a different date." There is no sanctity about the present system. Probably a good deal of agitation for a change in the inaugural date, which would require a constitutional change, might be better directed toward the simpler business of bringing the election of the Congress and its first meeting much closer together.

Some Figures

MR. E. L. GREENEWALD of Washington points out that if Congress were made up on a basis of proportional representation, the number of members representing each party would be as follows:

Democrats	180	Socialists	26
Progressives	125	Prohibitionists	6
Republicans	96	Socialists (Labor)	2

This would be instead of a present basis which gives the following quota:

Democrats	295	Republicans	105
Progressives	35	Socialists	None

The Socialists lost their only member of Congress, Berger of Milwaukee. As a matter of fact, however, the Socialists are the one party which increased its vote in the recent election. The Democratic victory represented an actual loss of votes for that party compared with 1908. The Taft and Roosevelt vote combined represented an actual loss as compared with the Republican vote in 1[illegible]

LUCIA ANCILOTTI

From the Field Notes of a Settlement Worker

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Miss J—— who told me this story, is a robust and practical young woman employed by a philanthropic bureau to investigate and report upon the condition of the poor in certain tenement districts of New York City. She lives in a Settlement House that is supported by private benefactions, as a sort of social center for the quarter in which it stands, and she presides over some of the girls' clubs that meet in the Settlement House in the evenings. She is a sociological student, college-trained, and scientific in her attitude of mind.

The story is true, but Miss J—— wishes to remain anonymous, and she does not wish to expose anyone else to the consequences of publicity. For these reasons I have disguised every recognizable detail of name or place or incident in her narrative.

Its pitiful accuracy, however, has been proved during the month by the testimony taken by a legislative commission.

Miss J—— speaks.

WHEN I was living in the Settlement House in B—— Street, before I came to this one, an Italian girl named Lucia Ancilotti was one of our "Sweet Sixteens," as they called themselves, although she was not more than fourteen at most. They came to the Settlement House, on certain allotted evenings, to meet as a club for various ostensible purposes of self-improvement, but really to dance for half an hour or so after the necessary pretenses of club work had been hurried through. And Lucia was a wild young dancer, instinctively graceful, with a passion for the abandon of musical movement that made her rather a scandal—especially to Miss Norris.

You know how young Americans dance, gravely, with an empty look in their eyes, as if all intelligence had gone down to direct their feet. Lucia danced, with her lips parted, in a high color, smiling excitedly. She was a handsome, dark, smoldering sort of child at her quietest. The excitement of the dance put her into a fever. Whenever poor Miss Norris reproved her for her indecorous exuberance—as Miss Norris might have called it—she had a maddening way of looking at the woman, stonily, with a large, silent stare.

Miss Norris was one of those volunteer workers who come to the Settlement House to help "uplift" the poor. They lose the strength of their uplift in six weeks usually, and retreat to the upper airs of culture to recuperate. (She stayed almost three months, sustained by a devout inability to appreciate her own uselessness.) She was a little spinster, perhaps fifty years of age, very pleasantly gray-haired and benevolent. She had retired from school-teaching because she had fallen heir to sufficient property to sustain her without salary. "One can do so little good as a school-teacher," she would say.

IMAGINE that! Little good as a school-teacher!

She wished to come into personal contact with the lives of the unfortunate. I gathered from her conversation that she believed they could be best uplifted by the power of example, by contact with the aristocratic spirit of virtue, by unconsciously imitating the ideals and emotions of unselfish sweetness and light. Of course, I exaggerate. But she had this idea, if she did not formulate it very precisely even to herself.

Lucia Ancilotti was not easily uplifted. Certainly not by Miss Norris. She was much too strong in spirit to be ruled by the spinster's personality. And I watched her "check" Miss Norris through the usual stages of indignation, superior pity, and angry dislike down to the final persistent small malice of the schoolteacher who cannot "do anything" with her pupil.

One night Miss Norris put her out of the "Sweet Sixteens" for dancing some of the forbidden "turkey trots" or "bunny hugs" that are so immodest except where the elegances of society make them merely improprieties that are rather "smart".

Lucia accepted her ejection with a silent glare of deep Italian hate. "That girl will murder some one before she's much older," Miss Norris predicted. "*Murder* some one!"

THE great discouragement in our work comes from the flabbiness of character that so often results from poverty—from decent, debilitating, ill nourished poverty. And the fact that Lucia could look murderous confirmed my interest in her. I walked home with her to get better acquainted.

She was quite silent at first. You know, you cannot find out anything about these people by asking them questions about themselves. A stranger's curiosity is just as impertinent to them as it would be to you. That is why so much amateur settlement work is a failure.

I knew Lucia's girl friends, and I got her talking by asking her questions about *them*. Where was this one working now? How was that one doing since her marriage? What had become of the other? Our Italian girls marry in their teens, and Lucia had a purely natural frankness about all the family affairs of life.

She spoke of them with a simplicity that would have shocked Miss Norris, much of whose spiritual refinement came of her superior power to ignore. Miss Norris would have been displeased, too, by her slang; for, though Lucia was of pure Italian parentage, she used the colloquialisms of the quarter without any trace of foreign accent. She said that Miss Norris made her sick. She had the same feeling for school. She was looking forward to leaving it in a few months when she should arrive at the age when the law allowed her to get her "working papers." She had no doubt that she could get "a job." No, she had no particular training for anything (thanks to our system of ornamental public-school education). She would work in a factory like the other girls and earn money of her own to buy pretty clothes. That was why she wanted to go to work, she said.

YOU would have no idea that she was deceiving in any of this. She seemed to be welcoming the struggle and servitude of unskilled labor as an escape from the repression of school discipline and the oversight of her family. She walked along beside me with her chin up, in a brisk young defiance of the cold wind and the frozen slush of the streets. It was a raw December night. The garbage had not been collected for several days—because of some trouble in the street-cleaning department—and the boys had been kicking it around the pavement and pelting each other with any refuse that could be thrown. The sidewalks were in a condition that would have disgusted Miss Norris. Lucia accepted them as a country girl would accept a muddy road.

And in one of these beds Lucia's father was dying in the last stages of tuberculosis

I asked her in what factory she expected to find work, and she replied that her family had been doing "home work" for a manufacturer of women's white wear, and she knew that he would employ her. At home now, after school, she helped to "finish" corset covers—to clip the seams and cut the threads left by the factory machines, and to run the ribbons in the garments and tie these in bows. For finishing a gross (144) of corset covers the family was paid from seven to nine cents. When they all worked they could finish from eight to ten gross in a day—from 1,100 to 1,400 corset covers—and earn from fifty cents to a dollar. Lucia hoped to earn three dollars a week in the factory. She was, naturally, eager to be at it.

She said good night at her door in a cheerful friendliness, and hurried upstairs to make a few pennies before going to bed. I thought of her at work as I walked back to the Settlement House. I wondered whether anything in Miss Norris's girlhood had ever meant as much to *her* as the dance at the club meant to Lucia. I wondered how much "indecorous exuberance" Miss Norris would have had left in her if she spent her evenings finishing corset covers for eight cents a gross after a long day in school. And what could we better assist and encourage in the girl than that very exuberance?

I spoke to Miss Norris about it when I returned. She had the modern fear of pauperizing the poor with too much charity, but in her relations with these children of the poor she demanded the grateful and obedient attitude of mind that betokens a pauperism of the spirit. I found that she was planning to call on Lucia's mother, to advise with her about the daughter. I warned her that this would be a great mistake, that Lucia would never forgive us for making such an appeal to domestic tyranny, that if we did not lose the girl we should certainly lose all influence over her. I succeeded only in persuading Miss Norris to allow me to make the call myself.

I HAD a most interesting hour with Miss Norris that evening, exploring her mind. She would say: "Of course, you know, I'm rather radical"—because she believed that women should vote; because she objected, in confidence, to parts of the Old Testament, because she was opposed to "government by force" and professed to see no hope for society except in the self-improvement of the individual. She seemed to think that for this latter reason she was quite an anarchist. Obviously, she prided herself on these desperate ideas, but she confessed that she did not think it wise to shock people by expressing them. She seemed to think that poverty was largely a matter of individual failure—caused by viciousness, weakness of the will, lack of moral strength, and a general inadequacy of virtuous effort. Of the part that our industrial system has in making poverty—of the economic laws that govern us all—she had about as much idea as I have of the [illegible] of checks and balances that preserves the [illegible] of the solar system.

I went next morning to visit Lucia's [illegible]. You will think I am exaggerating when I tell you the conditions that I found. [illegible] not be able to tell you [illegible] unspeakable.

They were living [illegible] called a "double dumbbell" [illegible] for which (as I learned later) [illegible] dollars a month rent. The [illegible] had an appearance of being kept in decent repair, though

it was dirty. The door of the Ancilotti flat opened on the kitchen, where a single gas jet burned in an atmosphere that would [illegible] your throat. The little [illegible] cookstove burning soft coal and smoking [illegible]—had to supply heat for the whole [illegible] a breath of outer air could be [illegible] hoarded warmth. Even so the [illegible] a fetid tepidity, stale and clammy, [illegible] composite of smell that you find [illegible] forecastles of some tramp steam- [illegible] now that odor, nothing will describe it to you.

FROM the kitchen I passed into a bedroom, where there were two double beds covered with piles of corset covers that were being "finished." And in one of those beds Lucia's father was dying, in the last stages of tuberculosis. He was sitting up, under the gaslight, with a vest buttoned over his gray flannel shirt, his knees drawn up under the dirty quilt, eating tomato soup out of the tin can in which it is sold. In one hairy, lean yellow hand—like a sick monkey's—he clasped the red-labeled tin, with a pewter cooking spoon in the other, he was digging out the last mouthfuls of the doubtful-looking vermilion liquid; and his deep eyes, incredibly hungry in their worn sockets, devoured each spoonful in anticipation before it reached his lips, and then, regarding me blankly for one gulping instant, plunged into the can again ahead of the spoon. He was unshaven; his stringy black hair was down over his ears; he had the forehead of a yellowed skull, with hollows in his temples.

The old woman who was working over the corset covers at his bedside was his wife, Lucia's mother. Her fingers were crippled with rheumatism. The young woman who had ushered me in proved to be a daughter-in-law who lived upstairs and came down to work here. The two infants playing on the floor were hers. Lucia and her small brother were at school. But in the evening, when Lucia and the boy were home, they usually all worked together in this room—with its one narrow window tightly closed against the odorous outer darkness of the well of brick that is called the air-shaft—breathing the effluvia of tuberculosis and tying pretty infected ribbons in bargain-counter lingerie.

I had introduced myself as one of Lucia's friends from the Settlement House, and they had accepted me in a manner that made me suspect they were an "assisted" family. They were. It appeared subsequently that they were even a "rehabilitated" family, and were entered as such on the books of one of our charitable aid societies. The father had been kept for two months in a hospital; the mother had been given employment, which she had resigned, of course, when her husband returned to her care; and some clothes had been donated to the children. Thus rehabilitated, as soon as aid was withdrawn, they had inevitably relapsed into the conditions from which they had been rescued.

Such is the peculiar virtue of our organized charity: it treats symptoms without any danger that it will effect a cure. Never mind about that.

I WAS interested in Lucia and her working papers. To get them she had to be, by law, at least fourteen years old, weigh at least seventy-five pounds, be not lower than Grade 5B in the public school, be able to pass a simple examination in the rudiments of commercial work, and have a school certificate showing that she had been in attendance at classes for at least 130 days previous to her application. She was more than fourteen years old; she weighed ninety-eight pounds; but she had only recently reached Grade 5B, and she had twice failed to pass the school examination for working papers. Her brother was nearly fourteen, but he was an anemic child, with a weak chest; and they could not get his weight above seventy pounds.

I learned all this from the mother, with the assistance of the daughter-in-law, who interpreted the frequent passages of Italian for me and interrupted the mother's bewildering volubility to explain what I did not catch. Then the father began. And that was almost more than I could bear. He had no voice left, just a choked gurgle of weak breath, forcing its way through inflamed membranes in a crackling and bubbling wheeze. I don't know what he said. Something about being a truckman and owning a horse and wagon, which his elder son still drove. It was the son who had sent him the tin of tomato soup. He became terribly excited in his attempts to explain himself, and brought on a fit of coughing that resulted in a hemorrhage. The sight of blood—I am not used to it. I was afraid it was going to make me ill. The rooms were so close. I didn't know how to help him. His poor wife was doing that. The girl was rescuing the corset covers. I hurried away, to get outdoors.

I am not telling you this to harrow up your feelings but to make you understand what "home work" in the tenement-house district may involve.

I WENT back to Miss Norris and harrowed her so effectively that she volunteered to take Lucia under her special charge and tutor her for her examinations. And so we began with our temporary palliatives, like a farmer treating one plant for a blight in a whole field that is infected with it. We could do nothing for the father; he was practically dead. We got Lucia's brother into one of our gymnasiums and tried to strengthen him. With Miss Norris's aid Lucia passed her examinations and received her working papers from the Board of Health. And I began to think that we were in a fair way to "rehabilitate" the Ancilottis.

Lucia got employment in the underwear factory for which she had been doing home work. Two weeks later she was discharged. Why? Well, the law requires that no child under sixteen shall be kept at work in a factory later than five o'clock, and Lucia was only fifteen; so they worked her as late as they pleased until just before the factory inspector was due to make his usual visit, and then they discharged her. She went around to other factories in the neighborhood. Most of them had no vacancies. Some of them would not have her because of her age. Others offered her $2.50 a week, which she would not take because she could earn as much as that at home. A retail notion store in the Ghetto offered her a dollar a week to work from 8.30 in the morning to 10.30 at night; and this seemed to be the prevailing wage in such shops. Lucia, disgusted, returned to home work, where there is no age limit, no provision against night work, and no law to require adequate light and air or sanitary conditions. That is why home work thrives.

In our district here we have tiny infants of three and four years old working on artificial flowers, sorting the colored petals into heaps. We have little tots of five or six years tying knots in willow plumes, which is a work that cannot be done by adult hands as well as by these delicate small fingers. We have them picking out basting threads, snipping seams, and giving a sort of kindergarten aid in all kinds of unprotected industry. It ruins their eyes and destroys their health. It makes the school children backward in their studies, because they come home to labor instead of to play, and spend their evenings earning instead of studying in their books. Every law that is passed to protect workers in factories sends more workers back to these unprotected homes; and the courts, of course, find that it is unconstitutional to interfere with home work.

IN THE case of the Ancilottis we were struggling with problems which only the united effort of the whole community can solve: a housing problem of getting these unfortunates cheap and sanitary homes; an employment problem of protecting them from exploitation by employers after we have saved them from the greed of landlords; an educational problem of teaching them in school some industrial skill with which to earn a living—problems which have been solved in other countries as easily as they could be solved in America; but here they are left to private charity and the feeble efforts of settlement workers, and the tenement districts of our cities remain a disgrace to barbarism, the most appalling spots of human misery on the face of the earth!

The last I heard of the Ancilottis, they had withdrawn their boy from school in order to fatten him, so that he might get his working papers. They objected that the walk to school and back reduced him; and they were all going hungry so that he might be fed on milk and eggs. Lucia and he were working in those rooms with the others. The father, by some miracle, was still fighting for breath. Miss Norris had been to see them. I gathered from her that she was not likely to go back. She was afraid of tuberculosis.

And Lucia? I don't know what became of her. Or, rather, I *do* know, but not specifically. These Italian girls rarely desert their families; even when they become street walkers, they bring back their wages to their parents. The boys sometimes become idle loafers and drunken "bums," but the girls always earn. When I moved from the district I lost track of Lucia, but I know she is slowly working out her "indecorous exuberance" at whatever task we, her masters, have set for her. She can hardly have much spirit left by this time; and if she dances at all, it will be with work-bowed shoulders, I imagine.

Miss Norris, I have lost track of, too. She gave up the struggle when she learned, as we all do, that it was not immorality that she had to fight against, not weakness of will or any lack of virtuous effort, but physical conditions of life that make morality scarcely possible, that weaken all but the strongest wills, and do not yield to any virtuous effort.

WHEN a family has to pay eighteen dollars a month rent for three pestilential rooms, corset covers infected with tuberculosis will be "finished" there for eight cents a gross. We, as a community, take advantage of the necessities of the Ancilottis in order to make them work like starving slaves for a wage that will not keep them healthy, and in dark rooms that we would not use for cattle. One way for them to be innocently revenged is to put the bacillus of a horrible death into the blue bow that looks so pretty under the bosom of a peekaboo waist in summer. There are other ways. Many of them. But I am boring you?

THE SIX RUBIES

II—Miss Meredith

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

GAUNT crooked his finger at the nearest waiter, and said:

"Let's have another round of the same. I'm going to tell you something funny." I should have been glad of another whisky and soda, for I had been walking the streets in the snow and I was tired, but I caught the eye of the lady across the little café table, the lady who nowadays called herself Miss Dorothy Meredith, and it seemed to me that she shook her head very slightly, so I shook mine, too, and said another drink would spoil my appetite for dinner. Nevertheless that little gesture had interested me very much, for neither Miss Meredith's present appearance nor what I thought I knew of her past record seemed to mark her as the kind of lady who would interfere between a dissipated-looking young gentleman and his pet vice.

Yet upon reflection I seemed to remember that she had more than once checked Gaunt when we three had sat at the little corner table in the Café Martin and he had clamored for "another round of the same." He had been very docile about it, too. She was stronger than he by a good deal.

He seemed a little impatient this time, but Miss Meredith said:

"Nobody wants any more, Johnnie. It's much too near dinner time; and besides, I've got to go in a few minutes. Tell your funny story if you're going to!"

So Gaunt held up his hands. "*All* right, Dolly! *All* right!"

He turned to me: "Rogers, didn't you say you were at Harvard up to a year or so ago? Yes? Well, did you happen to know a solemn young ass there of my name—one Peter Gaunt?"

I said the name was familiar to me, though of course in these days of big classes and small clubs one didn't know very many men outside of one's intimate circle.

"Oh! no, I dare say not. I thought you might perhaps be able to tell me what the fellow was like. I've got a ruby of his."

"Have you, though!" said I.

"Yes, that is I've got a ruby that once was his. He'll try his best to get it back again, I suppose. Well, it's my job to see that he doesn't."

"Is that the big uncut ruby that you showed me once?" Miss Meredith asked, and he nodded at her.

"Yes, you remember I said my father had sent it to me. That was true, all right. The old man sent it to me and he sent five like it to my brothers—one big ruby to each. D'you know why my father should send cousin Peter's rubies to cousin Peter's cousins?"

"No, Mr. Bones," said Miss Meredith, "I do not. Why should your father send cousin Peter's rubies to cousin Peter's cousins? Is that the proper question? If I wasn't very sober I couldn't say it."

"That's the funny story. You see young Peter's family is too proud. They've had permanent and incurable stiff neck for centuries, and they've looked at us as if we were a bad smell just because one of us was forgetful, a long time back, and left a bar sinister behind him. Well, they had a special, pet, sacred,

family possession, six big uncut rubies stuck on a black shield—a kind of Gaunt totem—holier than anything you ever saw, and they'd rather have been boiled in oil than have anything happen to them. So when young Peter's father, who was the head of the family, died a couple of months ago and young Peter came into his job of keeper to the royal rubies, my father thought it was a good time to remind the other house that man is mortal and only God has a right to be proud. All that holier-than-thou business had been getting on his nerves. So he slipped across country from his house to Peter's one dark night and carried off the six rubies."

Miss Meredith made a noise rather like whistling.

"D'you mean your father *stole* them?"

"Well"—Gaunt seemed just a bit disconcerted over that plain word—"'Stole' sounds a bit harsh. 'Looted,' if you like. You see he wanted to teach the young cub a lesson. I tell you they were impossible, that family! They were like people in cham armor in a history book. They were prehistoric. They got on my father's nerves. He stole the rubies as a kind of huge joke and a—well, an act of defiance together. Besides, he said we had a better right to them than the other lot. We're the elder branch of the family, and the rubies are family property; they don't belong to any individual; they can't be sold or given away. They're the Gaunt rubies."

"If you're the elder branch," said I, "why haven't you had the rubies all these centuries?"

But Gaunt laughed.

"You see, there's the matter of that bar sinister. All the family property went to them. Well, that's all. There's my story. *I* thought it was funny, but it doesn't seem to get much of a laugh out of you two. It wasn't *stealing* in any ordinary sense, you see. It was just taking the feather out of their cap and transferring it to ours. Young Peter must be very, very sick."

I NODDED and laughed.

"I expect he is. Do you think he'll try to get the rubies back? If he's as medieval and proud as you say, he will."

Gaunt laughed again, but with less mirth—a somewhat rueful laugh.

"To tell the truth, the fellow has got one of them back already. He and an uncle of his went the next evening to my father's house (they're not cowards; I'll say that for them), and the uncle held my father up with a pistol while Peter got a ruby away from my brother.

"Luckily the rest had been sent away by post, one to each of the other sons. Yes, I suppose Peter will have a try at mine, sooner or later. That's why I asked you if you'd known him at Harvard. I wanted to hear what he was like. I've never seen him."

"Well, for my part," said Miss Meredith simply, "I think the whole thing is a silly college-freshman trick and I wish you were well out of it. That ruby is going to bring you trouble, Johnnie. You mark my words. Your young lunatic of a cousin will come after it one of these fine nights and somebody will get hurt."

Gaunt patted her hand that lay on the table top and laughed, but Miss Meredith's very handsome face was anxious and troubled.

"I don't want to say anything against your father, who is doubtless a very nice old gentleman, but I wish you'd tell him from me that practical jokes have gone out." She looked across at me, and back, after a thoughful moment, to Gaunt.

"And there's another thing, too. You oughtn't to go telling that story about. You'll tell it to the wrong person some day."

"I hope," said I, "that you don't think I'm the wrong person." And after regarding me once more with some deliberation, she answered: "I hope not."

Gaunt and I both stared at her in great surprise for, though she was frequently brusque, rudeness had never been her way. Gaunt was annoyed and turned red, and nodded to me in an apologetic, propitiatory fashion.

"You mustn't mind Dolly! She's upset over my having that silly ruby. She's afraid I'll get into trouble."

"Oh, you'll get into trouble all right," said Miss Meredith. And he answered with a touch of irritation: "Don't be an idiot, Dolly! I can take care of myself."

THEY seemed, I thought, on the verge of one of those small squabbles that they were eternally having and that always ended in an apology from Gaunt, whether he had been right or wrong; for he was a weak man and, though irritable, couldn't bear to be long in Miss Meredith's bad graces. So I tried to divert his attention—and besides, there was something I wanted to know. I asked him what this ruby with the odd history was like. He said it was just an irregular lump, roughly polished but uncut, and perhaps a bit more than an inch long, very dark in color. I suggested that it must be of great value, to be prized.

"Yes, it's worth a pot, I should think, but I'm not afraid of its being stolen. No burglar would look at it twice."

THIS was coming near to what I wanted to know, and I asked:

"Do you mean that you keep it about you, in your rooms, and not in a safety deposit place?"

Miss Meredith was seized just then by a fit of coughing, but Gaunt, after squirting a little seltzer into her empty glass, and advising her to drink it, said:

"Oh, yes, it's at my place. I'll show it to you some time. It's an odd lump of a thing."

He had withdrawn only far enough to raise his foot and to drive his heel hard against the flimsy bolt. The door gave way with a crash, and we sprang into the room together

Miss Meredith, looking for some unexplained reason, impatient and rather angry, rose to her feet and said she must go as she had to dine with a friend. Gaunt, who also had an appointment elsewhere, rose with her. I thought the lady's bearing toward me showed, to put it mildly, some reserve, but Gaunt's smile and his "See you to-morrow!" were as hearty, as well-nigh wistful, as ever. He hadn't many friends, poor chap, and was pathetically glad of anyone who would trouble to sit with him for an hour, now and then.

SO THEY went out into Broadway, but I stayed on where I was for a little while longer, reflecting upon Mr. John Gaunt, whose acquaintance I had made in this very room not more than ten days back, and upon the pretty lady who called herself Meredith. I wondered if I could be mistaken in identifying her with a Miss Patsy Beecher, whose face and fame had been slightly known to me during my university days. I wondered, too, if it had been the more or less accidental mention of Harvard that had to-day called her so suddenly to arms (the shade of Patsy Beecher taking fright), or if it had been the Gaunt ruby. And from that I fell to thinking of the ruby itself, and to making plans.

Gaunt's father had stolen it. By his own confession he was a receiver of stolen goods. He was outside the law.

A waiter, desirous of spreading the little marble-topped table for dinner, began to hover round me, and I got up to take my leave. Buying cigars at the stand in the Broadway lobby, I encountered a man called Slade. He had been a great man in Cambridge ten years before my time, and was now an Assistant District Attorney. I had lunched with him the previous [illegible] Dunsmore's. We turned to Broadway together. [illegible] and it was already dark [illegible] a while. The street was full of hurrying people with their coat collars turned up and their shoulders hunched.

I am afraid I was a poor companion, for [illegible] were still full of the Gaunt ruby and [illegible]. However, Slade didn't seem to mind [illegible] and as we came to [illegible] and were alongside the Knickerbocker, [illegible] gently touched my arm, and said:

"Pull up for a minute, will you?"

He reckoned to one of two [illegible] and we together against the wall, and he [illegible] him at once, touching his hat. I got the impression that the fellow was one of that branch of the police known as plain-clothes men.

Slade said: "How are you, Berson? Take a look at that chap standing with a woman in a red hat just outside the subway entrance. It looks like Charley Wing."

"It is Charley Wing," the plain-clothes man said without hesitation. "He's been in town for a week and we know where he hangs out, but we haven't got nothing on him just now. I'll pass him the word if you say so, Mr. Slade, and start him on the road again."

I looked where my friend had indicated and saw a tall, lean man with a smooth-shaven face and dark eyes. I thought he looked white and ill and that he must be cold in the thin, black overcoat he was wearing, but I could spare him no more than a glance just then, for I was immensely excited to find that the woman in the red hat with whom he talked so earnestly was Miss Dorothy Meredith. I caught at Slade's arm, for he was moving on again—whether having advised the plain-clothes man to pass the word to Charley Wing or not I never knew—and asked him:

"Who is the woman? Do you know the woman with Wing?"

HE WAS amused, and shook his finger in pretended reproof.

"No, I don't. What's more, I don't want to, and what's still more, you don't want to, either. Beware of the beautiful ladies who have porch-climbing, safe-blowing pals, my son! If you don't you'll soon wish you had."

I thanked him earnestly for this good advice, and said I had to meet a friend in the Knickerbocker, so we parted and Slade went on his way to a club. But when he was out of sight, I left the small side entrance of the hotel where I had gone for a moment and crossed to the curbstone. The two people upon whom my eyes were fixed had already stepped out into the street, where a policeman was beginning to hold up the north- and south-bound traffic, and I followed them, hidden in the crowd behind. They crossed Broadway and Seventh Avenue and turned north. Once I saw Charley Wing drop the girl's arm that he had been holding (quite as if he were an officer of the law arresting her) and turn a quick practiced glance behind him. But if he saw my face among the many (which I doubt) it could have meant nothing. He took Miss Meredith's elbow once more and they went on.

I cannot tell quite what motive I had in following these two. I rather think I was without any serious motive. I think it was just curiosity.

They went north for three blocks, then turned west; and here, since there were fewer people in the street, I had to drop some distance behind. But at Eighth Avenue, they turned south again and, after a block, east. Perhaps they wanted to talk, perhaps Charley Wing had formed the habits of his kind and always went to his hiding place by devious ways. In any case they came at last to one of a long row of mean brick houses with little white paper lodging signs at the bell, looked carefully about them (but I was masked behind a group of home-going laborers), mounted the steps, and disappeared within.

I crossed the street and watched for a light to go up in one of the dark front windows. None did, and so I knew they must live at the back of the house. Then I wrote down the number and went home to the club where I was staying.

I FOUND Gaunt at his little corner table at the Cafe Martin the next afternoon, and he welcomed me with the friendly, eager, wistful smile that I had found so pathetic in him. He fawned upon you so! He was like a dog that has been ill treated and meets the slightest pat on the head with a frightened eagerness. I couldn't make him out at all, but I finally came to the conclusion that he was a naturally gregarious man, who had seen himself shunned, and imagined himself (for some inexplicable reason) disposed. That he

should be shunned was more or less natural, for he was as dull as porridge and not rich enough to be put up [illegible] despite his dullness. But I cannot imagine that [illegible] truly despised him unless in a kind of [illegible] for his spiritlessness.

[illegible] discussed on this particular occa- [illegible] that after a time the conversation [illegible] Dorothy Meredith and I made no [illegible] Gaunt quite unaffectedly was full of [illegible] somebody to praise her to [illegible] though he

The man rose half out of his chair, staring, his mouth open, his hands spread over the heap of jewels on the table

began with renewed apologies for her somewhat severe treatment of me on the day before.

"You see, old man, Dolly has knocked about the world a good deal (I believed it), and she's grown to be suspicious of everybody. She's made mistakes in picking friends in her time. She's had hard luck with people, and so she's a Missourian about everybody she meets. She wants to be shown and shown good. That's where she's wrong and I've told her so. A woman, like a man, ought to be able to tell black from white the first minute. *I* can. I knew that you were the right sort before ever we'd exchanged cigarettes. But then I'm a better judge of character than Dolly is. She says so herself."

HE GAVE a little fatuous smile that I found pitiful, and went on.

"Besides, you see, she's just a wee little bit jealous, Dolly is. About me, I mean. We're pretty thick, she and I, and she thinks that anybody else I take a fancy to is walking on her grass. You wouldn't believe the number of friends—good fellows and girls—I've had to cut out on Dolly's account."

So he pathetically pulled the rags of dignity about him and tried to hide his loneliness from me.

"But don't you mind her being a little offish with you for a bit! She'll come round later. Why at first she wouldn't look at me—wouldn't have me at any price. And now—well, you've seen the way she bosses me about. Women only do that to the man they—they care for. So I let her do it because I know what it means. Besides—well I don't mind telling you, old man, that there was a time when I drank a good deal too much. Yes, a good deal. I'd got out with my family and in with a pretty fast set, and I was good and stewed most of the time. Then Dolly came along. And just in time, too. She pulled me out. You see I didn't need more than two minutes to make sure she was the one girl for me, and I didn't need more than two drinks to tell her so. Dolly just looked at me as if I'd been a fuzzy green worm—a worm preserved in alcohol—and she said drunkards weren't in her line. That landed on me pretty hard because I hadn't been thinking of myself as a drunkard. I'd been thinking of myself as a good fellow. Dolly didn't want any good fellows; she made that plain enough. So I said: 'For God's sake take me in hand and make me what you do want!'

"Well, women can't resist that, you know. They'd rather reform a man than buy a new hat. So, after backing and filling for a bit, she did take me in hand, and for three months now I've had just three drinks a day. She didn't want me to knock off altogether. She said teetotalers always gave people chills—like a parson. Three months on three drinks a day, sometimes less, and I feel like a different man already."

GAUNT shook his head.

"I don't know what would have become of me if it hadn't been for Dolly. She came just in time. And I don't know what would happen if she—if I should lose her. She is the only one in the world that can keep me up to the mark. You see—" He favored me with another of his fatuous pathetic little smiles. "You see if I'm good for another three months Dolly is going to marry me."

"The deuce she is!" said I, and stared at him. Either the quality of my emotion was not expressed in my face or else Gaunt was not perspicacious, for he actually seemed pleased by my astonishment and nodded and beamed at me. He went on then at more length about this wonderful lady who was to join her life to his in three months' time, but I am afraid I paid little heed, for I was entirely occupied with a kind of shocked dismay. It was an outrageous thing that he should actually contemplate marrying this woman. I felt I ought to tell him so. And yet that was out of the question. Who was I, after all, but a stranger—a casual café acquaintance? He would "cut me out" instantly as he had cut out that rather doubtful multitude of other friends, for Dolly's sake. And I couldn't have him doing that—not just now. It seemed to me that I was in a most difficult position. I felt very sure that Miss Meredith was the reconstructed shade of Patsy Beecher, and I knew that I had seen her disappear into a mean lodging house with a notorious criminal. Gaunt ought to know these things, and yet I was as sure as death that if I told him he would say I lied and give the woman a chance to deny what I could not possibly prove. There seemed nothing for it but to wait and watch. I tried to still my conscience by saying that it was no affair of mine, and that if a dull, dreary, and friendless young café lounger wished to marry a lady whose past history and whose present connections were unconventional, the match mightn't be so very unequal—and after all, by his own account, she had redeemed him from drink.

MY THOUGHTS were still engaged with this troublesome lady, the while Gaunt maundered on about her perfections, when the lady herself came into the café looking, I imagined, flushed and a little excited. She gave me a long, hard stare—a stare that puzzled me a little—but no further greeting, and turned at once to Gaunt, saying that she had been detained and had something very special she wanted to tell him. She looked at me again, and I rose and said I must be off. Gaunt didn't want me to go and said so.

"Come, Dolly, it can't be as private as all that. Rogers thinks you're turning him out." But Miss Meredith, with a short laugh, said it was quite as private as that, though, to be sure, she didn't want to inconvenience Mr. Rogers in any way. She supposed it could wait.

She made me a little angry with this continuous and deliberate rudeness, but there was no good in answering back or in staying on to annoy her, so I smiled and said I really must go, as I had an engagement at a club. Gaunt, put slightly out of humor, growled, paid his score, and said he'd walk home with her to her flat.

He wanted to buy some cigarettes, and went on ahead of us into the Broadway lobby. When he had gone Miss Meredith turned her eyes upon me as we stood alone near the door, and her eyes were hard and bright. She said without preamble:

"I think you'd better be called out of town for a bit, Mr.—Rogers. And by the way, how long have you been calling yourself that?"

I had a moment of swift wonder, but I laughed.

"Oh, not so very long. When did you drop the name Beecher?"

I might better have struck her a blow with my fist. Her face turned suddenly and dreadfully gray, and her eyes seemed to sink in like dead eyes.

"For God's sake," she said in a whisper, "don't tell him! For God's sake!" She caught at the front of my coat with her hand, and she was trembling all over. It made me a little sick and I hated myself. But I remembered how I, and what my heart was set upon, stood in danger through this woman, and that hardened me once more.

I said: "I shan't tell him unless you force me to. Do you understand what I mean?"

She couldn't speak, but after a little space of miserable staring she nodded, and presently commanded her voice and said: "Yes, I understand."

Then we heard Gaunt's voice calling, and she turned abruptly away and went to him.

I was left wondering how she had found out that my name was not Rogers.

GAUNT was not at his table in the Café Martin the next day, and I fell into a kind of panic, thinking that the woman had sold me after all and had told him what she knew. But, as I was leaving the place after an hour of futile waiting, I encountered him in the doorway, looking very nervous and disturbed. He caught me by the arm and begged me to come with him to what he called his "diggings" across the street, for he lived in an apartment house at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, which has since been replaced by a tall office building.

I still thought, as without exchanging a word we went up in the lift, that Miss Meredith had been denouncing me to Gaunt and that he wanted to give me a chance for denial, but I was wrong. We entered his rooms—a corner apartment—a dreadful place, all red wall paper and green carpet and plush furniture and trumpery worthless objects of "art"—and Gaunt, after feebly pointing to a cigarette box of hammered copper with bits of green glass set in the cover, threw himself into what I believe is called a morris chair by the window.

"Old man," said he, looking up at me dismally—"old man, I've been robbed. I've had burglars here. Somebody has frisked the flat."

I was at once relieved and sorry, but I mentioned only my sorrow, and asked him if he had lost anything of great value. He said:

"Oh, a ring and a couple of scarfpins and a set of pearl studs"—his voice turned sharp—"and that ruby I was telling you about."

I FELT suddenly very empty and gone, and sat down. I think I said something about its being a serious matter, and Gaunt cried irritably:

"You bet it's a serious matter! I wouldn't have lost that ruby for anything in the world. When the old man knows of it he'll want to skin me alive." Gaunt burst into a flare of weak anger. "It's all his fault. *I* didn't want the beastly thing. *I* didn't ask him to steal it from where it belonged and send it to me. He can say and do what he likes, but it's no fault of mine if the thing's gone. Just the same, I've got to get it back."

He seemed to me to swell a little with a kind of ridiculous pride.

"It's a matter of family honor," he said.

As for me, I looked at the hideous red wall and saw utter defeat. The ruby was gone out into the void—utterly gone. I felt sick. Gaunt babbled on about locked windows and fire escapes and honest servants and such, but I didn't listen to him. I sat and tasted bitterness and saw before me only the dark.

I became aware that he expected me to say something, and turned to him drearily.

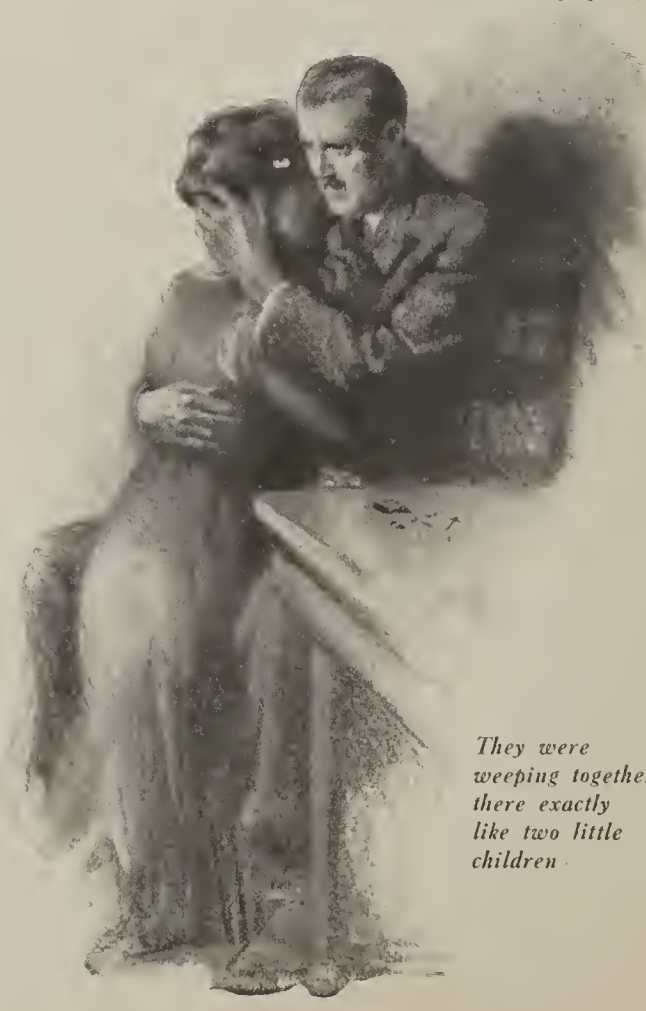
"I suppose you notified the police at once?"

To my surprise he fidgeted in his chair, looked out of the window and back at me, and down again.

"Well—no, no, not directly, that is. I don't care much for detectives snooping about and asking silly questions and scaring the servants. Dolly, she's got a friend in the secret service department and she is going to have him send out a sort of still alarm. You see—well, hang it! it's like this. The first thing they do, those regular detectives, is to ask just who knew where the stolen things were kept and who had the chance to get at 'em without any suspicions from the servants. That narrows it down to Dolly and me, for Dolly comes in here now and then to have tea with me, or a quiet chat; and I won't have Dolly put through any third-degree cross-examining. You see—well, I told you once before that Dolly had had hard luck and not much shelter from the world, and—I just don't want a gang of hard-faced ruffians prying about in her personal history. I'd rather never see the Gaunt ruby again—and my father can rave and bellow all he jolly well pleases. As for the robbery, God knows how it was pulled off! There's a fire escape, as you see, and the windows aren't often locked. Or there may be a crooked bell boy or chambermaid. Who can tell? Anyhow, the things are gone, and I don't mind confessing I'm devilish upset about it. Let's hope Dolly's friend in the secret service will be able to trace them."

I SAID: "Yes, let's hope so, by all means!" But the poor chap had fixed an idea in my head that stuck there and wouldn't be dismissed. I remembered our talk in the café about the Gaunt ruby. I remembered that Miss Meredith spoke of having seen it. I remembered how I myself had said it must be of very great

(*Continued on page* 23)



They were weeping together there exactly like two little children

THE YELLOW STREAK

By ROWLAND THOMAS

Illustrated by W. M. Berger

I—Dorgan

THEY let a couple of us talk with him for an hour or so in the guardhouse, his last night, and he loosened up.

His father had been Irish, which accounts for his name, but Irish gone to the bad. His mother was an Indian woman of one of the degraded tribes of the Southwest, which accounts for many other things.

He grew up in the slinking way of a mongrel pup, and first attracted the attention of his fellow men on the morning of his seventeenth birthday. The date was the merest of coincidences, and the attention he could very well have done without.

The morning was coldish, for the desert, and its half light revealed to Dorgan a stretch of low, billowing gray hills with sagebrush showing a lighter ghostly gray upon them. There was a hollow among them where a trickle of bitter water ran through a crust of soda salts, the alkali all newly trampled by the hoofs of horses. The place was Kettle Springs, down by the border, and in the hollow Dorgan made one of a group of cowed and silent cattle rustlers, and shivered a little with something besides the morning chill. The game seemed to be up for him and his five companions.

For on the higher ground another little group of silent men lounged loose-legged in the saddles, across whose horns rifles lay carelessly ready as they waited for the sun to rise.

SUDDENLY, from that group, Dorgan felt a pair of steel-gray eyes bite into his, and heard a menacingly quiet voice drawl: "You—the kid they call Dorgan—you take your horse, and git. You're harmless anyway. You've got a yaller streak, I reckon, and I ain't quite got it on you this time. But"—the owner of eyes and voice leaned forward in his saddle—"but you let me see you round this pais just one time more and you'll stretch your own rope. And if you make any plays anywheres else I'll have you, if it's out o' hell. Now git, you mestizo skunk, and stay got! Sabe?"

So stoop-shouldered Old Man Argerson, leading devotee of the law in that lawless region, "slung the fear of God" into Dorgan that morning. And Dorgan rode away cowed and helpless, listening for a volley behind to inform empty earth and sky that his late companions had paid their debt to Nemesis, and torn between fear and hatred of the man who had read his secret heart aloud. For he had a yellow streak. He knew it. If he held Argerson at gun point at that moment he knew that before the other's iron nerve his own would quail. His hand would waver and the lead might find, or not, the other's stomach. Argerson knew it too, from one glance at him, and published to the world the weakness Dorgan had kept covered even from himself by a veil of sullen viciousness and loud-mouthed cursing.

After that meeting with Old Man Argerson, one of the high lights in his dingy gray life, Dorgan drops from sight, a piece of the unconsidered flotsam of the far Western camps and ranges, a silent, slinking thing with a glint of suspicion and hate in the corners of his furtive eyes—drops from sight not to reappear till the late 90's, and then as a middle-aged trooper in a regiment of United States cavalry stationed at Andelaria, in the Philippines.

Why he had enlisted in the army there is no telling. Quite probably he had no definite reason. The dragnet of recruiting stations, lowered after the Cuban campaign to refill quickly the depleted ranks, had simply caught him in its meshes and brought him up from the depths. And how he had lived in the interim one can only guess. Probably a little more rustling, a little high grading, had been the bright spots against a monotonous background of sheep.

WHATEVER his life had been, it had made of him a carelessly daring rider, a dead shot, and a dirty soldier. He made few acquaintances and no friends in his squad room. To his comrades he was a rat-faced, insignificant creature, whose habitual sullenness was now and then broken by sudden, unaccountable, vicious spurts of temper which involved him in many fights. Invariably he was worsted, and invariably he whined out bloodcurdling threats against his chastiser—threats which he never made a move to carry out. His squad room, therefore, set him down as a yellow dog, as Argerson had done, and paid scant attention to him.

His career in the army was as brief as it was inglorious. Within twelve months of his enlistment he was marked down on the rolls as a deserter. His disappearance followed close upon a fight in which he was unmercifully mauled by his troop farrier for misusing a horse. It was concluded that he had lost his appetite for punishment, had dropped his tail between his legs and run, in other words. His late comrades wasted no thought on him, and his K. O. did not even turn out a patrol or offer a reward for his return, so unimportant was he deemed. Good riddance was the universal verdict, coupled with a prophecy that the ladrones, who in those days swarmed in the wilderness behind Andelaria, would very shortly settle his hash all right.

II—The Vigil

OF OLD, young men who had made a mess of life and sowed more wild oats than they well could harvest used to retire into the wilderness for a season of meditation and come back saints and sages, and no one was surprised. But that sort of thing has been out of fashion for ten centuries, and if anyone had predicted to those slangy soldiers in Andelaria that Dorgan, too, was to reappear from his vigil in the Andelaria wilderness changed momentously, they would have laughed and told the prophet to roll over, he was on his back. Yet no greater change was wrought in any eremite of old than was wrought in Dorgan. But with one great difference: he was changed from bad to worse.

Andelaria City stands on a narrow alluvial bench beside the sea, and all that bench, and all the fertile, narrow valley of the river which cuts down to the sea there, is walled by wild volcanic hills. In southern Luzon there are many, many hundreds of untamed square miles, but I doubt if among them all there is any other spot quite so bristling with jungle and dark thickets and ruinous peaks and breakneck volcanic gorges as those wild hills about the Andelaria River. So savage are they, so inexpressibly savage and inhuman, that they work insensibly on the soul of a beholder, to depress it or to exalt it wildly, according to its nature.

And Dorgan did not merely look and pass. He dwelt there, and made his home of it. One can easily imagine how it worked on him as through his solitary days he aimlessly threaded the clandestine trails from gorge to gorge, and through the long nights camped among the shattered cliffs—how it woke at last a soul even in him and stirred it to such activity as might have been expected of it.

How he began to think about himself and other men, he who had never compared himself with other men before, and how he must have pondered over the difference between their lot and his. What queer ancestral memories must have stirred in him then we can only guess. There were the freakish ambitions and boundless self-conceit of his besotted father, and, stronger than these, the crude hatreds of his mother's race. How all this must have stirred and crawled and gnawed within him till at last it found an outlet, and a dull revolt at the smug solidity of the established things he had left behind him dawned in his mind. Other men were sheriffs, sergeants, farriers; privileged to brush him from his home country like a fly; to bark [illegible] to build [illegible] way they chose [illegible] ideal at which [illegible] and praise. Who [illegible] more than he?

All that [illegible] guesswork. [illegible] that at the northern end of the valley where a clump of Spanish bayonet clings to a shoulder of the trail, he discovered that he could sit securely hidden, and reconnoiter the mimic world spread open at his feet; the long winding stretch of farmsteads, the muddy river, the busy fields and road, and far off to the southward, thirty miles away, the iron roofs of Andelaria church and convent. It was an aerie like an eagle's. He told me about that himself.

And he told me how he began to climb up there often, and gaze down for hours, unwinkingly. He was nursing his revolt. It was there that the momentous change in him occurred, and he ceased to be an insignificant deserter. For there dawned on him, little by little, the consciousness of a power he possessed to annoy the complacent beings down below who disregarded him, to surprise them, and hurt them, and set their lives topsy-turvy.

He was no longer solitary, unless he chose to be. Formidable allies were his for the taking. Through many centuries the Andelaria hills had sheltered a band of native outlaws who, from cuartels hidden far back in inaccessible pockets in the jungle, had come out to prey on the scanty commerce which moved over the mountain trails, or to kill and burn and plunder among the isolated settlements in the valley itself. Their defiance of the law had gone unpunished, for their blind and secret trails seamed the forest on all sides, and they had spies. When the insurrection came these ladrones, posing as patriots, drew to themselves a restless younger element from the towns and became the nucleus of one of those dissolving columns of the Filipino army, phantomlike in everything but the visible results of their murderous activities.

These were the outlaws who had been expected so speedily to settle Dorgan's hash when he deserted. Instead of that, they had made him welcome at their camps whenever he chose to linger there. Some racial habit had even asserted itself, making these brown skulkers look up to the white one and hint that they would be glad to give him some command among them.

And Dorgan, looked up to for the first time in his life, was flattered, and played with the idea. He felt in himself unguessed-at capabilities. The band was numerous and well-armed. Under the direction of a mind more farsighted and persistent than a Malay's, its depredations might be very formidable. It was a weapon prepared for his hand.

And so he toyed with that idea, while he kept his vigils in his aerie on the high shoulder by the Spanish bayonet. And that unreasoning hatred for his former comrades and the order they stood for grew on him, and with it came an itch of desire to put his new discovered power to the proof on them. Slinking, ratlike thing that he was, with his mop of neutral-colored hair and his beady eyes and weak slit of a mouth, I do not like to think of him as he lurked there. He was a menacing figure to be brooding above an unsuspecting countryside. For down there in the valley men had forgotten his existence.

III—Dorgan's Dance

ONE day a private of the signal corps, riding the Andelaria-Gandung telegraph line, was found dead beside the trail, sniped from ambush. No importance was attached to the occurrence. It was laid at the door of the ladrones, and after it the linemen rode in pairs.

Another day, of two men who rode the trail thus, one was shot in the back and the other found his way [illegible] Andelaria, hours later, in a hysteria of panic. When he could talk at all, he raved of having been hounded for miles along the trail by a rifle and a voice. The rifle had spoken from the bush with the unmistakable accent of a Krag. When he would have walked or run, it spit bullets with deadly accuracy at his feet. When he would have halted, it had ticked bullets through his clothing and even creased his flesh. And the voice had railed at him and cursed him. Railed at him, in English, for being a white man, cursed him for being helpless and afraid. For he had lost his nerve. For a while he had kept a semblance of steadiness, but the combination of derisive bullets and menacing [illegible]

had been too much for him. He had run, stumbling and panting in his panic, while the bullets whined around him and the voice jeered behind, and so at last he had come to town more dead than alive.

[illegible] deadly incredible sort of thing that happens [illegible]res, and would have gained no credence but for the bullet marks on his clothing and his [illegible].

[illegible] all he raved out a name, and cursed [illegible] Dorgan done it," he would cry. "It was the devil! Dorgan got my goat," and he half wept with shame and anger. And that was the most incredible thing of all to his listeners, that Dorgan could get anybody's goat.

FOR they remembered him as the ratlike, slinking creature whose sallow face any of them had been free to pound for the price of a few bloodcurdling threats. Still, even a rat, or a yellow dog, may be dangerous in a way, if it goes mad, and the chase for him began, merrily enough, man hunting being after all, to a true-born hunter, the best sport there is. Men began to haunt the brush and rocks along the Gandung trail, generally in pairs waiting for a pot shot. And when they came in of nights and reported no luck, they made bets with each other about the next day's chances.

But this grim humorousness of theirs received a sudden check. The quarry became grimly humorous too, and began hunting them, in a fashion all his own. Before a fortnight was out a dozen of them had learned to dance Dorgan's Dance. For that was the name soon given to the antics of his victims when they walked or ran at his bidding, or stood motionless and helpless to hear him curse them and their fellows with the insulting fluency he was learning to command.

So Dorgan taught them that he was a dangerous being, in search of whom no single man or pair of men could haunt the Gandung trail. Then the pursuit of him began in earnest.

IV—The Renegade

IT WOULD have been interesting to get Dorgan's version of that pursuit, but he would speak very little of it.

The soldiers' side of it was commonplace enough. The regiment was turned out, and for six weeks they hunted Dorgan. And, for all they gained by it, they might have been a regiment of ants hunting an automobile needle through a haystack. The country and the man, with his half-Indian craftiness, were both against them. They drew cordons round hilltops where he was not. They made sudden stealthy descents, in the gray of dawn, on empty camps, till at last, baffled, they had to fall back on a steady patrolling of the roads and the inglorious waiting game. "Traitor wanted," they might have advertised.

How different all that was from Dorgan's point of view. For I gathered from the little he said, the noisy pursuit of the soldiers had been enjoyable, stirring him to something resembling gayety. As the great cats of the jungle must sometimes, in unhungry moments, prowl along beside unwitting travelers, undecided whether to strike or not, and find a maddening excitement in the decision, so Dorgan had played with the avengers of blood, paralleling their course for hours at a time or lying aloft there by the Spanish bayonet, within their sight and so too obvious a target, while he fondled the magazine cut-off of his Krag. A few turns of his wrist and half a dozen of them would have paid the penalty of clumsiness. And he had laughed silently and let them go, to hunt amusingly another day.

How it must have flattered him to lie above the valley and think that the remembrance of him was constant in every mind down there, and his name ready to every tongue. White-clad farmers, timorously planting in the fields, apprehensive drivers of whining bull carts on the road along the river, even the soldiers, bulky in khaki and flannel, making laborious dashes on scents he himself had laid, all were accommodating themselves to what they thought might be his plans. It was a vast change for the insignificant deserter.

BUT in the end the possession of such passive power failed to satisfy his vanity, or whatever the emotion may be called that drove him on. At least that is my explanation of his next act, the act which lifted him to such a pinnacle of evil eminence; vanity, rather than any sudden accession of anger or cruelty. And it was the explanation of the doctors. One must never forget, they said, that Dorgan was distinctly of the hysterical type.

The thing happened at the end of April, just when the rains had ceased, and one Private Whelton, jolting in an escort wagon to Andelaria City, brought first news of it.

They hurried Whelton to the hospital and dragged a major doctor from his bunk before reveille to hear his story.

"They—got us a—bout mid—night, sir," said Whelton. "Last—night. In Six-Mile—Gorge. It was a—plant. They was hid among the rocks. There was me—and—Humpy Evans, on th' point. They got—Humpy first." It was plain that they'd got Private Whelton too. He spoke out of a crimson welter of bandages. Something had made hash of his face, and done things to his chest as well, so that his words came gaspingly. But he had one good eye left. It looked up out of the bandages very steady, while he told his story to the major doctor. No one had succeeded in getting Private Whelton's goat. "There was—fifteen of—th' troop behind us. They got—them. I couldn't—count th'—gugus. It was dark as—paint. They had—bolos. And there was—*Him*."

His voice grew stronger on the pronoun. The doctor sat forward in his chair. The hospital steward and the two corps privates edged up to the cot. "Him?" the major doctor echoed. "Was Dorgan there?"

"Same—one," said Whelton. "He—stood up on th' bank and—cussed us while—they boloed—us. It was pitch—black."

For a moment there was silence in the ward. The major doctor broke it. "Well," he mused aloud, "I spotted the man for the hysterical type, his first vacci-

"Was Dorgan there?" "Same—one," said Whelton. "He—stood up on th' bank and—cussed us while—they boloed—us"

nation. But he's a pleasant thing to have loose round the woods—"

A movement from the iron-framed hospital cot stopped him. "Highsterical!" cried Private Whelton. "Does what he done to—us—look like—he was some spring pul—let? He's plain—snake. I told him so. After they—got me down—I says to him—"

When the doctor was gone the steward stepped forward and stood looking down at the thing on the cot. And Whelton looked steadily back at him. "Sergeant," he asked, "how long d'yuh—reckon—it'll take me t'—croak?"

"Don't worry none about that, son," said the sergeant. "We'll go after him."

"Bueno," sighed Private Whelton. "When yuh—get him—just tell th' boys—t' give him one good—one—fr'm us. Will yuh?"

"Don't worry none about *that*," said the sergeant.

"'Ueno," Private Whelton sighed again contentedly. "I only hope yuh—get him—alive."

So in one night Dorgan repudiated his insignificance forever and climbed to the highest pinnacle of evil eminence known to his world. From that moment his position was secure. He had turned on society. Henceforth he was The Renegade, a creature of fabulous wickedness with whom unruly children in the valley were threatened by their nurses, an outlaw no man cared to meet even with finger ready to trigger.

Ordinarily those few weeks of April, in the Andelaria valley, are an enchanted season. So compelling a breath of springtime is in the air that the very least of poets, resting in some outlook, say, like Dorgan's aerie by the Spanish bayonet, might weep, in the ready fashion lesser poets have, at the fresh and perfect beauty of it all, the blending of color into living color, the flood of vivifying sunlight over jungle and field and stream, the tang of clean earth smells, and the searching warmth, in the vagrant breezes. For that brief season the humdrum valley might be a forgotten corner of lost Paradise and the dwellers there just happy children, playing at labor in their fields and on the trail that winds beside the river and up over the high shoulder by the Spanish bayonet.

But all the joyousness faded from that memorable springtime. There was no singing of love songs in the barrios along the river through those April nights. Flimsy shutters were drawn tight and lashed close with bajuco when the sun went down, and all was silent in the little houses and no lights shone out to be reflected from the swollen river. Around Andelaria City a circle of sentries stopped every traveler by night, and through the forest and the jungle men in khaki threaded their way in companies, slunk in little scouting groups of two and three, no longer grimly humorous or derisive, but silent and intent and conscious of their peril. For the edict had gone out that Dorgan was to be hunted down if it took a whole brigade a year to corner him.

V—Old Man Argerson

OF THAT second pursuit Dorgan had much more to say than of the first.

In the beginning it had been much the same sort of deadly game of hide-and-seek, in which he held all the odds. And then suddenly some one, or something, of quite another caliber than the clumsy troopers, had joined in the chase. Something of an indefiniteness which almost stirred his latent superstition at times as it marched beside him when he marched, or watched behind him when he rested, just as he dogged his own pursuers.

It must have been his instinct, rather than his senses, which first warned him of it. And then the problem had taken a more definite form.

One morning, rising earlier than his followers, he had found, scratched in the warm ashes of the last night's fire, and half obliterated by the wind swirls of the dawn, what he recognized as the lines of a rude swastika. Just such a luck sign as the women of his mother's tribe have a way of scratching with stubby forefinger in green pottery—or as old George Hennessey had burned inside the lid of his locker, Dorgan suddenly remembered. Hennessey was one of the troopers who had died in Six-Mile Gorge.

Dorgan stood staring down at the sign. It was very faint; only his all-seeing Indian eyes would have noticed it at all. But it was there, and its mere presence was a warning of an impending danger so elusive that all his ring of watchers could not shut it out. Some one must have been there to draw the thing. Who?

In all times of special stress that aerie by the Spanish bayonet seems to have drawn him like a magnet. He climbed up there then, not to sit and laugh silently as he had done before, but to watch with every sense alert, even while that unimaginative mind of his asked ceaselessly what he watched for.

Up to that moment, so far as I could make out, he had never felt contrition or alarm. But now uncertainty made him—nervous, shall I say?

AS HE crouched inside his prick'y stronghold, unseen by any eyes save those of a pair of soaring crows, the Tom Prys of the wilderness, enlightenment came to him suddenly, in a flash of memory. A mist floated before his eyes, veiling all the sun-flooded valley. It broke, and from its swirling wreaths emerged another scene, solid and real: lead-colored hills and sagebrush ghostly in the dawn, and bitter water trickling through a crust of alkali.

A drawling voice sounded in his ears: "You've got a yaller streak. . . . But if you make any plays anywhere else, I'll have you, if I have to come and cut you out o' hell—"

He shrank down, utterly cowed. Old Man Argerson had kept his word and come. Old Man Argerson, devotee of the law, understudy to Nemesis for rash experimenters who miscalculated the reach of the arm of justice; Argerson, who had flung the fear of God into him, that long-ago day at Kettle Springs. How he had come Dorgan did not ask himself. The mere fact of his coming struck him, momentarily, with panic.

Then the old hatred flared out again. The memory that Argerson had read his shameful secret aloud and truly still stung and burned. Dorgan had had a

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The handsome villain in the Drury Lane melodrama, "The Whip." All that villainy can do he does, but virtue triumphs

From Broadway to Drury Lane

By ARTHUR RUHL

One of the villain's victims and her brother in "The Whip." The upper picture is from the great race scene

A "BENEFIT," like that given at the Century Theatre a few afternoons ago, to help raise money for the women's memorial monument to the men who went down with the *Titanic*, is a curiously impressive thing. From one-thirty o'clock until well after six there drifted before the indolent fancy of that brilliant audience—in itself, in the most luxurious of New York's theatres, a dramatic enough contrast to the tragedy behind the matinée—a sort of cross-section of the entire modern theatre.

There were ragtime negroes from the music halls, and the chorus and principals from two Broadway musical comedies—the poor girls trying hard to smile just the same, though the front row held no familiar faces and the songs sounded a little cold and joyless in the unfamiliar air. Mr. Faversham and Miss Cissie Loftus played the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," Mme. Simone gave something of Rostand's in French, Mr. John Mason recited Kipling, and Mr. Francis Wilson gave a little talk. After the external nerves had been joggled a bit by the rather obvious American farce of "Mrs. Jack," with Miss Alice Fischer, Mr. Frank Gilmore, Mr. Walter Hale, and others in the cast, one jumped into the heavily brilliant Chinese atmosphere of "The Daughter of Heaven," with Miss Viola Allen as the Empress, and then was suddenly brought up standing, so to speak, by the acrid humor and imaginative power of that superb first act from "The Master Builder" with Miss Nazimova as Hilda. There was a trio from the Philharmonic; an allegory, "The Flowers and the Sea"—in which Miss Edith Wynne Matthison represented The Spirit of Woman, and Miss Ruth St. Denis, as The Moon, rose out of the waves, a bluish opalescence, her arms rippling from shoulder to finger tips, as if she were, indeed, the very spirit of moonlight and flowing water.

The quality of the gift these generous players make at such a time only adds to its impressiveness. Anyone can pull a long face and talk of the hereafter. They give of themselves, of the warm, light-hearted, fleeting present. The more careless their offering—set as it is against that dark background—the more do they suggest the common pathos of humanity—the abyss so close to the bright surfaces of every day. It is as if they were children playing over a volcano. People laugh when George Cohan and Willie Collier "jolly" each other about the day's work. "I'm on the water wagon," says Cohan. "How do you feel?" asks Collier. "Oh, I feel much better off." "Do you drink anything?" asks Cohan. "Yes," says Collier thoughtfully, "anything," and people roar—and are perhaps nearer than most sermons bring them to tears.

MRS. FISKE IN "THE HIGH ROAD"

IT WOULD be easy to pick flaws with Mr. Edward Sheldon's new play, "The High Road"—if such a loose assembling of episodes can be called a play—but the general effect of it, as presented by Mrs. Fiske and her company, is so vigorous and fresh that quarreling with the medium seems rather ungracious and unnecessary.

Mr. Sheldon shows us milestones in the life of a woman who, starting as a simple but fanciful country girl, fled to the city with an artist who captured her imagination, and after living with him in a sort of moral trance for three years, lulled by the beauty with which he surrounded her, suddenly awoke to a sense of responsibility. She left him, joined shirt-waist makers, then on strike, and became a leader of working women. Eighteen years later, a woman of force and accomplishment, she appears before the Governor to urge the passage of a bill to improve the conditions of women in factories. The two—the Governor was a young lawyer of the neighborhood when she was a girl on the farm—feel that they belong together and are married. Two years later, when the Governor is a candidate for President, a crooked corporation magnate, a friend of the artist with whom she ran away a generation before, recognizes her and threatens, on the eve of election, to publish the story. She defies him and warns him that if he does she, too, will tell the story and what she has made of her life, and let the people judge between them. This silences him, and the play ends on a note of triumph—out of everything that has befallen her she has taken only the good and built with it—a woman, too, may be master of her fate and captain of her soul.

A WOMAN WHO CONQUERED HER PAST

THE interest and importance of "The High Road" is contained in this idea and not in the slips and inconsistencies of Mr. Sheldon's hasty and rather slapdash work.

The vitality, force, and general grip which Mrs. Fiske gives the whole fabric will readily be understood. No one feels called upon to remind the audience that it is "the woman who pays," nor does the principal character, even in her most trying moments, raise her voice much above the tone of ordinary talk. By the mere nervous twitch of a shoulder Mrs. Fiske can suggest more force—with difficulty held down and likely at any moment to explode—than most of our actresses succeed in doing while shrieking like delirious fishwives. The artist, too, Mr. Sheldon has had the grace to make a plausible rather than a tritely villainous figure. He is sincere according to his own lights, and genuinely and finely charmed by the simple country girl, as he might be by any of the other beautiful things he had "collected." Mr. Frederick Perry as the Governor and Mr. Arthur Byron as the blackmailing capitalist are at their best, and the whole representation is thoroughly well worked out.

WEBER AND FIELDS

THERE was a good deal of almost sentimental enthusiasm over the reappearance last year of the "old" Weber and Fields. It was a classic revival, and when Fields, protesting "I lof you! Oh, how I lof you!" began jabbing his affectionate forefinger into little Weber's blinking eyes, people felt that the old days had indeed returned. Here was that pathos of the little man always getting the worst of it, yet trusting on, so nearly genuine, that—as Mr. John Corbin, or some one of our more learned critics, once pointed out—did not people nearly fall off their seats laughing, they must needs weep instead.

Of this old quality, their new show, "Roly Poly," is as innocent as a stone crusher in active operation. It is Broadway "musical comedy" of the most arid and machine-made sort, unworthy of their audience and themselves.

AN OBJECT LESSON FOR AMATEUR PLAYWRIGHTS

THE genuine spirit of burlesque which might have been expected in the Weber and Fields' show appeared unexpectedly at the performance, the same week, of Mr. Abraham Goldknopf's play, "Tainted Philanthropy; or, the Spirit of the Time." This was funny because it was played in perfect seriousness, as the best sort of burlesque is always played, and the fun came, not from visual grotesqueness, but from language, stage directions, and general point of view, which the unhappy author meant to be taken seriously.

Mr. Goldknopf had brought suit against Mr. Belasco and Mr. William C. De Mille for part of the royalties of Mr. De Mille's successful play, "The Woman," on the ground that the idea was taken from his. The case went to trial, and in the middle of it Mr. Belasco's press agent, or some one equally gifted, proposed that a special performance be given so that the judge might see for himself. No sooner said than done, and thus, after a performance of "The Woman," beginning at 11 o'clock in the morning, Mr. Goldknopf's effort unexpectedly saw the light of day at 2.30 o'clock that afternoon, before such a gathering of playwrights, actors, critics, and Broadway hangers-on as even the most interesting first night rarely draws out.

The piece was played with apparent sincerity—"Of course," remarked a playwright sitting near me, "this is the time they haven't got it on him," whatever he may have meant by *that*!—and with what the widely amused audience assumed to be the author's own bad grammar, complete ignorance of construction, and almost pathetic psychology. It was what is called a "scream" beyond doubt, and yet when one recalled that the author, unless a mere hold-up man, actually believed in the thing, as so many other deluded novices have believed in their work, it was rather tragic, too.

So far as one could see, there was no resemblance whatever between the two plays except that men and women were in each of them. The performance ought to have been seen by a few hundred thousand of our amateur playwrights, for a more vivid example of the difference between the average novice's "effort" and the vibrant organism that a play [illegible] before it becomes a success it would be difficult to imagine.

To anyone acquainted with the [illegible] and how many downs!—of a New York season, the audiences which nightly view "The Whip" are [illegible] even astounding, things. There are [illegible] in New York

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PURE FOOD IN NEW ENGLAND

An Account of the Successful Efforts of the Women of Manchester and Lowell

By LEWIS B. ALLYN

"YES, madam," said the demonstrator, "every article we sell is guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Law."

"Then I am to infer that all of your products are pure and perfectly fitted for consumption?"

"No," the demonstrator replied, "you must infer no such thing from this guarantee, but we have another guarantee, or creed we call it, which hand-in-hand with the first will give you ample protection."

Here was a new type of pure-food saleswoman, and the outlook for further questioning looked promising. When asked about this "creed," she said that her house permitted no removal of nutritious or valuable constituents or ingredients whereby the quality of the products might be lowered.

No "filler" or weight producer was employed nor mixed with the foods so as to reduce the quality and expand the bulk of a small quantity of good material.

Her firm would not allow the use of coal-tar dye in any form or under any name, nor any artificial coloring whereby the products might be made to appear of greater value than they were.

No chemical drugs were permitted, for her firm believed in giving the consumer the benefit of the doubt where any existed.

No paneled bottles nor short-weight packages nor any other form of deception was tolerated.

All of this sounded like the millennium, but there were plenty of facts to prove these broad statements. One somehow received the impression that this house was built on a broad and firm foundation, and that it is one of that rapidly increasing number of manufacturers who are doing much to make it unpopular to adulterate our foods, irrespective of any law.

In contrast to the stand taken by the firm in question, note the attitude of another concern toward purity of products as evidenced by a letter from its chemist. The products, soft drinks, had been analyzed and some of them had failed to pass close scrutiny.

THE CHEMIST WRITES:

AS REGARDS *what you choose to call coal-tar dye, we would say that the label declares the presence of artificial color, and, did space permit, we might also add that the color used is an aniline color, officially certified by the United States Government, permissible under the Pure Food Law, and as absolutely harmless as the yellow color of an orange or lemon and much more permanent.*

Another firm writes:

We do use benzoate of soda and coal-tar dye in several of our preparations, and in so doing we are entirely within the Pure Food Law. As soon as it compels us to stop we shall discontinue the use of both these substances.

One is constrained to inquire: Why not be ready and not have to get ready? That is exactly the position that some thirty-odd firms have taken at the Manchester Pure Food Exposition. Their products are of an advanced type. This same remark holds true of food distributors exhibiting at the Lowell Exposition. When we have a Federal law to afford more protection to the consumer, these firms will not have to houseclean. Throughout the United States there are many food packers whose products are free from all forms of legalized adulteration. There is also a constantly decreasing number of other concerns who still employ the score or more colors, fillers, and drugs permitted by the Government. It is difficult to convince some of these latter that they are stumblingblocks in the pure-food movement. To see the six hundred organized women of Manchester, and an even larger number at Lowell, fighting legalized impurity is something of an inspiration. These women are securing results, for they know what to do and have a definite plan of action.

"We interviewed all of the leading grocers of the city," said the president of the Manchester Federation, "and found them in sympathy with us, everyone saying that he would much rather sell pure than impure and adulterated products, but that there was a good market for the latter. All that remained for us then was to create a demand for the pure articles."

How they went about this is a matter of general interest. The State Board of Health of New Hampshire was approached and readily promised its assistance, provided no "food fakers" were allowed in the exposition. The promise was made, and the board forthwith sent an instructive display of adulterated and misbranded foods found in its jurisdiction. A prominent booth was assigned to this collection, some features of which will be commented upon later.

To make food facts more impressive the federation secured the services of an experienced food chemist and fitted out a laboratory for him wherein he might make actual tests upon food products for the public benefit. The results, prominently displayed upon a large blackboard, threw much light upon the local situation. The hundreds that daily crowded the chemical laboratory evidenced the interest that the public takes in food investigation.

In no other city, so far as can be learned, has the press given so much space and entered so enthusiastically into the campaign as at Manchester. "Get Into Line and Boost the Fair!" was the slogan. One of the local papers devoted four pages to the exploitation of the fair and gave a kindly word for each of the exhibitors. The press was proud of the movement and gave a whole-souled cooperation. This in itself is a movement, since in some instances editorial departments have been effectively muzzled through the fear of advertisers.

WHERE THE POOR MAN SUFFERS

IN ORDER to further prepare the public for the food exposition, the club women caused to be published and otherwise displayed a complete list of books in the public library pertaining to the subject of foods and nutrition. Thus the success of the project was largely due to the energy of these women in preparing the public for the fair by showing them the need, the remedy, and by securing real support.

The need of the fair lay in the fact that in the city of Manchester, a condition common enough in all cities, was a quantity of food products on sale in the open market which by no strain of the term could be classed as pure—benzoated and otherwise drugged catchups, jams and fruit products, Hamburg steak embalmed with sulphite of soda, alum baking powders, "extractless" extracts, confectionery vivid with coal-tar colors and glistening with varnish, near sausage, bakers' goods concealing their unholy chemical adulterants, perhaps more vicious than the other products, inasmuch as there existed no label to warn the purchaser of their debased nature. All these things and others still unmentioned tend to make the food supply of any city a menace. "We sell this class of stuff to the poor trade," said one dealer. Just what he meant by "poor trade" is problematical. But if he meant that he sold it to the poor man, to the honest fellow who has to make his last cent count, in Heaven's name what should in justice be done to such a dealer? Is not the poor man entitled to every bit as good food as his wealthier neighbor? Is it the dollar that determines that one man shall have nourishing, honest food and that another shall be deprived of it?

No wonder that the women of Manchester and Lowell cried out at such an evil. Local, State, and Federal inspectors and chemists are helpless. There is no redress in the law, for these things are a part of the great legalized traffic in juggled foods. "The label tells," said the dealer. "Let them read the label." That is the very thing the exposition tried to impress upon the patrons—to read and to let alone, if there appeared any semblance of chemical antiseptic, artificial flavor or color.

SOME THINGS TO REMEMBER

THERE was need enough for a pure-food fair in Manchester, but, in all fairness, it must be said that food conditions in the Granite State are better than in any other State in New England, and this in great measure is due to the activity and supervision of a remarkably efficient State Board of Health. The "Sanitary Bulletin," published quarterly by this department, is a classic in food literature.

Says chief chemist Charles D. Howard: "There are many things we cannot do. These must be done by intelligent public sentiment."

The booth of the State Laboratory of Hygiene was one of the centers of interest. Some of the signs therein displayed were of great educational value. Among others, one might note the following:

There are no formulas on the labels of standard goods: the manufacturers prefer to conceal imitations and substitutes under a formula which they know they cannot understand, in order that they may charge more than the goods are worth.

Beware of the words "Compound and Blend." The packer of genuine goods does not use them, and you may not be getting what you think you are.

Remember that if your bottler will not cut out soap bark and other objectionable drugs, you can get pure soda at most fountains.

A catchup or preserve containing benzoate of soda may have been made from sound materials and in a cleanly way, but if it doesn't contain an antiseptic it must have been.

Malt extract is but a name to catch those who would not drink beer.

QUALITY IS THE POINT

THE State placed an intelligent inspector in charge of the display for the sole purpose of preaching the gospel of pure foods to the public, not in a manner born of hysterical enthusiasm, but rather from an insight gained by extensive experience.

"If we handle nothing but this high class of food," said a dealer, "what would become of our low-class trade? Herein is another fallacy which is receiving considerable attention at the recent expositions. Pure food is honest food and not necessarily expensive food. It was demonstrated again and again that such food was the only kind that the poor man could afford to purchase. Of course, if one has developed an appetite for truffles, mushrooms, and extra sifted peas, he must pay more than the man who is willing to dine on the more nutritious pork and beans, corn and lentils. It does not require any extended mathematics to prove that a two-ounce bottle of pure, standard lemon extract is cheaper than a short, four-ounce bottle of lemonless lemon extract flavored with hair oil.

Pure, standard cocoa at twenty-five cents per half pound is cheaper than compound cocoa selling for sixteen cents per pound, to which has been added fifty per cent of sugar and starch.

The matter of taste is largely an individual matter, and it often dictates whether one shall pay forty cents or half that price for his coffee, one dollar or a third of that for his tea. There is no attempt on the part of the expositions to discourage or to stop the sale of low-priced food products of good quality, but rather to keep these same products free from all taint of chemical drug, filler, mineral dye, glaze, or coat whereby they may appear better than they actually are.

The remedy for these evils was seen in the exhibits of the thirty-odd firms to whom principle means as much as profits, and by keeping the former they secure the latter.

TO AMEND THE LAWS

THE Manchester women know that they must continually keep the vital points of the campaign fresh in the minds of the people. With the help of the dealer and packer they are assured of abundant success. All honor, then, to this latter-day "six hundred" who fight in the open for the betterment of their homes.

The attractive setting of the Lowell Pure Food Exposition in the immaculate State armory accentuated the purity of the products displayed there.

The great floor of the drill shed, crowded by throngs of interested people, showed that there was no lack of interest in, nor want of appreciation of, foods of quality in the Bay State.

To its credit it must be remembered that Massachusetts had an effective food law eighteen years before the passage of the Federal law in 1906, and that this code formed the basis of many subsequent ones.

The Lowell women believed in aiming high, and their first lecturer, Dr. Mark W. Richardson, secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, gave concrete illustrations of the efficient work in reducing the sale of adulterated foods.

One of the defects in the Massachusetts food laws lies in the absence of some standard for flavoring extracts which shall apply to the articles sold by the grocer.

A curious situation results. A State inspector may purchase lemon extract at a drug store. If official

(*Concluded on page 23*)

THE BLACK-MANED LION OF SEATTLE

By
PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

A GOOD many things have happened to Seattle. One of them is the Rev. Mark Allison Matthews, variously denominated "The Tall Sycamore of the Sierras," "The Lion of the West," "The Scourge of Sin in Seattle," and, just now, properly and titularly as Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

The man is unescapably conspicuous. Nature made him that way. Neither, it must be admitted, does he appear to have done anything to thwart Nature in her purpose. He makes a striking figure. He does striking things. He has striking ideas, and he expresses them strikingly. The newspaper spot light flickers after him as he travels over the country. It plays on the pulpit where he preaches, and when he gets home to Seattle, telegraph editors heave a sigh of relief, but eye him suspiciously from afar, never knowing at what moment he may break into the news.

In Pioneer Square in the center of Seattle stands a totem pole, transplanted from that land of the midnight sun which annually pours considerate golden streams into the channels of trade in that Northwestern metropolis. The totem pole is tall as becomes its kind; also, it is grotesquely carved and hideously colored. Now this lion of Seattle is a sort of human totem pole; less tall, mercifully, than the totem pole in the square, and, but not mercifully, something less fat; but, compensatingly, he is better carved, yes, much better. Moreover, he wears a mane, which totem poles do not. This mane is of raven blackness, and far down behind his right ear is tonsured to a marcel wave which swings well out to starboard and looks, as the Son of Anak bears down upon you, like a shadowy, low-flying sail or the rudder of an aeroplane.

But the face of the giant—the man is in very truth six feet and five inches tall when entirely straightened out—is good to look upon. It gathers sunshine like the mirror of a heliograph. The eyes are blue and the lips are red and like a kissable woman's; but the rest of the face is gleaming ivory white. The brow is high and white; the nose is long and white; the chin is sharp and white. Forgetting the simile of the totem pole, and to one who happens to have seen that pole I confess it is crude, very, very crude; but, abandoning that simile, the man is a sort of human, peripatetic lighthouse, and the face of him beams like a beacon. Cordial good humor is the sheen of his features. You look at the tall eccentric and instantly approve of him. Likable, companionable, faithful, and a string of kindred kindly adjectives leap into mind at sight of him.

HE TROUBLES THE SATISFIED

YET, truth to tell, the man is a born trouble maker, a congenital disturber of the peace. He troubles his town, he troubles his church; he troubles himself. He never can let well enough alone. He is the best hated, most feared, man in Seattle. But also he is the best loved; and the number of them that hate him have reasons therefor which are entirely complimentary to this man, who is pastor of the largest Presbyterian church in the world and, in this year of our Lord 1912, Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, which amounts to being for one year the President of the main body of Presbyterianism in America. In this latter capacity Dr. Matthews is just now going about the country and saying things to staid, self-satisfied Presbyterians which make those good folks gasp. For their Moderator is a very old-fashioned sort of preacher for these piping times of incredulity. Dr. Matthews believes, for instance, that the whale swallowed Jonah, and he is ready to swallow the man that doesn't believe it. He believes in progress, of course, when the progress is in the right direction; but when he thinks it isn't, he utters his warnings in loud and sometimes picturesque language. He recently voiced his distaste for a certain national periodical which is noted for heterodoxy on many subjects by saying: "If you continue to read it, you will have theological meningitis, sociological neuritis, and political gastritis."

Dr. Matthews is even so old-fashioned that he believes in the Holy Ghost, and talks about Him as though that third person in the Trinity were a friend with whom he was in constant communication. He referred to the Holy Ghost so many times in his speech that I said: "Doctor, will you please make that clear for secular readers. Just what do you mean by the leadership of the Holy Ghost?"

"Well, this," replied the big, amiable, crackling personality—"this will illustrate it. Fifteen years ago, while I was pastor at Jackson, Tenn., I went down to New Orleans for a ten days' visit and rest. After two days the members of the leading Presbyterian church came to me and asked me to preach for them on Sunday.

"It was a great honor and privilege for a young man like myself. But I said: 'No; I am going home.' 'Going home?' they inquired in amazement. 'Why, we thought you had come to stay a week or two.' 'So I had,' was my reply, 'and I don't know why I am going home, but I am.' And I did. When I got home the first thing I heard was that a prize fight was to be held in the opera house on Wednesday night. 'Aha!' I said; 'that's why I came home.' I went to the sheriff of the county and told him what I had heard. 'You must be mistaken,' he urged. 'I am not mistaken,' I replied, 'and you have got tickets for it in your pocket right now.' The man flushed up, and I added: 'You go to these fellows and tell them they can't fight in Jackson. If they attempt it I will be at the ring side with a firm of lawyers, and I will call off the names of principals and spectators. We will issue warrants right there, and you as sheriff cannot refuse to serve them!' Well, there was no prize fight in Jackson that Wednesday night, and it was the Holy Ghost that brought me back from New Orleans. I never do anything except by His leadership. If He don't lead, I don't go."

UP AND DOWN THE LAND

AND certainly the Rev. Mark Allison Matthews is led into some queer places in the course of a year. In the summer of 1910 he was led to go slumming through the great cities of America. In New York alone, for two weeks, his tall form doubled in and out of saloons, tough cafés, and Tenderloin dives; but always in the company of a friend and a police escort.

"Pipe the poet!" exclaimed one of the girls in a Sixth Avenue beer hall as the tall man with the innocent face and the long wraithlike wisp of hair at the back drifted through. And what the Seattle preacher did in New York, he did also in Pittsburgh, Chicago, and San Francisco. Then he went home and told the people of Seattle through the newspapers:

"I am prepared to prove that Seattle is the most delightful, healthful, and desirable city in which to live and rear a family in the United States."

After having made which amiable remark, the Rev. Mark Allison Matthews took stock of his bank account. It was in its usual hopeless condition. He therefore turned to his life insurance policies and borrowed upon them all he could possibly obtain. Next, he sent for William J. Burns, the detective, and said: "I know what conditions in Seattle are; but I want you to find out independently of my knowledge and get evidence to back your findings; and not merely evidence that will convince me or convince the public, but evidence that will go in the grand jury room."

"And who is behind us?" queried the canny Burns, for such investigations cost money.

"I will be responsible," said Matthews. "There are no contingencies. Go ahead."

Burns immediately began to burrow, and we can safely leave him burrowing while we go back and gather up the scattered threads in the life of this eccentric pulpit genius and bring them down to the moment when the detective turned in his report and those incidents began to happen which are most notable and typical in the career of Mark Allison Matthews as a man of affairs in the Northwestern city.

THE STORY OF A TALL YOUTH

THE place of his birth was Calhoun County, Ga., and the time was shortly after the close of the Civil War. Matthews was born with a passion for work. Energy and his scissorslike figure were twinned. When he was converted, he carried this passion to *do* over into his religious life. He immediately became *ex-officio* assistant to everybody in the church who was doing anything at which he could help. He opened the doors, he rang the bell, he passed the hymn books, he put the dogs out. When young Mark grew taller, he chose the ministry as his calling; his horizon widened and his views of service enlarged. In Jackson, Tenn., he dedicated himself and his church to the service of the whole community. He saw that the community needed a hospital. He raised the money to build one, and then gave it to the town.

The number of boys and girls whom child labor forced out of the schools at an immature age distressed the young enthusiast who was trying to follow closely in the footsteps of the Galilean. He would have stopped child labor, but that lay beyond his power. What then was the most practical and sanely helpful thing for these prospective illiterates? Nothing else than a night school. So the Rev. Mr. Matthews founded such a school; and for a time he taught in it himself. That, by the way, is one of the secrets of his leadership. He is willing to go to the front of the battle himself, and for this reason helpers follow more readily.

This school was accepted by the child workers as a heaven-sent boon, which it was. When Dr. Matthews went away the town took over the school.

The removal of the Doctor to the Northwest was a pure piece of Seattle enterprise. The minister confesses that in 1901 he did not even know that Seattle was on the map. But Seattle had somehow discovered that Mark Matthews was on the map. It descried him from afar and beckoned, but the beck was not emphatic enough to exert mesmeric power over so great a distance. Whereupon the Washington city beckoned again and kept on beckoning with becks that would not be denied, for Seattle is not accustomed to being defeated in her designs. She wants what she wants when she wants. And she greatly wanted Mark Allison Matthews, although some of her townsmen now feel that this was an unintelligent impulse.

Finally the genial Doctor, who is nothing if not accommodating, said to the First Presbyterian Church of Seattle: "I will come and look you over for two Sundays." He came and saw and fell in love with the church and the town, while the church and the town proceeded straightway to fall in love with him. The church had a goodly auditorium and a gallery, and a debt.

The gallery had been closed a long time from lack of people to sit in it. And the debt? Well, it was [illegible] like many another church debt, perfectly good, you know, with the interest paid promptly, but still a kind of irritating burden on the congregation.

The oratory of Dr. Matthews is [illegible] to characterize. His high forehead gleams as if a halo were upon it. He hurls language about [illegible] most prodigal tongue, as if he had the whole dictionary at his command. He puts his words together in odd

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This is the third article of Mr. Macfarlane's series "Man-to-Man Preachers," the purpose of which is to complement the successful series on "Preachers in America" with vivid sketches of a number of extremely interesting men who both preach to their fellows and reach out for them. The subjects of ensuing articles will be:

The Rev. George W. Truett
of Dallas, Texas, who once a year rounds up the cowboys on the ranges

The Rev. Francis L. Higgins
Missionary to the Lumberjacks of the Minnesota Northern Woods

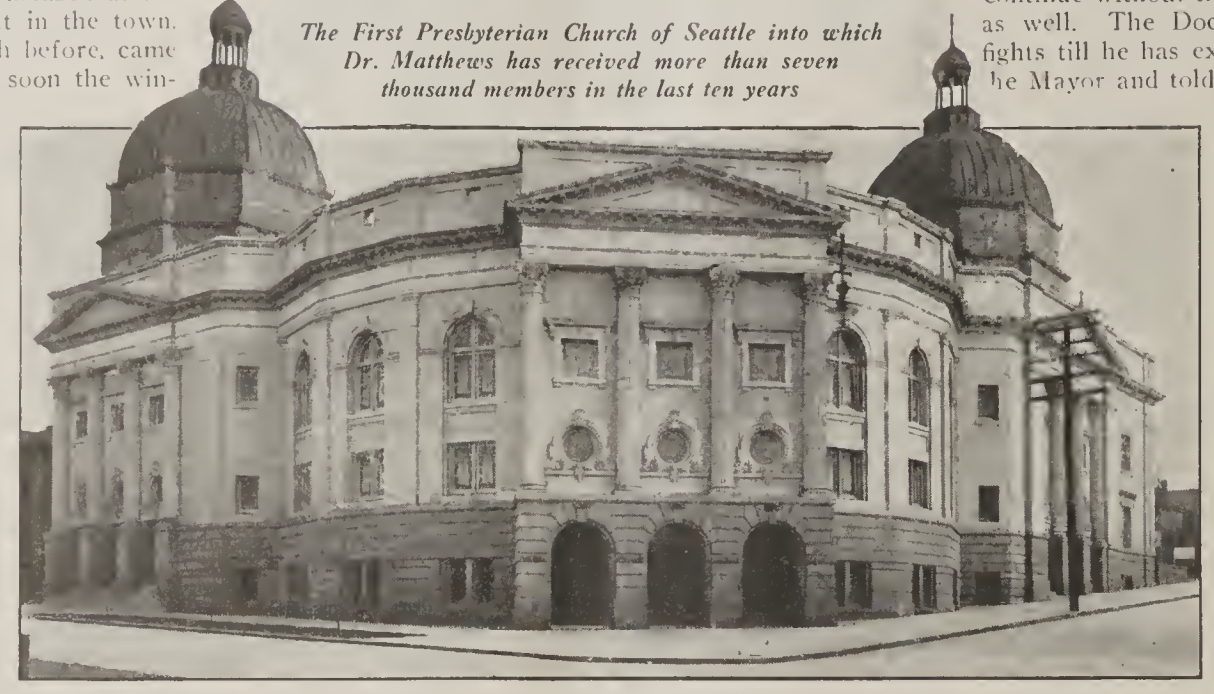
The Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman
the man who revived Revivalism in America

and lurid combinations. He doesn't care whether the phrase is grotesque or homely, or whether it titillates the [illegible]. All he demands is that it shall [illegible] so compactly that he can hurl it [illegible] ciety and a rifle's precision. His [illegible] ly sensational. Indeed, if Mark [illegible] preached a sermon in late years [illegible] nal, you can set it down that he [illegible] nervous that morning. But he uses [illegible] ply the power with which he proclaims his truth. It is never done merely for the sake of attracting attention to himself.

And those empire builders of the Northwest recognized the quality of the man quickly and approved of it. The preacher was courageous. He was no respecter of persons. His sermons were like the long curling crack of the plainsman's whip. He could fight without getting angry, and all his campaigns for a better city were waged without malice. Each year the man revealed new abundance of personal resources. He was never beaten, never nonplussed, never at his wits' end. When those whom he attacked came back with heavy charges, he smiled and let them have the second barrel, with intimations that a third gun was loading.

EFFICIENCY ON THE HIGH GEAR

TO HIS preaching he added remarkable executive ability. The high-geared efficiency with which he worked, his capacity for friendships and his infectious enthusiasms won the people which his preaching drew. The congregation itself was amazed at the results. Men and women prominent in the town, who had never been near the church before, came once to see and again to hear, and soon the winning minister had their names on the end of a pew. In the first year five hundred members were received on profession of faith. In the first eighteen months the debt of twenty-five thousand dollars was paid off. Next a new church was built at a cost of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to hold the crowds that came to hear the Georgia preacher. The whole impetus and scope of the work was repeatedly multiplied. In ten years Dr. Matthews has received into the First Presbyterian Church of Seattle over seven thousand members. The present membership is over five thousand. It is the largest Presbyterian church in the world. And this church is organized up to the steeple and down to the furnace.



The First Presbyterian Church of Seattle into which Dr. Matthews has received more than seven thousand members in the last ten years

These five thousand members are not a mass; they are an army. They are divided into legions, cohorts, and centurions' bands; and they are encamped throughout the whole city. In the banks and great mercantile houses; in the commercial associations and in the clubs; in the homes of the cottage dwellers and in those great houses that Seattle gold is building on her wonderful avenues that begin on the Sound waters and lose themselves on the banks of mountain lakes, the members of this, perhaps, greatest Protestant church in Christendom are to be found.

The leader of this host is an indefatigable worker. It is his boast that he works ten and one-half days every week, by which he means eight-hour days. He has four assistant ministers, one of whom is a Japanese and looks after the work among the Orientals. He has two stenographers. He has four women Sunday-school visitors. He is a man of methods. The hours revolve for him unerringly, bringing their swift succession of duties and appointments. The very days of the week are sifted, sorted, and labeled.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK

MONDAY is nonmembers' day, taken up largely with listening to family troubles and the other thousand and one things concerning which people otherwise unfriended in a great city wish to consult an unselfish minister. The pastor makes all welcome. As he puts it: "On Monday I will grind any man's ax for him." Tuesday is devoted to personal spiritual matters of nonmembers. Wednesday is devoted to the hearing of church people on spiritual matters, a sort of Protestant confessional. Thursday is church people's day. They can come about anything. Friday and Saturday are devoted exclusively to church matters. Somewhere in between are crammed funerals, weddings, sick calls, and the other innumerable duties that devolve upon a popular preacher in a large city. Dr. Matthews is concerned with all sorts of charities and philanthropies. He is interested in the convicts in the penitentiary. Men from this institution are continually being paroled upon his sponsorship; and he looks after and keeps in touch with them as faithfully as a father. A youth comes to him to confess a defalcation. He is momentarily expecting arrest. The minister, out of his own slender bank account, gives the boy a check for the amount of his shortage upon condition that he will make a clean breast to his employers and start over again. Thereafter the preacher may forget what became of his bank balance, but he will not forget to see the youth's employers and enlist their cooperation in building him back to a life of integrity.

This is the way of this tall totem pole of a man. He goes about doing good, and doing it unobtrusively when unobtrusion is the best way. Sometimes publicity and the calcium glare is needed, and he well knows how to get the spot light beam upon himself when he is about to kill germs and wants a scorching ray.

CHALLENGED BUT NOT BLUFFED

AND it was a scorching ray that he turned on Wappenstein, the Seattle Chief of Police, that September day in 1910, when he put Burns on the trail of the Gill administration. As a result of that little searchlight campaign, Gill was ousted from the mayoralty. Wappenstein languishes in the penitentiary, and several ballot-box stuffers received prison sentences. Nor was this the first time that Matthews had exchanged shots with Gill. Away back in December, 1905, in an innocent little prayer-meeting talk, Dr. Matthews had observed that the Seattle City Council was afflicted with that very ancient disease, *graftitis*. Now, as has been intimated, the public news catchers camp always on the trail of Dr. Matthews. Whether he inspects a dive or conducts a funeral, the eye of the public is continually upon him, the general ear is listening. So the Doctor's little prayer-meeting diagnosis of the ills of the City Council got promptly into the daily papers. The people generally nodded their heads in emphatic approval. But the Council itself dissented savagely. It was shocked, outraged, insulted. It arose in wrath. It rent its garments. With indignation, virtuous or otherwise, and with carefully staged promptitude, it sent a committee out to the home of the Rev. Matthews, and asked him vociferously: "What do you mean?"

The tall prophet listened till the committee's questions were all vociferated, till their self-righteous protestations were all intoned, after which he brushed back the mane from his high brow and thrust his hand into his breast with a Lincolnesque pose while his eye beamed malice toward none and a swift, hot punch for all.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I will reply to you upon the last day of January in the Council Chamber. Good afternoon."

This was postponing the issue more than one month. But that was like Matthews. He is a cool fighter. He takes plenty of time to get ready. During those thirty days he would be the target for jibes and jeers as a man who had failed to make good; but the tall one does not mind jibes and jeers. He fights deliberately, methodically, unflaggingly—and he wins. He won this time.

On the thirty-first day of January, the day upon which the lion, although not yet so dubbed, was to shake his mane and roar, all of Seattle that could get into the Council Chamber was there to cheer the Doctor on. He walked in, punctual to the minute, reiterated his charges of *graftitis*, and specified nineteen separate and distinct instances of grafting in which the Council one way or another had been concerned. The charges, all coldly set out in black and white, backed by the incisive personality of the preacher, put the fathers out of countenance in their own chamber. There was stammering and confusion; there was attempt at explanation, and there were floods of billingsgate loosed by the chairman of that Council upon the head of the minister who had been so imprudent as to make charges and so contumacious as to support them.

THE FIGHT AGAINST THE GILL ADMINISTRATION

INCIDENTS like this taught the citizens that this preacher of righteousness, whose interest in their civic life was so keen and sympathetic, was not only a man of courage, but a man of information. His position of moral leadership advanced rapidly. Under the mayoralty of Ballinger, of Moore, and of Miller, the moral forces of the city, either led by Dr. Matthews or abetted by him, made definite progress in vice control. The slot machine was banned, gambling was curbed, and the saloons were compelled to close at midnight. Then came the ill-starred Gill administration. Gill made his campaign on the promise of a wide-open town. The people perhaps did not know just what that meant. But they soon learned, for Gill kept his promises. He was inaugurated in March. By July that obnoxious *Dreibund*, the saloon, the gambling hell, and the brothel, were dancing giddily from one excess to another. They gave the appearance of not being merely uncurbed, but favored, fostered, and protected. Huge cribs of stalls were built in a quarter of the city that soon became notorious. This was not the segregation of vice as that term is commonly understood, but was a sort of flesh market, since the women might live anywhere throughout the city, and only came to the cribs within prescribed hours

"To eat the bread of infamy
And take the wage of shame."

The wage as usual was not their own. It went to cruel masters, and it was believed and afterward shown that part of it passed across those first lecherous palms to others close to the administration.

The conditions were a matter of general knowledge, but Dr. Matthews has a liking for exactitude in the matter of his facts. He sent out three committees in turn to investigate. Each brought the same report. Then he went himself. What he saw and learned led him to believe that the administration was fostering this vast scheme of vice culture. He thought that Wappenstein, the Chief of Police, was the official gardener, and that a raging epidemic of moral corruption could not continue without there being some municipal corruption as well. The Doctor, who is a fair man and never fights till he has exhausted all peaceful means, went to the Mayor and told him what his committees had found and what he himself had seen, and asked him to dismiss Wappenstein and enforce the law. But Gill declined to heed his request. And the Doctor, knowing exactly what to do, with his hand poised to strike, was yet so careful not to do injury to his city and to the men who had been chosen to administer its affairs, that he held all his plans in abeyance while he went out over the country and took a look through the slums and tenderloins of the other large cities of America. He came back convinced that Seattle was still the best of them; but convinced, too, that the only way to keep it from becoming as bad as the worst was to check the present tendencies with a stern hand.

But by September, 1910, when Dr. Matthews returned, things were so bad that the City Council had been moved to appoint an investigating committee. The movement to recall Mayor Gill was under way also; but again Dr. Matthews showed himself a man of moderation. He did not want to see the Mayor humiliated nor the city torn and scarred by the inevitable hostilities and bitterness of a recall campaign if it could be avoided; so he sent for Mayor Gill and said to him:

"You are in a precarious situation. You have plunged the city into disgraceful conditions. But if you will now dismiss Wappenstein and enforce the law, I will ask these people to withdraw their recall petitions."

THE BATTLE WON

BUT the Mayor declined the minister's overtures. He would not dismiss Wappenstein. He would not listen to the advice of those patient but determined men who loved their city too well to see it ruled in the interest of lechery and lust. Dr. Matthews immediately moved against Gill's administration in two ways. First, and secretly, he called Burns and put him to work. Second, and publicly, he assailed the administration in his pulpit and piled fuel on the flame of the recall movement. He did this with consummate skill. It is doubtful if in the American pulpit there is a man more skillful in the arts of public denunciation than Mark Matthews. Few men can paint black blacker than he. He is a master of smashing similes that stick and scald and burn. And he knew exactly what he was talking about. Burns's reports were laying fresh facts before him daily. His church of five thousand members, with the wider circle of adherents, was in itself a great unofficial detective force. He had come to know everybody worth knowing in the whole town during his nine years of residence there. He was mounted in his pulpit like a fourteen-inch gun, with half the city carrying ammunition for him to hurl. Things were continually happening to deepen his convictions and inflame his righteous wrath.

The number of individuals broken daily on the wheels of sin in a city as large as Seattle is large under normal conditions, and now an increasing proportion of these came to relate their experiences to the minister. It is things like this that have made the man a fighter. When mothers of his own congregation came to him daily to complain that open gambling or prostitution was ruining their boys; when a father came to say that vice had claimed his daughter; when he saw the wide-spreading nets of infamy trapping his Sunday-school scholars, ruining his young people, tearing down the very char-

(*Concluded on page 23*)

The Black-Maned Lion of Seattle

Concluded from page 22

acters that he was helping to build up, it was in vain for his detractors to sneer and urge him to stick to his church work. He saw that feeding his sheep was not more important than fighting the wolves that were devouring his sheep, and felt that he was never more clearly in the line of his ministerial duty than when fighting such a battle. Each day his pulpit fire grew heavier, grape and canister, shot and shell; and each day increasing lamentation from the camp of the opposition showed that he was getting the range better and better.

Between times he wrote letters to the press. In one of the weightiest of these he said: "The issue is decency *versus* indecency . . . I am truly sorry for the head of the present administration and pray for his salvation. It is *our duty to him*, to the city, and to all concerned to defeat him on February 7, and change the whole policy."

When the votes were counted, it was seen that Seattle had done its duty. Gill was recalled. Dilling was elected. The whole policy was changed. But Burns was still burrowing. The wave of reform was still rolling, and when it subsided, Wappenstein, Gill's chief of police, was high and dry in the penitentiary. And it was some time after before Seattle knew that it was Matthews who sicked Burns on. Perhaps this is one of the secrets of the man's success. He who seems to utter himself with such abandon is after all shrewd and self-controlled. He knows when to loose the heavy battalions of his oratory. He knows when to be silent as the Sphinx.

Dr. Matthews, by the way, is a lawyer as well as a minister; he is a member of the Seattle bar. So many legal questions came up to him in his capacity as spiritual and material adviser to five or ten thousand people, and the man is so sincere in his desire to be thoroughly prepared for this, that he studied law and was admitted to practice. He goes everywhere and appears to know everybody. He belongs to the leading clubs. He is connected with all movements that look to the city's good. No important enterprise is undertaken by the city of Seattle, whether it is for the handling of a world's fair or to consider ways and means in a Ballinger or a Hanford case, that Mark Matthews is not consulted. The list of things he has talked about or taken a pulpit interest in, as witnessed by a study of the files of Seattle papers for ten years, is amazing.

Puget Sound climate, the price of coal, longer stop-overs on railroad tickets, working girls' hotels, and woman suffrage give some hint of the range of his topics. He preaches to an audience on Sunday morning of from 2,200 to 2,500 people, and on Sunday evening to an audience of from 2,500 to 3,000 people. Seventy per cent of these audiences are strong men. He is a man's preacher, and thinking men attend his congregations.

Nor need one agree with him always in order to appreciate him. His eccentricities may startle one at times, but they will not prevent one from admiring his splendid sincerities. You may feel that to label a foreign missionary discourse "Hell, Heathenism, and Holiness," or to dedicate a rescue mission to "Soap, Soup, Salve, and Salvation," is just a trifle bizarre; but this will not keep you from recognizing that the most powerful friend of humanity in all the big Northwest is the same Mark Allison Matthews to whom his friends refer, half in jest and half in earnest, but wholly with pride, as "The Black-Maned Lion of Seattle."

An Answer

Shall I be glad to see you?
Am I right
To sigh with happiness when sunrise ends
A starless night?

Shall I be glad to see you?
Can I sing
When the first fragrant May flowers herald in
A laggard spring?

Shall I be glad to see you?
Oh, my dear,
Am I glad that love is in the world,
That God is near?

KATHARINE BUELL.

Pure Food in New England

Concluded from page 20

analysis shows the product contains less than five per cent of lemon oil by volume, the druggist may be very properly haled into court and fined. The inspector next visits a grocery store and produces a bottle labeled "Pure Extract of Lemon." If analysis shows this contains less than five per cent, merely a trace of lemon oil, no prosecution can be brought against the grocer. The extract was purchased in a grocery store, and the State standard does not apply. The unfairness is evident. If the druggist has committed a civil offense, a like act should constitute a civil offense for any other dealer. It is safer in Massachusetts to deal in teas and spices than in pills and plasters.

In spite of its legal handicap, one notes with satisfaction that the Massachusetts State Board of Health is always willing to make a thorough and immediate examination of any alleged cases of food adulterations. The writer has seen an inspector sent from Boston to Berkshire County, almost across the State, to investigate a rumor that a certain grocery firm was selling a mixture of starch and sugar for pure pulverized sugar. This keen interest in behalf of the consumer is of great value to the people. The conservative optimism of the Federal Club women of Lowell, with its six hundred-odd members and six hundred more on the waiting list, is sure to bring results. Instilled into the minds of the 1,000 school children who at one time attended the exposition was the necessity for clean and pure food and candies. "This sort of thing should be a part of their education," said Superintendent Hugh Malloy. "Let them all attend."

Here one saw the complete story of pure foods, affecting manufacturer, dealer, community, home, school, and child. "This sort of work will be carried on in our public schools by demonstration," said the president of the Lowell Federation. "The thing is too high and of too much importance to stop in the drill hall of the State militia."

Unique among the Lowell exhibitions was the booth of the Friend Brothers, bakers, who guarantee to use no chemical, antiseptic, drug, coal-tar dye, filler debaser, or rotten egg in any of their products. It has been suspected right along that there were "super" legal bakers; but here was the proof. "Come in, see for yourself; take, taste, test, analyze, and inspect; if anything is found wrong, out it goes." Would, for the sake of the little children of the poor, more bakers would take this stand!

It was suggested that the Federal and State laws would permit the use of drugs, color, and debaser. "I know it," flashed the energetic Mr. Friend, "but the law of our bakery will not permit it." God bless you, Friend Brothers, friends to the consumer, and so prosper the fight for pure foods!

The women who are fighting for the cause know that they must keep the vital principles of the campaign continually fresh in the minds of the people. These are the conditions insisted upon—purity, by which is meant cleanliness; freedom from chemical, antiseptic, dye, drug, and inert filler; quality, intelligent reading of labels, and refusal to sell or purchase juggled food. With the help of packer, dealer, and public interest, success is theirs. All honor to these latter-day six hundred who fight in the open for the betterment of their homes!

The Six Rubies

Continued from page 1

valet, and I remembered Mr. Charley Wing and that mean lodging house west of Seventh Avenue.

I am afraid Gaunt must have thought me rather unsympathetic about his misfortune, for I found it difficult to talk, but he was always glad enough of a mere listener, and when half an hour later I took my leave, he came out with me to the elevator, and called me "old man" several times before we parted.

That same evening I packed a shabby bag, put on the oldest clothes I possessed, and went out adventuring.

WITHIN the next three days I saw Gaunt but once. He was as eagerly cordial as ever, perhaps a little more so, but seemed nervous and restless. I asked if any progress had been made in the matter of running down the burglars, and learned that nothing had as yet been accomplished, though there were, he believed, certain clues. Miss Meredith was not present. I asked about her, and Gaunt said she was laid up in her flat in the "Venezia" with a trifling illness.

But on the afternoon of the third day I went to him in his rooms and asked him to spend the evening with me, which he seemed glad to do. I inquired once more about the burglary. Nothing had turned up, but he had had a letter from his father. He turned quite white over the memory of it, and I gathered that the old gentleman had expressed himself with vigor. Gaunt spoke quite wildly of the necessity of recovering the ruby.

Then I told him that I had discovered its whereabouts. He was half mad with excitement and relief, and wanted to rush off that very instant to the rescue, but I assured him that he was too early by some hours. He demanded all kinds of detailed information, but I would give him none. The whole thing might fall through, I said. He mustn't hope too securely. I knew where the ruby was and in whose hands. That was all. Later in the evening we would try to recover it, but he must ask no questions.

We dined together in Gaunt's rooms—a restless, rather silent meal—and afterward sat and smoked and talked, by fits and starts, of trivial things. But as the hideous imitation Dutch clock struck nine, I threw down my cigar and rose and stretched my arms. Gaunt sprang up with a shaky laugh, crying:

"At last!"

I took him by the arm; "Look here! Listen to me and give me a serious answer. Do you want the Gaunt ruby back in your hands so much that you'll run great risks to get it?—so much that you'll face not only danger but—well, disappointment—unhappiness?—for this may turn out to be a pretty sad job for you."

He looked at me, blinking and a little scared by my manner, but he didn't falter for an instant.

"Old man, I've *got* to have that ruby back. The pearl studs and the scarfpins can go drown themselves. I don't care a hang about my personal loss, but that infernal stone isn't a personal loss. You—you haven't read my father's letter. I tell you I've got to recover the ruby whatever it may cost me in any way."

TO that I answered:

"Right. Then you agree to face whatever comes and to acquit me of responsibility. If you get hurt, and I'm afraid you will—in a sense—remember that I'm sorry. I wish it could be avoided."

Then we went out. It was not a cold night, but it was disagreeable—raining and snowing together. We both wore long ulsters with the collars turned up and soft hats that could be pulled down over our eyes. And we had pistols in our coat pockets. We dismissed our cab in Times Square and went the rest of the way on foot. I had a latchkey to my new lodging, and we got upstairs without meeting anyone but a female servant, who eyed us apathetically from the basement entrance.

The floors of the house, like most of its kind, contained, each, a large square room in front and one of the same size at the back, separated by two deep closets side by side, each built with two doors that had painted glass let into their upper panels. So each bedroom had a closet, but this closet by a door at its farther end communicated with the room beyond, though of course the door was fastened by a trumpery, frail bolt.

I stepped into the closet of my room, saw the slit of yellow light under the door, [illegible] again. I [illegible]

[illegible] record. You can [illegible] spot in the [illegible] has dropped [illegible] people. I'm [illegible] better. Go and [illegible] listen!"

He looked at me with [illegible] and went. He came back [illegible] ment, white and [illegible] little while in a [illegible] hands. Then he went [illegible] again, and I followed him.

In the farther room Mrs. Meredith and Mr. Charley Wing were talking together very earnestly and in low tones, but through the thin, warped door we could hear every word they said. They were making plans for Mr. Wing's retirement from New York to a place in the country whose name I did not catch, and for means of communication between the two after he had gone. The man called Miss Meredith "Mary," and as they sat close together, he in a chair and she on the broad arm of it, he held one of her hands in both of his and stroked it while they talked. He had a soft and very gentle voice that sounded tired. And he had a gentle face, and that looked tired, too, and very pale. He sat with his head resting against the stuffed back of the chair, and once Miss Meredith bent down suddenly and laid her cheek to his, saying very tenderly:

"You must get strong and well again, Charley! It breaks my heart to see you so white."

THEY spoke about money—a sum of money that she seemed to have raised for him by selling some jewels, and Wing expressed regret and shame over it, but she silenced him almost fiercely. And then, after certain murmured words that I could not make out, Miss Meredith spoke of "John's ruby," and said:

"I'm afraid of that cousin, Charley. I'm afraid of him. I shall be glad when you've gone and the ruby is safely away."

It was the first time she had spoken of Gaunt, and the sound of his name from her lips, as she sat there on the arm of Charley Wing's chair, seemed to strike upon Gaunt's ear intolerably. I both felt and heard him shiver beside me in the dark closet, and he moved as if to leave the place. So I also turned to go before him back into the front room. But in an instant I saw what it was he meant to do and caught at his shoulder—too late. He had withdrawn only far enough to raise his foot and to drive his heel hard against the flimsy bolt. The door gave way with a crash and we sprang into the room together.

Miss Meredith screamed, a weak flat cry, and fell on her knees beside the chair arm where she had been sitting, but Charley Wing made one great silent leap from the chair toward the door of the room that led into the corridor, and nearly reached it, too. I called out to him:

"Stop or I'll shoot!" and he halted, looked to see if I could do what I threatened, and turned back shrugging his shoulders.

I said to Gaunt:

"Permit me to introduce Mr. Charley Wing, a well-known figure in the criminal world. His friend you know by the name of Dorothy Meredith. When I was at college she lived in Boston and was much admired in certain cheerful circles as Miss Patsy Beecher. I rather think she has other names, too."

Gaunt said:

"Oh, my God!" and turned his head away, but Miss Meredith, kneeling beside the chair in the center of the room, did not speak.

Then Wing came a step forward.

"What's it for, beau? There's nothing on me." He thought we were detectives, and I was willing he should think so. As such we looked rather more formidable. He walked half across the room, beating his hands together, but turned again abruptly and there were lines and hollows in his white face that hadn't been there before.

"I tell you," he cried, "there's nothing on me, and you know it. Why [illegible] let me alone? I've [illegible] my time and I've quit the game for good. For God's sake, what more do you want?"

He stood staring at us with [illegible]

"You want to get me out [illegible] again. That's what you want. You

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The Six Rubies

(*Concluded from page 23*)

going to land me on a frame-up. Well, you don't get me alive."

He had been standing near an open window where the wind was blowing the long imitation lace curtain into the room He never looked behind him, he gave no sign or warning, but he made another great, twisting leap and was gone out into the dark like a magic figure in a prestidigitator's show. I knew there was a fire escape outside and shouted and ran to the window, pistol in hand, but Miss Meredith rose on her knees and cried after me:

"Come back! He hasn't got it. I have."

It might be a trick, but in any case the man was already halfway to the ground outside, undistinguishable in the gloom, so I turned back to face her. She rose to her feet stiffly, and as she moved Gaunt, who had been standing apart, with head and arms hanging, his eyes upon the floor, his sudden fury spent seemingly in that one act of violent entrance, turned and went to a table that stood against the wall, and sat down in a chair there and took his head into his hands.

MISS MEREDITH felt in the bosom of her dress and withdrew a knotted handkerchief. She untied this and I saw the great uncut ruby, some pearl studs, a ring, and a couple of scarfpins. I held out my hand, but she pushed by me and went to the table where Gaunt sat. She said in a dull voice:

"Here are the jewels I stole, Johnnie. There's no use of words, I suppose. Everything's all over. Take them, and let me go!"

She poured the jewels before him on the table and Gaunt fingered them idly. He gave a sudden bitter and mirthless laugh—a dreadful sound of desperation.

"Cousin Peter's ruby! I've got it back again. I wish it was in hell and me with it. Here it is, Rogers! You wanted to see it. Here it is. Look!"

I moved forward at his word, but Miss Meredith sprang suddenly between us with a cry.

"No, no, Johnnie! No! Don't give it to him! Don't let him touch it! You don't know who he is. He's your cousin. He's Peter Gaunt!"

The man rose half out of his chair, staring, his mouth open, his hands spread over the heap of jewels on the table. He gave a kind of groan:

"You, too!" He looked from my face miserably to Miss Meredith's and back to mine again. Then he sat down and hung his head. But presently he gave a sigh and pushed the great ruby away from him across the table.

"Take it! It's yours. I won't have stolen property about me any longer. My father can say what he likes. Take it and go! I give it back to you, but I don't ever want to see your face again. I wish to heaven I need never see anybody's face again! Oh, go! Both of you, go! For God's sake, leave me alone!"

FOR the first time since the beginning of my acquaintance with him my cousin was not a mean figure. Defeat and dismay had lent him dignity.

I said: "I'm sorry, John!" and took the Gaunt ruby from the table and went into the other room.

Miss Meredith followed me there and looked at me gloomily in the yellow gaslight.

"Well, you've got your little red stone," she said. There was no reproach in her tone, only a kind of apathy, but the woman's whole presence seemed to breathe reproach at me. It was as if she had said:

"Well, you have wrecked the lives of three people, but you have got the bauble you wanted. I suppose you're happy now."

I felt myself flushing darkly, but I answered: "Yes, I've got it. You wouldn't understand, I suppose, but I *had* to have it. It isn't mine. It belongs to my family to my children and grandchildren—if I ever have any. It's our honor that was stolen from us."

"Your honor seems to have been very easy to steal," she commented, and I could think of nothing to say back. But presently I asked her: "Why did you take the ruby? For Wing to sell, I suppose."

To my great surprise she was indignant, but after a moment shook her head as if she were too tired even for anger.

"You won't believe it, but I stole the ruby (the other jewels were just a blind) to keep it away from you. I found out who you were—no matter how—and I knew you'd get it away from Johnnie Gaunt. So I took it for safe keeping. I was a fool, of course. I spoiled everything—with your help—but I meant well. Charley was going to take the ruby to the country with him and hold it till you were out of the way. Then I was to tell Johnnie what I'd done and give it him back. You were too clever for me."

I LOOKED at her hard.

"Why? Why did you do a risky thing like that for my cousin?'

"Why?" She looked at me and away, flushing a little. "Why not? I—like him."

I caught my breath.

"Do you mean that you love him—honestly love Johnnie Gaunt?"

She looked square in my face.

"Yes, I do. It's none of your business, and it's all over, for he'll never speak to me again, but I do." Her voice shook.

"I picked him up off the floor. He was drinking himself to death. I made a man of him. And I could have kept him a man, too. Oh, yes! I know what you're thinking about. You're thinking about Boston. Well, maybe that wasn't as bad as it looked, and anyhow Johnnie knew all about it."

But I shook my head. "No, I was thinking of Mr. Charley Wing."

She stared at me for a moment and then laughed, but without mirth. "Great heavens! that never occurred to me. You thought Charley Wing was—Of course! You would. And I suppose Johnnie thought so, too. Why, you meddling idiot! Charley Wing is my brother. I've never spoken of him to Johnnie, because I didn't want—well, I was ashamed. I'd enough against me without confessing to a crooked brother. Not that Charley is crooked by nature. He is not. He's had hard luck and he's had to do his time as, I dare say, you know. But he'd quit that life for good and all, and he was going to the country to get his health back. Next summer he was to go out to Idaho where a man had promised him a steady job. And you thought he was my lover. Oh—" She shook her head with a little sigh. "Well, I suppose it doesn't matter now. Nothing matters."

I gave a great laugh of relief and joy.

"Doesn't it, though! Here's one who thinks it does." I caught her hands in mine and pumped them up and down. She didn't try to pull them away, but stared at me as if she thought I'd gone mad. I said:

"Miss Meredith, I think you're a very splendid person and I wish there were more like you in the world, and I'm going in yonder to tell Johnnie Gaunt so. Just you wait here!"

She tried to check me, but I ran into the next room and found my cousin sitting just as I had left him. He raised his head as I came near and looked up at me, saying rather vacantly:

"You here still? I hoped you had gone."

But I said: "No, John. Not yet. I've got something to tell you first." So I sat down and told him all I had learned about Miss Dorothy Meredith and what she had done for his sake.

He listened, I suppose, though he gave no sign of it, and asked no questions; only once I heard him speak her name in a broken whisper. And when I had finished, he sat still where he was, his face buried in his arms over the table. I went back to my own room where the late Patsy Beecher was waiting, and she questioned me with her big eyes, looking very white and miserable and pretty and pathetic. I said:

"Go to him! You can do it better than I. He knows the whole truth now."

SHE was frightened and cried out: "Oh, no, no. No, I couldn't. Johnnie doesn't want me now. I couldn't possibly go! Please!" But I took her, laughing, by the shoulders and pushed her into the other room and shut the door behind her.

When I looked in on them ten minutes later Miss Meredith was on her knees before my cousin and my cousin was bent down with his arms about her, and they were weeping together there exactly like two little children.

I gathered up my hat and coat and tiptoed down the stairs.

The Yellow Streak

(Continued from page 18)

yellow streak then. Always, when the pinch came, he had flinched. He had known it. Argerson had known it too, and spoken of it. And now, after all these years, he still banked on that knowledge and stepped in, where other men hung back.

It was all clear in that instant to Dorgan. He glanced down to the distant roofs of Andelaria—they stood out clearly enough again, and laughed a silent laugh of relief. He was not an imaginative man, but deadly practical. It had been agony to him to face something which he could not see nor understand. Now the game was even. His pursuer had become a man, to be hunted in his turn.

He laughed again, and snuggled his Krag into his shoulder, holding the sights steady on a bush five hundred yards away. "Argerson," he muttered, "you're the one that's makin' th' fool plays."

But his hilarity passed quickly. He was not the sort that fights quietly, with smiling lips. "Argerson," he whispered, still holding his sights on his distant target, "you're due to find out some things about th' fear o' God, yourself. You'll come lookin' for *me*? You'll go drawin' pictures in some ashes to bluff me out?" That silent grin of his had lost all mirthfulness. It distorted his face like the grin of a wild beast. "Argerson," he boasted, "I'm goin' to get you alive, and then—ever hear about some water cures? That's peaches and cream beside the other tricks the gugus knows, Argerson. And you won't have no chance to git!"

He lowered the steady rifle, and then, soft moving, noiseless, unobtrusive in his dingy clothing as the lizards that sunned themselves about him, he slipped back into the cover of the broken rocks behind him, to begin *his* chase.

VI—Nemesis

IT WAS a full year before Dorgan perched again on that high shoulder by the Spanish bayonet.

It was another April morning, and the springtide again was at its culminating point. The narrow, winding valley, opening to the distance in sweep on sweep of softest greens and yellows, was all feathery with foliage, and checkered with those sharp contrasts of light and shade which a vertical sun and a cloudless sky can give. The full muddy Andelaria River, swollen still with the last of the rains, wound down through it, and all along the river bank paddies were bright with the tender leafage of young rice. To right and left the higher fields, fresh turned and black, shimmered with lines of green, the sprouting rows of cane and corn and newly set tobacco. And bordering the fields, billowing up the craggy walls of the valley to Dorgan's very feet, where he sat in his aerie, were plantations of dark and plumy abaca.

Here and there along the river clumps of palm and banana, with brown squares of thatch shadowed by their leaves, marked the sites of outlying barrios, and down to the southward, thirty miles away, where the river meets the sea, the iron roofs of Andelaria church and convent glowed white hot in the sun.

Had that least of poets been there to gaze down steadily, so exuberant was Nature that morning that the responsive creature might very possibly have been caught up bodily in the tingling current of new life rioting over the earth, and suddenly have sprouted wings and gone soaring down the valley, to flop over the distant, shining roofs of Andelaria, doubtless, and set the crowded market place in a panic. But Dorgan was not a fanciful person, and such eagle flights of emotion were not for him.

Had he been a man of affairs, he might have found his disciplined imagination stirred by the inestimable richness of the land, that warm black soil which never knows exhaustion, those never-failing springs of water, the ever-sprouting hemp, and so have gone on calculating, dreaming, till he had coined the valley into a transcendent vision of dollars and cents. Put what gifts Dorgan had were rather destructive than constructive, and the agricultural possibilities of the valley left him unmoved.

Had even the least visionary of men, some philosopher equipped only with eyes to see and a mind to comprehend the situation, sat there aloof in Dorgan's place, he might have found a cynical amusement in looking down at the narrow world of men who were never again to be his fellows. It was wide enough to have shown a philosopher what a spin drift of illusions this thing Life is, how easily won a prize preeminence can be, on how narrow a pinnacle the awe of kings may totter to its fall.

For in his hungry, slinking, unshaven way Dorgan had been king of the Andelaria.

The threat of uncertainty had hung about him as about all other kings; and because he was unknown, he had been dreaded.

DORGAN the Philosopher, had such a being existed to perch there on the shoulder and compare himself with his repute, might have been justified in smiling at the simple mindedness of men. Slinking, ratlike thing that he was, with his sleek neutral-colored hair and cruel slit of a mouth and boneless chin, the thought of him had been constant in every mind down there, as his name was ready to every tongue. White-clad farmers timorously working in the fields, drivers of whining bull carts on the road along the river, even soldiers bulky in blue flannel, all had accommodated themselves to what they thought might be his plans.

The situation had been absurd. Save for a trace of animal cunning in his furtive glance, a hint of animal cruelty in his thin lips and high cheek bones, he was a weak thing to have been The Renegade. Any adversary of tolerably square jaw and steady eye, appearing there on the shoulder unexpectedly, might have ended his career with a single crook of the finger. Still philosophically, Dorgan might have been pardoned a certain faint amusement that of a whole brigade not one had dared to try it, or, daring, had had the cunning to penetrate the network that surrounded him, and meet him face to startled face.

But Dorgan, least imaginative, most practical of outlaws, exhibited no feelings more complicated than fear and anxiety as he lay there that late April day, his former domain spread open at his feet. With his shallow eyes searching the valley ceaselessly; his head jerking from side to side to analyze each new alarm the breeze brought to his ears; with the pulse throbbing in his sallow cheek and his fingers clenched on his rifle till the nails were red and white, he was not a pleasant sight. He seemed a pitiable thing to be The Renegade. He had paid his piper a high wage, and his nerves had gone bankrupt with the drain. For Argerson, that silent, stoop-shouldered man, had won their duel of wit and cunning. It had taken him a year, but he had won it, easily, by sheer preponderance of will and courage. Never once seen himself, never from the beginning to this end had he left Dorgan without some token of his dogging presence. And that presence had become unbearable.

Little signs enough they had been, for the most part. Dorgan's native companions had not noticed them at all at first, and he had tried to say nothing to them, for on their loyalty hung his successful tenancy of the Andelarian wilderness, and safety. And they were singularly fearful folk, for professional assassins. Anything which partook, however remotely, of the nature of the inexplicable and therefore ghostly, was too intensely personal to every one of them to be endurable. And, once frightened they acted with the naïveté of children. They ran, and kept on running till their fear was past.

So he had kept his observations to himself, noting each day the little signs which told him that his enemy was close on his trail, and only waited for a moment of incaution to step inside the circle of his allies and take him.

FOR one thing had grown clearer to Dorgan day by day. Argerson meant to take him alive. He let too many chances for a pot shot slip to leave that point in any doubt. To take him alive, and then—unimaginative as he was, Dorgan could picture it very closely: the plaza of Andelaria City with the sun beating on it, the crowd of gaping country folk massed outside a regimental square, and in the center of it all a beam with a noose swaying thinly from it.

Little signs enough, unimpressive as single drops of water falling on a stone, yet by them Argerson had had his will of Dorgan where all others failed. By

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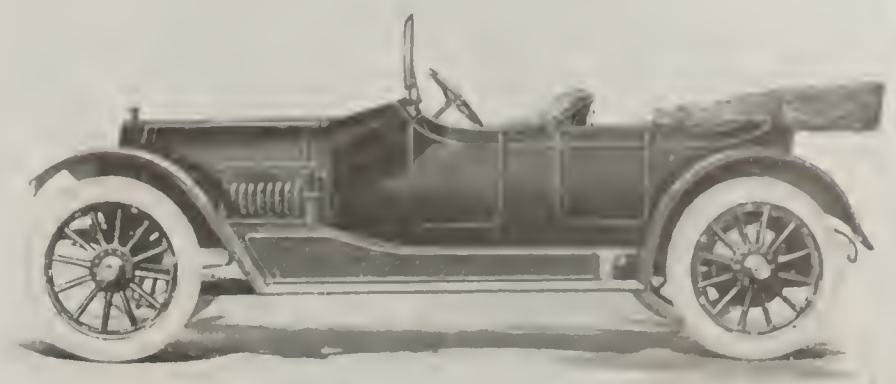

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The Food-Drink for All Ages

Others are Imitations

All Druggists

The Yellow Streak

(*Concluded from page 25*)

them he had given him sleepless nights and laborious days of heartbreaking travel. By them he had stripped him, before a month was out, of his allies and driven him from his fastness. By them, for eleven long months more, months that must have been plain hell for Dorgan, he had hounded him from one brief refuge to another, through half the island of Luzon. And by them, finally, he had led him back to his aerie on the high shoulder by the Spanish bayonet.

FOR Dorgan had not come back there, that April day, of his own will. He told me that. He knew, somehow, that Argerson wanted that, and so he came.

What were the little signs, I asked him, and he could not tell. Little things, he said. Rolling pebbles, swaying branches, marks in the ashes. Little things; but when he spoke of them he made you feel how Argerson's net had tightened round him, mesh by mesh, through all those months.

So Dorgan, unstrung, broken, weary with sleeplessness and fear and travel, subdued wholly to the stronger will, came back that April morning and climbed up to his aerie for the last time, and lay there frightened and puzzled and anxious. Puzzled to know why Argerson had brought him there and what he next would want of him; anxious only to have it all over with as soon as possible. A pitiable thing, indeed, to be The Renegade, and to be looking out upon his former kingdom.

And while he lay there, waiting on Argerson's will, he saw far down the road beside the river a single moving dot. He saw it near him till it was magnified into the figure of a soldier, blue-shirted, khaki-breeched. A moment his fingers tightened on the rifle stock. Then he dropped the useless weapon on the ground. For the man's path led straight to his hiding place, and by that token Dorgan understood at last what Argerson's will was.

The man came closer, and Dorgan knew him for a man of his own old troop, and that too seemed reasonable and appropriate to him. And when the man was fifty feet away, Dorgan stepped out with empty hands. "'S all right," he said. "I'm comin' in. Where's Argerson?"

Imagine the astonishment of that trooper, and his flurry. For he knew Dorgan at a glance, and even after all those months the Andelaria had been unhaunted, Dorgan was not a man to stumble on unstartled.

But the trooper was businesslike, for all his flurry. He snapped his rifle to his hip. "Get those hands up," he ordered.

"They're up," said Dorgan. "I'm through. Where's Argerson?"

THE trooper stared at him. "Argerson?" he said at last. "Argerson? You mean the old hump-backed lath used to be marshal of San Blanco County? Did you know him?"

"That's him," said Dorgan. "Where is he? I've come in."

The trooper still stared, open-mouthed. "Argerson?" he said. "I just remember him. I come from down that way myself. Why," he said, "I reckon it's a good ten years now that folks have been scratchin' matches on the old man's gravestone. Yes sir, Argerson, he's dead."

"Dead?" said Dorgan.

For a man of the distinctively hysterical type he took the news quietly enough, as it soaked in. "Hell," he said at last. "It's all the same, I reckon. Le's get down to Andelaria and have it over with."

From Broadway to Drury Lane

(*Concluded from page 19*)

at almost any time—plays of real merit, well acted—to which it seems impossible to lure anyone. The reason Mr. George Tyler gave for having a special performance of "The New Sin" was that the only way to give the play a flying start was to make the occasion appear exclusive. "Send out tickets for an ordinary first night to the very same people," said he, "and they'll give 'em away to the cook."

Well, whatever the cause, here they are at any rate, people from all over town, a happy mob, packing one of the largest auditoriums in New York night after night, from pit to dome. It is a wonderful sight, a wonderful thing to play to. Fancy being the villain in the traditional march in front of the curtain after the third act, stopping in the middle in a gale of delighted hisses, slowly taking out a cigarette, lighting it, and saying *"Ha!"* to a crowd like that!

"The Whip" is a racing melodrama along the familiar Drury Lane lines, only better than the average. It comes from a two years' run in London, so that everybody settles back in his seat with much the same feeling of assurance that he would sit down to a Thanksgiving dinner. There is a delightful villain, far more handsome and finished than the supposed hero, a villainess, dark, languorous, full of schemes, and far more beautiful than the little blond heroine. And there are real foxhounds and real horses and a train wreck with real noise and real steam, and a comedy scene in Mme. Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors; and although villainy does its worst, "The Whip" wins the great race at Newmarket at last, Captain Greville Sartoris and the wicked Mrs. D'Aguila are foiled, and the reckless but popular young Earl of Brancaster pays his debts, marries Lady Diana, and becomes master of the Beverly Hounds. Some take it seriously perhaps, others in that spirit of play with which old-fashioned melodrama is more generally received nowadays; there is a sturdy roast-beef-of-old-England-and-outdoor feeling all through, and everybody has a good time.

Comments on "Hindle Wakes," one of the really important plays of the winter, will be found on the editorial page.

The Curb Broker

(*Concluded from page 9*)

The most amusing incident in stock-market annals is Thomas W. Lawson's war upon margin trading. First off, we hardly can understand him even where his intent is not purposely obscure. His literary style is hoop-skirtish, and this is the hobble age of letters. He thinks the dictionary is a tom-tom and thumps the eternal daylights out of it.

I would nominate him Thunder Verb Tom, or Boston-Chief-Afraid-of-Common-Nouns.

To the well-posted insider, Lawson's crusade is that of a confessed second-story man turned burglar-alarm salesman to citizens who have lost everything worth losing. Self-aggrandizement is the means and end of the present campaign. My prediction is that he will wind up an aimless attempt to close the New York Stock Exchange as a margin-trading institution by declaring that Trinity Copper, Yukon Gold, First National and Bay State Gas ought to sell much higher. Turgid Tammas also may furnish figures to show how investors in these stocks should have made much money because there was a huge profit to them between his promotion prices and the high records. Here is a pin to puncture that fallacious argument:

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL FIFTY NO 16

JANUARY 4 1913

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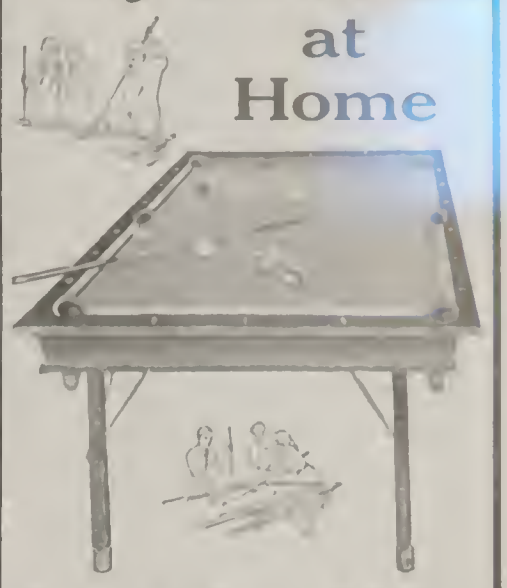

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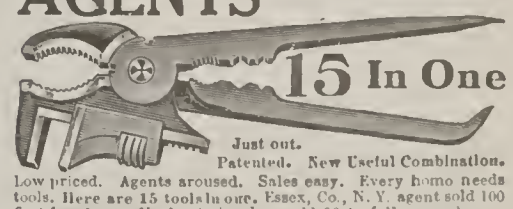

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This new Six differs from the average Six in that *it is brand new in every respect.* No part, piece or pattern has ever been used in any other Six. No old designs have been re-designed in an effort to bring them up to date. *It is a new Six—throughout.*

Every single part, such as the motor, the electrical equipment, the axles, the transmission, the frame, the speedometer—which is driven from the transmission—the big, single electric parabolic headlight, sunk flush with the radiator and the one-piece all-steel body is new. In fact, the entire car is an entirely new development in design, treatment, style and finish, based on the very latest European and American six-cylinder practice.

The new Garford Six is a five passenger touring car. It is electrically started; all lights are electric; the horn is electric; it has a sixty horsepower, long-stroke motor—the measurements of which are 3¾" by 6",—the wheelbase measures 128 inches; the tires are 36"x4½"; it has demountable rims; it has the very practical and popular left-hand drive and center control; it is, of course, completely equipped with the very best and very finest accessories. The price, complete, is **$2750.**

For the first time in the history of the automobile business, we are producing high grade six cylinder cars *in lots of ten thousand*—which accounts for this very low price. As everyone knows, quantity production will *decrease* the individual manufacturing cost of every car produced. Overhead and production costs must be reckoned with, whether one thousand or ten thousand cars are manufactured. These fixed charges must be equally spread over a production, regardless of its size. To explain:—The expenses of a certain set of tools costing **$10,000**, distributed over a **100** car output, would be **$100** per car. The same amount, distributed over a **10,000** car output is but **$1** per car. Thus we are able to produce this high grade six cylinder automobile at this very low figure.

You can see this new Garford Six either at your local dealer's or at the big national automobile shows that are now being held throughout America. The point is—don't fail to see it.

In the meantime write us direct for descriptive and illustrative literature.

(Please Address Dept. 1)

The Garford Company, Elyria, Ohio

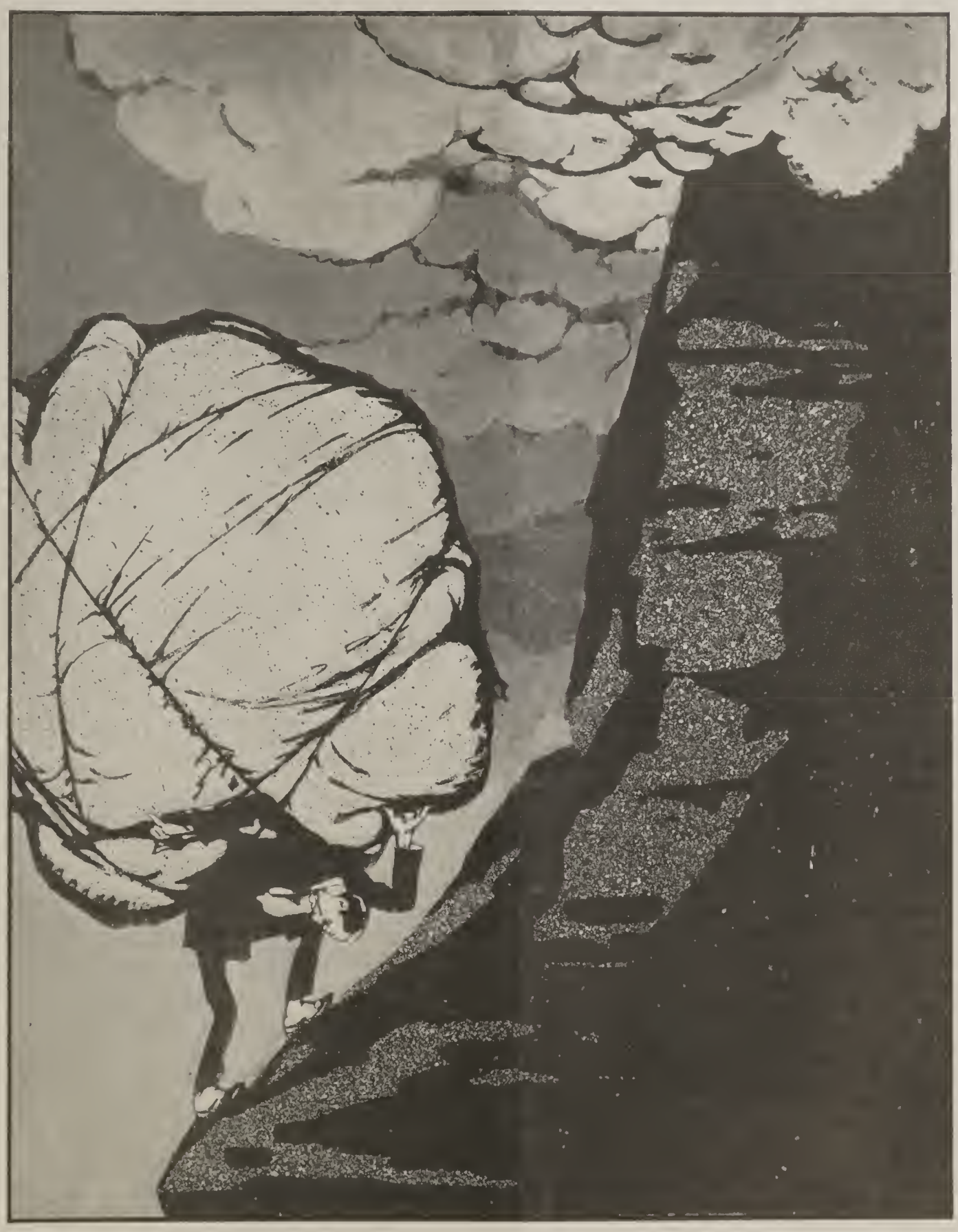
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

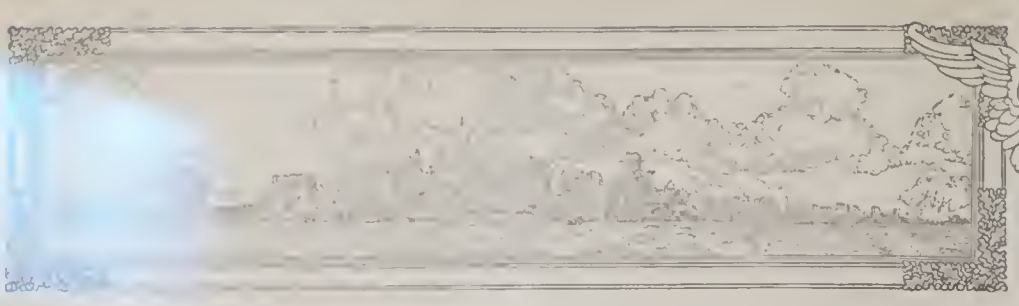
MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

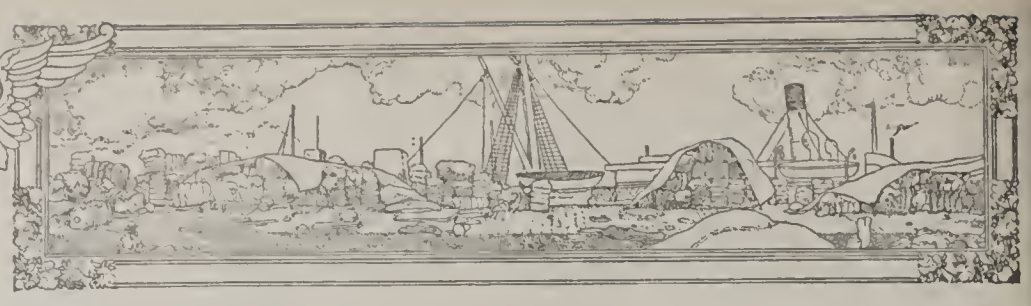
STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



Debt

It all began so lightly, even so blithely—not a burden at all, just a pleasant favor. You had left your money in your other suit. Your friend was ready with the five dollars that solved the evening for you. It was so easy that you tried it again, and you gave some other fellows the chance to show their good will for you. Then the trick of asking for it became a habit. Then the other men, with whom you'd gone to school and grown up, began to buy motor cars, and you thought a neat runabout would be nice for you. So you pulled out the insurance policy which was to protect your wife's old age, and you borrowed money on that. Later came a chance to "invest" in an oil company which had just developed a "gusher," all of it a "sure thing." So you mortgaged the house in which you live. All the time the family expenses kept going higher, so finally you went to a loan shark and paid out money to get more money to pay the bills, the mortgages, and the interest which came tumbling in with almost every mail. And now your back is bent and almost broken with the great load of debts—a pack as heavy as Christian's load of sin in "Pilgrim's Progress." And the hill grows steeper with each step, the burden heavier. And soon you'll go toppling down, head first, and there'll be an end of the stumbling and striving. Better not get into debt! Thank God if you're not in debt! If you already are, cut down expenses. Give up the motor car. Quit speculating. Start saving. Lead the simple life, the really simple life





THE BRIEF HOLIDAY

JOY IS LIKE A BIRD IN FLIGHT, which dips in its passing and touches us with its wing. It comes from out of a far country and it tracks its way on high. After that brief hovering it will recover its former altitude, its speed, and song. Its throbbing heart passes high over our troubled cities and frozen hills. As we watch that flight of untrammeled wing we wish that somehow we might capture that blitheness and teach it to dwell among men. Why should it pause but never abide? We would have that joy abide so fixedly that it would become a peace. The holiday season is like that. It stoops for a little out of space, draws near our dim earth, and sheds its brightness among men. As swiftly as it came, so swiftly it goes again. And yet each year it draws more close and stays for a longer time; its radiance is revealed to us more clearly, full of grace and truth.

MR. MORGAN'S CASE

IT MAY HELP MR. MORGAN to understand if his case is stated by analogy, and in a shape that will appeal to his own experience. He would discharge his chauffeur if he should find him to be a partner in the garage that is supplying the Morgan automobiles with gasoline. And he would discharge him because of the nature of that relation, without inquiring into specific transactions, or making any charge of dishonesty. It is an axiom of fundamental business ethics that the purchasing agent of a firm shall not have a profit-sharing interest in any of the concerns from which he buys supplies. For how can he be faithful to both trusts? If he is faithful to his employers, he must get the lowest possible prices; if he is faithful to his associates, he must get the highest possible prices. If he is faithful to either, he must necessarily be disloyal to the other. This is so simple that every business man understands it. It is an axiom not merely of business ethics, but of law as well. And yet Mr. MORGAN does this: As head of the voting trust he appoints the directors of the Southern Railway; the directors then sell to Mr. MORGAN as a banker millions of securities at a price which is fixed between the two parties without competitive bidding. Mr. MORGAN sees no wrong in this because he is an honest man and knows he is honest. What Mr. MORGAN fails to realize is that this relation between buyer and seller is not permissible, wholly regardless of any charge of unfair dealing. We cannot in a democracy have one rule or one statute for chauffeurs and purchasing agents, and a different one for captains of finance. Mr. MORGAN made an admirable impression of candor and patient willingness to grasp what the Pujo Committee was trying to impress upon him. When that committee's recommendations are translated into statutes, Mr. MORGAN will make it a point of pride to obey the law with meticulous exactness. All that is embraced in the term "Money Trust" consists of repeated examples of the same sort of thing: Mr. MORGAN, as the dominating figure of the Steel Trust, is a seller of steel rails; as the dominating figure in more than one-fourth of the railroads of the country, he is a buyer of steel rails; so completely is he in one person the dominating seller and the dominating buyer that the price of steel rails has not varied one cent a ton in eleven years. Doubtless Mr. MORGAN would reply that both the Steel Corporation stockholders and the railroad stockholders are very well satisfied. "It's best for all concerned, and all concerned have been satisfied," Mr. MORGAN would say. But in these later years we have come to see that "all concerned" includes the public who, after all, pays the bill. And it is this lately recognized right of public supervision that is going to insist on a change.

DEMOCRATIC DULLNESS

GUGLIELMO FERRERO, the internationally famous Italian historian, is a vivid talker, and what he says shocks the listener to fresh thought. He once remarked:

> People forget that the lower classes are essentially conservative. In the past they have not been revolutionary. The most daring attempt in history to lay hold of the external world and shake it was the French Revolution, and that was conducted by an oligarchical handful. It has always been a little knot of aristocrats who have made the ultraradical attempt. The masses will not do anything extravagant. We are witnessing a democratic epoch, and it will perhaps continue for another fifty years. The moral and the economic conditions of the middle and lower classes will be bettered, but I fear for the intellectual life of society. The intellect has expanded, it would seem, under the aristocratic régime.

The daring, naïve career of such a man as WINSTON CHURCHILL in English politics is an instance of one of the masters of life laying hold of the external world and shaking it. But LLOYD-GEORGE is just as puzzling and just as ultraradical, and he came out of poverty. And will the intellectual life of society necessarily expand more amply under aristocratic régime? The Victorian era was a quickened time in letters and in science. Thought flourished and took command of things never since the days of ELIZABETH. And that, too, was more a people's time in its widespread activity. Is there less movement of the intellect when the race reaches out for justice? Will the abolition of child labor quench the minor poets? Will the scientists probe less deeply while working girls are winning a living wage and a measure of happiness? Will the rise of the Progressive party taint our young idealists?

WINSTON CHURCHILL

IN THE BRISK PARODY on DISRAELI, THACKERAY tells of the gentleman, pulling in a canoe and smoking a narghilly, who rowed a hundred yards ahead of the racing college crews so that he could have a good view of that curious pastime. "If the eight oars neared him, with a few rapid strokes of his flashing paddles his boat shot a furlong ahead; then he would wait, surveying the race and sending up volumes of odor from his cool narghilly." "Who is he?" asked the panting crowds. Who was he, who, "with an ease so provoking, in a barque so singular, with a form seemingly so slight, but a skill so prodigious, beat their best men." The answer might well be that the man who, with skill so amazing, and ease so manifest, and nonchalance so annoying, can distance toiling humanity is WINSTON CHURCHILL of the British Cabinet. Whatever the subject, that alert mind can extend itself ahead of it and soar up over it, and all with unusual ease. If you lived near him you would always wonder when he worked. He gives the effect of having dropped in for a negligee chat, from which he will go aimlessly to any old place. As a matter of fact, he is working, then and always, at high pressure with a perfectly oiled, frictionless machine. It glides and sails instead of grunting and heaving, so he impresses the sweaty legions of fumbling workmen as untroubled in toil.

SAVE IN HIS OWN COUNTRY

THERE HAS BEEN ISSUED RECENTLY by the press of Yale University a book edited by one of its most widely known professors, THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY, and bearing the title "The Yale Book of American Verse." It purports to be an anthology of the poetry of this country, as representative of our literary achievements and national characteristics as the taste of one man, an expert, can make it. In form it resembles "The Oxford Book of English Verse," and will undoubtedly be received by the literary circles of Europe as a collection of typical American verse, compiled by a typical American scholar. In a many-paged preface the author explains the presence of certain single poems of little literary value as being important on account of their associations and popularity in the national life. To the verse of LONGFELLOW, HOLMES, and others of their class quite adequate treatment has been given. Of the three American poets whose genius bears a comparison with the literature of Europe, EMERSON and POE have space allotted to them which is in some degree commensurate with their distinction. Of the work of WALT WHITMAN, the only American who is both a great poet and a complete exponent of the national spirit, there appears just one short selection. Not one extract from "Leaves of Grass," not one other specimen of the poetry of which America is so justly proud. There is no word in the preface to explain this astonishing omission. We wonder if "O Captain! My Captain!" has been inserted among other Civil War verses as a gracious concession to the popular clamor.

ONE NUISANCE

WE KNOW FEW INSTITUTIONS better deserving attention from such machinery of suppression as public opinion possesses than those newspaper contests which purport to discover the ten most popular school-teachers or the ten most beautiful stenographers. Do the relatives and friends of these young women realize that they are being daubed with vulgarity to make money for newspapers whose need has become extreme by the time they adopt this device?

WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN DONE

NEW ENGLAND, having given life to the Mellen transportation monopoly, by giving it air, by legalizing its lawless acts, by forgetting its broken pledges, by sanctioning the merger of decrepitude with incompetence, is now in the throes of an endeavor to manage the Frankenstein it has reared. Needless to say, it finds this an almost hopeless task. So it is appealing violently for Federal aid. Massachusetts has hitherto represented almost the best type of efficient democracy. Its people have been of a fiber slightly different from the people of New York or of Pennsylvania, for example. They have never tolerated a Tammany or a Philadelphia ring. But in meeting the Mellen invasion it has done almost as badly as if there had been corruption. Suppose that five or six years ago, when the New Haven was gathering in the Boston & Maine, the Legislature or the Governor had appointed a

commission of five representative men, with two students of railway economies, like Mr. BRANDEIS and Professor RIPLEY, and then perhaps an engineer and a banker and a large shipper, and had asked of this commission three questions: 1. What is the condition and what are the prospects of the Boston & Maine? 2. What is the record of the present New Haven management for efficient railroading? 3. What is Mr. MELLEN'S reputation for keeping his pledges with the public? In all human probability such a commission would have answered: The Boston & Maine is in wretched condition; the New Haven management does not commend itself either for efficiency or for honesty, and Mr. MELLEN'S reputation for keeping his pledges with the public is not good. Would there then have been a merger?

ONE PROGRESSIVE LEADER

MR. ARTHUR CAPPER was recently a candidate for Governor of what is, if one had to compare, probably the State in which intelligence is most widely distributed. He is the editor of the State's leading newspaper, and it is clear that those who know him best believe in him thoroughly. The Emporia "Gazette" spoke these words of him:

> A clean, strong, brave man. . . . ARTHUR CAPPER will serve the people—not merely to the best of his ability; for scores of men could do that. But he has great ability. He has real vision. He knows what the people desire, and he will make an intelligent fight to give Kansas what it desires. His vote after the vicious, unscrupulous fight made upon him is one of the highest compliments ever paid by Kansas to a Kansan.

Will Mr. CAPPER be able to maintain such a position as this in his neighbors' judgment if he continues to take money for printing advertisements of Dr. F. W. JIROCH ("... I do cure ... the worst cases come to me. ... Try once more") and Dr. BLOSSER'S Discovery, and Bodi-Tone, which "has restored thousands to vigorous health"; and a score of other "cures" for Fits, Cancer—we quote literally from advertisements in Mr. CAPPER'S "Household and Weekly Capital"—Eczema, Cataracts, Rheumatism, Asthma, Goiter, Heart Disease? We don't think we are overstating the popular feeling when we say that a little more is expected of a Progressive leader in his relations to his fellow human beings than from men in the other political parties. We are a little more disturbed to find these advertisements in Mr. CAPPER'S paper, for example, than in the periodicals published by Mr. NORMAN MACK, long chairman of the Democratic National Committee and still high in that party's councils. The Progressive party stands for good faith among men; taking money for printing patent-medicine advertisements is consistent with no other spirit than willingness to deceive them, to take advantage of their ignorance, and to play upon their weakness for profit.

THE BEAM

THEY HAVE SET OUT to "get" JACK JOHNSON, and beyond doubt he will be adequately and expertly "got." This will be a good deed, but it will be a mere detail in a story that reflects less credit upon the dominant race than might have been possible. It is a story that exhibits the thoughtlessness of many of us, the coarseness, greed, and toadyism of others. It will be recalled that in July, 1910, JACK JOHNSON, trained in the noble craft of prize fighting, defeated a white man at Reno, Nev. Perhaps it will also be recalled that white men buzzed about him and fawned upon him during his homeward journey; that he was met by a huge crowd, half white men, at the railroad station in Chicago; that he was the honored guest at banquets; that he was deeded lands, and stuffed with money, and decorated with diamonds. To crown it all, the city of Chicago permitted him to open a tough saloon, well knowing that it would be a very tough saloon. They made him think that he was above the law. (Crossing police grinned "Howdy, JACK," as he swept by in his law-breaking automobile.) Well might he now quote CALIBAN'S gibe:

> When thou camest first
> Thou strokedst me and madest much of me.

The transition is all too abrupt from "Oh, you JACK!" to "Lynch him!" Punish him we must, but let us not miss the point. Could not civilization have made a better use of that huge bulk of muscle?

OUT OF WORK

WHEN THE PRESENT-DAY SALOON GOES, as go it must, we must find some good substitute job for the hardy saloon keeper. His gifts are many and should not be lost to the community. His is a life of excitement and of a wide play of human interest. All the types of a city full of people are scooped up in his barroom, for him to observe and study. The farmer, the pickpocket, the expansive floorwalker, the suburban truck gardener, the necktie clerk, the Italian street cleaner, the Irish alderman, the young fellow who hangs out at the local Tammany headquarters, the Polish peddler—he knows them and holds the inside facts of them. It is the rough stuff of drama. One by one he talks with these men in a series of half-completed sentences. Those one-man interviews become a habit. A man strolls into the saloon. The dealer and he catch each other's eye. They step to the rear of the room and talk to each other in a mutter, out of the side of the mouth. That knack of reaching the heart of his fellow man in swift intimacy would render him an almost perfect social secretary for a politician. It would insure him success in a people's church as pastor's helper. Perhaps he will turn to literature and enrich the libraries of observation and comment.

RESOLUTIONS FOR AN EDITOR

TO BE HUMBLED by the responsibility rather than exalted by the power of the printed word.

To seek the truth diligently and write it simply.

To hold his pen to strict account for intemperance and exaggeration.

To judge no man nor speak ill of him unless by so doing comes greater good.

To speak plainly about public evils without fear.

To keep an open heart for the needs of those who toil and an ear ready to the cry of the unfortunate.

To visit scorn upon those whose power or wealth is earned by the oppression of the poor.

To expose scheming and hypocrisy in high places.

To accept fair criticism with candor and misunderstanding with a smile.

To abate no jot of his convictions, whether to reader or to advertiser, for money's sake.

To picture the world as GOD made it, darkened occasionally by war and passion, but brightening from year to year as man deals more justly with his brother and as he sees more frequent and less broken glimpses of the divine plan.

"AIR HOGS"

IT IS AN ILL WIND that blows nobody good. "Air Hog" is the opprobrious epithet that a British "Vox Populi," voicing his grouch in the columns of the London "Times," applies to the "man higher up." It would appear that Mr. POPULI was reclining peacefully in his garden, regaling himself on tea and marmalade, when an airship soared over his head. Looking up in wonder and admiration, he received full in the eye a deluge of ballast, which he dignifies as nothing else than "dirt." Now he anticipates the day when the azure pathways of heaven will be crowded with the balloons and airships of the "bounders" and the vulgar rich. He presupposes that while pursuing innocent, mundane affairs his British privacy will be disturbed by the "tea slops and heel taps of a millionaire tea party." The aero club might doubtless reply that ballast, consisting of fine sand (not "dirt") is measured out by the handful, and that, scattered from a great height, it diffuses itself over a wide area. But even if the time came when the airship four-o'clock tea was all the rage, the situation might not be so bad as Mr. POPULI predicts. For instance, from the clouds above, a feminine voice might be heard: "There goes my hat!" Think of the millinery bills such accidents would save! Or what peace on earth there would be if some VANDERBILT or ROCKEFELLER, while tipping the waiter in an airship, should lose his pocketbook overboard! Surely, Mr. POPULI, the cloud has a silver lining; but it would be just your blooming luck if the other chaps got all the fur overcoats and pocketbooks while nothing but tea slops and ballast came your way.

HEROES OF THE COMMONPLACE

TO YOU WHO HAVE ACHIEVED, many will wish a happy New Year. For you who are facing success on a secure upward path, you who are warmed by the sunshine of human intercourse and strong with the joy of life, a happy New Year is all but assured. To you who face a life crisis with the prosperous outlook of success beyond, to you in whom hope has steeled determination even in the presence of the fiercest obstacles, the New Year promises well. To you others whom the angel of grief through the passing year has folded in so close an embrace that your eyes have not caught the gleam of his wings or known that they were blessed, the year will bring a tender ministration that is Time's own privilege. But what horoscope is there for each in that great army of the unknown heroes who face no bracing ordeal nor promise of physical or moral cheer; who with faces set toward to-morrow see no light, no warmth, but the same pitiless world that has been their lot for years! And yet these smile brightly. They are the ones who fill the chinks of life and shut out for us an often chilly world: they are the apostles of the little things, the despised things, whose sacrifices we accept with as slight thought as we bestow on the things themselves. Yet are they the links which hold the world together

LET such as deeply feel the lure of American bigness, and to whom Bigness confounds with Greatness, who have heard the oft-repeated story of [illegible] could do if only it were unfettered and [illegible] believe that huge consolidations make [illegible] economy, and that a single man or set [illegible] a business of a hundred millions as [illegible] or ten millions; who still trust that [illegible] unswayed by greed and that large [illegible] will not induce dishonesty, attend to the tale of the Rise and Spread and Fall of the Man Who Tried to Own New England.

For that he has risen and spread will be sufficiently evident from the pages that follow, and that he, to all intents, is fallen is attested by the event. For as I write these things are in progress:

THE BROADSIDE OF INQUIRY

DELEGATIONS of citizens and officials from Massachusetts and Rhode Island are in Washington demanding an investigation by Congress.

The Federal Grand Jury, sitting in New York, has indicted him for conspiracy.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has a corps of trained accountants at work, and has been conducting a series of hearings in Boston—

The Maritime Committee of the House of Representatives is making an inquiry—

The Massachusetts Legislature has directed the Port Board of Boston and the Boston Chamber of Commerce jointly to make a report—

The newspapers are filled with columns of denunciation and letters of complaint—

A prominent railway attorney has certified that Massachusetts is near to seeking relief in State ownership of its railways, and finally—

The great corporation has thought to stem the tide of adverse public sentiment by expending large sums of money on futile advertisements in the newspapers over the signature of its president.

And all this about what?

The attempt of one man, or one company, absolutely to control practically every form of collective locomotion and transportation in the oldest and richest section of the United States.

California had known such things—the product of the old "Bonanza Days." And the Middle West—the West of the Mississippi Valley and beyond—had known such things. But California was a long way off, and the Middle West was once very new. And such reports as reached New England of the struggle of these communities for industrial freedom were set down as the plaints of agitators—while smug New England pocketed its dividends.

But here, suddenly, is New England Insurgent, talking with all the violence of Agitation, and staid business men not shrinking from the most radical measures. How has it come about?

MELLEN AND MORGAN—MENTAL TWINS

NINE years ago Charles Sanger Mellen came back to the New Haven Road as its president. He had been a former vice president. He was New England born and bred. But he had had a Western experience. He had served in various capacities on the Union Pacific. He had done six years' hard labor as president of the Northern Pacific, building up that mushroom property after the crash of '93-'96.

He knew the West. He had seen the big things which Hill and Harriman and Ripley and Van Horne were doing out there. Perhaps something of the tremendous sweep of the Western prairies had fired his imagination. But his experience in the West had not been overly happy. It had been always under the domination of some mind as strong and restless and dominating as his own. He had chafed under the restraint.

Mr. Mellen had gone West under the personal auspices of Mr. Morgan to rehabilitate one of the Morgan-Hill properties. He came back again at Mr. Morgan's command to take charge of the railroad which had always been Mr. Morgan's special object of interest. The first rails which Mr. Morgan's eyes ever saw were those of the New Haven & Hartford, and he had been a director of the road from very early in his career. He had there learned to know Mr. Mellen's capacities.

Mentally and physically—perhaps morally as well—the two men were singularly alike. Both were of large build—over six feet, muscular and powerful. Both had large heads, short tempers, aggressive ways, and enormous capacity for work. Both were imbued with ideas of the public and public rights that were simply feudal in their simplicity. Both had the same impatience of opposition—the same arrogance and defiance of any thought on the part of ordinary people in any wise to curb their activities.

Mentally and physically they were twin souls.

PLANS FOR THE EXPLOITATION OF NEW ENGLAND

AND rich, thrifty, factory-filled New England presented a magnificent field for exploitation. From the point of view of the modern industrial and financial buccaneer, it was almost virgin territory. Ten years before President McLeod, of ill-fated Reading memory, had attempted its invasion. But at the critical moment the panic of '93 had intervened, to the wreck of his hope and projects. Barring that incident, New England had known little of twentieth-century piracy save from hearsay

It is in no wise probable that Mr. Mellen, when he returned to the New Haven in 1903, had then the ambitious designs which have been unfolded since. He may have had thoughts; probably they were little more than dreams. When he got back he found a decrepit railroad, serenely basking in the memories of a former generation. While the rest of the country was going ahead with tremendous strides, the New Haven had simply stood still.

Mr. Mellen's first task was rebuilding a large part of the road, making it a modern highway of commerce. This he did vigorously, and with scant regard to New Haven traditions. And in every way, in the first few years, the results seemed satisfactory; traffic increased and earnings still more.

All this required large expenditures of capital, and probably there are few things which stir the imagination more than simply spending money. Every man who has happened to have an unusual increase in his income and corresponding expenditure must have felt the force of this stimulus on his own feelings. Consider, then, what must have been the effect upon a man of impatient and masterful character, coming after long years of repression into the expenditure of millions.

It is to be said, too, that the New Haven Road at that time faced very serious difficulties which the mere rehabilitation of its roadbed and equipment in no wise solved. It was a period of general expansion. There was active and growing competition from the coastwise steamship lines. The New York Central by its lease of the Boston & Albany had pushed its way into the very heart of New England. And, more seriously still, the mania of constructing trolley lines which had swept over the whole country, and from which New England had not escaped, had resulted in very active competition for local passenger and express business.

BUYING UP COMPETITORS—AND BUYING AGAIN

THESE trolley lines had come largely into the hands of the same capable and unscrupulous hands which had so successfully engaged in the looting of Philadelphia and adjacent territory, and were now reaching out for larger fields—the so-called Widener-Elkins syndicate. There is no question that the trolleys were a menace to the New Haven's peace of mind. And there was one simple and obvious way to restore this peace. That was to buy the trolleys. Also the steamships. And anything else that threatened any kind of competition.

And Mr. Mellen began to buy. What he bought and what he paid will be the subject of a later chapter. What is of especial interest here is that the appetite for buying, as so often happens, throve with the stuff it fed on. By 1906 nearly everything in the three States which were the New Haven's especial territory had passed under New Haven control, including the New York & New England and the Central New England, and most of the steamship lines which plied Long Island Sound. And then came the ancient story of Alexander.

The New Haven's great rival in New England—almost its only rival—was the Boston & Maine. And the Boston & Maine in 1907 was about like the New Haven in 1903—a railroad on the down grade. The American Express Company owned a large block of Boston & Maine stock. Its contract with the New Haven had but five years more to run. It was a mutually attractive bargain that the New Haven should extend this contract twenty years—and take the Boston & Maine stock. Both of which it did.

ILLEGALITY PILED UPON ILLEGALITY

AT THAT time the New Haven finances seemed distinctly on the up grade; those of the Boston & Maine were the reverse. It was a tempting offer that the New Haven should exchange its own stock for that of the Boston & Maine, share for share. A large number of holders accepted and the New Haven turned up with control of the Boston & Maine in its treasury. With this purchase went the various leased lines of the Boston & Maine system—the Fitchburg, the Boston & Lowell, and others; likewise control of the Maine Central and its subsidiary companies—all told, some 3,500 miles of main track, or nearly twice the mileage of the New Haven, and a traffic slightly greater than the latter.

Save for the single line of the Boston & Albany, and a slender thread of track down through Vermont and Connecticut to tidewater belonging to the Grand Trunk, Mr. Mellen had come into practically complete control of transportation in N[illegible] England.

There was, of cou[illegible]nsiderable uproar. Various bodies made pro[illegible]r. Brandeis appeared in a pamphlet bristling w[illegible]leasant figures, attacking the purchase and the p[illegible]d merger on the ground that the New Haven [illegible]ment in its own property had shown itself to l[illegible]petent, recklessly extravagant, and full of gu[illegible]ally the Federal District Attorney of Boston, [illegible]nch, appealed to Attorney General Bonaparte, a[illegible] lengthy consideration suit was brought under t[illegible]man Act on the ground

Chas. S.

that the purchase was in violation of the antitrust law. And this is where this story really begins.

Massachusetts was almost the pioneer State in the firm but equable regulation of railways. Its Railway Commission had been the model for other States (in later years it had fallen into a delightful desuetude) and of the Interstate Commerce Commission as well. And one of Massachusetts's wise enactments was a law forbidding one railway corporation from holding stock in any other.

There was no shadow of doubt that the purpose of this law was clearly understood by every railway in New England. For in 1905 the Boston & Maine, which had likewise begun to feel the pinch of trolley competition, asked the Massachusetts Legislature for permission to buy certain trolley properties in that State. This permission was refused, partly, if report may be trusted, because of the very active opposition of the New Haven Road. A single year later the New Haven Road turned with five or six hundred miles of Massachusetts trolleys in its pocket.

There was no reasonable question that the New Haven had plainly violated the Massachusetts law. It operated its lines in Massachusetts under a Massachusetts charter, just as did the Boston & Maine. It was difficult to suppose that a right which one year before had explicitly been refused to one road could be calmly assumed by the other.

But the New Haven did. And when its acts were called in question, it blandly replied that it was a foreign corporation, operating under the laws of another State! However, it said: Let us submit the matter to adjudication. And while the matter was pending President Mellen authorized Mr. Charles F. Choate, attorney and representative of the New Haven in Massachusetts, to state to the Legislature that he would not make any further acquisitions in Massachusetts beyond those already contracted for until the merger question was settled.

That flat promise was broken by the purchase of five other lines than those included in Mr. Mellen's list. This was Massachusetts's first unequivocal experience as to what a Mellen promise meant.

ABSOLUTE MASTER AT LAST

THE Supreme Court unitedly decided that the New Haven's purchases of the trolleys were illegal, and the Legislature flatly refused to pass a law legalizing these acquisitions; and the road was given until a certain time to divest itself of these properties. It "complied" with the law by the usual makeshift of forming a holding company, composed of ten respectable citizens of Massachusetts, who subscribed each for a few shares of stock, and to whom the New Haven then loaned money to "buy" the trolleys from the New Haven!

That this was the merest subterfuge was evident from the decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Court later, when it observed that these properties were "indirectly held and controlled and managed in the interest of the defendant as absolutely and completely as it holds and manages its line of railroads between Springfield and New York."

There would be little interest in this rehearsal save for what followed. When the Boston & Maine purchase became public a year later, the Massachusetts Legislature, largely because of the New Haven's action in regard to the trolley question, its defiance of Massachusetts law and of the decree of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, refused to sanction the merger, and the question later was held up for a year, to be fought out at the next election and before a new Legislature. There was a bitter contest and the New Haven's project temporarily defeated.

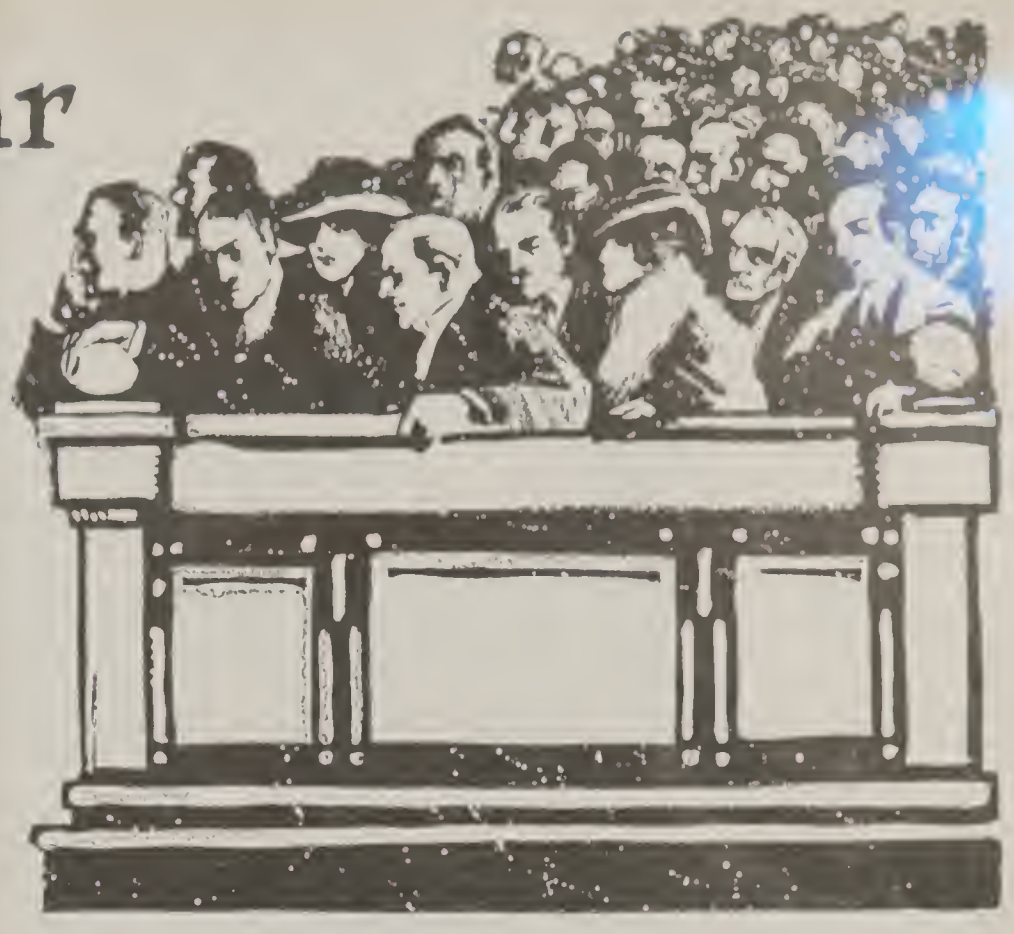
But in the year following it was different. By the Legislature of 1909 the New Haven's offenses were condoned and its purchase of the Boston & Maine legalized. Thereupon, by Mr. Wickersham's order, the action of the Federal Government against the New Haven for attempting a monopoly was discontinued, on the ground that what the people of Massachusetts through their Legislature had officially sanctioned obviously could not be the basis of an antitrust suit. Thus was Mr. Mellen, three years and a half ago, left absolute master.

Mellen to the Bar

Of the Great Court of the People to be Tried on the Charge of Suffocating New England in the Folds of Railroad Monopoly

By CARL SNYDER

Mr. Snyder has had the aid of Louis D. Brandeis in securing the information for this and a succeeding article



Now it is to be observed that all this occurred apparently without any undue activity on the part of the New Haven. There were no serious charges that it had bought the Legislature, as is common practice in many other States. It was perfectly clear that the prevailing sentiment of Massachusetts, in spite of the natural jealousy of an invading corporation, and in spite of the natural antagonism to powerful monopolies, was distinctly in favor of New Haven control.

The simple fact was that the service on the Boston & Maine was so bad and the promises of the New Haven so alluring that there were relatively few to oppose the change.

PLEDGES MADE AND BROKEN

UNFORTUNATELY, the State of Massachusetts made no explicit contract with Mr. Mellen or his road. It was not set down in black and white that "Boston should have the same domestic rates as New York"; or that the "intolerable delays at junction points, where cars go on the side track and stay for days, and sometimes are lost and we can't find them ourselves," would be "reduced at least one-half"; or that "raw material will be brought into New England without profit to the carrier"; or that the "expensively conducted and wastefully conducted transportation of New England" would be so improved that "I could give you so much more efficiency, and so much more in the way of rates, that for many years to come you would be able to overcome the handicap of geographical location."

These were not Mr. Mellen's promises, nor a written contract by the New Haven's attorneys. They were simply made in speeches by Mr. Timothy E. Byrnes, Mr. Mellen's first vice president and oratorical representative.

The New Haven has had practical control now for nearly six years and full control for nearly four years —need it be said with the usual results. Not one of Mr. Mellen's pledges has been redeemed, not one of Mr. Byrne's glowing promises has been kept. New England has not had cheaper service, freight or passenger. It has not had better service. The "intolerable delays" have grown worse rather than better. And so drastic have been the economies practiced that the employees are disaffected and traffic demoralized.

THE TREMENDOUS PROTEST OF INDUSTRY

ALL this is simply attested by the perfect torrent of protest and investigation which is rife. But I have preferred to give as well a little of the documentary evidence. The extracts from complaints of many different shippers in every part of New England which are printed herewith are drawn from over seven hundred complaints received within a little more than a year by the Boston Chamber of Commerce. That body, with a membership of forty-five hundred, represents the shipping interests of Boston, and so serious had the situation become that three years ago it retained the services of Mr. David O. Ives, of long experience in railway affairs, as a transportation expert to investigate conditions in New England, with a view to protecting, so far as possible, Boston shipping interests.

The letters which follow are typical of all:

THE CLARK CARRIAGE COMPANY
AMESBURY, MASS., Dec. 2, 1912.

We seriously question whether we shall be able to hold our business, which is all Western, just on that account—freight delivery delays.

JOHN MORRELL & CO.
BOSTON, Oct. 31, 1912.

We are gradually being shut out of the Connecticut field, not alone from smaller towns but larger points, on account of the delay in shipment. This is a serious condition of affairs.

WRIGHT WIRE COMPANY
WORCESTER, MASS., Nov. 14, 1912.

We have evidence showing that some traffic out of Fitchburg for Worcester, practically full carloads, was held in the Fitchburg yards four and five days, respectively, before it was sent forward.

HAYNES PIPER CO., INC.
BOSTON, Oct. 18, 1912.

For several successive years, particularly during the fall months, there has been great congestion at the freight yard at Ayer, Mass., on account of which this company has suffered not only great inconvenience but financial loss, directly and indirectly.

ARCHIBALD WHEEL COMPANY
LAWRENCE, MASS., Nov. 19, 1912.

We would much prefer to ship all rail owing to the nature of our goods, but, after trying it out several times, gave it up in disgust, as the time was anywhere from a week to eleven days into New York.

WALTER WEBLING
BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 18, 1912.

My attention this morning was directed to a car of apples, "I. C. No. 42,992," consigned to me, care Boston Terminal Refrigerator Company at East Boston. This car left Leeds Junction, Me., October 10, arrived here the 12th, and is not yet in East Boston. Can you explain the cause of these outrageous delays?

WEBSTER, TAPPER COMPANY
NOV. 12, 1912.

TO COMMISSIONER PROUTY:

During the past year our service in New England over the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R., has been gradually growing more unsatisfactory each day. In looking over the cause of this trouble, we find that we are not alone; grain jobbers throughout the Chamber of Commerce are in the same boat.

A. STOWELL & CO., INC.
BOSTON, Oct. 8, 1912.

We have outrageous delays in merchandise shipments. A shipment from the Jewel Cut Glass Company of Newark, N. J., September 17, not received to date. Shipment from Handel & Co., Meriden, Conn., September 20, two packages; one package received about the 25th, the other not received as yet.

THE HAVERHILL BOARD OF TRADE
HAVERHILL, MASS., Nov. 26, 1912.

We are receiving all kinds of complaints about the service of the Boston & Maine. At the meeting of our board last week Mr. C. E. McMullin, new superintendent of the Portland Division, was greeted with a perfect torrent of complaints regarding both freight and passenger service. The freight service is abominable.

THE BRATTLEBORO OVERALL COMPANY
KEENE, N. H., Nov. 21, 1912.

We in New Hampshire are feeling very badly the effect of the present management both in high rates of the passenger and freight service, also very poor deliveries of freights, *which is the worst in the history of railroads of this State.*

THE BENJAMIN CHASE COMPANY
DERRY, N. H., Nov. 25, 1912.

Our customers are making bitter complaints about the freight service had from the B. & M. and N. Y., N. H. & H., and we have been collecting data the past few weeks in relation to time it takes to get freight to near-by points.

ROBERTSON PAPER COMPANY
BELLOWS FALLS, VT., Dec. 9, 1912.

We and our brother manufacturers here have had so much trouble with delayed shipments that we have given up spending money for telegraphing or taking up the time of our stenographers writing letters, and have simply submitted to the inevitable as to such time as the Boston & Maine Railroad passes into other hands.

F. D. WEEKS EXTRACTING COMPANY
SHIRLEY, MASS., Nov. 11, 1912.

We would like to enter our protest in the way the Boston & Maine Railroad Company are holding up our business. We have lost one-third of our business in the last fifteen months *on account of our not being able to get our product here from Boston and New York.*

STURTEVANT MERRICK COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Sept. 10, 1912.

We have had the most unsatisfactory service from this city to points in Vermont for the past year that we have ever had to any point in our shipping.

FALULAH PAPER COMPANY
FITCHBURG, MASS., Oct. 29, 1912.

In our business, where freight is such an important factor, we cannot afford to put up with such service as we are now getting. At present we are looking for a location where we can get better shipping facilities, and unless conditions improve we shall be tempted to move out entirely.

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 19, 1912.

It certainly seems ridiculous for a shipment from Pittsfield, Mass., to Fitchburg, Mass., to consume two weeks before delivery, and it certainly seems even worse for a shipment to take almost one month to get from Pittsfield, Mass., to Portland, Me. These are no exceptional cases—it is our general experience.

PARKER BROTHERS
SALEM, MASS., Nov. 12, 1912.

To my mind eastern Massachusetts at least is engaged in a life and death struggle with the railroad monopoly, as at the present time it is almost impossible to do business here in competition with other sections, where, as in our case, the majority of our customers are at a distance.

It will be noted that these letters, with a few exceptions, are all from among those received within a little over a month preceding this writing; and if one will bear in mind the natural fear of small shippers of offending railway officials, it is evident that conditions have not materially altered from four and a half years ago when Vice President Byrnes described them as "intolerable."

Nor is there any mystery as to the why and wherefore. All this is sufficiently disclosed in the remarkable letter printed above, from the pen of Mr. Frank Barr.

(Continued on page 29)

The Order

The Operating Vice President of the Boston & Maine Railway to the Chairman of its so-called "Efficiency Committee"

PERSONAL

Boston, October 7, 1911

Mr. John F. Piper,
Chairman Special Committee,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

Although I do not think it necessary, I want to call your attention once more to the importance of going into everything everywhere, and making the minutest scrutiny, and cutting out everything that can be dispensed with that means money. Do not be deterred in carrying out this imperative necessity by anything, **unless satisfied that the service would be SERIOUSLY interfered with.**

The situation seems to be getting more serious, and, in order to avoid a horizontal cut in all salaries to the greatest extent possible, a great showing must be made as the result of the work of your committee.

Yours truly,
(*Signed*) Frank Barr,
Vice President

The New Terror of War—the Air-Sent Bomb

The instrument of devastation is held in the hand of a major of the Bulgarian aviation corps, who was photographed by Mr. Hare as the aeroplane was about to make a flight over Adrianople. This type of bomb is steadied in its descent by stationary blades of steel. Bombs of another type have blades attached in propeller fashion to revolve and thus add still further to the accuracy of the shot. Aeroplanes flew over Adrianople repeatedly

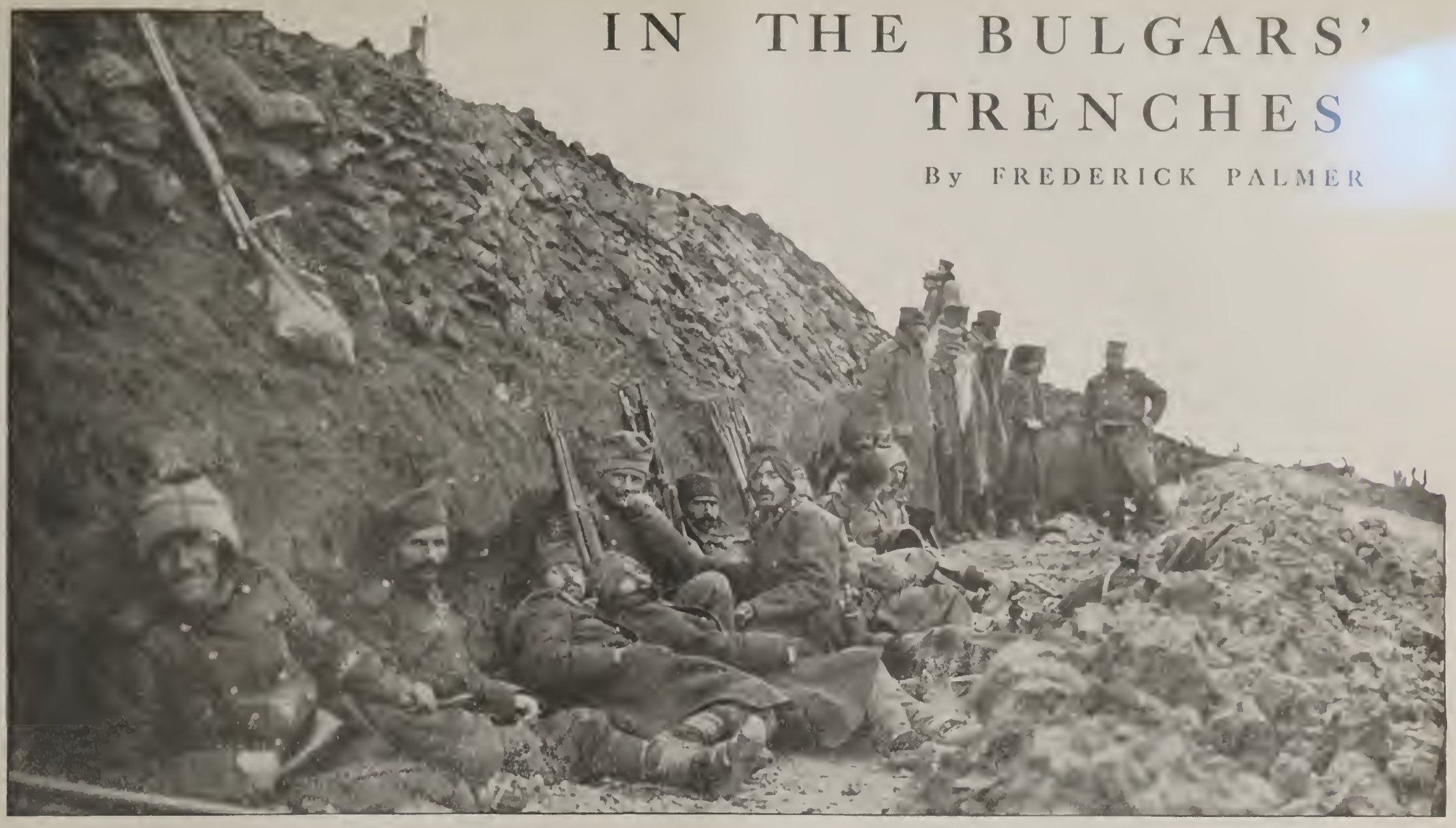
Sighting and Firing a Bulgarian Siege Gun Before Adrianople

Mr. Hare took these two remarkable photographs at minute intervals in the Bulgarian siege works on the side of Papastepe (Pope's Hill), which the Bulgarians took early in their attack on Adrianople. The photograph of the discharge (in the lower left-hand corner) indicates the effect of the concussion upon the camera. "It almost jumped from my hands," writes Mr. Hare. The censor refused to pass the photographs and Mr. Palmer mailed them later from London

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER COPYRIGHT 1913 BY P. F COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED

IN THE BULGARS' TRENCHES

By FREDERICK PALMER



AT FIRST the tour did not look promising. How could it with that Frankenstein of a major, the chief censor, himself acting as battle guide? In lofty seclusion he sat over our destinies upstairs in the ramshackle old Turkish City Hall of Mustapha Pasha. His was the master's voice of the two assistant censors, who were college professors before they put on their reservist uniforms.

These two came downstairs from nine to eleven and five to six—the censorship being closed for the rest of the day—to say: "I don't know" and "Je ne sais pas" in answer to all questions. They never had any news. They seemed hardly aware of the existence of a Bulgarian army within the former domains of the Turkish Empire.

"Is there a war?"

We even asked that, aiming at the novelty of a definite answer.

"Oh, yes," agreed the professor of economics at the University of Philippopolis, who was the English-speaking assistant.

"May we cable the fact?"

"Oh, yes."

"But will you not cut out the qualifying article as a military secret?"

"Oh, no. Is it that you would make sport?" inquired the professor of economics in his book English, which is better than my Bulgarian would be if I studied it for a hundred years. He also spoke German and French, which he had learned without ever leaving Bulgaria. What chance then had average mortals against a censorship in which he was only an adjutant?

WE PROCEED, BUT THE CENSOR LEADS

TO HIM we gave our telegrams, articles, letters, and post cards. He took them upstairs for translation to the major. It was not reasonable to bother the major with questions which a little military experience told you he would not answer. But I did want to know whether or not I should ever be allowed to see anything if I remained marking time in the mud of Mustapha Pasha. He gave me a soldier's promise that I should.

In the gray mist of morning—a Balkan morning—when a little group of us set forth, we had not gone far before we realized that the major was out of his censorial mood. The atmosphere of shop no longer clung to him. He had turned companion. He was out for a holiday.

"I'm going to see something myself," he said.

For weeks while his fellow officers were in the field he had had the policeman's task of making sure that the correspondents did not break the bounds which he had set. In after years, when he was asked in what battles of the great war he had participated, he would have to say the battles of the press. I did not envy him his lot any more than I envied the lot of my fellow correspondents. Every correspondent knew what his editor was thinking, namely:

"There he is within twenty miles of Adrianople with a war raging under his nose. Why doesn't he see something of it? Why doesn't he tell us something of it? Why doesn't he take the trolley out to the battles? Or, if he can't get a trolley, why doesn't he hire a taxicab for the day? Why doesn't he walk or crawl or fly? Heretofore we had considered him a fairly clever man."

For the same reason that you cannot see through a series of hills; for the same reason that the officers of the Turkish garrison in Adrianople did not drop into Mustapha Pasha occasionally to get a square meal; for the same reason that an individual makes a poor showing against the police reserves in time of riot. We had ninety thousand men against us, and every mother's son of them had an order not to let anyone who was not in the Bulgarian army and who did not speak Bulgarian without an accent get by.

Some correspondents, however, drew you by the lapel of your coat into an alley and told you how they had disguised themselves as peasants—peasants with whiskers of a Gallic trim—and seen the whole show. The censors did not mind letting through information which was confusing or any wild yarn in praise of Bulgarian heroism. One of our British cousins, who has been in seventy-five or a hundred campaigns, sent dispatches which might just as well have been written in New York. As for the accounts of those who adopted the peasant's disguise, when judged by the light of after events, it seemed evident that a peasant's disguise must have a weird effect on the faculties of observation.

In his new rôle the terrible major became sympathetic. After all, I think that his assistants were honest when they said "I don't know." They knew only what the major had told them might not pass; and the major knew only what higher officers of the staff or General Ivanof himself had said might not pass. If a censor really does not "know," he is saved from the sin of lying; and with all that you hold dear at stake in a war against the Turk it might be Christian to lie.

Old General Ivanof, commanding the second Bulgarian army, looked as fit to lay a siege as James J. Jeffries in his palmy days to take care of a lightweight, Sousa to conduct a band, or Pierpont Morgan to manage his own affairs. He had little to say, and that little was never entangled in relative clauses or subdivided by the semicolons of Henry James. His jaw has the façade of a battering-ram. He was in the Russo-Turkish war and in the Bulgarian insurrection that caused it. He had taken to the hills in his youth with a rifle against the Turk, and he knew the horrors of massacres and of women folk outraged.

Therefore it goes without saying that, being in command of ninety thousand men who were kept busy by Turkish sorties, he was not given to lounging on the steps of the old City Hall crocheting tidies while he answered the military attachés' questions and supplied the correspondents of the "Figaro" and the "Blätter" with items of news.

To me it was almost magical to see how a word from the major took us past sentries who would have stopped me if I were alone and probably sent me back to headquarters under arrest. If I could have planned the trips and had the major along as the man from Cook's, what a lot I might have seen! After our horses had pumped their way for three hours through the mud, when we were not following the railway track for a distance where the Maritza in flood had overflowed the road, we came to Hadekeui. The name of this village all correspondents associated with their favorite cuss words. They got special passes only to find that they were stopped here. Hadekeui sits in the bottom of a cup, in the mud. The sound of the cannonading was nearer, but you could actually see no more than you could at Mustapha Pasha.

"Are you tired?" the major asked. I caught a suspicion of a twinkle in his eye.

"Tired of Hadekeui, yes! Almost as tired as of Mustapha Pasha."

"We proceed," said the major.

JIMMY HARE AND THAT CENSOR

JAMES H. HARE was along to make the photographs. Colloquially, he is called "Jimmy," but when he appears in print as "the premier press photographer of the world" he wants to be James with the H. He had come four thousand miles with all of his equipment; he had set up a dark room in the home of a Bulgarian family; he had photographed the family, including grandfather and the baby and all the relatives and neighbors and the oxcarts of the transport which flowed over the Mustapha bridge, while his heterodox idea of being a war photographer was to photograph soldiers in the business of making war.

In language direct and picturesque, James H. had told the censor that he thought the arrangements for publicity unworthy of a ninth-rate press agent. The censor smiled. James H. became more direct and picturesque, and the censor walked back up the rickety stairs, smiling. James H. then lapsed into a coma of despondency. But soon after we had left Hadekeui he began to revive. He was filing away human documents with every click of his camera's shutter.

A bit of canvas above and good solid dirt at the side gave the soldier man protection if not comfort

A VENERABLE CANNON

FIRST, the gun stuck in the mud. A drizzle of chill rain was falling. It usually is at this season in the Balkans. The gun was not one of the fine new rapid-fire Creusots, mentioned so often in the early dispatches, which might lead the reader to believe that beating the Turk was as easy as scattering a May party with a hose. It was a venerable Krupp, belonging to the reserve. About twenty years ago it would have been right up to date. Then the cloud of reservists around it were young themselves. Now they were in the forties. Some probably were already grandfathers. No form of sport could warrant such a straining effort of drudgery. As work, it was the kind to make stevedores strike in the face of any raise of pay. But these reservists had been at it for days wherever there was a slough; and most of the road across the flats was a slough at this time. Their emotional attitude toward that gun permitted only of extremes. They either loved it or hated it or feared it as an avenging god. Their only advan-

tage over line lucking at football was that if they only a yard they kept the yard. Every yard r the goal. And the reason for the son for men having to do the work verty. They must make the best of do with; they must make the Turks good modern gun, while the professor ty at Philippopolis kept the corre- telling the contrary to the world. Anybody with a voice can hurrah, and anybody with legs can charge; but it takes another quality, which has the hallmark of real patriotism, to boost guns through the mud in winter rain. And the emotion for that antiquated gun was love.

A HILL OF BATTLE

NOW we rode away from the main road in the veritable track of the force that had advanced over the hills, drawing together in a point where the Arda River flows into the Maritza. We saw the town as we had seen it on other occasions, a blot under the mist by the Maritza's bank, from which rose fantastically the minarets of the great mosque of Sultan Selim. Hill after hill from all directions roll toward Adrianople. On the near-by hills are the forts which are meant to hold any enemy's batteries out of range of the town itself. Bulgarian engineers knew these hills as well as Frederick Law Olmsted knew the topography of Central Park. They had studied them through the years of peace with a view to battery positions.

A rolling knoll of bare, hoof-hardened sheep pasture was Pope's Hill (Papastepe), quite like hundreds of other hills. But the Bulgarians wanted this; and the Turks could not afford to let them have it. A regiment in reserve, sheltered in a valley safely out of the range of the Turkish batteries, was the first suggestion that we were actually getting up with the besieging force itself, for Papastepe was still some miles away, while our hope to get very near it before the day was done hung on the major's say. We knew that the Bulgarians had taken it with one of their beelike, swarming assaults. The Turks had taken it back, the Bulgarians had retaken it—and it was a military secret as to who was in possession at the time.

SUCH JOY! THE SIGHT OF A BURSTING SHELL!

ABOUT us multiplied the signs of how the Bulgarians, as they pursued the Turks after the hard fight at Chermen (a village some distance back on the river bank), had to deploy in the face of resistance and begin earning their way up to Papastepe. It was then that hope ran high in the hearts of the men that they should take Adrianople by storm without waiting on a siege, as the Japanese had aspired to take Port Arthur.

Here and there, at commanding points, were Turkish trenches, where the rear guard had paused in falling back to arrest an impetuous enemy. In face of them were the long trenches where the Bulgarians had paused to get wind for their next rush, and the little individual trenches of the skirmish line which each soldier, himself a unit in spirit, had thrown up hastily with his spade as he dropped to earth after a sprint forward. An occasional fragment of shrapnel jacket or a shrapnel bullet told the story of the Turkish welcome of shell fire for the guests as they approached the main positions. All this we had seen before, and the burst of shells in the distance, when they made puffs of smoke little larger to the eye than a basket ball. Nothing is quite so unsatisfying as that, yet the Bulgarian censors thought that we ought to be quite content with it. We were more content with it, perhaps, than if we were right under the spray of a shrapnel's bullets; but in seeing battles, as in other things, there is a happy and reasonable medium.

HEARING THINGS, TOO!

WE passed over a knoll, and before us was the panorama of the eye's desire. We were seeing where the noise came from and whence arose the flashes that had lighted the sky at night when the boom of guns was knitted together by the whirr of the rapid-firers. Between two hills, both mounting batteries, we had glimpses of the broad valley of the Arda, softly green with its rich farm lands. The farther battery was firing not rapidly but at regular intervals, as much as to say: "There is one just to let you know that we are watching you, and there will be another in about two minutes. How do you like that one? We have the range pretty well, eh?" This battery was making no smoke itself, just a faint prism of mist being visible with each discharge; but the messengers that it sent unseen for six or seven thousand yards burst in big balls of smoke far across the Arda.

From this point came the sound of riflery. It had not the volume that goes with heavy fighting, but the steady, spiteful fire of a force which has been driven back after a savage set-to and has stopped to dispute the way again and snarls at the shell fire and the enemy's advancing infantry.

Beyond this the ground rose in the slopes of Kartaltepe, that other hill which will take place beside Papastepe in Bulgarian history. A few days previous the Turkish infantry had crept up the valley in force under the cover that was to be found, and then in the night sprang at Kartaltepe. We heard the thunders; we saw the flashes in Mustapha. They were the heaviest and brightest yet. In the morning the censorship had no information except that there had been another sortie.

Just another sortie! But what scenes in this havoc of the night, with eyes seeing red under red fezzes, with plunging and running shadows into the face of the hell from rifles, guns, and quick-firers which received them! The panorama before us breathed the very spirit of life into the maps which we had thumb marked and pondered over. It was evident that the besieging force had a firm hold on Kartaltepe. Perhaps the major had brought us on the tour in order that we might see that it had. And the rifle fire across the river continued with the snarl of a wounded animal at the door of its lair.

The other slope looked as if a company of beavers had given up their aquatic habits and taken up a quarter section in a Turkish sheep pasture

"We will go into the battery," said the major.

It was not into the battery of the big Creusots on the farther hill, but to the battery nearest us and the enemy. Its guns, embodying some of the lessons learned at Sedan and Paris, had been manufactured soon after the Franco-Prussian War. There was Herr Krupp's mark on them, and the date was '75. The Turks had used them in the defense of Plevna in the Russo-Turkish War of '77-'78. They fell into the hands of the Russians with the fall of Plevna, and the great Czar, not bothering over taking home such trifles, gave them to the army of the new nation which his victories over the infidel had created.

The Czar also officered the Bulgarian army with Russians. He withdrew them when Bulgaria went to war with Servia in '85; but Bulgaria, without any generals at all, proceeded to whip Servia so promptly that the war was over before the war correspondents hardly arrived with their kits. And Bulgaria, which was poor, while guns are costly, kept the Herr Krupps of '75 in good condition and drilled her reservists with them. They were at the frontier when the war began, along with everything else human and material which Bulgaria could use against the Turk.

Our own military officers may be fairly proud of our big coast-defense guns at Sandy Hook or our rapid-fire field guns; but what will they say to the pride of these Bulgarian reservist officers and privates in their pieces? Hare could not make enough photographs to please them; quite contrary to the rules of censorship, they wanted to tell us everything that they knew.

A foreign officer who had come as a correspondent and was seeing more than the regular attaché of his country, made a remark which, properly translated into English, would read something like this:

"Well, I'll be damned! Can you beat it?"

After all, if a shrapnel bullet or a piece of shrapnel jacket hits a human being with equivalent velocity from a Krupp '75, it would do just as much damage as if it had been fired from a Creusot 1910. If these old guns had not the range of the later models, why that was a drawback that could be overcome by bringing them closer to the enemy. After a discharge one of the venerable pieces would lunge back with the recoil in a fashion to make a modern artillerist grin; but, nevertheless, after [illegible] seconds there was a burst of blue smoke over the Turkish infantry position, while the practice seemed to be almost as good as that of the Cruesots, which sent their shells roaring over our heads on the way to the same target. My own thoughts reverted to the other old reservists whom we had seen boosting the other old Krupps through the mud and praying for their turn at the Turk.

LIFE ON THE FIRING LINE

"I THINK that I should like to go on a little further," said the major. "Would you?"

It is on record that nobody said no. We went past the battery and down into a valley that had steeper slopes than most of the valleys. The other slope and the crest of the next hill, which was the advanced infantry position, looked as if a company of beavers had given up their aquatic habits and taken up a quarter section in a Turkish sheep pasture.

A Servian regiment had turned cave dwellers. Of course, the censor would not let us say that they were Servians. Two divisions of Servians had come to assist at the siege of Adrianople after their victory at Kumanova. In all news reports, articles, and letters every reference to them was cut out. Fifty thousand Servians with guns and full equipment were in hiding; their very existence was a military secret. If they repulsed a sortie, why, it was the brave Bulgarians who got the credit by inference. They took it good-naturedly as a part of the plan, though the situation was not one to encourage them in great loss of life. Indeed, they said frankly that they were not there to storm fortresses, but to act as a containing force while Demetrief and his Bulgarians were trying to break through the Chatalja lines and force peace in Constantinople itself. I suggested to the major that I should like to come out and live a while with the Servians. I could dig out a place for my tent with a solid clay floor in the hillside, as the officers had for theirs. Then I could observe everything going on in the valley of the Arda by day, and after dark I could watch the night attacks. Thus, I should not be always bothering him with requests to see battles, which was really a source of embarrassment to me, as I knew that he was a very busy man. He replied that he had often heard that the natives of my country were much given to practical joking, while he held up one finger in a manner that said: "No, you don't! You aren't going to know any more than I want you to know."

Down on the bottom of the river valley where the infantry was fighting it must have been a mire; but the Servians were high and dry and as comfortable in their shelters as if they were in barracks.

"Really an idle life!" said a Servian officer who received us. He looked as neat as if he were in from parade.

Not a spadeful of earth had been turned in all the prodigious business of transforming that hillside into a human warren without exact relation to the parabola of a Turkish shell which should pass over the crest. No head was supposed to be exposed while the Turks were firing above the line of parabola. A miss by three or four feet was as good as a miss by a mile. Everybody had become as used to passing shells as people living in Ninth Avenue flats to the roar of the elevated. The reverse slope was the back stop that received all the bad pitches. Here the sward was scarred with earth blown out of holes four and five feet deep and eight and ten feet in circumference.

"Makes us less work when we want to bury a piece of refuse," said the Servian officer. "Come into our parlor and have a look at Papastepe and the minarets."

James H. Hare did not accept the invitation. Daylight and the scenes around the threshold were good enough for him. He was calling for films and more films.

His shutter was doing the business of a rapid-fire gun in a night attack. He still had a complaint against the major—this time for having chosen a rainy day for the tour.

We passed through one of the long trenches, head high, leading into the fortifications, and paused for a moment while an officer, in a cozy chamber roofed with timbers, was finishing a telephone conversation. He could talk with the batteries, with division headquarters, with army headquarters, or with the regiment engaged down on the river bottom. Anything of importance in relation to his

(*Concluded on page 30*)

A Bulgarian Position in Front of Adrianople

"Not a spadeful of earth," writes Mr. Palmer, "was turned, in the business of transforming this hillside into a human warren, without exact relation to the parabola of a Turkish shell which should pass over the crest. The opposite side of the hill was scarred by exploding shells"

The Cave Dwellers

A Servian regiment had turned cave dwellers and its members were high and dry and as comfortable in their shelters on the side of an artillery-swept hill as if they had been in barracks. "Really an idle life," said the officer who showed Mr. Palmer and Mr. Hare about the place

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Arresting Looters

Bulgarian officers were quick to punish looting when it came under their eyes. In the top photograph an officer is making an arrest of looters. In the lower photograph the drummer is warning the troops to bring in to headquarters all Turkish property

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

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Bulgarian Soldiers Writing Home

The Bulgarian fighting men, as a rule, were able to write, and in this case they had every facility. The desk in use was taken from a Turkish school in Mustapha Pasha

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING

By MARK SULLIVAN

IT TAKES pains, and art in the use of words, to make clear just why a water-power monopoly belongs in a wholly different class from any other kind of monopoly; and no amount of clearness in the use of words will accomplish it unless the reader has the imagination to see the relation which water power is going to bear to the civilization of the future. The most distinguished electrician in the United States, one of the few men whose unique qualities entitle them, in a literal and exact sense, to be described as geniuses, has said that a time is coming in this country when there will be no such thing as a *running* stream. He says that every drop of water will be stored in dams and reservoirs, and its fall toward the sea will be permitted to take place only at high dams where power will be generated for every form of labor in every household, not merely for running railroad trains and factories but for cooking and ironing and the routine duties of homes. The man who has thus pointed out, in an extraordinary detail of vision, just what water power is going to mean to future generations is Charles Proteus Steinmetz, and his office is consulting engineer of the General Electric Company, one of the very concerns most likely to be the great monopolist of water power if monopoly is going to be permitted. It is said that the General Electric Company controls about thirty-five per cent of the water power so far developed in this country. The same thought has been expressed, though with less eloquence and breadth of vision, by a report of the Inland Waterways Commission:

"Wherever water is now or will hereafter become the chief source of power, the monopolization of electricity produced from running streams involves monopoly of power for the transportation of freight and passengers, for manufacturing, and for supplying light, heat, and other domestic, agricultural, and municipal necessities, to such an extent that *unless regulated it will entail monopolistic control of the daily life of our people in an unprecedented degree.*"

One Example

SO MUCH for the situation; now for its application to present-day politics, and especially to Congress: Wherever there are great water-power sites large organizations are striving to get possession of them. This page deals merely with one—the latest one—of many efforts. In fact, more than fifteen water-power bills, similar to the one here described, are pending in the present Congress.

Some months ago there was introduced in Congress a bill "to authorize," so the official title read, "the building of a dam across the Coosa River." The corporation which wanted the privilege was the Alabama Power Company (incidentally, one of its directors was a conspicuous member of Congress). In the Senate the bill was energetically pushed by Senators Bankhead and Johnston of Alabama. An effort was made by Senators Burton of Ohio and Poindexter of Washington to amend it so that the Government should retain some power over the company. But the bill passed without amendment, and also, unfortunately, without a roll call. It would be interesting and valuable to record those Senators who believe in giving up these valuable power sites without compensation.

There is no more important subject now pending before Congress and the country than the adoption of a definite and comprehensive water-power policy.

—From the Annual Report of Walter L. Fisher, Secretary of the Interior, issued in December.

In my opinion, *no question now before the Government is more important* than the attainment of a proper solution of this question.

—From the Annual Report of Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War, issued in December.

Concerning no subject of legislation is there a more imperative need of a definite and comprehensive policy than in relation to the development and control of water power.

—From a speech delivered by Theodore Burton, Senator from Ohio, on August 14, 1912.

The Divided Democrats

IN THE House the fight in favor of the bill was led by Oscar W. Underwood, the Democratic leader. Indeed, *one of the important facts about this whole situation is that the most powerful man in his party is on record as an aggressive advocate of the wrong side of this question.* However, other Democrats were equally earnest and effective in opposition. Henry T. Rainey and Martin D. Foster of Illinois, Benjamin G. Humphreys of Mississippi and Swagar Sherley of Kentucky led the debate in opposition. The fight led to the most interesting division that has taken place in the present Congress, a square line-up between the old-school Democrats, whose first article of faith is State rights, and the younger men who have embraced modern thought and doctrines of government, including conservation. The bill finally passed by a vote of 94 to 87. There is not space here to tell how every Congressman voted. The important thing is this list of *thirty-six Democrats who resisted their party majority and their party leader in order to prevent the giving away of a valuable Government grant:*

ALEXANDER, Mo.	LLOYD, Mo.
ALLEN, Ohio.	LOBECK, Neb.
BUCHANAN, Ill.	MCCOY, N. J.
BULKLEY, Ohio.	MCDERMOTT, Ill.
BURKE, Wis.	MAGUIRE, Neb.
CANDLER, Miss.	MORRISON, Ind.
CLINE, Ind.	MOSS, Ind.
CURLEY, Mass.	RAINEY, Ill.
DONOHOE, Pa.	SHERLEY, Ky.
DOREMUS, Mich.	SISSON, Miss.
FOSTER, Ill.	SMALL, N. C.
FOWLER, Ill.	STEPHENS, Miss.
GALLAGHER, Ill.	STONE, Ill.
GRAY, Ind.	TALCOTT, N. Y.
HOWLAND, Ohio.	THAYER, Mass.
HUMPHREYS, Miss.	THOMAS, Ky.
KORBLY, Ind.	WHITE, Ohio.
LEVER, S. C.	WITHERSPOON, Miss.

The most vital question at Washington to-day is whether this newer school of Democrats shall prevail over the older and larger group, which believes in giving away these power sites without recompense to the Government. The tariff will be more conspicuous, but more is really involved in this question.

Taft's Views

PRESIDENT TAFT vetoed the bill. In his veto message he said:

"I think . . . that it is just as improvident to grant this permit without such a reservation (of a compensation to the Government) as it would be to throw away any other asset of the Government."

It is well known in Washington that Mr Taft's persistently correct course in regard to this bill and the whole water-power question is due to two members of his Cabinet, Secretary Stimson of the War Department and Secretary Fisher of the Interior Department. These men take a thoroughly enlightened position: they want the water power developed; they want it developed by private capital; they want a sufficient reward held out to that capital, even including some possible speculative reward; *but they insist that enough power be retained in the Federal Government to prevent the amalgamation of all these power sites into one great monopoly, and also that there shall be opportunity from time to time to readjust the valuation of these sites.*

The Heart of the Question

SWAGAR SHERLEY, who represents part of Louisville, is, in scholarship and ability, one of the first fifteen or twenty men in the House. He is by no means a radical. Indeed, he has been a most intelligent and powerful opponent of such innovations as the recall of judges. But on this question, with characteristic penetration, he put his finger on the real point:

"I doubt if there has been any man in this Congress who has been more solicitous for the rights of the States than I have been. But *I occasionally lose a good deal of my belief in State rights when I find they are made the refuge for individual privilege.*"

Forest Reserves Also

THE same danger that threatens with respect to water power threatens also with regard to the forest reserves. The hungry interests which for years have been kept out of the forest reserves by the Federal Government are hoping now that the Democrats will take these reserves out of the hands of the national Government and give them to the individual States. They find justification for this hope in a speech delivered by Vice President-elect Marshall at Spokane on October 26 when he was a candidate:

"The State of Washington and the other States . . . are entitled to the possession and control of every foot of land within their borders."

It wouldn't be wholly fair to assume that Mr. Marshall made this speech because he thought it would be popular in the community he was addressing. Doubtless Mr. Marshall, in his modes of thought, is one of those old-fashioned Democrats with a hereditary belief in State rights and a Jeffersonian opposition to Federal aggrandizement. *This attitude, with its potential effect on our present national problems, is the greatest existing threat to the Democratic party.* Fortunately there is a large number of Democrats whose thought has kept pace with steam and electricity. *Whether these, or the old-school State-rights men, are in the majority will determine a good deal of the political history of the next few years.* ***And most important of all is the question which group President-elect Wilson will side with.***

"Get a R

The customer is furnished a printed receipt.

The customer's printed receipt, the clerk's receipt on the sales-strip, and the merchant's receipt on the adding wheels, are all made by the same operation of the register.

Everyone interested in the transaction receives the best form of receipt for his particular purpose.

The "Get a Receipt" plan compels the giving of a correctly printed receipt to the customer, which means that there are corresponding and unchangeable records inside the register for the merchant and the clerk.

How It Benefits the Customer

Prevents mistakes.

Prevents over-charging.

Prevents misunderstandings.

Insures proper record of money paid on account.

Gives information about special sales and new lots of goods handled by the merchant.

Protects children and servants by furnishing them a printed receipt to take home.

Shows which clerk waited on each customer, and in case goods are exchanged proves the price paid and date purchased.

The Customer's Receipt

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W. S. JOHNSON
416 Fourth Ave.

Keep This Receipt
It is your Protection
WATCH FOR
ANNOUNCEMENT
(over)

This receipt which goes to the customer, is printed by the register.

How It Ben
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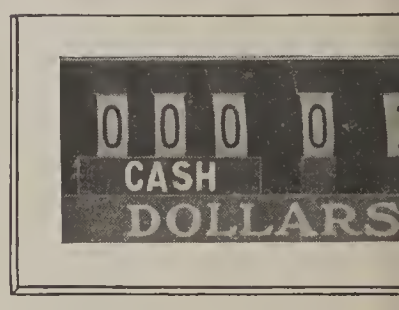

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How It Benefits the Clerk

It gives a clerk credit for good work.

Educates clerks to become better business men.

It prevents disputes with customers.

Acts as a guide in making change.

Enables him to prove that he is careful and accurate.

Removes temptation.

Prevents unjust suspicion, and enables clerks to maintain that reputation which is so essential to success.

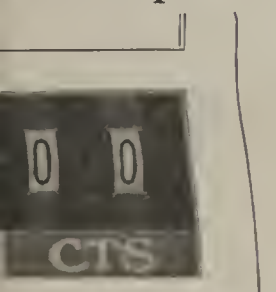
The merchant is furnished a positive check on his business.

In addition to protecting customers and clerks, the "Get a Receipt" plan assures the merchant that he gets all the money that comes over his counters in exchange for goods.

The principles of the "Get a Receipt" plan can be applied with equal benefit in the smallest shop, the largest department store, and in the office.

Receipt-printing National Cash Registers are built in many styles and sizes, suitable to every line of business where money is handled or records kept.

Receipt



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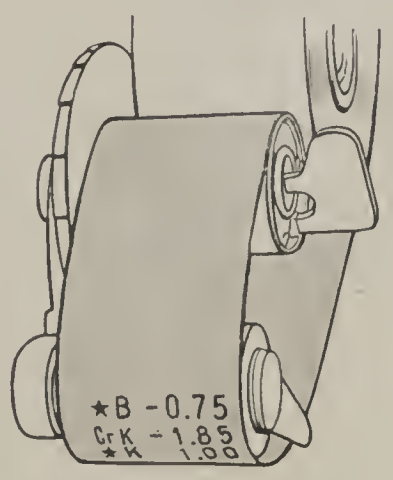
The Clerk's Receipt



The sales-strip, which must show the same record as the customer's receipt and the adding wheels, is the clerk's receipt for having handled the transaction correctly.

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THE ANONYMOUS LETTERS

Another Adventure of Detective Barney

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Barney Cook was a sleuth of several [illegible] experience. Disguised as a newsboy, he [illegible] over a post box on a street corner [illegible] in identifying a blackmailer who [illegible] ing letters to a client of the Babbing Bureau. Hidden in the cloak room of a Brooklyn machine shop, he had spied a confidential clerk putting drawings of a new lathe into the overcoat pocket of a confederate who was selling trade secrets to a rival company. He had peddled chewing gum at a subway entrance in Harlem, on the lookout for a cashier who was leading a double life, and he had located the flat in which the suspect concealed himself. Out at all hours of the night, eating from his pocket, and sleeping only when he was off shift, he had enjoyed the life of a street Arab, gloating over his adventures and taking his pay home to his mother, without counting it, as contemptuous as a young genius for the wages of his art.

But he had also to make out daily reports of his hours on duty, the items of his expenses, and those incidents of his day's work that concerned the case on which he was engaged. And no schoolroom compositions could have been more tedious. At first he had been allowed to narrate his report to a stenographer, who put it into shape and typed it for him; later, he was required to write it out, for the stenographer to correct and typewrite; but now he had to type it himself, and retype it when the stenographer had revised his spelling and his punctuation, and then type it again if the office manager edited it—which he invariably did.

No cub reporter was ever more harassed. After hours of exhausting "leg work," he had to hang over his machine till the back of his neck ached, pounding the keys till his stubby fingers were sore. He had to learn to spell. It was evident that he could never learn to punctuate. He had moments when he was as unhappy as if he had been sent back to school.

HE WAS enduring such a moment, in the operatives' room, on this particular morning, when he was called to Babbing's private office by a message on the office phone; and he went as eagerly as if it were the recess bell that had rung. His admiration of "the Chief" had mounted to hero worship. If this little, elderly, fat man had been a companionable father, an adventurous elder brother, and a rich uncle all in one, Barney could not have looked up to him with a more idolizing eye, with a more possessive trust and absorbed devotion.

He found Babbing talking to a client—a heavy-shouldered, black young man, with a remarkable forehead—whom he introduced as Mr. P. P. Harper. "I think I'll put you in his office," Babbing explained, "as an office boy—from what he has told me of the case. Sit down. I want you to hear the details."

Harper was looking Barney over, and he did not notice the slow, significant scrutiny with which Babbing put the boy on his guard. Barney turned from that glance and regarded Harper innocently.

"Is *he* a detective?" Harper asked.

"You would never suspect it, eh?" Babbing said.

"I certainly would not."

"That's what makes him so successful. Tell me, now: your office is in the Broad Street Building?"

"Yes."

"Are you a broker?"

"No, I'm a promoter," Harper answered. He settled back comfortably in his chair. "And a financial adviser."

"For whom?"

"Well, chiefly for the Van Amberg estate."

Babbing turned to Barney, who had seated himself at the left of the desk. "Mr. Harper," he explained, "is being annoyed by anonymous letters. He wants us to find out who's sending them." And again there was evidently concealed, behind his placid spectacles, some private thought which the boy could not decipher.

Harper said: "They don't come to me. To my wife."

"What put the Van Amberg estate in your office?"

"My wife was the only daughter of old Jacob Van Amberg."

"Had he any other children?"

"A son."

"Are you *his* financial adviser also?"

"No. He handles his own property."

"And you handle your wife's?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you handle your brother-in-law's too? Smoke?"

BABBING had taken a box of cigars from a drawer of his desk. Harper selected one mechanically. "My relations with my brother-in-law are not very cordial. Don't you smoke yourself?"

Babbing had closed the box. "No," he said. "That's one of the little pleasures that we detectives have to deny ourselves."

"Why so?"

"For the same reason as circus acrobats and jugglers. We're frequently in places where the trembling of a hand would arouse suspicion. Tobacco affects the control that a man has over his nerves."

Babbing was putting the box away. He did not appear to notice that Harper's hand shook as he held a match to his cigar. Barney noticed it. He had already noticed that Babbing's tone of voice was somewhat too innocent.

He had peddled chewing gum at a subway entrance in Harlem, on the lookout for a cashier who was leading a double life

Harper exhaled the smoke appreciatively. "You keep good cigars for your clients."

"Not altogether for my clients," Babbing explained. "They're strong enough to release the little unconscious movements of the body that indicate when a man's lying. I use them on suspects. Tell me, are your relations with your brother-in-law such that these letters might be coming—"

"Hardly," Harper put in. "I'm unwilling to think that he—"

"Would you mind telling me about him?"

"Certainly not. Confidentially." He glanced at Barney.

BABBING replied to that glance: "Perfectly trustworthy. And not as young as he looks. He got his training in the Secret Service before he came to me. His father was a Government operative. Used to put him through transoms to open doors—and to shadow persons who would've suspected anyone older."

He invented it with such easy conviction that Barney almost believed it himself.

"Well," Harper said, "I met Van Amberg first at college. We were—very chummy—for a while. I met his sister through him. He invited me to visit his home during the Easter holidays."

"And when did you quarrel?"

"When he practically accused me of wanting to marry her for her money."

"You were not wealthy then?"

"No, and I'm not wealthy now. I was studying medicine when I married, and I gave it up—at her request—to look after the investments, the properties, that were left to her by her father. I've taken a commission out of the estate, but it has never more than paid my expenses."

"So—if these anonymous letters to your wife were to succeed in poisoning her mind against you—you'd be ruined financially. Is that the situation?"

Harper looked narrowly at his cigar; it had gone out. "I'm not so much concerned about the financial aspects of it. I've been very happy with my wife. And I'm fond of my boy."

"Have you any of these letters?"

"No."

"Any copies of them?"

"No. As a matter of fact—she's not aware that I know she's been receiving them."

"And how do you know it?"

"I'd rather not say. I had felt for some time that there was something wrong. I had to take measures to protect myself."

"I see. Have you noticed anything else—besides the letters?"

"Well, I've had an idea that I was being followed on the street, and I supposed that the persons interested in separating us had employed some crooked private detective to work up a case against me."

"I see."

"And I thought that if I could employ you to put men with me, I would have their testimony to refute any that might be manufactured against me."

"Our office," Babbing said, "doesn't handle divorce cases."

"I understand that. This is not a divorce case. I don't want a divorce—or a separation, either. I want to prevent it."

"Have your wife's suspicions ever had any real grounds?"

"None whatever."

"Or anything that she has misconstrued to be such?"

"WELL—once, last winter, I had supper at Rector's with a young lady who is—in the confidence of one of our big railroad men. For business reasons, I wanted to get a line on something he was doing. That sort of thing, you know, isn't uncommon in Wall Street."

"And your wife learned of it?"

"Through her brother."

"You're sure it was he?"

"He admitted it. He saw me there. And he told her."

"There has never been any dissatisfaction about your handling of the estate?"

"Except on my side. I've tripled the value of her property and made nothing for myself."

"Any auditing?"

"Her brother has had all my statements audited quarterly."

"How old is your son?"

"Six."

"He's your wife's heir?"

"Naturally."

"You did not marry until after her father's death?"

"No."

"Yet you don't think her brother's behind this attempt to separate you?"

"Well, he's hardly *that* sort."

"What sort is he?"

"He's an inoffensive kind of idler. When I knew him first, he used to collect birds and make water-color drawings of them. He's at the head of a local Audubon society—and mixed up with a society for the preservation of the Palisades, and another for abolishing billboards—and all that sort of piffle. He's getting into politics, I hear, now—as a reformer."

"Married?"

"No."

"Your wife's very fond of him?"

"Yes."

"You've not separated? She's still living with you?"

"She's been visiting her brother—lately."

"Where?"

"At the old family place—up the Hudson. Our boy's had trouble with his throat. The winters in the city are bad for him."

"You didn't go with them?"

"I'm not on speaking terms with Van Amberg."

"These letters have been received by her there?"

"Yes— As a matter of fact, some of them came to the house here and I redirected them."

"I see. Well, I shall have to make a preliminary investigation before I can decide what line to work on. I can get you by telephone?"

"What sort of preliminary investigation?"

"The usual sort. It seems evident that this is a family affair, in no way connected with your business. And my first plan—of putting an operative in your office—will have to be given up." Babbing rose. "I'll let you hear from me in a day or two."

HARPER came to his feet reluctantly. "What are you going to do?"

Babbing looked at him with a benign smile. "I haven't the least idea."

"But I want you to put men with me at once—for protection."

"You look as if you could take pretty good care of yourself. Where did you get those shoulders? College athletics?"

"Yes—I don't mean that sort of protection. If they have detectives—"

"My dear sir"—Babbing held out his hand—"if there are detectives following you, they'll know that you're in this office now, and they'll be watching for my men. We must be cleverer than that."

"Oh, I see." Harper shook hands with him. "I'll hear from you as soon as possible."

"Don't worry. We'll begin at once. Go out this way."

When the door had closed on him, Babbing sat down at his desk again, took off his gold spectacles, and settled back meditatively in his chair, tapping with his spectacles upon his teeth. They were small, sharp teeth, set far apart, and very white. "Well," he asked Barney, "what do you make of it?"

BARNEY had made practically nothing of it. He had not tried to. He had regarded Harper as a surgeon's assistant might regard a prospective patient. He had not expected to have to pay any attention until the cases came to the operating table. He smiled defensively.

"Well," Babbing said, "you didn't *like* him, did you?"

Barney shook his head.

"Why not?"

"I dunno."

Babbing studied him in silence a moment; then he rose. "I'm disappointed in you, Barney," he said, beginning to walk up and down the room. "You've got the makings of a good detective in you, but you don't seem to be developing. You've no 'nose,' boy. And I don't see you getting any— When that man came in here I had a distinct impression of something strongly sinister. That's why I called you in. I wanted to see whether you got it."

"I thought you were tryin' to—to tell me somethin'," Barney stammered.

Babbing turned to him. "Oh? I see. I threw you off. Well, if I call you like that again, don't watch *me*. Watch the person that's with me. I noticed that you saw his hand shake when he lit his cigar?"

BARNEY grinned. "I didn't think *you* saw it."

"Well, that's good. It shows that *he* didn't. Why do you suppose it shook? He's in almost perfect physical condition. He's been an athlete. And evidently he doesn't dissipate—I tell him that we detectives don't smoke—because we're often in situations where the trembling of a hand would arouse suspicion. Now if he has come with anything to conceal, he'll immediately become conscious of his hand. And it'll show. Understand?"

Barney nodded, big-eyed.

"When his hand shook, that alarmed him. When I added that the tobacco was strong enough to affect his nervous control of himself, he let his cigar go out, didn't he?"

"I didn't notice."

"Well, if you're going to be of any use to this office, you'll have to begin to open your eyes. You'll have to learn to know when a man's lying to you and when he's telling you the truth. Otherwise, you'll be chasing off on all sorts of false scents. If you had watched Harper, you'd have seen that when I questioned him about those anonymous letters, I purposely looked him square in the eye. He at once became uneasily conscious of the facts that were concealed behind his eyes. And his natural impulse was to look away from me. He was able to control that impulse. But in controlling it he overdid it. He stiffened the muscles. His eyes set. That might be an innocent reflex in the case of a suspect who knew he was unjustly suspected. But Harper had no reason to suppose that I suspected him. Why should he? Therefore the idea of guilt must have come from his own thoughts. Understand?"

BARNEY said he did.

"He pretended that he didn't suspect his brother-in-law of sending the letters, but when he saw me apparently taking up that idea, his face— Look at me. At my eyes. I'm watching you, intently. You say something that I secretly wished you to say. Do you see the change in the eye? It relaxes—almost imperceptibly. Watch my nostril. Now I'm listening intently. Now I hear it. Do you see? When a man takes a natural breath, he breathes in through the front of his nose; the sides of the nostrils do not move. But when he inhales in any secret excitement—with gratification— See? It's almost as if he smelled a pleasant odor. Besides, his mouth showed that he was on his guard all the time. He was away off normal. You have to learn to watch people until you know what the normal is, and recognize any departure from it instantly. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Babbing was enjoying himself. He paced up and down, like an instructor expounding a beloved art. "Couldn't you see that he was writing—or planning to write—those letters *himself*?"

"Gee!" Barney said. "What for?"

"Well," Babbing reflected, "if he were a different-looking sort of man, I'd say that he merely intended to make his wife believe there was a conspiracy of lies against him. I'd say he was intending to make unjust accusations against himself, anonymously, and then produce the reports of our men to show that the accusations *were* unjust. He could show, for example, that he couldn't have done what the letters said, because he wasn't in the place where they accused him of being at the time they said. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Having convinced her that he was the victim of such a conspiracy, he could easily make her believe that she had been deceived about him in the past. And regain her sympathy. Eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. But this man is too big to be playing that sort of game as an end in itself. He's too big. Unless I've lost my eye." He sat down and looked at Barney vacantly. His face became mildly blank in thought. "At college, studying medicine, he was probably a poor boy, very ambitious. He went in for athletics, and distinguished himself. Probably became a football hero. And attracted Van Amberg, who was evidently esthetic. Van Amberg's friendship flattered him and he saw its possibilities. They became 'chummy.' Van Amberg talked about him at home and invited him there. The girl had heard her brother speak of him. She was predisposed. Harper saw his chance and took it. But he would conceal from Van Amberg the fact that he was making love to the sister. And having made sure of the girl, he would be less considerate of the brother. That's where the quarrel would come from. Then when the father's death left the girl her money, they married. And Harper gave up medicine. He wanted power. It's in his face. Her money meant power. It meant a career.

"Having got the girl, he shows the other side of him. The marriage isn't happy. The brother has authority enough to keep an eye on Harper's handling of his wife's estate. And Harper resents it. The wife refuses to take his side against her brother. After seven or eight years of bickering, Van Amberg is getting the wife away from him. Harper wants her back. But he wants her because he wants control of that estate. Well?" His gaze focused on Barney. "Is that your idea of the situation?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then what do you think he's up to?"

BARNEY shook his head.

Babbing said: "I've a notion it'll be interesting to find out." He pressed a call button. When Archibald, his office manager, appeared, he gave him Harper's card. "This man," he said, "has separated from his wife. He seems to be using some rather questionable means to bring her back to him. I want to find out what's he up to—what he [illegible] purposes. Never mind [illegible] office. Get a line on his house. On his servants. On his friends. On his evenings. And [illegible] to get telephone connection with a man [illegible] Vonberg—only one of old Lockhart his place on Hudson. Right away. You can go [illegible]."

Barney went, unwillingly. I was [illegible] interested in Harper's case, not even [illegible] handling of it. He was simply so glamoured by Babbing himself that he could have sat [illegible] Chief discourse in a foreign language and been happy in the sound and the sight of him. And he was single-minded in his infatuation that he was not aware how Babbing played down to him, and expanded before him, and enjoyed the incense of his boyish idealization of detectives and their work. He knew Babbing liked him; but he was accustomed to having people like him; and he had learned not to presume on it. He returned to the labor of preparing his previous day's report.

A while later Babbing notified him by telephone: "Be at your desk at three o'clock this afternoon. I want you to make another appearance in this Harper business."

AT TEN minutes after three he was called to Babbing's private office and introduced to Eugene Van Amberg as "a young man who has been out on the case." And with his morning's lesson in his mind, Barney gave all his gaze to Van Amberg and took a good impression of him, demurely. He was a tall, loose-shouldered man of thirty-five, very dryly tanned, with a philosophic long nose and a thin-lipped mouth. He did not actually smile at Barney, but his eyes softened and twinkled on him humorously, in an expression which Barney, as a telegraph messenger, had learned to recognize as the precursor of a twenty-five-cent tip. He was well dressed in a negligent manner. He was growing bald; and it was evident that he had been trying to save his hair by going bareheaded out of doors. His scalp was sunburned. He said to Babbing: "I didn't exactly understand what the case *was*." And he had a deep but peculiarly gentle sort of voice.

Babbing nodded. "No. I couldn't be explicit over the telephone. Sit down."

Van Amberg settled himself in a chair, leaning forward, his elbows on the chair arms, frankly interested in the "famous" Walter Babbing, but impersonally so, as a thoughtful spectator.

"What I am going to tell you," Babbing said very slowly, "is, of course, confidential. We have a client who has been blackmailed systematically, for some years, by a woman and two men in this city. As in the majority of such cases, he is not in a position to prosecute. And we have been investigating the operations of the gang in the hope of finding a victim on whom we might successfully base a prosecution." He reached a file of typewritten reports on his desk and began to turn the pages. "In the course of this investigation we obtained evidence to indicate that the blackmailers had either sent, or were preparing to send, letters to a Mrs. P. P. Harper—who, it seems, is your sister. Her address, as they had it in their notebook, was a town address, wasn't it, Barney?"

"Yes, sir," Barney said.

HE PUT aside the report. "We found that she was away from home, visiting you. And I phoned you in order to find out whether the letters received by her were sufficient for our purposes."

"To prosecute on?"

"Yes."

Van Amberg shook his head. "It's out of the question."

"Because the letters were insufficient? Or because Mrs Harper is averse to—"

"For both reasons. She's been very ill. I've intercepted the letters, and she has never seen them. I wouldn't have her involved in a case of this kind if it were to convict all the blackmailers in America."

"Can you let me see the letters?"

"Yes, if you promise not to involve her in any way."

"Certainly."

"There are only two." He put his hand in an inner breast pocket. "And they seem absolutely futile for purposes of blackmail."

Babbing nodded. "I was afraid they had not gone far enough." He glanced at the letters. "I see. Yes. There's nothing there." He returned them. He tilted himself back in his swivel chair, cheerfully at his ease as if the important part of the interview were over

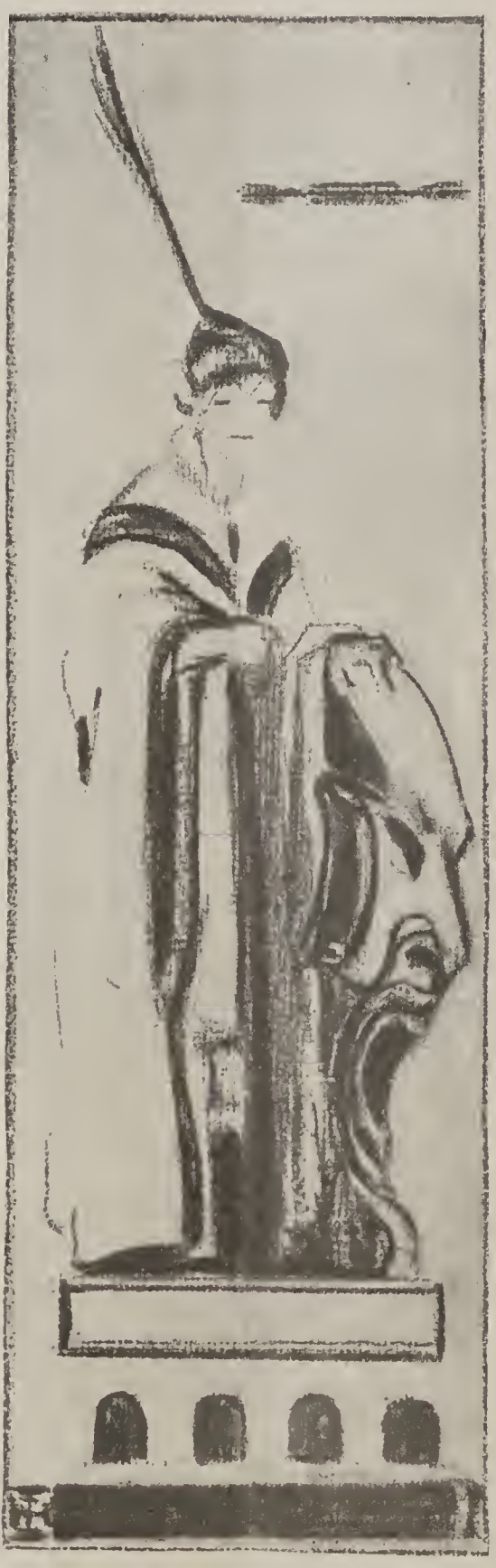
"You'll tread gently for the rest of your days, you sneaking parasite. And if you so much as put a toe outside the straight path, I'll have you flung into the gutters"

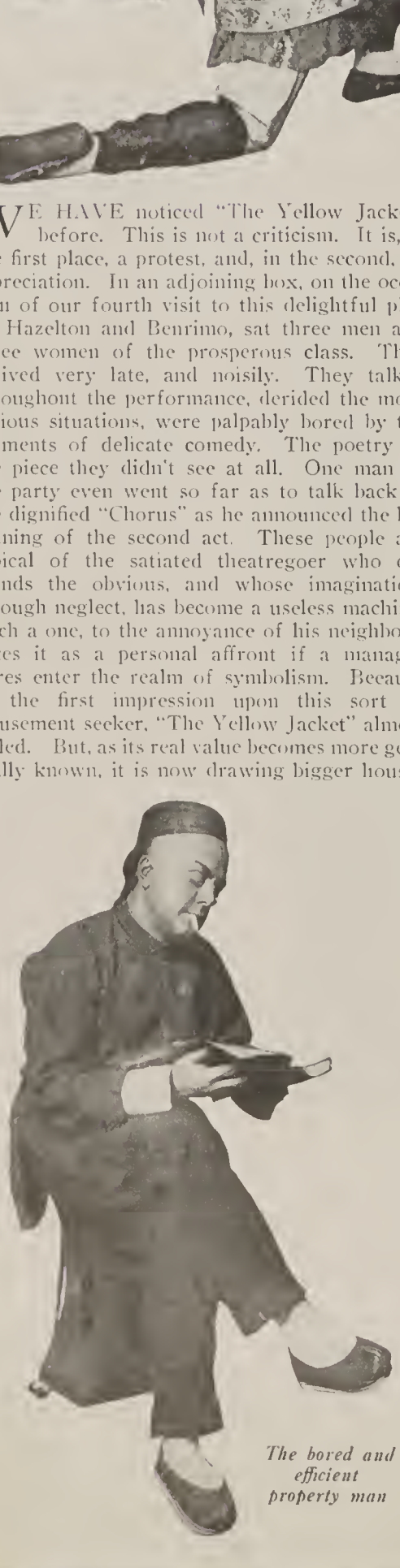
(Continued on page 24)

More of "The Yellow Jacket"

His foster parents show the prince the baby shirt marked by the blood of his mother, while little Plum Blossom looks on, in the arms of her stern father

WE HAVE noticed "The Yellow Jacket" before. This is not a criticism. It is, in the first place, a protest, and, in the second, an appreciation. In an adjoining box, on the occasion of our fourth visit to this delightful play by Hazelton and Benrimo, sat three men and three women of the prosperous class. They arrived very late, and noisily. They talked throughout the performance, derided the more serious situations, were palpably bored by the moments of delicate comedy. The poetry of the piece they didn't see at all. One man of the party even went so far as to talk back to the dignified "Chorus" as he announced the beginning of the second act. These people are typical of the satiated theatregoer who demands the obvious, and whose imagination, through neglect, has become a useless machine. Such a one, to the annoyance of his neighbors, takes it as a personal affront if a manager dares enter the realm of symbolism. Because of the first impression upon this sort of amusement seeker, "The Yellow Jacket" almost failed. But, as its real value becomes more generally known, it is now drawing bigger houses with each performance. This is the greatest commentary on the fact that there *is* a discriminating public which can feel, without being startled to laughter by the slapstick or thrilled by the cruder appeals to sentimentality. That the emotions of a dying mother over a baby made of gilded bamboo, with a skirt tied about its middle, can bring a lump in your throat is a triumph of acting and staging. That the audience holds its breath while the hero climbs a mountain made of six lacquered tables is a tribute to the intelligence of that audience and to the power of suggestion. *(Concluded on page 27)*





The bored and efficient property man

The graceful hero, with the world before him

THE APOSTLE TO THE TEXANS

This is the fourth article of Mr. Macfarlane's series "Man-to-Man Preachers," the purpose of which is to complement the successful series on "Preachers in America" with vivid sketches of a number of extremely interesting men who both preach to their fellows and reach out for them. The subjects of the remaining articles will be:

The Rev. Francis L. Higgins
Missionary to the Lumberjacks of the Minnesota Northern Woods

The Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman
the man who revived Revivalism in America

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

I GOT me a new word in Texas—*Texanic!* Try it—Titanic—Texanic. It caroms trippingly from the tongue. It fills the imagination gibbously. Texas is the greatest of our States. In its far-swinging borders a great people are breeding. Progress of every kind is moving in the air of Texas and stirring in its soil. And whatever is truly representative of that fine new spirit which is abroad between the Sabine and the Rio Grande they proudly call *Texanic*. To characterize this Texanic spirit, two words will help, sincerity and directness. The Texan character is open faced. It conceals itself no more than the open face of the plain conceals itself from the searching eye of the sun. Moreover the Texan character moves straight to its designs. The early Texan was little bothered by the right angles of the surveyors. He saddled his horse and moved off across the plains in the exact direction he wished to go. That early custom has become a trait. The Texan character is single hearted and direct. It does not beat the whole jungle over but goes straight to the lair of whatever tiger it is hunting that day. But to these two traits of the Texanic character, one other must be added—breadth, largeness of spirit, a world view. Nothing Texanic can be narrower than the sweep of world horizons.

And this, now, is the story of a Texanic personality. Even before going to Texas the writer was informed that George W. Truett holds Texas in the hollow of his hand. I wanted to know about that, and once there it was no trouble at all to gather information. I was overwhelmed with it. Usually some gum-shoe work is required to gather the materials for the biographical sketch of a public man, but it took none in this instance. I was hardly sconced in my hotel before telephone bells began to tinkle and notes and messengers to arrive. Gentlemen presently came hurrying to my room to tell me about George W. Truett. One Texan did tread upon another's heels so fast they followed on. Something had to be done about it. Who knew but those impetuous folk would soon be tying their appreciations to bricks and hurling them through the windows! I confessed my embarrassment. My informants rose to the occasion with that genius for hospitality which is the peculiar heritage of the South. They decided to hold a little private dinner in the hotel that night at which they would tell me all about this great Texanic soul. There now, by the way, was Texanic directness for you; yes, and Texanic sincerity, for they just naturally believed in this man Truett; believed that he was the greatest preacher in Texas, yes, sir; and, incidentally, in the United States. When they felt around in their minds for comparisons they mentioned Spurgeon and Beecher. Some could not stop with mere citations of ministers; they went on to statesmen, and talked of Gladstone and Bright and Disraeli. And they all wanted to testify.

The gentleman who assumed charge of this little boosters' banquet told me his only embarrassment was to keep the number down to a reasonable dozen or so; that there was a reception to a United States Senator on the same night, and they did not want to break that up entirely. As it was, enough of notables crowded into our dining room to fill me with awe and wonder.

A MILE-A-MINUTE SORT OF PERSON

ON MY right was an ex-Attorney General of the State; on his right was a gentleman who had been referred to in the public prints of that day as the next Governor—and as I learned, this was no idle compliment. On my left was an eminent doctor of divinity, and on his left was the leading real estate dealer of north Texas. Besides there were judges and lawyers, bankers, editors and writers. It was a select party. There were no mere men and no mere millionaires or mere politicians. Each guest was a representative personality asset of the community, and all had gathered at the call of a moment to make their boast of a fellow townsman and a minister. Few of them were members of his congregation. Some confessed they could not stand it to hear him often—for reasons which will appear. All agreed that the man was Titanic and Texanic. Now, of course, these Texans may be mistaken in their judgment. Texans are enthusiasts. Whom they like they love and whom they hate they hang.

From the mountains of North Carolina for a hundred years feudists and fighters have come. Take a feudist and fighter and baptize him with the Holy Ghost and you get the stuff that prophets and apostles are made of. In those mountains, forty-five years ago, George W. Truett was born. The W.—I do not know what it is for. It does not matter. It is an unsignifying detail. It may stand for Washington. It may stand for whirlwind. George W. Truett, by any other initial or cognomen, would burn up his soul as fast.

Dr. Truett is a mile-a-minute sort of person. He seems to have entered the world on the run and never to have slackened his pace. By the time he was nineteen years old he had established the Hiawassee High School in northeast Georgia, and was its principal. The school grew. When the youth was twenty-one it had two hundred and fifty students. A career was swiftly forming for the young principal right there in Georgia, but his parents decided to migrate westward. Upon the door of the school one morning appeared the cabalistic letters, "G. T. T." which everywhere stood in those days of Lone-Starward emigration for "Gone To Texas." The young man had trekked with his father; but he could not elude his destiny. He was a marked man from the time he entered the new State. He could not move down the street, he could not whittle a stick on the corner, he could not get on his horse and ride off across the prairie without people following him. He was a born leader of men. He was the Little Corsican over again with added inches and conscience. Had he gone into politics he might have shaken this Texas as La Follette shook Wisconsin. He had his eye on politics, too, and would have gone into law but for an old Baptist preacher. A few times the young man had talked to the people in the village church when the minister was away. He was an untutored boy then. His clothes didn't fit him, and, for that matter, neither did his arms and legs. He was lean and lithe as a panther, he had a long head and a bulldog jaw. But the most remarkable part of him was his eyes. They shone like gems. And he could preach—right then he could preach.

HE WAS PRAYED INTO THE MINISTRY

A RELIGIOUS service was held on Saturday in those days to get ready for Sunday, a sort of church matinée. At one of these Saturday matinées the old preacher took a very unfair advantage of the young mountaineer by suddenly saying: "There's a young man in this house that ought to be preaching and we all know it. We all know who he is, and I want everybody in the house to go to prayin' for him to decide right now."

Surprised and scared are tame words to apply to the state of being of young Truett. His soul was all but jellied. He flushed redder than the clay of his native mountains. His conscience was already trying to choke the embryo lawyer in him. Now with all these prayers coming at him from the outside, he knew he was treed, to use a term most familiar to his youth. He clamored for time; he protested, he pleaded for a postponement, an armistice, anything that would let him get away from those folk on their knees, so the lawyer and the preacher in him could have an even break at the least. Just here I forget how the matinée came out, but presently George W. Truett was a candidate for the ministry. The minute that decision was known his destiny began trailing him harder than ever. In Waco was Baylor University. It was in debt—heavily in debt for those days—something like one hundred thousand dollars. And it was sinking under the burden. Here came the old Baptist minister pottering into the story again. He took his pen in hand to let the president of the imperiled university know "there's a young man here can raise that indebtedness." The president called the young man into view, looked him over, felt of his quality, and agreed with the old minister. In vain the mountain boy protested. He was a youth; he was a stranger; he was himself uncolleged. But the wise old college president continued in agreement with the wise old minister. He pointed the young man to the job, and insisted. Now George W. Truett with all his force has never been a man to kick long against the pricks of conscience. He looked into the watery eye of the older man and succumbed. He took the job. And as usual he started like a prairie fire. In one year and eleven months he had raised the indebtedness and something more. Then having saved the school, he entered it as a student. For four years he pursued its courses diligently. Then they graduated him, diplomaed and perhaps degreed him. Soon after which they elected him to its presidency.

HE PREACHES WITH A TONGUE OF FIRE

NOW you begin to see that this young man from the mountains of North Carolina must really have had something on the ball.

But he declined the presidency. He had decided six or seven years before to preach, and [illegible] to preach. For four years, along with [illegible], he had been pastor of a church. The [illegible] of the power of this preaching had spread all over the country. Great churches in the nation vied with one another to secure this young man, still under thirty, for their pulpit. But the man had given himself to Texas. He accepted a call from the First Baptist Church of Dallas, and he is in his sixteenth year there now. His church auditorium is one of the largest in the country. I got tangled up in his Sunday school in the morning as it was dispersing, and it was like the back wash from a circus.

The man preaches with a tongue of fire. His sermons have come to be the sensations of the annual conventions of his Communion. At Baltimore, in 1909, his speaking place was filled, packed and jammed, two hours before the preaching hour. So every year as the place of these annual conventions is shifted over the country, the people will stand in the aisles to hear the man. In his grip upon an audience he resembles Spurgeon. In the blaze of his passion we must go trailing back into history for analogies.

With it all, he is simple and human as a Georgia cracker. But to this simplicity he adds all the dignity of the full-blown Texan character.

His ministry in the town is to all. He has unbounded energies. His skin is tight upon his body. His nerves are tense as wire. He works untiringly, in gentleness and sweetness and patience.

THE RELIGIOUS ROUND-UP OF THE COWBOYS

DR. TRUETT can hate the sin and love the sinner and make the sinner understand that he feels both emotions. Said some one to me: "He makes the strongest prohibition speeches I ever heard, but if he were to die, I think every saloon in town would close on the day of his funeral."

Nor does the man's ministry stop with municipal boundaries. It goes far and includes in a most remarkable way the cowboys on the ranges. Take you a map of Texas and trace a line off southwestward toward El Paso for six or seven hundred miles till you come upon a county called Jeff Davis, with scraggly mountains marked therein. Those are the Davis mountains, one of the last haunts of the Texas cowboy. Every year for ten years Dr. Truett has been going for a week into this country and engaging with the cowboys in a great religious round-up. The cowboys come, the cattlemen come, and some bring their wives—come from hundreds of miles round, and sleep out upon the ground in the open air in a nook of the mountains, and three times daily the fiery evangel from Dallas preaches to them the unsearchable riches of the Gospel. Dr. Truett eats their food, he lives their life, he sleeps their sleep on the ground with only a tarpaulin to cover him. For that week of the year he is their pastor and they are his people. There will be seven or eight hundred of the men and perhaps as many women. It is the great event of their year.

Dr. Truett's own characterization of these people is: "They are unspoiled; they are children of nature; they are artless; they are sincere as the sunlight; they are men of tremendous convictions; they face issues and decide them; they are empire builders." But at the time of the first of these meetings, Dr. Truett was quite unacquainted with the cowboy character. The place of meeting was fifty miles or more from the railroad station. The party which came to escort him consisted of thirty or forty men and a score of women. The train being late, only thirty miles was made the first day and they camped at night near the house of a cattleman. The mountain air and the ride had given the preacher a great appetite. He ate enormously, and at its conclusion was indeed too full for any sort of utterance. Yet in the moment of his painful fullness, a deputation of the cowboys approached and proposed that he preach to them then and there. The minister was aghast. He not only was in no fit physical condition to preach, but he was utterly at sea as to what to preach. The men had not revealed themselves very clearly to him. He knew he was dealing with a simple-hearted folk, quick to feel affection and quick to take offense, and he did not know much more. The deputation read the minister's consternation on his face.

"Kaynt yo' shoot quick, Parson?" one of them asked, and added, thoughtfully, "'cause if yo' kaynt shoot quick, I reckon we all have sent for the wrong parson."

The preacher was on his mettle in an instant.

"Why, yes," he said, "I guess I can shoot quick if you can get me something to shoot at."

"Well," allowed another of the boys, "we' all are plumb anxious to be shot full of holes on this yere Gospel proposition—fire away."

But the preacher was still floundering.

"Where can we hold the service?" he asked, looking helplessly round as though a pulpit would suddenly appear out of a clump of cactuses.

This time the knights of the cow country showed their impatience.

"You kin hev the whole range, Parson, plumb from

here to the mountings," answered one of them with a [illegible] an amphitheatre fifty miles square framed in [illegible] the skirts of the hills. The preacher saw [illegible] indeed.

[illegible]," he declared with decision, nod [illegible] imp of cottonwood trees beside the [illegible] can sit on the porch. You men [illegible] or sit down as you like."

"This [illegible] perceedin' shore suits us plumb up to the hilt, assured the leader of the cowboys as they immediately began to dispose themselves.

"Can you sing?" asked the preacher.

There was much nudging of elbows and finally one of them allowed they had "some words that went purty well with 'A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night.'" The doctor thought they would hardly do, however, and proposed "Nearer, My God, to Thee." There was another council among the boys.

"We all allow 'at we can make out to sing that there song fitten to git started with the ropin' an' brandin' o' sinners, all right, all right, Parson," was the verdict at the end of it.

So they sang the song, and splendidly, their rich powerful voices swelling up through the branches toward the stars and out over the vast prairie in a way to start the emotions in the breast of the preacher. When they had finished he preached to them of the Love of God. They heard him in silence to the end, a silence that was awed and tense, as out there under the stars they felt themselves in the grip of unseen things. When the sermon was done the preacher made an evangelistic appeal that was without visible results, but he saw his men in serious mood, and he began to understand them and to feel that they understood him.

If you ever saw cowboys drop off to sleep like logs at the going down of the sun, you will understand how speedily they flung their "tarps" about upon the ground and rolled off to slumber. But while these preparations were going on, two great giants of them, after eying the preacher narrowly for a long time, approached him and asked:

"Will you take a little *pasear* (walk) with us, Parson? We all have got somethin' to say to you all."

"COME UNDER TO THE MAYSTER"

NATURALLY the minister consented. The two men walked ahead of him in solemn silence, yards and yards, and then more yards, till the total must have been more than two hundred—up the trail in the starlight, but all without a word. There was no sound but the far-off cry of a coyote on the hills and the near-by clink of spurs, the scrape of "chaps," and the occasional grating of a boot heel upon a boulder. At length the two solemn-faced men turned about, and one of them pushed up the flap of his hat so the minister saw the shine of his eyes as he said:

"Well, Parson, me and Bill jest wanted to tell you that if you kin keep up this lick o' preachin', you all are agoin' to git us convarted, shore."

And that was all they had to say. The minister too was scant of words. He just gripped their hands, and said: "Boys, I'll do my best."

Solemnly and in silence again he followed them back to the circle of "tarps" about the cottonwoods, and himself lay down—but not to sleep. The experience was too strange. After a while he noticed that the man next him was not sleeping either.

"No," confessed the man, "you shore have banished slumber from my couch this night, Parson. You got me a thinkin', Parson—you shore have."

Scores of conversions resulted from his first week in the cowboys' country.

"Come under to the Mayster," is the expression used by these sons of the saddle to describe conversion. Master is always their preferred word for Christ, and in their drawling accents they lengthen and depress the vowel until the word sounds as I have spelled it.

On the second or third night of this first meeting, a cowboy named Sam, just getting over delirium tremens, came down the aisle as the evangelistic appeal was being made, and stood before the preacher. He made a sorry picture. His eyes were wildly staring; his hair was disheveled; his mustaches hung disconsolate, one hand twirling nervously at them, while the other nestled restlessly near the butt of the revolver on his hip. The sight of the coming of Sam stirred the audience deeply. And Sam began immediately to speak right out in meeting:

"Do you mean, Parson," he asked, thickly, "'at if I come under to the Mayster, he will he'p me fight these devils at's eatin' me up?" Before the minister could reply scores of cowboys were standing on their feet all about and calling encouragingly: "That's exactly right, Sam." "That shore is right," "You bet your life He will," and expressions of similar import.

And Sam came under to the Mayster, and is to-day a sober man.

RAISING HALF A MILLION DOLLARS

DR. TRUETT'S feat in saving Baylor University was not his only experience in money raising. Every year he is gathering money for some great philanthropic or missionary purpose. Within the last three years the doors of a great sanatorium swung open in Dallas. It is the finest of its particular kind in the Southwest, so far as the people of Dallas know. It cost a half a million dollars. George W. Truett raised that half million dollars—raised it without a cent of cost to the institution or to anyone but himself—raised it between whiles of one of the busiest pastorates in America. It was and will remain a monumental achievement. His cowboy friends helped with the enterprise to the extent of tens of thousands of dollars. No year passes that they do not put money in his hands for some unselfish cause.

"People do what he wants them to do," the old Baptist preacher had written to the president of Baylor University twenty years or more ago. That is still a predominant characteristic of the man. He gives off power like radium. He multiplies his personality through all the organization of his church.

IN THE PULPIT

THE auditorium of this church is a fine piece of Gothic improvisation—the improvisation being due to the necessity of doubling its capacity to meet the necessities of the Truett congregations. But the Gothic effect has been preserved, and the auditorium lifts itself in noble vistas three directions from the pulpit. Space, airiness, grace, and almost the effect of an outdoor temple are the achievements of the architects in this built-over structure.

Dr. Truett entered his pulpit unobtrusively, almost stealthily. He wore a short black coat of some light fabric—it might have been alpaca—I am no wizard of warps and woofs. When he stood up to speak there was little to remind one of the arts of the practiced orator. There was no "taking of the stage," no impressive silences that gathered the audience up and up and up into the arms of his personality. His voice was not rich, though they told me he had worn it out by preaching thrice daily to the cowboys and talking with them interminably between services, for he had just come from his annual week with them. Anyway, I found it heady, and in vehemence throaty.

The Rev. Dr. George W. Truett, who characterizes, says Mr. Macfarlane, the Texanic spirit of sincerity and directness

THE SERMON

NEITHER his utterances nor his manner seemed at first magnetic. He appeared to depend upon a kind of dominance of will to compel the attention of his auditors. And he got it. From the beginning there was absolute attention from these two or three thousand people who had been hearing him for fifteen years. Yet one felt as one listened that these were only the preliminary and labored minutes of a discourse that presently would soar.

With short smashing sentences the man was beating back the barriers on all sides and opening a way for every mind to his line of thought. At the same time there was a growing intentness of manner. Physically he hardly moved. His face was tense. He has very white and very perfect teeth, and these teeth gleamed continually as he bit out his words.

At times his thought was slow and his words were slow in consequence, but he seemed always about to say something so important that no syllable of it must be missed.

"Creeds!" he suddenly shouted—"Creeds are in order to *be*. Creeds must *get* somewhere. A creed that doesn't *arrive* is a vain thing. A great *believer* is a great *doer!*"

His voice rang louder; his teeth gleamed whiter; the beams of his eyes shot farther. Something new had come into his voice, not the familiar Southern oratorical cadence, but a kind of minor, rhythmic beat that now and then swelled out into a major with a great burst of suppressed passion.

Abruptly he began to pile up historical allusions—short, moving incidents that were fresh and vital—that had no stale smell of homiletic scrapbooks, but sharp at the corners, as though just quarried from the rich layers of history by the man's own hands. He told with marvelous dramatic power the story of the heroic defenders of the Dutch city of Leyden. With eyes flashing and form quivering, he declared for a strong-armed Christianity: "There is no glory," he shouted, "in being an invalid—no virtue in being stupid."

"All power," he said a few moments later, "all intellectual power, personal power, financial power—all power is under *obligation to humanity!* It must serve, serve, serve! as David, by the will of God, served his generation."

And that is the last note I have. The preacher had launched himself. He was soaring now. There was a sheen upon his face. His eyes no longer flashed—they streamed, beaconing forth the message of the man's blazing soul. There was no more effort, no more compelling of attention by the sheer force of will.

All the force had gone out of the man. Power had come in its place. Sometimes his voice was tremulous with a low, whickering note of pathos. Sometimes it roared like a storm in the mountains. Sometimes, again, it was like the hoarse murmur of many waters, and rose like a wave of the sea higher and higher, to curl and break in a spray of white-hot whispers that searched the corners of the auditorium like hissing jets of steam.

THE GLOWING AURA OF A SOUL

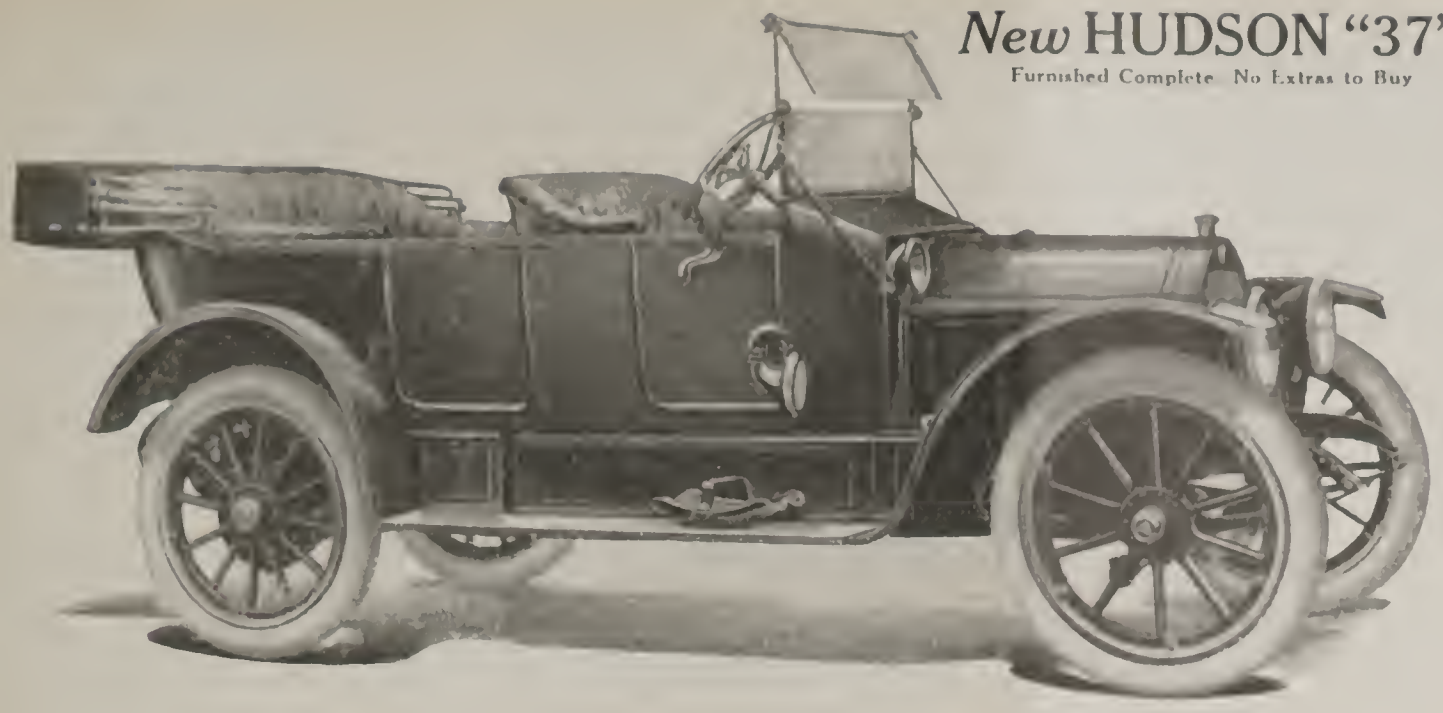
THERE were no more arguments. Illustrations became fewer. Unsupported assertions were made and accepted on the authority of a soul on fire. There were apostrophes; there were pleas; there were denunciations; there were touches of emotion that brought tears; there were flashes of subtle humor that brought smiles; and there was a continual unbaring, a continual quarrying down into the hearts of his hearers. A Texanic directness is a characteristic of the man's preaching. Like the fox in the Spartan's breast, he tears directly into the vitals of a man till his heart is laid bare to himself. Now I understood why some of the men at the dinner said they could not hear him often. They could not hear him and resist him. They would have had to "come under to the Mayster." He would have overwhelmed them.

Once the man's oratorical passions are aroused he attacks like a whirlwind. He comes on like a cavalry charge. You hear the beat of drums, the clatter of sabers, the huzzas of advancing hosts. The ground rocks and reels with the thunder and thud of ten thousand hoofs, and suddenly there in the midst of you is that figure with the burning cheek, the gleaming teeth, and the blazing eye, swinging high the sword of his flashing spirit and hacking his way to your heart. Pulpit and choir, transept and arch, audience and organ, the very body of the man in his black alpaca coat, fade away. Only the glowing aura of a soul remains; yes, and the cheek still burning, and the teeth still gleaming, and the eye of the man still blazing. For a few moments longer this phenomenon continues. It is the flame of a soul on fire, the passion of an apostle, the transfiguration of a preacher by the heat of his own convictions.

Back the mind runs for a moment to the mountain boy who at nineteen can make a high school out of a tobacco barn in Georgia; who at twenty-three can lift the debt on a college; who, while pastor of a great church and giving himself to its demands as few constitutions could, can yet be the bishop of the souls of a thousand cowboys in a crack of the mountains seven hundred miles away; who in the by-whiles of his season's work can build a sanatorium at a cost of half a million dollars; who can read as he flies all the latest books; who can cause people to stand for hours in the aisles to hear his convention sermons; and who, while doing all this, can live a life so pure and strong and true and gentle that all his townsmen love him and will take their oath no preacher of modern times more nearly lives his message. . . . Well, to call such a man Texanic is to make the word bigger than it could ever become through all the labored phrasings and connotations of lexicographers.

Yes, George W. Truett is Texanic! Undoubtedly, Texanic!

And as I was packing scrip and wallet and reaching for my staff, one of my dinner hosts came on tiptoe to my door to say: "And speak a word for Dallas!" Need I identify him further? It was the real-estate man. And I am glad to comply with his request. Have you seen Dallas? No? Then you ought to see it, for Dallas also is Texanic!



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In the car that you plan to buy, you expect a more satisfactory automobile than is the one you are selling. Perhaps lack of power, or speed, or uncomfortable riding qualities, or lack of safety, or some other detail has not pleased you in the car that you are selling. Naturally you will see to it that your new car will not be similarly unsatisfactory. You should further be sure that the new car is also satisfactory in all other essentials, such as staunchness, simplicity freedom from mechanical faults, and also that it is modern in appointment, equipment and luxurious furnishings. And be particular that it is comfortable to ride in, that it is roomy enough for you to lounge about in and that it gives no trouble on the road.

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Models are Five-passenger Touring and Torpedo and Two-passenger Roadster at $1875 each; Canadian price, duty paid, $2425, f. o. b. Detroit. Open bodies with Limousine and Coupé, extra.

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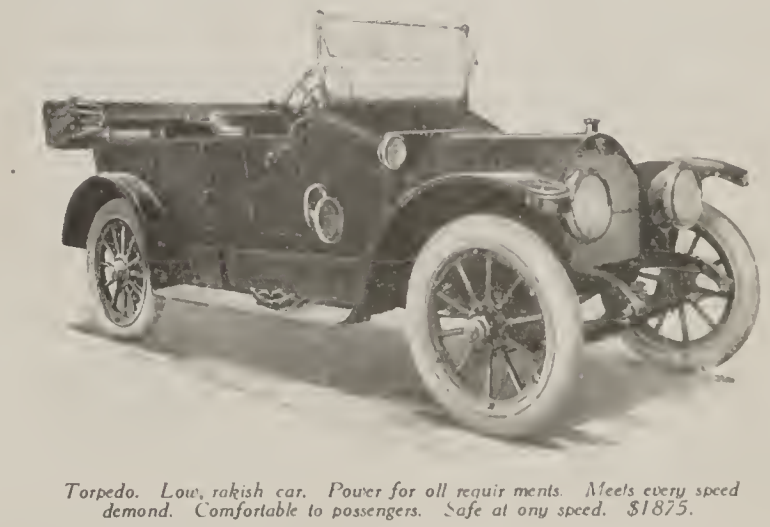

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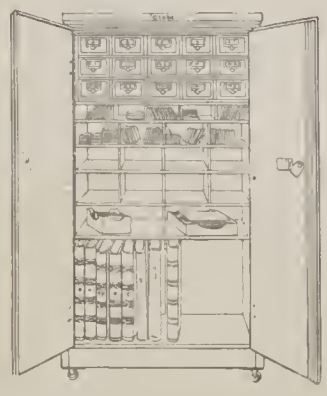

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Agencies in principal towns and cities.

Anonymous Letters

Continued from page 19

And with one dimpled hand playing with the paper knife on his desk, and the other hooked into his watch pocket by the thumb, he continued chattily: "These people have been working with a dishonest lawyer in this way: the woman's in a position to hear most of the gossip of what our newspapers call 'the smart set,' and as soon as she gets a rumor of any marital difficulties she sends such letters as yours to the aggrieved party, anonymously. She follows them with a letter to the effect that the dishonest lawyer has evidence to prove the anonymous accusations. The lawyer almost invariably gets the case. He betrays his client into the hands of the blackmailers, who proceed to involve the client in a criminal conspiracy to manufacture evidence for the divorce proceedings; and when the divorce has been obtained, the client finds himself—or herself—threatened with exposure, and compelled to pay for silence. They were evidently working toward some such conclusion with your sister."

VAN AMBERG straightened up.

"They'll betray my sister into no such conspiracy."

"No," Babbing agreed. "I thought it unlikely. They have an alternative plan, however."

"An alternative?"

"Mrs. Harper, you say, is very ill?"

"She *has* been—yes. She's had what was supposed to be malaria. We find it was peripatetic typhoid."

"And her son?"

"Nothing whatever the matter with him."

"But if anything happened to his mother he would be her sole heir, wouldn't he?"

"Yes."

"And being a minor, his father would be his guardian?"

"Until a few days ago, yes. My sister has recently made a new disposition of her estate."

"Making you the boy's guardian?"

"Yes."

"Does his father know this?"

"No. But I don't see—"

"Mr. Van Amberg," Babbing interrupted, "you have wisely intercepted the letters that came to your sister. I would advise you now to let it be generally known that in the event of your sister's death, you will be her son's guardian and her estate will be in your hands. That will protect her husband from blackmail and save him from being betrayed—as *she* might have been—into the hands of these criminals."

Van Amberg was frowning at him, puzzled. "I don't understand you."

"It isn't necessary that you should." Babbing rose to end the interview, smiling. "I'm very much obliged to you for bringing me your letters. I think I can guarantee that you'll not receive any more. These people 'fish in troubled waters,' as the saying is. You've not settled the trouble—but you've removed the fish."

"How so?"

Babbing shook hands with him. "Think it over. If I'm wrong—and you continue to be annoyed—let me know. I'll be glad to return the compliment of your assistance and help you all I can. Barney, show Mr. Van Amberg the way to the hall."

"Well," Van Amberg said, obviously worried, "I'm altogether in the dark, but I'll take your word for it. Glad to have met you."

"This way, sir," Barney put in.

VAN AMBERG drifted out, piloted by Barney, who opened and closed the doors for him. They did not speak. Van Amberg was evidently busy with the mystifications in which Babbing had involved him; and Barney was preparing himself for the examination which he expected to face when he returned to Babbing's desk. He found the Chief saying to Archibald: "He can get in to fix the electric lights. Plant it by telephone first. Have him search for evidences of experiments in germ cultures. Look at his books, too. Medical books. Go ahead."

Archibald went out. Barney waited. Babbing looked at him over his glasses. "Well, anything wrong with Van Amberg?"

"I didn't see anything, Chief."

"Did you notice that he said there was nothing whatever the matter with his nephew?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you remember what Harper said about the boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it?"

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MR. J. H. HARE—WAR PHOTOGRAPHER FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY IN THE BALKANS—DEVELOPING HIS FILMS ON THE FIELD WITH A KODAK FILM TANK. (COURTESY OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY.)

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The Kodak tells the war news of to-day.

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(EXTRACT)

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Nov. 18, 1901. (*Signed*) FRED. WM. UNGER.

IN VENEZUELA.

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Gentlemen:— In ordering another Kodak Developing Machine I wish to express my great appreciation of this, the latest product of your company.

In the past four years I have made more than ten thousand negatives in all parts of the world, most of them being in a tropical country, and have used a Kodak and the Eastman films, and find a uniformity of excellence in all temperatures and climates, (from the hottest known tropical weather to a northern winter below zero.)

Very sincerely yours,
Feb. 9, 1903. (*Signed*) JAS. F. J. ARCHIBALD.

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1909.

Being satisfied since my first expedition in 1891 that the Eastman cameras and films were best suited for this class of work, I have used both exclusively in all of my Arctic expeditions since, and it is to this I attribute the fact that I have brought back a series of photographs which in quantity and quality probably exceed any other series of photographs obtained from arctic regions.

(*Signed*) R. E. PEARY, U. S. N.

AT SANTIAGO.

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Gentlemen:— I have expressed to you to-day my 5 x 7 camera (No. 5 Folding Kodak, 1898 Model), which I carried through the Cuban campaign and again took with me on a three months' trip in Puerto Rico.

During these trips some two thousand pictures were made. Not a roll of film was lost by light, leakage or defects in the mechanism, and but five per cent. of the negatives were off color, and those due entirely to faults committed by the operator.

(Extract) Yours very truly,
March 2, 1899. (*Signed*) WM. DINWIDDIE.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

Ninety per cent. of the pictures obtained for this office of important scenes in the Far East were taken by films.

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NARROW, pointed shoes—by bending and binding the foot bones, as in this X-ray photo—cause corns, bunions, callouses, ingrowing nails, fallen arch, etc. Doctors find that such foot ills impair your energy, cut down your efficiency.

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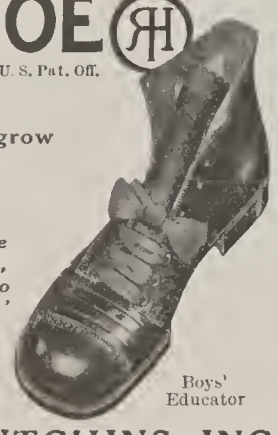

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WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., 734 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana

Anonymous Letters

Continued from page 24.

"That they'd took him away 'cause he had a sore t'roat."

Babbing took off his glasses, surprised. "Why did you remember *that?* Because it was a boy?"

Barney grinned. "I've had sore t'roats. They never took *me* up the Hudson."

"I see. Envy, eh? Well, why do you suppose Harper said his son was sick when he wasn't—and said nothing about his wife, when *she was?*"

BARNEY was silent.

Babbing returned to the papers on his desk. "I'll show you before this time tomorrow. Run along now. I'll not need you on this case again till Harper comes."

Barney went out as importantly as if he had been appointed consulting expert to the head of the Babbing Bureau. Almost immediately afterward he was sent with an older operative to help "trail" a valet who was suspected of stealing from his employer; and he forgot Harper and the anonymous letters in the excitement of tracking his man up and down Broadway, in and out of hotels, on and off street cars, through crowds, and along deserted side streets, to the pawnshop where the suspect had been disposing of his loot. By the time the valet was on his way to the police station, Barney was sound asleep in his bed at home, tucked in by his mother. And it was not till he arrived at the Babbing Bureau, next morning, that he remembered Harper. There was a note on his desk: "Chief will call you to his office about ten."

He had no report to write on the valet's case; the other operative was attending to that; and he sat down with a yesterday's newspaper to enjoy the "comics." On the wall behind him there was hanging a dummy revolver that a convict had carved out of wood with a jackknife and used to "break jail." Barney had long since exhausted his awed interest in it. There were photographs of criminals stuck up here and there—clippings from newspapers, old cartoons of Babbing, fingerprint records, and a miscellany of odd "exhibits" preserved by the men who used the office. Barney had come to accept them as the cub accepts the curiosities of the reporters' room. He was growing blasé. It took the expected summons from Babbing to give him the thrill of a call from the editor.

AS soon as he entered Babbing's door, the detective said: "I understand you to report that no one was shadowing Mr. Harper?"

Harper was sitting there, massively composed.

"Yes, sir."

"He tells me," Babbing said, "that a detective got into his house yesterday, disguised as an electrician, on the pretext of renewing the light bulbs."

"I didn't cover the house," Barney replied.

"He was detailed," Babbing explained, "to see whose men were following you on the street. He found no one at it."

"I think you'd better put a *man* on the job," Harper grumbled.

"I don't think you'll feel that way when you hear his report. I want to go over it with you. Sit down, Barney."

Barney sat down alertly.

"He finds," Babbing said, glancing over his typewritten sheets, "that the anonymous letters could not have come from Mr. Van Amberg."

"Why not?"

"Because Van Amberg intercepted them before they reached your wife. She has never received them."

HARPER turned on Barney. "How do you know that?"

Barney nodded to the paper in Babbing's hands, as if it contained the answer.

"It doesn't matter how we know it," Babbing said. "It's a fact."

Harper glanced suspiciously from one to the other. The boy's face was an ingenuous mask. Babbing's expression was almost as innocent, but there was a keenness in his colorless eyes. He tapped the typewritten pages. "He also reports," he said, "that you're probably sending these anonymous letters yourself."

Harper took it without a quiver. He looked from Babbing to the papers on his desk. From the papers he looked down at the hat in his hands. "Well," he said, rising, "I've no time to waste on this sort of nonsense."

"You're not wasting it," Babbing assured him. "You're employing it very profitably. Your wife has been ill with

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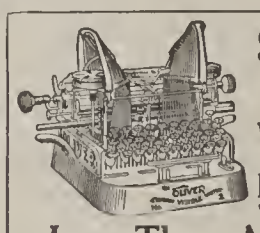

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Anonymous Letters

Concluded from page 26

typhoid fever. She's recovering. But she has made a will appointing her brother trustee of her estate in the event of her death—till her son comes of age."

"What's that got to do with *you?*"

"Nothing whatever," Babbing said. "But a great deal to do with *you.* As long as she lives, I understand, you'll continue in your present position. But if she dies, you see, you'll lose it."

Harper was very coolly pale, and he confronted Babbing's critical scrutiny with a firm scowl. "What the devil are you trying to insinuate?"

"That you've been very wise in making a study of the typhoid baccillus. No doubt you're experimenting to produce the antitoxin. Eh?"

HARPER sat down again quickly. He leaned forward, with his jaw set. "You can't say a thing like that to *me* and get away with it. Now, —— —— you, what do you mean?"

Babbing smiled at him in ironical silence, contemptuously. "I've been in this game for forty years. Did you think that you could sit into it, for the first time in your life, and make a fool of me? Barney, show this crook the quickest way to the hall." He jerked a nod in the direction of the door. He added, as he dipped his pen: "I'll send you my bill as soon as my men report their expenses."

"Blackmail, eh?" Harper said hoarsely.

Babbing replied, in the voice of abstraction: "Worse than that. Ruin, if you don't behave yourself. I haven't enough evidence to convince a jury, perhaps, but I've enough to satisfy Eugene Van Amberg and his sister." He was signing his letters. "You'll tread gently for the rest of your days, you sneaking parasite. And if you so much as put a toe outside the straight path, I'll have you flung into the Broad Street gutters like a drunken bum. You can go."

"This way," Barney said, and threw the door open.

Harper hesitated, tugging his hat down on his forehead in a manner at once beaten and defiant. He opened his mouth to speak, thought better of it, and bit his teeth together again. As he shouldered past Barney, his jaw muscles were swollen in his cheek as if he had taken a bulldog grip on his rage and his disappointment.

Barney watched him down the hall. When he closed the door and returned to Babbing, he found the Chief still busily writing.

"Go back to your work," he said, without stopping his pen. "And keep your mouth shut."

"Yes, sir," Barney promised, just as confidently as if he were quite clear what it had all been about. "I won't have to write any other report, will I?"

"Other than what?"

HE answered, with a straight face: "Other than the one you read to Harper."

Babbing adjusted his glasses and blotted his signature. "No," he said, "I think that one covers your end of the game."

And Barney went out, grinning cheerfully, pleased with himself, pleased with Babbing, but chiefly pleased because he thought he had outwitted the typewriter.

"The Yellow Jacket"

Continued from page 20

There is still something of the child in all of us when we are not spoiled by overdoses of pseudorealism. This play has much in it that comes from the folklore of an ancient people and is as true as it is dramatic. The young, innocent, and graceful hero defying the world for his little Plum Blossom and gripping our hearts by the unconscious wistfulness of youth; the effete son of a rich man plucking imaginary lotus flowers in a garden composed of three chairs, filling us with the same wrath that we feel when we meet him on Main Street; the pretty mischief maker, more dangerous because she casts such a "little shadow"; the bumptious "great man," the cruel mother-in-law, the good old country people, all are there, and the acting is so good that we feel completely their humanity in spite of their wildly bizarre costumes and exaggerated deeds. These very costumes help to bridge the seeming gulf between the simple melo-

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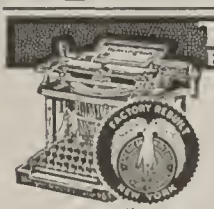

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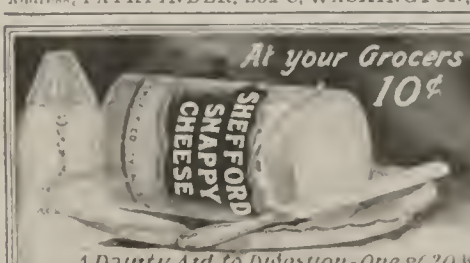

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The Yellow Jacket

(Concluded from page 27)

drama of the fairy-tale action and the quiet, cynical, intellectual humor of much of the dialogue. As an example of the daring but charming transitions in which the play abounds take this: The dashing young hero, after overcoming untold horrors in his efforts to reach the palace of the usurper, cries out that he will "fling his naked body against the castle walls." An instant after the rich man's son, the usurper, rises from behind the red curtain that represents the mighty battlements and remarks to the audience: "You have heard this youth's almost indelicate threat." Sometimes there is not even a break, but the satire and gentle humor is suffused over the action like a flickering light, or perhaps it is the action that is only a framework for the twinkling humor. At any rate, it is very funny, if you listen carefully—so funny that you catch yourself suddenly laughing outright on the way home from work some night, to the astonishment of your neighbor strap hanger, who has days ago forgotten the imaginary fiery charger that caused him to be so obnoxiously hilarious the night he saw the play. So we wish to protest against the indifference of our fellow leaders in dramatic paths and wish a long run and much applause to the play that can make you cry and gasp with excitement over a red pillow "gory head" when you see it and chuckle to yourself about the sophisticated comments for many weeks to come.

Chas. S. Mellen to the Bar

(Continued from page 9)

operating vice president of the Boston & Maine. Mellen management on the Boston & Maine did not prove of the wonder-working efficiency that Vice President Byrnes had prophesied, possibly, the cynically minded might say, because Mellen management had never been of wonder-working efficiency on the New Haven.

There had been a committee appointed for the Boston & Maine which, in touching tribute to Mr. Brandeis, was styled the "Efficiency Committee." Among the employees it was more familiarly known as the "Ax Committee" because apparently its chief duties were to lay off men. But after several years of New Haven management, and very considerable expenditures, there was still a painful lack of results. And so, on October 7 of a year ago, we find Mr. Barr saying to Mr. Piper that further cuts are necessary, and giving him this explicit direction:

"Do not be deterred in carrying out this *imperative necessity* by anything unless satisfied that the *service* would be *seriously interfered* with." The alternative for Mr. Piper and all the rest of the employees was "a horizontal cut in all salaries!"

Now it is precisely from about October of a year ago that the complaints of the shipper began to pour into the Boston Chamber of Commerce.

The service has not been better; it has not been cheaper. Statistics have been prepared showing that there had been considerable and important increases in rates, with relatively few decreases. Thus, for example, lumber rates from Maine to points on the Boston & Maine have been increased for 740 points and reduced for only 213; and to points on the New Haven increased for 931 places and decreased for only 53.

Taken as a whole, eighty-six per cent of the changes were advances, and these advances ran from twenty per cent to thirty-three per cent. An attempt was made to increase the rate on potatoes, the advances varying from one and three-quarter cents to ten cents per hundred pounds. But the shippers appealed to the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the proposed increase was suspended. In spite of numerous protests that New England rates on many commodities are higher than in other parts of the country, notably the rates on coal, few or no reductions have been made.

CURIOUS PRACTICES REVEALED

COMPLAINTS of slow time on Western shipments have served to reveal curious practices, the like of which sometimes makes of railroading one of the lesser mysteries. Take the routing of Western freight from Boston & Maine points. Formerly this freight for the most part went straight west. Now it is carried over the New Haven tracks down through New York, or over the New Haven's Poughkeepsie bridge. In some instances this diversion of traffic from what might be called its natural lines has added two hundred miles or more to the total haul, or around twenty-five per cent to Chicago or intermediate points, with no gain that is apparent to the unaided eye.

One is sometimes minded to inquire how it is, if freight rates are really as low as railway managers declare, a railroad can indulge in transportation feats like this without heavy loss. Meanwhile it is evident that by this means the gross receipts, at least of the New Haven, may be materially swelled. But this must result in a corresponding loss to the Boston & Maine.

THE GRIP

IT is evident that even with virtual possession of almost all New England rails the New Haven's control of the situation would be nothing like so complete if it had not an equally effective grip upon water transportation as well. Since Mr. Mellen's advent it has acquired every important Sound line; it owns the Merchants' Line, half the Merchants & Miners' Line, the Maine Steamship Line, the Neptune Line, etc. The financial difficulties of Mr. Morse gave the New Haven an opportunity to acquire the Metropolitan Line from Boston to New York, and the Boston Merchants' Line, which had been set up by the New Haven in nominal competition with the Metropolitan, was thereupon abandoned. When the Boston Merchants' Line was organized Mr. Brandeis had charged that it had no other object than to drive the Metropolitan out of business and forestall the project of still another company, to be directly owned by Boston merchants. Mr. Campbell, the vice president of the New Haven's company, wrote very indignantly, and "upon authority of President Mellen," to declare that "there is absolutely no truth in the charge made by Mr. Brandeis," and giving the usual prolific assurances of the New Haven's good faith.

In just two years the Metropolitan had passed into bankruptcy, its boats were sold off, and the Boston Merchants' Line ceased to exist.

In much the same way the project for an independent steamship line to Texas, so as to bring cotton directly to the doors of New England, was likewise defeated, and thus the last attempt at even a flicker of water competition came to an end.

It might seem that all this would be a last straw, for a glance at the map suffices to show what a tremendous stake New England has in its water transportation. It has a magnificent coast line, with innumerable natural harbors. Into these harbors drain her rivers, so that a natural system of transportation would carry its products, practically at water level, all the way to the sea and there transship for long delivery. To carry freight by rail from Portland or Boston and all interior points to New York and to Poughkeepsie is to carry it over the back of New England. The railroad ought to be the feeder of New England's water lines. Instead of that its water lines are all but suppressed, and this wholly in the interest of an unnatural and artificial monopoly.

But the virtual closure of its harbors to competitive traffic did not rouse New England to action. It still had left one hope. And mark the singular nature of that last hope: It was not that when Mr. Mellen's insatiate appetite to buy, buy, had been in some measure appeased that he might turn his lordly attentions to the humdrum and disagreeable business of actually conducting an expeditious and satisfactory transportation service. It was not that through the Massachusetts Railway Commission and the Public Service Commissions of the various States, possibly in cooperation with the Interstate Commerce Commission, the "intolerable conditions" which Mr. Byrnes had so vividly depicted might be bettered. It was not that, the hand of

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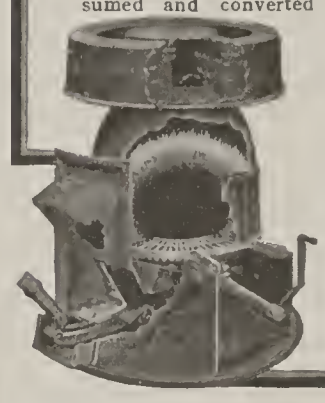

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Chas. S. Mellen to the Bar

(*Concluded from page 29*)

monopoly having been played out, the Legislatures of the various States might meet and frame laws to fit the emergency. Their hope still lay—mark the fatal word—in new ***competition.***

But note from what source. Home competition, New England competition, American competition, in the sense that we of the United States appropriate the name, had severally and totally failed. So supine New England would turn to *old* England, to English capital and to Englishmen, owning a railway in Canada, to save her from Mellen! It was to the Grand Trunk Railway, then dominated by Charles M. Hays, that she turned for relief. All in all, it was a pitiful spectacle. But her punishment was speedy.

Mr. Hays saw in the situation an admirable opportunity to gain an entrance for his lines into Boston and Providence. The pact was concluded, a large force of men was set at work, and New England serenely awaited Mr. Mellen's discomfiture. A few weeks later Mr. Hays had gone down into the icy waters of the Atlantic, on board the *Titanic;* Mr. E. J. Chamberlin, "the old-time boyhood friend of Mr. Mellen," had become his successor; the two men had met—Mr. Mellen and his boyhood friend, as boyhood friends are wont to do—and the Grand Trunk's invasion of New England had reached an abrupt conclusion.

It was this inept play of the Eumenides which brought New England to Washington and the Federal Grand Jury, blazing with wrath. But consider the intelligence therein displayed. Mr. Mellen had done nothing more than men of his type—the old, old type of feudal overlord—have done since the beginning of time. He had simply reached out and by force or stealth seized everything which he could lay hands upon. He had grabbed steamships and steamboats, trolleys and railroads, one after another, almost as fast as he could find the owners and borrow money to pay them for their property. So far as he could he had throttled competition in every hamlet in New England, so that six millions of people were in considerable measure dependent upon him for their livelihood and their daily food. Also for coal to keep them warm.

Almost from the beginning they had learned to know what Mr. Mellen's promises amounted to, and what his written pledges were worth. Almost at the beginning Mr. Brandeis had exposed the methods of bookkeeping to which Mr. Mellen was compelled to resort in order to conceal the true financial condition of the New Haven. But New England had listened to the voice of its "conservative business men" and to its highly respectable bankers, and it had given Mr. Mellen permission to do all the things that he has done, even the things that he had done without permission and against the flat mandate of the law. Now it angrily refuses to pay the price of its own stupidity and inaction.

But there is another side to the story and another quarter yet to be heard from. The latter is the New England investor. The properties that Mr. Mellen now controls represent a gross capitalization of well over a billion dollars. This billion dollars' worth of stocks and bonds is held largely in New England, and very largely by small investors. Now the small investor rarely has the time or knowledge closely to inquire into the value of securities. Usually he (or she) takes the word of a banker or a lawyer, and is usually willing to trust his word—until interest and dividends begin to fail.

For several years it has been very difficult for the New Haven to meet its dividends without a heavy deficit. The purchase of the Boston & Maine has so far been an unequivocal failure, not only as regards service to the public, but in returns either to the New Haven or the minority holders of Boston & Maine shares. The Boston & Maine's dividend has been cut from seven per cent to four per cent, and it is not earning that.

All told, Mr. Mellen had something like three hundred millions of new capital to play with. Much of this capital has cost, either as interest or as dividends, from six to eight per cent. It is earning far less—on the testimony of voices friendly to the New Haven, perhaps not over five per cent. The difference is being paid out of capital, new capital, for there is no large surplus in the earnings of the old capital from which it can be paid.

It is one thing to flout an angry populace of shippers, or the scum which ride upon his railroads, the traveling and commuting public, as, for example, Mr. Mellen was able to do so scornfully but a few months ago at a hearing in New York. But when the thousands of New England investors wake to the condition of the properties he controls—*their* properties—will Mr. Mellen's power prove as absolute as it seems?

The extraordinary way in which that power is now held and how it has been used will be told in the next article in the issue of January 11.

In the Bulgars' Trenches

(*Concluded from page 12*)

own position from any part of the colony of guns and men surrounding Adrianople could reach him in a few minutes' time if necessary. Chamber after chamber of the same kind were joined by a tunnel along the crest of the hill. Between the chambers were hung curtains.

A narrow slit of daylight between the timbered roof and the hard clay rifle rest looked out to the enemy. A shell striking the roof would do a certain amount of damage, bury a man or two in débris, but probably wound nobody. It must strike just right in order to enter, and then the effect of the explosion would be localized in that particular chamber.

We look down into another valley and up another slope, all the way to another crest. Scarred with trenches, pitted with shell holes, this was Sahara bare of human beings. Thus, a dead area lay between two hills frowning at each other; and Papastepe, we realized, was not yet ours. A Turkish redoubt defied our redoubt. Checkmate!

Hawklike either side watches night and day. At the first sign of any movement the telephones buzz. No need of a warning: "Beware the third rail!" A mesh of third rails could not have been more effectually forbidding. If infantry by night or day should break forth from cover in assault, a hose stream of fire would be spread over the slopes. The men would hasten from their warrens into the rifle pits, and, lying practically secure, they would have steady rests for moving targets mercilessly under their sights. A cat at the mouse hole, if you have to defend. The mouse coming out of the hole under the cat's claws, if you take the offensive!

Not only here but in many other places of contact among the valley hills around the besieged city the outposts waited in defiance, with such third-rail zones between them.

But for the roar of the passing shells, but for the burning villages and shrapnel bursts and sound of rifle fire from the river bottom, the scene is one of peace. The minarets of the great mosque appeared so near that you half imagine you might hear the muezzin's call to prayer. They are in the very center of the town, of the siege, of the war itself. The tiles of the great dome of the mosque seem faintly discernible, while the roofs of the city lay a brown bed under the misty rain.

If you might go down into the valley and follow along in the mud up to the Bulgarian advanced posts, and then with a white flag proceed to enter the Turkish lines, pass on over the bridge from Karagash into the town, spend a day or two there and then return, why, that would be something like real war correspondence.

"It is time we were starting," said the major, who warned us not to go back up the slope in a group, lest the Turks take us for an infantry movement and turn loose on us. He added that he did not want any correspondents to be wounded. No danger of that! The only wounds the corps of the Red Arm Band has suffered in this war has been to its feelings.

"Well, you did see a little something!" the major insists.

Yes, a good deal—a very good deal more than if we had remained in Mustapha Pasha; and, after all, we saw more in Mustapha than if we were in New York. We were in the track of war; we had the feel of war at least.

POULTRY AND GARDEN

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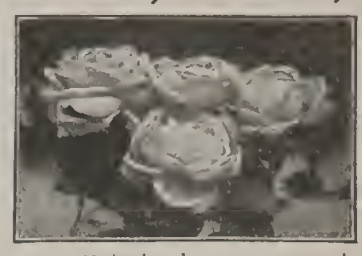

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and Almanac for 1913 has 224 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about Incubators, their prices and their operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Only 15c.
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and calendar of pure-bred poultry for 1913, large, many pages of poultry facts, different breeds in natural colors. 70 varieties illustrated and described. Incubators and brooders, low price of stock and eggs for hatching. A perfect guide to all poultry raisers. Send 10c for this noted book.
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Money In Poultry and Squabs Start small; Grow BIG. Foy's Big Book tells how. Describes World's largest pure-bred poultry farm; gives great mass of poultry information. Lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators. Mailed 4c. F. FOY, Box 24, Des Moines, Iowa

MONEY MAKING POULTRY
Our specialty. Leading varieties pure bred chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese. Prize winners. Best stock and eggs. Lowest prices, oldest farm, 28th year. Fine catalog FREE. H. M. JONES CO., Box 96, Des Moines, Ia.

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Give **Grenville Kleiser,** (former Yale Instructor), fifteen minutes of your time daily at home and he will teach you by mail how to make after-dinner speeches, propose toasts, tell stories, make political speeches, address board meetings; his Mail Course will help salesmen sell more goods, develop power and personality, improve memory, increase vocabulary, give poise and self-confidence; it will help a man earn more, achieve more. "Your Course has been of great service to me in my business, and I commend it to others in the highest terms," says JOSEPH P. DAY, New York's foremost auctioneer.
If you'll write *to-day,* we'll tell you all about it by mail.
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 618, New York

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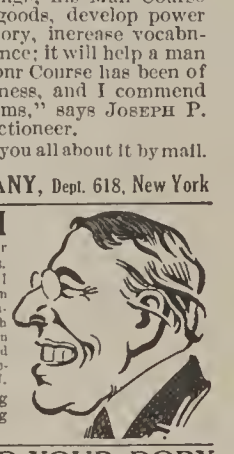

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EASY TO BUILD 18 to 30 ft.
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TOPPAN BOAT CO., 12 Haverhill St., BOSTON, MASS

Illustrated Souvenir Book of the
YOSEMITE AND THE BIG TREES
A faithful reproduction in their True Colors, of the Majestic Grandeur and Intense Beauty of this Masterpiece of Nature, mailed on receipt of One Dollar.
G. F. MILLER, Genl. Agt., Yosemite Valley Railroad
884 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

Collier's for January 11, in Two Sections. *Section ONE*

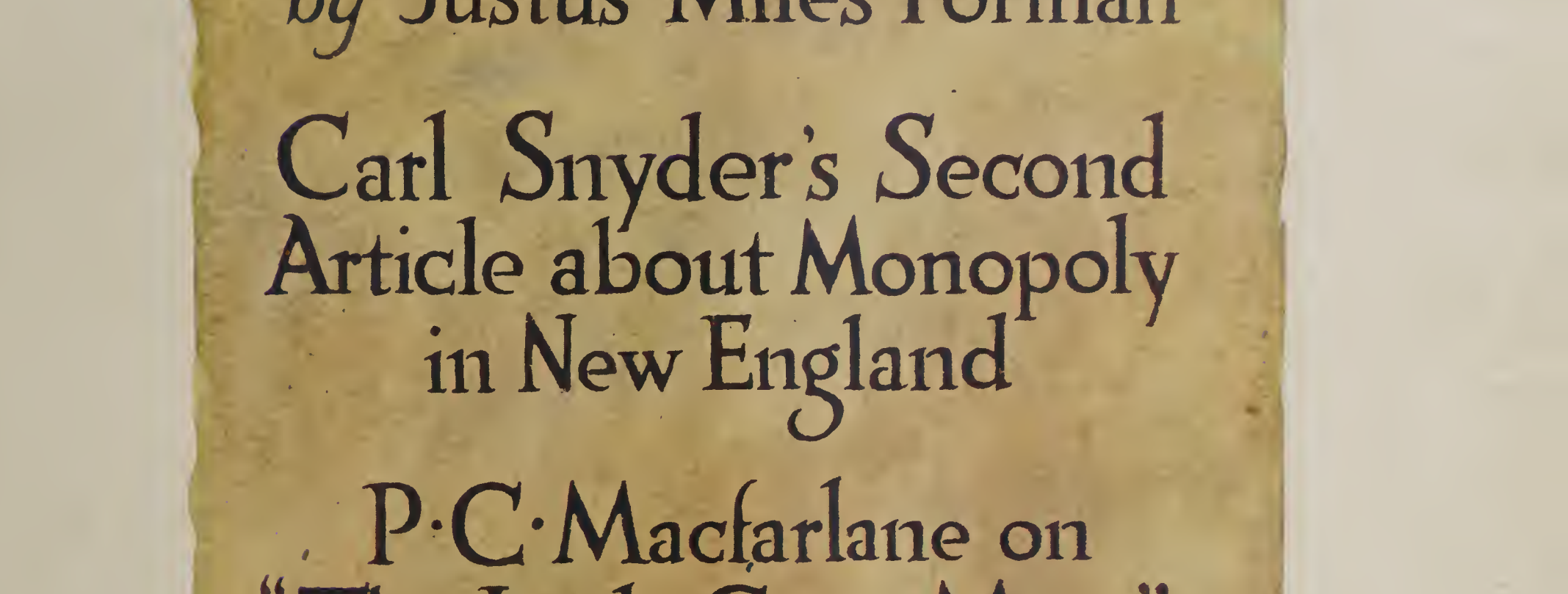
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Another Ruby Story *by* Justus Miles Forman

Carl Snyder's Second Article about Monopoly in New England

P·C·Macfarlane on "The Little Gray Man"



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VOL FIFTY NO 17

JANUARY 11 1913

Vitalized Rubber calls a halt on "Short Mileage!"

At last science gives you more rubber shod mileage.

Diamond (No Clinch) Tires

now made of VITALIZED RUBBER—a scientific combination of pure rubber and a toughening compound.

You can get Vitalized Rubber in Diamond Tires—NOW

A tire containing too much rubber fails to give the necessary mileage because it is not tough enough to withstand road usage. And the tire containing too little pure rubber has not the necessary staying qualities.

Our chemists have discovered the secret of how to mix pure rubber and a toughening compound in just the right proportions. The result is additional mileage for you. The pure rubber we use comes direct from the trees of the tropics—it is fresh and contains all the vitality of youth—it is elastic and easy riding. Then we mix this pure rubber with the secret toughening compound, which gives it the necessary vitalizing, wearing, *more mileage* quality.

This scientific combination has been vainly sought after for years by tire makers. After 15 years of successful tire making we have solved the problem—and you enjoy the benefit of our really wonderful discovery—in "Diamond" Vitalized Rubber Tires.

Add to this the Diamond proven principles of proper construction—nothing inferior in rubber, fabric or workmanship—and you have as perfect a tire as money can buy.

Here is a combination of easy riding and more mileage advantages you can't get in any other tire today—*Vitalized Rubber, Perfect 3-Point-Rim-Contact, No-Pinch Safety Flap*, and, if you wish, the now famous Safety (Squeegee) Tread—made to fit all types of rims.

So this time specify "Diamonds"—you can get them at any one of the

25,000 Diamond Dealers always at your Service

NOTE—If you are not entirely satisfied with the mileage you are getting now—if you wish to reduce your tire upkeep—send today for our new book, "How to Get more Mileage Out of Your Tires." It is free to every tire user. No matter what tire you ride on, you simply cannot afford to be without this valuable book, so send the coupon today

A perfect 3-Point Rim Contact tire at last

Fifty per cent of all tires are ruined through lack of perfect rim contact.

Perfect 3-Point-Rim-Contact is just as big an advantage in tire construction as 3-point suspension in the automobile.

Diamond 3-Point Rim Contact Tires hold with a vise-like grip absolutely preventing the tire from breaking above the rim, insuring no rim skid—no rim cutting—no rim trouble at all.

Our engineers have mastered the principles of Rim Contact construction, and you can get the Diamond (No-Clinch) Tire, with a perfect 3-Point Rim Contact—an important advantage that has been overlooked by all other tire makers.

No-Pinch Safety Flap absolutely protects the inner tube

The No-Pinch Safety Flap that comes in every Diamond (No-Clinch) Tire will cut your inner tube bills in half — because it forms a substantial wall separation between the inner tube and the rim, making it impossible for the inner tube to be pinched or cut under the rim, or injured by rim rust.

This No-Pinch Safety Flap is made of the best grade of fabric, and is finished with a "Feather Edge" as a further protection against inner tube cutting.

There is no rubber in this flap to adhere or vulcanize, so that the inner tube can be quickly and easily removed at all times—another big Diamond advantage.

Mail This Coupon TODAY

"More Mileage Book"—Free

THE DIAMOND RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio. 103

If there is a way for me to get more mileage out of my tires, I would like to know it. Without obligation on my part, send me free and postpaid, by return mail, your new book, "How to Get More Mileage Out of Your Tires."

Name _____

Address _____

Six Passenger "32"

$1175 F. O. B. Detroit, has equipment of two folding and revolving occasional seats in tonneau, foot rest, windshield, mohair top with envelope, Jiffy curtains, quick detachable rims, rear shock absorber, gas headlights, Prest-o-lite tank, oil lamps, tools and horn. Specially designed Zenith carburetor. Four cylinders 3¼-inch bore and 5½-inch stroke; 126-inch wheel-base; 33 x 4-inch tires. Standard color, black. Trimmings, black and nickel.

"20" Runabout, Fully Equipped

$750 F. O. B. Detroit. Four cylinders, 20 H. P., sliding gears, Bosch magneto, top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn.

"32" Touring Car or Roadster, shown at right of six-passenger "32", fully equipped, $975 F. O. B. Detroit.

Hupmobile

The "32" Coupe

A distinguished addition to a distinguished line

First View, New York Motor Show, Jan. 11-18

In exterior appearance, the Hupmobile Coupe is as unobtrusively unique and as well-balanced as the other models of the "32" type.

In interior finish and appointment, it is rich and luxurious—imported Bedford Cord upholstery, with side walls to match and ceiling done in heavy satin; with right-hand control and room for three adults in comfort.

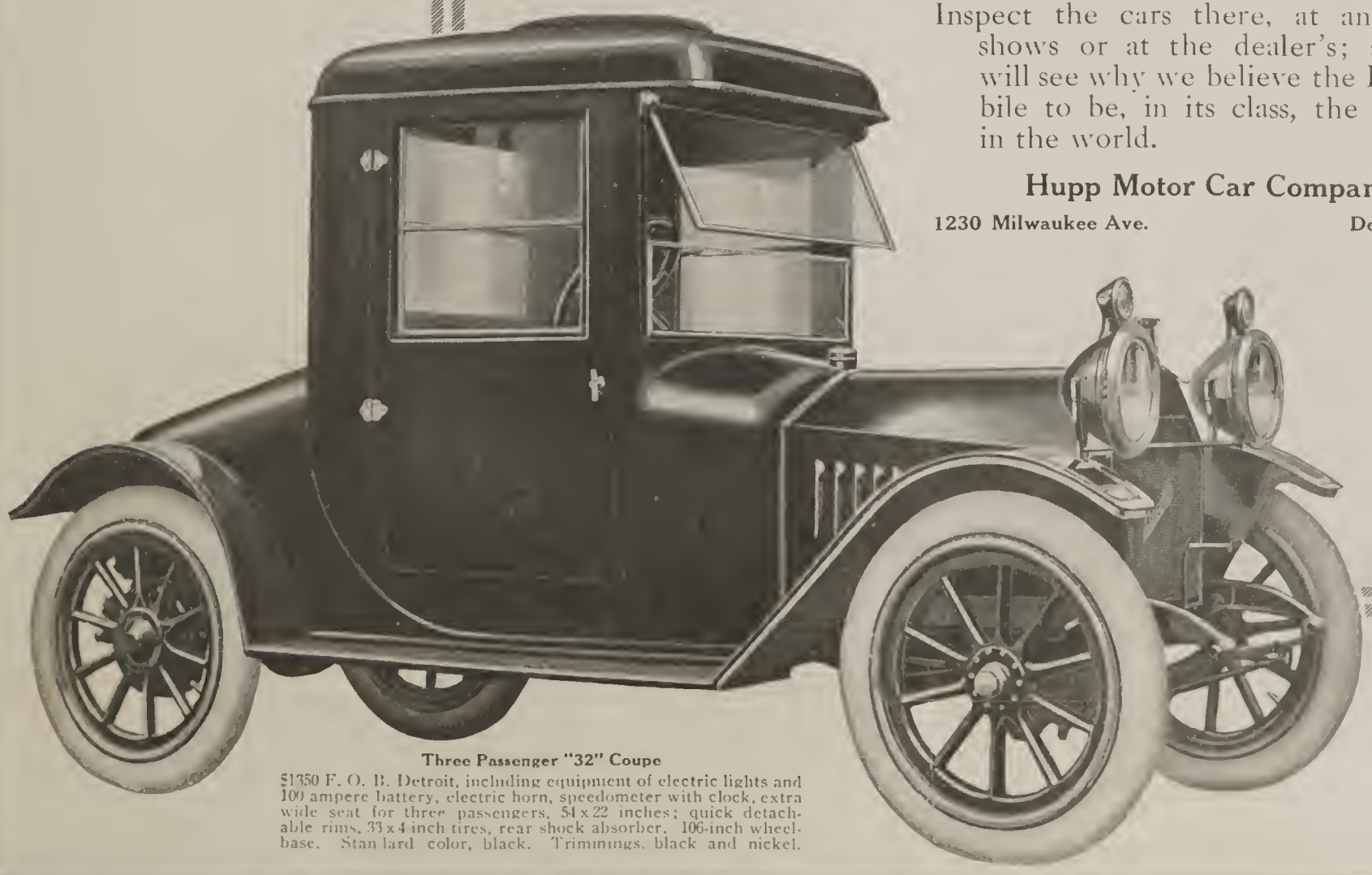
The coupe rounds out the line of Hupmobile pleasure cars, which now includes two touring models and a roadster, all built on the same sturdy "32" chassis, and the well-known "20" Runabout.

The entire line will be displayed at the New York and Chicago shows.

Inspect the cars there, at any other shows or at the dealer's; and you will see why we believe the Hupmobile to be, in its class, the best car in the world.

Hupp Motor Car Company

1230 Milwaukee Ave. **Detroit, Mich.**



Three Passenger "32" Coupe

$1350 F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of electric lights and 100 ampere battery, electric horn, speedometer with clock, extra wide seat for three passengers, 54 x 22 inches; quick detachable rims, 33 x 4 inch tires, rear shock absorber, 106-inch wheel-base. Standard color, black. Trimmings, black and nickel.

Choose Your Car *Now*

NOW is the time to decide what car you are going to buy. The automobile shows bring all of the cars before you. You have a chance to study them—to compare them point by point.

We do not expect you to buy a Chalmers car simply on our word that it is the best value at the money, although many people do accept our word in the matter and we know it is good. But you will want to see all of the cars and to compare them as to quality and as to price. This is natural and right.

Let Us Prove Chalmers Quality

We believe, however, that Chalmers cars possess qualities that make them the best value in their price class. We believe Chalmers cars are the best cars for you to buy, and all we ask is an opportunity to prove to you that the things we say about Chalmers cars are true.

In such points as comfort, beauty, convenience, we know that Chalmers cars will compare favorably with even the highest priced. They have all the "features" that modern motorists demand—self-starter, electric lights, long stroke motor, demountable rims, four-forward speed transmission, speedometer, power tire inflater, etc.

How to Judge Motor Cars

But there are certain other ***qualities*** which you should demand. You should look for them in all the cars you consider. We ask you to make these qualities your standard in buying any car, whether or not it be a Chalmers.

As you study the cars at the National shows or in the dealers' salesrooms, compare them not only as to comfort, beauty, convenience and mechanical excellence, but also as to the following points:

1. **Stability of company marketing car.**
2. **How long have they been in business?**
3. **Do they manufacture or merely assemble?**
4. **What do the owners say about the car?**
5. **Has the car itself merely "features" or is real quality built into it?**
6. **Will it command a good price in case you care to sell it two or three seasons hence?**

Consider the prices of cars ***only in relation to their quality.*** You can pay too little to make a wise investment. You can also pay too much.

Why Chalmers is Best Value

Here are some specific facts showing why it is to your interest to pay the Chalmers price rather than lower prices. These same facts show why it is not necessary to pay more than the Chalmers price to get the maximum in motor car service and comfort.

Chalmers transmission gears are ground to an accuracy of ½ of 1/1000 part of an inch. This grinding alone makes Chalmers transmissions cost $8 more than they would if we did not grind the gears. But grinding means quietness, smoothness, long wear.

The Chalmers crank shaft costs $6 more than a crank shaft which "would do." But one fact that we are proud of is that we have never had a case of broken crank shaft. And so we spend that extra $6. The Chalmers crank shaft is of the same quality as the crank shaft used in the $4000 and $5000 cars.

We spend $15 more on each Chalmers body than we would have to spend if we used a cheaper material and the old-fashioned straight-sided instead of the full flush-sided bell-backed design.

Chalmers radiators cost $5 more per radiator than we actually need to pay to get a radiator that will keep the motor cool. We spend this extra $5 to secure the best radiator on the market.

We spend $1.50 more on our steering wheel to furnish an enameled aluminum spider and a mahogany rim in place of the usual maple rim with a cast or stamped iron spider.

None Better Than Chalmers

Chalmers steering connections are all drop forgings and are all heat treated. Highest priced cars do not contain better materials.

The mohair which is used in Chalmers tops is the highest grade material on the market. We could "save" $10 per car in top material alone, and it would require a chemical analysis now to tell the difference. But anybody could tell the difference in a year from now.

We could buy leather for upholstering our cars $12. per car cheaper than we actually pay. This cheaper leather is used in many cars. You really can't tell the difference until the cars have run a while, and then you can very easily tell it. We spend this difference to secure a high grade, genuine leather.

The Turkish springs in Chalmers cushions cost $3.50 per car more than the ordinary spiral springs used in most medium priced cars.

Compare Chalmers with Others

Consider even so small a thing as piston rings. One Chalmers sectional piston ring costs as much to make as an entire set of the ordinary piston rings, even such as are used in some of the highest priced cars.

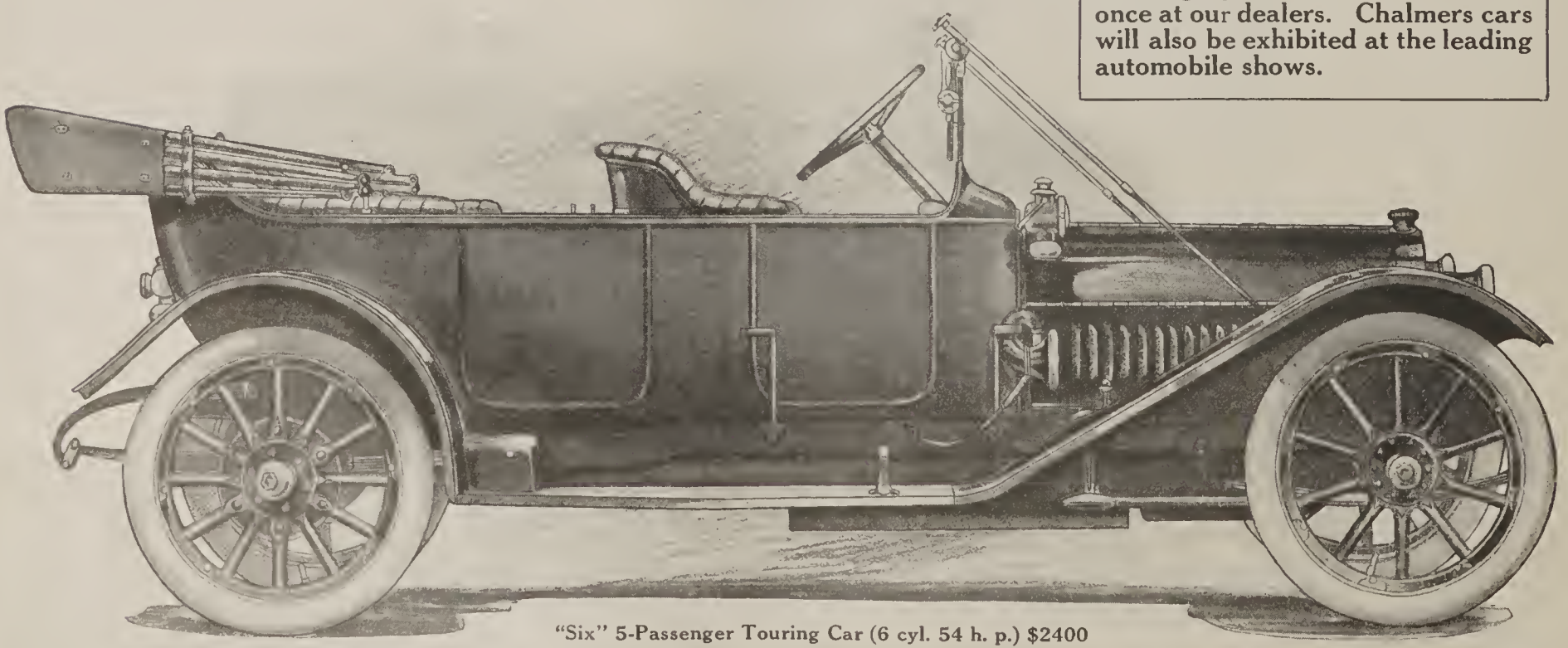
We mention these few items just to show you that we are making no exorbitant claims when we say that Chalmers cars are genuine quality cars at medium prices. We ask you to remember these things in making comparisons.

See the other cars, but do not buy until you have seen the Chalmers. Compare other cars in the Chalmers price class on the points we have named. We are willing to accept your decision after you have made such a comparison.

Our book, "Story of the Chalmers Car," sent free on request, will help you in making your choice.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

We urge you to see these cars at once at our dealers. Chalmers cars will also be exhibited at the leading automobile shows.



"Six" 5-Passenger Touring Car (6 cyl. 54 h. p.) $2400

"Thirty-Six" (4 cyl. 36 h. p.) 2, 4 or 5 Passenger $1950 **"Six" (6 cyl. 54 h. p.) 7 Passenger . . . . . $2600** **"30" (4 cyl. 30 h. p.) 4 or 5 Passenger $1600**

(Prices include full equipment and are f. o. b. Detroit.)

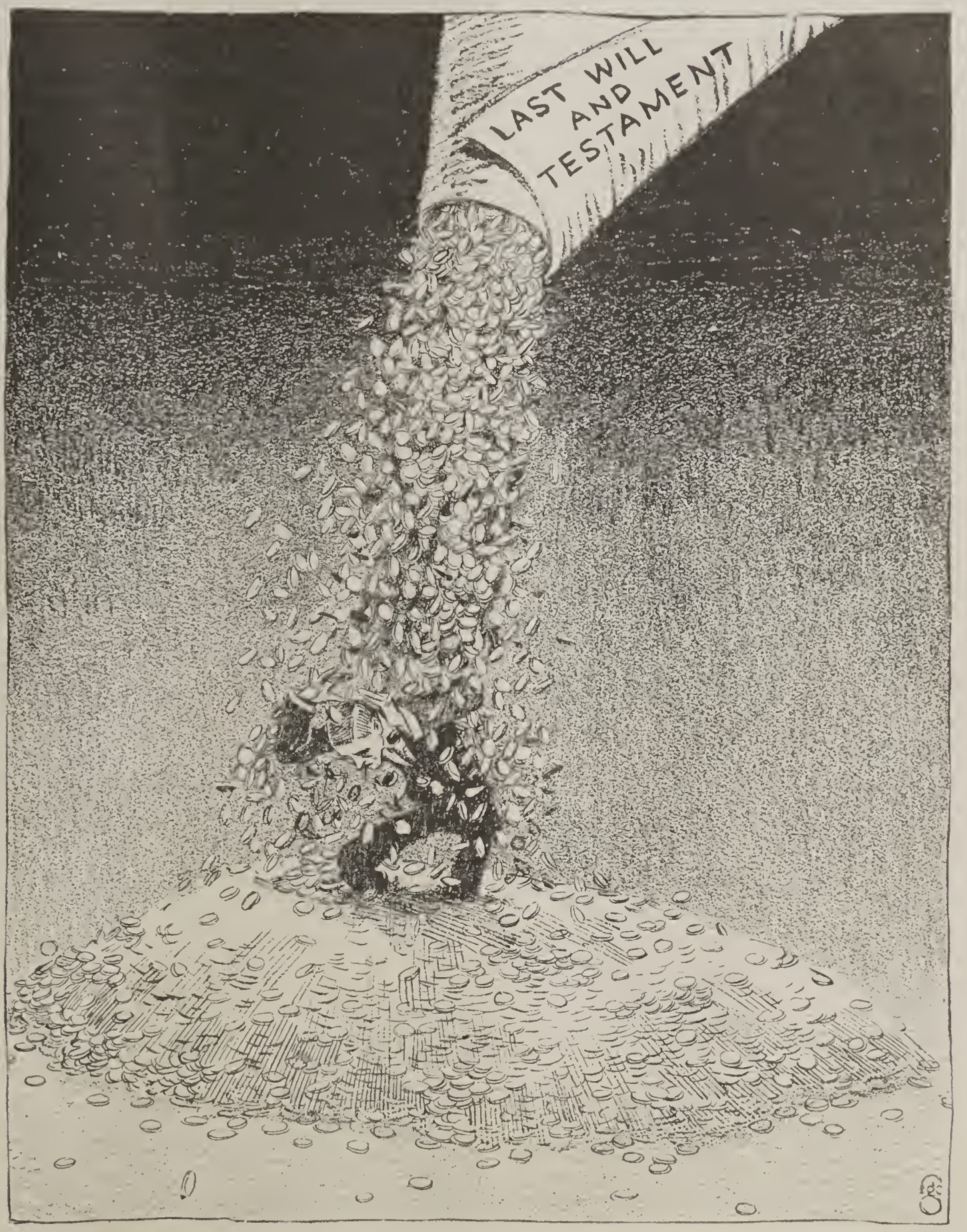
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

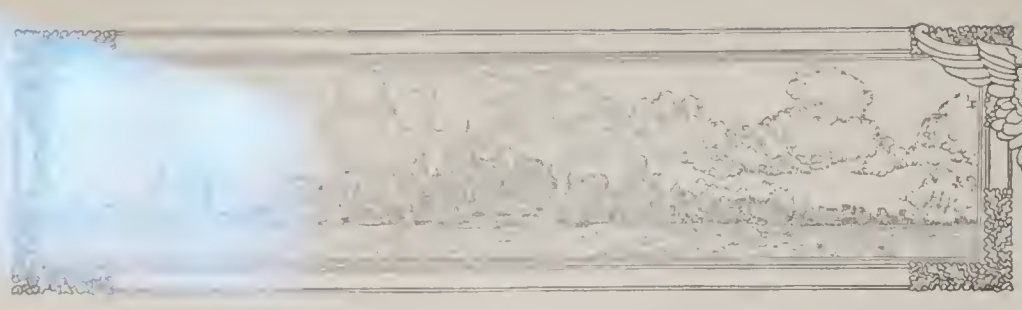
MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

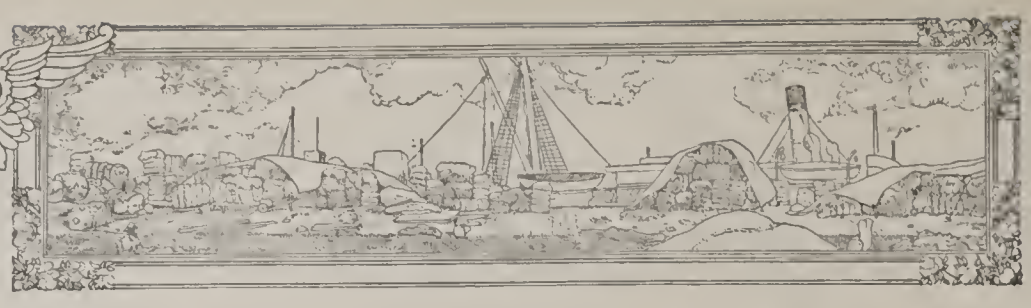
STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



Snowing Him Under

THIS YOUTH *is being showered upon by wealth unbounded. He is neither strong nor weak, but just unripe, dazed, almost overwhelmed by the limitless possibilities of the gold that is his. He is one more of the Sons of Fortune. What most men wear out their lives in seeking is poured upon him in a single week of unearned dividends. His feet are already encamped upon the goal. He can glide from point to point of life in a heated, upholstered tonneau. His whole career from the cradle to the grave can be run on rubber tires. Here at the threshold of his days, with golden plenty always within call, life stretches ahead in painless sunlit vistas. At his approach, every door smiles a welcome. His friends are as many as the favors he lavishes. His existence seems enchanted. What will he do with this rich chance? Will he play the part of the weakling and the fool, till scandals break round his soft body? Will he sink into luxury, ennui, selfishness, till his little idle life is clogged and futile? Will his sleep be broken by faint wailing from the lives he has touched to harm? Will womanhood be more bitter for his career? Or will his latter days be bright with memories of help rendered to the toil-worn and weary, and strength put forth in stern endeavor? Will children find a fairer world because he passed through it? Will he win his way through the tangling, and become one more of the Men of Power who hasten justice and spread mercy?*





CHORES

A BOY HELPED to plant fifty apple trees. "Beginning next month the borers must be hunted," said the father. "How often? How long?" asked the boy. "Once a month during the open seasons—for years. I'm going to leave it to you." Kneeling or half lying for hours in the rotting mulch, the boy dug and cut and wired out the small enemies—for years. He found that once a week was necessary in some periods. Boys went by to baseball and swimming. They called cheerily across the creek lot, but neither side spoke of his quitting to go. It was one of his chores. The new orchard was out of sight of the house. But letting a row go till next month, on bad days when ice storms were slanting in, did not occur to him. Many times he left a tree and a big root-channeling borer, his staying power all drained out through the sore fingers, but came back the next day and the next. It was his chore. When the orchard was well into bearing and pride, a windstorm destroyed two-thirds of it. The boy who dug the grubs has since bent patiently at the roots of some other things and seen them tend upward. Recently he bought those fifteen bounteous apple trees back into the family, and has started his boy on more trees and borers behind a windbreak.

Chore laws are ancient, simple, and inexorable: Do the thing half feared or dreaded, at the time appointed, without being told again, as well as if the master stood alongside. Bring in the wood the same when the pile is icebound and go back after the dropped stick. Get the young cattle through the barway, though they break and go around you twelve times and again, and dark comes, and you are crying. Warm your fingers afterward. Don't tell.

The majority of American children have been rather abruptly bereft of chores! In the morning hours when the soul of childhood lies almost bare in the clear, expectant eyes, from school-out till supper, from supper to bedtime—*something more than play is needed.* Children feel this and wait, and prowl about for material of a stouter weave, something fibered with the full life roundabout and impending; and, adventuring unguided, they get knowledge and scars.

Organized play will not fill this gap in education. Manual training has limitations. But in every home lie neglected means of giving to its youth a strengthening and character-making apportionment of the day's work.

Partly because of chores the rural youth, despite increasing proportionate disadvantages, will go on regularly to the hard, high places. Land about a home means chores.

TENDENCIES

WE HAVE COME A LONG WAY without realizing it. There is not much left of the doctrine that a man can do what he will with his own. A New York man owns a farm in Virginia; a New York woman thinks this farm ought to be owned by the nation as a public shrine; the owner has no idea of selling it. To be sure, the farm is called Monticello and was the home of THOMAS JEFFERSON; yet the present owner's title is the same as that of any other farm in Virginia, and it came to him as an inheritance. There is no statute anywhere by which a man's farm can be taken away from him under these circumstances; but what any observer can see is that Congressman LEVY, the owner of Monticello, looks worried in the midst of this agitation. Not long ago one of those public men who is ranked as decidedly among the more conservative of the Progressives suggested, as a remedy for certain economic conditions in Hawaii, that the sugar mills in those islands be made public-service institutions, subject to the same regulations with regard to rates and contracts that are applicable to railroads and the like. It is only about fourteen years since the idea that the State could regulate even railroads became familiar to the public. Before that time railroad rates were looked upon as private contracts with which the community had nothing whatever to do.

ONE CABINET OFFICE

WE HAVE BELIEVED IT MORE HELPFUL to stay out of the chorus of more or less insistent suggestion which nags Mr. WILSON about his Cabinet making. But when Senator OWEN demands that the Interior Department be given to Oklahoma, it is time to speak up. A large part of the Interior Department's work consists in looking after the Indians; and if there is any man in Oklahoma who either can or will deal honestly with an Indian, he is too lonely to get much indorsement for public office. The Indians have got to be treated not according to the public opinion which prevails in the communities who are in direct contact with them, and who make money by stealing from them, but according to the ideas of justice throughout the country as a whole. In Oklahoma, Indian minors are the wards of the probate courts; the expenses of administration in these cases average about nineteen per cent of the estate. Lawyers will understand the significance of the figure. The expense of administering an estate ought not to exceed four per cent, and when the Oklahoma minor is white it does not exceed that. A good deal of the Indian land and public domain in Oklahoma has already been stolen, and some opulent citizens of that State are now enjoying it. The next Secretary of the Interior must be, like the present one, a man who holds this property secure for its owners.

ANOTHER BALLINGER?

THE INDIANS form only a fraction of the Interior Department's care. The man who is to fill this post will have charge of a domain larger and more valuable than many European kingdoms. It all belongs to the people of the United States, and it is entirely surrounded by persons and corporations who are steadily bent on stealing some of it. Candidly, out of a large experience with this department and its problems, we can see no course for Mr. WILSON so safe as to keep the present incumbent, Mr. FISHER, provided he should be so fortunate as to induce Mr. FISHER to stay. When Mr. FISHER succeeded Mr. BALLINGER he carried with him the confidence of the East and the conservationists, who look upon him as the guardian of the people's property; by enlightened good sense, and tact without improper concession, he has acquired the confidence of the Westerners who want to see the country developed under proper safeguards. The Interior Department is the most difficult of Mr. WILSON's appointments; there is a potential Ballinger case in most of the candidacies that are being urged upon him.

THE MAN WHO MADE MONEY OUT OF IT

ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT a negro in Washington, D. C., committed the most hideous crime in the world under circumstances so revolting that mere allusion to it is painful. When the prisoner was arraigned the next day, and the court made the formal demand that he plead, he replied, according to the account in the Washington "Times":

> "I just don't know how to plead."
> "Did you do this act or not?" inquired Clerk SEBRING, severely.
> "I drunk so much liquor that night I don't remember," replied the prisoner, cowering before the gaze of the court and those about him.

Our idea of effective journalism would be for the "Times" to have its reporters investigate just what brand of liquor this negro drank, find out the manufacturer and print his photograph and his name, with the simple legend: "This is the man who profited by the crime." The man, of course, would turn out to be a highly respectable citizen of Louisville or Baltimore or some other of the great whisky-manufacturing centers; at the very moment when the tragedy that he stimulated was blighting a family in Washington he was sitting smugly and happily at the head of his Christmas table, surrounded by *his* family whom he keeps secure from crime with all the safeguards that money can provide. In Louisville and Baltimore to be a manufacturer of whisky carries no odium; wealth cleanses all.

THE ANCIENT EVIL

SO MUCH SPACE as is required for a very important statement of facts we freely give to Hon. HENRY L. STIMSON, Secretary of War. We copy the words from his Annual Report as officially transmitted to Congress:

> The high percentage of venereal disease continues to be the reproach of the American army, and *the daily average number of those sick from that cause during the past calendar year was larger than the daily average number of those sick from all other of the more important diseases combined.*

What reason is there to hope that conditions in civil life are better, especially in the cities, where men congregate in large numbers, free from the ordinary restraints of family life? On this point also Secretary STIMSON speaks:

> I believe that the ultimate causes which make the record of our army in this respect shameful beyond that of the army of any other civilized nation are inherent in our own shortcomings as a nation in dealing with this matter. So long as in our civil communities, and particularly our larger cities, we continue to close our eyes to the magnitude and extent of the evil and refrain from attacking it with all of the weapons which modern scientific knowledge places in our hands, it cannot but be expected that the younger men in our army, leading the abnormal life of the soldier, will show the effect of the evil to a marked degree.

Somewhere in one of his books, Mr. RAYMOND ROBINS says the time will come when knowledge of this kind will shock us, as impending disaster now moves us; and we will run to prevent it, and to save those threatened, as we now run to a fire.

SUPPRESSING THE EVIDENCE

FROM THE LIST OF FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS published at the top of the foreign page of Mr. WILLIAM R. HEARST's New York "American" *on Tuesday morning, December 17:*

LONDON Chester Overton
John L. Eddy ←

Read now from the testimony which Mr. HEARST under oath gave before the Clapp Committee of the United States Senate investigating the sale of the Archbold letters on the same day, *Tuesday, December 17:*

MR. HEARST—Very well, sir. Your question was?

THE CHAIRMAN—From whom you obtained these photographic facsimiles of the letters that are published in the "Hearst Magazine" [the Standard Oil letters].

MR. HEARST—From . . . **Mr. John Eddy** . . .

SENATOR OLIVER—I understood you to say that Mr. EDDY is now abroad.

MR. HEARST—Yes, sir.

SENATOR OLIVER—*Is he in your employ?*

MR. HEARST—*No.*

Turn now to the same list of foreign correspondents published at the top of the foreign page of Mr. HEARST's New York "American" on the following day, *Wednesday morning, December 18:*

LONDON Chester Overton
C. W. Williams ←

This incident might not be important if Mr. HEARST and his institutions did not possess so much power to affect public opinion. Whatever will throw light on the character and methods of such institutions is valuable to know.

MONEY

THE YEAR CLOSED with the cost of living at about the highest mark in a quarter of a century. The highest point reached in the year was very near one hundred per cent over the lowest point reached in the lowest year within this generation. That was 1896. But this is a little misleading. The average for the last three years has been only about fifty per cent higher than the average of the three lowest years, from 1895 to 1897. But fifty per cent means a good deal to the man with a nearly fixed wage. It means, for example, that an income of $600 a year fifteen years ago was as good as an income of $900 a year now. Actually, there was far more saving then, for a period of rapidly rising prices always means an era of wild speculation and extravagant ways of living. Thrift is at a discount. This is the moral aspect of an inflated and depreciating currency, for an inflated and depreciating currency is exactly what rising prices mean, and nothing more. Many able men thought, in the first Bryan campaign for example, that a gold standard would give us a dollar of stable value. This it has utterly failed to do.

"RAG"

MR. NAHAN FRANKO is a musician, it would appear, in spite of the fact that he has been leading an orchestra in the tea room of one of New York's most magnificent hotels. Not only does Mr. FRANKO survive after several years of this experience, but he evidently intends that a few glimmers of his art shall survive as well. He ventured the other day to play a little RUBINSTEIN. Mr. FRANKO was aware that as orchestra leader in the tea room of a Fifth Avenue hotel he had to "suit all tastes," nevertheless, he ventured. Promptly appeared a flunkey with a note from one of the stockholders, ordering him to stop what he was playing and "pick out something lively." The leader, who had doubtless desisted from ragtime in much the spirit in which a man whose head had been held under water for two minutes might come up to breathe, resented this command. Life was still sweet. He obeyed and switched into ragtime, but he also resigned. Next day you might have read this unexpected and really thrilling headline: "FRANKO quits. Orchestra leader refuses to play ragtime all the time." Mr. FRANKO appears to be both a musician and a man of spirit and it is a pleasure to behold him.

NATURE IN MIDWINTER

JUNE, crowned with roses, and October with her riot of color, have their messages. But in the silence and whiteness of midwinter Nature is seen in her most haunting way. The great snow world is unrelieved in its dazzling whiteness save for the faintly traced tracks of a rabbit, the tracery of bullrushes or reeds, and a blush of pink at sunset. The silent lake, locked in by brooding hills, presents a somber stretch of pallid ice. The barren elm trees whisper titanic secrets in the winter twilight. The branches of the firs and yews are laden down with clods of snow. Each little twig and stalk along the wayside is a crystal wand as if the magic hand of Jack Frost had soldierly transformed it into silver. Hedgerows, gateposts, and stubble take on fantastic shapes. Through the arched boughs of the trees you look upon a vignette of purple skies, white plumes, and brown fretwork. The world has taken on nun's veiling and has gone into retreat, maybe in preparation for the resurrection soon to come. Nature is a vestal virgin, thoughtful and silent. In the village churchyard the snow fairies are covering with a white mantle the low mounds even as the birds covered with leaves the soft forms of the babes in the woods.

THE SILENT FILMS

CHERRY KEARTON takes moving pictures in the jungle. In the January "McClure's" he tells about the lions he has photographed. Here is his comment on one lion:

> He came slowly at first, biting at the stinging spears, tearing up the ground in monstrous big gashes, and roaring the roar that strikes one in the chest and vibrates out of the back. Then he charged right into the thick of them. I have it on the film, but *it is silent there* and one can gain no idea at all of the awful tumult.

All that clamor has been reduced to the calm of a forest pool. It is as silent as the lovers on the Grecian Urn. That is the way life is lived on the films. Horses go galloping in hot pursuit, but no thunder comes from their hoofs. Men lock in the death struggle, with faces torn with anger and throats that are choked with curses. But no mutter comes out of the frenzy.

Perhaps in daily life truth is blurred by rushing in pell-mell at many senses. Here in the motion picture is noiseless action. All that would distract is banished. And the enactment reaches the cool eye, there to be weighed. It is art's own selection. Isn't that the way that life here below must have looked to the gods on Olympus? Was it not an unfolding spectacle of glad wine festivals and fighting men and sorry slaves? And all the picture untroubled by laughter or wailing?

It was the shriek of the patient, in the old days when anesthesia was a dream, that sent the surgeon's knife astray. It was the vociferous pleading of the thief and the murderer that made the judge forget the robbed orphan and the freshly widowed woman silent in the background.

Is there not something of eternal justice in the mute films which render life as a silent spectacle, unbetrayed by lamentation or revelry? At sudden noise the eye closes. Under prolonged din it grows watery and uncritical. Let us regain our sure judgments by examining our life of action in the hush of the kinetoscope. Shall we not apply this test to many of our carnivals and learn if the acts that fill the air with harshness have in them anything beautiful and significant?

THE LOADED DICE

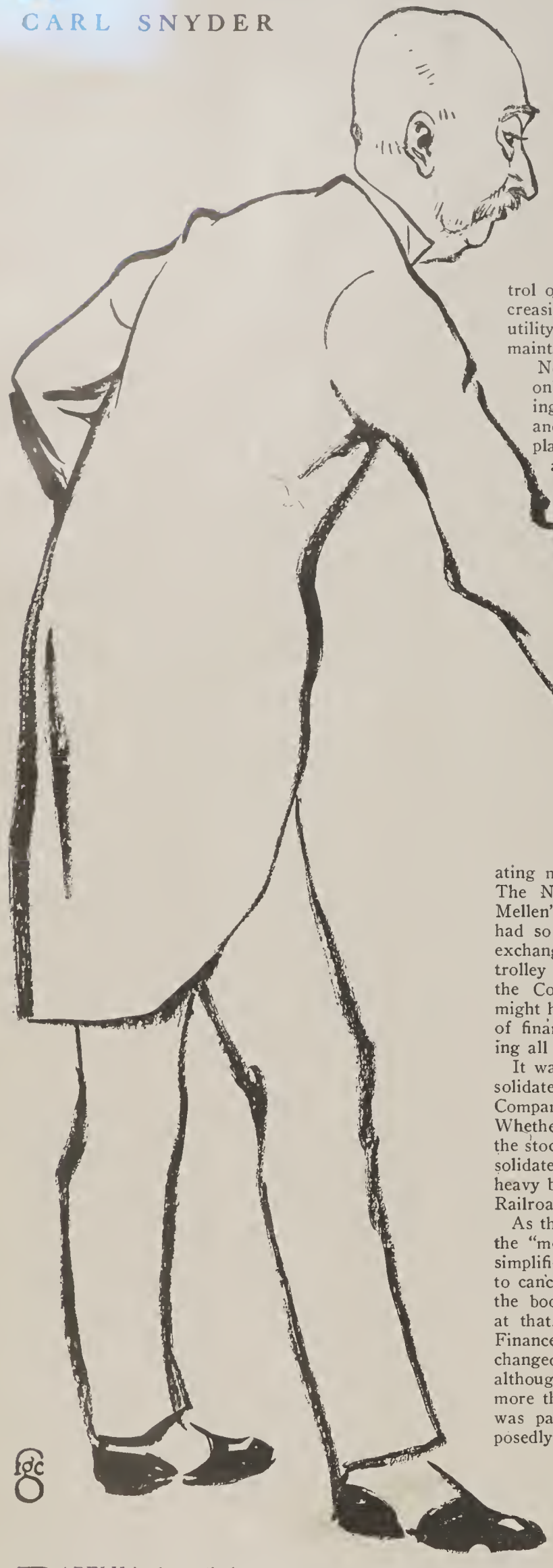
THERE IS A HAPHAZARD ELEMENT in life which makes every turning of a street corner an adventure. It is that which lets us keep blundering in on new displays of color and daring, surprising chance beauty on the faces of children or on the autumn leaves. There is something amazing in the waste and squandering of beauty, power, charm, at random. We all have glimpses of rare women in sordid places. Once we saw a barmaid in an English inn whose face was lovely in its young beauty. And there she went answering drunken orders and spending that early bloom among heavy-footed louts. In any community there are several women of grace and fine ability burning up a fragile strength on rough tasks. Those unobserved and vagrant perfections touch the sober journey with flashes of color. They mean that life refuses to be organized, is too abundant to work orderly, has no bureau of registration for beauty, no central clearing station for its multitudinous wonder. The next inn at the turning of the road may be reserving for us a loyal friend or a fresh adventure.

A NIGHTCAP

LET OUR LAST THOUGHT of the evening be one of thanksgiving that, in the few hours of the day now ending, so much good will has been shown to us. There have been well-wishers, ready to further every effort of our hands and responsive to each impulse of our friendliness. We have received much kindness within a little time. It is not permitted us to doubt the good in all men when those whom we know have helped us to happiness. Let us be glad of the peaceful home—the shelter itself shutting out the night of storm—and the loyalty of the comrades, housed with us from the loneliness of life, giving of their steady affection. Let us be comforted, knowing that we shall sleep in peace, forgiven for our shortcomings, and that we shall waken to work and the fresh chances of the morning, with failure forgotten and the [illegible] set for our endeavor.

Mr. Mellen's Wonderful Top

By
CARL SNYDER



It spins upon a pointed peg, the New England Navigation Company, above which is dexterously balanced a structure of steamship companies, trolleys, and railroads, which has risen as the stock of the New York, New Haven & Hartford R.R. has gone steadily down

RARELY is there disclosed to the public, the crass, common public which pays, the workings of that Higher World of altitudinous finance wherein our Morgans and Mellens live and move and perform their miracles. But the operations of Mr. Mellen in or on the New Haven Railroad have so deeply attracted the attention of legislative committees, railway commissions, and the like that by sufficient industry in piecing together the parts one may gain a view that might be quite wonderful if we were, as a people, much given to wondering.

It might be called the story of "The Top That Mr. Mellen Built" out of the old New Haven Railroad; and as a top, so long as it can be kept upright, spins upon a pointed peg, it is proper that I should begin with the peg.

About five years ago, when the process of mellenizing (or shall I say morganizing?—it seems very much the same thing) the New Haven had begun to produce some very disquieting results, as it usually seems to do, there was a considerable commotion among New Haven shareholders and not a little tendency to protest. But it usually happens that in this process, just as the shares became decreasingly valuable, control of the property, for various reasons, became increasingly valuable. This perhaps will make clear the utility of any invention by which control may be maintained with a minimum quantity of stock.

Now the New Haven, as everyone knows, is not only a very considerable railroad but a huge holding concern as well, a kind of rag bag of trolleys and steamships and electric-light plants and gas plants and stone quarries, with bits of stock in amusement companies and hotels and newspapers, and Heaven knows what else.

There is not precisely a separate company for every one of these different lines of activity, but very near it. For example, the Connecticut company does for the trolleys, etc., in Connecticut; the Rhode Island company the same for that State; the New England Navigation Company for the boats, etc.; and prior to 1907 the general control and operation of the trolley companies was vested in the Consolidated Railroad Company.

Needless to say, all the stock of all these companies was held by the New Haven. They were merely operating names. But in 1907 a singular thing occurred. The Navigation Company—otherwise known as Mr. Mellen's "laundry"—grew weary of running boats. It had so many other things to attend to—for example, exchanging stock for Boston & Maine and organizing trolley companies, etc. So the boats were "sold" to the Consolidated Railroad Company. Common folk might have said "transferred." But the Higher World of finance has a language, and this language a meaning all its own.

It was true that no actual money passed. The Consolidated Company merely issued to the Navigation Company $20,000,000 of Consolidated Railway stock. Whether there was any actual expenditure for printing the stock is not recorded. Then a month later the Consolidated Railway Company grew also weary of its too heavy burdens and was "merged" with the New Haven Railroad Company.

As the New Haven owned all of both companies, and the "merger" was supposed to be for the purposes of simplification, it might have been thought easy merely to cancel $20,000,000 of Consolidated Railway stock on the books of the Navigation Company, and let it go at that. But these again are not the ways of High Finance. The Navigation Company's stock was exchanged for an equal amount of *New Haven* stock, although the Consolidated Company had never paid more than 4 per cent, while the New Haven Company was paying 8 per cent, and its stock therefore supposedly worth twice as much.

The result of this transaction was to give to the Navigation Company an almost predominating influence in the affairs of the New Haven; for a simple reason: The New Haven was then, and still is, one of the most widely distributed of railway stocks. A census of a year or so before had shown that the average holdings were less than a hundred shares each. That would be less than a par value of $10,000. Inspection of the share lists even as late as last April failed to show that there were more than nine stockholders who, or rather which, held more than a million dollars par value of New Haven's stock—"which" rather than "who," because with a single exception these nine largest stockholders were corporations and not persons. This list was as follows:

Pennsylvania Railroad	40,525	shares
American Express Co.	36,324	"
Mutual Life Ins. Co. of N. Y.	35,640	"
Lewis Cass Ledyard	20,542	"
Adams Express Co.	18,230	"
New York Central Railroad	15,156	"
The Billard Co.	13,072	"
New England Navigation Co.	**213,196**	"

There is in this list a single individual, Mr. Lewis Cass Ledyard, a well-known corporation lawyer and first vice president of the American Express Company. It is inferred that Mr. Ledyard holds this stock in trust for other parties.

The directors of the New Haven, twenty-five in number, unitedly hold a number of shares as follows:

Charles M. Pratt	6,690	shares
William Skinner	5,602	"
Charles S. Mellen	**3,745**	"
Edwin Milner	2,310	"
J. Pierpont Morgan	**2,188**	"
William Rockefeller	**2,150**	"
Frederick F. Brewster	1,875	"
John L. Billard	1,844	"
Alexander Cochrane	1,500	"
Henry K. McHarg	1,200	"
George MacCulloch Miller	1,000	"
I. De Ver Warner	855	"
Newton Barney	630	"
Charles F. Brooker	600	"
Amory A. Lawrence (deceased)	600	"
James S. Elton	575	"
George F. Baker	500	"
James S. Hemingway	360	"
Francis T. Maxwell	300	"
George J. Brush (deceased)	252	"
Thomas De Witt Cuyler	250	"
Theodore N. Vail	250	"
James McCrea	100	"
Robert W. Taft	64	"
Edward Milligan	34	"
	35,474	"

The holdings of Mr. Mellen, Mr. Morgan, and a number of others were considerably greater a few years ago than now.

There is here a total of shares of a par value of $3,547,400. At the close of its last fiscal year the New Haven had outstanding $179,000,000 of capital stock. Of all this considerable issue, there was one large stockholder—that was the New England Navigation Company, which the New Haven owns itself. Consider the effect:

Even in warm Presidential elections only a little over one-half of the electorate usually exercises its privileges. The same thing is true in large corporations of widely distributed holdings. Even where there is a fight for control it is often difficult to induce shareholders even to take the trouble to sign proxies. Agents have to be sent out to visit the holders personally.

THE STRING OF THE TOP

THE other side of the story is this: The directors of the New England Navigation Company are named by the directors of the New Haven Railroad. The trustees so named vote the twenty-odd millions of New Haven stock owned by the Navigation Company. If possession of 30 or 40 per cent of the total share capital of a company usually carries with it absolute control, the inquiring reader may figure out for himself how many shares would be required to dominate the New Haven, supposing the management in possession and voting these twenty-odd thousand shares.

A very large number of shares of the New Haven are held in trust funds in the hands of lawyers or bankers. It would actually require but the *friendship* of a few of these, with proper associations with say the American Express Company and one or two other powerful corporations, absolutely to dominate the New Haven's affairs. Actually it would probably require something akin to an earthquake to dislodge the Mellen management.

Control of the New Haven then is actually on what is known as a "shoestring" basis; or to pursue the analogy already suggested, let us say the string of a top. This string is attached to the safety-deposit boxes of half a dozen lawyers, half a dozen bankers, and three or four corporations. The mode of attachment may vary a little.

To carry on the business of a billion-dollar company one must have large amounts of cash, which must be largely deposited in banks, and one must make large loans, the placing of which is sometimes very profitable.

MR. MELLEN AND HIS AMIABLE STOCKHOLDERS

THEN again a billion-dollar corporation has an enormous amount of litigation—sometimes an excessive amount, if a road is in bad shape and freight losses are heavy and accidents frequent and disagreeable people are continually suing for damages. In a billion-dollar company retainer fees are sometimes very handsome.

And finally a great railway corporation has very profitable contracts, as, for example, its express business, and that is why we usually find the express companies with considerable holdings of railway stock, because these holdings are often extremely useful.

This then is how perhaps even a few hundred thousands well placed, and with a properly arranged subsid-

iary company holding a considerable part of the capital stock, the amount of property which may come under the sway of a few individuals, or let us say in the present instance of two individuals, is limited only by the borrowing industry of a president and the amiability of stockholders and legislators.

What Mr. Mellen has borrowed and bought, and how amiable have been his shareholders, a little comparison will disclose.

When Mr. Mellen came back to the New Haven, nine years ago, it was a simple and compact railroad system, uniting the old New Haven & Hartford, the New York & New Haven, the Old Colony, and several minor lines; all told, it operated a little over two thousand miles of main track. Through the Old Colony line it owned the Fall River steamships, which were a feeder to that line. And this was about the extent of its outside operations.

NEW HAVEN HOLDS 400 OTHER COMPANIES

THE New Haven had then a share capital of about $79,000,000 and interest-bearing debt of about $14,000,000, and it paid about $4,500,000 annually on leased lines. In other words, the New Haven had property of its own to the amount of $100,000,000 and rented property to the value of about $100,000,000 more.

What is now its gross capitalization is extremely difficult to compute. The so-called Validation Commission of Massachusetts prepared an enormous chart attempting to show all the New Haven's holdings. It listed a total of **322 different companies** which the New Haven held by ownership or lease or large interest. But this did not include the Boston & Maine system, with 3,500 miles of trackage, as against the New Haven's 2,000 miles, nor the Rutland Railroad, nor the Boston & Albany, nor the New England Investment & Security Co., which holds the Massachusetts trolley lines, illegally acquired by the New Haven and which the New Haven was compelled to "sell."

All told, the number of companies is between four and five hundred. The gross capital of these companies, including the recently acquired Rutland Railroad and half of the Boston & Albany, which the New Haven now holds on joint lease with the New York Central, amounted last year to over $1,200,000,000. This is the total of the stocks and bonds issued by these various companies. There are, however, innumerable duplications—one company buying another and issuing new stock or bonds therefor, which would considerably reduce this amount. But at a rough estimate the total is still well over $1,000,000,000.

BUT NEW HAVEN STOCK HAS DROPPED STEADILY

TO THE unsophisticated it would be a natural inference that it would require at least a very considerable sum of money to control a billion-dollar property. But the unsophisticated are, of course, the uninitiated. You see the process. The New Haven, for example, owns the Boston Holding Company, and the Boston Holding Company owns control of the Boston & Maine, and the Boston & Maine itself controls another conglomeration of small companies, and finally the Boston & Maine owns the Maine Central and, through this, still more subsidiary lines.

By buying control of one company which controls another, and that another, and so on, the final control of all this huge mass of corporations may really rest with the shareholders of one. And that one here is the New Haven Railroad proper; and control of the New Haven, as we have seen, is practically invested in the New England Navigation Company—that is to say, to all intents and purposes not in the hands of the New Haven's shareholders, but of the existing New Haven *management*. It is by this dexterously balanced and ingenious device that the vast New Haven-Boston & Maine system has become, as it were, an inverted pyramid standing upon its apex. But because of the delicacy of the equilibrium, and because to maintain this equilibrium the device must be somehow kept in motion, I have preferred to think of it as a top.

Now the remarkable thing is that while all this wonderful structure has been going up, New Haven stock has been steadily going down—from as high as 250 some years ago to about half that now. Of course, it may have been that the stock was fictitiously high; and it may have been that all these purchases of trolleys and steamships and competing lines were needful to retain what value the stock now has. Or again it might be said that these purchases were undertaken in a wave of nation-wide buoyancy in which fancy figures were characteristic.

INFLATED PURCHASES AND INFLATED VALUATIONS

BUT it was apparent even five years ago that some of these purchases had been at enormous prices; and still they go on at the same kind of prices. Even the last few weeks have seen the confirmation by the courts of the sale of a controlling interest in the Rutland Railroad by the New York Central, although one of the dissenting judges, Justice Laughlin, was extremely mystified as to why the New Haven was willing to pay *three times* the market value of the stock for the purpose of control, unless to obtain some advantage at the expense of the Rutland Railroad, and would have refused on this account to permit the sale.

Further, all told, Mr. Mellen has had the distribution in these nine years of something like $300,000,000 of new capital. There has been such a piling up of companies within companies that it is a little difficult to calculate the exact amount. Much of this capital, it is true, has been obtained at a high rate, first by the sale of a $100,000,000 (actual) of New Haven stock, on which 8 per cent continues to be paid; and, secondly, by notes and bonds which have probably averaged above 5 per cent. But it would still seem to the average mind as if the investment of $300,000,000, resulting in an absolute transportation monopoly in the richest section of the Union, ought to have been a highly profitable operation. Profitable it may have been to some one or some many; but profitable it has not been to the New Haven Railroad.

While Mr. Mellen has been reaching out for the control of all New England, the New Haven Road is supposed to have been highly prosperous and grown apace. But these are the figures: In the year that Mr. Mellen took charge (1903) the gross revenue of the New Haven was a little over $47,000,000. In 1912 this income of the railway proper had grown to $64,000,000. Nine years of expansion in a marvelously prosperous era, and with the lines of all New England now simply feeders, meant to the New Haven an increase in gross railway revenue of $17,000,000, or 36 per cent!

But if traffic grew little, there were other things which had grown mightily. That was the supposed value of "road and equipment." This was set down in the balance sheet for 1903 at about **$60,000,000;** in 1912, for the same 2,000 miles of track and only about 50 more, it was **$188,000,000.** Three times as much "road and equipment" had yielded an increase in gross revenues of a little over one-third.

To be perfectly fair to Mr. Mellen and his management, it is to be said that the apparent proportion for operating expenses has been cut down heavily, and especially the actual transportation expenses, outside the cost of upkeep. Just how much of this has been a real saving and how much is due simply to changes in bookkeeping methods would be very difficult to determine. If only half of it were real saving, it would still justify a very heavy outlay on equipment and roadbed.

SCRIMPING THE UPKEEP TO PAY DIVIDENDS

ON THE other hand, the proportion of its income which the New Haven devotes to its maintenance is singularly low. Messrs. Price-Waterhouse, the accountants, have recently made elaborate comparisons of the great trunk lines, and their tables for 1911 show that while, for example, maintenance on the Erie, now no longer "the poor old Erie," took 27.6 per cent of the gross, for the New York Central 30.8 per cent, for the Pennsylvania 31.2 per cent, and for the Baltimore & Ohio 29.6 per cent, the New Haven took only **22.8** per cent.

Figures are always a little dry, but the meaning is this: If the New Haven had spent as much as the other roads on maintenance, this would have taken $4,000,000 more out of its net income. And the same was true before 1911 and in 1912. As in each of these years it failed to earn its full 8 per cent dividend, broad scale maintenance would have meant an annual deficit of **$4,000,000 a year.**

Now it is extremely difficult, at any time and on any road, to say what is fair upkeep. But one very obvious and excellent test of proper maintenance is the number of accidents that a railroad has; and it is precisely in this regard that the New Haven has latterly been peculiarly unfortunate.

Scrimping repairs and renewals in order to pay unearned dividends is scarcely a policy calculated to commend a railway management to public favor. And in the end for such a policy the shareholders most always pay, and pay dearly, in cash.

There is a good deal to suggest that the New Haven has been rather in straits to maintain its dividends for a considerable time. As far back as 1907 Mr. Brandeis pointed out a peculiar transaction, and because it highly illuminates Mr. Mellen's methods and his idea of fairness toward his shareholders, the transaction is worth telling in full.

NEW HAVEN STOCKHOLDERS PLEASED

IN THE report for 1907 it was stated that [illegible] the last annual meeting 85,130 additional shares of the capital stock of your company have been issued at **$200 per share** in exchange for 4 per cent debentures of the Consolidated Railway Company at par. This reduced **$17,042,000 of indebtedness** by the creation of additional stock of the par value of $8,521,000."

At the same time, in the profit and loss account appeared this item:

"Premiums on issue of stock and bonds, less discount and commission on debentures, **$4,777,366.**"

This was a handsome sum and left the management in a generous mood. In the ante-Mellen—or should one say antemelon?—days the New Haven had always charged up to expenses several millions a year for betterments. After Mr. Mellen's coming, these appropriations were dropped, owing to a painful lack of surplus. But in 1907, from the "premiums" recounted above, the management generously charged off $3,000,000 for improvements. It made an excellent impression.

But when, at Mr. Brandeis's suggestion, the management was questioned by the Massachusetts Railway Commission as to the source of these premiums, it was disclosed that they had come almost entirely from the exchange of New Haven stock for *Consolidated Railway Bonds.* There had been, in fact, such "premiums," amounting to over $8,000,000, and from this the management had deducted over $3,000,000 "expenses on the European loan" of that year, leaving the balance of $4,777,000 recounted above.

Now there would have been nothing very interesting in all this, except for the unfortunate fact of the Consolidated Railway, whose debentures had been thus exchanged, being owned entirely by the New Haven! The $17,000,000 of "indebtedness" was almost wholly the indebtedness of the right hand to the left. The New Haven gave its stock in exchange for debentures largely held in its own treasury, and then credited itself with the "premium" of $100 per share on the stock thus "sold."

Then from this $8,000,000 or so of calcinated atmosphere it charged off $3,100,000 of actual loss on a loan and $3,000,000 additional for "improvements." One wonders why, after having made the discovery of this joyous method of discharging indebtedness and meeting deficits, Mr. Mellen should ever have had any further worries, such as he is facing now. Perchance, if it had not been for Mr. Brandeis's disagreeable activities, this might have been the case, and the New Haven shareholders been provided with further evidence of the New Haven's prosperity.

THE TALE OF A TWENTY-MILE TROLLEY

NOW, moreover, the transaction having been laid bare, one a little wonders what, for example, were the supervisional functions, say, of the Massachusetts Railway Commission and the Public Service Commission of Connecticut. The New Haven operates under local charters from these two States, and is in some measure responsible to these commissions. But not even in the Validation Report of the Massachusetts committee, when the whole question of the New Haven's financial condition was under view, was there any reference to these peculiar bookkeeping operations.

Since, in his recent newspaper manifesto, Mr. Mellen has referred to this "Validation Report" as a practical exoneration of his policies, I should like to give one instance, at least, where the value of this report has been carefully examined.

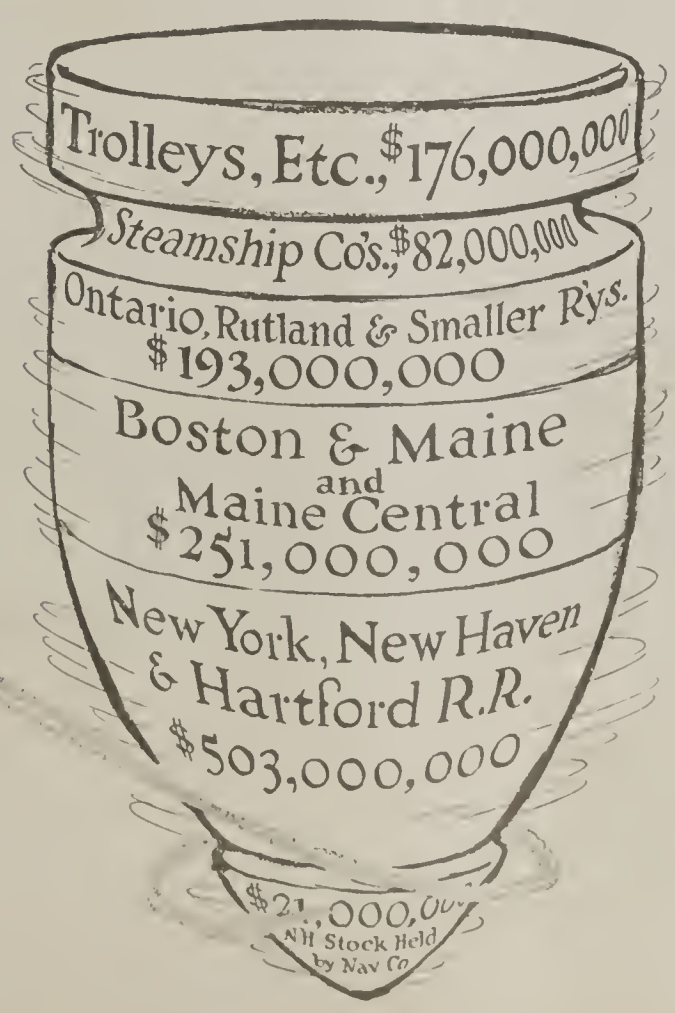
The New Haven, in the course of Mr. Mellen's buying mania, had come into possession of the trolley line from Tarrytown to the village of Mamaroneck, in the State of New York. What earthly use it could have for this property, not remotely a competitor, no ordinary mortal could fathom. The road was not only bankrupt, but it could not even earn its operating expenses.

Yet into this twenty miles of trolley line, saddled with an impossible contract in its charter, Mr. Mellen poured **$915,000.** The property having been "reorganized" after sale at auction, the New Haven applied to the Public Service Commission for permission to issue stock to this amount. But this application was to a commission which the New Haven does not own or appoint, viz., for the Second District of New York—*i. e.*, all New York State outside of New York City.

NEW YORK KICKS OVER THE WATER PAIL

THIS commission, as the New York law directs, required an appraisal, and this appraisal was made by the well-known engineering firm of Westinghouse, Church, Kerr & Co., of which John F. Wallace, who so dramatically resigned as director of the Panama Canal construction, is president. The result was another miracle of the sort of which we have of late years seen so many, in the way of railway valuations. Messrs. Westinghouse, Church, Kerr & Co., in an inventory "very extensively detailed," found the total duplication cost but a shade less than the New Haven's actual investment, viz., $862,000.

But while the hearings were in progress it was found



(Continued on page 27)

The Passage of Pope Pius X on His Way to the Consistory

Writing for Collier's of a Vatican scene like this a year ago, Ford Madox Hueffer, the novelist, thus painted in words the view the camera now records: Suddenly against the light I saw an immense thing darting and swaying slightly. It suggested an apparition borne on high with two great fans swaying one on each side—entirely black against the light of the high portal. One knew that it was the throne of the Pope of Rome. We could see a bent form beneath a great miter. I was so taken up with the face and the hands that gave the benediction that I never saw his dress

The Funeral Throne of Patriarch Joachim III

What a wonderful spectacle was this witnessed by war-threatened Stamboul! Wonderful in itself alone—the funeral journey of the venerable Patriarch of the Greek Church, borne through the streets sitting lifelike in his chair of state! More wonderful by contrasts of time and place! For Turkish gendarmes guarded the body and its escort of Greek priests, and representatives of the Sultan walked in the procession, although in battle lines not far away Turks and Greeks faced each other. In fullness of honor the Patriarch passed—in sacerdotal dress and miter

English Honors to Whitelaw Reid

The body of Whitelaw Reid was borne in state, December 21, from the Ambassador's late residence, Dorchester House, to Victoria Station in London on the way to America. Every honor was accorded the memory of the veteran diplomat by the King of England. A detachment of the Household Cavalry and of the Scots Guards marched through the streets of London as an escort. The body of the Ambassador was carried on a gun caisson covered by an American flag. The funeral was held January 4 at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City

Woodrow Wilson at His Birthplace, Staunton, Virginia

On December 28, 1912, fifty-six years after the date of the birth of its illustrious son, the Virginian city of Staunton welcomed home the next President of the United States, and he slept again in the Presbyterian manse where he was born. Governor Mann of Virginia greeted him on his arrival, and the two reviewed a parade. A gray-headed negro called the chosen chief executive "Master Tommy," and won a smile. A community rejoiced, and with it a State, a section, and a nation. Governor Wilson in his speech said the measure of business value was service

THIS CAN BE STOPPED

By MARK SULLIVAN

TO AVOID any charge of over-emphasis, let us call on Hon. Theodore E. Burton of Ohio. No man in public life is better known for exact thought, and none is more careful in statement. Concerning the subject which this page deals with, Senator Burton's words, uttered on the floor of the Senate, were:

"Besides its enormous magnitude, this industry will become fundamental to many other industries which depend upon water power for their operation and success. The possibility of a control of the business of the country through the agency of water power is more imminent than any other form of control ever attempted in the history of human endeavor."

These are strong words; considering that they come from an elder Senator, one who is classed as decidedly conservative, they justify ringing the fire bell.

The Issue

SENATOR BURTON was speaking of the efforts made by the large water-power interests to get from the Government of the United States, which now owns them, certain enormously valuable water-power sites. And let us all be perfectly clear: neither Senator Burton, nor Secretary Stimson, nor Secretary Fisher, nor any of the others who are leading this fight on behalf of the people wants to keep these water-power sites forever locked up and useless. They want them put to work, and just as early as possible; they want the work of development to be done by private capital; they want that private capital to have an adequate reward, even including some speculative reward for the capital that is willing to take the venture. But what these men, and the friends of conservation generally, do insist upon is this. (This statement of what the conservation leaders demand is made loosely; the leaders differ somewhat among themselves as to details and methods of control, which are not important):

That the Federal Government, before giving a franchise, shall retain sufficient control to prevent the amalgamation of all these power sites into one great monopoly.

That the Government shall have the power, if necessary, to control the charges made to the public for light and power from these sites, and finally

That the franchise shall terminate within a reasonable time and give opportunity for revaluation from time to time.

Right Now

THIS subject is of pressing importance just now for this reason: Some months ago an effort was made, under the leadership of some of the most powerful Democrats in the Senate and House, to give away several valuable sites to water-power corporations. (Part of this effort was described in COLLIER'S last week.) Bills were introduced giving away without compensation sites in Tennessee, Montana, Illinois, Iowa, Alabama, and Missouri, aggregating *in value more than $10,000,000.* But for President Taft the effort would have been successful. The Coosa Dam Bill passed both the Senate and the House, although there was vigorous opposition in both chambers. It was vetoed by President Taft, who said in the course of his message:

"I think . . . that it is just as improvident to grant this permit without such a reservation (*i. e.*, a compensation to the Government) as it would be to throw away any other asset of the Government."

It is now commonly understood that *the power grabbers and their friends will make an effort during the remaining days of the present Congress to pass these bills over President Taft's veto.*

This is a case where *the horse is not yet stolen; there is still time to lock the door*

IN THE *meantime special interests, in order to reap the harvests of the last of our great natural resources, have been grabbing for these water-power sites with a greed hardly paralleled in the history of this country, which has already suffered enough from exploitation of our natural resources.*
—SENATOR THEODORE BURTON OF OHIO.

WE WILL *have a Water Power Trust in this country in comparison with which the Steel Trust . . . and the Standard Oil Trust . . . will seem as mere benevolent societies organized for the dissemination of Christian charity.*—CONGRESSMAN BENJAMIN G. HUMPHREYS OF MISSISSIPPI.

State Rights

THE Federal Government spends many millions in making a stream navigable. As an incident of this process water power of enormous value is developed. A good many perfectly honest men in Congress think it is entirely proper to give this water power away to a private corporation without compensation. That is one manifestation of what State rights means. If any considerable number of Democrats turn out to be stubborn in their allegiance to this century-old doctrine, some very unfortunate things are bound to happen.

Not All

THE Democrats who are helping the effort to give valuable Government property to private corporations without compensation have been credited with the assumption that their motive is the traditional State rights doctrine of their party. Unhappily, this is not universally correct. The business of distinguishing between those Democrats who are living in the past and those too up-and-coming ones who have alliances with big business will be difficult but necessary.

A Senator in a Hurry

ON JULY 29 Senator Bankhead of Alabama introduced a bill giving to the Alabama Power Company authority to build a dam on the Coosa River. On August 6 just eight days later, the bill was reported on the floor of the Senate. (Consider the speed of that, all persons who have tried for years to get, for example, a law prohibiting the interstate shipment of liquor into prohibition communities.) When Senator Burton of Ohio indicated his wish to make some remarks on this bill, Mr. Bankhead was very urgent:

"This is a very important matter to us. If it is not passed now the probabilities are that we shall not be able to have it passed at this session. Let us try to."

But Senator Burton insisted, and on the following day, August 7, we find Mr. Bankhead pleading again:

"I have no disposition in the world to interfere with other business of the Senate, but I am exceedingly anxious to have the consideration of this measure at an early time."

On August 15 Senator Bankhead was again busy. He said:

"I desire to ask unanimous consent that on Friday morning, being to-morrow, immediately after the routine morning business, the Senate will consider . . . the bill to authorize the building of a dam across the Coosa River, Alabama."

Finally, on August 16, exactly eighteen days after he had introduced it, Senator Bankhead got the bill to a successful vote. As an illustration of just what *can* be done, this case should be remembered by all those public-spirited persons who spend years urging bills in the interests of the people.

The Forest Reserves

ANOTHER effort that is going to be made under cover of State rights is to take the forest reserves out of the hands of the National Government and give them to the various State governments. Of course, this is very different from the water-power situation. As to water power, the attempt is to take a valuable property away from the nation and give it directly to a private corporation. But those who are urging the removal of the forests from the possession of the nation have a shrewd idea that the arm of the State is neither as long nor as strong as the arm of the nation. The ultimate purpose in both cases is the same.

Roosevelt Foresaw It

NEARLY five years ago, when Roosevelt was still in the White House, he foresaw the tendency about which fully half the nation has now waked up. On February 26, 1908, in the course of an official public message, he said:

"Among these monopolies, *as the report of the commission points out* ***there is no other which threatens, or has ever threatened, such intolerable interference with the daily life of the people*** *as the consolidation of companies controlling water power. . . . These bills are intended to enable the corporations to take possession in perpetuity of national forest lands for the purposes of their business, where and as they please, wholly without compensation to the public. Yet the effect of granting such privileges, taken together with rights already acquired under State laws, would be to give away properties of enormous value.* ***No rights involving water power should be granted to any corporations in perpetuity, but only for a length of time sufficient to allow them to conduct their business profitably."***

At the time Roosevelt wrote these words there was comparatively little public sympathy with his views, or even understanding of what he was driving at. In Congress his point of view was regarded as laughable. Now public opinion has advanced to a point where the last power-grab bill was carried only after a stiff fight and by a vote of 94 to 87.

The LITTLE GRAY MAN

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

A solitary man sits surrounded by rows of test tubes and other paraphernalia of the analytical chemist in a small laboratory in a small town in New England. A tall, well groomed man shakes his finger at the little gray man and says:

"Well, Allyn, we'll get you just the same. Never doubt it! Sooner or later we will get you!"

After this menacing speech the tall man turns and walks stiffly out.

Query: Why did the tall man wish to "get" the gray man? And why did the little gray man, his cheeks flushing, his dark eyes glowing brightly, and his lips pursed stubbornly, gaze scornfully at a typewritten sheet which the tall man had left in his hand? Answer: That typewritten sheet was a cunningly phrased bill of health for benzoate of soda in catchups.

The tall man was an attorney for one of the great canning and preserving interests of the United States. His combination stood for millions of dollars, for manufacturing plants in half a dozen States, for warehouses and distributing centers in many directions, and *it stood for benzoate of soda.*

But the little gray man will not "stand for" benzoate of soda. He would not authorize the carefully prepared typewritten sheet to be published as a statement of his views. That was why the tall man was angry, and why he wanted to "get" the little gray man.

Not so many months ago another great firm of food manufacturers sent a blank check to the little gray man, and told him he might fill it out for any sum in four figures, which, for instance, might be $9,999, if only he would see that their products were on the list of pure foods published by the Board of Health in the little town of Westfield, in which the little gray man lives. But the blank check went back with a letter which told the senders that if their foods were found to be all right they would get into the Westfield lists without cost, and if they were not they could not get into them by the payment of any sum whatever.

Why? one asks again, why, in the name of all of us who would like a check for $9,999 for doing an accommodating little thing like that—why would any food maker pay such a sum to get into the good graces of one little Board of Health in one little New England town? And why Westfield in particular? What should be in that Westfield that it should be sounded more than Springfield or Pittsfield, or any other -field, -ton, or -ville in the commonwealth of Massachusetts?

Professor Lewis B. Allyn, who has made Westfield, Mass., the pure-food capital of the nation

THE BIGGEST WHIP THAT COMES FROM WESTFIELD

I HAVE looked at Westfield. It is just an ordinary factory town of some seventeen thousand people, including the Polakers.

Senator Murray Crane has a few paper mills sticking around the edges. There is a great foundry for making heating apparatus; and, of course, there are the whip factories. For one claim to distinction Westfield has in and of itself. It is the "Whip City" of the world. Ninety per cent of all the whips made in the United States come from Westfield.

But none of these have brought Westfield to fame. It was the little gray man who did that. He is the biggest whip that comes out of Westfield. He has found a way to lash the back of the man who puts benzoate in his jams to preserve them, blue vitriol in his peas to make them green, ether and red ink and grass seed in his apple sauce to make it into strawberry preserves, acetanelid and phenacetin into his headache powders to such an extent that they will dull the pain in an aching corn as readily as in a throbbing head. Washington is forgotten. The little gray man has made Westfield the pure-food capital of the nation. Not that Westfield makes foods! It does not, except for home consumption. There's the wonder. They do not can an oyster or a tomato; they do not preserve a pickle or a berry. But the Westfield Board of Health publishes a list of foods which it considers pure, and lo! one of the great food makers of America will pay ten thousand dollars to get its name in that food dealer's book of life. More remarkable even: two hundred letters a day come to the secretary of that Board of Health, asking: "How can we give Memphis"—or Dallas or Yankton or Pasadena—"a pure-food standard like Westfield?"

And the only answer that can be sure is: *"Get a little gray man like ours."*

For it is a fact that Westfield has a higher pure-food standard than the law allows. Take, for instance, the coal-tar dyes. The number of these dyes is legion. The little gray man says:

"Bad . . . heart depressers, every one of them. Take them into your system regularly with your food or medicine, and then some day you make a sudden dash for a street car and your heart stops—and never starts again!"

Yet the United States Government, through the national Pure Food Law as at present interpreted and administered, permits seven of these dangerous dyes—the "sacred seven," pure-food advocates facetiously term them—to be used in the compounding of more than twenty foods and drugs. But those twenty foods and drugs, so loaded with heart depressers, cannot be sold in Westfield. Cause: the little gray man. The Board of Health of which he is a member, the public sentiment which he has created, are stricter than the United States statute; and the flag which the Constitution follows into Westfield is not striped with coal-tar dyes.

You remember Dr. Wiley, of course, and how valiantly he fought for pure foods at Washington? You remember, too, how one big interest after another threatened to "get" Wiley just as the tall man threatened to get Allyn in the laboratory of the Normal School at Westfield, Mass.? Well, they "got" Wiley, and some day perhaps they will "get" the little gray man; but they haven't "got" him yet, and he becomes every day a more important factor in the fight for pure food.

CONSIDER THE THINGS HE HAS DONE

LEWIS B. ALLYN has the hair of seventy and the enthusiasms of twenty, while the number of his years is exactly thirty-seven. To the adulterator and the impoverisher of foods and drugs he doubtless seems a bothersome, dangerous, trade-disturbing, property-destroying person. Consider, for instance, the things he did in Worcester last March. Worcester was having a pure-food exposition. Professor Allyn was there with a booth and a small laboratory equipment, an important part of which was three girls from the senior class of the chemistry department of the Normal School. For one thing, Professor Allyn walked into a store in Worcester and bought a can of peas, and into another store and bought a little bottle labeled "Pure Almond Extract, 2 Oz." Then he got upon the counter at his booth and, in full sight of the crowd that pressed round, applied the can opener to the peas, tipping the can forward so all could see the delicious greenness—to the sophisticated, the suspicious greenness—of the contents. The professor read the name of the brand of peas and the name of the packer of that brand very loudly and clearly, and repeated it, as the minister does the number of the hymns, so everyone would be sure to understand. Then Professor Allyn confessed to the people that he had his suspicions of that can of peas; that it looked to him as if they might be colored with copper. To see if that were so he poured some hydrochloric acid in the can. Then he brandished a gleaming steel butcher knife for a moment before the eyes of all; after which he stirred the peas with the knife thoroughly, methodically, expectantly, for a few patient moments. When he held the blade aloft again the steely sheen was gone, covered over completely by a coating of reddish-brown copper.

"Of course," observed the professor dryly in concluding the demonstration, "people that want to have their stomachs copper plated will always buy that brand of peas."

EXPOSING A FAKE

WHILE the people looked at one another in blank dismay, with a sort of pea greenness of feature, the grocer who had sold the demonstrator that can of goods hurried back to his store to get the rest of them off his shelves before anyone came along and recognized them.

But the professor had forgotten about the peas and was already demonstrating with the bottle of pure (?) almond extract. He gave the name of the brand and the packer as before, and began by observing that the label told two kinds of lies: first as to quantity, it said "2 oz.," when, as a matter of fact, the bottle was so concaved on all of its sides that while it looked like a two-ounce size it could only hold six-tenths of one ounce. It was a fake bottle, made to deceive, and it contained a fake article. "Pure Almond Extract," the label further declared; but there was not a drop of almond extract in the bottle. What it contained was diluted nitrobenzene, which is an important ingredient in the making of shoeblacking. It will do for boots, but few people want it in their stomachs. It is a mere coincidence that it smells like almond extract, as you may notice the next time you have your shoes polished.

AN UNMASKER OF HYPOCRITES AND POISONERS

THE next few minutes of the professor's lecture were devoted to a searching verbal analysis of the moral character of a firm which would sell six-tenths of an ounce of nitrobenzene as two ounces of pure almond extract. Mr. Allyn is not a man given to strong language, and yet when his indignation is at the proper height he has a flow of words which adapt themselves beautifully to portraying the sort of hypocrisy which must mask the soul of a man who is willing to poison his neighbors for gain.

A feature of the demonstration booth was exhibits brought from the home laboratory at Westfield, setting forth in concrete form the horrors and dangers of adulterated foods and improperly compounded drugs.

"Miss Jenny," the professor would say at intervals during the daily lectures, "hand me the two boards and the chicken jar." And Miss Jenny, who was one of his assistants, would take from a nail on the wall a wide, thin board, to one-half of which another equally wide, thin board was glued, and from a shelf a glass jar filled with those delectable-looking, fluffy marshmallow confections that dealers expose for sale at Easter time, and every doting parent of us buys faithfully and fondly for the children. Miss Jenny held the jar up for all to see while the professor took the boards and tried vainly to wrench them apart. Then he passed them through the crowd. Strong men handled them and gave it up. It was a good cabinetmaker's job, that piece of gluing. Then the professor would take the jar and tap it significantly as he said: "Those boards are fastened together with glue taken by our girls from a package of marshmallow chickens. True marshmallow, made from gums, is harmless. The untrue, the

(*Continued on page 29*)

The Humble Opinions of a Flatfoot

Our Navy as It Seems to the Enlisted Man Aboard Ship

III—Training, A Tour of the Ship, Fleet Evolutions

This is the third of a series of articles made up of letters from an American bluejacket to a friend ashore. The first appeared in Collier's of October 19 and the second was printed in the issue of December 7

Sketches Made at Sea with the Fleet
By HENRY REUTERDAHL

THE SAILOR'S TRAINING

DEAR BLANK—If you are an average citizen, you look at moving pictures of our big squadron. You point with pride. You know what they cost. Besides this, you know the armor has been passed on by steel experts and the guns by masters of the subject of ordnance. Fine tools, but how about the men that handle them?

Popular songs are written about the "man behind the gun." The fact is that the man is way behind the gun—years and years behind it. Our guns are the product of the highest science, not a weak spot overlooked; every step in their making adds a definite point of strength. But the making of bluejackets is haphazard, unscientific—the enlisted personnel nearly all new, raw, poorly trained material. Worse still, what well-developed material there is, is being paid off from day to day. And few will reenlist, because certain little disagreeable features have made life in the navy impossible for them.

THE other night we had a war game, the first squadron pitted against the second. It was nearly midnight before the picket ships of the second squadron flashed in a wireless that the dreadnoughts of the attacking squadron were piling on all their speed in our direction. It was a little cloudy, but enough moonlight to make the situation a great naval picture. Our ships were in column with all lights obscured but all alive with lookouts and all gun crews at their stations. Then we saw a couple of dark shadows on the horizon, right astern. Take a pair of binoculars and look at them. They become a column of dreadnoughts, the finest afloat, breathing out big smudges of smoke and nearing fast—the fight is imminent. It was surely a great naval picture. I have seen these great ships day after day, but the sense of vast strength is never dulled from the impression they give.

But if I take my eyes off their powerful turrets my thoughts wander—I think of these dreadnoughts not as masses of steel but as fighting machines. Tremendous fighting machines, manned by crews boyish and immature. Man-o'-war's men! Is that their calling? Not in the least.

Now supposing you were running a machine shop where you could hire almost no experienced men, but had to depend on the apprentices you broke in. And supposing these apprentices disliked your shop so that when they got only half broken in they left you, and you had to get a fresh batch of "kids" on your hands. Would you dream day and night of buying more and more lathes and milling machines, the biggest on the market? Then would you point to these big machines and feel a superlative pride in your shop?

How is any workman best trained—by keeping him locked up in a shop for weeks at a time? Obviously such an idea is the height of foolishness. Well, a bluejacket has duties to perform that certainly demand a great many hours of careful training. It is the hours of careful drill that count and not the length of time he is confined aboard ship. I have worked in factories, and I know that when a green hand walks into a shop he peels off his coat, is set at a bench, and starts in with nine or ten hours' hard work to learn his job. No, he doesn't spend three or four hours polishing up his tools. And the afternoon finds him still wrestling with his work, learning a point here and there, serious and contented. This contrast shows things up. Never yet, outside of the work of coaling ship, have I ever seen a sensible day gone through with in the navy, judged in the light of serious work and profitable training. If gun drills were carried on with the husky seriousness that goes with coaling ship, we would have a navy that was a navy.

I honestly think that three days out of a week, a solid nine hours each of the two days, put in with a heavy manful seriousness at ships' drills, would show results in a year that would make our kind of a navy look silly with all its seven-day weeks for drilling.

The enlisted man is of small importance. He has no clever friends in Washington. He is forgotten, except when the public cheers him in a parade or laughs at him when he is getting his fun in a seaport. I admit that at Washington they like to prescribe more drills for his benefit or recommend that certain fines be increased to make him toe the mark.

Stop a minute! You are thinking I want the navy made "soft" for the bluejackets. A soft navy! Why, you might as well have a fourteen-inch gun made of soft iron. No, I don't want any soft navy, but only a navy that considers the kind of material it has to work with. This is the American navy, and nearly every bluejacket is an American. Once we had a navy full of foreigners. The present system of discipline comes down from that time. It is true enough that now we have a navy full of young recruits nearly all on their first enlistment. This helps to keep up the habit of disregarding the manhood and self-respect of enlisted men and perpetuating the system of bullying and browbeating. In four years these kids grow up some, but still they are treated the same as if they hadn't grown a day older.

I THINK it all comes from the military spirit getting out of date. Navies are a little old-fashioned. In the old days they caught a man on a side street, hit him on the head, dragged him on a ship, where fear of flogging and the sight of shipmates hanging from the yardarm made him fight patriotically for the king. In those good old days human flesh could be made part of the fighting machine. This new notion of self-respect in the man up for'ard has made a sad mess of the *machine* tradition, and it is hard for the Navy Department to have to break away from it. The officers are treated like Americans. What is the matter with including the crew?

Some day the department will realize that enlisted men are also Americans and must be treated as such. Only stop to consider that a definite ideal of efficiency for a man-o'-war's man, such as in civil life there is, for instance, for a machinist, hasn't even begun to formulate itself. This lack of a working ideal comes from the navy being dominated by the young fellow with no intention at all to stick at the life.

For my part, I am fully convinced that the navy will be able to prepare itself for a real *man's* war only when the Navy Department makes the contentment of enlisted men a definite aim—as much as strong armor plate and accurate range finding. When it grows up to this, the navy will begin to be stiffened up by a respectable proportion of reenlistments.

A PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR

DEAR BLANK—I have written a lot about the navy, but if you should come on a ship everything would seem as strange to you as if I hadn't written you a single word. The reason is that I take all the commonplaces for granted, and so pass up what are the real everyday things.

I will give you a personally conducted tour. I will explain everything to the child you are—when you are on a battle wagon.

Now, a ship's ladder is not a ladder—it is a flight of steep stairs; and on a ship the greater part of your time you spend on ladders. There are times when you are on a deck, but please put your imagination through a going up and going down of ladders. That's one thing done; now go under a spell and let it be suggested to you that you are standing up and lying down—never sitting down—for four years, chairless and forlorn. Read books on certain forms of Oriental torture to get this idea well fixed in mind. What? Sit on the deck? Your uniform must be kept clean. When you are at a summer resort, watch nursie admonishing the small boy in the white ducks about sitting down on the dirty park bench.

WE PASS on. Now you want to take a wash. You go to get your bucket out of the wash-deck gear locker—some one has just walked off with it. You can steal somebody else's, can't you? You line up at Fresh-water Call if you are not called elsewhere at the fatal moment. The master-at-arms doles you out half a bucket of the priceless stuff—exactly half a bucket. He has a great eye for halves—line up with a thimble and you will get precisely a half a thimble full. Now with this half bucket of water you take your wash, peeling off your undershirt. If you don't peel off to the waistline you are a marine. Now, dirty or not, you must be a sailor, and soap and lather yourself until your hide comes off. The washroom is large enough to accommodate almost twelve men out of a crew of seven hundred, so you had better take your wash on deck—cold wind is healthy. Now you save up the water and wash a suit of whites in it, also an undershirt, a mattress cover, and a white hat, etc. Then you open your generous heart and give the water to some one who was out of luck at Fresh-water Call. You tie your washed clothes up on the line.

But I am leaving out everything. You have had to go down to your bag and dig out your soap and dirty clothes. You dig down into your bag for something forty times a day. A place for everything and everything in its place. The place is always the very bottom of your bag. The things you remove in your search you hang up on the deck, and you are lucky if you get them all back in your bag again. Remember, you are in the midst of a small army falling over you to do the same thing.

NOW it is getting fifteen minutes before dinner. You hear some sweet music upon the bugle, entitled "Spread Mess Gear." The word is passed, "Down tables!" The mess tables are hung up overhead, their legs folding up, the benches lying on top, legs also folding up. Well, the bugle is drowned out in a horrible clatter of getting down tables and spreading the mess gear. The mess cooks, one for each twenty men, dash up and down ladders with enamel-ware tureens to the galley for the grub, and dish everything out so that it will get good and cold before you get at it. At "Mess Gear," on the bugle, the master-at-arms has bawled out "Clear the deck!" and if it is cold weather you have gone up on the fo'castle to get up an appetite.

The coffee, made by a beautiful steam process, is held in five-gallon pots near the mess tables. The mess cooks shine up these pots for amusement between meals. "Mess cooks" don't work—they are middle men; they distribute the "chow." They also peel spuds, shine up the mess gear, carry up beef from the refrigerator, located several ladder miles from the galley. It is a fine job being a mess cook and fighting for "seconds" up in the galley with the ship's cooks. Wait a while and your imagination should detail you for this job for three months. During these three months you write home telling your folks what a seagoing old salt you are getting to be. And you get white as chalk staying between decks with the grease, scrubbing your tables and washing your dishes—you certainly get to be some sketch as a sailor.

I mustn't forget to endow your imagination with a ditty box. This is a small box which is to hold your shoe-shining gear, brush and comb, sewing outfit, tobacco, letters, writing materials, souvenirs of foreign

countries that you don't visit, and so forth and so on. This ditty box has a lock that will unlock if you don't set the box down gently, but you lose the key and have to force it open for good anyhow. So other strange people borrow your postage stamps and post cards. Sometimes your box [illegible] shortly.

[illegible] too chilly where I am writing, and I must move somewhere else. Why a battleship needs a refrigerator is more than I can see. It is the middle of summer now. I sigh for Cuba.

ON A BATTLESHIP the living space of the crew is about as comfortable and cozy as a barn—a barn without any hay and so clean and bare that a tramp would be *just gone*. In stories of the sea I used to read, the description passes from the desolateness without to the warm, snug little cabins with their swinging lanterns, clouds of tobacco smoke, and old salts regaling the reader with a fine line of sailors' yarns. I am sorry I can't be as hospitable.

Our living space—the gun deck—is a flat steel box, all painted white inside. The gun ports insure a supply of fresh air, nice and cold. I tell you, on my word of honor, that people live here; you see nary a sign of human beings having passed any time here—not a piece of personal property. Everything is either stowed away or it goes overboard, to feed the fishes. You will find this a desolate place to pass an afternoon; this is our home for four years.

I am getting dull, so let me liven things up by cooping you up here while we get under way. First, you hear numerous rumors, most of them wrong, as to time of starting and destination. Who cares that the crew might be interested to know? We are children. The rumor becomes a certainty when you hear the word passed, "Lay below all the chain tierers!" Then later: "All hands up anchor!" You imagine the expression "all hands" has but two syllables. I assure you it has a dozen or more. Then quarters are sounded on a bugle; you fall in with your division. Each man belongs to a division in a certain part of the ship. I won't tell you how many times we fall into our quarters—it becomes automatic. We are soldiers, not sailors.

WELL, the order comes from the flagship to "heave short." This means to heave in the anchor chain until it tends up and down. Then, when the signal is made to get under way, the rest of the chain is heaved in; there is a lot of shouting to get the colors shifted to the gaff, the speed indicators are run up, the signal boys hoist flags and haul them down like crazy men, and everybody is excited. Finally we get the ship into position in column, and the game is to keep her there. The skipper throws fourteen fits over this terrible ordeal.

Now be very careful while the "old man" is on the bridge, and don't go on the fo'castle out of uniform. You take your life in your hands if you do.

And don't be afraid of getting seasick: the ship travels like a moving sidewalk most of the time. It goes over the rollers like a trained elephant over the prostrate trainer. We look at some sailing vessel that comes across our bow leaning to the wind as gracefully as a pretty girl, and we wonder what it is like to be a sailor. A battleship is as ugly as a dredge. If anyone speaks of a battleship as "she" he is away off on his genders. And all salt spray is carefully wiped off, so that all evidence of having been to sea will be destroyed.

NOW I will change the scene to nighttime—even a battleship will convey a hint of the romantic when its straight, awkward build is shaded over. At night the bridge is the only part of the ship that is alive. That is to say, except the firerooms. These have a delightful life that is all their own. Well, on the top side, the section of the crew that has the watch stow themselves away underneath the bridge, within reach. They sleep on anything, hard or soft, and if you walk over them they don't seem to mind it at all. Of course, the petty officers of the watch are awake and can rouse up the whole watch in a minute if anything turns up. In fact, the whole crew is easy to turn out. With bugles shrieking and a master-at-arms letting fly at the underside of our hammocks, we hit the deck with a snap. It is nothing to get the whole crew at their stations for fire quarters in the space of very few minutes.

But, oh, my! a battleship is the place to get a view of sleep and heaps of sprawling sleepers that a "wop" lodging house couldn't begin to equal. Hammocks swung close together, with various sections of the body protruding; and, what you probably don't know of, the decks covered with men who have flopped down without slinging a hammock. At hammock inspection some men should properly show a Sunday newspaper. The passageways down below are full of coal passers, black with coal dust, stretched out in the gangway, presenting their grimy faces to the tender mercies of your feet as you try to step over them.

I will let you see what it is like on the bridge when under way at night. The captain comes up when he is needed, but generally the command is in the hands of an ensign, the rank next higher to a midshipman. Then there is a quartermaster, two helmsmen, two lookouts, and three or four signal boys. The navigator is called when any light is sighted. Every half hour, when the bell is struck, the lookouts report the running lights burning bright. The ship ahead and the ship behind in the column show blotches of light and a darkling outline to keep our ship from getting lonesome. The light thrown back from the bridge shows up our stacks with the black smoke boiling out and the nests of small boats all shadows down on the top side.

Things are not very military on the bridge at night. One of the signal boys takes a bucket and goes down in the fireroom to make coffee. This is not made by any French-drip process. The door of a fire is swung open and the bucket pushed in against the hot coals; as it boils over, more water is thrown in—finest coffee in the world!

By the way, I suppose you never have eaten any "Mulligan." This is made by the fireroom chef every night. The recipe calls for canned Willie, spuds, onions, canned tomatoes, all mixed up together. A couple of shovels of hot coals thrown out on the deck of the fireroom make a fine stove. With pepper and salt and big slabs of bread, then red-hot coffee to wash it down—there is a feed to give a coal passer ambition to stand a long night watch in the bunkers.

As for the signal boys (from not doing deck work, they are sometimes referred to as the signal girls), they favor bread and jam for a night lunch. They are awful "scoffers" of sweet stuff, and coffee topers all of them. The cold wind helps. The officer of the deck doesn't kick—he gets a cup of signal-boy coffee and scoffs it like a signal boy.

In the shadows of nighttime even a battleship will convey a hint of the romantic

At a quarter of twelve the midwatch has to be called. The boatswain's mate goes blowing his shrill pipe all over the ship, under the hammocks, and singing out for the section that is to come on watch; for instance, "All—the—second—section—on—deck! All—the—second—section!" If a fellow doesn't get up, the sea suddenly gets rough, and his hammock rolls and pitches until he "shows a Government sock." Then, at five minutes of twelve, all the petty officers sing out in a grand chorus, spaced with piping, to relieve the wheel and lookouts, and for all the lifeboat's crew to muster. This singsong always sounds comical.

THE one time that a bluejacket feels like a real sailor is when he rolls out of his hammock for a midwatch at night, and comes up on deck with a fierce cold wind blowing and has to go on a wheel or lookout watch. But we lay at anchor so much that this seagoing feeling doesn't get rubbed in very hard.

In a century or two from now people will look at pictures of our battleships and will jump to the conclusion that they were manned by a fierce breed of men. I know this fierce breed of men, and know that the peaceful scrubbing out of a suit of whites is not at all unbecoming to the character.

Suppose some old sea dog of fiction, like Lieutenant Bowling, should fall out of Roderick Random and land on one of our ships. He would drop dead at the sight of our crews of neat young men eating chocolates from the canteen and running the pianola.

THE SHIP'S BRIG

DEAR BLANK—I mustn't speak disrespectfully of the ship's brig. Maybe I might land in there myself to-morrow. I have seen a fellow get a meal ticket in this "Pie House" by laughing at the wrong time—his watch must have been wrong. You have got to mind your p's and q's and then some letters to stear clear of this "Rathskellar." Of course, when the skipper judges your case, you get a free display of quarter-deck eloquence, but the stormier the climax the more you get soaked, so I don't see where the fun comes in. When *you* are marched downstairs in the basement you get a hunk of bread with a cup of water for a chaser.

But nerve finds a way. Sometimes some shipmate gets a string of sausages and filibusters one end in the grating of your cell when the sentry is napping. You heave in on the chain. You go easy because the chain is only as strong as the weakest dog.

Or, maybe, you catch a whiff of the sweet perfume of a cigarette. You stealthily stretch your hand through the porthole, and there, dangling on some marlin, betwixt wind and water, is a real smoke all lit for yours truly. You give thanks for shipmates, and the world is yours. Only a sailor knows what it is to be without a "butt" and down in a dirty, lonesome hold of a brig.

When you get released it is several days before you dare turn your head around easily. You have a peculiar notion that a Jimmy Legs—I mean master-at-arms—is dogging your footsteps, watching every move you make. And as you emerge from below you show a stubbly beard that scares you when you look in a glass.

Oh, no—not for me to speak disrespectfully of the brig. As the poet says, the descent is a cinch.

FLEET EVOLUTIONS

DEAR BLANK—I am going to break loose on the subject of fleet evolutions as I see them with my humble incomprehension. I have had the opportunity to look into the elaborate programs put out by the Navy Department for the careful guidance of ships taking part in these evolutions. And I see, with my eye full of motes, that to steer clear of hitches in the program, all details are made as precise as possible. Now this is just the trouble with these drills: In real war the unforeseen situation is the thing that ditches you or gives you your chance. To my mind, every item of the drill schedule should be adjudged solely on its being provocative of predicaments of all kinds. How is an officer to develop capacity for command when his work is all cut and dried? I will tell you what I am in favor of, and that is a perpetual war game, twelve months in the year. I admit that certain limitations are necessary: crews must have liberty, etc. But under war conditions ships would have to be disabled for repairs from time to time, and so the docking of ships for certain intervals wouldn't spoil the game as a whole.

WITH a perpetual war game on, and the best possible Hoyle developed for such a game, the Navy Department would quick enough see who was who in the U. S. N., and could pluck and promote accordingly.

Maybe you don't think much of war games. Naturally, war games are evaluated in the light of war games that have been held. This won't do at all. It is safe to say that a good war game has never yet been played and won't be for some time to come. A set of rules must have time to grow. So far they haven't had a ghost of a chance to grow. Too many moves are prescribed beforehand. A game is no game at all unless each move discloses a situation to be acted upon by fresh judgment.

What a grand game this war game would become! The old stale routine a thing of the past, and the

(*Concluded on page 27*)

BY-PRODUCT CITIZENS

How Remedial Education Utilizes the Waste of the Public Schools

By LOUISE EBERLE

Science finds each child's exact defect

WERE you ever rewarded for infantile virtue by being allowed to sit by the table and watch the cook with her dough? First came the pies, each taking its big rounds of pastry, and when they were made there was a goodly heap of "trimmings" that looked to us only fit to play with for a while previous to being thrown out. But while we were hoping, an apple or two appeared, and the largest pieces of paste went to make dumplings. Then the still smaller pieces followed in tart pans, and finally, when but scraps were left that surely ought to have been ours, cook transformed them into cheese straws. None was wasted and none was "seconds," each piece finding the métier which it fitted, and becoming a useful and complete article.

A "BY-PRODUCT" FACTORY

THAT was indeed economic perfection, and economics in many products had been carried to this degree before it dawned on any working number of us that the product is worth little if the producing power is being lost, and that our economic waste in the matter of citizens is more formidable than all the other civic dangers we are guarding against put together. But now that such figures as scientific men can compile at this stage of the game show that probably one-third of all city school children are backward in their progress through their classes, three and a half per cent of all feeble-minded and one-half of one per cent idiots, several hundred American cities have concluded that it is time to get to work on the salvage of what is back of all future products—the producing mind power of the child men and women. Hence the classes for backward children maintained in the public schools of 207 of the cities, those for delinquents in 121 cities, for defectives in 94, for late-entering children in 75, for incorrigibles in 7, and for enough other varieties of "exceptional" children to bring the total of cities reporting some form of the work to 898.

It seems to be true that in most places the work is practically entirely in the hands of women. In New York City even the general supervisor is a woman—Miss Elizabeth Farrell, the first supervisor of such work to be appointed in the country. Miss Farrell calls the department her "by-product factory" because, with the single exception of the one-half of one per cent of the children who are idiots, and hence purely institutional cases, it deals with that thirty-three per cent that the public schools cannot utilize. Its ideal is not to shelter them, nor to shelter the community from them, but to turn them back into the community as citizens, each with a definite place and a definite ability to fill it, even when not conforming to the general public-school pattern.

We have three sorts of schools on this continent now. One is a heritage from the days when our grandfathers beat all school children as being the one universal cure for educational ills, and in it, though we have outgrown beatings, the dull, the backward, the "bad" are treated with penalties ranging all the way from extra tasks to expulsion. The second sort has perceived that the worst of the incorrigibles and laggards are socially and economically sick, and its ideal is to take them out of the race with the normal, let the community shoulder for them their share of responsibility, demand of them none of the progress expected of the average child, but minister to their needs in the way of extracting all possible joy from life for them and so is a deterrent in the inevitable downward tendency of such children. The third sort of school, swift on the heels of the second, brings the revelation that the taking up of such a sacrificial burden is not necessary, but that laggards, deficient and incorrigible alike, are suffering from a handicap—retardation—that penalization of any kind only increases, and that individual education, not beating, is the cure-all. Hence the classes for exceptional children bear the same relation to the old-style school that Moses's rod—leading, freeing, and saving from bondage—bore to the rod of the Egyptian task masters, that smote, broke, and drove to direr tasks.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE CAUSES

IN THE classes representing the newest concept of remedial education, for a child who cannot learn to write a trapeze may be prescribed, a beating never; or failing to read, left-handedness instead of staying in every night; for some dull in arithmetic, games indulged in right through school hours instead of extra tasks; or for the "bad," three square meals a day instead of expulsion. Enough to make the old-fashioned schoolmaster with his cat-o'-nine-tails think us lunatics. But, then, he did not know that a failure to learn to write may mean not mental laziness but a lack of coordination between brain and muscles, causing an inability to make thumb and forefinger touch each other at will, much less properly grasp a pen. Hence the course with trapeze and handlebars. Or a child may not be able to learn to read for the reason that the cerebral area that controls this is at fault on the motor side of his brain—the left side in a right-handed child. But there is no reason why the corresponding area on the right side may not be normal, so the attempt to switch the current to the possibly undamaged battery is made by teaching the right-handed child to use left hand and foot foremost, and the other way around with a left-handed child. As for the incorrigible, his badness may be as directly traceable to malnutrition as the explosion of a boiler to the inability of a weakened valve to withstand steam pressure.

Children enter the special classes of New York City on recommendation of the principal of the school in which they have been demonstrating their inability to assimilate education in the same form as the majority. When not in school they are sometimes found by social workers, census takers, or, in fact, any members of the community who are aware of the work going on and their own responsibility in the matter. The first step is the clinic examination, where Miss Farrell's assistants, the medical examiner and the mental expert, examine the child and report to her, the decision as to just what the child needs in the way of remedial education being with her. To the doctor first goes the young applicant with a card filled out by the school principal or whoever is making the report to the clinic. A card may say "abnormally dull, disobedient, slouches in his seat, not promoted with his class in two years." "Let's look him over," says the doctor, and she finds a diseased spine. How could he sit straight and do the things he was told, or endure the unbelievable weariness that mental exertion is to those with bad backs? Let him go as he is going and he will soon really be a defective, for with that obstacle blocking the doorway not enough supplies can be got to his mind to keep it alive unless he is unusually strong mentally. But relieve the spine and there will soon

The teachers devise game after joyous game to teach the children to reason instinctively

a boy who can take [illegible] That's the way it works, always by [illegible] eyes, ears, breathing apparatus or [illegible] the human machine. As for the [illegible] this course, that is demonstrated by the fact that the poor little muddled problem of life [illegible] straightened out right here, the ring [illegible] ping the whole machine repaired, and the child returned to the community immediately without ever entering the special classes.

Following the doctor's comes the mental expert's test. It is her task to find out just where the child is mentally. And she, as frequently as the doctor, may find that instead of a case of feeble-mindedness, there is before her a case of misunderstanding on the part of the community. Maybe the child, reported by his teacher as defective, is what we call "all there," but is so constituted that his mind cannot take in education in the unnatural way we give it to children—from abstract to concrete—but must have it in the natural way of going from concrete to abstract. Maybe he has been condemned on his inability to learn arithmetic. He will learn it now, but probably by means of building toy houses, boats, or real furniture, getting in the same amount of adding, subtracting, dividing, multiplying, and fractions that other boys learn from the pages of a book, but with the manifest advantage of deducing it from actual problems grappled with and overcome, and with an interest instead of a possible penalty pushing him on.

THE APPLICATION OF REMEDIES

AFTER getting at the physiological and mental reasons for a hitch there are still other things to be done before the child is expected to receive the full benefit of the special class, much less take again his place in the grades. What kind of a home has the boy or girl? is the next question asked by this department that never accepts a partial statement of a child's case. It is answered by the social workers who glean this side of the evidence. These frequently tell of surroundings and conditions that alone account for the fettering of the child's mind—privation, dirt, unspeakable discomfort, hunger, hideousness so great that it acts on the budding soul as shutting it up in a cellar would act on a plant. What can the public school do for that? Isn't the end of its tether reached there? Maybe so, but just where it does end we find one of the most beautiful phases of the work—cooperation. Miss Farrell tells me that there is no child in the exceptional classes who cannot have, free, the services of the greatest specialists; that nurses, sisterhoods, social workers, charities, settlements, all respond to calls for help as if the work were their own, and will so respond till the community awakens to the fact that the work belongs to it. And here, too, the problem of the child is sometimes completely solved when it is found that bad surroundings and insufficient nourishment alone are producing a condition that is beginning to make the world at large say: "He's different. Drop him from the running."

The house in order, repairs begun, and its maintenance provided for, the mental occupant now comes in for attention. The child is assigned to a special class, and there, in the words of Miss Farrell, school ceases to be a preparation for life, and *is* life. In other words, education is no longer conceived of as the thing learned, but is recognized as the mental facility and mastery gained by learning it. With this conception practically the same mastery of his own mind can be attained by the child who, for some obscure physiological reason, cannot learn to read as by the scholar, for in these school rooms study ceases to be academic, but becomes the interpretation of the happy, active, orderly life lived there—interpretation, the lack of which loses to so many of us the value of our experiences. The classrooms in which this goes on look much more like places evolved by boys and girls for themselves under ideal conditions than like [illegible] rooms. Tools, tables, benches, games, growing plants, not a thing that cannot be moved at will, not [illegible] of the usual desk seat that meant [illegible] still that demands action, but [illegible] contrary out of a book.

There is, of course, a fixed curriculum that [illegible] everything done in these [illegible]. It is [illegible] that in building a foundation [illegible] bottom, whereon the [illegible]

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- Deep cushions
- Stewart & Clark Speedometer
- Full elliptic springs
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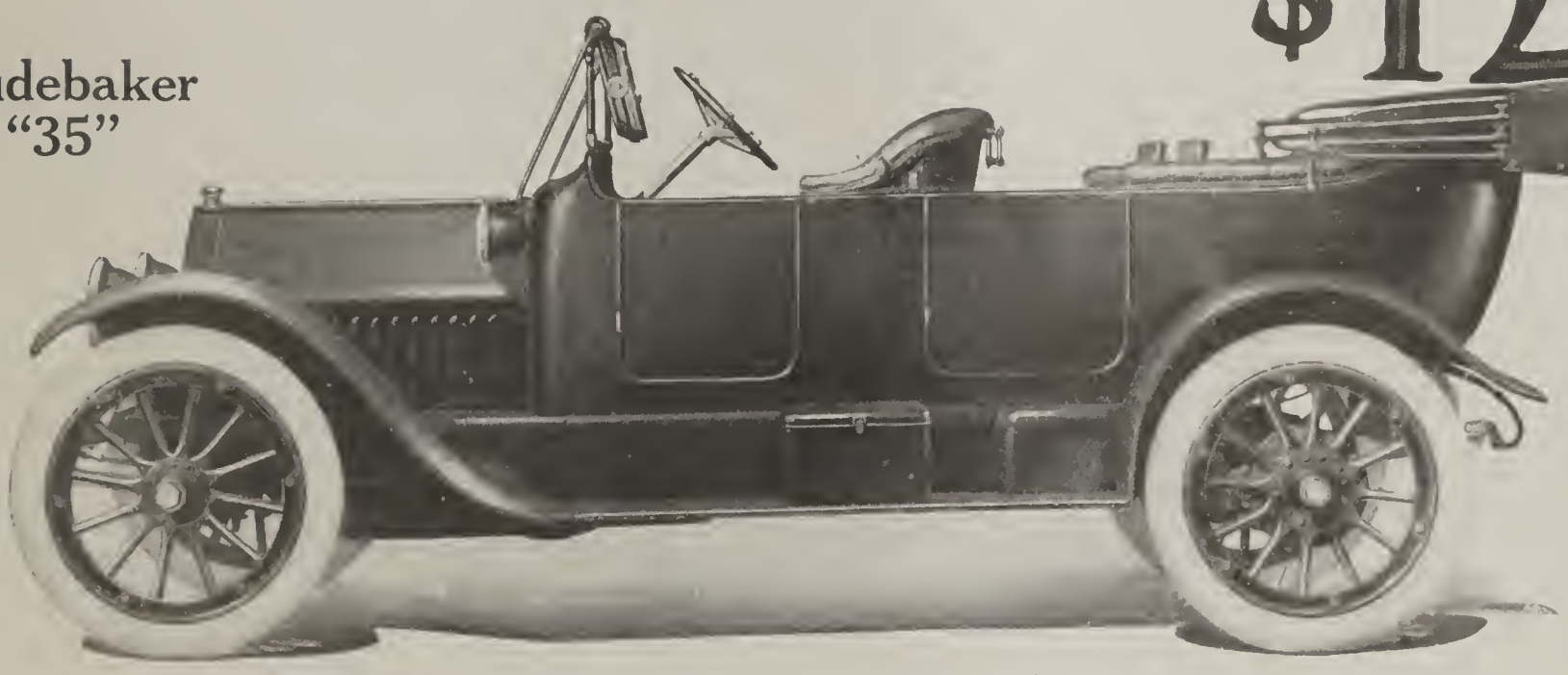
Studebaker "35"

$1290

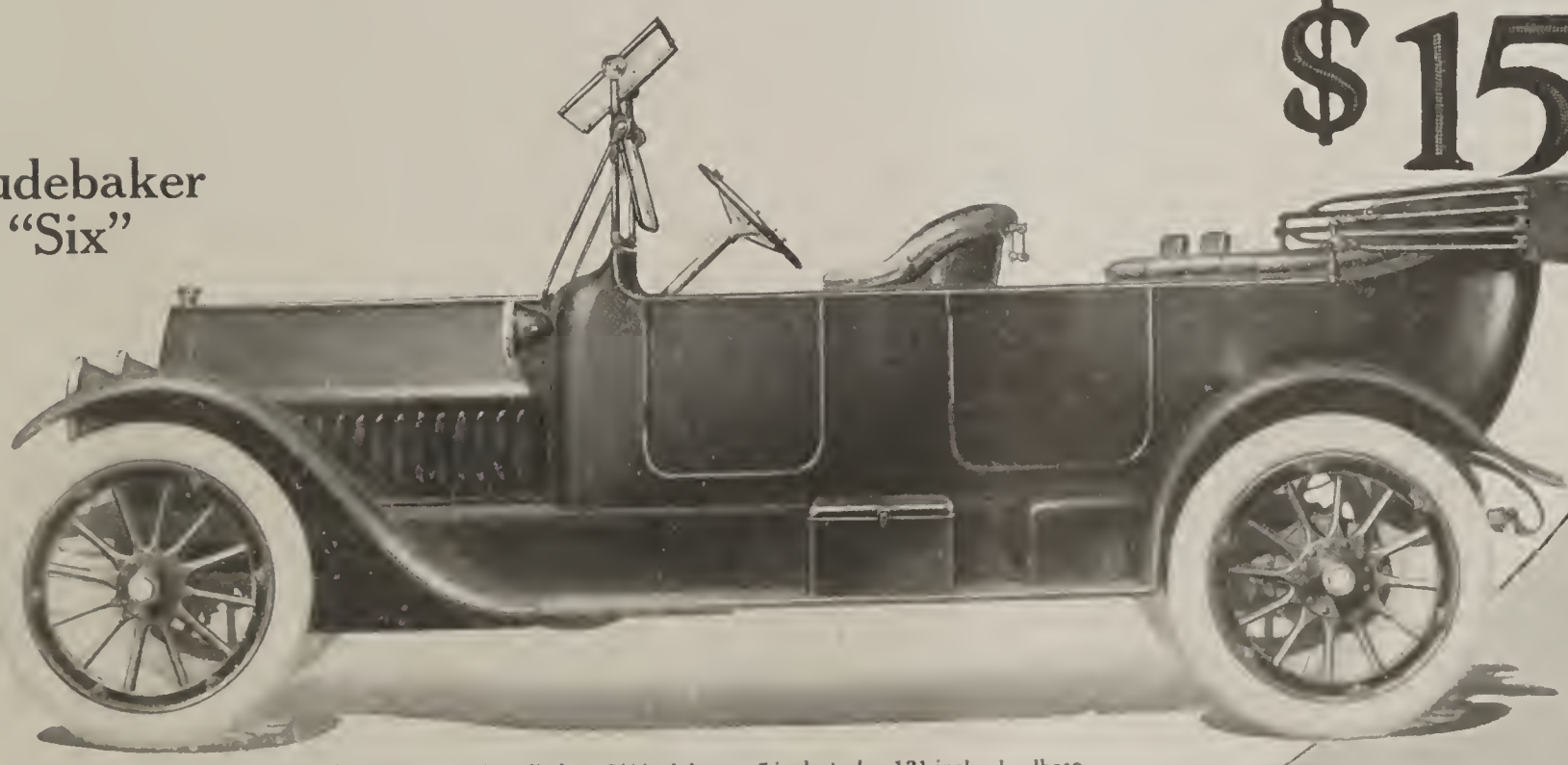


Six-passenger, four cylinders, 4⅛ inch bore x 5 inch stroke, 116 inch wheelbase

- Electric self-starter
- 34 x 4 Goodrich tires
- Detachable, demountable rims
- Extra rim
- Tire holders
- Electric lights
- Stewart & Clark Speedometer
- Three-quarter elliptic springs
- Full floating rear axle
- Electric horn
- Silk mohair top
- Studebaker Jiffy curtains
- Luxurious upholstery
- Deep cushions
- Clear-vision ventilating wind shield—rain vision type
- Crowned fenders
- Wide tool box
- Full set of tools

Studebaker "Six"

$1550



Six-passenger, six cylinders, 3¾ inch bore x 5 inch stroke, 121 inch wheelbase

- Electric self starter
- 34 x 4 Goodrich tires
- Detachable demountable rims
- Extra rim
- Tire holders
- Electric lights
- Stewart & Clark Speedometer
- Three-quarter elliptic springs
- Full floating rear axle
- Electric horn
- Silk mohair top
- Studebaker Jiffy curtains
- Luxurious upholstery
- Deep cushions
- Clear-vision ventilating wind-shield—rain vision type
- Crowned fenders
- Special tool box
- Full set of tools

The SIX RUBIES

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

Part Three

The Two Gentlemen of Cadenabbia

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

I DINED, on the evening of my arrival, well and pleasantly, to tolerable music, surrounded by the low frocks and dinner jackets with which England furnishes forth the continental hotel, my eyes, through the open window, upon the darkening lake and the far-off cheery lights of Bellagio I felt a little like the soldier on the eve of battle. I felt a sense of suspended action—peace, rest, quiet. I looked about me with a mild interest. In all that well-dressed company of folk who spoke my tongue I had no expectation of finding a familiar countenance, and I found none, but it amused me to tag characters and even histories to the different faces near by. It is a good enough pastime.

There were men, young and old, who looked interesting, women and girls who were pretty and perhaps clever—one young woman, I remember, who was very beautiful and seemed both good and kind: she might long have remained in my thoughts but for another face that went always with me night and day and was not to be dispossessed.

I think, however, that I looked longest and with most interest upon a middle-aged gentleman who dined at a near-by table, alone, like myself. He was a melancholy-seeming gentleman with neat gray hair brushed straight back and a brown, lean face. Once I met his eyes and they were, I thought, kindly, though very sad. I liked him. I liked his air of being a little apart from the active world (though once no doubt a part of it); I liked the slightly unfashionable cut of his dinner jacket; I liked the gentle voice with which he spoke to his waiter, in excellent Italian of an indefinably foreign cast. I wove a number of interesting stories about this melancholy gentleman, but he left the room presently, having finished his dinner, and I too, when I had drunk my coffee, went out to the quiet road that lies close before the hotel, skirting the water's edge, and strolled there smoking.

THE moonlight lay upon the still lake like liquid silver spilled upon ink. Close at hand magnolias and rhododendrons leaned toward me over the tops of garden walls, while cypresses stood black and mournful among them. The high mountains towered at either side—San Primo, Crocione, Galbiga. There was snow still upon the upper slope of San Primo and upon the Grigna—a vast glitter of it on the Engadine to the north; yet where I walked the night was as warm as midsummer, though it was May, and heavy with the fragrance of wistaria and of early roses and of honeysuckle. I heard faint notes of music from Bellagio, across the lake, and the ghostly tinkle of little bells on the fishing nets before San Giovanni.

So I strolled and smoked in great peace, and the melancholy middle-aged gentleman at the next table went out of my mind altogether.

He was recalled to it the next morning in an odd and somewhat ridiculous fashion. I found him in a rough stone path high up on the foothills over the Villa Carlotta, near Rogaro, cornered in an angle of the stone wall by a snake—a little gray viper about ten inches long. He was standing still and rigid and white, scarcely able to speak. I killed the snake, for vipers are dangerous, and after he had recovered from the nervous shock and from his embarrassment over it—men do not like to be found afraid by other men—we fell into conversation, and walked down to Cadenabbia together and had a glass of wine on the terrace of the simple little café near the bottom of the *salita*.

UPON acquaintance I liked this gray-haired gentleman still better. He was very courteous, as only old-fashioned people seem to me nowadays (I quote my Uncle Henry), and he had a kind of simple honesty of demeanor. Indeed, now that I mention my uncle's name, it occurs to me that in a faint, far-off fashion this Mr. Gregory (so he introduced himself) somewhat suggested him. I felt at the end of an hour as if I had known my new acquaintance a very long time indeed, and that must be, at least in part, my excuse for having gone to such a length in trusting him with my private affairs. For the rest I can only urge that I was one and twenty, and while perhaps less impulsive than most very young men, ill acquainted with the world,

He had been asking me if I meant to stay long at Cadenabbia and if I shouldn't find it a little dull with so few occupations at hand. I hesitated, took a breath, and said: "I haven't come here to amuse myself. I have come to find a man and take something from him that is mine."

"That sounds a serious matter," said my new friend, and I said: "It is as serious as a matter can be." I leaned forward across the table and lowered my voice. "Do you by any chance know or know of a man hereabouts whose name is Michael Gaunt?"

THE middle-aged gentleman regarded me for some moments in silence, but at length said:

"Yes, I do, though that is not the name he goes by."

"Will you tell me the name by which he is known," I asked, "and where he lives?"

Once more the middle-aged gentleman regarded me for some time in silence. At the end of this he rose abruptly to his feet and walked back and forth twice across the empty terrace, his hands in his pockets, his head bent, frowning. When he returned he said:

"I am afraid I must know more—that is if you care to tell. To be sure I am a total stranger to you."

"I don't feel that you are," said I. "And I don't wonder that you are unwilling to betray a man you know to another who tells you frankly he is the man's enemy. The facts are like this—" I hesitated in some embarrassment. "I have a confession to make. I told you my name was Howard. That was a lie. My name is Peter Gaunt."

My friend eyed me and nodded.

"Some months ago, immediately after the death of my father when I was left head of my family (though there is no family save my uncle and myself) my cousin Matthew Gaunt, head of an illegitimate branch, broke into Gaunt House by night and stole six rubies which have been the peculiar treasure and pride—I might say the visible honor—of the Gaunts for several centuries. Our arms are six gouttes (or drops of blood) gules, upon a field sable, and these rubies represented the six drops of blood fixed upon a black shield over my father's and my bed. Matthew stole them as a kind of insult, the bitterest he could think of, and to mark the fact that an old feud between the houses was still alive; and he gave one of them to each of his six sons."

MY FRIEND nodded.

"That *was* a slap in the face. It's not easy to bear things like that. You feel that you've got to get your —rubies, did you say?—back again, eh?"

I laughed but not in mirth.

"Naturally. Can I rest or go about my ordinary round of life until they are back on the wall at Gaunt House and Matthew Gaunt is punished? I tell you they were our honor."

The gray-haired gentleman looked upon me thoughtfully, sighed, shook his head, and was silent for a rather long time. Once he glanced up to ask: "Have you got any of the things back?"

I said: "Two. But there are four more, and Michael Gaunt has one of them."

So he returned to silence, staring at the top of the iron table and drawing imaginary figures upon it with his forefinger. He seemed to find, at length, some humor in what was to me a humorless situation, for his face took on all at once a look of great surprise; he gave a sudden laugh and after a moment laughed once more, but somewhat grimly. He rose again, as he had done once before, and walked back and forth across the shady terrace, smiting his hands together. Then he returned to his place across the little table, and I thought his quiet, melancholy face had taken on a new light of excitement. He said:

"I must apologize for being a bit slow. The matter wanted thought. I've known this—this cousin of yours for some time, and though I've had no reason to love him, still one doesn't give away even that kind of an acquaintance without careful consideration. Well, I've considered and I think you have a good case. I'll do what I can."

"I ask no more," said I, "than the name the man is known by and where he is to be found."

BUT my new friend shook his head.

"Then I can give you more than you ask, which doesn't often come to one in this world. Take what you can get and be thankful!" He lowered his voice a little.

"The man you want calls himself Graives—Edward Graives—and he has a little house in Griante up on the plateau just behind Cadenabbia here. He's a tall fair chap with a heavy mustache and blue eyes—walks bent a bit at the shoulders. You'll often see him down here by the lake with a surly-looking dog at his heels."

"I encountered such a fellow last evening after dinner," said I. "A tall fair man in an old brown Norfolk jacket. His dog growled at me, and I shifted my stick because I thought he meant to snap. The man saw me do it and was thoroughly unpleasant. I came near to punching his head."

"It's a good thing you didn't. He'd have given you a bad time of it—he and his cur. And besides, it would have made your job more difficult later on."

It seemed to me that I might easily have begun worse with Cousin Michael than by a wholesome thrashing, but I didn't say so. I waited for further counsel.

"I have heard," said my friend, "that Graives wants to let his house for the summer. If so the Lariana office—the steamboat agency—will know about it. The head man there is a kind of informal house agent in addition to his other duties. Ask the concierge at the hotel who the local house agent is. He'll direct you to the Lariana place, and there they'll get you into communication with Graives. Then you can look the house over and get an idea of where the hiding places are apt to be. You'll have to steal the ruby, you know. You can't bully or frighten it out of the man. He's not to be frightened. You'll have to slip in when he's away and steal it. After all it's your own. It was stolen from you."

"I'd rather take it by force," said I. "I don't much care for sneak-thieving."

But Gregory shook his head with a smile.

"I tell you again the fellow is not to be frightened. He's an ugly chap. Even if by some miracle of good fortune you got the ruby into your possession he'd call in the law to help him and you'd have to prove the thing was yours, which I gather would be difficult. Graives is no sportsman. He's a tooth-and-nail fighter."

IT WAS sound advice, that. I knew it even while I was protesting, and presently said so with thanks. We talked a little longer chiefly of ways and means, and then I went off to consult the concierge of the Bellevue.

He directed me to the Lariana agency as I had expected. I might of course have gone there straight, but it seemed better to leave a commonplace trail behind me in case Cousin Michael—or Graives as he chose for unknown reasons to call himself—should ask questions. At the agency they had several houses, great or small, to offer me, but when I said I should like something on high ground and well away from the noise of the water front they at once spoke of the little Casa Graives and said they would make an appointment for me with the padrone. They sent a boy to inquire, and the word came to me as I sat at luncheon that Signor Graives would call for me at ten o'clock the next morning and take me to see his house.

So far so good. I rowed myself up and down the lake that afternoon, possessing my soul with what patience I might, and, in the evening, dined in company with Mr. Gregory.

I had begun to realize, with time for reflection, what

I wished there were really to be battle, not a mere slipping into an undefended house like a thief

a preposterous thing it was I had asked of him—to act as a kind of private unpaid detective—to betray a fellow being, an acquaintance, to a stranger. And I tried to express something like my feeling of combined remorse and gratitude, but he checked me.

"I may as well confess that there's a bit of selfishness in any service I may have been able to render you. This fellow Graives did me a bad turn once. I shan't be sorry to see him suffer. Let's say no more about it."

SO WE didn't, just then, but talked of a hundred other things—good talk, for my friend had been in many parts of the world and had known many people and could tell about them. I felt drawn to him more and more as the evening went on, and as I look back upon him now he remains to me almost incomparable among the men I have known for interest, for kindliness, for magnetism, for a sort of almost womanlike sweetness; yet with all these for strength, too. I think there must be very few men like him. He reminded me more and more of my Uncle Henry, and once I told him so, adding that my uncle had been, since I was left alone in the world, a kind of second father to me. He seemed pleased.

Before we parted at bedtime I got from him one more very valuable piece of information. I asked him if he had ever heard Michael Gaunt—or Graives—speak of the Gaunt ruby, and he said:

"No, never. But I can tell you this: He has something that he values as his life shut up in an odd little red lacquer box about four inches long. I saw it once before he and I had a kind of final break some weeks back. Whatever is in the little box rattles, I know, and I know that it is very precious to him. As to where he keeps it hidden I have, of course, no idea. That's your job."

I nodded and laughed in great excitement, for my heart beat high. There could be small doubt that the little red lacquer box contained the Gaunt ruby. I saw it before my eyes as I went to bed that night, and indeed so full were my thoughts of the thing, I dreamed of it; but the dream was a bad one.

The man who called himself Graives turned up the next morning at the appointed hour and he was the same dour, surly fellow whose head I had so longed to punch on the evening of my arrival. I wondered if he would recognize me, but if he did he gave no evidence of it, though his dog growled once more.

WE CLIMBED together, saying very little, up the narrow stony *salita* which mounts from beside the Bellevue between garden walls to the plateau upon which lies Griante the "paese" of Cadenabbia, and there, after a turn to the left, reached the house which stood alone with a group of cypresses beside it, something like a quarter of a mile from the village. It was a small house of three floors with a vaulted loggia in the middle story and a big nail-studded porte-cochère opening under the structure upon a paved yard and stable behind.

By a door under the arch of the porte-cochère we mounted to the first and only living floor, for the ground story was made up of kitchen, washhouse, and the like and the top was a mere attic used for storage purposes.

It was an extremely attractive and even beautiful little abode, and if I had been looking in earnest for a house I could have hoped to find nothing better. There was a small dining room at one end, whose windows looked upon a tiny square of rose garden, and, opening from a long gallery, a square salone, two bedrooms, and a modern bath, all (save the bath) furnished in old Italian carved oak or walnut of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and all with a superb view out across the lake to the mountains both near and far.

I was astonished to find this extraordinary combination of home and museum in the hands of a rough churl like my host, but I learned that he had bought it, as it stood, from a young American gentleman of a quite different type who had spent years of wise and loving care in the collection of the treasures I saw and then had been called away to his own country. The man who was known as Graives looked about the beautiful little room with a dull eye. He didn't "take much stock in antique rubbish" he told me, but the place was comfortable enough and Gina, who is a good cook. He paid her herself for a month.

He led me from room to room, showing me the linen, the silver, the clothespress, the water heater for the bath—a dozen details of housekeeping, and we came to the salone.

"I'll leave you," he said, "everything here everything you want, at least. If there's too much stuff about, Luigi can stick it away in the attic. I'll just clear out the drawers of the writing desk, for there's a lot of my papers and things in it. In fact," said he with one of his harsh, abrupt laughs, "in fact, my fortune's there."

I looked at the desk, which was a magnificent piece of sixteenth-century work in oak with gilded iron fittings, though most of the gold was gone. It had a drop front which, when let down, exposed a number of little drawers, and there were larger drawers beneath.

"That's a very fine thing," said I, admiring it, and he

He was a melancholy-seeming gentleman with neat gray hair brushed straight back and a brown, lean face

replied with some indifference that doubtless it was to those who cared for antique furniture.

"There's plenty of space for paper and pens and the like, anyhow." He pulled open some of the little drawers, two on each side, and laid his hand on the door of a pigeonhole in the middle. But as he pulled the knob a blind panel below the pigeonhole slid forward and showed another drawer—a secret one.

Graives said: "The devil!" under his breath and shoved the thing to with a bang. He glanced quickly up at my face but not quickly enough, for I was looking toward an old piece of green and gold brocade that hung on the wall. My heart was beating like a motor engine and my hands tingled and prickled in my pockets, but I hope and believe my face was calm.

In the secret drawer behind that blind panel I had seen the little red lacquer box about four inches long.

FOR one wild instant I thought of attacking him where he stood, beating him to the floor, and with the lacquer box in my pocket making a dash for safety; but I remembered Gregory's warning and stood fast.

I have but the vaguest recollection of the remaining ten minutes I spent in the little house on the hill. They passed for me in a kind of dream. I believe we talked of terms and the like and I dare say I said the proper things. I am not sure. But presently, I know, we were out of doors again and parting at the turn of the path. I believe I was to let the man know within a day or two whether or not I would take the house and I remember that during those few minutes he made grotesque efforts to appear gentle and kind.

Then at last I stepped [illegible]

GREGORY, [illegible] over what I had [illegible] particulars. How [illegible] Had Graives seen me look [illegible] Did he seem easy in [illegible] nervous and troubled.

I answered as best I could [illegible] to talking about how and where I should [illegible] hilltop and recover my own.

"Graives," my friend [illegible] long tramp with his dog, absent [illegible] much before noon. As [illegible] probably still sticks to the old habit [illegible] ing between ten and twelve [illegible] You might conceal yourself somewhere near by and [illegible] him well away before you go in. And you must [illegible] an excuse to give his boy Luigi for entering. The rest, unless he has changed the hiding place of the ruby, should be as simple as eating."

I thought so too, and wished I could start off at once to put these excellent ideas into action, for waiting, while it may be simple enough, is the most difficult endurance feat in all the world. I looked ahead at the twenty four hours before me and they seemed an endless vista like time in a bad dream or [illegible] to a child.

And yet somehow they passed and I lay perdu under a mulberry tree beside a garden wall and watched the porte-cochère of the little house on the hill. It was, I well remember, a bright warm day that threatened to be hot by noon. Somewhere near me acacias were in flower, for the air was heavy with their fragrance. I can smell it now. In my coat pocket was a little automatic pistol, in my heart a thrill of keen excitement and something like the joy of battle. I wished there were really to be battle, not a mere slipping into an undefended house like a common thief.

STILL, as Gregory said, the ruby was my own and to recover it was no theft. My friend was awaiting me at that moment down on the terrace of the Café Grandi. He was leaving the lake for a few days and had meant to take an early boat, but he couldn't go, he said, until he had seen me successful in my adventure and had offered his congratulations.

I began to be restless under the shelter of my mulberry tree, for it was well past ten o'clock. Then at last, when I had nearly given up hope, the porte-cochère of Graives's house opened and its master came out, followed by his surly dog. They turned up the *salita* that bends away from Griante toward Rogaro and the valley beyond, and were soon out of sight, walking at a good pace. I gave them the longest twenty minutes ever endured by man and left my hiding place.

At the stair under the arch I explained to the boy Luigi that I had been asked to call at this hour upon his master. He was politely desolated that the padrone should have stepped out, and without the slightest suggestion from me invited me to go upstairs and wait. He showed me into the salone, brought out cigarettes, offered me wine or water, and pulled a cane chair out into the loggia where there was a cool breeze. Then he went away and I heard him singing about some work in the courtyard below.

I went to the writing desk and pulled down the front.

Gregory had spoken the truth, it was all as simple as eating. I remembered perfectly just what combination of simultaneously drawn drawers and opened pigeonhole had sprung that blind panel on the previous day. I did with rapid care just what Graives had done by accident; the secret drawer slid open, and the little red lacquer box lay under my eyes.

My heart gave a great leap and I know that my tongue was dry and that I trembled.

My friend Gregory had said:

"You'll find the box locked, I fancy. It was locked when I saw it. And I dare say Graives keeps the key on his watch chain, but you can force the lock when you get it home."

IT WAS true. The box was locked and no key was to be found. But I was not disturbed. I shook it, heard the rattle of what was within, and laughed aloud. Then I sat down and wrote a little note:

"DEAR COUSIN MICHAEL. I find I shall not require your house, but the ruby that your father stole from Gaunt House I take back again. I have come a long distance to relieve you of it."

And I signed my own name, "Peter Gaunt," though he had known me as "Howard."

This note I set up within the open secret drawer and went downstairs, where I told the boy Luigi that I regretted being unable to wait for his padrone. He regretted it too with a wealth of language. I tipped him and left him bowing and smiling under the porte-cochère.

Down by the lakeside at the terrace of the Café Grandi I found my friend Gregory, [illegible] and anxious.

"You were a long, long time," he said almost querulously. "I was alarmed for you. I thought of all kinds of horrors. Did you—"

I held up the little red lacquer box and he dropped

back into his chair with a sound almost like a sob of relief. I said:

"[illegible] the waiter for a strong knife or something [illegible] the box open."

[illegible] his head at me.

"[illegible] in your own room! There are [illegible] more—and especially in the windows [illegible] you."

He [illegible] to the little box which lay on the table between us, and bent his head over it.

"It's the same. It's the one I saw before. We've done him, between us, you and I! And I thank God for it." His voice had so fierce and exultant a ring that I began to wonder a little, but not much, what could be the score between these two men that Gregory had so frankly alluded to. Well, it was paid now, as well as my bigger score, and I too thanked God for it.

Gregory raised his head with a sudden movement.

"Hello! what are those chaps wrangling about down by the water? It sounds like a real fight."

I had heard no more than the usual quantity of vivacious sound from the two men repairing some stone work by the water's edge, but I rose and stepped out to the middle of the road to look. I saw only a couple of peaceful though vociferous Italians differing amicably about a measurement. Beside the pontile a trim motor boat was lying ready to start with a couple of Gladstone bags in the bow and the engineer in his cockpit. Outside, another launch was describing slow, idle circles like a wheeling gull.

"It's nothing," I said, returning. "They seem to be right enough." And Gregory shook his head at me, laughing.

"Is it your habit to leave recently recovered treasure lying about on café tables? I might have bolted with this while your back was turned. Put it in your pocket, lad, or else go to your room and open it!"

I LAUGHED, too, a little ruefully, and slipped the lacquer box into my pocket. And then Gregory said he must be off.

"I've a motor boat waiting for me here at the upper pontile—a good little craft that a friend of mine often puts at my disposal. It'll have me down the lake to Como in half the time the steamer takes."

He wrung my hand, smiling his sweet and kindly smile upon me.

He looked very like indeed to my Uncle Henry just then.

"Good-by! And good luck go with you always. I dare say we shall meet again somewhere. The world is round. Oh!—I left a little parcel with the concierge for you. Ask if he isn't prompt about it!"

He waved his hand to me, ran down the steps beside the pontile, and presently I heard the motor boat's engine start and saw her back out in a semicircle to head down the lake toward Como.

I should have watched further but that I heard running feet and saw the man called Graives turn the corner of the hotel out of the *salita* which descends there from Griante. He was red with rage or exertion or both, and lacked a hat. He saw me, shouted, and made for where I was. I sat down again behind my little iron table.

"Where is it?" cried the man hoarsely, facing me across the table. "Where's my red box, and what in God's name do you mean by this scrawl?"

He banged my note down before me and stood panting, his hands on the table's edge, his mouth twitching. I saw the veins blue and swollen on his forehead, and his little, mean, pale eyes were like ice in winter. I said:

"Your red box is in my pocket, Cousin Michael, but in another pocket, with my finger on the trigger, there's an automatic pistol and it's pointing straight at you. Sit down! You'll be attracting attention presently."

He seemed to control himself with a very great effort, and sat down in the chair lately occupied by my friend Gregory.

"You've some property of mine in your pocket," said he, "and I mean to have it back; but since it has gone no farther there can't have been much harm done. Anyhow, that can wait. Why do you call me 'Cousin Michael' and what do you mean by what you say about a ruby? My name is not Michael. I have no cousins, and I never possessed a ruby."

I felt a very, very little dizzy and sick—a sensation, I should think, rather like the first faint qualms of seasickness. But I drove it back with an angry laugh.

"Rubbish! What's the good of shamming? Come, Michael, you're done—fairly done. I have the ruby in my pocket and you'll never get it back again. Don't play-act!"

The red swept up across the man's face and his breath came hard, but he kept his temper.

"I'm neither shamming nor play-acting, but as for you— By Jove! Here, wait a bit!" He half rose to his feet.

"You signed your name 'Peter Gaunt,' and you call me 'Cousin Michael.' Michael Gaunt. By Jove, Michael Gaunt! Look here! Who told you my name was Michael Gaunt?"

I stared up at him, but I could not speak. He beat upon the table top with his fists.

"Was it a middle-aged chap with smooth gray hair? A chap who dines at the Bellevue, and calls himself Gregory?"

He sprang to his feet with a sudden cry.

"You fool! You gull! You blazing idiot! You miserable cat's-paw! *That's Michael Gaunt himself!*"

I saw the beautiful summer world like a kaleidoscope and I think my teeth chattered. I seem to remember stammering again and again.

"I will open the box," said I heavily. "I will open it here before your eyes and prove you wrong"

"That's a lie—a lie—a lie. That's ridiculous."

I looked at the tall man, who was literally dancing with rage before me, from eyes of horror.

"It's a lie—a lie!" I babbled.

He stopped dancing and said in a rough voice: "Give me the box you stole, imbecile!"

And that pulled me together and I laughed.

"Is it likely? Would I let the Gaunt ruby go out of my keeping twice over?"

As I look back now the fellow seems to have behaved with some patience. He said slowly, as if speaking to a child:

"There is no ruby in that box. There is a letter in it and a seal ring. The ring is nothing, but the letter is a letter that could ruin Michael Gaunt and somebody else, too, if it were given into certain hands. I have been holding it over his head for three years—living on it, if you must know. By some infernal trickery he got you to steal the thing for him. Well, if it's in your pocket it hasn't yet reached Michael's hands. Give it to me!"

"I will open the box," said I heavily. "I will open it here before your eyes and prove you wrong. Give me a knife if you have one!"

HE HANDED me a strong clasp knife. I slipped the thick blade into the crack of the box, near the lock, and twisted it. The cover flew up with a sudden snap, and the contents fell out—a common pebble and a scrap of folded newspaper. I stared down upon these surprising objects with a kind of dull and stupid wonder, but my companion sprang to his feet with a scream.

"Tricked! Bilked! Done for! Oh my God!"

He clasped his head between his hands, but all at once stooped again and caught up the broken halves of the little red lacquer box, which he examined closely. He shook it in my face.

"That's not my box. It's like it, but it's another box altogether. The picture on the lacquer is different." His little cold eyes blazed at me like a madman's.

"Speak up, you d—— cat's-paw, and tell me what you've done with my box! Speak up before I tear you to pieces!"

"This is your box," said I drearily. "I took it out of the secret drawer where I'd seen it yesterday. I brought it straight down here. I haven't lost sight of it for an instant—that is—I mean—once—"

I THOUGHT of that moment when Gregory (or my Cousin Michael) had drawn my attention to the two workingmen and my back had been for a moment turned to him. I told Graives about it.

"Could Gregory have had a duplicate box and substituted it? He was here with me just now and my attention was called away for a few seconds."

The man groaned. "Of course he could. My box was his, originally. Sometimes they come in sets."

He took his head once more between his hands.

"Where is he now?"

"Gone!" I said. "Gone!" I rose and pointed down the lake where the motor boat was by now halfway to the Punta Balbianello; a tiny black insect speeding to safety.

Graives uttered a dreadful cry and ran to the outer edge of the road. I watched him dully, a fierce and grotesque figure of despair. Then he did an extraordinary thing. The other motor boat which I had seen earlier was still circling about like a gull in aimless leisure. Graives ran out on the deserted pontile, waving his arms and screaming. He may have known the man in the boat, I cannot say. In any case, he screamed to him and the boat swerved a little from its course, running nearer. Graives leaped into the water with a prodigious splash, and I saw his hands on the boat's gunwale, saw him clamber in, hatless and dripping. I saw what seemed to be a kind of struggle between the two figures in the cockpit, or it may have been only Graives waving his arms. The motor boat had slowed down, but it began to gather way again. The two figures were bent over the machinery. It swept out upon the lake in a great soaring curve and turned toward the southwest, toward the Punta Balbianello and that other fleeing speck upon the still waters.

The broken lacquer box was under my feet on the gravel. I kicked it away and went across the road to watch that wild and furious pursuit. I watched it until my Cousin Michael Gaunt's boat had turned the point and was out of sight. The pursuer was more than half a mile behind, but it seemed to me a faster boat and I wondered how the chase would end. But I didn't care much. A blackmailer pursuing a trickster. There seemed to me little to choose between them.

Still I watched until the second motor boat had doubled the Punta Balbianello, and sighed and turned away. In the hotel the concierge stopped me as I was going to the lift, and said Signor Gregory had left a parcel. I had forgotten it. I took the thing, a flat box such as might have contained notepaper or the like, under my arm, and went to my room, where I stood for some time gazing out of a window with eyes that saw nothing.

"Fool—gull—idiot—cat's-paw." Hard names, but they were all true. I thought of the sad and kindly face of the man who had so easily hoodwinked and made use of me, and I could summon up no rage against him. My rage was all against myself. I had been a fool and I had failed in my adventure. It was all to do over again.

I turned drearily to Cousin Michael's parcel and opened it, wondering what new mockery it might contain. I think I came near to my death of heart failure, for, wrapped in many thicknesses of tissue paper, it contained the object and prize of my long journey. The ruby was there. I even knew which of the six it was—the middle one of the sinister side. And there was a brief note as well.

"Forgive me, dear Peter! It was my only chance of escape from the hands of a blackmailing scoundrel. And a woman's chance, too. Remember always that you have saved a woman from peril and that will make the thing easier to bear. I inclose the ruby which my ruffian of a father sent me. So your journey and your pains haven't gone for nothing.

"I liked you, Peter. I wish we might meet again, but I suppose we shan't, though the world *is* round. In any case, God bless you!

"Your grateful cousin, MICHAEL GAUNT."

"RUTHERFORD & SON"

A Valuable Dramatic Importation from England

By STUART BENSON

THE average man resents coming out of a theatre with the feeling of depression upon him and likely to be upon him until he goes to bed. Therefore "Rutherford & Son" is not for the average man. But for him who cares to be made to think, there is much in Githa Sowerby's play. To be sure, it answers no question. Nor does it point a moral. But it starts a train of thought and makes you feel the grimness of life as life often is, yet should never be—the pitiless cruelty of single-minded ambition.

Surely there are enough people in almost any city who can appreciate strength of presentation and fine acting to give such a play a comfortable run. It is safe to say that they will nightly fill the 299 seats in Winthrop Ames's Little Theatre in New York for some time to come. The simple staging of the one scene that answers for the three acts has done much to help Miss Sowerby make you shiver under the bleakness of that north of England country, and to aid the splendid company of actors in holding you aghast over the brutally rugged north of England character.

"If ye're lookin' for the summer in the middle o' winter, ye'll no be findin' it," sounds like a comedy line, but spoken in a metallic voice to the newcomer in the family, the work-girl wife of the scapegrace son, it goes deeper than comedy. It epitomizes the atmosphere that she has come into, the atmosphere of "Rutherfords," the furnaces, the "business" that is put before all else. On the wall an austere portrait of the first Rutherford gives a touch of veracity to the vibrating personality of the living man, John Rutherford, self-made, ruthless, sacrificing his family for his business, yet in a way not knowing of the sacrifice. That he has tried to make gentlemen of his sons is no reason he should not browbeat them. Having fed and clothed his daughter Janet, he is blind to the fact that he has starved her heart. "There's food and warmth," she says, "but it's like a prison," and when she likens her life to that of the servant, she is told: "Susan's paid for it. Who ever gave *you* a farthing?"

Janet

Poor Janet, thirty-five before she had a man, and then only in clandestine meetings—fatal meetings that separate her father from his right hand, Martin, the ever loyal! Over her is the sinister shadow of "Rutherfords," as it is over young John and Richard, and over all the others, even over Rutherford himself.

As each of his children disappoints him, this iron man exclaims, in effect: "How can ye act so? How could ye do it? After all I've done for ye?" And, each in his different way, his children tell him what he has not done and leave him alone with the mother of his grandson. Over this babe alone does the shadow of "Rutherfords" fall softly as in a vague promise for the future.

It is a joy to see a well-trained English company such as this. The whole play is admirably done, especially by Norman McKinnel as John Rutherford and by Edythe Olive as Janet. That is a truly big piece of acting as Rutherford restrains his rage while he wheedles John's receipt out of Martin and then looses it in a veritable torrent on Janet.

It's Janet you think of at the last, gone off with her shawl over her head to—what?

The top picture shows the head of the house dispensing discipline

John Rutherford shows his power over Martin

THE LAST HOMESTEADS

By JOANNA GLEED STRANGE

The belle of the Rosebud

THE period in American history which comprises the conquest of the wilderness approaches its close with the opening up of the last Government lands for settlement. In April, 1912, three thousand farms were opened to homesteaders on Indian land in Bennett and Mellette Counties in South Dakota. The October before, fifty-two thousand people registered for chances on these farms, and those drawing lucky numbers had the opportunity in the spring of picking out sites for homesteads.

The farms are scattered among those of the Indians, for these counties are in the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Indian Reservations. The prices paid to the Government range from 50 cents to $6 per acre, and the land is so valuable for farming and grazing purposes that those who locate themselves here and stay the allotted time will have farms of 160 acres each, ranging in value from $2,500 to as high as $10,000 by the time their titles are clear.

It is no wonder, then, that the little town of White River, one year old last spring, situated in the center of Mellette County, has been a busy and wide-awake place since early last spring. Here by the middle of April the selection of land began and continued until the last of May. The woman who drew No. 1 in the fall had first choice of all the land which was open. The man who got No. 2 had second choice, and the rest followed in order. Fifty numbers were called each day during the first week, and after that one hundred numbers a day until four thousand numbers were called and the three thousand farms were taken.

A small ward of Uncle Sam's in Mellette County

The experience of former land openings shows that about one-third of those qualified to select land drop out, pushing the other numbers ahead and leaving places at the end of the line for others. Those who are withdrawing now are people for the most part who registered in 1911 "just to see what would happen," with no intention of homesteading. Some few "landed" in White River several days before the drawing, when the little town was drenched with the worst rain of the season, and the prospects were so disheartening, with no sunlight to touch off the glorious country, that they left before the drawing commenced.

THESE people were shortsighted if they wanted farms, for good Government land is very scarce, and so valuable is this Dakota land and so ardent were the people to secure numbers that they came from practically every State in the Union to register. Four registration places were opened October 2, 1911, in South Dakota—one at Rapid City, one at Chamberlain, one at Dallas, and another at Gregory—and for each of these three thousand claims there were seventeen people registered. South Dakota, of course, had the greatest number of registrations, and the near-by States, such as Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Minnesota, Oklahoma, Kansas, and Arkansas, were represented by big delegations, but people also registered and drew numbers from West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Washington, California, New York, Montana, New Jersey, Texas, and even Honolulu. The registration lasted three weeks, and then the names on cards, enclosed in sealed envelopes, were all collected at Gregory, put into a large receptacle, mixed up with a pitchfork, and the preliminary drawing began.

The first name that was taken out was that of Mrs Mary J Kendall of Rapid City, and it is a satisfaction to know that the right thing reached the right person when Mrs. Kendall drew No. 1, for her husband has been an invalid for years, and Mrs. Kendall has had a struggle to support her family. She, of course, had the first choice of the land at the drawing, and she chose a quarter section in the southeastern part of Mellette County, seventeen miles from the little town of Wood, which as yet is so new it will not be found on any but the new county maps. In a few months the railroad will pass near by, and by the time she has "proved up" on her claim, which means that she has lived on it for at least fourteen months and has made the improvements required by the Government, her farm will be worth a good sum even if she desires to sell it as soon as the title is hers.

IN OPENING these two counties the Government first surveyed the land and divided it into sections and quarter sections. To every Indian at the head of a family there was allotted a half section of land, and to every Indian child a quarter section. The Indians were given the first choice and have the best land, but a great deal of the land which was left is first class. Values were placed on each tract and maps were distributed showing this survey, together with the lands taken out for school purposes.

Many of the people go over the land before they file, and make their own selections without help. Those who are unfamiliar with the South Dakota country find it more satisfactory to leave their selections to locators whose business it is to know the land and who, for a fee of from ten to twenty-five dollars, select as nearly as possible the kind of farms best suited to the needs of their clients. Of course there are all kinds of locators, some of them honest and others grafters, but the legitimate firms have men working for them who know every inch of the ground and can give valuable advice to homesteaders.

The best of the land is in Mellette County, the Bennett County land being mostly grazing land at a distance from any town. White River, the county seat of Mellette County, is situated on a beautiful level plateau overlooking the Little White River and surrounded by wonderfully rich territory of farm land. It is the trading point for nearly all the Indians in the central and western parts of Todd and Mellette Counties, and it is also the point to which the railroad will doubtless come within the year. At present it is reached by stage or automobile, thirty-two miles from Murdo Mackenzie on the north and sixty miles from Winner on the southeast.

During the choosing of the land this little town, so new that the paint was scarcely dry on its first buildings, accommodated a thousand people in a space hardly adequate for two hundred. People came and went each day. Some of them located as soon as they had chosen their land, started out with their goods and building materials which they had brought with them, built their sod or wooden houses, and began life as homesteaders. Others went back home to come out again later, for Uncle Sam gives each homesteader six months before he must be on his land. But during all this coming and going, in spite of the lack of accommodations everywhere, there never was a better natured nor a happier crowd than the one at White River. Everyone knew everyone else with the true pioneer spirit, and such introductions as these were heard on every side dozens of times a day:

"Got a number?"

"When do you file?"

"Well, I hope you'll have good luck."

"Perhaps we'll be neighbors. Let me see now, where are you from?"

"Oh, yes; well, my name is," etc.

The town was surveyed about two years ago and the first few houses built in July, 1911, but it grew to its present size within a few months. To those of us who came out from the East, where towns are nothing if not a hundred to a hundred and fifty years old, this building of a town overnight fairly took our breath away. When the filing began, White River boasted a dozen locators' offices, half a dozen hotels and boarding houses, three stores selling general merchandise, a schoolhouse, a drug store, a livery barn, and a moving-picture show, and it had grown to this extent in one short month. Before the filing was half over, the number of stores had been doubled

A prospective settler putting up for the night on the open road

One of the homesteader's friendly neighbors

Houses were popping up on every side. As one woman said, "It is nothing to go to my door at supper time and find that two new neighbors have settled in my vicinity since noon," so fast did things progress. Soon a telephone line was through and telegraph connections made. With mail each day by stage from three directions, White River found itself a real town, with the hustle and bustle and liveness characteristic of every new Western settlement.

SO THE country is being settled; and such country as it is! Rolling, treeless prairies, with lights and shades constantly varying on their green-brown surfaces; many deep ravines; springs and creeks with some timber along the banks; sunshine and an expanse of blue sky quite unknown anywhere but in prairie countries and in mid-ocean. Parts of it comprise the Bad Lands, which make up for their lack of fertility by their wonderful picturesqueness. There are buttes, rough white clay buttes, rising to good heights in the most grotesque shapes—pyramids and columns, cones and jagged peaks—looking in the distance like the sky line of some Eastern city, without the cloud of smoke above them which the cities have. The air is like wine, and everyone who has arrived is enthusiastic over the country. The winters are cold, but it is a dry cold, less penetrating than the higher temperatures farther east. The summers are hot in the daytime, but there is always a breeze and the nights are cool.

Of course when one comes to a new country one expects to put up with many disadvantages. Modern conveniences are few, and pioneer life does not include opera, the theatre, and public libraries. But one is sure of good health, even if there is no bathtub for fifty miles. And for fun—good, wholesome, genuine fun—the new town on the prairie will furnish more than any city at home or abroad can boast of.

"Like it?" repeated a girl from Omaha, who filed on a claim in Tripp County in the southern part of the State three years ago. "Like it? Why, nothing could make me go back to Omaha to live. I *love* it. I have my little shack fixed up with my own things, and last year I raised twelve different kinds of vegetables and the best hay in the country. I have my own saddle horse, and soon I am going to have an automobile. Like it? Well, you just come out and try it. I have yet to see anyone who doesn't like it after he's been here for six weeks."

And this is true. Everyone who has homesteaded is more than enthusiastic. Any number of young women are living alone on their claims during the fourteen months necessary to prove up. Some of them are even taking five years for their homesteading, and in this way they have a longer time to make their payments to the Government. The five years have just been shortened to three years, and doubtless many of those who have filed will take advantage of this and live in their claim shanties three years instead of fourteen months. This country is excellent farm land. Corn and small grains of all kinds may be grown, and stories told of the melons "raised on sod" are marvelous indeed. There is excellent range land, and stock raising will be an important industry of the new country.

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Take Chopin's beautiful valse (Op. 34, No. 1) for instance—Metrostyled by Paderewski himself—his own impress upon the music roll. See the wavy red line? That is the record of the master's interpretation. Follow this line with the Metrostyle pointer, by moving the tempo lever to right or left. There you have your first lesson in learning how—from the master—Paderewski's hand virtually *guiding* yours. And not Paderewski alone—but Grieg, Hofman, de Pachmann, Rosenthal, Tschaikowsky, Chaminade and all the great pianoforte masters—these are *all* your teachers, on the *genuine Pianola* Player-Piano with its Metrostyle.

Emotional Playing

But suppose you wish to be guided only by your own emotions. The Metrostyle is not compulsory—it is there at your disposal, if you want it. But if you choose, forget that it is there—shut the red line from view—give every musical emotion within you free rein. Rise Pegasus! Tear thunder from the depths, drip golden rain from cool gray minor clouds and vibrant sunshine from a joyous major chord!

Ah yes! emotion with a free rein—the Metrostyle forgotten and only the inner voice, your latent, heretofore *unexpressed* genius to guide you—even so, on the genuine Pianola Player-Piano you have a finer rendition than any other instrument can give you.

You may not need the guidance, the teaching that the great music masters offer through the Metrostyle. But all the members of your family may not be endowed with the natural facility for musical expression that you have. They may have the genius but not the knowledge. Genius unleashed goes to extremes, but genius tempered is art.

And frankly you yourself will derive more pleasure and more music with the advantage of this great teacher—the Metrostyle—*within* your instrument—this instruction which Paderewski and the others offer you on the *genuine* Pianola Player-Piano.

You will have to be shown *how* to play when you buy your player-piano. Who is to be your teacher? Merely the salesman from whom you buy?—or an instructor sent once or twice to your home?

Or the Metrostyle—the master's guiding hand—on *every* roll you play on the genuine Pianola Player-Piano?

Take your music lessons from the great music masters

Then give full sway to your emotions if you will—assured that knowledge will unconsciously guide you to a more perfect, more musical, more pleasurable rendition than you could ever have accomplished without this instruction.

Go to the store in your city or town that sells the genuine Pianola Player-Piano—and take your first music lesson from a great master.

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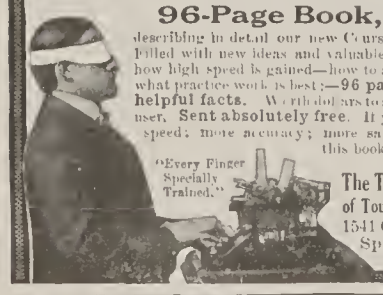

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Brickbats & Bouquets

BUT even now COLLIER'S doesn't seem wholly displeased with itself.
—St. Louis (Mo.) *Republic.*

✣

It is possible that the new President may need a little advice. If so, the Chicago "Tribune" and COLLIER'S will grasp the opportunity and—save the country some more.—Janesville (Wis.) *Gazette.*

✣

STEELTON, PA.

It is about time COLLIER'S comes out and tells its readers in plain English once and for always "where it is at" on this all-important point. Do you or do you not believe that trusts should have license to continue their exaction of a revenue off the public on their watered stock?
N. A. BARR.

✣

Our respect for COLLIER'S WEEKLY is increasing apace; whatever doubts we may have entertained as to the vigor, intelligence, and honesty—and we add also efficacy—with which that journal has been conducted are dissipated. The enemies it has made are sufficient evidence of the power for good it has been. During the recent political campaign Senator Simmons of North Carolina, in an impassioned address, described the great National Weekly in these rather heated terms:

"COLLIER'S WEEKLY is the meanest, dirtiest, mud-slinging, muckraking, radical sheet published in the United States, and any white man in North Carolina ought to be ashamed to let it come into his home."

We are uninformed as to the degree of appreciation COLLIER'S may feel for this adequate tribute to its fearless honesty as a publication, nor whether it senses to the uttermost the compliment it contains, considering the source from which it comes. To have earned the hatred of North Carolina's Senator is an accomplishment for any journal; since it attests fully to the integrity of COLLIER'S, proves definitely the sort of abuses against which it battles, and the measure of success it attains in its crusades for reform. No lackadaisical, weak, vacillating, or controllable and controlled, publication ever engendered such hatred nor attracted such enmity.—Salt Lake City (Utah) *Herald.*

✣

North Carolinians generally, we make no doubt, will not hesitate to join us in the assurance to COLLIER'S that a more marked degree of calmness on its part will be found compatible with the best interests of the Republic.
—Greensboro (N. C.) *News.*

✣

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

But, my dear Collier, may I criticize your style? You are, as my mother-in-law says, "wordy." In a recent issue, for instance, the paragraphs headed "The November Recessional," "Just Call Me May," "Eternal Youth," and "Marching On" don't somehow "get" one. Perhaps we have been on a political strain so long that essays seem a little weak, but we always expect "brass tacks" from COLLIER'S.

Yours, for better or for worse,
CHARLES C. HOWARD.

✣

BUFFALO, N. Y.

What happened to Barney Cook?

When he made his first appearance *we* (a party of traveling men returning from the Pacific Coast) were all of the opinion that Barney would be with us every week. We further "opinionated" that he was such a lovable chap he would have an immense run. In our opinion, he was to develop from the precocious kid to a full-sized M. Lecoq. In fact, we formed an Opinion Trust, but since that last number appeared we've just fussed and cussed because you've busted our trust.

We want Barney. EMMET O'BRIEN.

✣

EBENSBURG, PA.

This is a brickbat. I wish I could make it bricker. You never were so patriotic as when you ceased your absolute and uncontrollable magnifying of the Roosevelt virtues. You never were so little as when you returned to back that demagogue and embryonic Cæsar.
JOSEPH GRAY.

As a guarantee that the war will hereafter be conducted properly, COLLIER'S has sent a man to personally superintend the war in the Balkans.
—Columbus (Ohio) *Journal.*

✣

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Now, whether COLLIER'S is Morganized or not, at our house we will all be glad when our subscription expires.
F. G. CORZER.

✣

One of the most delicious instances of a militant publication and a public servant brought to bay is the impending clash between COLLIER'S WEEKLY and Senator Warren of Wyoming.

The publication has checked up to Senator Warren the accusation that private business in his home State can use him to better advantage than the general nation. The publication has thrown no deadly harpoons into the Senator, but has hit mighty close to his scalp. They have hit close enough to get his friends "ribbed up" to scrap, and they dare the Senator to sue them for libel.

The publication's steady nerve in badgering the Senator reminds us of the bad men of the traditional past who used to shoot so true that they could skin the top of a man's ears, one at a time, burn the end of his nose, take a nick out of his boot toes, all to show him that if they wanted to they could bore him full of deadly holes.

The Senator's position also resembles that of the lay figure in a dagger-throwing vaudeville act, where the performer hurls knives with prophetic accuracy, and where the victim dares not move one way or the other for fear of being sliced by the vibrating blades.
—Wichita (Kans.) *Eagle.*

✣

COLLIER'S is a great weekly newspaper, and it is edited with ability, but it must be vastly different from the average daily newspaper, else it would never ask why the essay in America has lost ground so steadily.—Memphis (Tenn.) *Scimitar.*

✣

COLLIER'S is "The National Weekly" because it admits it.—Rockford (Ill.) *Star.*

✣

Knowing that some such work awaited attention with reference to the Michigan Legislature and the Detroit Common Council, the Detroit "News-Tribune" and Detroit "News" have been planning for some time to localize the La Follette and COLLIER'S idea. Arrangements have been perfected for keeping a card index of the votes of the Detroit aldermen, together with something of their remarks, on all measures brought before the new council. The information thus compiled will be at the service of the people of Detroit. The correspondents who will represent these newspapers at the next session of the Legislature are working on a similar plan for that body. The "News-Tribune" and Detroit "News" feel that the undertaking is important enough from the standpoint of public benefit to bespeak for it the support of the public and the cooperation of all honest, progressive legislators and aldermen.
—Detroit (Mich.) *News-Tribune.*

✣

COLLIER'S, which has taken great pleasure in muckraking some of America's most prominent citizens, will doubtless exist long enough to say some better things of President Taft than the above narrow-minded criticism.
—Burlington (Iowa) *Hawkeye.*

✣

COLLIER'S, too, has come to its senses.
—Chippewa Falls (Wis.) *Independent.*

✣

PORTLAND, ORE.

I also wish to state that in my opinion COLLIER'S WEEKLY is the cleanest, most wholesome reading for the home, and is doing more for the uplift of the political morals of our country than all others combined. May it forever prosper.
E. A. BARNS.

The Humble Opinions of a Flatfoot

(Continued from page 10)

movements of battleships keen and eager as a game of tennis. I read once of a rear admiral who used to play chess so many hours a day as a duty to keep his brain clear and ready. Good Lord! Can't the Navy Department furnish an officer with *real* problems enough to serve the purpose? Oh, no! The commander-in-chief must be the whole thing while it lasts, and junior admirals mustn't get fresh and use any personal judgment.

With such a game on, even the enlisted man, although not credited with the capacity to think, might even come to relish it. In cases of ships racing on speed trials, coal passers have been known to fight for a chance to go below in the bunkers. There you are! And you could have extra shore liberty put up as a prize for a ship making a superior showing in some predicament.

AS things are now, any new, unexpected turn of events is a sad thing on a ship. Even the simple proposition of getting under way puts all the officers in a nervous frame of mind. You will see some petty officers carefully keeping themselves out of sight until it is all over and the routine is humming along cheerfully once again. Really, these grim-looking dreadnoughts are all *nerves*. Why not get under way and drop anchor forty times a day until we could do the job up as a matter of course?

I am for a dungaree navy. (Dungaree is our word for overalls.) I think efficiency of the gun crews should be the all-exclusive aim of the navy. (Still including requisite seamanship.) The crews shouldn't be wakened to a paint-work rag, but with a call to gun stations as a reveille. The gun pointer should be *the* man, not the trimmer that invents the most metal surfaces to shine in his part of the ship. And I believe all maneuvers of ships should be executed, not for keeping in a graceful column, but always with some other ships as objective targets.

Of course, sometimes two columns are formed, so one can train its guns on the other. And I must admit I have seen some fine battle games—they are in the right spirit, and they are just the thing to be kept at, not a few times a year, but as a steady diet. The coal expended under the present parade system is enormous, and not a ton more would have to be spent if the gun crews were the vitals of the thing.

AND fine gun pointers are being paid off every week! And they won't ship over because they don't like being chambermaids, painters, buffers, and swab pushers all their lives. Let the "rookies" do the necessary cleaning work, or most of it, and let good gun crews take care of the guns. Supposing a machine shop was run on this stunt of drawing-room cleanliness, where would the efficiency go to? I wax rhetorical and insist on the man behind the gun and not the man behind the holystone. The crew should be mustered to their guns when fresh—not at about ten in the morning, tired from scrubbing and cleaning, and having worried themselves into perfect uniform and been minutely inspected as to every stitch of clothing.

I feel the air heavy with a monstrous drive toward having a nicely painted ship. I am for a reasonably worn ship and a counterpart of the "drive" all toward efficient ordnance. The recruit at Newport is taught nothing about big guns, but an enormous amount of education is given him about deck scrubbers. The manual of swabs is such a grand subject!

WHAT I object to is there is no spirit of gunnery except just previous to target practice. There should be such a spirit pervading the whole works all the time. Target practice should be only the final explosion of this tension. I know for sure that there is no such spirit—if I were to dream of the navy, I would dream of washing down decks, not of guns and targets.

The guns are the things. With our science they should hit every time after the spotting shots.

Yes, me for a dungaree navy, and guns and gunnery, and to h— with pretty print work and shiny brass.

Mr. Mellen's Wonderful Top

(Continued from page 9)

necessary to reconstruct half of this valuable property entirely, and on this account the commission rejected this report and set its own engineer, with an engineer *from the New Haven*, to make a complete revaluation. The two reached an agreement, and the *agreed figure* was **$445,000** of depreciated value, against a similar figure of $679,000 in the Westinghouse, Church, Kerr & Co. report.

IS AUDACITY THE RIGHT WORD?

ON the strength of this valuation, in which the New Haven's own engineer had concurred, the commission authorized a total stock issue of $400,000.

The rest is this: In the Validation Report of the Massachusetts Commission, date of February 15, 1911, the reproduction value of the Westinghouse, Church, Kerr & Co. report is ***increased* to $932,000** by the commission's consulting engineer, Professor George F. Swain of Harvard. And on the strength of this the New Haven's investment is listed at its book value, less a liability of $23,000. This should help the people of Massachusetts to a proper appreciation of the value of Professor George F. Swain of Harvard, and will shed some light upon some further "valuations" in his report which Mr. Mellen perhaps not unjustly feels to be his "exoneration."

One of the first items to meet the eye is that of the Boston Railroad Holding Company, which holds control of the Boston & Maine. In this the New Haven had an apparent investment in stocks and debentures of about $23,000,000, since increased to about $27,000,000. In Professor Swain's report (page 97) there appears this remarkable entry:

"This investment, *having been authorized by the Commonwealth*, has been inventoried *at its book value*."

Most, if not all, of this stock was acquired by the exchange of New Haven stock, then paying 8 per cent. share for share, for Boston & Maine, then paying 7 per cent., now paying 4 per cent., and neither then nor now earning this dividend. The reader may make his own guess as to its value.

The Bennington & North Adams trolley line is carried on the New Haven books at a value of $564,000. Unable to earn its operating expenses, to say nothing of taxes, in the two years preceding the make-up of the report. Went into bankruptcy in 1910. Property agreeably entered by Professor Swain to the amount of the New Haven's notes, plus unpaid interest, viz., **$278,000.**

Berkshire Street Railway Company: Net earnings in 1910, year of report, $42,000; in 1912, $39,000. Securities carried on the books of the New Haven at **$2,891,000.** Appraised by Professor Swain at **$3,388,000,** thus making the stock worth $67 per share. Price paid by the New Haven, $162.

Connecticut Company: Carried on the New Haven books at $40,000,000. Appraised at the cost of reproduction, *new*, $27,464,000. Earned last year on this later value about 5½ per cent.

New England Navigation Company: Nominal assets after eliminating the stock of the New Haven Railroad, $17,560,000. Appraised by the commission at $8,710,000.

New York, Westchester & Boston: This is the Portchester line which was to compete with the New Haven and which, after a long, bitter fight, was captured by the latter. Investment to 1911, $21,020,000. Tangible assets estimated in the Validation Report at $12,066,000. Opened in 1912, little prospect that it will earn even its operating expenses for several years to come.

COST FOUR TIMES VALUE

RHODE ISLAND COMPANY, holding the Rhode Island trolleys: Cost to the New Haven Railroad, **$24,220,000.** Appraised by the Massachusetts Commission at **$6,000,000,** or one-quarter the amount paid by the New Haven.

Here, at a modest estimation, is a matter of fifty millions or so difference

"My Bonnie Annie Laurie"

Makes You *Feel* Scenes of the Crimean War

When Played by Instinct

Some Joyous Experiences with The New Instinctive Playing. No. 5 of Series

Read What the Virtuolo Made This Woman Feel:

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"There is far more to the Virtuolo than merely playing by the instructions on the roll. The Virtuolo has the bewitching power to make you *feel* the music, if you close your eyes and play by *Instinct*.

"I have just been playing 'Annie Laurie' on my Virtuolo. As I sat on the mission bench, with eyes closed, the golden notes fired my imagination. They carried me away to the green hills and plaid kilts of bonny Scotland.

"I could see Annie Laurie lassies, with carnation cheeks and flaxen locks and dimples mischievous, longing for their canny Scots afar – afar off at the war.

"And then I saw the camp fires way off in the Crimea. And 'round the crackling embers sat youthful Johnnies in coats of white and red. They were singing—singing:

"'*For Bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me down and dee!*'

"For 'Annie Laurie' was the Crimean war song, at camp fire and in battle. And every British soldier boy whose heart reached out for some lassie at home, sang 'My Bonnie Annie Laurie.'

"After I had opened my eyes and wiped away the mist, I said 'I wish every home in the whole world could have a Virtuolo and feel what I just felt.'"

Name on request

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When are *you* going to get started on the road to having a Virtuolo in your home?

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WHY THE VIRTUOLO MAKES YOU *FEEL* THE MUSIC

When you first have your Virtuolo you will probably watch the instructions on the roll, and play accordingly. You will be afraid to play any other way.

But soon you will become familiar with the pieces, and then you will close the panel in front of the roll, shut your eyes, and let your Instinct guide you through the piece. You will be surprised to find your mysterious musical Instinct a *sure and artistic guide*—even though you do think you haven't any Instinct for music.

You'll be surprised to find it telling you when to speed or slow down the time lever; when to touch the soft bass or soft pedal buttons; when to push the singing pedal button; and when to press the famous *Accolo Buttons*, which bring out the louds and pick out the solos.

Whatever you do instinctively *naturally*—you do beautifully. Natural, instinctive playing on the Virtuolo is beautiful. And music that is really beautiful is never seen nor heard, but is *felt*.

The Virtuolo is made by the Hallet & Davis Piano Co. of Boston, whose beautiful art instruments have been known throughout the world for three quarters of a century. Years ago Franz Liszt and Johann Strauss, two of the greatest composers, applauded the Hallet & Davis Piano. And recently Pope Pius X honored it with a papal medal. The Virtuolo can be had in the mellow toned Hallet & Davis Piano, or in the Conway Piano, the great *home piano*.

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Send me full information about your Virtuolo, Free Home Demonstration and Easy Buying Plan, Also copy of "The Inner Beauty"; Colored Plates of the Virtuolo, and Catalog of 100 Most Popular Pieces.

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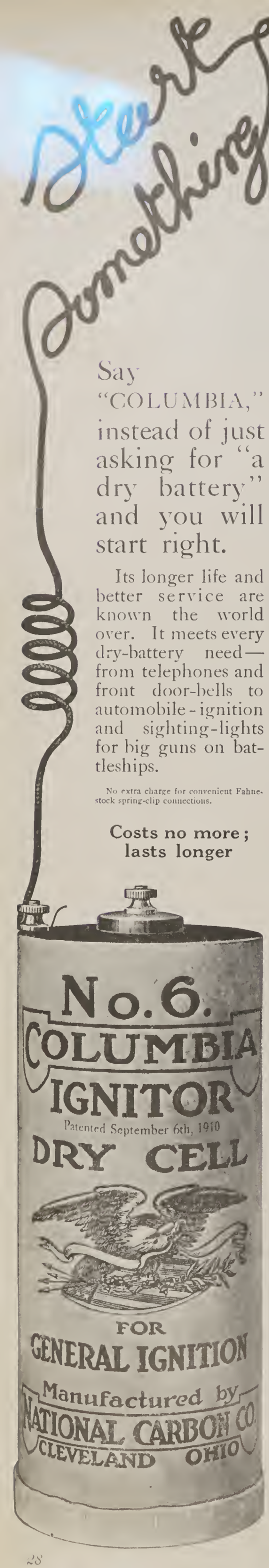
Start something

Say "COLUMBIA," instead of just asking for "a dry battery" and you will start right.

Its longer life and better service are known the world over. It meets every dry-battery need—from telephones and front door-bells to automobile-ignition and sighting-lights for big guns on battleships.

No extra charge for convenient Fahnestock spring-clip connections.

Costs no more; lasts longer



Mr. Mellen's Wonderful Top

Concluded from page 27

between book value and appraisal value even under the favorable attitude of mind on the part of the appraisers disclosed in, let us say, the items for the Westchester or Bennington & North Adams properties. And this relates to but a part of Mr. Mellen's disbursements. How these disbursements will hereafter be regarded by the New Haven shareholders when the settling time comes is not here a matter of interest. That they have been hitherto approvingly regarded is evident from the fact that some of them at least have been for a long time known, and in the face of this similar investments at similar prices have passed without protest, and up to very recently it has been possible to sell New Haven stock at a considerable premium.

The interest of the public is that **it is on capital thus expended** that Mr. Mellen and his kind demand the right to charge sufficient freight rates and passenger rates to pay a high interest charge and 8 per cent dividends on stock. Whether these prodigal disbursements have been made merely from folly and fright, or from overambition, or for reasons more easily surmised than established, they have so far no apparent justification save the fact that only by thus throttling competition could the New Haven's profits be maintained. It would be of public interest to know how far the twenty-four, or shall we say the twenty-three, other members of the New Haven's board of directors have really approved of Mr. Mellen's policies, and how clear a knowledge they have had of the value of his purchases. And if it should hereafter be disclosed that acquiescence in these policies has resulted in a huge loss to the New Haven, say a hundred million or more, it would be of public interest to know how far the directors might be held responsible to the shareholders.

But a far larger interest, I think, is the attitude, real or assumed, of Mr. Mellen toward a protesting public—of interest because of the prevalence of the Mellen type of mind or the Mellen type of man in the conduct of our railroads. With the first brush of the recent storm Mr. Mellen was content to say in an interview that it was due merely to the dissatisfaction of "State Street bankers" over their failure to secure their share of recent New Haven loans; further, that this failure was due to their attempt to charge higher rates of interest than could be obtained in New York.

Latterly, when he had begun to feel a little more the force of this storm of protest, Mr. Mellen is content to charge it all to the machinations of the evil Mr. Brandeis. In which latter connection it may merely be noted that Mr. Brandeis had set forth the conditions of the New Haven and the nature of Mr. Mellen's doings fully five years ago in his pamphlet and in numberless subsequent speeches; and that his reward was merely to see a Massachusetts Legislature, elected after a full disclosure of the facts, condone and approve all of Mr. Mellen's acts. This evil-minded man has but the melancholy satisfaction of finding all his predictions regarding the results of Mr. Mellen's activities verified in full.

A Child at the Wicket

By PERCY MACKAYE

A LITTLE ISLE: it is for some
Hell's gate, for some Elysium!—
Round Ellis Isle the salt waves flow
With old-world tears, wept long ago;

Round Ellis Isle the warm waves leap
With new-world laughter from the deep,
And centuries of sadness smile
To clasp their arms round Ellis Isle.

. . . . . .

I watched her pass the crowded piers,
A peasant child of maiden years;
Her face was toward the evening sky,
Where fair Manhattan towered high;

Her yellow kerchief caught the breeze,
Her crimson kirtle flapped her knees,
As lithe she swayed to tug the band
Of swaddled bundle in her hand.

From her right hand the big load swung,
But with her left strangely she clung
To something light, which seemed a part
Of her, and held it 'gainst her heart;

A something frail, which tender hands
Had touched to song in far-off lands
On twilights, when the looms are mute:
A thing of love—a slender lute.

Hardly she seemed to know she held
That frail thing fast, but went compelled
By wonder of the dream that lay
In those bright towers across the bay.

A staggering load, a treasure light—
She bore them both, and passed from sight.
From Ellis Isle I watched her pass
Pinned on her breast was "Lawrence, Mass."

. . . . . .

O little isle, you are for some
Hell's gate, for some Elysium!
Your wicket swings, and some to song
Pass on, and some to silent wrong;

But who, where hearts of toilers bleed
In songless toil, ah, who will heed—
On twilights, when the looms are mute—
A thing of love, a slender lute?

Father—"*That looks like an Italian ship.*"
Son—"*Papa, don't you think it's awful kind of us to let the other nations use our ocean?*"

A check on the coal-bin!

Chilling wind is the tyrant which prevents even warmth and wastes fuel in the heating of homes, stores, churches, schools, etc. The best victor over the effects of this enemy to comfort and economy is the

IDEAL SYLPHON **Regitherm**

It goes on wall of a living room; you turn an indicator hand to the degree of temperature wanted in *all* rooms. The warmth in the room acts on a permanent expansive liquid in the "everlasting Sylphon brass bellows" (none others have it). A cable communicates motion (without wind-up, compressed air, electricity or diaphragms) to the draft and check dampers of the Heating Boiler in cellar. The moment the weather starts to get colder, the REGITHERM increases the firc; or if the weather begins to warm up the REGITHERM instantly checks the fire. Result: An evenly warmed house all over, day and night.

THE REGITHERM EASILY FITS ANY OLD HEATER. Soon repays its moderate cost by cutting off coal wastes. Has no parts to wear out, hence no repairs; lasts a lifetime.

For any manufactory, baths, dry-kilns, etc., where a steady air temperature must be kept up, the REGITHERM is a great success. For steam-coil-heated liquid tanks our Sylphon Tank Regulator keeps an even degree of heat, saves much watching and work. (Send for special circular.)

Our free booklet: "New Heating Aids" is full of information about the REGITHERM, and our Norwall Air Valves and Sylphon Packless Radiator Valves, which save coal and fussing, and improve your heating. Why not write for it to-day?

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Write Department K CHICAGO
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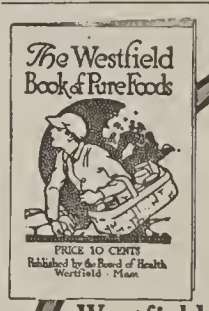

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Positive proof of their absolute purity and high quality.

SAVE THE PROFIT FOR YOUR OWN USE

which you usually pay to your dealer,—the middleman. We sell from the factory direct to you.

Does a saving of 15 to 40 cents on the dollar appeal to you in these days of high prices? Write us.

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TRADE MARK
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CALOX
The OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

Depends for its virtues not upon strong oils, carbolic or other irritating disinfectants, but upon the presence of **Oxygen** (peroxide) Nature's purifier.

Ask your Dentist he knows

All Druggists, 25 Cents

Sample and Booklet free on request

McKESSON & ROBBINS, NEW YORK
Ask for the Calox Tooth Brush, 35c.

The Little Gray Man

Concluded from page 14

false, the dangerous, is sometimes made of glue. Mothers! Would you feed your babies a bottle of glue?"

The papers all over New England copied this story. The time, it will be remembered, was March, just when confectioners were laying in their Easter stocks. One wholesaler who came to Professor Allyn to complain that his business had been hurt showed a stack of orders two inches high, every one of which had been canceled. The substance of each letter was: "We don't feed glue to babies if we know it."

But the climax of the Worcester pure-food talks came two weeks after the exhibit was over. A very nice-looking young man called upon Professor Allyn in his laboratory at Westfield, and, with evidence of considerable feeling, explained that he was the manager of the Boston firm which had been selling nitrobenzene as pure almond extract. Professor Allyn stared at the man in surprise. As he says: "I was used to the wrathy adulterator and the 'sassy' adulterator, but this was a new type."

The young man further astonished the chemist by saying: "I was in the crowd that day when you made the talk on those extracts of ours. I went right up and told my partners all about it. Now I want you to come to our offices and meet us, and see if you think we are really a band of crooks."

HE IS A NATURAL TEACHER

PROFESSOR ALLYN made the visit, and the firm commissioned him to examine their entire stock and indicate every misbranded or deleterious food product he could find. That concern is to-day one of the most ardent pure-food advocates in New England.

And now we begin to understand how it is that one little man with gray hair and brown eyes, with a turned-up nose and a turned-down, thoughtful mouth, shaking a test tube or studying his bubbling crucibles in the laboratory of a Massachusetts Normal School can become one of the great pure-food forces of America, so important, indeed, that from the last salmon cannery in Alaska to the last sardinerie in Maine, and in all the various degrees and kinds of preserving and food-preparing plants between, his opinion is regarded, his favor courted, and his condemnation feared. A score of lawsuits might only have made this Boston firm stubborn and bitter. One single chemistry lesson put them into a sackcloth mood. That is Allyn's secret. The man is a great natural teacher. He has the enthusiasm of an Agassiz and something of the method of a Froebel.

It is nine years now since three Normal girls indulged in a surreptitious midnight spread in their dormitory, and thereby most unwittingly launched the Westfield pure-food movement. The day after the feast they were absent from the chemistry class. The second day they appeared, looking noticeably pale.

"It must have been the jam," explained Hazel, who had contributed a three-pound tin of that schoolgirls' delight, strawberry preserves, as her share of the feast, while Bessie and Mary had added the more innocuous pickles, cheese, and chocolates. As has been said, Professor Allyn is a teacher by instinct. His quick mind seized upon the teaching value of this incident.

"Analyze the preserves, girls," he suggested, "and see what in them could have made you ill."

The girls obeyed. They found apple sauce, ether, red ink, grass seeds, and salicylic acid, but no strawberries. From that day forward the girls in the chemistry class began to qualify as pure-food experts. They examined the canned goods, the preserves, the medicines, and foods of every kind that came from the stores of Westfield into the homes in which they lived. The housekeepers were appalled to find the sort of thing they had been putting upon their tables. And the grocers were somewhat appalled, but much more annoyed. It is very disturbing, no doubt, to have the canned goods you make the most profit on, the ones that bear the very handsomest lithographs, returned almost in wheelbarrow loads because of some fussy girls stewing chemicals in a laboratory. I leave it to anyone if it would not be annoying when a grocer is working energetically to build up trade in a new line of chocolate which he can sell in larger packages and for less money than chocolate was ever sold before to have a miss still wearing her hair in braids say right out loud in the store for everyone to hear:

"Pooh! I analyzed that in class. It is thirty per cent cornstarch. That is why you can sell it cheaper than real chocolate. And it has potash in it, too, which turns to suds when you add water, and that's what makes it look so deliciously creamy and frothy when you pour it into the cups. No suds in my chocolate, thank you!"

One babbling schoolgirl like that can make a world of trouble for an energetic grocer in a small town; and there were nearly *two hundred girls* studying chemistry. Naturally, therefore, the food dealers of Westfield became very angry with the chemistry teacher of the Normal School. But, as has been written before and must be written again, Professor Allyn is a teacher. His enemies are made through his teaching; and the only weapon he can fight with is his teaching. So when the grocers became angry he merely invited them up to the laboratory and gave them a chemistry lesson. In other words, he taught them as he was teaching the girls. The grocers saw and believed. They became his friends and cooperators. Professor Allyn became a member of the Board of Health, and soon the whole town was getting lessons in chemistry. Every housekeeper, every merchant, anybody who was suspicious of a food, a medicine, a fabric, even a wall paper, could take it to the Board of Health, and the Board of Health would pass it to the girls in the chemistry class. The subject of analysis and the result would then be placed on exhibition in the Board of Health Museum. That museum has been a daily and enlarging lesson in chemistry to the people of Westfield for eight years. In this museum one may see whisky which is not whisky, tomatoes which are not tomatoes, strawberry preserves which are not preserved strawberries, pies that are painted, extracts that are poisoned with wood alcohol, woolen goods no fiber of which ever sprouted upon a sheep, and so on through a list of hundreds of shams and fakes.

Professor Allyn has taught tradesmen that it does not pay to handle impure goods. He has taught the people to go shopping with the pure-food list published by the Board of Health in their hands. He is teaching the whole country. He is continually in demand for popular lectures, and each lecture is a lesson in the chemistry of food.

THE STORMS OF EIGHT YEARS

STORMS have raged high over his head in these eight years. Politicians have sought his official scalp. He has been haled into court; damages have been assessed against him; he has paid the damages to the extent of sixteen hundred dollars; and his townsmen have reimbursed him to the last cent. Nothing turns him from his work. He is a teacher. He goes on teaching. A great food-making firm offered him a salary of ten thousand dollars a year to become their chemist. He declined it. He is a teacher. A great newspaper syndicate offered him any salary he might name to write for them. He declined it. He is a teacher. He does not care for riches. His home, his family, his modest motor car, an occasional day upon the rifle range, the esteem of his friends, these are emoluments enough for him. To the last hair of him, in all the skin of him, he is a teacher, and he has a teacher's richest wage, the absorbed attention of his pupils.

Is it strange that, working there in the laboratory at the end of the day when his classes have gone, alone with his chemicals and his thoughts, a sense of great possessions comes over him? He knows that babies are cooing in their mothers' arms to-day and children are toddling upon the streets who would be in their graves but for him. He knows there are men and women whose hearts beat strong and lively to-day because he warned poisonous drugs from their lips; that there are unnumbered persons whose total must mount upward thousand by thousand as his work goes on, whose minds are clearer, whose bodies function more serviceably because of the lessons he has taught and is teaching. The memory of this makes the little gray man feel rich. And is he not right? What Rockefeller of us all has more?

Don't Grope for Words

What a joyous satisfaction it is to receive a letter that concisely and exactly expresses just what the writer *intended* to express, and that tingles with personality. *You* can write that kind of letter. *You* can acquire an easy, flowing style of dictation. If you will give Grenville Kleiser (former Yale Instructor) fifteen minutes of your time daily at home or office,

He Will Give You a Mastery of Words

He does not give you old-fashioned wearisome rules of grammar to memorize, but by an entirely new plan you absorb and immediately apply the fruits of years of teaching experience which are comprest into twenty intimate home lessons. His Course is delightfully human and holds the interest from first to last. It will surely and quickly help you to

Enlarge Your Stock of Words—

Use the Right Word in the Right Place—

Write Tactful, Forceful Letters, Advertisements, Stories, Sermons, Treatises, etc.—

Become An Engaging Conversationalist—

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Be a Man of Culture, Power and Influence in Your Community.

It matters not what you are doing in the world, a knowledge of good English is *absolutely necessary* if you would achieve the *biggest success*. "Good English is good business"—and it will *pay* you better than any other accomplishment.

John Burroughs, famous Naturalist and Writer: "I see valuable and helpful hints in these lessons. Any young man or woman who has an undeveloped literary talent ought to profit greatly by this Course."

Kathryn M. Murphy, Secretary, Chicago, Ill.: "There is something about the lessons that keeps one interested all the time and proof that the lessons have been of value to me is attested by the fact that I have received a better position (with my same employers who suggested the course) at an increased salary."

V. A. Martiney, Hoosick Falls, New York: "It is so easy to study and understand that I have acquired a vocabulary of words sufficient to go before the public and make speeches. It has helped me in my present position and I shall always be ready to recommend the course."

A. R. Hering, Holyoke, Mass.: "It has already greatly benefited me and I would not sell your course to-day for one hundred dollars, if I could not get another."

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Please send full information regarding Grenville Kleiser's Correspondence Course in Good English

What a Trade-Mark Means To You

THE name of a certain American food-product is rightly valued at more than a million dollars for every letter in it. This value has been created by making the name valuable to you and the other people who buy foods. Before a trade-mark can be worth a dollar to its owner it must render a genuine service to those who can buy the goods for which it stands, by helping each buyer in his choice. The trade-mark which has value to its owner is that which is generally recognized as identifying a line of goods which merit patronage, and such a trade-mark is necessarily of value to the buyer before it is worth a penny to the owner.

For anything which helps you to distinguish between goods that are really worth what they cost and those which are not, between foods, for example, which are clean and pure and good to eat and those which are dirty, adulterated or low-grade,—anything which makes that discrimination easier and safer is valuable to you.

As a general rule—not always, of course—the mere fact that you recognize a certain trade-which you recognize and one which is unfamiliar to you, the chances are always in favor of the former. Unknown merchandise *may* be good—known merchandise is *likely* to be good.

The advent of The Westfield Book of Pure Foods establishes the trade-mark as a final, definite, positive index to merit, and makes it the simplest matter in the world to distinguish between foods that are safe and good to eat beyond any possibility of question and those which may or may not be fit for human use.

The Westfield Book is simply a conveniently classified list of 117 different kinds of foods (many brands listed in each important class) every one of which has passed the exhaustive, impartial tests of the food-chemists of the Westfield Board of Health. For ten years these analysts have been testing food-products, and the net results of over 20,000 experiments are expressed in this list of the foods which have passed every test and proved themselves worthy in every respect.

The value of the trade-mark to you as a consumer of foods is tremendously increased by the existence of this guide, which draws a line, plain worth, with sufficient range of choice under each classification to make it likely that at least one of the brands approved can be secured at any grocery store in the country.

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods gives you a roll-of-honor which contains no name undeserving of trust, instead of a rogues' gallery which contains only a few of the criminals who threaten you. It gives you a list of righteous, worthy bidders for your patronage and sets up the trade-mark as the simple Bertillon system by which you can distinguish between the good and the bad.

Send for The Westfield Book of Pure Foods. It protects you absolutely and forever against the food poisoner and the food fraud. It enables you to tell your grocer exactly what you want and to pass instant judgment on any substitute he offers. For your own sake, for the safety and health of your children, fill out the coupon and mail it today, with 10c in stamps or silver, to The Board of Health, Westfield, Mass.

The names of the firms co-operating to bear the expense of this campaign are signed below, not as a bid for

is good presumptive evidence of merit in the line for which it stands. For few brands gain general public knowledge unless the goods which they represent have enough genuine merit to stand the test of public scrutiny and experiment. As a rule, the maker of inferior merchandise does not invite any more attention to himself than he has to. It is the man with a product of which he knows he can be proud, which he believes will please and satisfy the buyer, who most actively solicits the lime-light of national advertising. Most frauds prefer to work in the dark.

That is one way in which the trade-mark helps you to distinguish,—as between a brand for good things, known to be good, and those which indicate a product of unknown quality.

Here is a positive, simple solution of your food problem. The Westfield Book of Pure Foods removes all doubt and guesswork; it enables anyone who can read to know exactly what he ought to buy, to order it by name, and to make sure that he gets it.

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods does not condemn any product, even by inference. It is not and cannot be so complete that omission from it proves unworthiness to be in it. All that it aims and claims to do is to furnish any buyer with a list of products of unquestioned purity and should be concealed from the public. The Westfield Book of Pure Foods, which they seek to distribute, lists the names of many competing houses which take no part whatever in the movement but necessarily share equally in its benefits, as every product mentioned in the book has passed exhaustive, impartial tests which conclusively prove its purity and worth.

American Sugar Refining Co., New York.
Baker Extract Co., Springfield, Mass.
Baker Importing Co., New York.
Beechnut Packing Co., Canajoharie, N. Y.
Belle Mead Sweets, Trenton, N. J.
Dr. E. F. Brush's Kumyss, Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Clicquot Club Co., Millis, Mass.
Corn Products Refining Co., New York.
John Duncan's Sons, New York.
The N. K. Fairbank Co., Chicago, Ill.
F. A. Ferris & Co., New York.
H. J. Heinz Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Jones Dairy Farm, Fort Atkinson, Wis.
Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Chas. B. Knox Co., Johnstown, N. Y.
Francis H. Leggett & Co., New York.
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co., Boston, Mass.
Minute Tapioca Co., Orange, Mass.
The Moxie Co., Boston, Mass.
National Onion Salt Co., Chicago, Ill.
Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.
Southern Cotton Oil Co., New York.
Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.
Worcester Salt Co., New York.

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BOARD OF HEALTH, WESTFIELD, MASS.

Name .....

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Will He Run Out?

With good position, the balls well scattered and only a few points to go, it looks like a run, but the slightest inaccuracy will beat him.

This is one reason for the great popularity of Billiards and Pool. They are full of such keenly interesting, constantly new situations. They are fine, clean, wholesome games. You will never know them at their best until you play in your own home. Why not own a

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and play while you are paying for it? No special room is needed. The Burrowes Table can be set on your dining-room or library table or mounted on its own legs or compactly folding stand. Only a moment is required to set it up or take it down and set it out of the way. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 feet (standard). Complete Playing equipment of balls, cues, etc., free with each Table.

Burrowes Tables are used for home practice by some of the foremost professionals. Every Table of whatever size is scientifically accurate in proportions to the smallest detail and adapted to the most expert play. The most delicate shots, calling for skill of the highest type, can be executed with the utmost precision.

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Prices are from $15 up, on terms of $1 or more down and a small amount each month.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This ensures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog, giving prices, terms, etc.

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No need to put up with the old-fashioned studs—Larter Studs "Save Time and Worry for Men in a Hurry." Send for the trial model and prove it.

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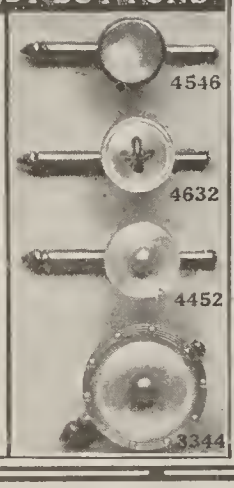

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Look for this trade mark on the back. It is your guarantee that if an accident ever happens to the back of a Larter Stud or Button, a new one will be given in exchange.

Write for Model and Booklet suggesting the correct jewelry for men and the infinite variety of Larter styles.

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Manufacturing Jewelers
22 Maiden Lane
New York

By-Product Citizens

(Continued from page 17)

schools we say: "Is she six? Then put her in I.V." "Is he nine? Then he must begin to study geography." In the exceptional classes they say: "Where is the child actually? Has he the mental equipment of a twentieth-century being, the mind that grapples with the wireless and the linotype; or does he belong in the ice age, with the making of a stone-headed club as his intellectual zenith?" If he does, there is little good in trying to educate him by means of coordinations and processes not developed by the race till a million years later. But there is a great deal of good in taking education to him through such doors as do exist in his mind instead of, in default of doors of the usual pattern, leaving the intelligence inside to starve. And there is a great deal of good in perceiving that it takes many kinds of people to do the world's work, and that to make the ability to absorb book learning the test of all is as economically wasteful of human strength as any policy the world has ever devised.

TEACHING SELF-MASTERY

IT was on this basis that Daisy, in a school where lunch was prepared, was given as her share of the game (it is never work) the setting of the table. She took two hours to do it, and Miss Farrell said: "Give her four if she needs it." The point was that what was happening was not that a table was being set but that muscles to which a foot's difference were a fine distinction were being trained to accurate inches and half inches; that hands knowing no finer shadings in momentum than the paws of a bear cub were learning to adjust themselves to the delicacy of plates and glasses; that a mind to which order was an unknown concept was now growing up to that refinement. In other words, self-mastery, which is all that education can give us, is becoming hers. It is the same way with everything done in the schoolroom, from taking off the wraps in the morning to the last game before going home. All are made a help to a better basis, all take them one step nearer to becoming captains of their souls by teaching them how to command the ship. Take the arithmetic games they play. Arithmetic can be taught to few of them abstractly, yet every one of them will need it daily. So their need must be met apart from textbook and slate, and apart also from the power of reasoning, which many of them lack. To this end a toy grocery store is maintained in most classrooms with imitation money all the time, and real money after the teacher's pay day; and to this end the teachers devise game after joyous game that will teach the practical application of arithmetic by multitudinous repetitions of real actions till they become so rooted in memory as to be instinctive.

I was in a classroom where such a game was played, and my question was: "Is it practical?" Just then the milkman came in with the milk for the ten o'clock lunch and answered the question. As he entered there was a good-natured clamor for the privilege of paying him, and at last it was: "Philip, take a five-dollar bill out of my bag. We had two quarts for three days, and two extra to-day, and it's eight cents a quart. Be sure you get the right change."

OPENING MENTAL WINDOWS

THAT is the way in the special classrooms. What can't be taught in one way is taught in another. The children's mental windows are examined, and if one does not slide, as is usual with windows, they see if it does not work on hinges, instead of trying to force it to slide till the unobserved hinges are broken and it will no longer work in any fashion. Take reading. That the child is incapable of the magic of juggling a language out of twenty-six letters does not, according to this new system, rightfully debar him from the great world of written ideas. So games to teach the arbitrary recognition of words entire are as numerous as games with numbers, and the child incapable of spelling is put in touch with the news of the day, with the activities of its world. Think of how much about life may be learned with just enough reading to interpret the captions under the pictures in an illustrated paper!

This talk about numbers and words must not give the impression that after all they are only trying to get at academics in another way. While half the children have chosen the number and word games, the rest have remained at their chair caning (the leading passion with most of them), door-mat making, basket weaving, carpentry, or whatever practical pursuit the teacher sees her children can use for their development. They turn out as perfect chair seats and mats as any factory, and this in spite of the fact that the end in view is not to make mat or seat, but to give the training—mental, moral, muscular—that comes of grappling with the problem itself. This being the end sought, not one scrap of the precious lesson is allowed to be lost. So in making even a toy house more is squeezed out of it in the way of education than out of many books.

It all sounds too simple to permit us to believe that it can accomplish much. It is simple, the only innovations being smaller classes—about fifteen pupils to each—and instruction cut to fit the individual child, instead of cutting the child to fit it, as in the old-fashioned Procrustean method. As for results, here are some, copied from the records:

There was Angelo. He was twelve years old, cross-eyed, crooked of body, defective of mind, and of so repellent an appearance that the boys on the street always either ran from him or after him. So his mother, whom none of these things could make see her boy as aught unlovable, began to keep him in the house. He had his little seat by the window, and sat there day in and day out, whatever roots of mental capacity he had slowly going the way of all unused capacities. When a special class was suggested, it was hard for the mother to give in, but she did, and Angelo was taken daily to and from the school like any helpless toddler, lacking both the physical and mental ability to guide himself!

LITTLE BENJAMIN

THEN the magic began. Glasses were fitted to the eyes, a brace to the weak back, and an interest to the feeble mind. When he began coming home by himself like any other boy, the mother's sensitiveness changed to pride, and when, in three years, he was doing fourth-year work, no longer in a special class but in a regular grade, she, for one, was ready to acknowledge that something had been done for her boy that her love could not do.

Then little Benjamin. He was born on the East Side of New York City and treated even worse than usual by that environment, for, for some obscure hysterical reason (there was physiological defect), the child never spoke. At six years of age he was put in the public school, and there he remained in the primary grade, till the teacher decided that he was an idiot for whom nothing could be done. He was then sent to an ungraded class, where he took advantage of the complete liberty allowed him to get into a corner and show his profound desire to be let absolutely alone. This desire the teacher gratified, going near him only to see that he always had tools and wood to amuse himself with. Slowly his casual amusement became an interest. He began to try to make real things, and soon was showing decided originality. Of course his interest grew proportionately, and when it transcended every other influence in his life its demand for expression routed the obscure tyranny that had been holding him dumb, and one day he whispered to his teacher. She, who had been wise enough to leave him to his lonely little self when he wished it, was wise now, and answered him in a whisper, lest he be frightened out at his first attempt, the result being that conversation is now the normal thing for the once dumb boy, through no other means than that of simple, everyday education.

Equal wonders, though not so spectacular, are wrought with those who make up the majority of the lagging third—the merely backward. There is the keen realization in the special-class work that it is not a trivial but a very serious matter when a child falls behind its grade. For it means, in its degree, just what the worst cases mean—retardation, a deviation that, slight at first, will grow greater—it means that even though the child does not become a positive harm to the community he will be a negative one, for the positive strength he should be will be lost. So there is in many of the cities doing special-class work an earnest watching of the little marchers in the pathway,

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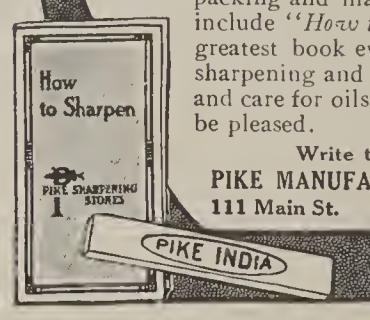

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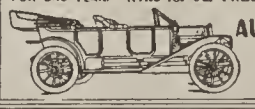

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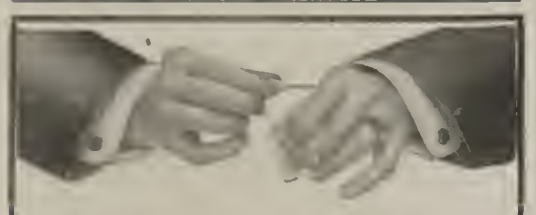

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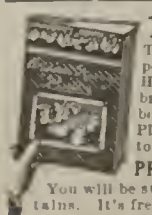

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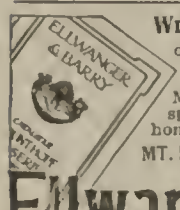

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By-Product Citizens

Concluded from page 32

to detect not only those who turn out of the way altogether, but to find those whose little feet merely falter and grow weary, and by taking them out of the massed rank and file, and walking side by side and hand in hand with them a while, return them to their places in the "efficient" column.

KNOWLEDGE THE SAVIOR

THE most beautiful fruit of this tree planted for childhood is to me the fact that all this ferreting out reveals not more but fewer than we thought as defectives, and that in spite of the one-third of all now discovered to be behind in their classes! The explanation is the terrible one that many children whom the world has been branding as defective have been condemned on circumstantial evidence as cruel as any that ever sent an innocent man to the gallows. It is here that the work of the clinic, as carried on in New York City at least, seems most redemptive in that it stands as judge to childhood to allow no unjust sentencing. Here is an example of that phase, come upon by me on my first visit to the clinic. The waiting room was full of applicants, and I chose to remain there a while, for, I said to myself, "I represent the casual, untrained observer, and from my unexpert judgment can tell approximately what would be meted out to these children by the world at large." There was one boy whom, in my mind, I classed as the worst case of abnormality in the room. When I was told that he had been recommended for deportation on the ground of feeble-mindedness (being an alien in the country only six months), I was only surprised that he had got past Ellis Island at all. He pecked and peered and grinned, and he made queer, overreaching gestures. When he went in for his medical examination I went along, and got a fine example of what the judgment of myself and the world at large is worth. The "worst case of abnormality in the room," recommended for deportation, was a normal boy! Two very simple things accounted for the deal the world at large and I wished to give him. One was that he was nearly blind. The other was that he knew almost nothing of the English language. When he got among those understanding sympathizers in that clinic room you should have seen him showing an affectionate and eager self through those two veils that had hidden him from less expert eyes. This boy was sent to an eye clinic and then to a usual grade teacher, with instructions that allowances are to be made till he learns English.

THE CASE OF DAVID

MERELY one striking misunderstanding that could not have lasted long anyway, you may say. I would like to think so, but the few times I have sat in that clinic room I have heard the words "too late now" in the case of misunderstood children too often, and I have before me now this record:

"In the ungraded classes now there is an American boy, tall, strong, and attractive looking, who may be called David. He has been in New York schools for nine years. The first five he spent in the graded classes in a hopeless struggle to learn to read. When he was at last, as an unpromoted child, proposed for an ungraded class it was found that he had congenital cataract of both eyes. David's mentality is not now normal. His present feebleness of mind is thought to be probably due to the strain of his long, desperate efforts to learn to read through his dimming vision. The boy's blindness was for years undiscovered."

Now you can understand how the "worst case of abnormality in the room" could really have been made so for lack of being understood, can't you? And how a deaf child can be classed as an imbecile and made one because, once that idea obtains regarding him, he does not receive the mental food on which minds grow? Maybe you can also deduce the process by which a child merely delicate and timid can, without the care of the exceptional classes, get farther and farther away from the meeting of his mental needs till he is permanently behind. Go back to the figures quoted at the beginning of this article and consider these stories of childhood in connection with them. Then, when you have grasped the vastness of what is still to be done, make your estimate of the present pioneers in this work for "the least of these."

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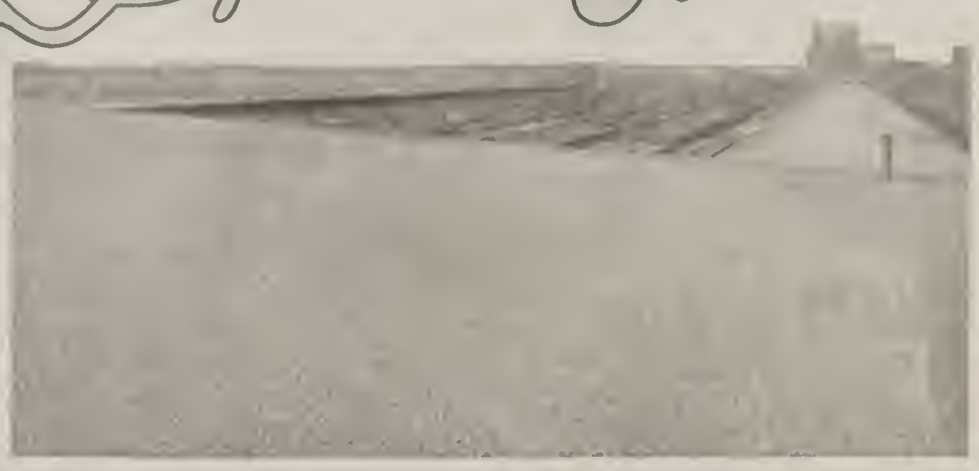

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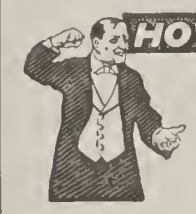

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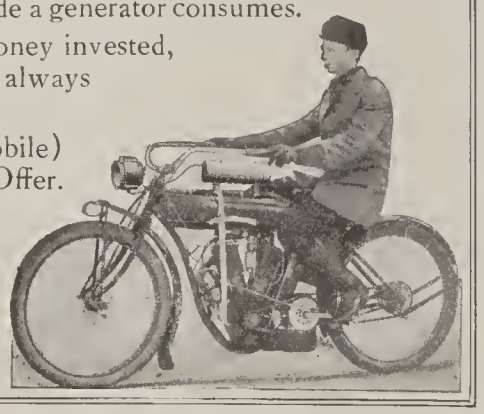

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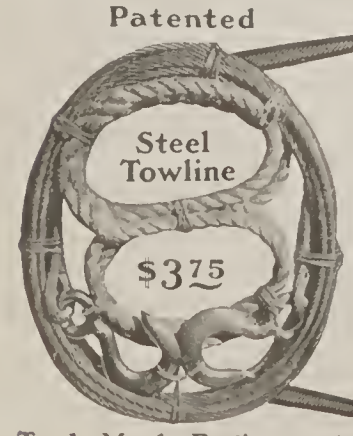

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EDITOR COLLIER'S:

SIR—In COLLIER'S of November 30 appeared an editorial entitled "The Best Place to be Poor," and in it the question is asked: "Where can I, a salaried man of thirty-seven, making $1,800 a year, go to find a farm?"

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EDITOR COLLIER'S:

SIR—The back-to-the-farm movement will be a success if journals such as yours make a systematic hunt for cheap, adaptable Government lands.

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Farm labor is hard to get here, and a poor man can always secure employment until his own place is improved so that he can devote all of his time to it. Labor commands twice as much here as in the East. A man with a thousand dollars and a good wife can easily get a start here, and if he has children, the older ones would be of material help in caring for the vegetable garden (a source of profit too often neglected in this country). Eggs and butter also will be a good income producer.

Your paper could do a world of good by guiding capable, not prejudiced, men through these States and showing them the cheap lands. Very truly yours,

CHAS. LIFTCHILD.

Grangeville, Idaho.

✣

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

SIR—I am a traveling man, from the State of Washington, and I know positively that there are good chances for the man with $1,000, a strong back, and the right kind of a wife in my State.

I would say to him: Get as near as possible to a good market, deliver your products direct to the consumer, and stop buying out of paper bags and cans. There was never a time when the production of foodstuffs offered such profits as to-day.

Professors, doctors, office men, and those untrained in farming are making good in the Western country—after they get started, they make the best kind of farmers. Very truly yours,

CHAS. H. COLLINS.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

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EDITOR COLLIER'S:

SIR—In your issue of November 30 some one writes: "What can I do to get away from the city? Can a city-bred man with a capital of $1,000 or less succeed on a farm? Where can I, a salaried man of thirty-seven, making $1,800 a year, go to find a farm?" These are questions often asked by people tired of the grind of the city.

I venture to suggest that the best place to be rich or poor is on the farm. One thousand dollars, economically managed, will go a long ways on the farm here—not one person in ten has so much to begin on, and yet the farmers of this community, taken as a whole, are in excellent shape financially. Lands in the Tidewater section of Virginia have increased in value from three to six hundred per cent within the last ten years. It was from COLLIER'S that I ascertained that farm-land values throughout the United States had increased, as a whole, 118 per cent in the ten years from 1900 to 1910, whereas the increase in the South had been much more than this, to say nothing of the income from the crops.

Farming is so profitable in this, the greatest of all truck-growing centers of the United States, that one farmer under oath testified that he could make clear of expenses $200 per acre per year. Thirty years ago he came here penniless; to-day he is worth several hundred thousand dollars. Numbers of persons have, however, made much more money than this per acre.

It is to meet the demand for small truck farms that a Virginia corporation has been organized for the purpose of buying, developing, and subdividing truck lands near the city into five-acre tracts and multiples thereof; of dividing fertile lands which can be purchased at cheap prices on the James River into twenty-five-acre dairy farms, and erecting houses, barns, and silos thereon, where the milking can be done until late at night, and the butter, cream, and milk reach here early the following morning with a guaranteed sale at good prices; of dividing large farms into smaller ones, which can be made highly profitable, and selling all of these on easy terms to settlers.

The advice of an agricultural expert, maintained by the company without charge, is available. He will advise as to when, where, and what to plant, the best and cheapest manures to use for the particular crop, and what to use, when and how to use it most rapidly and economically to improve the soil.

This company will also operate a large hay or alfalfa farm. In Virginia the average yield is around five tons per acre and the price $18 per ton, yielding $90 an acre, with a production cost of not over one-third of this amount.

Very truly yours,
W. D. STOAKLEY.

Norfolk, Va.

✣

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

SIR—I notice in COLLIER'S of November 30 the question in an editorial: "What can I do to get away from the city?"

For the help of those who ask, I want to tell about the experience of Mr. O. F. Parker of Jefferson County, this State.

While Mr. Parker was living in a tent on the Arkansas River, a friend made the suggestion to him to buy a few hogs and turn them out in the open woods near by. The friend thought that a little money might be made out of them.

In June, 1910, Mr. Parker bought six sows, and in October, 1912, he had two hundred hogs for sale. He says that he fed them not more than two bushels of corn in that time. He is now renting seventy-four acres of corn land to fatten hogs another year, and is living in a comfortable house.

Will he not be able to buy a place in another year or so? Very truly yours,

J. W. SCALES.

Pine Bluff, Ark.

✣

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

SIR—Your editorial in COLLIER'S of November 30 attracted my attention this week, and I want to say that if you know people who want to go to the farms and can reach them, it is your duty to help get them there. What the country needs now to lower the cost of living is more farming and better farming.

In the Piedmont section of the South there is land enough for thousands of good people who want to go to the farms. There is also enough land for the thousands of farmers and others who are migrating into Canada every year. We should try to keep these people in the United States; why not try to turn them this way instead of letting them go up into Canada? Our lands are as low in price and, I believe, more productive per acre than those of Canada.

This county is only one where the opportunities are many. It happens to be in the heart of the Piedmont section, where we can not only raise everything that can be raised in the colder States, but where we can raise more things, and in larger quantities, and at the same time enjoy life the whole year round.

Very truly yours,
JAS. H. WARBURT[illegible]

Salisbury, N. C.

ila, Pa.

x Nose, Grease Pipe, 5c. for com- Material; oledo, O.

Collier's for January 11, in Two Sections. *Section TWO*

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ARTICLES *and* STORIES
by
Gelett Burgess
Edwin Balmer
George Fitch
Walter Hale
Fred J. Wagner
Wilbur D. Nesbit
Lee Shippey

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Automobile Section

VOL. FIFTY NO. 17 JANUARY 11 1913

More Luxury—New Conveniences—Greater Comfort in the Magnificent New Baker Coupé

Selling an automobile on paper involves two things: unbounded confidence in the maker and unapproached beauty in the car.

This explains why the mere announcement of the magnificent New Baker Coupe resulted in the sale of hundreds of cars throughout the country, even before the first lot had received the final touches in their careful course through the big Baker plant.

There could be no more emphatic proof that this handsome model—the latest creation by the oldest, foremost and largest electric car builders in the country—fully meets the public demand for a thoroughly stylish, yet conservative, coupe. It is a big, roomy motor car, with full limousine back, longer wheel base, graceful low-hung body lines, and new hoods of French design.

REVOLVING FRONT SEATS are one of the innovations introduced in this Baker Model. These permit the occupants to face forward or turn about, while an easy view of the road is secured from the rear seat because of the exceptionally low front and front quarter windows.

Either Lever or Wheel Steer

The former from rear seat, the latter from left front seat (with controlling lever attached to steering mast). In every detail the New Baker Coupe strikes the last note of supremacy in conve and luxury.

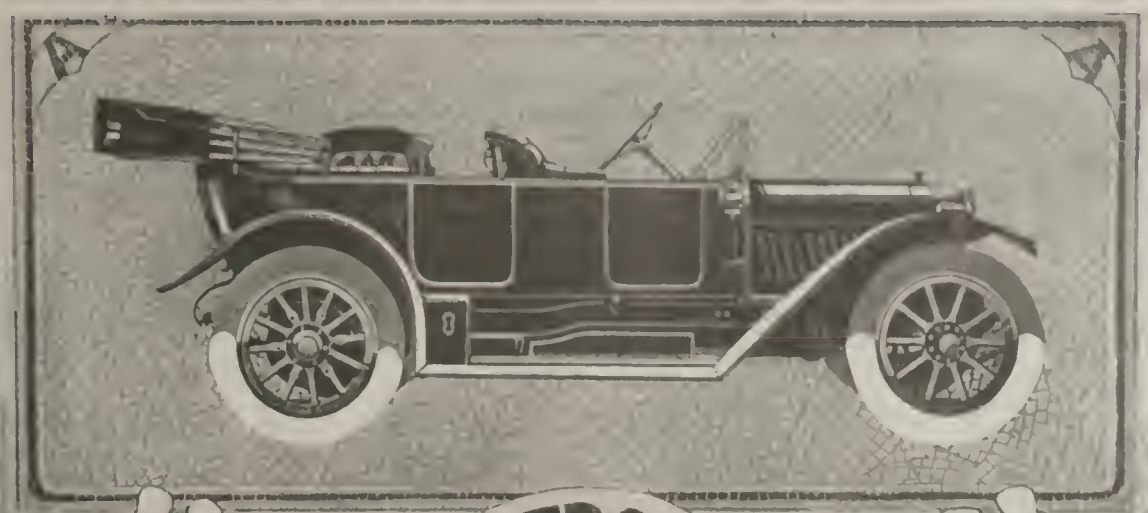
Baker luxury is the enduring kind becaus car itself was built *first;* the luxury was afterward. With Baker beauty is unquest mechanical excellence—the kind that gives th its long life; its ability to climb hills, pl through snow, sand and mud and stand up u the hardest service, always at a *lower cost of upke* than any other electric.

THE BAKER MOTOR VEHICLE COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Builders also of Baker Electric Trucks

CANADA: The Baker Motor Vehicle Company of Canada, Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.

New York, 1798 Broadway
Chicago, 1221 Michigan Avenue
Philadelphia, 1927-29 Market St
Boston, 801 Boylston Street
St. Louis, 5201 Delmar Avenue
Detroit, 815 Woodward Avenue
Pittsburgh, Center & Morewood
Kansas City, 3105 Gillham Road
Atlanta, 57 S. Forsyth Street
Washington, 1140 Connecticut Av
Los Angeles, 10th & Olive Streets
Sacramento, 1217 Seventh Street
Louisville, Brook & Broadway
Memphis, 185 Memphis Street
San Francisco, Golden Gate & Van Ness Avenues
Rochester, 15 Circle Street
Dallas, Texas, 1517 Elm Street
Dayton, O., 3rd & Bainbridge Sts
Syracuse, 234 James St
Spokane, 818 4th Avenue
Denver, 1542 Broadway
Springfield, Mo., 214 N. Jefferson St
Grand Rapids, 66 Sheldon Avenue
Zanesville, O., 17 Culbertson Av
Terre Haute, Ind., 121 S. 7th St
Savannah, 5 Perry St., E
Seattle, Wash., 1718 Broadway
Davenport, Ia., 124 East 4th St
Des Moines, 1703 Grand Avenue
Cincinnati, 1609 Madison Road
Columbus, O., 165 North Fourth St
Decatur, Ill., 210 Citizen's Bldg
Hartford, 118 Church Street
Springfield, Ill., 917 E. Washington
Wichita, Kan., 231 S. Topeka Av
Omaha, 40th and Farnam Streets
Asheville, N.C., 42 Patten Av
Jacksonville, Fla., O. A. Pickerell
Richmond, Va., 1625 W. Broad St
Galveston, Tex., 714 Tremont St
Quincy, Ill., 12th & Hampshire Sts
Charleston, S.C., 47 Meeting St
Bloomington, Ill., 507 N. East St
Erie, Pa., 1319 Peach Street
Oklahoma City, 1121 N. Robinson
Columbia, S. C., Arcade Bldg
Ottumwa, Ia., 313 E. 2d St
Wooster, O., 348 E. Liberty St
Champaign, Ill., B. F. Stoltey
Buffalo, 178 W. Utica Street
Mobile, Ala., 11 N. Water St
Indianapolis, 510 N. Delaware St
Charlotte, N. C., 504 W. 5th St
El Paso, Texas, 313 Texas St
York, Pa., 362 W. Market
Jackson, Mich., 109 W. Pearl
Evansville, Ind., 23 Main Street
Newport, R. I., 19 E. Bowery St
New Orleans, 704 Baronne St
Youngstown, O., Boardman & Walnut Streets
Enid, Okla., 117-123 N. Grand St
Salt Lake City, 27 Richards Street



ABBOTT DETROIT POLICY

"The demand of the day is that an organization shall be judged by its product and not by what it claims for itself"

THIS is the age of specialization, in the manufacture of motor cars as in everything else.

Makers formerly thought it was necessary to make all the parts of their car in their own plant. They no longer do so. The **jack-of-all-trades-and-master-of-none period is past.**

While it is true, of course, that some automobile companies still make most of the parts of their cars in their own plants, yet the enormous overhead expense, which very frequently runs into appalling figures makes it difficult for them to keep up their high standard of workmanship in competition with the more modern methods.

The almost overnight changes in methods of manufacture and in materials are causing such enormous depreciations in machinery and tools, that it is extremely difficult for this type of manufacturer to keep up with the times.

Some mechanical operations that required a day to perform one year ago, are now accomplished in 3½ minutes. Machines which two years ago were limited to an output of ten parts a day will now, owing to improved methods, turn out three hundred.

Great Progress

In the history of manufacture have there been such rapid strides made in design and production. Therefore, it behooves the purchaser before he buys a car to consider well the types of manufacturing plants operated by the various manufacturers.

What two years ago might have been considered ideal practice is antiquated today.

Successful firms must be in a position to change quickly, easily—at a moment's notice.

They must be free to adopt new methods and new materials, free to incorporate new ideas and suggestions.

The Abbott Motor Company can do this.

Abbott-Detroit advertising for 1913 is being printed in serial form. This is the seventh of the series. The eighth will appear in Saturday Evening Post February 15, Collier's Weekly February 8, Life February 2. Copies of previous advertisements sent on request.

ABBOTT-DETROIT ELECTRIC SELF-STARTER

All 1913 Abbott-Detroit cars are equipped with our own specially designed, self-contained electric self-starter. Connected to crankshaft with independent train of gears. When gasoline motor starts, over-running clutch releases gears and they remain idle while gasoline motor is running.

Not an experiment—not an attempted combination of ignition, lighting and starting, but a real dependable self-starter, built as a part of the engine, included as regular equipment.

Visit our Sales rooms and have its operation explained.

Continental Motors—Why

We have demonstrated that our policy of buying motors and many of our other important parts from **specialists,** has enabled us to give the public a **better product** for **less money.**

For instance, our motors which are manufactured by the Continental Motor Mfg. Company after our own design and under our personal supervision, are **unquestionably superior** to the ordinary "made in our own factory product." This is due to the fact that the Continental Motor Mfg. Company has made a **specialty** of **manufacturing automobile gasoline motors for many years.**

Their methods and machinery are **particularly adapted** to **motor manufacture.**

Their men have been trained to **do this one thing** and do it **well.**

We are compelled to take only those motors which are entirely satisfactory.

We are not compelled, as are many manufacturers who use their own motors, to lower the standard of inspection on a power plant during rush periods.

Every motor must be **right** before we accept it, and thus we get the **very cream** of the **product.**

Purchaser Gets Benefit

This same policy of giving the purchaser the best we can for the money has been carried out throughout the entire car.

The quality is there. It only remains for you to satisfy yourself regarding its value.

Therefore, call at our sales rooms and let us show you the cars that have been produced under such a policy: The new 1913 Abbott-Detroits—**the best cars in the world at the price**—"Built for Permanence" and "Guaranteed for Life."

Remember—

Electric Self-Starter
Electric Lighting
Standard Equipment
on all Models

"The demand of the day is that an organization shall be judged by its product and not by what is claimed for itself."

This is our slogan. Apply it when inspecting the 1913 Abbott-Detroit Cars.

Models and Prices

34-40	Fore-Door Roadster, 116-inch wheel base	$1700
34-40	5-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, 116-inch wheel base	$1700
44-50	5-Passenger, Fore-Door Demi-Tonneau, 121-inch wheel base	$1975
44-50	7-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, 121-inch wheel base	$2000
44-50	Battleship Roadster 121-inch wheel base	$2150
44-50	7-Passenger, Fore-Door Limousine, 121 inch wheel base	$3050

Advance catalog on request.

Abbott-Detroit

Built for Permanence and Guaranteed for Life

ABBOTT MOTOR COMPANY

602 Waterloo Street Detroit, Michigan

The White Factory at Cleveland, Ohio
Where White Motor Cars and Trucks are Manufactured

White *Self-Starting* Six-Sixty Touring Car

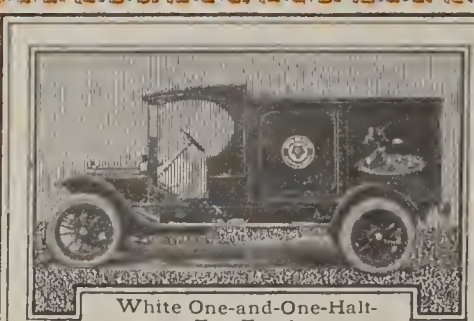
White *Self-Starting* Six Berline Limousine

White Five-Ton Truck

White *Self-Starting* Six-Sixty Roadster

White Three-Ton Truck

White *Self-Starting* Forty Coupe

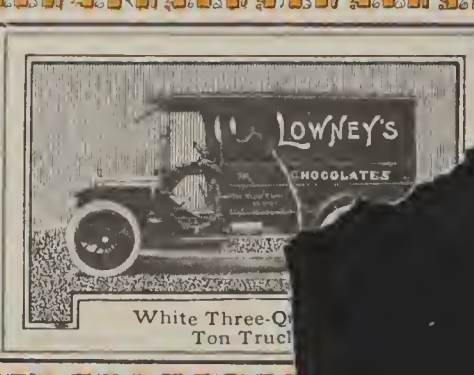


White One-and-One-Half-Ton Truck

The greatest variety of motor vehicles produced by any company in the world is a White achievement, the result of more than fifty years of practical manufacturing experience, and during all these years the name of White has been the guarantee of absolute responsibility and excellence of production.

White *Self-Starting* Forty Touring Car

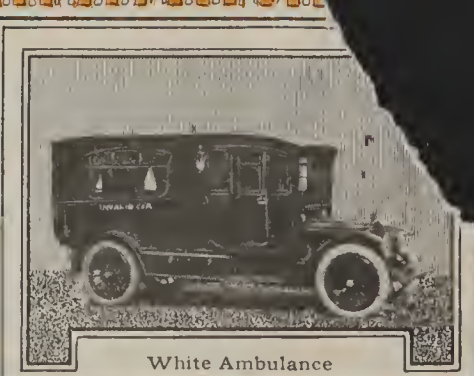
THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND



White Three-Q… Ton Truc…

White *Self-Starting* Thirty Touring Car

White Five-Ton Power Dumping Truck



White Ambulance

COL

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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P F COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED

VOL FIFTY NO 18

JANUARY 18 1913

Indestructo Special

[illegible] Guaranteed for [illegible]

$15 to $21

CURRENT DEALERS

ALASKA
Douglas, P. H. Fox
Juneau, B. M. Behrends Co., Inc.
Treadwell, Alaska Treadwell Gold Mining Co.

ALABAMA
Birmingham, Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
Mobile, L. Hammel Dry Gds. Co.
Montgomery, Montgomery Fair
Selma, Liepold Bros.
" T. F. Pollard Clo. Co.

ARIZONA
Phoenix, M. Goldenberg & Co.
" Phoenix Trunk Factory

ARKANSAS
Fort Smith, Berry-Wright Dry Gds. Co.
" Boston Store Dry Gds. Co.
" J. J. Little Clo. Co.
Helena, Ware & Solomon
Hot Springs, S. M. Duffie & Co.
Little Rock, Little Rock Trunk & Bag Co.
Texarkana, Brewer & Sanderson Co.

CALIFORNIA
Fresno, Kutner-Goldstein Co.
Los Angeles, Bullock's
Oakland, C. J. Heeseman
" Quality Trunk Co. (Wardrobe)
Pasadena, Crown City Trunk Co.
Redlands, Kennard & Howland
Sacramento, Walsh-Richardson Co.
San Diego, San Diego Trunk Co.
San Francisco, Roos Bros.
" Oppenheimer, The Trunk Man
Santa Ana, Horton-Spurgeon Furn. Co.
Santa Barbara, C. H. Brink
San Jose, W. H. Baugh, Lincoln & Coe

CANADA
Toronto, T. Eaton & Co.
Winnipeg, T. Eaton & Co.

COLORADO
Boulder, Buchheit-Graham Furn. Co.
Colorado Springs, Colorado Leather Co.
Denver, May Shoe & Clothing Co.
Pueblo, White & Davis
Trinidad, Ingraham-Powder Clo. Co.

CONNECTICUT
Meriden, J. E. Brown
Waterbury, J. B. Mullings & Son

DELAWARE
Wilmington, Joshua Conner

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington, Woodward & Lothrop

FLORIDA
Jacksonville, Florida Trunk Mfg. Co.
Miami, John Sewell & Bros.
Palatka, Fearnside Clothing Co.
Pensacola, The John White Store
Tampa, Maas, The Haberdasher

GEORGIA
Athens, Michael Bros.
Atlanta, M. Rich & Bros. Co.
Augusta, J. B. White & Co.
Brunswick, H. M. Miller & Sons
Columbus, J. Friedlander & Co.
Macon, Jos. N. Neel Co.
Savannah, Edward Moyle
" Savannah Trunk Factory Wardrobes
Waycross, A. J. Jordon

HAWAII TERRITORY
Honolulu, The Von Hamm Young Co.

IDAHO
Boise, The Falk Merc. Co.
Murphy, Swaine & Helm
Pocatello, Peterson & Bohlchert

ILLINOIS
Aurora, Schmitz & Gretencort
Bloomington, M. L. Moore & Co.
Canton, Fitzgerald & Co.
Champaign, F. K. Robeson
Chicago, INDESTRUCTO Luggage Shop
Danville, N. J. Basch Co.
" Ries-Strouss Co.
Decatur, Decatur Trunk Factory
Elgin, Ackerman Bros.
Freeport, W. C. Jenks
" Frank Lohr
Galesburg, Kellogg, Drake & Co.
" The O. T. Johnson Co.
Jacksonville, G. H. Harney
Kewanee, S. L. Arter
Joliet, Dinet, Nachbour & Co.
Kankakee, G. J. Knecht & Co.
Monmouth, E. B. Colwell Co.
Ottawa, M. Stiefel & Son
Peoria, J. F. Knupp
Rockford, L. Armstrong & Son
Rock Island, L. S. McCabe & Co.
Springfield, C. M. LaBonte
Streator, L. U. Wilcox & Co.

INDIANA
Crawfordsville, Louis Bishop
Fort Wayne, Alerding & Ittenbach
Goshen, Wm. Arthur
Kendallville, J. Keller & Co.
Kokomo, Thalman & Levi
Laporte, Kriedler Clothing Co.
Marion, Wigger Buggy & Harness Co.
Muncie, Keller-Bryce Co.
North Manchester, B. Oppenheimer & Co.
Peru, Julius Falk
South Bend, Geo. Wyman & Co.
" Alerding & Ittenbach
Vincennes, S. & I. Lyons Co.

IOWA
Burlington, James H. Jacoby & Co.
Cedar Rapids, Armstrong & McClenahan
Clinton, The Hub Clothing Co.
Council Bluffs, The John Beno Co.
Davenport, J. H. C. Petersen's Sons
Des Moines, Des Moines Trunk Co.
Fort Dodge, Frank Gates & Son
" The Plymouth Clothing Co.
Mason City, Gildner Bros.
" Patton Bros.
Oskaloosa, F. S. Barden
Sioux City, Davidson Bros. Co.
" The Pelletier Co.
Waterloo, Paul Davis & Co.

KANSAS
Leavenworth, Wm. Small & Co.
Topeka, The Crosby Bros. Co.
Wichita, Geo. Innes & Co.

KENTUCKY
Lexington, Kaufman Straus & Co.

LOUISIANA
Alexandria, Weil Bros. & Bauer
Baton Rouge, The Farrnbacher Dry Gds. Co., Ltd.
" Henry Strauss
New Orleans, New Orleans Trunk Co.
Shreveport, Kidd-Russ Trunk & Bag Co. Wardrobe

MAINE
Buxton, Soule Bros.

MARYLAND
Baltimore, Tuerke Trunk Store

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston, Jordan-Marsh Co.
" London Harness Co.
" Mark-Cross Co.
North Adams, C. H. Cutting & Co.
Northampton, W. L. Chilson
Pittsfield, W. D. B. Mead
Springfield, C. W. Weeks Co.
Worcester, Denholm & McKay
" Ware-Pratt Co.

MICHIGAN
Battle Creek, H. G. Parker & Son
Bay City, Broas Galloway Co.
Detroit, J. L. Hudson Co.
Jackson, L. H. Field Co.
Kalamazoo, Gilmore Bros.
Muskegon, A. Goldberg
Owosso, D. M. Christian
Port Huron, E. W. Orttenburger
Saginaw, Wm. Barie Dry Gds. Co.

MINNESOTA
Duluth, Panton & White
" Duluth Trunk Co.
Minneapolis, Powers Merc. Co.
Red Wing, Adler, Schacht & Erickson
Rochester, Henry Weber
St. Cloud, The New Clothes Store
St. Paul, F. V. Garland Co.

MISSISSIPPI
Jackson, R. E. Kennington
Meridian, Doughtie Furn. Co.

MISSOURI
Joplin, Newman Merc. Co.
Kansas City, Gump Trunk Co.
" Luce Trunk Co.
" Geo. B. Peck D. Gds. Co.
St. Joseph, Endebrock Trunk Co.
St. Louis, The May Dept. Store
Sedalia, St. Louis Clo. Co.

MONTANA
Billings, John D. Losekamp
Butte, Wm. M. Harrison
Great Falls, Paris Dry Gds. Co.
Helena, Dalton & Simon

NEBRASKA
Grand Island, S. N. Wolbach & Sons
Hastings, Wolbach & Brach
Lincoln, Rudge & Guenzel Co.
Omaha, Hayden Bros.

NEVADA
Ruth, Lockhart Bros.
Tonopah, Tadich Bros.

NEW JERSEY
Newark, Hahne & Co.

NEW YORK
Brooklyn, F. Loeser & Co.
Buffalo, Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Ithaca, T. D. Sullivan
New York City, Saks & Company
" Mark-Cross Co.
" James McCreery
" Martin & Martin
" Maiden Lane Trunk Co.
" H. Schendel
" Muller, McLean Co.
" Simpson & Crawford
" London Leather Goods Shoppe
" Chas. W. Wolf
Niagara Falls, Butler, The Trunk Man
Poughkeepsie, Lucky, Platt & Co.
Rochester, Sibley, Lindsey & Curr

Indestructo Traveler

6-ply fabric cord covered, trimmed in brass and bound with fibre. Guaranteed for five years.

$25 to $37.50

Schenectady, John B. Hagadorn
Syracuse, N. Peters & Co.
" Syracuse Trunk Works
Troy, Boughton & Co.
Watertown, H. Butterworth & Sons

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville, M. V. Moore Co.
Charlotte, Gilmer-Moore & Co.
Durham, T. J. Lambe Sons & Co.
Greenboro, Van Story Clo. Co.
Raleigh, Dobbin-Ferrall Co.
Winston Salem, Huntley-Stockton-Hill Co.
Wilmington, Geo. O. Gaylord Co.

NORTH DAKOTA
Fargo, Monson Trunk Co.
Grand Forks, R. B. Griffith
" Monley & Smith

OHIO
Akron, M. O'Neil & Co.
" C. H. Borst Co.
Alliance, Koch Bros.
Bucyrus, M. Nussbaum & Son
Canton, Chas. F. Spanagel & Son
Cleveland, Higbee Co.
" Bennett & Fish
Dayton, The Rike-Kumler Co.
Findlay, J. T. Patterson & Son
Fostoria, The Peter Clothing Co.
Fremont, Dryfoos & Bach
Hamilton, Strauss & Co.
Ironton, A. J. Brumberg
Middletown, Ritter Harness & Buggy Co.
New Philadelphia, C. D. Smith & Co.
Salem, Salem Wall Paper & Carpet Co.
" J. S. Doutt
Sandusky, O. S. Alcott
Springfield, W. McCullough
Tiffin, Harvey Clothing Co.
Toledo, Wilmington & Co.
Van Wert, The Bonnewitz Co.
Warren, J. R. Davis

OKLAHOMA
Guthrie, F. O. Lutz Dry Goods Co.
Tulsa, Harlow Dry Goods Co.

OREGON
Hermiston, J. M. Scarborough
Salem, C. P. Bishop

PENNSYLVANIA
Chambersburg, The Wolf Store
Erie, Joseph Erhart
Hanover, Stewart & Shaffer
Hazleton, Wm. Olewine & Son
Johnstown, Penn Traffic Co.
Philadelphia, N. Snellenburg & Co.
" Wm. Curry
Pittsburg, Boggs & Buhl
" McCreery & Co.
Reading, Kline, Eppihimer Co.
Sharon, H. Orchard
Wilkes-Barre, Langfield Bros.

RHODE ISLAND
Newport, Henry Biesel & Sons
Providence, Callender, McAuslin & Troup Co.

SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston, Charleston Trunk Co.
Columbia, Will Evans

SOUTH DAKOTA
Aberdeen, The Olwin-Angell Co.
Sioux Falls, Cataract Book & Stationery Co.
Watertown, Watertown House Furn. Co.

TENNESSEE
Chattanooga, Miller Bros. Co.
Knoxville, Spence Trunk & Leather Co.
Memphis, Bry-Block Merc. Co.
Nashville, Lebeck Bros.

TEXAS
Austin, Scarborough & Hicks
Dallas, Wilkins Trunk Co.
El Paso, B. Blumenthal & Bro.
Fort Worth, Burton Dry Gds. Co.
Houston, E. C. Smith
San Antonio, J. F. Fentiman
Waco, Sanger Bros.

UTAH
Ogden, Last & Thomas
Salt Lake City, Keith & O'Brien

VERMONT
Burlington, The Old Bee Hive
Montpelier, A. D. Farwell

VIRGINIA
Lynchburg, J. R. Milner Co.
Newport News, Meyer Bros. Co.
Norfolk, Regal Umbrella Co.
Richmond, O. H. Berry & Co.
Roanoke, S. H. Heironimus

WASHINGTON
Seattle, Frederick & Nelson
Spokane, Spokane Trunk & Grip Co.
Tacoma, Cook Trunk Co.
Walla Walla, Gardner & Co.

WEST VIRGINIA
Charleston, Coyle & Richardson
Clarksburg, The Parson Sauders Co.
Huntington, Northcott, Tate & Hagy Co.
Parkersburg, Stern Bros.
Wheeling, H. C. Franzhein Co.

WISCONSIN
Beloit, Henry & Holahan
Eau Claire, Eau Claire Trunk Co.
Fond du Lac, Musgot & Guepe
Green Bay, Jorgensen-Blesch Co.
LaCrosse, G. Herken
Madison, Chas. Wehrman
Manitowoc, Schuette Bros.
Milwaukee, McKane & Lins
Sheboygan, W. F. Sachse
Superior, Superior Hardware Co.
Wausau, Winkelman's Dept. Store

WYOMING
Gillette, W. E. McCumiskey

BUY INDESTRUCTO BAGGAGE

The Choice of 2000 Dealers and 200,000 Travelers

You can buy Indestructo Trunks only where good trunks are sold—

2000 of the very best merchandisers in the country have sold over 200,000 Indestructo trunks in the last seven years—

These 2000 careful merchants are selling Indestructo trunks because the ready demand for Indestructo-built merchandise pays them a liberal profit; and

Because they know that every Indestructo sale means a satisfied customer for their store—

200,000 Travelers own Indestructo Trunks because they knew they were built right, priced fairly and guaranteed to travel in good condition for at least 5 years—

These 200,000 Travelers asked their dealers—"What will the Indestructo trunk do to save me the worry and annoyance of a cheaper and less carefully built trunk?"

And 2000 merchants emphatically replied—"Indestructo Trunks are not 'made-to-sell'—they are 'built-to-travel'—

"You will get more miles of hard wear at the lowest cost and the least trouble than with any other trunk made"—

As a result of this unanimous recommendation 200,000 Indestructo Trunks are today giving honest service in every part of the world—

The Indestructo Idea is seven years old—but in that seven years more Indestructo trunks have been sold through more high grade merchants than any other one kind of trunk on the market—

All of which is a most excellent reason for you as a Dealer to say, "The Indestructo Trunk will be sold in my store this year";

And for you as a Traveler to make good on that promise to yourself—"The next trunk I buy will be an Indestructo"—

To Travelers

It is only possible to reprint here a limited number of Indestructo dealers. Others will follow in later advertisements—

If your dealer's name is shown call on him today; if not, write us today and we will gladly send it to you along with a copy of our 1913 Travel Book.

To Dealers

The Indestructo Plan Book is ready and waiting for you—

Write today for your copy and you will read added and conclusive proof why you should join your 2000 Brother Merchants who are adding profits and prestige through Indestructo merchandise.

Factory and Main Office

NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS COMPANY

701 Beiger Street

MISHAWAKA INDIANA

Indestructo Wardrobe

Made in all sizes and styles. Five compartment drawer and wardrobe. Guaranteed for five years.

$30 to $75

Chicago Retail Branch

THE INDESTRUCTO LUGGAGE SHOP

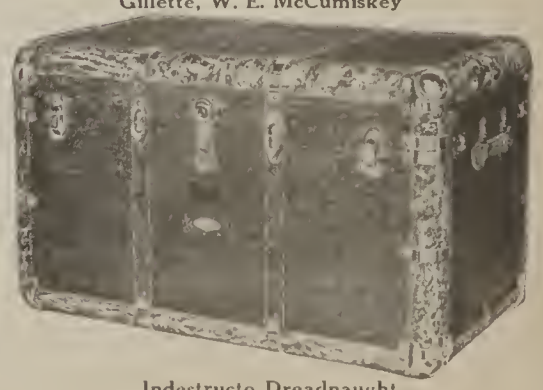
210 Michigan Avenue

CHICAGO ILLINOIS

Indestructo De Luxe

6-ply [illegible] hardwood bound, in three heights and 36 and 40 inches [illegible] Guaranteed for five years.

$22 to $31.50



Indestructo Dreadnaught

6-ply, covered with vulcanized fibre, bound with raw [illegible] Fitted with Yale lock. Guaranteed for five years.

$32.50 to $48.50

The ¾ Ton Utility Truck–$1250

(Chassis Only)

THIS new Utility truck is the most practical and serviceable truck of its size ever built. It is intended for any kind of city and suburban delivery service. It works more simply, more economically, more rapidly and more effectively than most trucks of much larger size. It is a new development.

Unlike the average small truck, it is *not* a built over or a redesigned pleasure chassis. It is a real heavy truck in all of its parts, in its entire design, in its whole construction and in its economical operation. For instance, the powerful four cylinder motor is controlled by our patented governor; it cannot be driven over 18 miles an hour; it has quick demountable solid tires 36″ x 3″ front and 36″ x 3½″ rear; it has an unusually rugged pressed steel frame, doubly reinforced at points where it will receive the greatest strains; the wheelbase is 120 inches.

Throughout this truck is built on the most modern truck lines. It is made in one of the largest truck plants in the world by men who have been building successful trucks for over ten years. It is built by truck specialists.

For the merchant or manufacturer who has a whole lot of daily deliveries to be taken care of, this new Utility truck is well worth immediate investigation.

See the nearest Gramm dealer, or write us and we will send you one of our transportation experts.

Literature and transportation advice from the factory—gratis.

See this new truck at the Chicago Truck Show

Section D Coliseum

The Gramm Motor Truck Company, Lima, Ohio

John N. Willys, President

BRIEF SPECIFICATIONS

CARRYING CAPACITY—1500 lbs. Maximum, 2000 lbs.

BODY—Optional and extra.

FRONT AXLE—I Beam Section. Timken bearings.

REAR AXLE—Rectangular Section, Timken bearings in hubs.

MOTOR—4 cylinders 4 in. bore—4¼ in. stroke. Provided with enclosed and sealed governor.

TRANSMISSION—Selective type. Three speeds forward and one reverse.

WIDTH OF FRAME—34 inches.

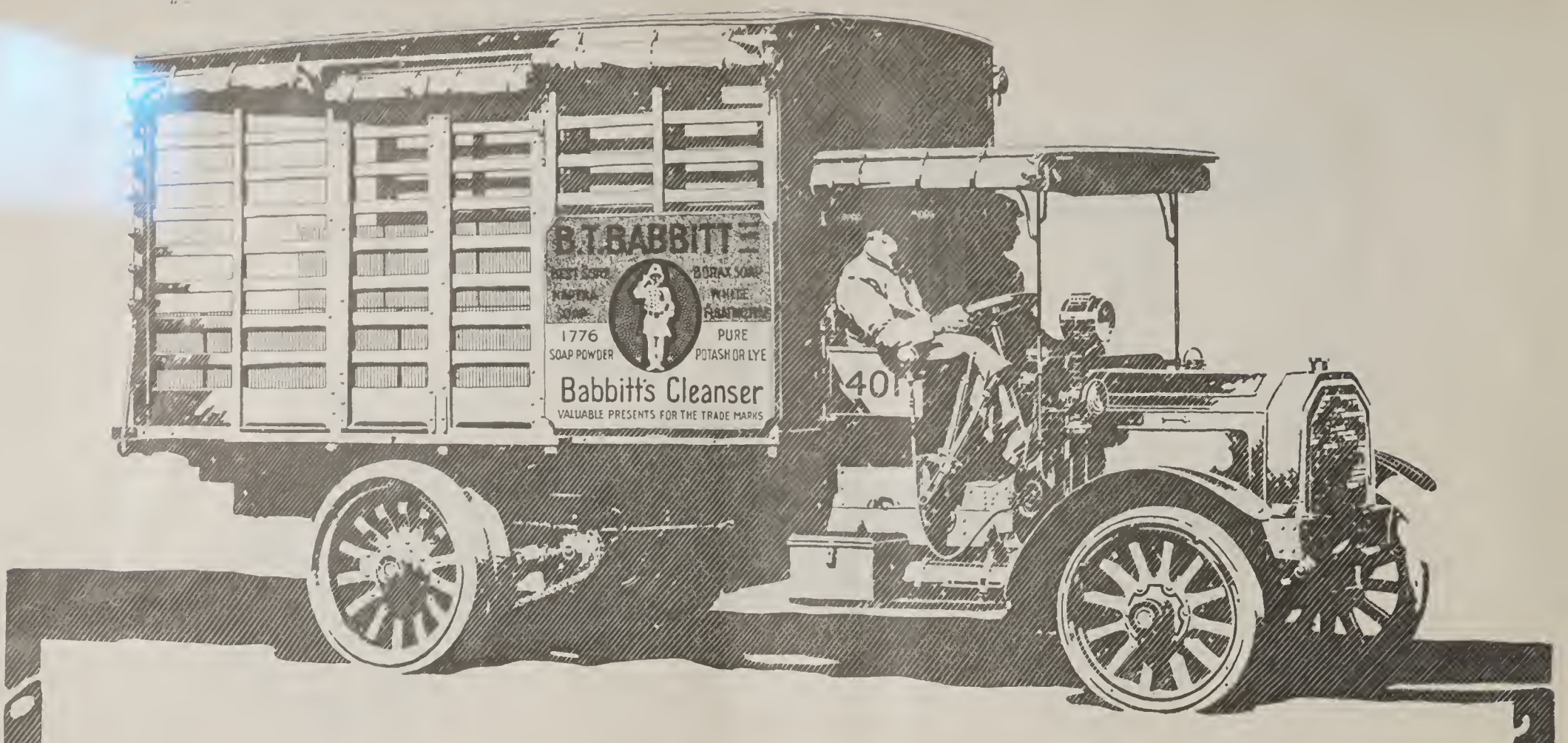
WHEEL BASE—120 inches.

TIRES—Front, 36 x 3. Rear, 36 x 3½. Goodyear Solid.

LOADING SPACE—Approximately, 48 inches x 96 inches.

GASOLINE CAPACITY—20 Gallons.

EQUIPMENT—Two side oil lamps. Oil tail lamp, horn, and full set of tools.



PEERLESS TRUCKS

Travel All Roads with Capacity Loads

SIX or seven trips between Babbitt, N. J., and New York City make the average record of this 5-ton Peerless Truck seventy-five miles a day. It hauls capacity loads in all seasons over 13 per cent grades that are difficult for horse drawn vehicles reduced to half loads. Two other Peerless Trucks are operated satisfactorily over the same route.

The Peerless Policy

Right Trucks and Right Selling states the Peerless Policy in five words. Convincing evidence of satisfactory performance is the best proof that Peerless Trucks are well built. Sales only where conditions point directly to the profitable operation of Heavy Duty Trucks is an additional safeguard to prospective purchasers.

Dealers in all prominent cities

The Peerless Motor Car Company

Cleveland, Ohio

Makers also of Peerless Passenger Cars

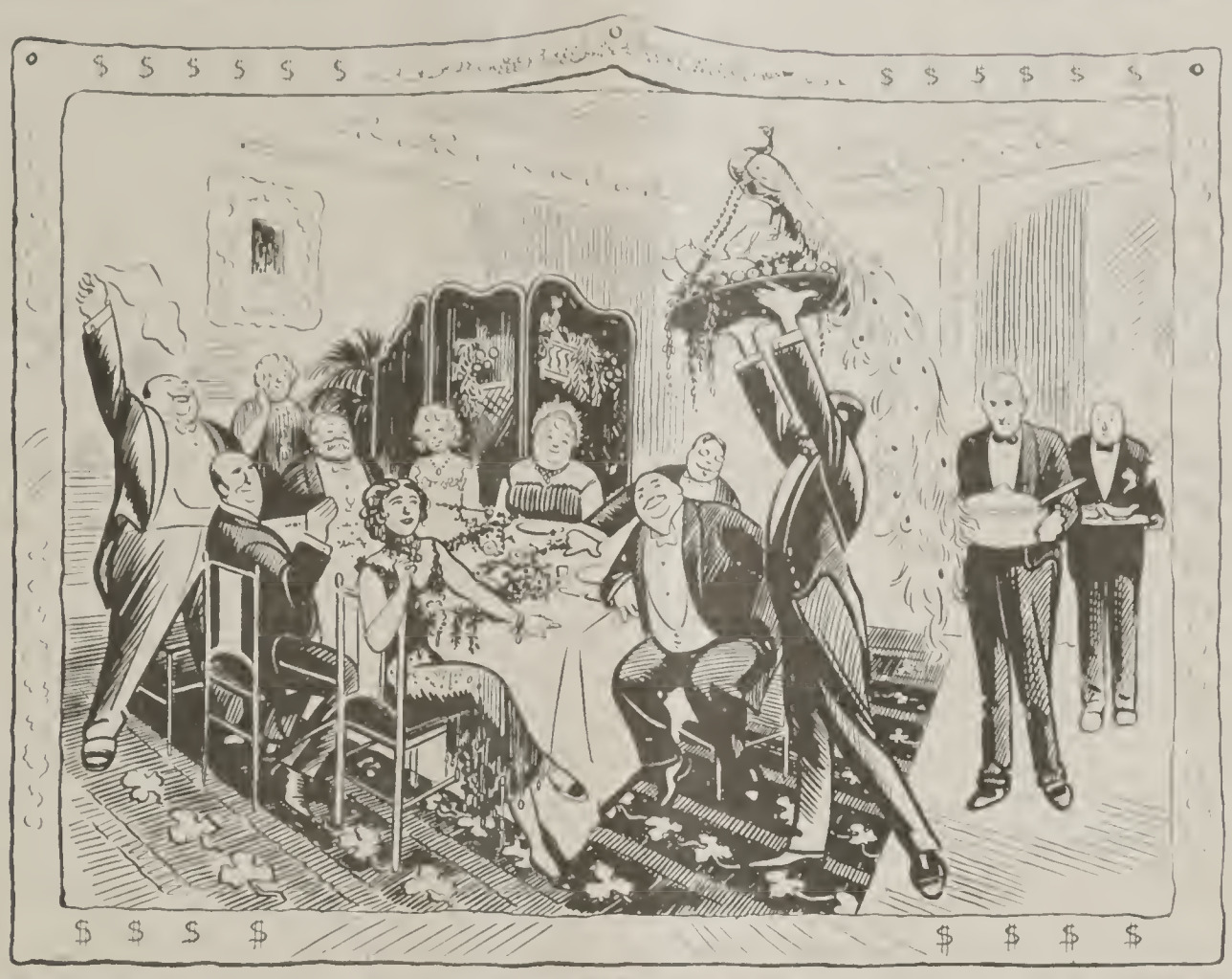
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



Two Sides of the Tapestry

The visitor in Paris is almost sure to go to see the busy-fingered weavers working at the world-famous Gobelin tapestries. Seated behind their work, they weave strange zigzags in tangled threads, with no apparent pattern. But when their work is seen from the front, the design is clear and beautiful, and each new stitch, which seemed so aimless from the rear, is now seen to be adding to the lovely colorful picture. In the cartoon shown above, we see the front of the tapestry in the feast of plenty. The sleek prosperous diners are being surfeited with rich foods. But there would have been no jovial satiated pleasure hunters if it were not for the little group of undernourished toilers on the other side of the design. Their half-starved holiday of bitterness is the price paid for the costly celebration.

The Hardest Job in America

WE WARN MR. WILSON against the interests who are trying to wish a Secretary of the Interior upon him. They are the same that planted BALLINGER on the easy-going TAFT. Their prize is big and their ways are subtle. The Interior Department is the biggest job in America, and the bottom tiers of its clerks and petty officials are honeycombed with disloyalty to the people's interests. To learn its problems and become acquainted with its personnel, four years is little enough. It is now in the hands of a man who knows the job and is known by the public. Mr. FISHER gives confidence to the East that the heritage of the people will be kept secure from thieves; at the same time his intelligent willingness to guide and help legitimate development makes him satisfactory to the West. If Mr. WILSON thinks it necessary to supplant the present Secretary, we hope it will be for a better reason than the fact that Mr. FISHER happens nominally to be Republican. The peace and success of his administration are more bound up in this than any other appointment. If Mr. WILSON thinks he can find a Secretary better prepared for bringing this huge department permanently free from thirty years' entanglement with fraud, more capable of organizing it in a way that takes account of modern views of the public lands, we wish him well. But we doubt it, and experience has made us more familiar than Mr. WILSON with the Interior Department, and the eager thieves whose tentacular toes now impinge upon its circumference.

INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT

THESE WORDS concerning a recent young Warwick were printed in a news dispatch from Washington. We have ventured to bring italics to the aid of understanding:

> Since election day Mr. MCCOMBS has had many and important offers of retainers from influential financiers and railroad men *to represent them at Washington and New York during the next four years.* One retainer was for $50,000 a year from a prominent Northwestern financier and railroad man, according to reliable information.

The "reliable information" must have come either from the Democratic national chairman himself or from the "prominent Northwestern financier and railroad man." If the latter, we should like to know the name of so conspicuous a man who has lived through twenty years of American politics without observing some very striking changes. The services of Mr. WILLIAM F. MCCOMBS "at Washington and New York" during the next four years will be worth exactly the same as those of any other fairly well-equipped young lawyer, and no more.

FILCHING WATER POWER

A GOOD DEAL of the common talk of men at the present time centers about the fortunes of the political party which has just come into power after nearly twenty years of exile, and the question of how long they will maintain their hold on public favor. We find as much light as can be found anywhere on this question in an obscure paragraph in a minor newspaper, the Birmingham (Ala.) "Age-Herald":

> That his company was ready to start work on a dam at Lock 18 on the Coosa River involving several million dollars was a statement of W. W. FREEMAN, managing director of the Alabama Interstate Power Company, yesterday. He said when authority was received from Congress work would begin. . . .
>
> "We have plans all ready and waiting for the work at Lock 18," said Mr. FREEMAN yesterday. "It will be recalled that President TAFT vetoed the former franchise we secured for that work."

Pause here long enough to read the reasons TAFT gave for vetoing it:

> ***I think . . . that it is just as improvident to grant this permit without such a reservation (i. e., a compensation to the Government) as it would be to throw away any other asset of the Government.***

Now read the rest of the words of the managing director of the Alabama Interstate Power Company. The italics are ours:

> "However, *we have hopes of getting another bill through Congress, and the Alabama Representatives are, I am glad to say, exerting every energy to get that power for this company. . . .*"

The "Alabama representatives" who are "exerting every energy" to take an enormously valuable water-power site away from the people of the United States without compensation, and give it to a corporation, include the Democratic leader of the House, OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD, and Senators BANKHEAD and JOHNSTON. These men worked eagerly and openly on the floor of the House and Senate to pass this bill before. Their present assurances to the beneficiaries of that attempted grab can have only two possible meanings: either they are going to try to pass the bill over Mr. TAFT's veto, or they are going to wait until after March 4 and trust Mr. WILSON to sign it. Our own very definite belief is that Mr. WILSON will not do this nor consciously take any other step contrary to the principles of conservation. The burden will be on UNDERWOOD's shoulders, not WILSON's, if the new President at the very beginning of the Democratic régime is forced to an issue so menacing to the party of both.

A SENSE OF HUMOR

A VERY GENTLE gentleman of our acquaintance once remarked that he supposed the world called him a reformer, but that there was no class of persons he found so hard to endure as the other reformers. Many of us feel that way. There is one rarer thing than a man who can laugh at himself—it is a man who can see the funny side of his pet cause. The antivivisectionist titters openly at the suffragette, and the enthusiastic member of the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Easter Eggs roars with laughter at his neighbor of the Anti-Noise Society. But once suggest that his own cause has its amusing side, and he responds with hauteur that it is not a laughing matter in the least. Every man-made cause is human, and human nature everywhere has its incongruities. Thanks be to a beneficent Providence, those incongruities are not always tragic or pathetic. Enough of them are deeply or hilariously humorous to make this imperfect world worth reforming.

WE TRY TO BE CHEERFUL

IN A RECENT ISSUE we published an editorial called "Looking for Happiness," in which we commented on the furor created in a small New Jersey town by the resolution of a certain woman's club to cease its efforts in the pursuit of culture and turn its energies to civic and moral housecleaning. We published this as an amusing example of the effect produced on a small conservative community by the introduction of any original idea however rational. We have received a very dignified but very earnest protest from the president of the New Jersey State Federation of Women's Clubs. She considers that we have done the cause of progress an injustice by our "flippant" treatment of this particular incident. Lack of proper appreciation for the efforts of women toward broader and more useful lives and of women's organizations toward greater civic usefulness is furthest from our editorial mind. COLLIER'S has done in the past and will continue to do in the future all in its power to encourage and appreciate the progressive woman. But we still reserve the privilege of seeing the humorous side of human nature wherever it manifests itself.

ON THE OTHER HAND

IN THE ABOVE-MENTIONED communication was inclosed a pamphlet which is an unusually interesting example of the advance which women have made in the last twenty-five years. It is the program for the current year of the Shakespeare Club of Elizabeth, N. J. On the first page is a quotation from HENRY DRUMMOND, beginning: "To make cities—that is what we are here for." Among the subjects for discussion during the year are the following:

> Municipal Government of Elizabeth; Public Health; the Housing Problem; Public Schools; Public Recreation; Excise Conditions; Juvenile Problems; Philanthropic Agencies in Elizabeth; the Church and Social Service; City Planning; Old-Age Pensions; Elizabeth's Foreign Population.

Except for one memorial meeting, SHAKESPEARE is not mentioned during the entire year. In 1883 the club was founded for no other purpose than to study him. There you have in perspective the evolution of the American woman through the last quarter of a century. At first her demand was for knowledge, for culture, for education. She aspired to the same chance at the wisdom of the centuries that was open to her brother. She wanted it more than he wanted it; books were her only avenue to a larger conception of the world. And she did this country an inestimable service in keeping the tradition of culture alive when the men folk were too busy breaking the frontier and opening up the resources of a continent to remember their cultivated ancestry or care for the amenities of learning. Now the battle is won, that landmark has been passed, and women are free to read, study, and discuss anything they please, from MILTON to eugenics. Now they are turning their eyes, opened by education, unprejudiced by familiarity, upon the world about them, and the world is called upon to give an account of itself. The energy that once went to acquiring wisdom is now utilized to turn that wisdom into useful public service. What women have accomplished in the last few years is amazing; what they may accomplish in the years to come defies prophecy. One thing is certain: "All this is the logical consequence of teaching girls to read."

HIDDEN PLACES

IN THE DEBATE as to whether the Government should pay the traveling expenses, to and from Washington, of the wives and families of Congressmen, these words were spoken by Hon. JAMES R. MANN of Illinois, leader of the Republican party in the House:

If it is the desire of Congress to have men come here from home and leave their families behind, that is a very good way to proceed. I would much rather have a Congress composed of members with their families here, and men living with their families in Washington, than have the families of members at home and members carousing here in Washington, because that is almost the inevitable effect. There is not a Legislature in this country, at any State capital, where members go to the Legislature for a few days in the week by themselves, and go home at the end of the week, where they transact business with the same degree of propriety and sobriety as is done in Washington, where members come and bring their families with them.

The easy and commonplace comment on this would be that Mr. MANN ought not to say this sort of thing publicly: to jeer would be easier yet, but we think a good many serious and useful reflections center about this burst of candor. In the light of the growing participation of women in public affairs, and the certainty that the success of the Progressive party is going to carry many women into Congress and the Legislatures, we are reminded of these words from JANE ADDAMS's "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil":

As woman, however, fulfills her civic obligations while still guarding her chastity, she will be in position as never before to uphold the "single standard," demanding that men shall add the personal virtues to their performance of public duties. Women may at last force men to do away with the traditional use of a public record as a cloak for a wretched private character, because society will never permit a woman to make such excuses for herself.

These words of Miss ADDAMS by no means exhaust the possibilities for profitable reflections to be deduced from this episode.

TRIPPING A PHILOSOPHER

WHATEVER MAYOR GAYNOR has to say he says with charm and clarity. And because he talks so well he sometimes spreads information that is not wholly accurate. When he speaks about the social evil he reveals a lack of exact knowledge. It is a pity that he does not know more, because what he says is listened to not only in New York but throughout the country. Recently he gave one of his quaint direct talks to the Forum of the New York University. He said irregular relations between unmarried men and women "is not forbidden by any law here or anywhere else in the world." Actually, it is a criminal offense in thirty-nine States. Then he went on to say:

But in a few States of the Union they have a law making adultery a criminal offense. But it is a dead letter. Who is prosecuted for it? Nobody.

Actually, only three States in the Union have failed to declare adultery a crime. Reports show that conviction under both these laws is obtained in three-fourths of the States. "Vigilance," the excellent periodical of the American Vigilance Association, asks:

Why should he withhold these laws and facts from an audience which had little opportunity to discover the true state of affairs?

Mayor GAYNOR and many excellent persons may differ about the wisdom of these statutes; that is not here in question. Mayor GAYNOR should not be permitted to gain an unfair advantage for the views he happens to hold by ignoring accuracy.

A MORALS COMMISSION

NEW YORK needs some commission government right now. And, falling short of that, it needs investigation and recommendation by commission. It would be a pity to lose the excellent effects of the Becker trial and the trial of the gunmen. Five years ago such a morals commission was considered with care by Governor HUGHES. He was on the point of creating it when certain reformers presented their sincerely held views, to the effect that no more investigation was needed, that what was needed was a way out. So the agitation died away till the Becker-Rosenthal scandal revealed again that the underworld is related to the life of every citizen. Such a commission could be a municipal affair, appointed by the Mayor, or its personnel could be agreed on by a representative body of citizens. The present moral indignation will go to waste unless it is caught up into constructive action. To hasten this rapidly forming sentiment and clear the way for such action, we repeat our suggestion of five years ago, namely, a commission composed of EDWARD T. DEVINE of Columbia University; LILLIAN WALD of the Nurses' Settlement; FRANCES KELLOR of the State Immigration Commission; GEORGE W. ALGER, lawyer; ROBERT DE FOREST, lawyer and publicist; FRED WHITIN of the Committee of Fourteen; GEORGE J. KNEELAND, investigator of the Chicago Vice Commission and of the American Vigilance Association; JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Jr., chairman.

MANUFACTURING HEALERS

MR ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG is the editor of the Grand Rapids (Mich.) "Herald," and Mr RUSSELL GORE is the editor of the "Press" in the same city. Both have youth and enthusiasm, as well as ability and ideals. Can they not, between them, earn the gratitude of the rest of the country by turning the light of publicity on the diploma factory which operates in their city under the title "National College Chiropractic." The literature with which this quack institution lures the unscrupulous to prey upon the ignorant includes these sentences:

You are welcome to finish the course in five days, or to devote two months to it if you wish.

If you will send us the entire amount, $25, at once, we will be very glad to send you the complete course of fifty lessons, and as soon as you have answered all the questions we will graduate you.

The price . . . includes one of our handsome lithographed diplomas; . . . it is in appearance almost the same as the best medical college diplomas.

A person of ordinary ability ought to be able to make at least $60 per week in the practice, if he does advertising liberally, as it only requires a very few minutes to give the treatment, and the chiropractic doctors usually charge from $1 to $2 per treatment.

Grand Rapids ought to be too good a town to harbor such a predatory outfit as this. Another city which is the home of diploma factories, doing a "get-wise-quick" business, is Washington, D. C., the laws of which are passed by Congress.

A SCENE OF COMFORT

THE CLUB CAR on the five-hour New York special from Washington is a comfortable place of a winter evening. The soft, red leather seats are made for tired statesmen and financiers. Of all the cozily placed gentlemen at leisure the other evening, none was more at ease in his blue aura of cigar smoke than Mr. FRANCIS X. BUTLER. He looked as sleek and well fed and companionable as ever, and yet it was only a few months ago that he received a prison sentence of two years. That was converted into a suspended sentence, which is the same as saying: "You're not as bad as some of the rest, but walk warily for the rest of your days." Mr. BUTLER is the man who helped to rob the public by means of fraud in United Wireless. And the branding of him and of his partners by the Federal Court was one of the many useful jobs put through on the brotherhood of swindlers by the Post Office Department and the Department of Justice. Another deft but tardy job of the Post Office Department is wrecking the Sterling Debenture Corporation. This was perhaps the most gorgeous palace of all the get-rich fairyland. And MIDDLEBROOK and SITTMAKER were master magicians in that pink blur of unreality. It is a service of value to ruin and blacken men like BUTLER and those two word artists by a prison sentence, for never afterward can the young men who have watched their happy progress feel that crooked work, if done on a big scale, is invariably successful. Such men as MIDDLEBROOK and SITTMAKER and BUTLER may return to their life of luxury and continue to live softly in the sunshine, but some of the dazzle and the prestige have been wiped away from their career.

THE SEEING EYE

IT IS PERMITTED even the best of us to win through but rarely to the brief and rounded beauty of a Greek epigram. And we think that the gifted FRANKLIN P. ADAMS has seldom touched suggestion so deftly in seventeen words as when, just before holiday week, he wrote:

You could look on many a heart and find inscribed thereon: "Not to be Opened Till Christmas."

THE POET

IT IS HIS PART to tell of the excellence of the creation, the wistfulness of life that struggles to be free. He knows that we cannot perish as the grasses wither and as the fairness of spring is scorched. For in us is a little of that which moves through the seasons and the ongoing of the systems. Over the grasses it hovers as a breath. They are breathed on and are glad, but they do not possess what man possesses of the creative spirit. And the poet tells us so by every song he sings. Before his eye, as he gazes at the outer world, ever and again the painted curtain is rolled up like a scroll. Dim eyed and amazed, he peers into vastness. Under his possession he trembles as in first love. With pain and halting, the vision is unfolded into the words of his song. As one who would cherish fire in a wind-swept place, so his small heart of flame and sweetness is buffeted and stricken.

TO SUCH AS ARE INTERESTED

THOSE OF OUR READERS who believe this paper is useful will share our satisfaction that the number of new subscribers to it, and the amount of business done by P. F. Collier & Son, were greater during the last week of 1912 than during any other week of the firm's history.

A PROGRESSIVE PROMISE

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

It Is that Progressivism Will End Sectionalism, Lifting a Barrier which Has Divided Our Common Country Into Two Hostile Geographical Divisions, Uniting in a Common Party the Liberals of the South and the Liberals of the North

THE Progressive viewpoint is national, affirmative, constructive, up to date. We would destroy sectionalism, unite the country, and make the only division among the American people the wholesome one of sincere and opposing opinion on present-day questions. We view the Constitution as a living thing and study to find in it the power to do what must be done for the general welfare instead of searching to find in it excuses for not doing what the common good demands. We think that that great group of economic and sociological questions which confront the modern world must be answered in terms of humanity rather than in terms of dollars and cents alone. We would apply the reasonable and modern social idea to present-day problems instead of the extreme and old-time individualistic idea, whose misuse has made these problems so hard to solve and even to understand. We say that the partnership of dishonest capital and corrupt politics must be done away with and the Government freed from this antipublic influence. We look upon our country, its needs, its opportunities, and its promise from the viewpoint of the present and the future, not the past.

An unnatural sectionalism cuts our country into two geographical portions politically. The South is solidly anti-Republican. The foundation of this sectionalism is historic. It is upheld by sad and bitter memories. What the people of the South went through personally during the Civil War is renewed daily in their recollection by their very surroundings. What they suffered while carpet-bag misrule was upon them is a living picture which is still clear-cut in the minds even of the young men and women of the South. And all of this is interwoven in the very fiber of their being with the word Republican. It is useless to say that this ought not to be so when it really is so. It is the biggest and most striking fact in our political life. It is the first thing that foreign students note. It looms large in the thought and common talk of all thinking Americans.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IS HELPLESS

EVERY patriotic man and woman, North, South, East, or West, is eager to get rid of this abnormal and hurtful sectionalism. Yet all of us know that we cannot put an end to it as long as the Republican and Democratic parties are rivals for political mastery. So long as the Republican party stays in the field, the people of the South will be against it. Taking human nature into account, no reasonable person could expect anything else.

The Republican party itself is brought face to face with this evil within its own councils. So-called Republican Southern delegations time and again have wielded a power in Republican conventions which settled contests for Republican nominations for President, disputes as to Republican platforms, and differences as to the policy and tendency of the party. Yet these delegations come from States which never did or will cast an electoral vote for a Republican candidate for President, except in the period of the carpet-bag rule. They come from States showing hardly a trace of Republican ballots at any election. They do not stand for the views of the people where they live. They are mere pawns in the hands of spoils-handling politicians, who move them hither and yon as these manipulators think best for the little and selfish game they play. And these politicians —owners of such delegations—in turn are used by Northern Republican politicians to play their bigger and more dishonest game. Not only is all this well known to the whole country, but it is the subject of angry and bitter comment by Republican delegates from other States at every Republican national convention.

Indeed, so grave has this matter become that formal notice has been taken of it in at least three Republican conventions. Yet the only remedy which the most fruitful minds in that party have been able to suggest is the practical shutting out of these Southern States from Republican councils. Thus the Republican party itself admits that it is powerless to put an end to this harmful sectionalism, but proposes to strengthen that sectionalism by practically disfranchising the Southern States in party deliberations.

Of course the Democratic party does not want to destroy this condition. For so long as one great geographical portion of the land is solidly against the Republican party, Democratic politicians can count on a solid vote for Democratic candidates for President as well as a practically solid body of Representatives and Senators in Congress from that section. With this heavy advantage given them without effort, they are free to bring all their resources to bear on other parts of the country. Indeed, it is almost enough to carry an election for the Democratic managers to deal only with those bad but powerful Democratic organizations which infest Northern cities. Thus the good men and women of the South find themselves bound by this sectionalism to such bodies of death in the North as Tammany Hall.

It is plain that this situation gives those great antipublic interests, whose misuse of their power has raised many of the most serious of the questions that vex the country, their opportunity in both parties. If any movement for sound reform gets strong enough to promise success in the Republican party, the Republican political

"Stand aside, boys; give him air"
From the Newark "Evening News"

agents of these interests at once hold up to party men within the Republican party the danger of Democratic success, through the allied solid South and Northern Tammany Halls, unless all who call themselves Republicans "get together for the party"—which means the checking of the reform movement. Thus the pull of party name and the fear of party defeat are held in the one hand by these clever men and the whip of party regularity is held in the other; and so the party, as such, is driven about where these antipublic interests would have it go.

DEMOCRATIC SOLIDARITY BLOCKS SOUTH'S PROGRESS

ON THE other hand, because of the Southern solidarity of the Democratic party no genuine reform movement is allowed to make such headway in the South. For no matter what Southern men and women think on present-day questions, this sectionalism forces them to go on being Democrats; and so, without any fear of a strong opposing party to check them, Southern Democratic politicians proceed without much hindrance with their routine program. Thus it has come about that the same forces which have used the Republican party to its undoing are in practical control of the political machinery of most Southern States. The truth of this is shown whenever the Democratic party gets into power; and it also has been shown whenever Democratic and Republican progressives get together to put through a big and real reform measure. For in the latter case powerful Democratic Senators and Congressmen from the South aid the forces of reaction and often save the day for them.

Unhappy as these results of sectionalism are, they are not the worst. By keeping Southern men and women from stating their real thoughts in terms of votes on the big questions of the time, sectionalism is a drawback to thorough study and hard thinking upon these subjects by the people of that section. The loss which this causes the nation cannot be measured; for the people of the South have a peculiar taste and special aptitude for public questions. It is their temperament and genius. So much is this their natural bent that, although sectionalism is a dead weight upon Southern intellect, yet, in spite of it, Southern men and women are thinking strongly and well upon questions of to-day. And if they could freely express their views upon vital modern problems, and thus have their thought stimulated instead of repressed and their study made fruitful instead of sterile of results, a mighty force of mind and conscience would be brought to bear upon these problems of which the nation cannot now avail itself.

The citizens of our Southern States are just as earnest progressives and as stanch reactionaries as are the citizens of any other section of the Republic; but sectionalism forces those Southern progressives and reactionaries alike to vote with the Democratic party, no matter what either party says that it stands for. If the Republican party should openly and frankly say that it is reactionary, still Southern reactionaries would not vote for it; and if one could imagine that some miracle could make the Republican party thoroughly progressive, yet Southern progressives would not vote for it. But Southern progressives will work and vote with the Progressive party. In the last election tens of thousands of them did so. And they are of the very best elements of Southern citizenship—men and women of the quality of Mr. Parker of Louisiana, General McDowell of Tennessee, Mr. Harris of Georgia, and Mrs. Longstreet, widow of the great Confederate general. This notable Progressive vote cast by this type of citizenship for a party only ninety days old, which Southern progressives could not be sure was more than a fleeting answer to their cherished hopes, is proof that that vote will be multiplied in coming elections when other Southern progressives learn that the Progressive party is a living, growing force in American politics.

THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY IS FOR SOUTH AND NORTH

SO THE Progressive party surely will break up this sectional blockade of true Americanism which so long has cut our common country into two hostile geographical sections. Human nature does not lift a barrier between the Southern citizen and the Progressive party as it does between him and the Republican party. There are no sacred traditions to be overcome, no bitter memories to be blotted out, to enable men and women of the South to come into the Progressive party. Also, the Progressive party is a frankly and openly liberal party, with clean-cut progressive principles stated in plain terms that express what Southern as well as all other progressives believe. This is not true of either of the old parties, whose platforms, to-day more than ever, have that shifty, vague, vote-catching character, which does not make either of them frankly and plainly progressive on the one hand or frankly and plainly reactionary on the other.

Plain as it is that the Progressive party will end this sectionalism, which the two old parties keep alive, it is, if possible, even plainer that we cannot go on with two parties, neither of which are wholly reactionary or conservative, nor yet wholly radical or liberal. Not only are we the only country having free institutions where political action is settled by geography, but also we are the only country which does not have a frankly and distinctly liberal party with clear-cut liberal principles and a plain liberal program opposed by a frankly and distinctly conservative party with clear-cut conservative principles and a plain conservative program.

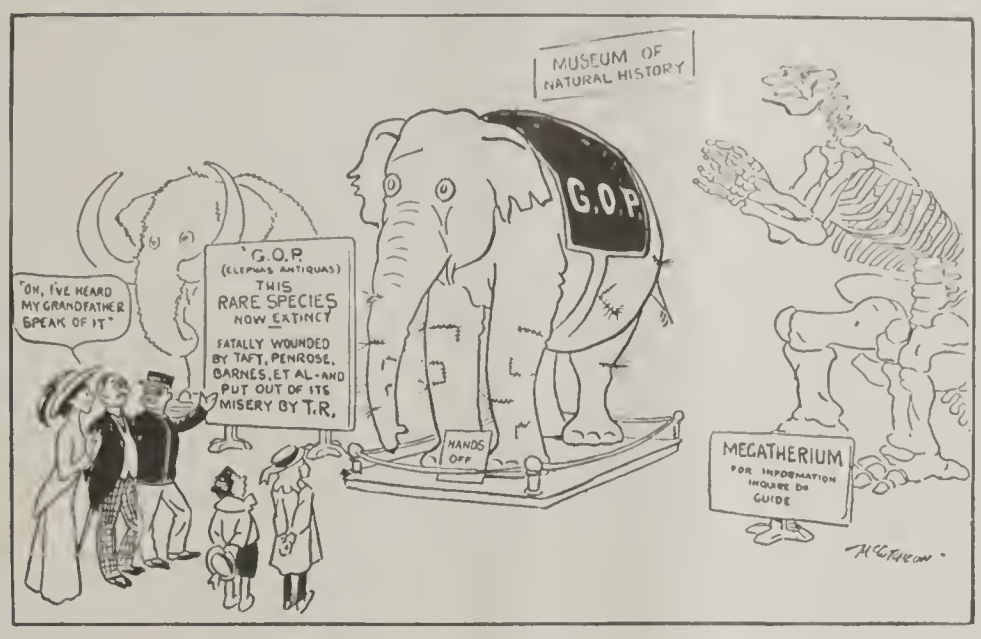
Will anybody tell us why men and women who hold to the same general principles and think alike on broad policies should not be able to vote so as to make their votes stand for what they believe in? Yet they are not able to do so through the Democratic and Republican parties. Both of these old parties frame their platforms, make their appeals, distribute their literature, and coach their speakers so as to get men and women who have voted the party ticket in the past to keep on voting it, although these party voters hold radically different opinions on fundamentals. In this effort to make the party name mean everything to everybody who once belonged to the party, the two old parties have come really to mean nothing to anybody.

Can anything be more ridiculous than the spectacle of Mr. Barnes and Mr. La Follette, both voting the same ticket, each declaring that he is the true Republican and

"There are no sacred traditions to be overcome, no bitter memories to be blotted out, to enable men and women of the South to come into the Progressive party"

the other an apostate? It is even more laughable to see Mr. Bryan marching to the polls with one arm through that of Mr. Murphy on his right and the other through that of Mr. Sullivan on his left, all voting the Democratic ticket, Mr. Bryan loudly shouting that of the three he alone is the real Democrat, while Mr. Murphy and Mr. Sullivan as vigorously declare that Mr. Bryan is a renegade from the faith of the fathers. Yet that is just what we do see at every election. Mr. Underwood and Mr. Fitzgerald in the House, and Mr. Martin and Mr. Simmons in the Senate, are much more in accord with Mr. Marin and Mr. Root than with such Democratic leaders as have progressive tendencies.

In every State reactionary Republicans who believe firmly that progressive Republicans not only will ruin the party but the country as well, and who have become bitter in that belief, and Republican progressives who think just as earnestly that the Republican reactionaries not only will kill the party but lead the nation along the fatal path that ends in revolution, yet join hands on election day, gayly march to the polls together, and vote the same ticket. And each is able to justify his action to his conscience by saying to himself that in reality his party platform means what each would like to have it mean. For, to meet this very emergency, the platforms have been made so that both the reactionary and the progressive can read into it his own ideas between the lines. And always, of course, there is the appeal of the "tendency of the party," which means one thing to one party man and the exact opposite to another party man. Men like Barnes, Lodge, Penrose, and Root are able to convince themselves that the "tendency of the party" is conservative; and men like La Follette are able to convince themselves that the "tendency of the party" is radical. And, of course, all of this is true in even a greater degree, as events soon will show, of reactionaries and progressives within the Democratic party.



A curiosity for future generations
From the Chicago "Tribune"

CONFUSION IN THE OLD PARTIES

ALSO, what both Democratic and Republican stump speakers say in different States is comic in the contrast. If a Democratic and a Republican stump speaker were to go together into Iowa or Kansas, each would declare that the party for which he was speaking is a model of progressivism; and if the same men went to Rhode Island, each would declare that the party for which he spoke is the true exponent of conservatism. Contrast the editorials of a Republican newspaper in Wisconsin with those of a Republican newspaper in Boston. If one should read the columns of a Democratic newspaper in Oklahoma and then read those of a Democratic newspaper in New York, one would think that these journals belonged not only to different political parties but to political parties at uncompromising war with one another. Yet each paper would resent a statement that it is not Democratic, although each declares that the other is not Democratic.

Thus an impenetrable confusion is created within the membership of both old parties, and, as long as those parties remain as they are, in American political thought itself. The immediate results of this are similar to and as hurtful as the results of that sectionalism which the two old parties nourish. For while the progressives in the two old parties seldom get together to put through a great progressive measure or make good a progressive policy, the reactionaries of both parties usually can be counted upon to act together in emergencies. The great material forces of reaction in this country are those unjust financial powers which care nothing for any political party except as they can use it for their purposes; and they always act as a unit. They are well disciplined, well organized, ably generaled. And they have got along very well with these warring elements within both old parties as they stand.

THE CORRUPT ALLIANCE AND THE BOSS SYSTEM

THIS state of party confusion and uncertainty has made the way easy for that alliance between dishonest business and corrupt politics which is such a disgraceful and hurtful feature of American life. The boss system and the federated antipublic interests which employ the bosses to get the bad laws they want and prevent the good laws they do not want are shielded—even encouraged—by the political chaos which the two old parties have created. And this conspiracy against honest government and the welfare of the American people can be overthrown only by making American political parties stand for distinct and opposing principles, policies, and programs, and by giving the people themselves power over their laws and public servants, as the Progressive party purposes to do through the initiative, referendum, and recall.

So not only from abstract reasoning but from practical considerations of the present moment must the American people have a new and an honest party alignment. We must have a frankly reactionary or conservative party and a frankly progressive or liberal party in America. This is the only natural, reasonable, and right thinking way by which citizens should determine their political action. This is the method by which the people of other free countries are divided into political parties. Until late years this has been the rule of political cleavage in this country.

But now when a historic group of modern questions has arisen, compelling opposing views as to their treatment, we find substantially no difference between the Republican and Democratic parties, although there is the widest possible difference of thought and conviction between separate wings of both of these parties. So American conditions demand two distinctly and sincerely opposing political parties to-day more than ever before.

Neither of the old parties can become the liberal or progressive party of America. The spirit in which they read the Constitution, their idea of the powers of the Government—indeed, their theory of society itself—prevent this. Those who are now the leaders and the spokesmen of the two old parties have the same constitutional viewpoint. Their idea of the functions of government are largely identical. Also both of them hold to the outgrown, extreme, and savage individualistic theory of the social order. When changed conditions call for some great new measure to make those conditions helpful instead of oppressive to all the people, these old party leaders search the Constitution with a microscope to find some pretext for not putting that measure on the statute books. Their mental attitude is not "How can we do this needed thing?" but "How can we get out of doing it?"

They do not think that the powers of the people's government grow with the people's growth and strengthen with the people's strength in order to do the people's greater work. On the contrary, they think that those powers should stay just where they were in the nation's infancy. And when the people's firm demand that the powers of the Government shall be used for the people's well-being makes the old party leaders act, they do so unwillingly and use those powers feebly and falteringly. But unless forced to do so they will not use those powers at all—indeed, if they possibly can, they deny their existence.

This is shown in almost every session of Congress. There are many recent examples. All will remember the long and hard fight against the railway law of 1906, which was passed finally only when the public demand became so great that it could not be denied; and even then the proposed measure was so mutilated that its imperfections have called for amendments ever since. Another notable example is that of the meat-inspection law passed under the same circumstances, but fiercely opposed by both Democratic and Republican leaders as unconstitutional. And remember that, while now and then the people's cry for reform becomes so strong as to compel the old parties to answer it in a half-hearted fashion, they succeed far more often in denying the relief for which the people pray. Many examples of this nonaction are to be found in such subjects as the tariff, trusts, child labor, conservation, and indeed almost every one of the great questions of the time.

The Bull Moose Looms Big for the Future

The Progressive party, having obtained more votes for its Presidential ticket than the Republican party, captures second place, in its first campaign
From the Cleveland "Leader"

In the last few years there has been a constant reference back to the Calhoun theory of States' rights by the leaders of both old parties in building up their theories of constitutional construction that is [illegible] ished comment from the dark ages [illegible] American institutions and American [illegible] have heard of for years here and there [illegible] for extreme State rights from [illegible] can leaders exactly opposite to the [illegible] of the founders of that party, which [illegible] vital parts of the Republican [illegible] standing of the doctrine of State rights now held by both Democratic and Republican leaders [illegible] in accord with that of Henry, Clay, and Calhoun than that of Washington, Jackson, and Webster.

The Progressive constitutional viewpoint is that our fundamental law has the vitality of growth. We do not regard the Constitution as a ball and chain upon American progress, keeping the people from doing those things which their prosperity, safety, and general advancement so plainly call for. The Progressive viewpoint is that the Constitution was made for the people, not the people for the Constitution. We look upon it as a vital ordinance under which the people can work out, in orderly fashion, the problems which their development creates.

MORE DEMOCRACY IS THE REMEDY

OUR view is the one so many times laid down by the Supreme Court itself in its best considered and historic opinions, such as it rendered in the case of Gibbons *vs.* Ogden, the Legal Tender Cases, the Lottery Case, and others of like character and scope. We read the Constitution expecting to find and trying to find ample authority to answer successfully every really national question by the exercise of national power. We think that, instead of the people's liberties being endangered by the common sense of all the people acting through their general government, those liberties are to be guarded and strengthened only by such united popular action. We believe that the surest, safest, purest force in the Republic is the combined intelligence and composite conscience of the whole people.

Going still deeper into the philosophy of government and of life itself, the Progressive party believes that the only remedy for the ills of democracy is more democracy. We think it absurd that the accident of sex should give political rights to half of us and deny it to the other half; therefore, we are for equal suffrage for men and women. Since our laws already are the people's laws in theory, we think it only logical to make them so in fact; therefore, we are for the initiative and referendum. Since public officials already in theory are the people's servants, we would make them such in reality; therefore, we are for the recall.

Of course, all who really believe in free government would be for all these things if only they had faith in the people's good sense and sound judgment. We Progressives do have that faith. We see no upset of American institutions in these proposed advances in popular government; on the contrary, we believe that they are only a stage in the normal and logical growth of our institutions. As such, we Progressives think that they strengthen American institutions and make them more healthful. And, of course, all students know that this forward march of popular government is not nearly so radical, considering changed conditions and the state of the world, as were any of the steps the fathers took toward liberty in their time. What they did then was a departure; what we mean to do now is only a development.

THE VIEWPOINT

IT IS from these broad points of view that the Progressive party bases upon all those problems which now face the country.

On those great economic questions, such as the tariff and the trusts, the progressive idea is the modern idea. It is the viewpoint of all present-day authorities on these subjects, the [illegible] point of the great body of up-to-date business men, foreign as well as American, who want to see all business done honestly and business conditions made steady and healthful.

The Sherman law as it stands has proved an unbusinesslike remedy for trust evils through a quarter of a century of vexatious and disappointing trials. No well-informed man anywhere now thinks it is practicable to prevent great organizations of industry, everybody knows that the fundamental cause of the corporation phenomenon is found in the question of economic ef-

(Continued on page 9)

An International Naval Guard for the Missionaries

The U. S. S. Montana, H. M. S. Defence, and the French cruiser Jules Ferry are lying outside Beirut, Syria, a warning to the Turk of quick displeasure to come if violent hands are raised against the missionaries within the Turkish boundaries. Thus far the missionaries have been unmolested. The Tennessee, companion to the Montana, is stationed at Smyrna. The Lebanon mountains are seen in the background of the photograph

Adrianople from an Aeroplane

The station and lines of tracks through the city were crowded with troop and supply trains all through the war. Although the aeroplanes were fired at continually the shells burst several hundred yards below them, and [illegible] were unharmed. The photographer who took this picture said: "It was a very bad day for taking photographs, and in any case one has to be careful when using films on an aeroplane, because if tabs of paper flutter on to the engine the machine may be brought down." This disastrous result would, of course, be due to the paper becoming entangled in the mechanism, blocking it

Constantinople *during the Armistice*

By
GEORGE MARVIN

Collier's was able to send Mr. Marvin as its representative with the United States relief squadron, the cruisers Tennessee and Montana, which was dispatched by the Government to guard the interests of America and Americans in Constantinople and the Turkish provinces at a time when the world feared that Turkey would be unable to protect foreigners, particularly missionaries, within its bounds. Mr. Marvin arrived at the Turkish capital at an opportune moment, and he now shares his interesting impressions with the readers of Collier's.

Pera, Constantinople, December 10, 1912.

THIS morning for the first time literally in two weeks the sun shines over the Golden Horn and the beleaguered capital of Islam which it divides. Seen from my window, high up on the Galata side, Stamboul, across the way, glows like one great opal in its morning mists and smoke, giving back glints of rose and purple and gold from dim mosques and half-revealed serais against the early light. Yesterday it was a gray and muddy metropolis of troubled gloom. This morning it is the city of a shining peace.

And dominating the city the huge mass of Santa Sofia, relieved by tapering minarets, lifts up a still persistent Crescent on its dome. There is something serenely defiant about that emblem. With only a few miles of Europe left to him, crowded down with his back to the Bosporus, the beaten but unconquered Turk lifts this symbol of his faith in the sky. A month ago a plague of correspondents cherished the hope of being present when the Cross supplanted the Crescent on Santa Sofia. In the back of their minds clung a vision of the allies marching in triumph through this ancient seat of empires, and prophetically they beheld themselves in that not impossible hour, as dramatic as anything in all history, witnesses of the conclusion of

Major Ford, an American army surgeon, and the cholera specialists of the Egyptian Red Crescent—a photograph taken at the cholera camp

the Last Crusade. It might very well have happened that way. A little less obstinacy on the part of the Turk, a little more teamwork toward the last on the part of the allies—the Chatalja lines were not impregnable, and as peacemakers they were much less formidable than distraction north of the Danube and the disunion brought to light at the taking of Salonica! We might very well have had the telling of that story: of how Ferdinand and the princes of the Balkan States—old Nicholas, Kara Peter, and George of Greece, with their generals glittering around them—bowed their victorious heads in the first Christian mass celebrated, after nearly five centuries of Islam, in the "Great Church" of Justinian.

It would have made magnificent copy! But it was not to be, not now and, in all probability, not in this generation. Whatever details the almost unpronounceable delegates may arrange in the negotiations in London the Crescent will continue to dominate the Bosporus for the indefinite future.

So the correspondent—and his name in the last days of November was legion—has sold his horse for what he could get, packed his cameras and kit, and one by one departed sorrowing. Every other kind of man and woman is still well represented in this December city, but the gems correspondent has faded out of the moving picture, leaving behind him an extra degree of peace.

Savoff and Nazim Pasha—Grim Peacemakers

THE Ottoman delegates, Rechid Pasha, Osman Nizami Pasha, and Salih Pasha, are off for the London conference. Just a week ago to-night two of those same men, Osman Nizami and Rechid, with General Nazim Pasha, concluded the armistice with the Bulgars at Chatalja which stopped all the fighting and, in all probability, concluded this war. Over dinner tables at the embassies and legations and in polyglot gatherings at

Dominating the city, the huge mass of Santa Sofia lifts up a still persistent Crescent on its dome

the clubs people are still talking of that strange scene: The first-class railway carriage with locomotive attached, a flat car with its white flag pushed ahead, stationary on the bridge over the Karadere, the "Black River," which flows midway between the opposing lines. It was eight o'clock and a dark, rainy night on the 3d of December when the agreement was reached. In the blackness of the Kara marshes the lights of that solitary treaty coach glowed warmly, watched from muddy trenches and wind-swept redoubts by thousands of unseen witnesses. On the Turkish side a few fitful fires indicated the advanced positions of infantry lines whose occupants had grown careless with the cold and secure in the cessation of active hostilities. From the westward hills above Chatalja, Bulgarian searchlights felt suspiciously down their eastern slopes toward the neutral ground of the conference, where long white fingers reached out to meet them from Turkish operators on the heights around Hadekeui. Inside the coach, when the papers were signed, General Savoff and Nazim Pasha, whose exhausted armies had fought each other to a standstill almost within sight of the coveted city, stood up, and with their colleagues, Daneff, Rechid, and the rest, shook hands in complete silence before they parted, the Bulgars to trudge back over the damaged trestle, the Turks to be pushed homeward by their locomotive until the moving lights of their now famous coach, winding through the hollows of the hills, were finally lost around a projecting shoulder.

The Turks Violate the Armistice

PRACTICALLY everyone here in Constantinople—Turks, Levantines, and Europeans—is convinced that the war is finished—but not everybody. One of the clauses in that dramatic Karadere protocol provides that both sides during the armistice shall remain in *statu quo* as of December 3. But you may be perfectly sure that this clause at least is being sincerely disregarded by both sides. I happened to run across a good instance of the Ottoman disregard on Sunday. Coming back from lunch on one of the warships in the Bosporus, I was put ashore at the arsenal quay, and, noticing a good deal of activity inside, got past the sentry and found a lot of artillerymen busily assembling two mountain batteries of new Creusot guns.

While I was watching these operations a Turkish major, who was directing the work, came up and spoke to me in English, presuming, I suppose, that, as I had come ashore in a British launch, I must, therefore, be one of H. B. M.'s naval officers in mufti. He was a fine, six-foot, black-browed fighting man, and, in spite of his very smart modern appearance in long gray military coat, astrakhan fez, and high polished boots, he dated my thoughts back to the wild fifteenth-century years of Turkish conquest, hand to hand in the melee of turban and scimitar, chain mail, and battle ax. As he seemed very communicative, I let him continue in his ignorance as to my identity. These two batteries, under his command, he explained, were part of a newly organized artillery division of eighteen batteries, seven of two French guns all told. As fast as each battery was assembled it was given two or three days of hard drill at the barracks to accustom the men to their new pieces, and then run out by train and set up in position on the Chatalja lines. This information of Major O—— I have since verified from a reliable European military authority.

Turkish Position Now a Third Stronger

THERE is no doubt that, should hostilities be resumed, the Bulgars will find the Turkish first positions from Derkos on the north of the peninsula to Biyuk-Chekmedje on the south from thirty to forty per cent stronger in intrenchments and guns than they were on the night of December 3. Between Chatalja and the city, moreover, as is not generally known, two strong secondary lines of defense are being constantly extended and strengthened. The extreme left of the inner line, resting on the village of San Stefano, I have myself seen. The natural gun positions provided by a rolling country of knolls and hummocks are being improved, and infantry trenches of the most modern type, impossible to enfilade, have been dug, drained, and covered. The Turks are taking no more chances. They have learned their lesson. More than eight hundred guns are now in position between the Bulgarian outposts and the Adrianople gate of the city, and a conservative estimate places the number of effective troops massed on the defensive between Chatalja and Stamboul at not less than 160,000. And these men, remember, are not the half-starved, unofficered, disorganized regiments which were driven like weary and bewildered sheep out of Thrace. Nearly every day you can hear the bugles of the new draft playing seasoned Nizam regiments from Asia Minor through the city, to take the places of thousands of sick, wounded, and exhausted men constantly being weeded out from the front and sent back to the mosques, the hospitals, or the reconcentration camps.

It is a pitiful sight to see a detachment of these poor wretches plodding wearily through Stamboul, generally two or three hundred of them together, like a great animated rag carpet of gray and muddy yellow, doggedly splitting traffic over the slimy cobbles. What is left to them of their kit they carry like peddlers slung in bags of all shapes and sizes over their shoulders or under their arms. Their Mausers have been left at Chatalja for men fit to use them. There is nothing military about these motley companies. Under their fantastically twisted service bashlyks, made of the same cheap gray cloth as their German overcoats, gaunt, bearded faces peer at you calmly, more like pictures of the prophets in old Bibles than warriors coming from battle.

French-Trained Men and Guns Were Best

BUT the interview with Major O——, my friend of the Crimean brow and the Merry Widow boots, was productive of another interesting line of thought. He was very keen about his new Creusot guns, a type of ordnance he had become familiar with during two years with the French army, as compared with the Krupp artillery which the German-taught Turks have been using hitherto. One of the British military attaches here, an artillery expert, who has had exceptional opportunities of witnessing the long-range fighting around Adrianople, at Lule Burgas, and in the first days at Chatalja, is of the opinion that these engagements have not, as is generally supposed, proved the superiority of

Wounded Turks and hospital attendants in the American ward of the Sashkishla Hospital

the Bulgarians' French guns. The very marked superiority, he believes, lies wholly in the service of the [illegible] Whichever opinion is correct, it is certainly [illegible] to find the Turks now at the twelfth [illegible] fifteen batteries of brand-new French [illegible] experts from the Creusot works here [illegible] ing and using them.

[illegible] on the technical question of artil- [illegible] marked unity of opinion here in [illegible] one general phase of the war. The campaign as a whole is regarded by the majority of those who have been lucky enough to witness operations in the Servian Greek, or Bulgarian theatres of war as a distinct failure of the German military system, in which a generation of the Ottoman army has been bred, as opposed to the French system, particularly in the matter of commissariat and ammunition supply in the field.

In this judgment there is a large element of injustice. The Turks were not ready when the word came, and could not have put any system they might have been taught into immediate working order. It is the old story of unpreparedness so clearly told in the Manchurian campaign of 1905 from the Yalu to Mukden.

Even in the matter of the defective mobilization of Turkish troops on the outbreak of hostilities there is a disposition to lay the fault on the German strategy. "Von der Goltz!" said a Turk line officer to me bitterly. "Let heem go to ze hell! It is not good zis plan. Many regiments of Nizam are sent in Asia Mineur. I have come all ze way from Aleppo just now." Probably a good many of the Turkish officers who are intelligent enough, as this man was, to analyze the overwhelming defeat of their armies in Thrace and Macedonia, are charging up to what they think was a German scheme of disposition errors which might very much more properly be traced to the political motives of the Young Turk military authorities. As elsewhere in the world, the mixture of military affairs with party politics has been disastrous in Turkey. In the accustomed belief that in the last analysis the powers would keep peace in the Balkans, and with peace already assured with Italy, a very useful part of the Nizam (active troops) and first reserves (Redif) were sent back home in the beginning of October before election time when they should have been redrafted and mobilized in Thrace.

But in the matter of commissariat the truth sticks out pretty clearly from whatever national point of view you look at it, and I have myself seen the Turkish wagon train in full cry—mostly cry. It was the admirably devised scheme of supply and communication, worked out on the French system, which enabled the Bulgarian, Servian, and even the new, French-taught Greek army to strike quickly and repeatedly, and, having got their enemy on the run, follow up that advantage by hitting him again and again before he had time to recuperate and reenforce. As much as any one other military ingredient, French commissary efficiency has contributed to throwing the Turk, all but a finger-nail hold, out of Europe in the astonishing time of one month. This is the talk of those who have seen, of those who have come around by sea from back of the allied armies, hoping in the last engagements to get nearer the front on the Turkish side. And it is the talk of the beaten but unconvinced Turk.

EMBASSY GUARDS WERE NOT NEEDED

CONSTANTINOPLE is under martial law. It is also supposedly in the grip of Asiatic cholera. From the top of the Galata tower you can see the blue hills westward, only twenty-five miles away, where a great many thousands of hostile Serbs and Bulgars are held at bay by more thousands of gray-coated Turks, with their backs to us, and by a piece of paper signed in a railroad car in the valley of the shadow of death. ("Karadere," literally translated, means "black valley with a river.") But you might live here several days without being impressed by any of these conditions. Things go on about as usual, pretty much as they do in other cities—in New York, in Buenos Aires, or in Vladivostok. There is a state of mind locally called "Pera panic," because it comes to pass sometimes up here on the hill of Pera, where all the embassies and legations, clubs and European shops are. But it has not happened yet. Neither has any other kind of panic. Nobody is worrying much about anything except the price of coal, which is now $20 a ton, f. o. b., in the Golden Horn, and going up. The only cold feet in Galata belong to those who can't stand that pace. It is difficult to understand why a few hundred sailormen are still ashore guarding their respective embassies and the club. The sailors don't want to understand. They are having a good time out of it, playing football on the asphalt tennis court back of the club and thriving on the protected cuisines.

We haven't any sailors of our own guarding the American Embassy, for the simple reason that the State Department thinks it has to observe the corollary of the Monroe Doctrine, and while it maintains that no European Government shall interfere in any South American affairs, no matter what the interest may be, reciprocally will play the game by not even appearing to butt into this Balkan tangle by so much as an embassy guard. Let John Bull do it. Consequently the *Tennessee* remains at Smyrna and the *Montana* at Beirut, where the missionaries are, and the eighty men who man the United States converted yacht *Scorpion*, tied up to moorings in the Bosporus, spend most of their time now cleaning ship and minding their own business.

There is nothing particularly warlike about the harbor, though seven men-of-war of various flags still lie there at anchor. You would be able to find as many at such coaling stations as Malta or Gibraltar. The men-of-war are not noticed much in the hustle of trade all around them. Steamers from Mediterranean and Ægean ports come and go every day, for the Greek blockade of the Dardanelles in everything except the coal proposition has been a joke. All the Black Sea traffic, except the inconsiderable Bulgarian quota, arrives and departs as usual, and all around the big ships, crowded to the guards, ply little suburban steamers which run to the small towns on both shores of the Bosporus, around into the Sea of Marmora, or ferry commuters across to Scutari. If there is any more water traffic than this in the piping times of Levantine peace, the ports must have to devise maritime traffic regulations with a squad to enforce them.

Fifteen hundred cholera-stricken soldiers were lodged in these cholera barracks at San Stefano when this picture was taken by Mr. Marvin

LIFE'S SMART PICTURE IN THE CITIES

THROUGH the streets of Pera, Galata, and Stamboul life flows in its accustomed way, infinitely varied and picturesque. The beggers in the old city are feeling the war, they say, but outwardly they prosper. Soldiers you see all the time, in all the streets, mixed in with the crowds. Smart, scowling officers on foot or mounted; Nizam infantry men, very trim in new yellow cloth uniforms and fezzes; broken-down redifs, whose old uniforms, yielding to the weather and ancient habit, give them a kind of unwound appearance. Mosaicked in with the soldiers are liberty parties of foreign sailors from the ships, Arabs smelling of caravans, and chemical-looking women in big hats and furs, odorous of the Rue de Rivoli.

Hoffman Phillip, First Secretary of the American Embassy, directing the burial of Turkish soldiers who have died from cholera at San Stefano

In the late afternoon, when offices, banks, and shops are closing, the streets are congested more than ever with workers going home. It is as if you should put a red fez on every head hurrying through Park Row between five and six of a winter evening. Along the Grand Rue de Pe[illegible] for the element of red fez, you might be in a Ph[illegible] street. Big limousines slide past, and brough[illegible] landaus rumble richly by.

At night, wh[illegible] gas lamps are lit, "Judy O'Grady" and h[illegible]opolite sisterhood entertain with dance and s[illegible] all the languages of Europe and the Levant at [illegible]risiana" and the "Cataclonm,"

while the "Colonel's lady" plays bridge at the embassy, or, pushing baled blankets, bandages, and sewing machines back into the corners of the ballroom, threads the mazes of the Turkey trot to the music of the flagship's band.

But there is another side underneath all this brave show of prosperity and peace, grim and dark enough. The cholera reports have been exaggerated; the worst of the epidemic is over now. It was bad enough without exaggeration. Two days ago under the domes of those Stamboul mosques, which shine so brightly in this sunlight, lay eighteen thousand sick Ottoman soldiers. At Santa Sofia alone eight thousand were herded in an indescribable mass, from which seven hundred and fifty bodies were dug out, dead of cholera and dysentery. The proportion in the other mosques must have been about the same. Among the civilian population of the city, since the epidemic broke out, one thousand three hundred cases of cholera have been fatal, but the reported deaths yesterday were only thirty-four.

IN THE TERRIBLE CHOLERA SHEDS AT SAN STEFANO

THE day after my arrival I spent in the cholera camp at San Stefano, where the military authorities had made an attempt to isolate cases outside the city. Appalling as that experience was, it faded before the accounts given me by Major Ford, and Hoffman Philip, first secretary of the United States Embassy. With these two gentlemen and Dr. Reik of the Egyptian Red Crescent, all of us protected by rubber clothing and surgical gloves, I went through the various hastily constructed barracks, the tents, and the Greek school, where, all told, lay between two thousand five hundred and three thousand men, dead, dying, and mortally sick. The reek of disease and crowded, stricken humanity fought in those sheds with the smells of powerful disinfectants. Raised up on low platforms, running the length of the barracks, with a passageway between, some on straw mattresses and some on the hard boards, long lines of poor suffering wretches huddled in their overcoats and blankets. Here and there lay a shrunken body with dropped jaw and sightless eyes, horribly beyond help. Most of the living lay as inert as if dead, but a few writhed or bowed themselves to the ground in agony, muttering or praying, and, as we passed, several weak voices called out to us piteously as children would: "Effendi, Effendi!"

When Major Ford, an American army surgeon on sick leave, Hoffman Philip, and Dr. Frew first went to San Stefano on November 18, they found more than one thousand five hundred men, the dead and the dying piled together in indiscriminate filth and confusion, on the railway embankment and in the field below it, where they had been left by the hospital trains from the front. As Major Ford told me, "the place looked like an enormous sticky fly paper in a butcher shop." Ford counted two hundred already dead who must have spent their last moments like cattle in an uncleaned pen. Although the Americans were the first to bring organized help to that town of pestilence—the Turks at that time had done nothing more than put up five or six small tents, where the strongest of the dying had dragged themselves, and thrown a picket line of soldiers around the place—they found two old ladies, Miss Alt and Madame Schneider, both of whom lived in San Stefano, heroically feeding and nursing as many soldiers as they could reach by ceaseless efforts.

At the time of my visit, on December 3, the sick were all under cover. On one side of the track the Turks' military hospital corps had knocked together six rough barracks and were building others, and on the other side, on the rain-swept slopes over the desolate Sea of Marmora, the Egyptian Red Crescent had put up more substantial sheds. Units of the British and Turkish Red Crescent were established near by in tents, and in the Greek school on the edge of the town the American Red Cross, under the direction of Mrs. Rockhill, wife of the Ambassador, and Major Ford, was trying to save five hundred patients.

Looking over those poor wrecks of men, two deductions as to the character of the war struck me. The first was the very low standard of Turkish recruiting to bear the brunt of hard fighting. A great many of these men were too old for active campaigning—middle-aged and beyond, wrinkle-faced, gray-headed, and gray-bearded. Medical inspection had revealed many instances of physical disabilities antedating the war. There were cases of tuberculosis, hernia, malformations, and defective eyesight and hearing. And these men were sent out on the firing lines at Kirk-Kilise and Lule Burgas against the pick of the Bulgars!

Another striking thing was the emaciation of all those broken hundreds. Even without disease many of them

(*Concluded on page 29*)

The Emperor of Japan

The new Emperor of Japan is a modern in every respect. His father, the late Emperor, while his Government was conducted as far as possible along the lines of the modern world, never could bring himself to endure certain smaller and more personal aspects of the age. He never permitted snapshots, and preferred to be represented by drawings embodying the conventionalities of Japanese classic art. This, on the other hand, is a snapshot taken as the new Emperor is on his way to the first military maneuvers he has witnessed since his reign began. He is in the foreground

Co'onel Goethals Shows President Taft Around at Cristobal (Colonel Goethals is Pointing)

President Toft's holiday jaunt to Panama led the Chief Executive to the determination to nominate Colonel Goethals for the post of Civil Governor of the Canal Zone immediately upon the return to Washington. The resolution was not carried out, however, as the President learned that for party reasons the Democratic Senators would oppose any nominations made by him. Colonel Goethals is unaffected as he retains his military authority. Should he be named Civil Governor later, it is his desire to hold the place only until the canal is past the experimental period of operation

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

FIRST, to understand what *can* be done, consider the exact length of time which one bill consumed in passing through Congress, from the date of its first introduction until its final passage.

A bill was introduced in the Senate on July 29. The next day, July 30, it was referred to the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce. On August 6 it was reported out of the committee to the Senate. (Observe that it spent just seven days in the committee.) On August 16 the bill was passed by a vote of the Senate. *It had taken in the Senate just nineteen days from the introduction to the final passage.* In the House the speed was fully as great. It was introduced on July 19. On July 22 it was sent to the committee. In this case *one day in the committee was enough,* and it returned to the House next day. On August 22 it came to a vote and was passed. *In the House it had consumed just thirty-four days from its original introduction to its final passage.*

A Different Story

THAT is what *can* be done. It has been told just to show how fast a bill *can* be got through Congress. But observe the important distinction that this was a bill *in favor of* a private interest. (It was the Coosa Dam Bill which gave away to a private corporation a water-power site worth many millions.) There were eager hands to push it; and to oppose it there were only those who were conscientious in their loyalty to the public interest. When the private interest is on the other side, when one or more big corporations are *opposed* to a bill, it is a different and a slower story. The parcel-post measure was in Congress at least fifteen years before it became a law on the first of this month. The Pure Food Bill was held in committee after committee for more than five years. Pure-fabric bills have been in committees for more than three years; some four or five years from now an overwhelming public sentiment will force them out of the committee to a vote.

The Present Example

EIGHT States have laws which prohibit the sale of liquor. They are not able to enforce these laws fully because the Federal Government, in spite of the State law, protects the shipment of what are called "original packages" of liquor into the State from other nonprohibition States. Just what happens is described in the testimony of one resident of a prohibition State, Mr. N. E. Marshburn of La Grange, Ga.:

"I want to give you a concrete example of our difficulty in dealing with the liquor question. . . . We live right on the borders of Alabama. We have in our neighborhood one concern which, under the present law, received one day early in December 3,200 pints of whisky; and on the 16th day of December, or thereabouts, from another station he received 2,000 pints more. . . .

"SENATOR NELSON—Does it come in pint bottles?

"MR. MARSHBURN—Yes, in casks, of 100 pints to the cask. . . . It was carried to the place of the purchaser, which was just outside the incorporated limits of La Grange, not more than fifty yards from the incorporation line; he there debauched our boys, the whole Christmas through, with that whisky. The purchaser of this whisky defies us. He rides openly through our streets. He is becoming one of the richest men in our section. The president of our bank told me not more than two weeks ago that this man had more ready cash at his command than any other depositor outside of the corporations in that town. Three years ago, or a few years ago before the prohibition law was passed, he was one of the poorest men we had. . . .

"They offer gallons of whisky at a nominal sum, proposing to prepay the freight, enticing young men and boys and the poor ignorant negroes, who cannot withstand the temptation to order a little whisky."

Seventeen Months

A BILL to give Georgia and the other prohibition States the law they want and enable them to enforce their own regulations is pending in Congress. It was introduced on *August 3, 1911,* and, of course, went to the Committee on Judiciary. Its long slumber there creates the suspicion that the majority of the members of that committee are willing to let it die with this Congress next 4th of March without bringing it to a vote in the House.

The Situation

THERE are millions of earnest people in the United States who want to see this bill passed, and have wondered patiently what has become of it. The reason it has not been passed is that it hasn't been brought to a vote. (If it came to a vote it would pass by a large majority. So much is generally admitted. Only a few members, such as those who represent the Busch brewing interests in Congress, would vote against it. Very few members would dare resist the sentiment of their home communities.) The reason the bill hasn't come to a vote is that it has been held in the committee. *The responsibility rests with the men whose names are on this page.* It is fair to say that one of the men, Congressman Edwin Y. Webb of North Carolina, has worked earnestly for the passage of the bill.

The Old System Again

WHEN Cannon was Speaker it was for many years the custom to dispose of this embarrassing antiliquor bill, as well as others (labor bills and the like), by sending them to this same Judiciary Committee and there letting them sleep to death. The committee was known as "Uncle Joe's Morgue." This practice, made known to the public, was one of the chief causes of that indignant rebellion which dethroned Cannon and put the Democrats in power. Every Democrat who hopes to see his party prosper ought to constitute himself a policeman to see that no leader or group of Democrats shall invite disaster by repeating what Cannon did.

These are the Men

Henry D. Clayton, Eufaula, Alabama
Edwin Y. Webb, Shelby, North Carolina
Charles C. Carlin, Alexandria, Virginia
William W. Rucker, Keytesville, Missouri
William C. Houston, Woodbury, Tennessee
John C. Floyd, Yellville, Arkansas
R. Y. Thomas, Jr., Central City, Kentucky
James M. Graham, Springfield, Illinois
H. Garland Dupre, New Orleans, Louisiana
Martin W. Littleton, New York
Walter I. McCoy, South Orange, New Jersey
John W. Davis, Clarksburg, West Virginia
Daniel J. McGillicuddy, Lewiston, Maine
Jack Beall, Waxahachie, Texas

These men compose the Democratic members of the Committee on the Judiciary. (Only the Democratic members are given because, as committees are run, the majority party members take all the responsibility, and the minority party members have little power.) The bill to prevent the shipment of liquor into prohibition States was referred to this committee nearly eighteen months ago. Their failure for so long a period to report it out and let it come to a vote raises a justifiable question as to their motives

Old Age

THE bill to prohibit the shipment of liquor into prohibition States must have been about Congress for fully fifty years—ever since the people of Maine adopted prohibition and found they couldn't enforce it so long as the Federal Government not only permits but protects the violation of the State law. Not during that same fifty years have Congress and lawmaking bodies generally (and courts as well) been so responsive to the public will as now. This bill will become a law soon.

A Suggestion

IF THE friends of this bill should see fit to do so they could bring pressure to bear on the committee named on this page, such as would force the bill out immediately and enable it to pass during the present session.

The Speaker's Position

CHAMP CLARK ought to be particularly scrupulous to see that this antiliquor bill suffers no handicap. The Busch brewing interests, which are powerful through the Southwest, and allied liquor interests favored Clark's candidacy for the Democratic Presidential nomination in a powerful way. The Speaker ought now to avoid even the appearance of being aware of any obligation to them.

Why the South Demands Prohibition

THE Southern States which have passed prohibition laws have a motive that the North cannot realize. These words were written by Will Irwin after an investigation of the liquor traffic in the South some years ago:

"In every low negro dive of the South they sell certain brands of gin, whose very names, for the most part, I cannot mention here. Obscene titles, obscene labels advertise by suggestion, by double meanings, that these compounds contain a drug to stimulate the low passions which have made the race problem such a dreadful thing in the South."

Where the Progressives Are Strong

FOR eighteen years George Edmund Foss, a Republican, has represented the Tenth Illinois District, which consists of Lake County and four precincts of the city of Chicago. Congressman Foss's Republican pluralities at his nine elections have been:

14,096	13,263	11,288
20,297	5,585	16,290
10,331	16,853	2,589

In the Congress which comes into being next 4th of March this district will be represented by a Progressive, Charles M. Thomson, whose plurality at the recent election was 3,703.

Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart"

By ARTHUR RUHL

SEASON before last, in "Jimmy Valentine," there appeared an unknown young woman whom most of the audience remembered afterward. How much this was due to her art and how much to personality, they probably did not try to puzzle out—at any rate, she "had a way" with her. Last year, as the Hawaiian maiden in "The Bird of Paradise," there was no doubt that she could act, and when, a few evenings ago, she appeared as principal figure at the opening of the newest of New York's already too numerous theatres, there seemed no doubt that Miss Laurette Taylor had securely arrived.

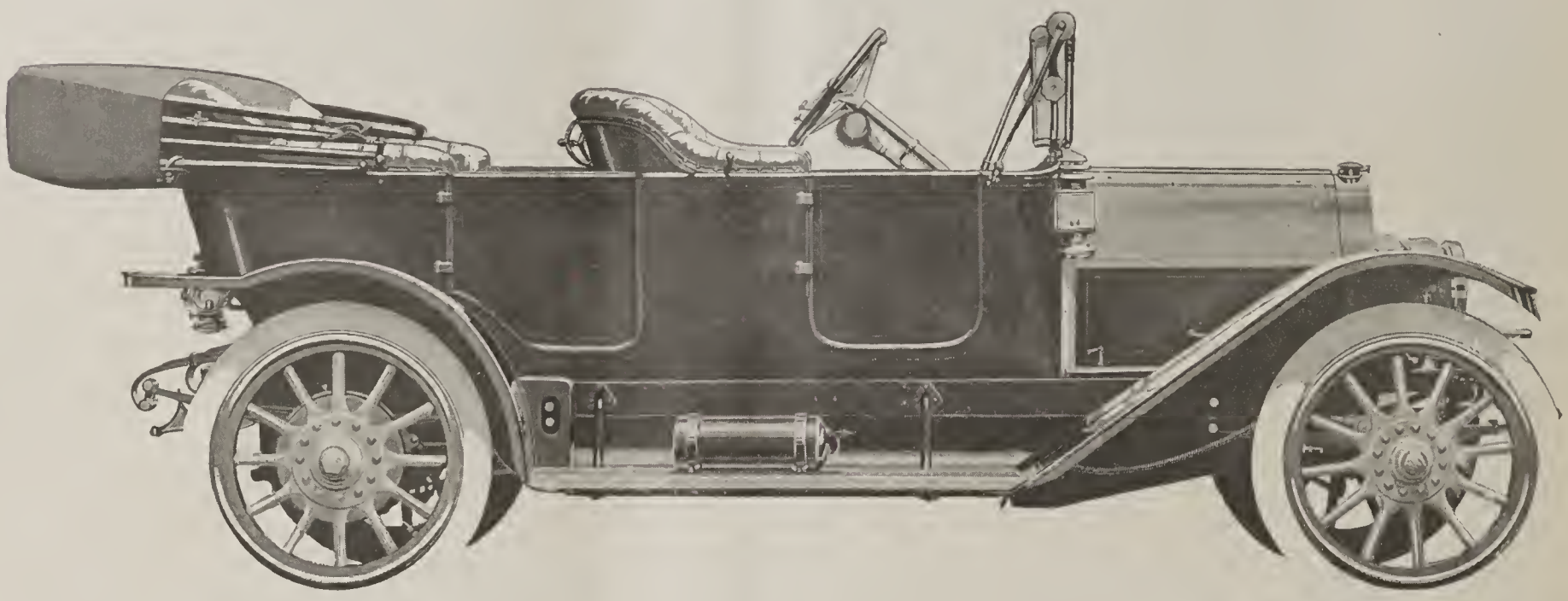
Those who watched her through that significant evening were as much interested perhaps in what they didn't see as in the actual progress of the new play, "Peg o' My Heart." What they saw was an impersonation of a young Irish girl, with auburn curls and a beguiling accent—all very nice and interesting.

What they didn't see but couldn't help thinking about was the long possible vista ahead—electric-light signs blazing "Laurette Taylor" against the night, the Laurette Taylor cigar, caramel, shirt waist, goodness knows what.

It may have little to do with an actress's art—except, more often than not, to petrify it—but it has so much to do with her life that one can't but be interested when one sees it in the making—this sudden transformation of a mere human being into that curious potentiality—asset, investment, walking gold mine, what you will, which is embodied in a popular "star." Suppose that here, for instance, was another Maude Adams—quite different, to be sure, yet with similar possibilities of giving the public what it likes! It is too soon to prophesy—at any rate, Miss Taylor has worked hard for her success and one has a notion she won't petrify.

She has good looks, intelligence, unusual "personality," and she can act. She was acting, not merely Billieburking, in "Peg o' My Heart," and no mistake. It is, at the same time, true that her success thus far has been in a broad, or at least somewhat eccentric, rather than "straight" vein. In "Jimmy Valentine" she spoke a curious clipped, infantile patter—a mannerism which attracted by its oddity but could scarcely be regarded as permanent. In "The Bird of Paradise" she had another accent which she handled charmingly with every appearance of authenticity. In this new play she has still another accent—an untutored little Irish girl is suddenly thrust by the provisions of a queer will into the stony bosom of a snobbish English family—and her work here is still broad comedy, although very quietly and realistically done. "Broad" is used here, of course, in contrast to "straight," to suggest acting, not crude or noisy, but that which, however quiet and seemingly naturalistic, depends to a certain extent for its effect on oddity and unconventional color. Miss Taylor's most telling moments here, indeed, [*Concluded on page 25*

Overland



OVER fifteen thousand Overlands have been delivered during the last *five months.* This is *more* cars than *all* the automobile factories in Germany turn out in *a whole year.* This is an *increase* of 300 per cent over the same period last year. And last year we *led* every thousand dollar automobile producer in America. Our 1913 sales are more than *double* those of any other manufacturer producing a similar car.

In such states as Minnesota, one of the *largest* automobile consuming States in the Union, the Overland has shown a *larger increase* this year than *any* other motor car manufactured—*bar none.*

The Overland *outsells* because it *outclasses.* Overland value is *better* because it is *bigger.* You get *more* car for *less* money.

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Prest-O-Lite Tank

The SKY PILOT *of the* LUMBERJACKS

The Rev. Francis E. Higgins with his pack upon his back bound for a lumber camp

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

This is the fifth article of Mr. Macfarlane's series "Man-to-Man Preachers," the purpose of which is to complement the successful series on "Preachers in America" with vivid sketches of a number of extremely interesting men who both preach to their fellows and reach out for them. And of these Mr. Higgins is one of the most interesting. The subject of the concluding article will be:

The Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman
the man who revived Revivalism in America

THE "right hook" belongs to the language of pugilism. It is a blow delivered at close quarters. It comes from an arm half-bent to form the "hook" which, pivoting from the shoulder, is swung with tremendous force and reinpowered by the weight of the body and the partial unbending of the elbow at the moment of impact. The Rev. Francis E. Higgins of the First Presbyterian Church of Bemidji, in the State of Minnesota, was not unfamiliar with the "right hook." He had stopped a few of them in his rough-and-tumble life, and he had great respect for them. He had also started a few. He started one on the first day of his arrival in Bemidji.

Bemidji is a town in the lumber woods of Minnesota on the north bank of the Mississippi where that virgin crystal stream sweeps up out of Lake Itasca and then bends east before its final plunge to the south. Bemidji now has five thousand or more inhabitants and is a beautiful little city. Ten years ago it had fifteen hundred residents and was as near an approach to hell on earth as any town of its size ever achieved.

It had forty-six saloons; it had twenty gambling hells; it had five large brothels. The city did not suffer these institutions to exist; these institutions were the city's existence. They were not cancers on the social body; they were themselves the social mass. So, you see, Bemidji was not exactly a nice place. In the lumber oods all about were some twenty thousand workmen—
ppers, loggers, haulers, rivermen—all indiscrimi-
ely classed as "lumberjacks." Bemidji lived off these lu. berjacks, and it reaped its living by deliberately making them drunk, luring them into gambling or into vice and wiling their money away from them. When these processes were not fast enough, it put knock-out drops in their drinks or blackjacked them.

Nor are these statements any lurid supercoloring of hyperbole. They are to be taken quite literally. The process of depraving and then robbing these lumberjacks was the business of the town. Through the long winter months this social organization festered, preying on its own members and waiting impatiently for spring, which brought with it the breaking up of the lumber camps and the streaming southward of thousands of "jacks," each with from one to two hundred dollars in his pockets, the earnings of months of onerous, icy toil.

THE SALOON MOTTO WAS "WE NEVER SLEEP"

THERE was a clause in the old treaty with the Indians that banned liquor in the whole region; but the very existence of this clause appears to have been at that time unknown. There was a State regulation closing the saloons at eleven o'clock at night; but this was disregarded. Since saloon keeping was the most favored form of business investment, the opening of a new liquor parlor was always marked by a public celebration. The band was brought out to play. The mayor, the county attorney, the sheriff, the councilmen, and other public officials were invited to make addresses. The key to the saloon was publicly and officially thrown aw , and in addition to this deliciously suggestive bit of ymbolism, it was customary to place over the door, e never sleep," or some such kindred legend.

v the Rev. Francis E. Higgins, having just lo-
t in the not nice town of Bemidji, strolled down
streets to look his new parish over. While stand-
on a corner, he became aware that somebody was
oking him over. This somebody was a dapper-ap-
ring person wearing a linen shirt and a white, stand-up collar. By these signs the minister knew that his vis-a-vis was either a saloon keeper, a gambler, or a pander. Nobody who did honest work or engaged in honest business in Bemidji in those days wore anything but flannel shirts with loose, rolling collars.

"Hello, Jack," said the man of the collar presently. "What's your lay?"

It was evident that the gambler, or the pander, or the bartender could not quite make out the stranger, but took him for a lumberjack of some sort. Indeed, the minister was a son of the woods, as his dress and bearing proclaimed. The man of the collar, judging by appearances, was quite justified in "prospecting" him for a convenient hundred and fifty dollars or so which might be started toward the pockets of the gang by a successful "steer" of some sort.

"I am the pastor of the Presbyterian Church," exclaimed Mr. Higgins, beaming blandly.

"WE CHASED THE OTHER GUY"

THE manner of the inquiring one grew distinctly picklish, not to say mustardy. There was a nasty wrinkling of the lines about his mouth as he said with an oath and a sneer: "Huh! So you're the new guy, eh? Well, let me tell you: this is a mighty poor town for ministers and doctors. When the doctors come the people all begin to die, and when the preachers come they all begin to go to hell." Then he added with an air of unbearable insolence: "We chased the other guy week before last."

"Oh," purred the minister, soothingly, "but he was a young fellow just out of the seminary and inexperienced." As he made this remark, however, the Rev. Francis E. Higgins, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Bemidji, who carries at the bottom of his face the biggest jaw I ever saw upon a man—or, at least, upon a minister—moved his bulky frame over very close to the person of the gambler, or bartender, or whatever brand of social parasite the creature was.

"Well," growled the man, "you won't last any longer, you ——"

THE VALUE OF ONE GOOD "RIGHT HOOK"

THE gambler had thrust his face impudently near, and was calling the minister a string of perfectly unprintable names; but in this pastime he was interrupted abruptly, for the minister, being in just the proper position to do so, launched a terrible right hook with all the force of his two hundred and ten pounds behind it. The gambler, having quite unwittingly put his insolent jaw in just the proper locus to receive the full impact of such a right hook, could not be blamed for imagining for a moment that a mule had kicked him. The hard flat of the minister's fist was literally lifting him, up and up and up, till his feet were clear of the ground, after which his body described an awkward and painful trajectory landing with an audible flop in a puddle in the street. It was a perfect blow. To this day the minister confesses to an unholy satisfaction at the memory of the feeling of the lift of that impudent flouter on the hard ridge of his knuckles.

A policeman rushed across the street, and demanded truculently of the parson: "And now, sir, what are you in trouble about?"

"I am in no trouble at all," explained Mr. Higgins, smoothly; "but this fellow down here in the street—he appears to be in trouble. Perhaps you might assist him."

Mr. Higgins's [illegible] the [illegible] of Bemidji, in the Minnesota lumber woods, to which he had come some years earlier, was [illegible] Every [illegible] an surprise to his [illegible] and made more [illegible] typical of the [illegible]. Here Mr. Higgins, [illegible] morning's walk came upon a man who was [illegible] one of the slushy gutters of the town [illegible]. His feet were thoughtfully pillowed on the sidewalk, but the rest of him, including his head, wallowed luxuriously in the gutter, while a crowd stood about him and peered at his antics. The minister was horrified.

ALWAYS A NEED FOR A SAMARITAN

"BOYS! Boys! Boys!" he exclaimed reproachfully. "This poor fellow is a human being like ourselves—just like you or I would be if we put into our mouth the same stuff he has in his." After which very short sermon the minister himself went into the gutter. The drunkard was heavy and recalcitrant, but the minister soon had his head instead of his feet upon the curb, and was combing the mud out of his hair and beard with his fingers. Efforts to get the man on his feet, however, failed. He was in the first stages of delirium tremens, and began to fight off attention. The men who had been teasing him gaped curiously, half defiant and half ashamed, while the minister talked soothingly to the drunkard and industriously scraped the mud from his garments with a shingle.

"He'll freeze to death before morning. You'll have to help me carry him," the minister said, as he dropped the shingle, shook the mud from his fingers, and turned to mark the descent of the sun, whose noonday rays had softened the slush that would be hard as steel before midnight.

"Carry him? Where?" asked the onlookers in wonder.

"To the hotel," answered Higgins in a matter of fact voice. "I am going to get a room for him."

A room for a drunken, filth-stained lumberjack! The idea was ludicrous. The men threw back their heads and laughed uproariously. But the minister waited patiently till their laughter had subsided, and then said: "Take hold, men!" And the men amably carried the resisting maudlin toward the nearest hotel, which, like all other businesses in Barnum, was merely an adjunct to a saloon. This saloon consisted of impossible beds in impossible rooms over the bar; but the saloon keeper protested loudly.

"Put that dirty hog in a room?" he queried, his lips curling with disgust.

"But I am going to *wash* him," explained the minister, mildly. There was an exchange of glances, almost a dropping of jaws, among the gathering crowd.

"Anyhow," the saloon keeper urged decisively, "the feller's broke."

"I will pay," said the minister.

"Well, I be damned," exclaimed the saloon keeper, turning with a disgusting shrug and motioning toward the stairs.

The man's name, it appeared, was Louie, and he was a well-known character. The boys helped carry him upstairs and the Rev. Higgins set to work to get him clean enough to put to bed. It took basins and basins of water and much soap, as well as a strong stomach to do the work, but the minister did it. These lumber workers wear several pairs of socks at once to keep their feet warm. This man's feet had been encased in the same covering during his weeks-long jamboree, and when Higgins pulled off Louie's rubber boots and one by one his pairs of socks, the last of them brought the skin from his feet like the peeling from an onion. Revolting details? Yes, but possibly more revolting to the good Samaritan of the lumber woods than to us, and it helps us to know what manner of man it was that pinched the jaw of Sore-eyed Kelley in Bemidji. This Gospel of the "right hook" was not such a bad Gospel after all in the place where it was practiced. And Higgins is rather more of a practicer than a preacher. Some of his practices sound queer in the telling, too, at least to the ultra-conservative. For instance, the minute Higgins got Louie into bed he made a bee line for the bar and bought a large flask of whisky. All night thereafter Higgins sat up and fed this whisky to the drunkard—fed it in carefully graduated and diminishing doses.

True, this was a prescription and a process not down in the rubrics of the church; but Louie had the "jimmies." Higgins was a practical man and he had dealt with "jimmies" before. He knew that his safest treatment was the whisky treatment. So he used it. And it brought Louie round.

AND OFTEN THE RETURN IS WORTH WHILE

IT WAS the next winter that Higgins, tramping through the great woods with a pack upon his back, came just at night to a lumber camp. When the men had finished their dinner and were contented at the long boarding-house tables the minister opened his pack, distributed old maga-

zines which were eagerly snatched up, passed around a few hymn books, and soon got part of the men to [illegible]ing. After this he read a chapter out of the Bible [illegible]ed—a homely, unfrilled sort of sermon that [illegible] lumberjacks by their right names.

[illegible]rvice the foreman, a huge fellow, [illegible] and held out his hand. "I ain't [illegible]" he declared, as his fingers closed in [illegible] the minister missionary's hand. [illegible]? I'm Louie." Higgins found it [illegible] this stalwart foreman the wretch he had pulled out of the gutter the spring before.

"Do you know what brought me round?" the man went on, beamingly. "It was the socks."

"The socks?" queried Higgins, wondering. The man turned to his bunk and dug out several pairs of the finest of woolen socks and held them up for the minister to recognize.

"Oh, I do remember," confessed the preacher, almost blushing. "I have a dear old Canadian mother of the old-fashioned sort. She would never trust my feet to store socks with all the tramping I do, so at Christmas she sends me a supply of her own knitting."

"And you took your mother's socks and put 'em on my drunken feet there in the hotel because mine wasn't fit? Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Pilot? To treat your mother's Christmas present like that?" (The men of the north woods call Higgins their Sky Pilot.)

"Oh, I'm not ashamed," answered Higgins. "That's just my Gospel—to love your fellow man."

"Well, it wasn't your Gospel got me, Pilot," argued the foreman; "it was them socks. I ain't wore 'em sence. I keep 'em to look at, an' I'll never be drunk again, either. Them socks is what done the business—them socks!" And he held them up for a minute, and then with a quick motion buried them in his bunk.

A SON OF THE OPEN ROAD

SUCH things illustrate and elucidate the successes of Higgins. Those successes come because the man is just plainly human and courageously helpful. He was born in the hemlocks of northern Ontario. His father was a pioneer. He fled from civilization. When settlers got so thick that little Francis could run over to the neighbors twenty miles away, on his snowshoes, borrow the morning paper and get back by supper time, things were getting too close and crowded and tenementlike for Higgins, Sr., so he turned and struck out for the open, the wide, wide open, for the completely aboriginal. And he got it. His new home was so close to nature's heart that he found eight separate camps of nature's children, the Indians, right on his own land. And small Francis liked this exceedingly. He almost reverted to nature. To all practical purposes, he became an Indian. He learned their woodcraft, their language, their customs. He learned their love of the woods and got it in himself. At eighteen he was a happy, healthy, husky savage, who was perfectly at home anywhere in the open between Hudson Bay and Lake Superior.

And then came a peripatetic revivalist and the young savage was converted. His religion was of that virulent sort that wants immediately to invoke somebody else. Francis had a chum, a boy as white in the heart and savage in the soul as himself. To this chum he wrote immediately a painfully labored letter. Within two weeks the chum was converted. Shortly thereafter Higgins organized a prayer meeting—what he thinks became the first Christian Endeavor Society in Canada.

SLOW TO START, BUT WHAT A FINISHER!

NOW, when a man is converted as Francis Higgins was converted, his ideals change. The young man was ignorant. He knew how to trail a bear or skin a beaver, but he had never once tracked a verb through all its moods and tenses. So he left the woods for civilization and an education. He did not prove a brilliant student. Higgins is the plodding sort. He is a slow starter but a resistless finisher. He was twenty-six years old when he graduated from high school. He had determined to preach. But he was a Presbyterian, and the Presbyterian is a high-brow church, while Frank Higgins is not a high-brow man. He heard the Methodists were wanting preachers over in the lumber regions of Minnesota, and were not so Presbyterianly exacting as to educational requirements so long as a man had character and zeal. Well, Higgins had plenty of character, and he was actually long on zeal. So as early as 1890 he became pastor of a Methodist church at Annandale, Minn., but by 1894 he had got back in the Presbyterian fold, having charge of a church of that persuasion at Barnum, Minn., and the very first week he rolls Louie out of the gutter, puts his mother's socks on his feet, and begins to make a man of him.

At Barnum he got his first introduction to the Minnesota lumberjack, and took to him instantly. He was a man of the woods himself. The lure of the wild held his own soul in bonds. He knew what sort of hearts were under these flannel shirts, for he had one of them himself. As he saw the saloons and gamblers and brothel keepers encompassing these men like brigands, taking their money and destroying their characters; as he learned how men work in these woods ten or twenty years, winter after winter, only to come out and be fleeced each springtime in the same old way, spending the heated summer in the harvest field or on railroad construction work, to drift back to the woods in the autumn and go through the same old process, the enthusiastic young minister felt a great yearning in his breast to help these men. And he did help them.

THIS IS SERVICE, IF WE UNDERSTAND THE WORD!

ON SUNDAY he would preach to the townsfolk, and on Monday he would take a pack of Bibles, hymn books, and reading matter and fare off through the woods from camp to camp. Sometimes he failed to make a camp by nightfall, and housed himself in the snow at the foot of a fir, and trudged on next morning; but three or four nights of the week he would be haranguing a group of lumberjacks in a bunk house. At first the men used to hear him with suspicion. Everybody preyed on them. They thought this was some new graft, and waited to see where the touch came in. But they never saw. Higgins never asked for money—never proposed a collection. He was always tactful, always sympathetic, always patient—even with disturbers, up to a certain limit. After that limit off would come the coat of the preacher. There would be an ejectment or a thrashing. Then the meeting would proceed almost as if nothing had happened; almost, but not quite, for there was no escaping a deeper sense of respect on the part of the auditors after one of these episodes had put the preacher to the test. For six or seven years Higgins put in his time with small churches in the timber districts, preaching at home on Sundays, tramping through the week in winter; but when spring put an end to logging and the river runs began, the preacher spent his days in the towns, fighting with the human wolves for the men of the camps, fighting to get them by the cordon of hell holes undebauched, to get their money safely away to needy families or safely in bank out of reach of the bloodthirsty brigands to whom a lumberjack was only a hazelnut to be cracked and thrown aside when the kernel was extracted.

Higgins is no quitter. The missionary to the lumberjack must be of lumberjack stuff—and Higgins is

A WORKER ON THEOLOGICAL PROBATION

BY 1902 the Presbytery of Duluth had come to a sort of appreciation of Higgins. The chasing of their young theologue out of Bemidji by Sore-eyed Kelley and his crowd made them realize the need of a different type of man. So the Presbytery said to Higgins: "If you will take the First Presbyterian Church of Bemidji, at a salary of six hundred dollars, we will give you a four-year course in the Duluth Presbytery; and if you can pass the examination, we will ordain you."

This promise of ordination touched Higgins on his tenderest spot. He never had got over regretting that late state of his in the matter of education. He wanted some sort of diploma, some stamp of the schools or institutions, on all his belated scholastic efforts. Above all, he wanted to be ordained to preach in the proud Presbyterian Church which in his youth he had learned to love and venerate. So he accepted the call to Bemidji, and continued his far-flung pastorate among the men of the timber camps, both in the woods and in the streets. He was brother to them all. They all knew him now. They had heard him preach in their camps. They came to see him when they got to town. Some gave him their money for safe keeping; others gave him also their home addresses, and said "send it!" But, as usual, by far the majority fell into the clutches of the enemy. Frequently men would come hurrying to Higgins and say: "Come quick, Pilot! Joe Brown or Paddy-the-Pig or Murray-the-Beast—nicknames that spoke eloquently of the lives these men led—is in Scotty's place, and they're takin' all his money from him."

And the Pilot would enter Scotty's and get hold of Joe or Paddy or Murray and lead him out. But sometimes he had to fight first. With bung starters and cuspidors and bare hands there would begin a battle that might mean broken heads and bones; and when such times came the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church bore his part right valiantly. He had some narrow escapes. He got his share of the hard cracks; but, too, he always got his man. Sometimes he took him from the gamblers. Sometimes he dug his way through the heaped up bodies in the "snake room" to a poor devil who might have been lying in that filth for days, but always Higgins brought out the man he went in for, and sometimes others. After a while men who were sober learned better than to try to stop Higgins. The man bore a charmed life. He was strong as a bull. He had a chin on him like the nose of a battleship and two terrible hands.

THE PRESBYTERY "THREW HIM OUT"

BUT all this time Higgins was studying thelogy with his eye on that coveted ordination. Every six months he took his examinations, and every six months he scraped through; not often with honors, and sometimes it was no more than a scrape, but he got through. And then there came the final examination before that Presbyterian Sanhedrin. Higgins faced the ordeal with confidence. They had promised him if—and he had sustained his examinations; but to his dismay he saw that the personnel of the Presbytery was changed considerably since that promise. There were Pharaohs of theology here who knew not Francis nor the bargain struck with him. The examiners made short work of the poor lumberjack's hopes. In Higgins's own words, "they threw me out."

This was a hard blow, almost an unfair blow. He is a pretty strong man, this Higgins. He was forty years old then. And they would not ordain him! He had to dig his brawny fists into his eyes to keep back the tears. Perhaps he did not altogether succeed in keeping them back.

But Higgins is no quitter. He went away and studied for another year, between whiles of his ministry to the lumberjacks; and then came back and presented himself once more for ordination. Once more his questioners were able to muddle him, and again "they threw me out," says Higgins.

And Higgins went back to Bemidji to his tomes and to his timberjacks, and twelve months later presented himself again for ordination. Indeed, these examinations of Higgins for ordination papers had come to be an annual feature of the Duluth Presbytery. This year the examiner felt his duty strongly. He thought it was time this farce came to an end.

"YOU WILL NEVER REFUSE ME AGAIN"

HIS interrogatories took rather a wide range. He did not ask Higgins if he had visited the sick, if he had given bread to the hungry, if he had sought out those in prison. But he did ask what Cæsar ruled in Rome when Paul was a prisoner there, and what was the difference between a pronoun and an adverb, and how he would prove the existence of God.

And the preacher to the lumberjacks became as confused as his inquisitor would have been if Sore-eyed Kelley had addressed the kind of remarks to him that he did to Higgins that first day in Bemidji.

Thereupon and, as it thought, finally, the Presbytery rejected the application of Francis E. Higgins for ordination papers. They even refused him a license to preach. For a third time they threw him out. Would he go? Yes, he would go this time. The patience of the patient one, whose ministry had been long since hallowed by the touch of a hand from on high, was exhausted. He was done with Presbyteries now. He had found them too hard of heart. He was done with ordinations. He even began to think that ordinations got with definitions were not worth much. So he stood up and said in a low, tense voice weighed down by the heaviness of his very great disappointment:

"Brethren, you will never refuse me that again. The fact is, I am ordained already. [Sensation.] I am ordained of God!"

(*Concluded on page 29*)

Teach the Children to Want *Pure* Foods

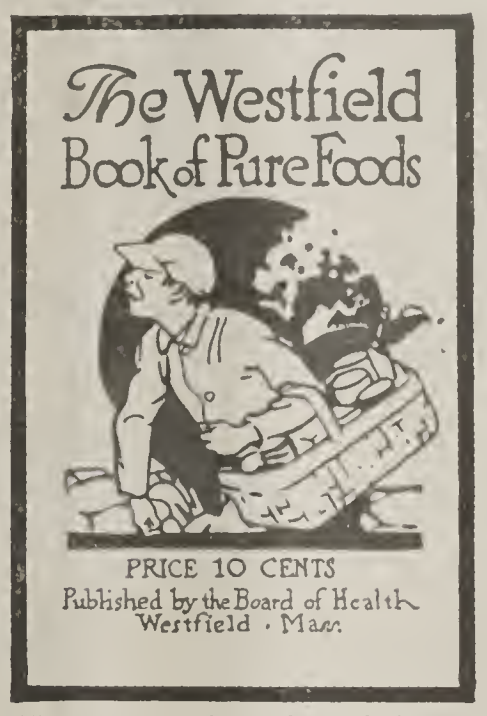
DOMESTIC-SCIENCE in the schools is doing great things for the housekeepers of tomorrow—and for those of today who heed the lessons which enthusiastic children carry home. The shortest, straightest way into the household leads through the school-room.

If it is worth while to teach children how to prepare foods in wholesome, appetizing fashion—and everybody knows that it is—surely it is even more worth while to teach them why and how to make sure that those foods are pure and clean to begin with.

And this is wonderfully easy. The child's interest answers the simplest practical experiment. His impressionable mind holds the lesson fast, and his easily-aroused disgust at the noisome adulterants to be found in carelessly-bought foods will bring a very effective pressure to bear upon the food-buyer in his home.

Any school-teacher who will teach a few children that some foods are disgustingly unfit to eat can go far toward inducing the community to avoid them. It needs only a few simple, homely tests in the school-room to drive the lesson home. Stir coffee into a glass of ice-water. If it floats it is pure. If part of it sinks, it is adulterated. Show how cheap candy is dyed with coal-tar; point out and explain the damning confessions of impurity printed in fine type on so many labels.* And having shown the evils, supply the simple, easy protection—

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods



This book makes it easy for any food buyer to order by name the foods beyond suspicion and be sure of getting what he orders.

For ten years the unbiased food-chemists of the Westfield Board of Health have been analyzing foods to protect the citizens of Westfield. Over 50,000 experiments have sifted out several brands in each line of food which are absolutely fit to eat, and these are listed, in handy, classified, indexed form, in the Westfield Book. By consulting it, any food-buyer can instantly specify exactly what he ought to have, and be sure of getting it—for almost every grocery-store sells at least one of the brands approved under every classification.

The Book was originally published for Westfield people, but the Board of Health has reprinted it for the benefit of the whole country, and will mail a copy anywhere on receipt of 10c in stamps or silver, which just about covers the costs.

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Progressive Promise

Concluded from page 9.

nomic forces, such, for example, as those set in motion by the railway, telegraph, and telephone. On the other hand, it is just as wrong and wild to say that these industrial and financial giants shall do as they like.

The Progressives would control and regulate them by the National Government according to the same principle that railroads and banks already are so controlled and regulated. We would apply to them restrictions of the same strong and effective character that other modern nations have applied successfully to their organizations of like nature. We would end the intolerable business uncertainty created by the Sherman law as it stands by laws clearly stating what business men may and may not do; and we would make the punishment for violation of these laws not money fines, which never hurt the offender but only the people, who must pay them in the end; instead, we Progressives would punish the real wrongdoer by sending him to prison.

THE TARIFF PLAN

WE would deal with the tariff in the same spirit, and by modern and well tested methods. It is as absurd as it is harmful that American business should be upset every few years by tariff explosions and kept from normal development in the period between by uncertainty as to the tariff future. There is no natural reason for this, and it does not occur in any rival country. To prevent it here we would adjust our tariff to changing conditions both abroad and at home, just as prudent business men do in their own affairs, just as other nations have done and are doing so well, and to the signal satisfaction of their business men and their whole people. We would establish a genuine, permanent, nonpartisan tariff commission as firmly in our laws as the Interstate Commerce Commission, and make it as independent, powerful, and efficient as that great instrument of our Government is in its field. By its aid we would rebuild the American tariff, according to the protective principle, but absolutely free from those extortionate and dishonestly high rates and those unjust and shocking inequalities which have characterized our tariffs in the past, no matter by what party enacted.

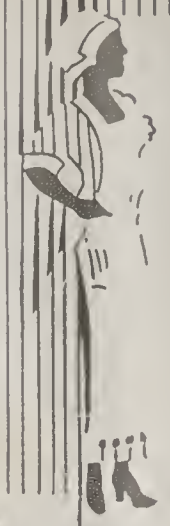
We would solve that great group of grave sociological questions, such as those which concern women wage earners, child labor, injured workingmen, and their families when killed, the diseased, the aged, the unemployed, and like subjects, not exclusively from the commodity viewpoint, which is that of the two old parties, but much more from the human viewpoint, which peculiarly is that of the Progressive party.

The general principles with which we would view and solve these questions is that of humanity instead of that of commercialism. We consider that all men, women, and children are human beings, and that society must treat them as such; and we think that the fact that they are laboring people does not relieve us from considering them as human beings to be cared for as such, rather than to consider them as mere commodities of the market place, to be bought, used, and cast aside when efficiency is exhausted.

RECOGNIZES URBAN PROBLEM

THE Progressive program includes a modern, human, and businesslike dealing with city governments as well as those of State and nation. Ours is the first American political party that recognizes the urban problem. The Progressive party, as such, in this important phase of our daily life is taking the first step toward bringing the administration of American cities up to the best standards which the experience of the world has evolved. This, of course, is a subject not within the scope of the theory of government held by the two old parties. They think of city government only as a means of party advantage and a subject for partisan exploitation. It is at this very root of American life that the boss system does its subtlest and most vicious work.

In a single word, the Progressive party would enable the American people to make the most of our country and of their own lives. We look upon human happiness, the building of character, and the development of usefulness as great ends of civilization; and we would use the powers of Government to clear away those obstacles which keep the people back from achieving those supreme ends.



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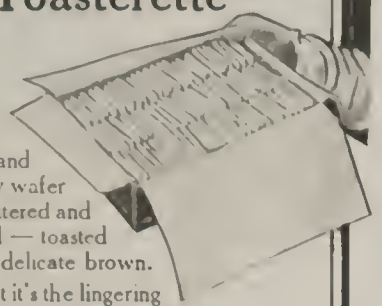

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A New Star

(Concluded from page 15)

are little bits of pathos that grip the spectator by the throat before he knows it, and the quite dazzling result she achieves when she chooses suddenly to open her big and unusually expressive eyes and turn on, full force, her dazzling smile.

The play itself, aside from the lines given to "Peg," is a claptrap affair, aimed entirely to bring into prominence, and act as a feeder for, Miss Taylor's special charms. It was designed for her by her husband, Mr. J. Hartley Manners, and is a labor of love for which she should be extremely grateful. The first few moments of it, before she appeared, were ghastly beyond belief, but as soon as Peg slouched in, with her accent and her charr-rum, as Maggie Wylie would say, the conventional machine was forgotten and everybody had a good time.

Another View of "Peg o' My Heart"

By Another Member of Collier's Staff

INFINITELY preferring a quiet evening in our respective homes, and in that unpleasant state of mind when pleasure becomes a duty, we got into our seats just as Peg came on, motherless "Peg o' My Heart," with a delicious brogue and a smile like nothing else in the world. One of us laughed at a line and the others followed suit. Gradually our initial mood vanished. We began to be sympathetic when the distinction was made between the pampered lap dog and Peg's shaggy little Michael. Who could be out of accord with the unquenchable pertness of the girl, exclaiming, when she sees her cousin inhaling a cigarette through an amber holder: "I suppose, with that thing, ye make yerself think ye're shmoking a pipe?" We became a harmonious part of the big audience that wanted to oust those proud relations who treated Peg so shabbily, applauding with joy as Peg burst forth at her obnoxious aunt: "Ye're no mother. A fine mother ye are! Ye don't even know what yer daughter's thinkin' of. Me faather's a better mother than ye are." This is inadequate. You can't put the b-r-rr- in type. That burr ensnared us. Mortal couldn't resist it. Even the sportsman, who had been frankly glum at first, dragged his chair nearer in the middle of the first act, and, toward the end of the second, leaned forward to whisper: "I *am* glad you made me come. It's a bully show."

After we had seen Peg through to her final triumph, in the arms of Sir Jerry, we all went back to tell her how splendid she was. At a remark of one of the beautiful ladies, she clapped her hands like the child she looks: "You *do* think it's a better play than the 'Bird of Paradise'? I'm so glad to hear you say that. My husband wrote it, you know."

Then on the way home reproaches came from all sides: "Why did you say it wasn't a good play?" "The lines are awfully bright." "It's very human"—all this from these people who a few hours before had been too tired to take an interest in anything. That's the answer. Their verdict seems a reasonable one. Certainly it is not a big play, nor particularly new, but there is a sprightliness about it, and it's clean. Whether it might be dull under other conditions is not important. What does that matter if you are happy under the existing ones? Laurette Taylor's magnetism, before which we even forget the admirable technique of the actress, makes "Peg o' My Heart" a play that will enchant almost any amusement-seeking soul, and that Hartley Manners may be responsible to only a comparatively slight degree is no great concern of the audience.

"Heart's Gold"

By ARTHUR HENDRICK VANDENBERG

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Is not a metal wrung from mine,
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On One Trip Hauls 18 Tons

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Dairies
Supplant 9 Horses by Alco

One Alco in service of the South Lincoln Dairy Supply Company of Boston displaces 9 horses. The Alco truck owned by Levy Dairy Company of New York replaces 8 horses.

Dry Goods
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$290,000 Their Alco Investment

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Increase Profits $22 a Trip

Alfred P. Griffith of Azusa, Cal., saves $30 a month in salaries alone by his Alco. Charles Siedler of Maxville, Mo., profits $22 per trip.

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Leather
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The Alco owned by the Wagner Leather Company of Briceland, Cal., displaces 20 horses; five 4-horse teams.

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Load Alco in 2 Minutes

Two Alcos in the service of the Newburg Motor Transportation Company of Los Angeles displaces six 2 horse teams. Each loads up in two minutes. Watson & Pittinger of Brooklyn, load lumber on their Alco in two minutes by a special device.

Miners
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One Alco owned by the Alaska Gastineau Mining Company of Juneau, Alaska, in the Chilkoot Mountains, replaces 18 horses.

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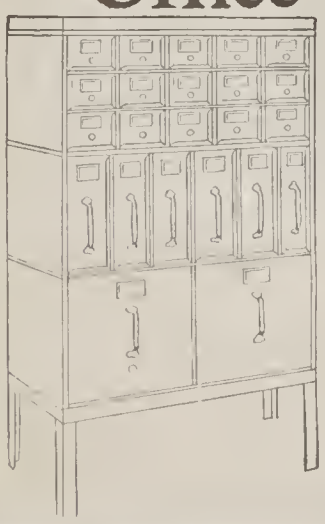

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Smiting the Hand that Feeds

Part II—*Why There is an Away-from-the-Farm Movement*

By HUGH IRISH

GLANCE at the glossary of epithets with which the farmer is cheered on his easeful, rose-studded way while doing the work that nobody else on earth deigns to do: Hayseed, Clodhopper, Rube, Jay, Hey-Rube, Farmer John, Country Jake, Rutabaga Delegate, Alfalfa Member, Turnip Shepherd, Rustic, Rural Swain, Our Friend from the Back Counties, Whiskerino, Uncle. Who Uncles the railway employees or even the ditchers? That term can be made to express a condescension as vast as it is insulting. Sell the farmer the Masonic Temple, if you will, or charge him two dollars to see it revolve on its base (in your newspapers), provide him with a packet of seeds for raising electric-light plants, but do not Uncle him.

Why does the farmer appear so funny and so contemptible to the others? It is as though the complex machinery of civilization condemned a portion of the race to slavish tasks—and the slaves to contempt. But the slaves of history were scarcely a source of mirth! The inevitable bucolic character resulting from isolation, the peculiarities of manner and necessities of dress incident to the calling of the farmer have given the contumely of the world a humorous turn. Herein the farmer has unwittingly brought forth a byproduct that is only a little less prized by those whom he serves than is the food he painfully digs from an unwilling earth.

It is a strange phenomenon. Were we to start all over again now with a knowledge of the nature of farming, those condemned to this service would be looked upon as martyrs to a great cause. Every effort of the others would be directed toward upholding their hands. Gratitude, self-interest, and pity would vie to show them every consideration and courtesy. Moreover, the scheme would provide a system of rotation that assigned this undesirable portion to each in his turn.

Let me tell you, briefly, the story of one woman. Fate, as if in mockery, decreed that her parents should call her Flora, a name that suggests the beautiful life of a flower. From her earliest childhood her child mind was never free from responsibilities, for she was "little mother" to a brood of younger brothers and sisters. Her schooling just about enabled her to read and write laboriously.

At eighteen she married the son of a neighboring farmer and they settled down on a part of her father-in-law's farm. Her life was practically without social diversion, both before and after her marriage. It was just a bald, hurried existence from day to day, without a thought outside humdrum interests, as repetitive and monotonous as the beat of the surf on a barren rock.

Their rude dwelling stood in the midst of a wide, lonely prairie, beside a narrow, hedge-girt lane, which in summer was weed grown and dusty, in winter often filled with snow. The dooryard was worn bare with the passing of fowls. The stable lot, fenced with rails and littered with little heaps of offal, lay but a few yards from the door, and was never a thing of beauty. A small orchard stood back of the house; but I doubt if the songs of the God-sent birds that mated there in summer were ever heard by this twain, who never raised their eyes from task on task.

Her husband was ambitious for gain—a hereditary family trait with him—and she acquiesced in his plans as listlessly as a led horse. Nay, more; she even responded to his fever for ceaseless toil with a dull, spiritless energy that was unremitting.

There in that isolated spot, day after day and year after year, from four o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night, they treaded the mill of the seasons.

THE WHOLE OF HER LIFE

THE mating of this pair had been little more than the urge of the basic passion of life. Narrow acquaintanceship limited the choice of loves. One married whom one could, and propinquity was often the determinant factor. They were kind to each other, but there was no more room for love in the life they led than in that of the goaded ox.

Chil[illegible]ne, four of them in six years, [illegible] incalculably to the wife's burden. [illegible] maternity hospital, mind you; n[illegible]l nurse, not even a hired girl; s[illegible]e care of mother and the neighbors for a week or so, and then up and at the work again. A picture lingers with me of that woman, with a fretful, two-weeks-old baby in her arms, standing over a hot stove on a suffocating summer evening, cooking the late supper, with hours of work yet to do before the welcome unconsciousness of heavy sleep.

Then, before the next baby was born, the end came. While out cleaning the yard, her dress caught fire from the burning refuse and burned on her. Her sick room was a place of kindly but unskillful nursing, of toddling infants, of curious or overkind neighbors. Four weeks of agony she endured with a mute patience more terrible than plaint or writhings, and then came rest. Death could have had no other meaning for her than just rest. Who shall say that the tragedy of her passing was commensurate with that of added years of toil? As she passed for the last time down that narrow lane, the green of early spring just peeping through the brown of winter, the measured footfalls of the heavy farm horses in that little funeral train seemed to me to be beating out the finale of a heroic march.

Thus fought one woman the battle to feed a race. Soldiers go forth to war and are lauded; this woman fought a more arduous fight. There were more "morns of toil," more "nights of waking," more forced marches for aching feet. She fought alone, without the enthusing of numbers, the joys of camp, the cheer of martial music. And if, in lieu of the soldier's place in history, his memorials of pageant and of stone, she has, above her weed-grown grave in the little hillside cemetery, only a simple two-foot slab, chiseled with the data of her pitiful years, she rests, she rests beneath.

GROWING CONTEMPT FOR THE FARMER

THE attitude of jeering scorn toward the farmer has been growing in the race a long time. "Let not Ambition mock their useful toil," adjured Thomas Gray more than a century and a half ago. I am aware that nothing I can say, nothing anybody can say, will have the slightest effect toward abating the prejudice. It seems destined to continue and even to increase. The ever-intensifying scrimmage for great wealth, and its attendant snobbishness, are multiplying the disdain of the fastidious parasite for its stolid victim. Standing before the fact in confessed helplessness, suggesting no remedy, I am, nevertheless, conscious of a resentment like that with which one might observe a man striking his mother.

The number from the other occupations who take up farming is so small that it is practically negligible. However, farming is not a caste; one can get out of it, even though no one offers to take one's place. The process is a simple one. You quit and go at something else. These despised acolytes of Ceres are deserting her temple for other callings in an exodus that is appalling. The cities are replenished, in large measure, by their influx. Meantime, the price of food products advances to prohibitive prices.

The high cost of living is (not to exclude others), mainly, the result of two causes: the comparative scarcity of farm labor is one; the other, plain extortion, often aided and abetted. The man who pays a hotel keeper $3.20 for exactly the same food that a charitable organization is able to serve without loss at fifteen cents really pays for something other than food and service—the opportunity to be exclusive, to get away from the common herd.

Having received all the benefits he thinks he is likely to get, he now turns coldly from his benefactor. It is another case of smiting the hand that feeds.

Entirely different is the case of the poor housewife as she goes to the market. She is possessed of no such notions of self-segregation. And if she is forced to content herself and family with a small piece of meat when a larger one would be very welcome, she is in part the victim of the scarcity of farm labor, and in part of somebody's ambition to amass enough wealth quickly to enable him to go to the three-twenty hotel—and escape the common herd.

There is no balancing movement toward the farm of those who would take the place of the deserting farmers. Much has been written in recent years of a

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Smiting the Hand

Concluded from page 26

mythical "Back to the Soil" tendency. It is mostly fiction. The few who make the attempt soon give it up with loud execrations.

There is, however, a marked change in farming conditions from what they were a few years ago. The work of the agricultural departments of universities, and like agencies, have done much to raise the standard of the life. Farmers' publications should receive their just meed of credit for the uplift. Improved machinery has greatly lightened the farmer's burdens.

The telephone, the rural delivery of mail with its daily newspaper, render farm life less isolated and monotonous. Farmers are buying automobiles, and these render the social life of the villages and towns accessible. Their children attend the village high school, many of them going away to colleges and universities.

This change should encourage hope; but, so far as the future of the industry is concerned, its ultimate effect is in doubt.

At present it seems merely to open the eyes of an ever-increasing number to better things—to add to the deriders from the ranks of the derided. Moreover, there are certain features of farm life that have not changed, probably never will. The burning afternoon sun of summer is just as hot to-day as it was that day it sizzled me into registering a solemn vow that that should be my last summer on the farm. I am assured, too, that the pigs are as odorous as they were twenty-five years ago.

Until some kindly scientific wizard shall bring forth an odorless breed of swine, a tailless cow with fly-proof back, a self-cleaning barnyard and stable floor, there will continue to be some duties about the farm at which the city dweller will turn up his nose in a boundless disgust.

WHAT WILL THE FUTURE SEE?

IT is the immediate future of farming that contains a note of alarm. The urban population of Illinois, a typical agricultural State, increased 30.4 per cent in the decade closing in 1910. In the same period the rural population of the State increased only 0.3 per cent.

The youth of the farms are literally flocking to the cities in droves. "Country Life Conferences," and bureaucratic efforts to make farm life more attractive, are well intentioned; but I greatly fear these agencies will never be able to stem the tide that sets cityward, while popular prejudice continues to stigmatize the country dweller. They refuse to longer serve as scavenger and hairdresser to a drove of horses, masseur to a herd of cows, and bottle nurse to the orphaned pig and lamb, in behalf of those whose quiet smile or covert sneer is more galling than a slap in the face.

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You Can Make 50 Duplicate Copies From Every letter you write with pen or typewriter by using our "Modern" Duplicator. $3.60 complete. Booklet Free. W. S. Durkin, Reeves & Co., 339 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Largest Stock Of Typewriters In America. All makes. Underwoods, L. C. Smiths, Remingtons, etc. ¼ to ½ mfrs. prices, (many less) rented anywhere applying rent on price. First class machines—rent one and judge on these most liberal terms. Write for catalog 121. Typewriter Emporium, (Estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

3 Pennies A Day, One Dollar A Month Buys a standard typewriter. Your choice Remington, Oliver or Smith Premier. Prices lower than other cash prices. Perfect machines only guaranteed. Typewriter Installment Co., K180 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Typewriters All Makes, Lowest Prices. Big volume of business and cash terms enable us to undersell. Smiths, Remingtons, Underwoods, Olivers, etc., at $10 up. Fully guaranteed. Write Young Typewriter Company, 11 Ottawa Bldg., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

Instant Auto Clinch Patch Outfit. Instead Of putting in a new inner tube, instantly repair the puncture and go on your way. It's easy with the Instant Auto Clinch Patch Outfit. Costs only $2.50 and will repair ten punctures. Small patches perfectly seal punctures up to half inch; large patches up to an inch. Patches are made of specially prepared vulcanizing rubber. One on the inside of the tube and one on the out are firmly clinched together to make an absolutely air-tight repair. Done easily and quickly. The running heat of the tire does the vulcanizing. To show the outfit is to sell it. Good profit. Write for terms. Utility Home & Auto Supply Co., Western Springs, Ill.

Young Man, Would You Accept And Wear A Fine tailor made suit just for showing it to your friends? If you live in a town smaller than 10,000, write at once and get beautiful samples, styles and this wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Company, Dept. 71, Chicago.

"Alca," The Famous $6.00 Vacuum Cleaner, seeks a few more willing agents to show its merits, and promises prosperity and success in return. Write for gilt-edge proposition. Alca Co., 366 West 50th St., New York.

Be Independent. Make Big Money With A New invention, just patented. 8c profit on every dime. Small investments. Experience unnecessary. Circulars mailed free. International Metal & Ferrotype Co., B. 27, Chicago.

You Can Make $ $ $ $ As Our General Or local agent. Household necessity that saves 80%. Permanent business. Big profits. Free sample. Write. Pitkin & Co., 114 Redd St., Newark, N. Y.

Good Chance For One Man Or Woman In Each town to make big money distributing free circulars and taking orders for concentrated flavoring in tubes. Permanent position. J. S. Ziegler Co., 445-K Dearborn St., Chicago.

Salesmen: Sell The Jewel Vacuum Sweeper— not electric. A big winner, low price, splendid profit. We treat you as a merchant with credit rating, and advertise in your home newspaper over your own name. Representatives meeting wonderful success. Address General Appliance Factory, 1364 Main St., Marinette, Wis.

Agents—Would You Take A Steady Job Starting right away on the most attractive proposition with chances of increasing your earning power constantly? No experience required. My goods are snappy, self-sellers that make and hold customers. If you want to make big money quick, write me today. E. M. Davis, Pres., 210 Davis Bldg., Chicago.

Wanted: A Man Or Woman, All Or Spare Time to secure information for us. Work at home or travel. Experience not necessary. Nothing to sell. Good Pay. Send Stamp for particulars. Address M. S. I. A., 500 L Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

We Are The Largest Manufacturers Of Twisted Wire Brushes in America. Highest grade goods, best service, highest profit. Write for our new catalog. You are sure to win. Fuller Brush Co., 37 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn. Western Branch, Wichita, Kansas.

Agents Make Big Money Selling Our Gold And silver letters for Stores and Office windows, easily applied. Big demand everywhere. Postal brings free sample. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 152 N. Clark St., Chicago.

HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN

Salesmen: Full Time Or Side Line. Pocket samples. Big repeat business. Proposition appeals to Merchants in all classes of trade. Brand new. Those capable of earning $50 to $75 weekly desired. Cooperative Premium Co., Dept. 23, Dayton, Ohio.

Risk A Cent. Make Big Money. Send A Postal for new proposition. We want 150 new tailoring salesmen. Every garment union made. Express prepaid. Your own sample suit at less than wholesale price—pay for it out of your commissions. We back you. No capital needed. No experience necessary. Free samples—free outfit—full and complete instructions to start at large salary at once. Regal Tailoring Co., 423 Regal Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Specialty Salesmen Wanted To Place Our Shet-land ponies in high class advertising stunts among merchants and theatres. We have the ponies and the novel attractive plan. Dunlap Pony Co., North St., Greenfield, O.

Why Not Double Your Income? There's No reason why you can't. It's not a question of working harder but of working better. The Sheldon School will teach you how to multiply your efficiency and your income through the application of the simple, natural laws that govern every business relation. Write for splendid book, "The Service Idea." The Sheldon School, 1385 Republic Building, Chicago.

Make Big Money And Six Suits A Year At Cost. We want 200 new tailoring salesmen at once. We agree to furnish each man not to exceed six suits a year for his personal use at actual cost. Write at once. Make big money every week in this clean, high-class position. We furnish everything free—samples, measuring system, full instructions, etc. Also free advertising, printed in agent's own name. No experience necessary. Send no money—only your name and address today. We need men immediately. Reliable Tailoring Company, 348 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Income Insurance; Something New. Liberal, low cost policy issues to men or women, ages 16 to 70, guarantees an income of $25 weekly for sickness or injuries, $5000 Accidental Death. Annual cost $10. $2000 Accidental Death, $15 wkly for sickness or injuries. Annual cost $5. Midland Casualty Co., 1345 Insurance Exch., Chicago.

Wanted: Live Wire Representatives For High-grade patented article. Splendid side line specialty. Also standard seller to barbers, hotels, hairdressers and best homes. Write for special offer. Give full particulars first letter, stating territory desired. Sanitax Company, 2340 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Wanted: Hustlers To Take Orders For Made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from $8.00 to $22.00. You can make good money. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity to make money. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. A Sangamon St., Chicago.

Agents: Easily Earn A Good Weekly Income By selling Nobarn Guaranteed Hosiery. Direct from the mill proposition. Costs less. M. Garwood sold 1000 pair in six weeks. Send for Free Sample. No money required. NoDarn Hosiery Mills, Desk A, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods. Represent a big manufacturer. Good pay. Easy work. No experience needed. Free samples. Credit. Freeport Manufacturing Co., 72 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Wizard Lighting Systems and Table Lamps represent the acme of perfection in artificial lighting. As convenient as city gas. One-fourth the cost. For further particulars and agency, address Nagel-Chase Mfg. Co., 170 W. Ohio St., Chicago.

Manufacturer Of Popular Brand Guaranteed hosiery with linen heels and toes and many other exclusive features wants agents to sell direct to consumer. Reorders insure permanent, increasing income. Exclusive territory. Credit. J. Parker Mills, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Agents To Sell Cigar Lighters To Stores. New invention. Different from all others, no experience required. Big profits. Full information, terms. Address Drake Mfg. Co., 141 Reed St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Amazing Profits. Gliding Casters. New. No Rollers; homes buy 6 to 40 sets, hotels 50 to 500; any one can attach; noiseless; won't scratch floors; save carpets and furniture; costs 3c, sells 10c to 25c; exclusive territory; sample 4c. Evergrip Caster Co., 20B Warren St., New York.

Why Not Build Up A Business Of Your Own? U. S. Chemical Fire Extinguishers easily sell everywhere. Immense profits. Protected territory to local and State representatives. United Mfg. Co., 1241 Jefferson, Toledo, O.

Any One Of Our "26" Best Sellers Paves The way for 26 sales in every home. Agents make large profits. For terms and particulars write D. L. Silver & Company, Department C, Clayton, N. J.

Big Cash Bonus Monthly And Large Profits. Best 25c seller. A two Minute demonstration makes every call a sale. Free sample and particulars. G. V. Sales Co., 20 Spruce St., New York.

Advertising Stickers! All Kinds! All Prices! Inexpensive and effective advertising. A universal business help. Send today for price list. Splendid field for agents. St. Louis Sticker Co., Dept. 4, St. Louis, Mo.

Hustling Agents Wanted For Our Fast Selling Sanitary Household Brushes. Steady work. Big profits. Postal brings particulars. Dept. D. Hale & Kavanek, New Britain, Conn.

Agents: For "Everbrite" Gold Glass Letters for window signs and house numbers. These letters and numbers can be sold in every city in the country. Chicago Glass Novelty Co., Marion, Ind.

Agents! Portraits, 35c; Frames, 15c; Sheet Pictures, 1c; Stereoscopes, 25c; Views, 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 2366, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

INFORMATION FOR POLICY HOLDERS

Life Insurance Policies Bought. We Pay Higher cash values than the issuing company for tontine or deferred dividend policies 1 to 5 years before maturity. Write for explanatory booklet. Charles E. Shepard & Co., Inc., established 1886, 58 Liberty St., New York.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN 16-70

Special Get Acquainted Offer, $5.00 Yearly, old-line policy against sickness and accident. Pays $2,500 death, $12.50 weekly disability benefit; $25.00 weekly Hospital Benefit for accident; $12.50 Hospital Benefit for sickness. Write for application. Representatives wanted. L. B. Smutz, Mgr., 265 N. 7th, St. Louis, Mo.

Are You Looking For A Job? If You Are In earnest, if you aren't afraid of work, if you are willing to learn—there are hundreds of good paying jobs looking for you. It has always been so. Good men looking for the right work—and good positions looking for the right men. One of the best ways we know of bringing the right men and the right jobs together will be found on this page under the heading Agents Wanted. These little advertising bulletins, appearing twice each month, give the latest news of reputable dealers who wish to add new men to their sales forces. The fact that these advertisements appear in the columns of Collier's is an absolute guarantee of reliability. It is a waste of time trying to deal with irresponsible concerns. Read the announcements under the heading Agents Wanted. They will tell you about many opportunities to make money. You may find just the job you want.

WINDOW TRIMMING

Let Us Send You Full Information On Window Trimming, Advertising and Card Writing Courses, Books and Monthly Paper. The oldest and most successful school of its kind. The Koester School, 302 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Motion Picture Plays Wanted. You Can Write them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand and good pay. Details free. Ass'd M. P. Schools, 702 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

Picture Plots And Short Stories Wanted, Adapt-able to motion photography. Address, Kinemacolor Company of America, Dept. F, 48th Street and Broadway, New York City.

BUSINESS BUILDERS

Peerless—The Card That Wins. Peerless Patent Book Form Cards are an expression of personality. Each card detached from the book just as it is used. Peerless Cards are always flat and spotlessly clean. The edges never become worn. Peerless cards can be appreciated only by being seen and used. Send today for sample tab and detach the cards one by one as you would use them. John B. Wiggins Co., 48-50 E. Adams St., Chicago.

System Is The Heart Of A Department Store and the very life-blood itself of system is a thorough knowledge of the most economic way to run this system. Years of study among Department Store merchants has produced our "Department Stores Bulletin." Free—If requested on your letterhead,—covers the most approved methods of analyzing each clerk's and each department's work. This gives you an unbiased statement of your business. Burroughs Adding Machine Company, 100 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Local Manager In Each City Not Yet Allotted, to sell Cisco—a big money saver to local automobile owners, supply houses and garages. No competition. Large immediate profits. Must be able to handle salesmen and have from $50 to $250 cash in proportion to awarded territory. No proposition like this ever before offered. Don't write unless you can qualify with cash as well as references and we will submit you an unusually attractive opening. Address E. C. Rentzahn, 127 Duane St., Suite 94, New York.

Preparatory School For Sale: A Controlling interest in one of the largest, best known and best equipped preparatory schools for boys in the South. Full particulars on application. Preparatory School, Post Office Box 926, Atlanta, Ga.

Enormous Profits And Your Own Business. A great deal of money can be made operating our new automatic Ten Pin alley. It is the newest, quietest, automatic bowling alley in existence. No helpers necessary to set pins and return balls. Testimonials show where men are rapidly turning over capital. Any location will do in small or large towns. We will sell only one person in your locality. Only $150 capital required. This is a real opportunity. Write for particulars and agency for your locality. Profit Amusement Co., 27 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Opportunity Comes But Once? Nonsense! Opportunity is always waiting for you around the corner. She is as ubiquitous as the policeman. Perhaps it is your fault that you have not met her yet. Let us introduce you. Read the classified advertisements on this page under the heading Business Opportunities. These wonderful little advertisements, appearing twice each month, will prove to you that the opportunities of today are far greater than yesterday's—that tomorrow's will be greater still. Modern science, modern inventions, and twentieth century business methods have opened up thousands of new avenues where you and opportunity may meet. Look for the heading Business Opportunities and remember this: Opportunities must be sought—They seek no man.

COLLECTIONS

"Red Streaks Of Honesty Exist In Everybody," and thereby I collect over $200,000 yearly from honest debts all over the world. Write for my Red Streak Book, free. Francis G. Luke, 77 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Great Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A. "Some People Don't Like Us."

PATENTS, PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents That Pay Best. Inventions Sought By Capital. Write for free book of special interest to all inventors. Address R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Department 12, Washington, D. C.

DIE MAKING and METAL STAMPING

We Are Equipped To Make Dies And Metal stampings of all kinds. If you have a new patent and want the dies and goods made we can make them. No job too small or large for us to handle. Send sample. Edgren Mfg. Co., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

LOOSE LEAF DEVICES

Everybody Should Carry a Loose Leaf Memo book. Why? Because it is economic. Sample with Genuine Leather covers and 50 sheets, 25c. Name on cover in Gold 15c extra. Looseleaf Book Co., 81¼ E. 125th St., N. Y.

AUTHORS—MANUSCRIPTS

Turn Your Spare Time Into Cash. By New method just invented I teach anybody to write stories that sell. Particulars free. H. A. Phillips, Editor, 156 Fifth Ave., New York.

ADVERTISING

If You Could Have Ready At Hand At All Times a directory or an index of helps for entertaining—favor ideas—suggestions for prizes—novel place cards—hooks suggesting various sorts of entertainments, games, etc.; if you had such an index ready at your hand wouldn't the possession of it be of value to you? In an effort to approach such a degree of helpfulness, Collier's National Directory, under the heading "How to Entertain," is gathering the announcements of advertisers everywhere who have some of the above-mentioned things for sale. You will always find something interesting among the various classifications. Also, by adding such classifications as "Best Books to Read"—"For Your Home"—"How to Entertain"—"Business Builders"—"Increase Your Efficiency"—"For Your Children"—etc., we have started a selective process which will bring to you descriptions of books—of odd bits of furniture—hints for gifts—things for your children—and many other items of merchandise news which you will be glad to know about during the course of a year.

The Sky Pilot of the Lumberjacks

(Concluded from page 22)

For the space of almost a minute there was sudden, searching silence while a heavy, plod-footed man turned and, with shoulders thrown back and head high, walked out into the open air where God is undefined.

It is a pleasure to record that thereafter this same Presbytery sent for Higgins, and of its own motion ordained him. It is as proud of him to-day as is the whole Presbyterian Church.

HE FOUGHT THE SALOONS

HIGGINS regarded liquor selling as the principal enemy of the lumberjack. He lambasted the saloon unmercifully in his pulpit. Once he swore out warrants against the evil resorts in his town, but the county attorney refused to allow them to be served, declaring that "no preacher is going to run this town." The preacher went over the county attorney's head to the Attorney General of the State and even to the Governor. But they told him there was nothing they could do unless local sentiment were first aroused. And the preacher set to work to rouse local sentiment. Everywhere he went in the timber towns he inveighed against the liquor sellers. The W. C. T. U. helped him tremendously. Then "Pussy-foot" Johnson, one of the most sagacious foes of illegal liquor selling, got into the fight with Higgins. He dug up this old Indian treaty in which liquor selling on this soil was forever banned, and while Johnson was getting action on this Higgins was getting action from the people themselves. The inevitable happened. The moral conscience wakened. The slow wrath of the people kindled.

It came to Bemidji with all the suddenness of an explosion. The people arose and purged the town. They had a regular Carrie Nation time. The liquor was smashed at the bars. The gaming tables were burned in the streets. The brothels turned to ashes in a night.

And the Rev. Francis E. Higgins thanked God and took courage. He continued to go in and out among the people, fighting the sins and loving the sinners. He was as quick to come at the call of a saloon keeper or a gambler as for one of his lumberjacks. His work prospered. His circuits widened. Friends sprang up. But he could not personally reach twenty thousand lumberjacks scattered over two hundred miles of timber and be Sky Pilot to them all. He must have help. And help began to come. He resigned his church on faith. All his time was to be for the men of the camps. Then the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions adopted him, and a lady in Yonkers sent the money for his salary. But he must have helpers. And nothing from the theological seminaries would be valuable there. The missionary to the lumberjack must be of lumberjack stuff; so Higgins began to train some of his converts for this service.

THE STORY OF ONE CONVERT

LET me tell you the story of one of these converts, John Sornberger. Sornberger was a bartender, and then he was a prize fighter. He fought and won over two hundred ring battles in the back rooms of saloons in the Minnesota lumber woods. The only knock-out blow he ever received came from the whisky bottle he put to his own lips. And whisky will ruin a prize fighter as it will ruin any other man. So Sornberger went down the scale again from prize fighter to bartender to biscuit shooter in a lumber camp. He was a good cook but a bad man. He smashed a half-breed with a stone jug one day, and lay out in the woods for months waiting to see if the half-breed died or got well. Fortunately he recovered. During this period Higgins found him, talked to him, touched him, saw him converted; and then went around from county to county where the man was wanted for crimes and got the promise of prosecuting officers to give him a chance. Sornberger made good. He straightened up. He married. He preaches to-day in the very barrooms where once he brawled. He holds evangelistic services in the dance halls where the shouts of the onlookers had greeted his ring triumphs.

His old friends, now his enemies, give him some pretty raw deals. They told terrible stories about him, and he said: "Yes, that's all so," and went on with his preaching. They went and told his young wife long and awful yarns with sickening details. And she looked at Sornberger, and he hung his head and said: "They are true, all true; they can't imagine anything worse than I was." But still he kept on his way. Then his detractors made one terrible mistake. They whispered a story that reflected on his wife. Sornberger heard it, as it was intended he should hear it. The man is strong as iron. He is agile as a panther. He leaped through the swinging doors of the saloon from which the story emanated. In a trice he had both the proprietor and the barkeeper helpless on the floor, and then with a self-control more terrible than his passion, if that were possible, he said to them in accents that were low and hot: "You can talk about me all you please, and you can't make it bad enough, but I'm ready to answer to God for the life of the man that says a word against her."

HIGGINS A SUPERINTENDENT NOW

AND no man has ventured to breathe such a word from that day to this.

Francis E. Higgins is a superintendent of missions now. He has fourteen evangelists under him, each of whom in a given district does the work that Higgins with his own hands began to do in 1894. John Sornberger and seven others of these fourteen are the converts of those labors.

One of these workers is a woman. The Catholics have placed a noble chain of hospitals at the doors of these lumber woods, and this cheery-faced woman goes from one to another of these hospitals visiting the men whom Higgins and his coworkers send out.

And so the men of this vast snowbound greenery are being redeemed like the timber from the forest.

Francis E. Higgins, who first discovered these lumberjacks, organized the work and still leads in it. Through twenty years of unselfish devotion to the cause of the men in the woods he has earned the affection and regard which they feel for their Sky Pilot.

Constantinople During the Armistice

(Concluded from page 12)

must have died from sheer exhaustion due to hunger and exposure. Through an interpreter I learned from one man, who had not long to live, that his regiment and others near them had campaigned for seven days on two days' rations, fighting by day and intrenching and retreating by night in the rain and cold of November.

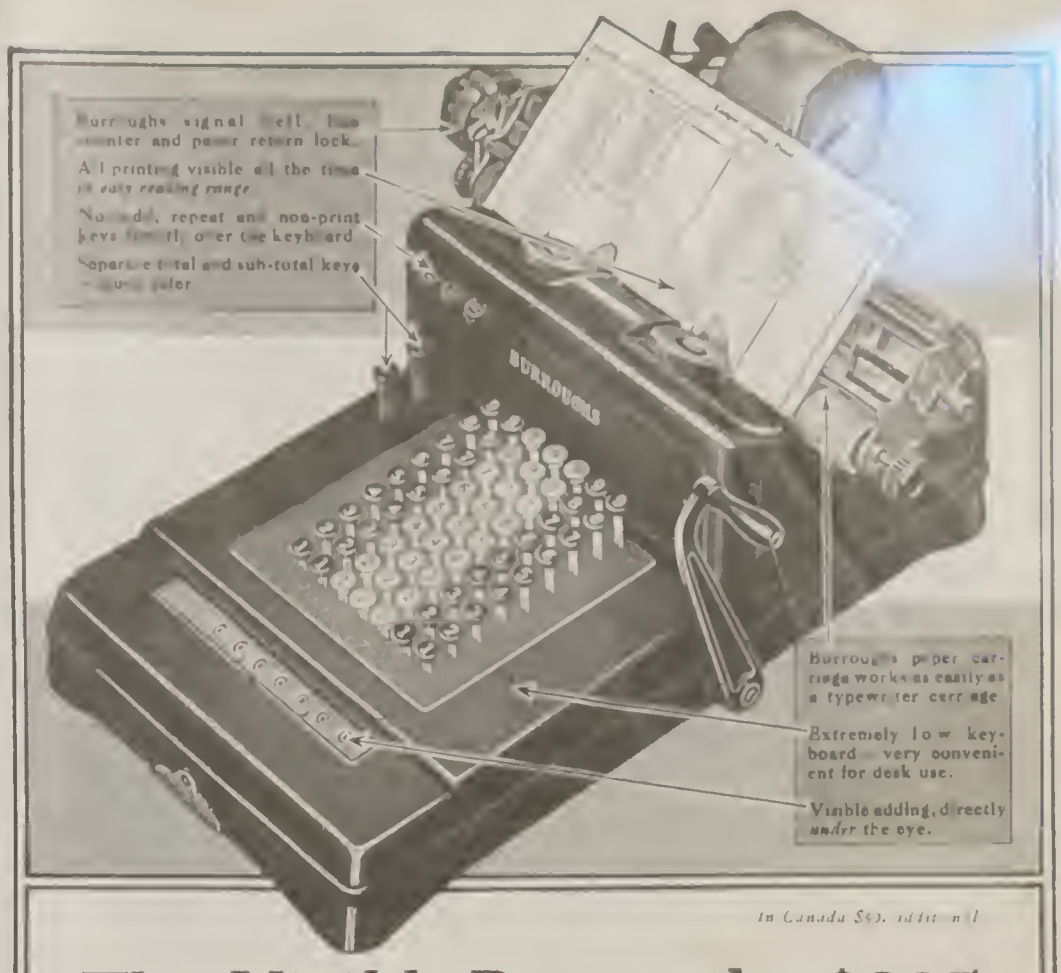
SANTA SOFIA HOUSED THE SICK

THE writing which I began this morning was interrupted late this afternoon by a chance to see Santa Sofia with a Turkish doctor, who is in charge of the augean task of cleaning up the mosques from which the sick have now all been either carried out for burial or sent away to new hospitals and camps.

In the inclosure outside the mosque great quantities of refuse and débris which have been raked out from the interior were burning in smoldering, noisome heaps. I shall not attempt to describe the interior of Santa Sofia. It has beaten the best efforts of the masters. The effect of its dim vastness in the half light of this winter evening was depressing beyond words. Perhaps never before since the Greek massacre here in 1453 has it been seen just as it then was. Instead of silent rugs outspread under the unshod feet of the faithful, the stones and walls, sprinkled all around with offensive lime and disinfectants, gave back hard, hollow noises as we walked about.

The worshipful character of the building seemed violated, lost, and instead one felt weighed down by shadows. The whole place at that moment was given over to defeat and dissolution. And yet no service or ceremony could have come nearer the worth of a church in the world than the sanctuary this vast Christian interior had given to thousands of weary and heavy-laden Moslems who had made here their last sacrifice.

Once more out in the clean, quiet air we stopped while an attendant washed our shoes in a tub of bichloride solution. In the tranquil eastern sky the new December moon was set silver clear over Asia with the evening star beside it.



In Canada $60, additional

This *Visible* Burroughs $225

This complete, visible, low keyboard, 7-column Burroughs at $225 is the biggest adding machine value ever offered for the business requiring totals not exceeding $100,000.00.

For adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing, and tabulating wide sheets up to 12½ inches—for *any* kind of figure work within the capacity of a seven-column adding-listing machine.

The illustration shows the big features—*all* the printing always visible in *easy reading range*, adding dials directly *under* the *eye*, low keyboard, and the speediest, most efficient typewriter carriage ever put on an adding machine.

This machine is a *Burroughs* from the designing room to the user's office, built in the Burroughs factory, of the same material, with the same wonderful machine tools and by the same trained workmen who have built a reputation for lifetime service into other Burroughs models.

The Burroughs visible line of machines is also made in other sizes up to ten columns.

Write for "A Better Day's Profits" and let us ship a machine, express prepaid, from our nearest office, for free trial. No cost or obligation.

Burroughs Adding Machine Company

European Office, 76 Cannon Street, London, E. C., England

18 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

Makers of adding and listing machines; listing and non-listing calculating machines; low keyboard visible-printing adding machines—86 models in 402 combinations of features—$150 to $950—U. S. prices. Easy payments if desired.

The Rubbers of a Gentleman

EVERSTICK
INVISIBLE RUBBER

Worn by Men of Good Taste

everywhere because they are dressy, serviceable and comfortable. They keep the feet dry all the time in any kind of weather. Everstick stay on when you need them most, but they're easy to put on and take off. They do not heat the feet.

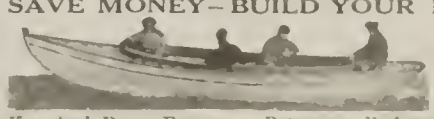
At all Good Shoe Stores

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY, NEW YORK

GOLDMAN'S **Arithstyle**

Handiest, Fastest, Cheapest, Durable, Reliable
Computing Machine Adds, subtracts, Multiplies, Divides!
Carries Automatically, Resets Instantaneously
Easily packed on page, held in hand or fixed to Desk.
Labor Saving, Mind-Resting, Self-checking
Special Agents' Offer. Request Instructive Booklet.
ARITHSTYLE CO., SUITE 214 [illegible] 38th St. NEW YORK

SAVE MONEY—BUILD YOUR DORY



EASY TO BUILD 18 to 30 ft.

Knocked-Down Frames or Patterns. Reduced Prices. Also Finished Dories and Motors, 18 to 30 ft. Send for Catalog.
TOPPAN BOAT CO., 12 Haverhill St., BOSTON, MASS.

Clean, safe, freshly-filtered Water

for *all* purposes at less cost per year than bottled drinking water filters in your use

THE LOOMIS-MANNING FILTER

the only filter that perfectly cleanses itself. The standard filter of the finest improved public buildings in America. Write for Catalog C. and list of users.

LOOMIS-MANNING FILTER DISTRIBUTING CO., Home Office 521 Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia
Established 1880 Branches, New York, Buffalo, Boston, Chicago, Baltimore and Washington

The Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Ask your druggist for "the brush in the yellow box"—he knows

Velvet
THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

10¢ TINS

This rich Old Burley has been well aged—a fine flavor and smoke smoothness that will win you!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Are you looking for a job?

¶ If you are in earnest, if you aren't afraid of work, if you are willing to learn—there are hundreds of good paying jobs *looking for you.*

¶ It has always been so. Good men looking for the right work—and good positions looking for the right men.

¶ One of the best ways we know of bringing the right men and the right jobs together will be found under the heading *Agents Wanted* in

Collier's National Directory

¶ These little advertising bulletins, appearing twice each month, give the latest news of reputable dealers who wish to add new men to their sales forces.

¶ The fact that these advertisements appear in the columns of Collier's is an absolute guarantee of reliability. It is a waste of time trying to deal with irresponsible concerns.

¶ Read the announcements under the heading *Agents Wanted.* They will tell you about many opportunities to make money.

You may find just the job you want

ELGIN WATCHES ON CREDIT

Thin Model

12-Size 17-Jewel Elgin

This Month, we want to send you this fine **$30.00 Watch,** a very thin model, 12-size 17-Jewel—the classiest Gent's Watch made today and yet one that has long been the **Standard Watch of the World,** complete with Double Strata Gold Filled Case, **fully guaranteed for 25 years, on**

P. S. HARRIS
Pres. Harris-Goar Co.

FREE TRIAL $19.75 | $2.50 = A = MONTH

This is the watch that will appeal to you instantly—and if you yourself don't say it is the biggest Elgin Watch bargain you ever saw, send it back at our expense. If you wish to keep it, the way is easy. Pay us only $2.50 and the rest in similar amounts each month. **No interest—no security**—just common honesty among men. We want you to see for yourself that this fine 17-Jewel Elgin is better than other watches costing twice or three times as much.

Send for Our Big Free Catalog

Write today for particulars and we will send you our new FREE WATCH AND DIAMOND BOOK, also our book called **"Facts vs Bunc"** or all about the watch business both at home and abroad. Write for it today.

HARRIS-GOAR CO., Dept. 691, KANSAS CITY MO.,

The House That Sells More Elgin Watches Than Any Other Firm in the World

Brickbats & Bouquets

WHEN it is remembered that Democrats will have but a minutest majority in the Senate, and when it is also remembered that the Democracy has promised tariff reform to the people, and that it must make good with its promise or fall into inevitable disrepute, the value of COLLIER'S warning becomes evident.

—Sacramento (Cal.) *Union.*

✣

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Who is responsible for the selection of your so-called short stories? The fool killer has certainly missed a shining mark when he missed him. Is there any moral in such a story as "The Mountains"?

C. D. WITTE.

✣

Every day reveals the truth of the fact set forth by COLLIER'S that there is an indissoluble partnership between the evil influences that menace the integrity of American cities.—Louisville (Ky.) *Post.*

✣

We may be mistaken, but we believe COLLIER'S WEEKLY is not for legal prohibition, but against it, and it is therefore only a mischief-maker.

—Parkersburg (W. Va.) *Journal.*

✣

The "Hawkeye" believes that there are many sane Democrats in Congress who will act as a check on any attempt to carry out COLLIER'S idea of free trade tariff ripping.—Burlington (Iowa) *Hawkeye.*

✣

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Let me tell you how deeply and truly and finely the poetry of your Christmas issue reflects the spirit and the meaning of the Christmastide. It is most refreshing in the midst of this most temporal and materialistic and sordid age to feel the touch and get the inspiration of the Master of Ages. Of course, we expect great things from "The" National Weekly—but this is your best.

ONE OF YOUR READERS.

✣

Even COLLIER'S, commendable weekly that it is, valiant supporter of what it believes to be right and generally is right, appears with a lady of the Gibson style of artistic degeneracy on the front page of the cover.

—Los Angeles (Cal.) *Tribune.*

✣

COLLIER'S WEEKLY advises us that there is an easy way for every Democrat to help along the Wilson Administration, and that is to refrain from asking for a job for himself or for any of his friends. To the best of our knowledge and belief every Administration since the Government of the United States began has been lacking in just that same sort of assistance. It is legitimate to wonder just what the effect would be.—Utica (N. Y.) *Observer.*

✣

Eloquent in its simplicity and clear in prophetic vision.

—Stockton (Cal.) *Record.*

✣

Senator Warren of Wyoming is not going to disturb COLLIER'S; he knows that they know he is an infernal rascal as well as he knows he is. So it is diplomacy on his part not to nose in for more evidence of a charge, or accusation, when proof is already clinched and compounded. No pure-food label on that duck.

—Durango (Colo.) *Democrat.*

✣

COLLIER'S has published charges against Senator Warren of Wyoming which if untrue are gross libel. Now the magazine requests the Senator to sue for libel and make it prove its charges; it also challenges him to ask the Senate for an investigation. Should Senator Warren fail to do the one or the other, the general impression will be that "there's a reason."

—La Crosse (Wis.) *Tribune.*

✣

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which made a series of atrocious charges against Senator Warren of Wyoming, is much peeved because the people of that State not only refused to believe the charges but voted to send him back to the Senate. So COLLIER'S, in order to keep the pot a-boiling practically dares the Senator to sue it for libel and threatens him with an investigation at the hands of somebody. Other papers have also intimated that it is up to Mr. Warren to commence a libel action against his traducer or to himself demand an investigation of the "charges."

It is to be hoped, however, that Senator Warren will take neither one of these courses. His vindication by his own State is enough, and as it may be reasonably assumed that there is no truth in the charges there is nothing to investigate. There is in this country a certain class of publications that lives in the illegitimate and illicit fashion of the so-called white slaves or the equally notorious gunmen. They prostitute public decency for profit; they assassinate the characters of public men for pay. It makes not the slightest difference to these publications whether their victim is an honorable man or whether his public services have been of value to the people. In fact, the more shining the mark the more venomous the attack. No public man is safe from these vermin of the press, and neither a libel suit nor an investigation ever brings him any redress.

—Potsdam (N. Y.) *Freeman.*

✣

Mark Whatsisname, who is hired by COLLIER'S to spatter mud or worse over the reputations of clean public men.

—Cheyenne (Wyo.) *Tribune.*

✣

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, ME.

To have paid the subscription price of the Weekly still leaves the writer and every other on your list much your debtor. That sum by no means compensates you for the unselfish and most admirable efforts you are making for the good of your countrymen. I beg you will accept my personal thanks, that I may feel my obligation to you is, at least in a measure, reduced. Do not trouble to acknowledge this. It is your just due from all.

G. B. KENNISTAN.

✣

This week's number of COLLIER'S WEEKLY has a lengthy article by C. P. Connolly, under the caption, "The Case of West Virginia," in which the politicians, Republicans and Democrats alike, come in for some very severe criticism for their alleged corrupt methods. . . .

Individuals and corporations are called by name, and from the freedom with which the article discusses various transactions one is led to believe that COLLIER'S is sure of its ground.

—Martinsburg (W. Va.) *Journal.*

✣

COLLIER'S long-awaited exposé of the corruption in the Democratic caucus, and the election of C. W. Watson and W. E. Chilton, contained nothing new, because there was nothing new to say. When a dozen responsible newspapers have repeatedly denounced two men as corruptionists and bribers; when respectable men have arisen on the floor of the Legislature, and not only charged bribery but offered proof of it; when these two men have sat under these charges for two years, and have never asked or sought an investigation that might convince or exonerate them, what more is there to say?

True, the only tribunal is the United States Senate itself, and that tribunal has been appealed to—not, however, by either C. W. Watson or W. E. Chilton.

—Wheeling (W. Va.) *Intelligencer.*

✣

After the Republicans see the map of the United States in the forthcoming COLLIER'S, they may be more convinced than ever that their party requires reorganization.—Bay City (Mich.) *Times.*

✣

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

For the gentleman engaged in getting out this paper I have sympathy and respect—it must be worse than an insurance agent's job to push COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

I would not object to having some books five feet or over in size, but you could not give me a limousine if you insisted on your paper going with it—I mean both free gratis for nothing without charge. I prefer dengue fever to COLLIER'S.

A. MCCLURKIN.

✣

DALLAS, TEX.

The excellent service given by your Washington Bureau has been well proven by myself. Some time ago I very much desired to obtain certain information concerning one of the departments. Efforts to secure it for me by one United States Senator and three Congressmen were without avail. I gave it up until I noted your generous offer to supply information of the kind. I then wrote your Washington Bureau and was given full particulars almost by return mail. I am now supplying the Senator and three Congressmen with this information, something they very much desire.

Gratefully yours, JOSEPH S. MYERS.

COL

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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VOL FIFTY NO 19

JANUARY 25 1913

"There's the stuff—

"Prince Albert's the bulliest tobacco I ever smoked in this old jimmy pipe—after breakfast or whenever!

"Just sort of rings the bell every time you make fire with a match—it's so fragrant and fresh—and with a flavor that makes you realize you've finally hit the high spot.

"And listen—you can't dig a tongue-bite from a barrel of P. A.—*just isn't any*—because it's cut out in the patented process that stamps P. A. *my* brand and *your* brand!

"Smoke P. A. till the cows come home! Smoke it any old way, it can't even dry your mouth or parch your throat! Get that?

"Your cue is to switch onto the map with a jimmy pipe and get some of this sure enough pipe joy.

"Doesn't listen right any more to sing out: 'I can't smoke a pipe.' You *can*, you *will*, if you catch the spirit of this hunch and go *to it* with the old jimmy jammed with P. A.

"Today, everywhere men go, a pipe's triple x form. They smoke their favorites in the big cafes. Walk into the clubs and you'll find the old jimmies doing great service. In the homes, on the street, in the offices, just get a line on pipe smoking—*and* the men who smoke Prince Albert!

"Prince Albert has made all this possible, because it's the brand that's all wool and ace high. It puts the jimmy pipe right on the firing line with *you*, with me, with every man who knows the joys of the real way to smoke tobacco. Say, get into the spirit of

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Buy P. A. in the big cities, back in the bushes—in any neck of the woods you make camp. The tidy red tin 10c, the toppy red bag 5c, and also in handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Says "Hunch:"

"They ain't nothin' so soothin' as the corn cob for me, but the chap up top's been hitting that there same pet bent bulldog with an amber stem for nine years flat. Sez he: 'Hunch, here's *some* smoking, this real briar jimmy pipe jes' choked to the brim with P. A.' An' he knows!"

A view of Roundup, Montana, as it is today

These little pictures show why big cities must grow up in the Northwest.

Going to Bend, Ore., two years ago.

The way they go to Bend today.

There is water power enough to light and give power to a hundred cities and thousands of farms.

A great grazing and cattle country.

A sample shipment of sheep.

The Northwest will mine its own coal. This coal mine is near Roundup, Mont.

The Northwest is the premier wheat country. These elevators are at Lemmon, North and South Dakota.

This Northwest grocery store is modern enough for Chicago or New York.

Pioneer Dollars are staking out Fortunes in the great Northwest

In 1859 the city of Denver consisted of one log cabin. In 1865 Minneapolis was a village. The original sites of Seattle, Wash.; Portland, Ore.; Spokane, Wash.; Omaha, Nebr., and Butte, Mont., are today worth millions and millions of dollars. Knowing what you know today about these cities, would you, when they were raw, frontier settlements without railroad connections—would you have bought a building lot in the heart of each of the five for five hundred dollars? Unquestionably!

Keep the history of these cities in mind while you read the following story of the new Northwest and the Northwest Townsite Co.'s proposition to you.

Thirty-one months ago the last spike was driven in what is probably the last across-the-continent railroad that will ever be built in the U. S. This is the Chicago, Milwaukee and Puget Sound Railroad, traversing South Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Washington. Here, too, is the enormous Northern Pacific and Great Northern Systems, with huge arteries branching into North Dakota, Wyoming and Oregon.

Eastern financiers have literally dumped millions of dollars into these railroads. They have invested the ransom of a regiment of kings in the future of this enormously rich country. It takes no prophet to forecast what is going to happen. The increase in land values has already commenced.

On these railroads, at vital junction points and distributing centers, have sprung up the inevitable cities that must become the business clearing centers of all this enormous territory.

The Northwest Townsite Company has purchased the choicest building lots available in the most likely and logical of these cities.

Here is the Northwest Townsite proposition to you—

We are offering building lots in five of these cities located in three different states on the safest, sanest, most practical real estate plan ever devised. Maybe all, possibly two or three, at least one, of these five cities is destined to develop into a Denver, a Seattle, a Portland, Ore. These are the five cities included in this offer—Bend, Ore.; Roundup, Mont.; Redmond, Ore.; Vale, Ore.; Lemmon, on the border line between South and North Dakota.

In each of these cities we have at present 170 building lots. We will sell to 170 people —first come, first served—1 lot in each of these five cities, in these three states, for $500 —$500 for the entire five lots—payable in installments and free from taxes until paid for.

Should the purchaser die before the whole sum is paid, but after paying $250, we will deliver deeds to all five lots to his or her heirs or assigns free from further payments.

5 lots in 5 cities in 3 states $500

This is what we have termed "The Divided Risk Plan"—the plan that has made possible the wonderful success of all fire, life and marine insurance companies.

You would be making a rare investment if you purchased a single lot in any one of these five young cities. On the divided risk plan the chance of success of your investment is multiplied by 5, your chance of loss is divided by 5.

This is not a get-rich-quick scheme. It is a get-rich-sure scheme. It is an investment wherein you can buy one lot in each of five robust Northwest cities and forget them a few years—and awake some fine day in the near future to find yourself with a snug fortune.

It is the pioneer dollars that are going to produce the richest harvest in this new empire. Give this your most earnest thought. It is a rare opportunity. Only 170 persons can seize this offer. Preference will be given inquiries in the order in which they are received. Fill in the coupon or write us a personal letter, and get the particulars about this wonderful country and this wonderful real estate investment plan at once.

THE NORTHWEST TOWNSITE CO., 308 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WE PRINT THIS COUPON FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

NORTHWEST TOWNSITE CO.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Date.....

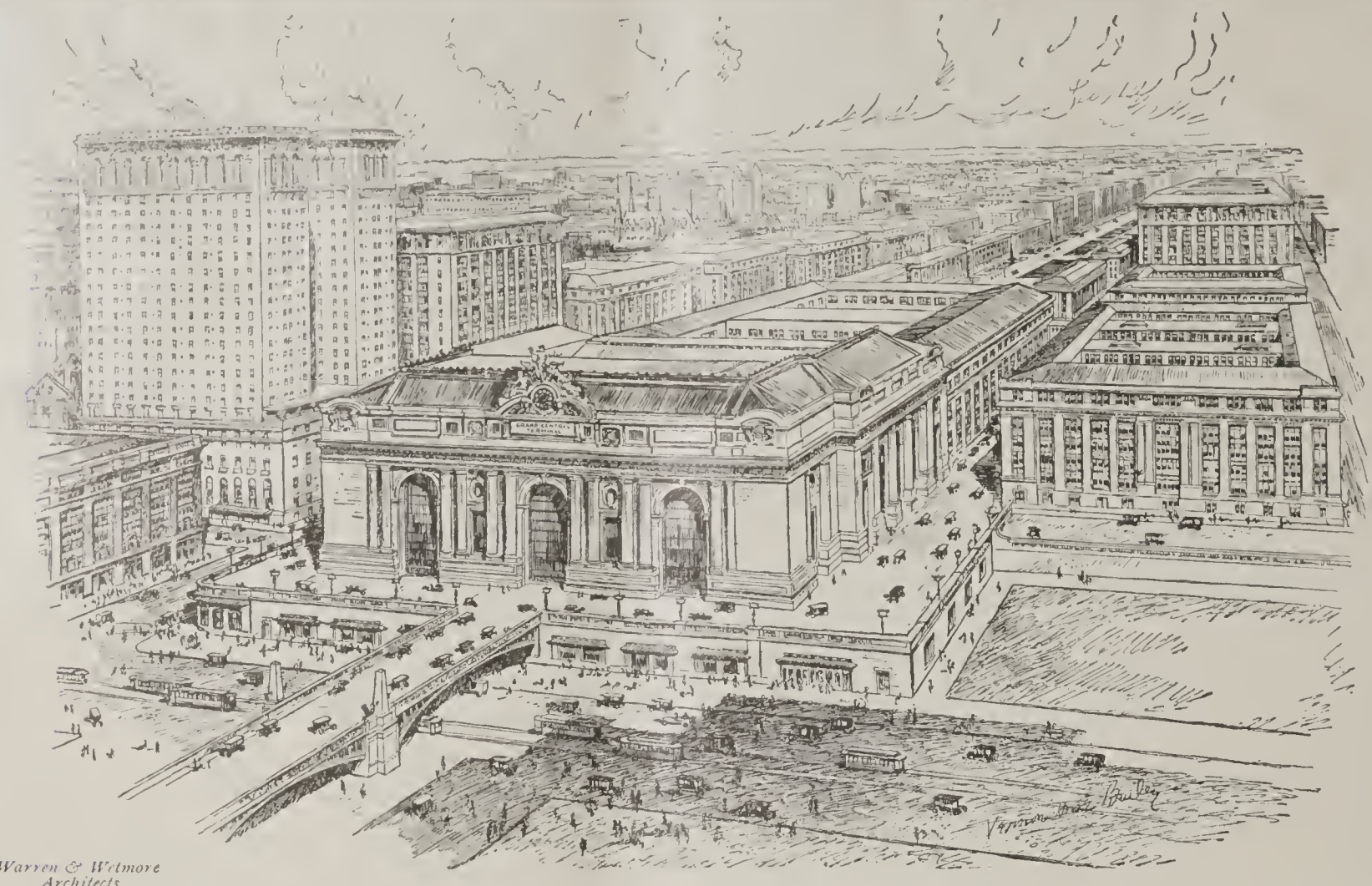
Please register this inquiry and send me at once full particulars about the five towns mentioned in your advertisement in Collier's Weekly, January 25th, and your plan for investment. It is understood that this request involves no obligation of any kind on my part.

Name .....

No. ..... Street.....

P. O. ..... County ..... State .....

Minneapolis today. A generation ago it looked like the above view of Roundup.



Warren & Wetmore
Architects

THE TERMINAL CITY

THE GREATEST CIVIC DEVELOPMENT EVER UNDERTAKEN—INCIDENT TO THE NEW GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL IN NEW YORK CITY, WHICH WILL BE

OPENED FEBRUARY, 1913

This vast undertaking comprehends the erection of a great Terminal City, complete in itself, a city within a city, occupying an area of thirty city blocks, in New York City.

It will embrace hotels and modern apartment houses, convention and exhibition halls, clubs and restaurants, and department stores and specialty shops. In short, practically every sort of structure or enterprise incident to the modern city.

These features are all in addition to post office, express buildings and other natural adjuncts of the up-to-date terminal—to expeditiously handle diverse traffic.

THE NEWLY COMPLETED GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL

Will provide every detail essential to the comfort and convenience of its patrons. The Terminal itself is the physical embodiment of the latest and the highest ideal of service. Its adequate description is impossible here. It must be seen to be fully appreciated —or indeed to be completely comprehended.

The main Terminal building alone is 722 feet long and 301 feet wide on the surface, and half again as wide below the street level. It will accommodate comfortably 30,000 people at one time.

Through and suburban service occupy different levels approached by inclines, avoiding stairways, so that each level may be reached without confusion. Incoming and outgoing traffic is segregated and the two currents of travel separated. Every facility is progressively arranged so that no step need be retraced, no time need be lost. There are 33 miles of track within the Terminal, which will hold over 1000 cars at one time.

Dedicated to the Public Service, February, 1913.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR

His Master's Voice

YET ONCE MORE, SENATOR WARREN

THIS PAPER some weeks ago printed an account of certain thefts and perjuries for profit committed by the Hon. FRANCIS EMROY WARREN, United States Senator from Wyoming, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, and otherwise intrenched in positions which make him one of the four or five dominant figures in the United States Senate and in the Republican party. That detailed list of Senator WARREN'S thefts was thought at the time to be inclusive, but there was an important omission which it is the purpose of this belated paragraph to set down: Senator WARREN is a member of the Committee on Military Affairs, and has long used his position on that committee to make money for himself. Some one brought it about that the army should acquire lands for maneuvering purposes in what is known as the Pole Mountain District of Wyoming. (Whether the initiative came from Senator WARREN himself must remain a matter of inference; we are thus explicit because this comparatively unimportant detail is the only part of the facts here set down which is not a matter of official record.) Then, as chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, Senator WARREN secured from the United States Treasury the money necessary for the purchase. Thus prepared, Senator WARREN, through the F. E. Warren Mercantile Company (the dummy corporation which he uses in many of his thieving transactions), bought several sections of land on the site of the proposed maneuvering grounds in the Pole Mountain District from R. S. VAN TASSEL for $18,894.58—remember the figures. The official details of this purchase are entered on the records of the County Clerk for Albany County, Wyo., as of December 28, 1910. About eighteen months later, on May 17, 1912, Senator WARREN completed his theft by selling to the United States Government *a portion* of these lands for $22,460. At the present moment, therefore, Senator WARREN'S cash profit from this transaction is $3,565.42. In addition, he still retains 320 acres of the land. It is hardly important enough to record, as a final detail of his profits, that he continued to use the land which he sold to the Government as a grazing ground for his sheep.

SWEATSHOPS

DURING THE LAST FEW WEEKS one hundred and fifty thousand men, women, and young girls in the garment industry of New York City have left their benches and machines, and have gone out on strike for better conditions. Prominent among their demands is the abolition of tenement work, called with pathetic irony "home" work. Of all the blots upon our industrial civilization, this "sweating" system is perhaps the biggest and the blackest. Home indeed! Two rooms, or one, in a crowded, dirty tenement—airless, dark, cluttered beyond belief with the mixed-up refuse of daily living and incessant toil; rank with the germs of the dread diseases that come from hunger and crowding and promiscuous living; cold and cheerless and sad. Only a sort of workshop, but infinitely worse than any shop, for here there are no laws against long hours, child labor, unsanitary conditions, only unceasing, monotonous toil for less than enough to pay for daily bread. Seventy-five per cent of all the finishing work done in the garment industry of New York is done in this way. Not only is this form of work in itself intolerable, but it drags down the scale of wages in the factory work and seriously menaces the health of the rest of the population. No home is so far away from New York that one of these infected garments may not reach it. The contractors say that if any one concern abolishes home work it will at once be ruined by competition with others which do not. This may or may not be true. But the question should not be left for the disputing parties to decide. In a case so intimately bound up with the welfare of the whole community the conditions should be regulated by the law. One reason why the sweatshop has not long ago been exterminated by an indignant people is given in Mr. ROOSEVELT'S article in this issue. That sort of thing has about reached the limit. The day of sophistical "justice" is waning.

THE SUPREME COURT AND STATES RIGHTS

THE DECISION of the Supreme Court that the Carmack amendment to the Interstate Commerce Law takes important powers from the individual States is a very large straw showing which way a very strong wind blows. It is not a wind of doctrine regarding centralization and States rights; it is a wind born of circumstances and conditions that move along regardless of any man's theories. The general government is given powers because it needs them and can use them as no State can; and then it develops that certain State legislation is thereby put out of business. This result bears the air of belonging to that procession known as the inevitable march of events. The thing for Americans to do in this matter of centralization is to keep open minds, and judge related phenomena and measures from the standpoint of to-day's needs. The hysterical fears and jealousies of the colonies as to a central government all but killed this nation before it was born; their real dangers had nothing to do with the royal usurpations they grotesquely feared; ours have less, less than nothing, because the real usurping royalties hidden behind the dumb-crambo kind of government need our fears of centralization in their business; they need to render our efforts at self-government inefficient, and fifty little republics, all acting singly and often conflictingly against the common and banded foe, must suit that foe. The general government is our government; it is for us to find out where and how, amid new needs, our will can best be made effective through it.

WHERE WILSON STANDS

ALL THE UTTERANCES AND ACTIONS from which Mr. WILSON'S future course can fairly be judged indicate that he will be steadily on the side of the progressive wing of his party.

ONE LEGISLATURE

THE WEST VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE, if it should deserve well of the future, will make a clean sweep in the matter of needed legislation. For years the Legislatures, controlled by lobbyists, have trifled with popular demands. The Republicans went into power on promises and then forgot their promises. The Democrats were once more intrusted with power, and shamelessly abused it. They were properly rebuked by the people at the last election, which put into power a progressive Republican State ticket and a progressive Republican Legislature, though overwhelmingly indorsing Governor WILSON. In some of the former Republican strongholds the Taft electoral ticket received fewer votes than either WILSON or ROOSEVELT. If the present Legislature cannot take a hint from these political occurrences, the West Virginia voters will doubtless measure out stronger medicine in future. The people have for years demanded a direct-primary law as one of the first needs. They would have had it two years ago but for the influence of WATSON and CHILTON and their allies. West Virginia is one of the very few States of the American Union that have no railroad commission. That is a fair sample of the progressive spirit of its past Legislatures. Twenty-five hundred dollars a year is the appropriation for the State Board of Health—not enough to maintain an active board of health in a town of ten thousand people. Yet West Virginia is one of the richest and most prosperous of States. The spirit of its people is fine and modern—only its politics has been corrupt and medieval. It is probable that a Legislature elected as a rebuke to the Chilton-Watson legislative methods of two years ago will learn some wisdom from past experience and keep step to the awakened conscience and progressive spirit of the State.

BUSINESS SPEAKS

DOES THIS EXCERPT sound like the resolutions of some medical society or the pronouncement of a philanthropic and sociological organization? It is not. It is the voice of Business speaking in terms of Trade. It is taken from the forthcoming annual catalogue of Sears, Roebuck & Co., largest of the world's mail-order houses, where it appears under the heading "Why We Have Discontinued Patent Medicines":

> In our opinion the evils chargeable to patent medicines are likely to continue so long as these products have free access to the channels of publicity and trade.

On the cover of the concern's catalogue is printed this legend: "We guarantee that each and every article in this catalogue is exactly as described and illustrated." Therein is the why and wherefore of the patent medicines' expulsion; the firm's standards and the nostrum trade are mutually irreconcilable. "We have come to believe," the firm states, "that patent medicines do not conform to this standard; in fact, we are confident that those of our customers who have investigated the matter thoroughly will agree with us that, considered in all its phases, the patent-medicine business is a public evil." In place of the nostrums which the catalogue formerly carried, there now appears a list of nonsecret preparations announced without false promises or even minor exaggerations of claim. Of course there is more money in immediate returns from the frauds. But Sears, Roebuck & Co. are wise enough (and there is no firm in the country with a solider repute for farseeing business sense) to perceive that honest goods and dishonest goods cannot be sold indefinitely from the same market; that the one per cent of fraud must eventually taint with its unwholesome leaven the ninety-nine per cent of fair dealing. When the newspaper press shall have learned this lesson the secret nostrum trade will swiftly die of inanition.

CLEAN LINEN

OPPORTUNITY steadily narrows for the fraudulent patent medicines. Only a few years ago they controlled the daily press widely through the notorious "red clause" proviso in their advertising contracts, which compelled the papers to oppose any antifraud legislation, on penalty of losing the contracts. Few, indeed, are the newspapers which to-day debase themselves to do the dirty work of the quacks, editorially, even though they continue to accept this class of advertising. And more publications every year discriminate, with a greater or less rigidity, against medical advertising as a class. The latest convert to the higher honesty is the Chicago "Inter-Ocean," long the promiscuous repository of any quackery, no matter how foul or dangerous. With the assumption of control by Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, this paper has promptly dropped out the fraudulent and indecent nostrum advertisements. Along with them go the announcements of "massage parlors" (an all-too-obvious euphemism), free whiskies, and other agencies of public injury. At the very start some twenty thousand dollars of income went by the board. Decency for a newspaper isn't cheap. But it is worth the price in character, in satisfaction, and—in the long run—in patronage, since the whole tendency of good advertising is to avoid the company of bad advertising. The "Inter-Ocean" has washed its dirty linen quietly; but it has washed it clean.

HE GRINNED BROADLY

THIS STORY from the day's news appeared in the New York "Evening Post" (italics ours):

A remarkable situation was developed in Special Sessions, Part I, to-day, when Arthur James Warley, the chauffeur who was sentenced to a year's imprisonment in the penitentiary on Monday, listened to the justices revoke the sentence of one year for operating a taxicab when intoxicated and running down a woman. As a substitute for the prison term, Justices Steinert, McInerney, and Salmon fined Warley $25, acting upon the recent decision of Alfred R. Page, justice of the Supreme Court, who found that, under the Callan Law, persons could not be sent to prison for violation of that law.

Immediately after the penalty against the chauffeur had been announced, Frank Stanton, his counsel, rose and said that his client did not have the money. That being the case, the lawyer suggested that the only thing to do was to let Warley walk out a free man, since the Callan Law made no provision for enforcing the payment. The justices agreed, and Warley and his lawyer hastened out of the court room.

In revoking the prison sentence and imposing the fine, Justice Steinert said:

"The Supreme Court has decided in a recent case that this court has no power to send you to the penitentiary. . . .

"A drunken man can drive a machine and go free by being fined. Any drunken chauffeur may take his machine into the streets of New York, risk the lives of the public, and no provision has been made by this law for punishment." . . .

When the justices concurred with Stanton *that there was nothing to hinder his client from going free, since he could not pay the fine,* Warley *grinned broadly.*

Without doubt this belongs in the class of stories that are told best when they are least adorned by comment. But it is difficult to refrain from calling to it the particular attention of Mayor Gaynor and some other moralists in high places who complain that the sensational newspapers are destroying respect for law and order.

THE BARKERS OF BUSINESS

THIS IS AN AGE of sincere advertising. The "hard hitters," the "bulldogs," the "business getters" of an advertising staff are a crew of forceful young men, drawing pay of from four to twelve thousand a year, who size up the products of an age and then tell about them in swift, compelling words. They let the country clergyman know that there is a meritorious safety razor for the patient face, and they inform the city clerk of transportation to the sea or the far hills where he can regain health. When they like a book or a periodical or a kitchen ware they get behind it with all their rich enthusiasm and make the author or the inventor widely known throughout a nation. They strengthen the blow of a reformer and widen the range of a poet. With their breezy man talk they gain the ear of any group. And because they are sincere they hold the attention while they proceed with their story. And what they say being true, they are permitted to call again and say still more in praise of the same product, or shift over from a pickle to a building loan, and repeat their thrills and sales. They create pickaninny characters around a dreary impersonal slab of kitchen cleaner, and raise phantoms of delight with the baking powder and the yeast of their sales list. What the man of letters rejects, the advertiser accepts, and from it wrings a blessing. He faces modern life, its inventions, its household devices, its drudgeries, and he releases his playful imagination upon that sober world of trafficking, and touches it to excellence. Fifty years ago a great teacher like Montessori would have worked in obscurity, and it would be left for the slow years after death to unfold her work into daylight and wide renown. Hundreds of groping lives would have reached for the idea without grasping it. Fifty years ago Jane Addams would have been a prophet, but not a leader. To-day the advertisements of magazines and book publishers carry her patience and her fertile thought to the consciousness of her race. Under publicity her influence is as pervasive as a climate. Only the warriors and the politicians used to be boomed and magnified in their own generation. The face, the voice, the curve of thought, of many champions are now scattered from the skyscrapers and taught to glow in the twilight of subway stations.

SUGGESTIONS INVITED FOR THIS LIST

OUR IDEA of an inept name for a newspaper is the "Pendulum," which has been published at East Greenwich, R. I., since 1853.

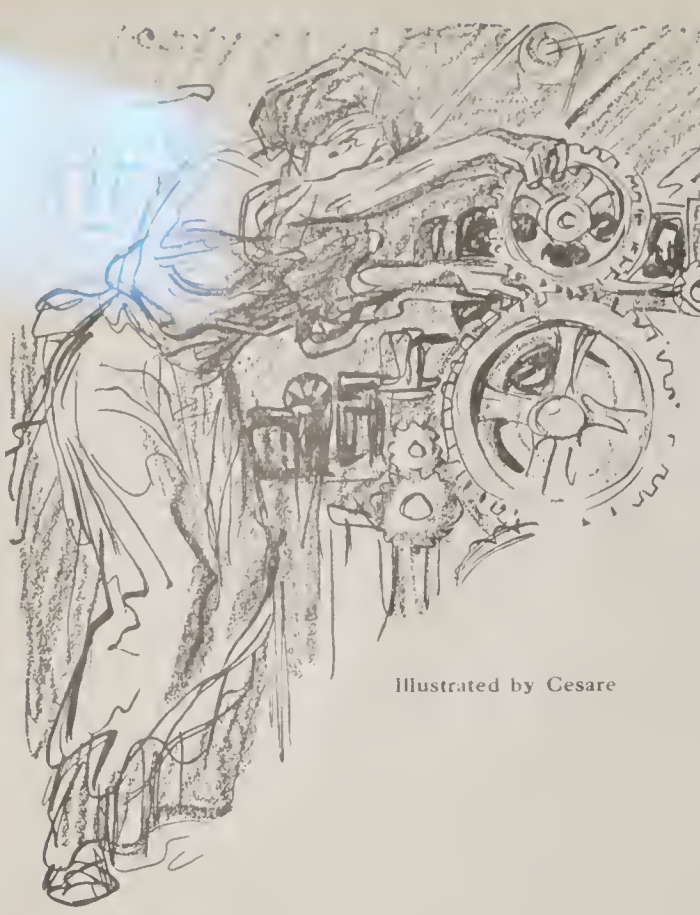
BURIED ALIVE

HE IS THE RIPE AND FINISHED PRODUCT of the modern office, where many personalities are jumbled together. From overwork and from monotonously hacking at work which he hates he is irritable and grieved in spirit. He is ready to hear or tell wrong of the other, the damaging anecdote which reveals that all men and most women are weak. From earliest youth he has worked in offices, and twenty years of that atmosphere have subdued him. Those trailing years have enriched him with a slightly venomous human interest in those about, the timidity born of routine indoor work, the servility to those in authority, the scorn of those who work in ways a little more menial than that of his own clerical rut. He is now middle-aged, mature, perfected. He has become pussy-footed, has acquired a soft voice, a purring, apologetic manner. He walks around as if on tiptoe, peering over desks, gently intruding wherever he scents the faint beginnings of an office scandal. In his soothing, low-pitched voice he drops venom into each waiting ear as he goes up and down the office. In his work there is little to which he looks back with pride. A thousand weeks of filing cards, hammering typewriters, adding up columns of figures, have not left him with blithe memories of something accomplished, something done. One thing for him they have done: they have thoroughly tamed his spirit. There are no adventurous quests in him. There is never an evening when his spirit will annoy him by yearning to do impossible things. Better than an animal cage of thick iron bars, or a prison cell where the pads are fat and impenetrable, is the modern office for taming the roving blood and reducing to orderliness the leaping joy of life. But there is a way of escape for every man. He can find it, if he will, in the work itself.

ONE WHO EMERGED

ONE REMEMBERS the first sight of Oppenheim at Irvington-on-the-Hudson in that plaything of the Walker family, the Cosmopolitan Building. In the barn were the skeletons and the wrecks of airships, dreamed a generation before their time. The home of the magazine was concrete on laths, to simulate marble and look like a palace or Valhalla, whence great enterprises and worthy hospitality could emerge. And there in its hollow newness, and in the old stone dwelling house, the boss, John Brisben Walker, devised his novelties in many industries, talked with lake poets and black-and-white artists, and cursed his hired helpers till his eyes grew wild and his voice trembled in bursts of scorn and anger. There he issued countless memoranda to his employees, shouted out orders, and ruled his many sons with noisy power. And always at his elbow, when he was at rest, there stood a dark, handsome Hebrew boy, with beautiful regular features. James Oppenheim was then twenty-one years of age, the secretary of that most difficult chief in America. The speed and accuracy of the dictation followed the eruptive brain of Walker at an easy lope, and recorded the volume and variety of the stormy nature in clear pages of typewriting. Never before had those whimsies and that volcanic abundance received so sure an interpreter. And sometimes, light-footed, the graceful boy ran at the heels of the master as he hurled himself from the office to the New York Central Railroad Station, dictating the overflowings of his brain as he ran. No sprint of foot or cerebration could outpace that competent young stenographer. Such were the days, crowded with frenzies and spurts. But when the work was over, and night had fallen on the colony of editors and printers, the boy turned to his real job, and wrote poem after poem, sometimes rising in the middle of night and jotting down vagrant lines, using the mantelpiece for a writing table. It was in those troubled months that he wrote such poems as "De Profundis," telling of the prenatal life of the babe. The alert mind was observing every detail of the curious life about him, later to be reproduced in the "Olympian," and at the same time was doing its own silent rich work of enhancement. A poet nature was steadily forming in that whirlpool.

Sarah Knisley's Arm



Illustrated by Cesare

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

OF THE four cases which are discussed in the following article, the one which is in some respects the most typical relates to the loss of an arm by a young woman named Sarah Knisley and her failure, as the result of a very able argument by a great corporation lawyer, to obtain justice from the Court of Appeals of the State of New York. Each of the four cases relates to some piece of human suffering, to some failure to right a wrong done to man, woman, or child. In each case I hope my readers will think not of technical principle set forth in dry law books, but of Sarah Knisley's arm, of the woman who works overhours in a sweated night shop, of the children forced to labor in a one-room or two-room tenement at making cigars, of the crippled brakeman or switchman whose family go unshod and ill fed because a Workman's Compensation Act is declared unconstitutional.

Apparently the four great lawyers, whose defense of the administration of technical law as distinguished from human justice I am about to discuss, are interested in these cases primarily as they appear in the law books. I am interested in them as they affect thousands of our fellow citizens who have met with misfortune. My four opponents think in terms of law books. I ask the people of the United States, who must ultimately decide this question, to think in terms of human life.

MESSRS. Elihu Root, John G. Milburn, Louis Marshall, and William D. Guthrie, on the afternoon before election, issued a signed circular contradicting with emphasis and in detail the statements I had made about certain specific decisions by the Court of Appeals of the State of New York. Two of these gentlemen are Republicans and two of them are Democrats.

Their circular was in effect directed against the Progressive attitude toward the courts. Doubtless it represents the sincere convictions of most leading lawyers of the same type—the leaders of the corporation bar—who regard the Progressive proposals as an "attack" on the courts. It is in its character as a "defense" of the courts, and as a particular type of such defense, that I wish to consider it now; and, of course, not as a political brochure.

The statements to which these gentlemen took exception were made in my Madison Square Garden speech in the previous week; they had been made by me in various speeches, again and again, during the preceding year.

Mr. Root and his associates took up four cases that I had mentioned.[1]

THE DRED SCOTT CASE OF THE TENEMENT HOUSE

THE first was the tenement-house cigar-manufacturing case, the "*in re* Jacobs" case (98 N. Y., 98). Mr. Root and his associates assert that the statute was passed "in the interest of and at the request of the owners of large tobacco manufactories in New York and Brooklyn." I was in the Legislature at the time; am, therefore, in a position to say that the measure was not passed for any such reason. It was passed at the insistence and earnest demand of the Cigar Makers' Union, and was also urged by every social worker interested in tenement-house reform whom I met. I heard all the talk about it in the Legislature, and no human being ever suggested to me that it was "requested" by any tobacco factory; the emphasis was always put upon its being backed by the labor unions, except so far as it was advocated by social workers on grounds of simple justice. I was one of the committee of three that investigated the actual conditions. I made the investigation at the request of the Cigar Makers' Union, and one or two of my visits were in company with their representatives.

Other visits were undertaken alone or with two other members of the Legislature. The conditions were revolting, and these conditions were perpetuated by the decision of the court.

Mr. Root and his associates defend the decision as proper, saying that "Jacobs was carrying on his trade in his home for the support of himself and his family under conditions much healthier than if he had been compelled to work in a crowded factory." This particular allegation is, of course, meant to imply, and it is of value only if it is meant to imply, that the "home" of Jacobs was a typical one. **It was not typical. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of the cigar makers lived in three-room, two-room, or one-room apartments. The filthy, cramped surroundings made the use of the word "home" in connection with them a cruel jest.** There has always been very grave suspicion that the Jacobs case was selected precisely because it was not a typical case; just as in the bakeshop case, the constitutionality of the law limiting the hours of bakers was tested, not by a case arising in New York City with the underground bakery, but by one in Oneida County.

THE ARRAIGNMENT

MRS. FLORENCE KELLEY knows a thousandfold more about tenement houses and those who live in them than Messrs. Root, Milburn, Marshall, and Guthrie all combined, and her statement about this case is as follows:

> To the decision of the Court of Appeals in the case *in re* Jacobs is directly due the continuance and growth of tenement manufacture and of the sweating system in the United States, and its present prevalence in New York. Among the consequences and the accompaniments of that system are congestion of the population in the tenement districts, the ruin of home life in the dwellings used as workrooms, child labor in the homes, endemic diseases (especially tuberculosis) due to the overcrowding and poverty of skilled workers, the chronic pauperism of thousands of skilled working people during a part of the year in a series of important trades, insanity due to overwork followed by anxiety over a prolonged period of unemployment, and suicide—the self-inflicted death of a garment worker being an almost daily occurrence in New York and Chicago.

Professor George Gorham Groat, in his book "Attitude of American Courts in Labor Cases," Volume XLII of Columbia University Studies in Political Science, says at page 369:

> Concerning the well-remembered opinion of the New York Court in the tenement-house case, the comment of Mrs. Kelley in "Some Ethical Gains from Legislation" has left nothing more to be said. That decision was based upon personal liberty. Its result has been to perpetuate the tenement-house problem. Had that earliest statute been sustained, "it is safe to assert that the odious system of tenement manufacture would long ago have perished in every trade in every city of the Republic." Because the court was not made to see the facts upon which the need of the law rested, personal liberty was made the deciding factor, with the result that "for the convenience of the powerful, the weakest industrial factors in the community . . . have been invaded by industry and by inspectors." It cannot be repeated too often in connection with the opinion in that case that the court so far misunderstood tenement-house conditions and so far confused the situation with the thought of the ideal "home" as to insert in the opinion the statement that the law intruded upon the sacred right of the cigar maker not to be forced by an act of the Legislature "from his home and its hallowed associations and beneficent influences to ply his trade elsewhere." An opinion in which the court in all seriousness talks of the hallowed associations and beneficent influences of tenement-house life is certainly a case that must ever stand as an instance of how not to do in matters of labor legislation before the courts.

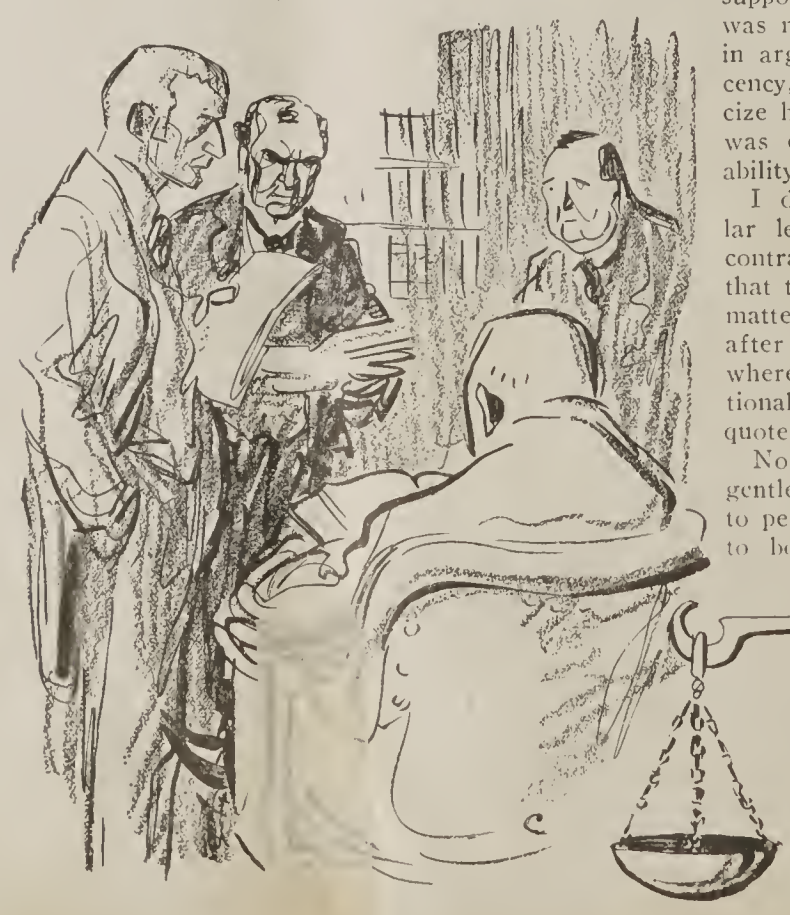
I have never supposed or stated that the judges in this case were not acting with good purpose. **But they did not know life.** If they had had even a very imperfect understanding of tenement-house conditions they would never have used such words as "hallowed" and "home" in this connection. Messrs. Root, Milburn, Marshall, and Guthrie state that this decision in the Jacobs case did not "in any degree question" the full power of the Legislature to pass and enforce statutes doing away with unhealthy conditions such as prohibiting the manufacture of cigars in sleeping or cooking rooms. This is not so.

A CITIZEN SHOULD BE BIGGER THAN A LAWYER

THE decision in the Jacobs case does not make any such distinction as that which these four great corporation lawyers imply. If it is capable of this construction, to at least one of these gentlemen that fact is a recent discovery. This gentleman formerly took the opposite view and tried to use this very Jacobs case as authority for declaring unconstitutional a law requiring individual water-closets in tenements on grounds of health. Mr. Louis Marshall, in the Tenement House Department of the City of New York *vs.* Morschen (179 N. Y., 325), argued for the unconstitutionality of the statute requiring individual water-closets in tenement houses, and cited *in re* Jacobs in support of the proposition. In that case Mr. Marshall was merely being faithful to his retainer as a lawyer in arguing for legal theory against social justice, decency, and the interests of the people. I do not criticize him for anything he did as a lawyer. His client was entitled to the full benefit of his learning and ability.

I do criticize him for what he did in this circular letter as a citizen, in which he now, in effect, contradicts himself when trying to persuade the people that the Jacobs decision did not accomplish what, as a matter of fact, it actually did accomplish. In case after case involving social legislation in this State, where such social legislation has been held unconstitutional, the Jacobs case has been cited and the opinion quoted.

Nor is Mr. Marshall the only one of these four gentlemen who has used this case, as they now seek to persuade the people it cannot be used, in the effort to bolster social injustice against laws designed to



"These lawyers see 'cases' whereas I see the people in the cases. They think only of 'Knisley vs. *Pratt (148 N. Y., 372)'"*

[1] Those who desire to look a little more in detail at some of the abuses against which I am protesting will find them set forth in certain chapters of Mr. George W. Alger's "Moral Overstrain," and others enumerated in Mrs. Florence Kelley's "Some Ethical Gains from Legislation." The remedy which I proposed is set forth at length in Mr. William L. Ranson's "Majority Rule and the Judiciary." A capital discussion of the matter is to be found in a paper "On the Judicial Recall" by Mr. Jacob P. Dunn, president of the Public Library Commission of Indiana. In the May "Review of Reviews" Mr. Harold Remington treated the subject with terseness and lucidity, and offered a type of constitutional amendment which would accomplish the desired result

do away with it. Mr. Guthrie, in People *vs.* Orange County Company (175 N. Y., 84), in his brief quoted the Jacobs case to sustain his claim that a statute prohibiting any person under a contract with the State from requiring more than eight hours' work for a day's labor was unconstitutional. Mr. Guthrie has a right to appear as retained counsel for a corporation which wishes to work its men more than eight hours a day in spite of the prohibition of the law; but when as a nonretained citizen he argues as he now does (omitting to mention the use he formerly made of the decision), it seems to me that it would have been fairer if he had frankly warned the people that the decision he defends was one of the most potent "authorities" which can be cited by lawyers interested in opposing industrial legislation, and that he himself had successfully used it in opposition to the claims of wage-workers.

Even if the Jacobs case was not, as has so often been alleged, a "frame-up," it is unquestionable that, while Jacobs made his cigars in an apartment consisting of seven rooms, and did not use a sleeping or cooking room, ninety-nine per cent of the cases which the statute covered were cases where cigars were manufactured in apartments of one, two, or three rooms, and where the cigars were manufactured in sleeping or cooking rooms.

The decision *in re* Jacobs threw out the whole law, and, as a matter of fact, allowed the manufacture of cigars in sleeping rooms and cooking rooms to continue. It is the legal basis for the sweatshop.

ENEMIES OF THE PEOPLE

THIS is well known. In the Child Welfare Exhibit held in the City of New York in 1911, conducted by most conservative and benevolent people, there was as a prominent exhibit the following quotation from the Court of Appeals *in re* Jacobs:

> It cannot be conceived how the cigar maker is to be improved in his health or his morals by forcing him from his home and its hallowed associations and beneficent influences to ply his trade elsewhere.

Under this exhibit was the following statement:

> This decision has blocked effective tenement-house legislation up to the present time.

I do not think that it has *completely* blocked such legislation. It did nearly completely block it for some twenty years, however, and it still hampers us in doing what should be done. **The only reason why that decision does not still stand in the way of every measure of tenement-house reform is because the public criticism of the decision by laymen has had a great effect.** The court has slowly followed public opinion.

The next decision of the Court of Appeals which these gentlemen considered was the Knisley case. This is perhaps the most important of all these cases, as illustrating just exactly what the points are which are at issue between us who represent the people and this particular type of "defenders" of the courts who appear now not as lawyers but as citizens, assuring the people that our attacks upon this decision are unjust and erroneous.

In the Knisley case a young woman lost her hand through its being crushed in cogwheels which the statute required the master to guard. **The court held that because this girl kept at work, knowing that her employer was refusing to give her the protection the law directed him to give, she assumed the risk and waived any right to damages. It made the law a dead letter so far as its protection to employees in dangerous trades or occupations was concerned.** The case was decided in 1895. One of these four gentlemen, Mr. Milburn, was counsel against Knisley in the case. Yet Mr. Milburn, Mr. Root, and their two associates in this preelection statement as citizens did not find it appropriate to state that Mr. Milburn was counsel for Pratt, owner of the hardware factory in which the Knisley girl lost her arm, any more than to state that Mr. Marshall was counsel for the railway in the Ives case, which I am about to consider, or that Mr. Guthrie had relied on the Jacobs case in his efforts to upset the eight-hour law for workingmen employed by State contractors.

LAW AGAINST JUSTICE

THESE four gentlemen, speaking as citizens of the Knisley case, upheld the decision which left this crippled girl remediless at law as "wise and proper," saying that the court "followed the decisions of the courts of Massachusetts and of England under similar circumstances. Of course the court was bound to enforce the law as it conceived it to be." Yet when these four gentlemen published this statement the Court of Appeals of New York had revised its notion of what was just and proper, and had just overruled the very decision which these men thus upheld! The opinion making this overruling was published in the New York "Law Journal" the morning of the very day on the afternoon of which Messrs. Root, Milburn, Marshall, and Guthrie's statement appeared.

In 1895 Judge Haight in a lower court had written the opinion in favor of the Knisley girl. This opinion, through Mr. Milburn's great professional ability, was reversed in 1895 by the Court of Appeals. Now, on October 22, 1912, the Court of Appeals, through Chief Justice Cullen, in the case of Fitzwater *vs.* Warren, in effect overruled its former decision. Justice Haight speaks as follows:

> I concur in the opinion of Chief Judge Cullen. In the case of Knisley *vs.* Pratt (148 N. Y., 372), reversing the decision of the General Term (75 Hun, 323), in which I wrote the opinion, the same question was presented that now arises in this case. In that case the plaintiff, a young woman employee, had her hand crushed in cog-wheels which the statute required the master to guard. In this case the plaintiff was injured by a set screw which the statute also required to be guarded. In the Knisley case I stated the rule as follows: "A servant who enters the employment of a master assumes the risks incident to such employment where the dangerous structures or implements are open, visible, and known to him. . . . But this rule is founded upon the assumption that the master has discharged his duty to the employee, and, consequently, is not chargeable with negligence. . . . That the risks of the service which the servant assumes in entering the employment of a master are those *only* which occur after due performance by the employer of *those duties which the law enjoins upon him.*" True, I was reversed in this court, and while I have endeavored to be loyal to the decisions made here, I have never been convinced that the decision was sound. I therefore now welcome the aid of our present chief judge in reasserting what the law was and ought to be.

All of the judges have concurred in the opinion of the chief judge except two, thus overruling the decision of this court in the Knisley case.

There is a so-called professional point of view under which court decisions are considered in a bloodless sort of way as solely or mainly precedents for other cases. **I hold that cases such as these are to be considered in terms of human life, and not merely as dry law.** This Knisley case was decided seventeen years ago. It is now overruled as the direct result of the influence of public opinion on judicial opinion. This aroused public opinion has been a factor of inestimable consequence in securing real and substantial justice. This public opinion has been aroused by the criticism made by various people, including myself, of such decisions as the Knisley-Pratt decision—exactly the kind of criticism which Messrs. Root, Milburn, Marshall, and Guthrie criticize me for making. The Court of Appeals has itself seen the error of a former decision and its disregard of a public policy which modern conditions make imperative, and after seventeen years it has reversed itself.

HELPLESS BEFORE THE LAW

THE Knisley *vs.* Pratt decision has thus, in effect, been declared bad law by a court which has used it as a precedent in all these years. Messrs. Root, Milburn, and their associates have criticized me for my language about such cases. I have never used language strong enough about them. In this Knisley-Pratt case Mr. Milburn, by an able argument for the defendant, Pratt, secured a decision which he and his associates declare to be "just and proper," which I hold to have been a decision of monstrous injustice, and concerning which the Court of Appeals agrees now not with them but with me. This decision which Mr. Milburn secured for Mr. Pratt deprived a crippled girl of legal redress, left her with one arm to fight her battle in life as best she could, and [illegible] caused her maiming, by his refusal to [illegible] the law required him to [illegible] was not all. This decision also [illegible] teen years thereafter every other [illegible] posed to unnecessary danger which the [illegible] quired the employer to eliminate or [illegible] the same bitter injustice if he or she [illegible] risk and knew that his or her employer refused to comply with the law. **I know not, and no one knows, how many cases of crippled men and women have gone remediless at law because of this decision. But there have been very, very many. Doubtless many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of women or men have gone to paupers' graves or become dependent burdens because one-armed Sarah Knisley in 1895 met with injustice in the highest court of the State.** I am a layman, and distinguished lawyers like the four gentlemen whose criticism I am now considering have often stated that I have too little conception of the "value of precedent," and "the harmonious development of the law." What my lawyer critics of this class so often denounce in me as regards matters of this kind is due to the fact that these lawyers see "cases" whereas I see the people in the cases. They think only of "Knisley *vs.* Pratt (148 N. Y., 372)"; I am thinking of crippled Sarah Knisley and her one arm, and of all the crippled men and women who for seventeen years have suffered in helpless misery because she was denied justice.

OVERWORKED WOMEN

IN APPEAL cases alone, this case, as a lawyer who has looked into the matter assures me, has been taken as a precedent over fifty times. Heaven only knows how many cases it has caused to be discontinued when the injured person had no money to take an appeal, and in how many more the injured person was at the outset notified by a lawyer that, in view of this decision, no case would lie.

The third case these gentlemen take up is the Williams case. I said: "We found by investigation that in certain factories and sweatshops women were worked twelve, fourteen, and fifteen hours a day and up until after midnight. . . . But the Court of Appeals decided that we could not pass a law to put a stop to these practices." The four great lawyers who criticize me state that "as a matter of fact the Court of Appeals decided nothing of the kind. It did not hold and it did not intimate, and it has never held or intimated that the Legislature could not limit the number of hours that a woman may work."

(Continued on page 22)

"I am thinking of crippled Sarah Knisley and her one arm, and of all the crippled men and women who for seventeen years have suffered in helpless misery because she was denied justice"

Death's Mowing Machine at Chatalja

In modern warfare Death abandons his scythe for a mowing machine. The rapid-fire guns of the Bulgarians, as shown in this photograph taken before the Chatalja line of forts, were manipulated to sweep the enemy's lines with streams of lead that poured as steadily from the barrels as water from the nozzle of a fire hose. When a gunner observed an advancing column he poured the bullets with terrible effect upon the column's head. When the Turks advanced in skirmish order, he swept his fire along the line, each mowing discharge counting for as much as a broadside from a whole company of infantry

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

WITH the impeachment of Judge Archbald out of the way, the Senate will have time for some fairly important legislation. The House, however, which gives more minute attention to appropriation bills than the Senate, will be so busy with these that little important legislation is likely to come up during the scant six weeks remaining. Indeed, to expect much serious business in this atmosphere of expectancy would be too much. The Democrats look forward to the time when they will control all three branches of the Government and can act as a party. The tariff is the chief subject of interest, and hearings are being held to prepare the bills for action at the coming special session. Individual Democratic members of Congress, unwillingly in most cases, are probably more concerned with applications for patronage from their constituents than with weightier matters. In quantity these applications are very large; so far, except as regards Cabinet appointments, Mr. Wilson has been shielded from them; but the business of filling many thousand offices, with all its attendant vexations, may be as great a menace to Mr. Wilson's Administration as it was to Cleveland's.

The Status of the Income Tax

THE following is believed to be a correct list of all the States that *have ratified* the income-tax amendment to the National Constitution, together with the date of adoption:

Alabama, Aug. 17, 1909	Mississippi, Mch. 11, 1910
Arizona, April 9, 1912	Missouri, March 16, 1911
Arkansas, April 22, 1911	Montana, Jan. 31, 1911
California, Jan. 31, 1911	Nebraska, Feb. 11, 1911
Colorado, Feb. 20, 1911	Nevada, Feb. 8, 1911
Georgia, Aug. 3, 1910	New York, July 12, 1911
Idaho, Jan. 20, 1911	N. Carolina, Feb. 11, 1911
Illinois, March 1, 1910	N. Dakota, Feb. 21, 1911
Indiana, Feb. 6, 1911	Ohio, Jan. 19, 1911
Iowa, Feb. 27, 1911	Oklahoma, Mch. 14, 1910
Kansas, March 6, 1911	Oregon, Jan. 23, 1911
Kentucky, Feb. 8, 1910	S. Carolina, Feb. 23, 1910
Louisiana, July 1, 1912	S. Dakota, Feb. 3, 1912
Maine, March 31, 1911	Tennessee, April 11, 1911
Maryland, April 8, 1910	Texas, Aug. 17, 1910
Michigan, Feb. 23, 1911	Washington, Jan. 26, 1911
Minnesota, June 12, 1912	Wisconsin, May 26, 1911

This makes thirty-four States in all; two more must ratify it in order to make the necessary three-fourths. These two must come from the following States, none of which has yet acted on the amendment:

Delaware	Pennsylvania
Florida	Vermont
Massachusetts	Virginia
New Jersey	West Virginia
New Mexico	Wyoming

The Legislatures of all these States are in session at the present moment. The friends of the income tax should not let the opportunity go by.

The only States that have definitely *rejected* the income tax are:

Connecticut	Rhode Island
New Hampshire	Utah

It will be noticed that it will have taken approximately four years to get this amendment adopted in the necessary number of States. This about marks the minimum of time required to make a change in the Constitution. Some pains have been taken to check up this information. Are there errors in it?

A Party Split

THERE was an interesting division among the Democrats on the roll call to unseat Charles C. Bowman, the Republican Congressman from the Eleventh District of Pennsylvania. The contest was filed by Mr. Bowman's Democratic appointment, and, in accordance with the usual custom, the contest was referred to the Committee on Elections. That committee held prolonged hearings. From the testimony it was developed that not only had Mr. Bowman used money improperly, but that his Democratic contestant had done the same thing. Because of this fact the Committee on Contests, of which a majority are Democrats, voted that *neither the Republican nor the Democrat was entitled to the seat*, and so reported to the House. The Democratic majority of the House, of course, readily affirmed that part of the report which unseated Mr. Bowman. When it came, however, to the question of seating his Democratic opponent a striking division arose. The situation was described accurately in this speech from a Republican leader, Mr. Mann of Illinois:

> An Elections Committee, consisting two-thirds of Democratic members, had considered an election contest, and in making their report had declined to recommend the seating of the Democratic contestant, plainly because he had been guilty of fraud or had not secured the votes. Without a syllable from any committee, without a backing of any report of any portion of this House responsible for its work, a large share of the gentlemen on the other side of the aisle, with no knowledge of the subject whatever, voted to seat a man on the floor of the House.
>
> I congratulate certain Democratic members of this House for refusing, in violation of conscience and without any support of the committee, to vote to seat a man who had no right to his seat. These gentlemen stood by the committee. I propose to read and to insert in the Record now a roll of honor, consisting of Democratic members of the House who place conscience above partisanship. They are:

Alexander, Mo.	Konop, Wis.
Ashbrook, Ohio.	Lamb, Va.
Ayres, N. Y.	Lever, S. C.
Barnhart, Ind.	Linthicum, Md.
Bathrick, Ohio.	Lobeck, Neb.
Boehne, Ind.	Macon, Ark.
Bulkley, Ohio.	Maguire, Neb.
Byrnes, S. C.	Morgan, La.
Cox, Ind.	Moss, Ind.
Dickinson, Mo.	Neeley, Kans.
Dies, Tex.	Padgett, Tenn.
Doughton, N. C.	Page, N. C.
Edwards, Ga.	Patten, N. Y.
Evans, Ill.	Rainey, Ill.
Faison, N. C.	Raker, Cal.
Fitzgerald, N. Y.	Randell, Tex.
Foster, Ill.	Ransdell, La.
Fowler, Ill.	Redfield, N. Y.
Garrett, Tenn.	Roddenbery, Ga.
Glass, Va.	Rubey, Mo.
Godwin, N. C.	Rucker, Mo.
Gudger, N. C.	Russell, Mo.
Hamilton, W. Va.	Stedman, N. C.
Hamlin, Mo.	Stephens, Neb.
Hammond, Minn.	Stone, Ill.
Hay, Va.	Sweet, Mich.
Hensley, Mo.	Talcott, N. Y.
Holland, Va.	Thomas, Ky.
Houston, Tenn.	Townsend, N. J.
Johnson, S. C.	Underhill, N. Y.
Jones, Va.	Whitacre, Ohio.
Kindred, N. Y.	White, Ohio.
Kinkead, N. J.	

There is a good deal that is hopeful in this case. The act of the Democratic committee itself was a cheering departure from the rule of always seating the member of your own party. Moreover, the ease with which so large a group can depart from the action of the party leaders and the majority indicates a lack of solidarity which may have interesting results later on.

Cumbersome

MOST of the time of the Senate since the present session began on December 2 has been consumed in hearing the Archbald impeachment. One very strong conviction resulting from this case is that, with a Senate that has grown to 96 members and a House to 435, it is gross waste to take up the time of all of these for many weeks in trying one man for high crimes and misdemeanors.

This is Very Funny

A SALT LAKE CITY newspaper records the fact that the leading Democratic lawyer of Utah had to break his engagement as one of the speakers at the annual Democratic dinner, the Jackson Day banquet in Salt Lake City, in order to go to Washington and fulfill the obligations of a retainer from various Utah corporations by pleading with the Ways and Means Committee to keep a protective tariff on lead. The interests that profit by the protective tariff, and compose what Senator Beveridge calls "the invisible government," are easily ambidextrous; they employ "leading Republican lawyers" or "leading Democratic lawyers" as the circumstances suggest.

Where Passes Still Flourish

OCCASIONALLY a single episode shows how rapidly events have moved during the past decade, and, even more than events, moral standards. It is scarcely ten years since practically every public man in Washington, and at all the State capitals, carried railroad passes and regarded it as a badge of distinction. To-day it is doubtful if there is a railroad pass in Washington; and well-informed persons know of only one State where this form of putting public men under obligations to the railroads is still practiced. And in that State Insurgent legislators and progressive publicists are doing much to call attention to this situation, as witness this paragraph from the Salt Lake "Progressive":

> "One of the big jobs that the State Board of Equalization has to perform is the assessing of railroad property. One would naturally suppose that the persons charged with such a duty would refuse to accept an annual pass from the railroads which they are assessing. We understand, however, that our State Board of Equalization is well provided with those little pasteboards which the railroads usually send out to the privileged ones about January 1 of each year."

The Salt Lake "Progressive," by the way, was founded as an aftermath to the November election by Bull Moosers who assembled at a dinner to celebrate their "defeat," and came unanimously to the conclusion that the day of the privately owned and personally silenced newspapers had lasted about long enough in the intermountain section. It is turning on the light as to local conditions for the first time.

WINTER SPORTS *and* ST. MORITZ

By VANCE THOMPSON

IT USED to be the European habit when winter came to go to the Riveira, to Sicily, to Algiers, to Egypt. They took their pleasures at the green tables of Monte Carlo. By way of exercise they potted pigeons or played a little tennis. They motored over the southern roads. They lounged in the suave sunlight.

And then hardy adventurers—American and European—discovered the glory of winter; and the fashionable part of society followed the white way of the adventurers. At first they went not far afield—content with Scottish skiing on the Ochil hills or curling at Crossmyloof or, it may be, skating at Groningen. Then came the call of the Erzgebirge and other Austrian highlands, striped with toboggan roads and tracks for bobsleighs and skeletons. All this was by way of a beginning. It was at St. Moritz (6,187 feet high in the Engadine) that winter sports were first systematically practiced and that winter pleasures were raised to the *n*th power. It is not only that at St. Moritz is to be found the famous Cresta Run—the Derby of tobogganing—and every other form of winter sport, but as well life there is ample, luxurious, "smart." From Paris or London it is a far cry to this high-set valley. The journey to St. Moritz is expensive, the living there is costly. So those who forgather there belong to two classes—the smartest set of wealth and fashion and the keenest set of sportsmen.

The *train de luxe* sets you down at Coire—or Chur, if you are in a German mood. There awaits you a toy train, equipped with a snow chaser; and as it lazily climbs the narrow-gauge way, you lean back in a seat of garnet-colored velvet and watch the snow plains and white hills slip away on either hand. A tiny village or two; then at Reichenau you come really into the land of the Grisons—that monstrous land where bony mountains are piled on gaunter mountains and where apocalyptic precipices make you think of the places you have fallen down in dreams. It is an amazing world; and by bridges of wood and by underground labyrinths you corkscrew your way up to the little red and yellow village, where winter holds his court.

Sport with the skis—Sliding down a long slope through new fallen snow

Red roofs shining in the sun. Streets packed with snow. Air keen and dry as old wine. You get out of your nest of furs at the door of the Palace Hotel and the cab sleigh drives away. The entrance hall of the hotel foretells, with fine precision, what your life in St. Moritz—for days or many days—is to be. Round the walls the skis stand two by two. Bandies are piled in the corners. Skates, snowshoes, toboggans, litter the floor. Through this vestibule of sport you enter the kind of hotel you find in London or Paris. Only the guests who go to and fro have a wild Alpine air. The women are short-skirted and sweatered. This is the day uniform, at least for the English and the Americans, who make up seven-tenths of the 2,000 visitors; there are intrepid German ladies who wear woolen rompers and French ladies in knickers, but England and America go skirted. The tall, correct Englishmen have set the fashion of wearing shooting suits; and they are about the best thing for general sporting wear.

There is a six-hour day at St. Moritz.

The valley lies between gigantic frozen mountains, and from ten o'clock to four the sun shines down into it. During these golden hours the air is almost springlike. When the sun goes behind the white peaks it turns cold; darkness falls; and you learn what manner of things are born in the matrix of the Alps.

The nights in the valley are wonderful. They are full of mysterious silences, broken by the sudden crackling of far-off snow fields. But you don't come to St. Moritz for that sort of thing. If you haven't come for skating or curling you've come for bandy or lugeing or skikjöring, which is a glorious but unpronounceable thing to do. Skating is the bread and butter of the day's sport.

Each of the big hotels has its own rink, and skating in both the "English" and the "International" styles is carefully organized. The principal event is the English style, "Holland Bowl."

There is music at the Eisrink of the Kurverein, a daily concert; and there, too, take place the fancy-dress skating parties and the masked balls on ice which appeal irresistibly to the German visitors, and especially to the Viennese.

I did not skate the first day, for by the rink side of the Palace I met a britherly Scot who was on his way to the "Kurlingplatz." I was of his mind.

THERE IS CURLING, TOO

CURLING is a splendid sport. There is about it a glorious uncertainty which makes for enjoyment of the keenest sort.

If you dwell in the British Isles or in middle Europe you never know when you are going to get a day's curling. Is there ice? Has the frost come to stay?

These questions sing in your ears as you draw your bedroom curtains and look out into the morning. There are marvelous devices nowadays in Scotland, I hear: shallow rinks—"concrete," which is fit to play on after one night's frost, and "tarmac," which can be used in a few hours. These are makeshifts the St. Moritzer may laugh to scorn.

His ice, firm as a floor but with just enough give in it, is with him, day in and day out, during the long winter. Indeed, the britherly Scot of whom there has been mention complained that the ice was too good, too firm, too smooth for the best kind of play. He had memories of the floating ice of a loch, of falling snow, of days when the ice was full of "leads," of days when he sent the "channel stane" roaring through inch-deep water. The old days when the bonspeils gathered! Doubtless he is right, and the old game in Scotland demanded more strength and wider skill to meet the rough and varying conditions of ice and weather; St. Moritz offers a tamer thing; but so good is this tame thing that Glasgow has imitated it in a new "Glaciarum" not without repute among curlers. The Curling Club of St. Moritz has not a large membership, but year after year it has won the Jackson Cup, which carries with it the championship of Switzerland. And after the victory—this year, I doubt not, as in other years—there is a dinner, whereat what is drunk is not water, and the song which is sung is this—the "skip" beating time to it:

"It boots not whence the curler hails,
If curler keen an' stanch he be—
Frae Scotland, England, Ireland, Wales,
Or colonies ayont the sea;—
A social brotherhood are we,
And, after we are deid an' gane,
We'll live in literature an' lair—
In annals o' the channel stane!

"O the roarin' channel stane!
The hirplin', wimplin' channel stane!
What music to the curler's ear
Like music o' the channel stane!"

Probably St. Moritz figures more conspicuously in the illustrated papers than any other place on earth. The reason is that the lakes give such facilities for the practice of the uncommon sports. Wherever there is ice one may skate or curl; but St. Moritz is peculiarly adapted to skikjöring, ski running and ski jumping, lugeing and tobogganing. Withal it's the European home of the bobsleigh sport. And these things are picturable and picturesque. Personally I contributed, during my first week on skis, a number of pictures which would have amused the gloomiest child. There was one particular small hill down which I fell about sixty times a day, and each time in a new and wholly unexpected attitude. The most extraordinary thing about skiing is the number of ways you can fall and your helplessness—with eight-foot skis on your feet—when you do fall. Then when you have learned to shuffle along the level and to glide (gracefully) downhill, you are confronted by the awful difficulty of climbing uphill on the edges of your ski. In another life, a longer and better life, I hope to be able to master that feat. But even he who is but a sad duffer on skis may get joy and speed and muscle-stretching tumbles at the new game of skikjöring. I had never seen this exciting game until last winter, when I reached St. Moritz for the first *Renntag*, held by the Visitors' Club; and now I doubt whether anything else is worth while—even curling. The implements of this joyous sport are a man on skis and a sharp-shod horse. Long, light traces run from the horse's girth to the ski man's hand; clinging to these, he is whisked along at whatever speed he, or his horse, decide upon. The pleasure of skikjöring is not to be derided, even when the man finds himself on his back with his skis in the air, while the little mountain horse runs free across the Moritzersee. It is a sport for women; indeed, they are uncommonly good at it; and it is a sport for racing men. The prizes are not very large—a few thousand francs at most—but there are entries from half the countries in Europe, and, especially in the race for the Rosatsch stakes, the pace is a fast one.

And then tobogganing—

TOBOGGAN SLIDES OF ALL DEGREES

IF YOU are a casual visitor to St. Moritz—fond of your bridge or perhaps a little dancing after dinner when the orchestra plays in the Palace—you are not likely to confront the perils of the famous Cresta Run, which goes by devious terrible, ice-bedded ways from the Catholic church to the little hamlet of Cresta. You will begin your work, at all events, on the lesser runs, such as the Gully or the Kulm, which have a snow foundation. Indeed, the beauty of St. Moritz is that you can find just about what you want—danger as much as you want (for the Cresta has its list of dead and wounded like a battlefield) or safety as absolute as that of a drawing-room floor. You can get health there, too, if you don't want it. *Lungenkranke bleiben ausgeschlossen.* Victims of tuberculosis are sent otherwhere to get well. All day, then, down the safe runs the toboggans go in procession in a tumult of joyous cries from girls and boys. In midwinter the "cracks" forgather for the Grand National and the Ashburnham, which are run on the Cresta There is nothing in Europe—possibly in the world—comparable to the Cresta Run, this mirror-smooth road of ice, winding and plunging for three-quarters of a mile between walls of snow, over ridges, over the roofs of the world. In 1911 it was covered in 53 seconds, and that time, I believe, has been beaten. That is going some—going, say, at the rate of 120 kilometers an hour. Of course, the run is outfitted with electric contact sig-

nals and with telephones, and every precaution is taken against accident, but the amateur is warned that it is difficult and dangerous. So you fancy it is deserted for duller runs *ad usum toboggi*—to quote the britherly Scot, who was free with his Latin—and that the Cresta is shunned. On the contrary, the danger seems to be a temptation. It has become a commonplace to take the Cresta run. You can understand the fascination—compelling and irresistible—after once you have lived through that breath-snatching, brain-boiling minute of eternal time. It is not alone the drunkenness of speed; the high, keen air, dry and sparkling as diamond dust—air that you breathe only here on the roof of the world—adds a drunkenness of its own. All sorts of first things you may forget—the glorious sweat and triumph of your first gallop, your first sight of Algiers, your first sweetheart or your first divorce—but, my word for it, you will never forget your first blind spin down the icy runway to Cresta village by St. Moritz-Dorf. It is at St. Moritz, too, that the Bob-sleigh Derby is run. There is a specially constructed run, ice-bottomed, for long ago this form of racing began to take itself too seriously to trust to the luck of the road. The course is 1,600 meters long, and the race is brought off in January—last year it was the twenty-third, I believe.

There is no hockey on the ice at St. Moritz—none, at all events, of the kind played in French Switzerland—at Les Avants, for instance. Bandy has superseded it quite. Of course, the only difference is that hockey is played with a "puck," while bandy is played with a ball. But the difference is wholly in favor of bandy, which is the best of all games played on the ice by skaters. In hockey the "puck" is dribbled along and there are tame moments; in bandy the skater can carry the ball along in front of him while going pretty nearly at full speed. The Bandy Club at St. Moritz was established years ago by adventurous Englishmen, who took the game abroad with them, and it has fought historic battles with the Bandiers of Davos Platz, where Sir A. Conan Doyle got together a strong seven as long ago as 1896.

The famous Cresta Run — the Derby of toboggan slides; a mirror-smooth road of ice running and plunging for three-quarters of a mile between walls of snow

The Billiken, a safe slide, down which the toboggans go in a tumult of joyous cries from boys and girls

DIVERSION UPON DIVERSION

I HAVE rung the changes on a few of the sports that fill the golden hours—six hours a day—at St. Moritz. There are others. You have but to choose. There is ice yachting on the Moritzer See and on the Silvaplaner See, not far away. The visitors from the north go in for skate sailing. This season there is promise of motor sleigh races, a diversion I fain would see. What you could see last season were aeroplanes rising from the frozen lake and sailing away over the snow fields toward Inn or the white plain where Cresta, Calerina, and Lamaden lie. He who was most notable in the air was a German officer, for few French aviators come to St. Moritz.

You would see him out on the frozen lake at dawn, lonely and happy as the little boy who played at muffin man. And he who will may drive in a *traineu hippique*, as the hotel porter likes to say.

Skikjoring, a joyous sport in which the ski runners are whisked along by sharp-shod horses

THE JOY OF LIVING

IN THIS way and that you live through the open-air day. It is life in the open, infinitely varied in spite of its apparent monotony. And the life indoors? The hours that run from five o'clock tea to ten of the morning after? The hotel (whichever it be) is the motor and center of your pleasure taking. Time passes. It is ten o'clock; it is eleven; and the evening gown says to the dinner coat:

"Good night! I think I shall go to bed." That is all. To-morrow is another day—another and yet the same.

China Casts Its First Vote

An interesting contrast between Old World costumes and New World customs appears in this glimpse of a polling place in Shanghai on the occasion of the new Chinese republic's first election, December 6

Pole Finders Exchange Comp'iments

Two men from the far ends of the earth met in Washington the other day when Admiral Robert E. Peary (at the left), first at the North Pole, was spokesman for the National Geographic Socicty in presenting a gold medal to Captain Roald Amundsen, first at the South Pole

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A Distinguished Undesirable (in the center)

Cipriano Castro, former presidcnt of Venczuela, has had bitter complaint to make at being detaincd on Ellis Island by United States immigration officials. He argues his own case in this wise: "The only questions I did not answer were those I did not feel obliged to answer"

RARE *as the* DODO

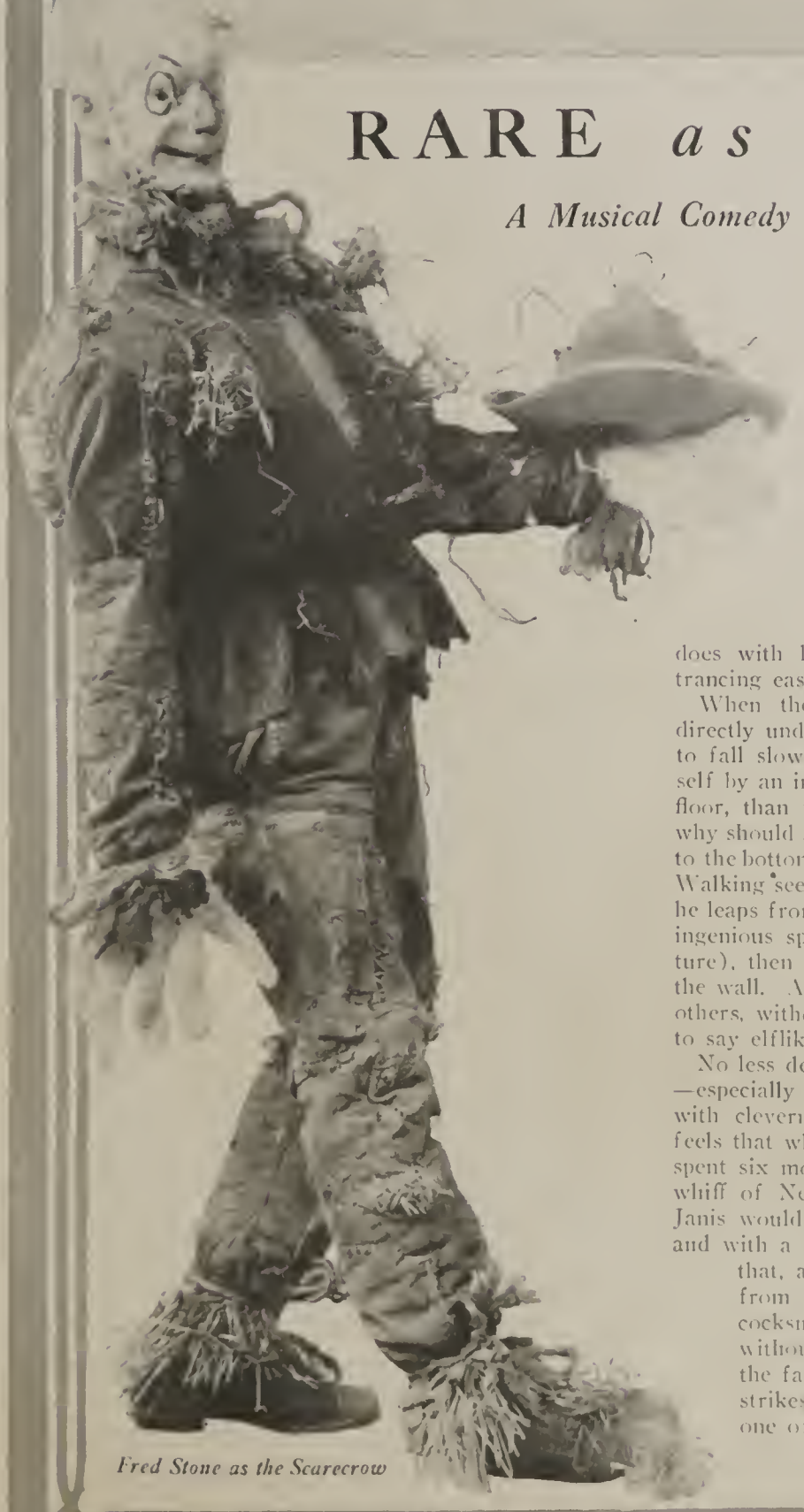
A Musical Comedy That Really Entertains

By ARTHUR RUHL

IT IS not often that a Broadway musical show breaks into these austere columns, but we can no longer keep the door shut on Miss Elsie Janis and Mr. Fred Stone. Mr. Stone is but a comic athlete in "The Lady of the Slipper," yet he diffuses all about him such a spirit of boyishness and unpremeditated fun that it is delight and refreshment to watch him work. His physical condition itself is a sight for sore eyes—and then, with that whimsical little squeak of his, what astonishing things he does with his well-trained body, and with what entrancing ease!

When the curtain descends and he finds himself directly under it, it appears to be much easier for him to fall slowly over backward, and then just save himself by an incredible flop as his head is about to hit the floor, than to step aside. When the curtain goes up, why should *he* not go up, too? And, negligently hanging to the bottom of it by one hand, he disappears in the flies. Walking seems a banal method of crossing the stage, so he leaps from the sofa to the center table (some sort of ingenious springboard device is arranged in the furniture), then to the floor, and out through a picture on the wall. And he does all these remarkable things, and others, without losing for a moment that winsome, not to say elflike, charm which surrounded his Scarecrow.

No less delightful, in her different way, is Miss Janis—especially in her imitations. Here is a young woman with cleverness and brains. The spectator agreeably feels that whenever she is on the stage. If a man had spent six months growing turnips and wanted to get a whiff of New York again, it seems to me that Miss Janis would supply it as she stands in the spot light, and with a deft flip of her loosened hair, this way or that, and a jab with a comb, imitates everybody from Sarah Bernhardt to Eddie Foy. Hers the cocksureness, lightness, and verve, sophistication without loss of freshness, which the dweller in the far places often feels in the air when he first strikes New York. "The Lady of the Slipper" is one of the few musical shows well worth seeing.



Fred Stone as the Scarecrow

Elsie Janis as Cinderella

THE SIX RUBIES

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

IV. The Crusader's Tomb

MY FIRST sight of Gaunt Castle was when I stood that April night on the hill slope beneath the apse of the chapel, where I had trespassed through a broken gate half a mile away, and the Gothic walls towered above me black against a torn sky that flashed moonlight as if it had been lightning, and I saw through a lancet window high over my head a feeble flicker of candlelight, and heard a man's voice screaming.

I shall always remember it so—those black, buttressed walls against a flashing sky, the little gleam of candlelight and the little smothered human voice screaming in the night. The hair stirs at the back of my head now as it stirred then, and I feel once more the same well-nigh irresistible impulse to turn and run that all but conquered me in that memorable hour.

I did run as a matter of fact, but not, happily, away, though I ached and shivered to be gone. I ran round the walls of the chapel, looking for some entrance. There was none, but I came, after a moment, to what must have been either an open window or a crack in the stonework (I couldn't tell which, for it was above my head) through which the sounds within came much more distinctly. I heard the voice that had screamed calling out a man's name—"Thomas! Thomas!" I heard after a little, an answering call and running steps; I saw another yellow light that might have been from a lantern; I heard a faint babble of confused voices, one of which seemed to be attempting to soothe and quiet the other: then a kind of childish whimper, footsteps that retreated; the lights were gone and the high black Gothic walls were still once more.

On the next day I questioned my landlord at the inn in the tiny village, but he told me little more than I already knew—how the Gaunt family had removed from England (to America he believed) a hundred years ago, how the more modern part of the castle had since been occupied, once by a Russian duke and once by a rich manufacturing gentleman, but now long empty until the arrival some two months since from parts unknown of a Mr. Gaunt, who talked a little wildly of restoring the ancient splendors of his race and lived in half a dozen rooms of the Tudor wing with two servants. The landlord of the inn pursed his lips and shook his head a little as he spoke of this gentleman, and I was sorely tempted to press him further—to ask some question which might lead up to the matter of screaming by night in the old chapel, but for some reason obscure to me I didn't. I let it pass, and instead asked if the castle could be visited. I was told that it could, for the state rooms and the keep, chapel and dungeons were looked after, in a fashion, and tourists often went there.

The hours for visitors were from two until five, and at three o'clock that afternoon I rang at the great sculptured portal that stood beneath cedar trees beside the highroad, and, after a few moments' wait, was admitted by a bent little man who limped on a withered leg. Above my head the keystone of the arch was carved with the Gaunt arms—upon a field sable six gouttes gules; but weather and time had nearly effaced the charges, and the shield was cracked across. I traversed a long avenue—it must have been nearly half a mile—that mounted gently between rows of fir trees upon rising ground. But as I mounted my spirits fell, for there was something indescribably depressing in the atmosphere of that gloomy and dilapidated place. It smelt of dampness and immemorial decay. The soil was wet under my feet; my nostrils were full of the acrid scent of rotting vegetation; I thought the air was chill and it seemed to me that the sun shone very palely upon me. If I had been a mere tourist with a mere tourist's curiosity I should have turned back. But I was not. I had business there.

On the paved terrace before the handsome ivy-covered Tudor wing I found another little old man awaiting me with a great bunch of keys. He was very like the man at the lodge save for the withered leg. Or perhaps both this ancient's legs were withered, for they were bent at the knees like the forelegs of an old cab horse and he shambled upon them feebly. He was unable to straighten his back, but he looked up at me sidewise like a bird, staring so hard that I was on the point of telling him to mind his manners, but I remembered his lonely existence here and spared him. Probably he had no manners.

IN ANY case, after he had favored me with that long and rather fearsome stare and had made odd whistling noises with his breath, this little old man turned abruptly and led me into the house. It was a vast place and seemed vaster still, for the great rooms had been, upon the emigration of the family, stripped, nearly, though not quite, naked. It was a dismal succession of empty great chambers, of bare floors, of blotched mirrors and scaling paint, and the tattered silk of window hangings. It smelt, as the park had done, of dampness and decay. There was something lowering and sinister about that dim ruin. One felt that anything might happen there.

We saw the vaulted Gothic hall and the keep and the dungeons, and came at last to a long westward room that had an oak ceiling and casemented windows with the Gaunt arms painted in the center of each—the sable shield with the six drops of blood. It was the library, my guide told me, and added that the new master sat there sometimes. Indeed, I saw that a battered Gothic table of black oak had been set near the window, and a chair, and some of the near-by shelves had a few books standing lonely and as if frightened upon them. I said:

"Oh, yes! You have a tenant at last, I hear. One of the family." The little old man first nodded and then shook his head.

"'E *says* as 'e's a Gaunt, sir." I had to laugh at that.

"If he says so, he must be, I should think. And why not?"

"Well, sir, it may be as they've changed, the family 'as, out in Ameriky or wheresoever it is, but the new master looks remarkable different to the likenesses down at the inn. That's all I can say, sir."

THIS was news to me, this mention of "likenesses" at the inn, but I saw them later on. There were three of them, old copies of portraits of seventeenth and eighteenth century Gaunts. I had started to ask something about these: I don't remember what, but at just that moment a door at the other end of the room opened and a man came in. I had no need of the caretaker's whisper:

"That's 'im, sir, now!" I was at once certain that this was Solomon Gaunt, though he was fair, unlike his race, and had but one Gaunt feature—the high beaked nose. He was a tall man, exceedingly lean. His fair hair was thin, but he wore a big drooping mustache, and his eyebrows were very shaggy. Under that big mustache his mouth and chin looked weak, I thought, and his eyes were small and pale—halfway between blue and gray. He looked, with his retreating forehead and chin and his great drooping mustache, rather like a blond, preposterous walrus dressed up to make people laugh at a show, for his clothes were absurd too—very baggy golfing breeches above his thin shanks, and a bottle-green velvet jacket.

Mr. Gaunt did not at first see us, for we stood half hidden in the shadow at the inner end of the room, but presently some movement of mine betrayed our presence, and he came forward, peering a little as if he were shortsighted. I think he was; and I think he was a little deaf, too. He said sharply:

"Who's that? Who's that?" peering before him. "Ah! yes, Thomas! And you have a visitor? Welcome, sir! Welcome! Welcome! I am glad to have visitors in my house."

HE PRONOUNCED these genial words in an odd, dry, staccato tone, but he seemed to mean them. Indeed, I even got the impression of a kind of eagerness. Perhaps the man was lonely. Who knows? He asked old Thomas if he had shown me the state hall and the round tower and keep, and the caretaker said he had. Whereupon Mr. Gaunt waved him away.

"You may wait on the terrace. I will show the gentleman the other rooms myself."

I protested that I couldn't think of troubling him, but my host, as the caretaker shambled grumbling away, said it was a pleasure.

"The more so as I have not long had the privilege of pointing out to visitors the beauties of my ancestral home." He made an odd grotesque gesture.

"You see before you, sir, Gaunt comes once more to his own. This ancient castle has stood empty or has sheltered strangers for more than a hundred years. Now at last it shelters its own race, and I mean that it shall so do forever more. I mean my children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren to rule here so long as stone rests upon stone!"

He delivered this magniloquent speech exactly in the manner of the hero in an old-fashioned play, and I stared at him, wondering if by any chance he was a bit of a wag and meant to be funny. But it was quite plain that he didn't. I said:

"Ah, yes! to be sure. Do I understand then that you are the present head of the family?"

Mr. Gaunt frowned, pulled at the walrus mustache, and looked rather put out.

"Well, no, sir. No, not exactly that. The head of the family, legally speaking, is a mere youth—a cousin with whom my father and I are not on terms. He unfortunately is the actual owner of these acres. But in all justice and in the sight of God, sir," said this astonishing gentleman with sudden violence, "my father is the head of the Gaunts, and I, since his age and inclinations keep him in America, am his representative as well as his heir."

HE SHOOK his fist wildly as he spoke, and I withdrew a step, not in physical fear of him, but in the instinctive dread all healthy people have of the unnatural. At first I had thought the man merely odd, but now I began to perceive that he was a little, or perhaps a great deal, mad, and I wanted to get out into the sunlight. But Mr. Gaunt's passion ceased as suddenly as it had come. He said with a slight bow of apology:

"However, that is a family matter that cannot be of interest to you. It is enough that I, the heir of the elder branch of the house, have come to live once more in Gaunt Castle, and that young usurper shall never turn me out of it."

A single bar of sunlight slanted down into the dusty gloom. It fell by melodramatic chance upon and into the tomb of the Crusader

I wondered just how he meant to manage that and said so.

"Still—if this young gentleman is the actual owner in the eyes of the law, I don't quite see—" My host leaned toward me with an air of extraordinary cunning and touched me on the breast.

"I wouldn't tell everybody, but I'll tell you. I have his talisman."

"You have his what?"

"His talisman, sir. I and my brothers have the six Gaunt rubies, the six gouttes gules from the sable shield. My father stole them from him. Without the six rubies he's no Gaunt at all."

ONCE more I stared hard to see if the man might not be playing some elaborate joke, but he was quite serious and very mad. His little pale eyes shone with triumph.

"I see," said I. "That of course settles it." And he laughed with pleasure.

"Of course it does, Mr.—Mr.— Excuse me! I'm afraid I didn't ask your name."

I was possessed by a sudden foolish and half-malicious impulse to tell him my true name, and I did. But his deafness defeated me. He heard it wrong.

"Barnes? Did you say Barnes? To be sure. I knew some Barneses once, but that was long ago in America. Come! I'll show you the rooms I occupy for the time being. When I am married, a few months hence, I mean to—as one might say—spread out somewhat more—refurnish the entire Tudor wing—but we shall want my wife's taste and judgment for that. In time—before I die—I hope to have made the whole castle, or all the living rooms in it, habitable. But I must go slowly, slowly. I am not a rich man, Mr. Barnes. I confess it with regret. Not rich, but still we shall manage." He led the way out of the library and I followed him, my impulse to tell him who I was quite gone, for I realized now that it had been a bit of well-nigh insane bravado.

He took me to the foot of a narrow staircase, then halted and turned back.

"Did old Thomas show you the chapel?"

I said no, and that I should very much like to see it. I had in mind the matter of that dreadful screaming the night before.

"It is the oldest part of the castle," he said. "The oldest, that is, save the round tower. My ancestors are buried there. I—I feel drawn to the place. No wonder."

I saw his face as he stood at the bottom of the stairs and it was half eager, half fearful, as one imagines the face of a man who is drawn by abysses and stands upon the brink of one. It puzzled me.

"I go there a good deal," he said in a half whisper, his eyes turned down the passageway. "In the daytime it's—it's safe enough. It's only at night that—" He looked at me.

"Do you ever feel drawn, Mr. Barnes, by the dead?"

I SHIVERED and said no. And once more I wanted very much to be away, out in the wholesome yellow sunlight. But my host said, nodding:

"I do. Just lately. Since I have come here to live. They draw me and draw me down the stairs and along the corridor and on into that dark place. I can't keep my thoughts off them. They seem to want me there. I've locked myself into my room at night. Time and again I've locked myself in. But it's no good. They're stronger than bolts. I find myself giving way. And once—last night—they frightened me when they'd got me there. Old Sir Peter did. He's the one who brought the six rubies back from the east."

Mr. Gaunt's face went white, though it was always pale, and twisted a little, and all at once I knew who it was who had screamed in the night, and why. He said abruptly:

"Come! I'll show you." And set off down the corridor. I didn't like it, but I followed him.

We went through long passageways, and across two or three close-shuttered rooms, and down some steps under a vaulted roof. Gaunt opened a low door and we were in the ancient chapel.

It was a dim place full of black shadows and the odor of decay. Something scampered away from our feet as we entered, and I heard rustlings over our heads among the arches as if bats were stirring there. What light there was came from clerestory windows and that was only an occasional furtive beam. The windows below seemed to be either shuttered or bricked up. There were tattered banners rotting in a row above—the glory of the Gaunts—and under them in square stone tombs the bones of the same lay in a row and rotted also. But there was one tomb that stood alone in the middle of the aisle just before the altar steps, and that I knew, without being told, was old Sir Peter's tomb.

Everywhere about me the dust of ages lay thick, and I smelt death and I was afraid.

GAUNT went forward a step or two, and it was as if he went reluctantly.

"That's where he is!" said he pointing. "That's Sir Peter's tomb! Last night I thought—would you mind going close up and telling me if the top of the thing is on square and true? I—I'm nervous sometimes. It seemed to me that once I saw— Just have a look, like a good chap!"

I gave a laugh that rang out harshly in that still place, went down through the shadows, and laid my hand on old Sir Peter's tomb. The heavy top with its carved recumbent effigy was, as a matter of fact, slightly askew, and I said so, adding that doubtless the floor had settled a bit under the tomb. To which my host nodded his head.

"No doubt! No doubt! After all, what should he want of me?"

I had no answer ready for that, especially as I didn't in the least know what it was supposed to mean. But I was unhappy in those deep and eerie shadows—I confess it—and I drew a breath of relief when Gaunt turned suddenly and led the way out.

He took me up a narrow but very beautifully carved staircase and into a series of rooms above, small and none too cheerful but with fine oak ceilings and wainscots.

They were meagerly furnished, in part with the worm-eaten ruins of chest or table or chair that he must have collected from some forgotten recesses of the castle, in part with new and cheap articles of an appalling design and hue—the strangest agglomeration of misfits ever, I should think, gathered together under one roof.

"This," said Mr. Gaunt not without some satisfaction, "is where I live—though, as I told you, the arrangement is but temporary. When I am married—" He went to a hideous dressing table and returned with a photograph. "This is the lady who is to do me the honor of becoming my wife." He gave the thing into my hand. I looked upon it and looked again. I saw black and scarlet. I set my back against the wall. It is improbable that I shrieked or cried out blasphemies or cursed him to his face, for Mr. Gaunt continued to stand quiet before me, smiling a little fatuously and rubbing his lean white hands. And I looked and looked and tried to think I was dreaming a bad dream, and, I think, trembled a little from head to foot.

IT WAS the face seen once only, by lamplight, that had yet been before me both waking and sleeping, by night and by day, for five long months.

I saw her again now as she stood before me in that lamp-lit room, tall and white, with her red hair down her back in a great braid. I saw her eyes when she told me what her name was and I looked my last upon her. I heard her voice out in the night—whispering from a cloaked and shadowed figure as I sat on my horse and she reached up to press something into my hand:

"For a noble gentleman!"

So after all these empty months she came to me once more smiling her grave smile from a likeness in the hands of a madman. I tried to think of her as the prospective wife of this emaciated monomaniac who nodded and leered about being drawn to the dead, and the thought sickened me. It was fantastic, grotesque, preposterous. I found I could almost laugh aloud over it.

Yet it had been in old Matthew Gaunt's house that I had seen her first. This madman's brother had taken refuge from me at her feet. I looked up over the photograph to where Solomon Gaunt stood smiling upon me.

"This lady," said I, "is very beautiful and, I am sure, as good as she is lovely. But she is also very young. May I ask if she knows that—that—what you have told me?" It was an outrageous question but Gaunt seemed not to mind, though he frowned a little uneasily.

"Oh well!—these girls! She imagines herself to have a fancy for a young man of no consequence. I don't allow that to disturb me. She will see her duty when the time comes."

"Will she?" said I, eying him darkly. "Her duty! Do you mean that you would make a girl as young as that think it her *duty* to marry you against her inclination?"

He seems to have been beyond insult. He smiled. He all but simpered.

"Women have not found me altogether unattractive."

I called upon my God and turned away. I went to one of the windows and stood there, looking down upon the long sweep of green lawn and the blacker green of yew and fir and cedar. I could see a vast expanse of country—many miles of rich and fertile land that ought to have been bringing forth corn to feed England—but it wasn't; it was a "gentleman's estate." I think my host had been speaking behind me some little time before I paid heed to him. I remember the drone of his voice and I remember that I was full of a great distaste for it, a great disgust with him. What could that dreary madman have to say that was worth listening to?

I laid my hand upon the low, heavy, nail-studded door, took a long breath, and pulled it open

with [illegible] hands, then hesitated and gave an uncertain [illegible] laugh. He was plainly keen to show his treasure [illegible] some time afraid.

" he said anxiously. "I oughtn't to. [illegible] anyone else. If I let you see it [illegible] might find out"

[illegible], and the man said in a whis- [illegible]aunt, my cousin, the head of the [illegible]den from him, you know. My [illegible] he hated the other family and [illegible]ach them not to be so stiff- [illegible]. You must not ever let young Peter know."

"Am I likely to" said I. "Come! give me a look [illegible]."

Still he hung undecided for a moment more, then at last said: "Why not?" pulled open the front of his shirt and drew out the big, uncut, roughly polished ruby that he had hanging about his neck on a chain.

IT LAY in his palm like a pool of dark blood. I caught my breath and bent over it. I was far stronger than he. I could quite easily have torn the thing from him, but he would have made an outcry and there would have been trouble and publicity and the law. I bode my time.

I put out a finger toward the great stone, but Gaunt shrank back, saying in a whisper:

"Don't touch it!" And I withdrew. The sight of the jewel seems, however, to have maddened me a little as perhaps its possession had maddened him. Certainly I was off my guard. I thought aloud. I said:

"It's the bottom ruby of the sinister side." For I knew all six of those incomparable stones as intimately as I knew my own hands.

Gaunt gave a sudden cry and backed away from me, staring.

"What's that? What do you say?"

"What *did* I say?" I asked him dully, for I was not yet aware of having spoken. He repeated what I had said:

"'The bottom ruby of the sinister side'!" He uttered a kind of scream, but smothered it with his two hands over his mouth. Then all at once he ran at me, caught me by the arm and whirled me round, peering at me close in the light of the windows. His vision may have been shorter than I had realized. He gave another scream loud and sharp.

"Aaah!" His mouth dropped open and he began to shake. "Aah! I know you now! I know who you are. You're Peter Gaunt."

He waved his arms at me like a lean and grotesque toy.

The great jewel swung and bobbed on the end of its chain, hitting against him, and he stuffed it clumsily inside his shirt. He was breathing in hard gasps.

"I might have known you'd come. My father said you'd try to get it back. Well, you shan't have it, curse you! I'll kill you first. . . . Sneaking and spying here . . . worming your way into my house."

"Oh come!" I said. "It's *my* house. You'll have to confess that. And you have already confessed that it's my ruby and that your father stole it. You'd better give it up, Solomon!"

THAT seemed to drive him into a kind of frenzy. He all but foamed at the mouth. He ran up and down the floor of the room like a maddened, chattering ape, and once he made a dash toward a table near my hand, where a heavy walking stick and two or three riding crops lay together. But I blocked him off there and he retreated, snarling.

His eyes fell upon the photograph that I had laid down some time since, and he caught it up in his hands. At first I thought he meant to tear it across, but instead he hurled it to the ground and made as if to stamp on it. I cried out at him:

"Stop! Don't you trample on that! If you put your beastly foot on it I'll do you harm." And he stood still, staring across at me with a kind of startled, sly cunning.

"Eh!" he said in a whisper. "Eh, yes? It was you, wasn't it? It was you she had her fancy for. Take her, then!" He threw the photograph violently into my face. "Take her! I don't want her. I hope to God I may never see her again! She's unworthy of what I would have done for her. I wouldn't lift her up if she crawled to me on her knees. . . . But the ruby!" He clutched at the front of his shirt, trembling. "You shan't have that while I'm alive. It's mine, do you hear? Mine!" He looked desperately about the room and his eyes fell upon the bell rope. He ran at it and pulled. He pulled again and again until I thought the thing would fetch away. I could hear the bell jangling somewhere down below.

"Get out of my house!" shouted my Cousin Solomon. "Get out before I have you thrown out."

I TRIED to picture the aged and feeble Thomas throwing me out of Gaunt Castle and smiled at the thought. Then I looked at my cousin and considered. The man was in a frenzy of rage and fear. If I should take the ruby away from him by force, he would scream to high heaven and put up all the fight he knew. It wouldn't do. I realized that and shook my head with a sigh. Matters had gone very ill and I must bide my time.

The aged Thomas appeared in the doorway and stood looking from one to the other of us. He must have seen that something was wrong if, indeed he hadn't been listening all the while on the staircase, as I suspect. My cousin, leaning against the opposite wall and breathing hard, pointed at me with an unsteady hand.

"This gentleman is going." I nodded to him.

"Yes, Solomon, I'm going—for the present. But I shall come back."

He made a kind of face at me—a kind of twisted grin of fury, and so I turned my back on him and went down the stairs.

Below I gave the old caretaker a sovereign and said to him:

"I shall be at the inn in the village for a few days. If your new master should by any chance leave the castle or if he should do anything that seems extraordinary to you, let me know!"

Old Thomas touched his forelock and said: "Very good, my lord!"

So he *had* been listening on the stairs, and knew who I was. The sound of that long unused title struck oddly upon my ears. It made me laugh—but not for long. I bade farewell to the caretaker and went off very low in mind to the inn, for I had bungled badly and I could see no way clear before me.

But in the pocket of my coat I had Her likeness, and that at least was something to thank God for. I sat late into the night in my little room with the photograph propped up on the table before me. I looked long into Her beautiful eyes and I thought they smiled at me, though very gravely. And it seemed to me that I heard her voice very low and sweet, as it had been on that other night. I drifted away to sleep sitting there in my chair with her voice in my ears.

I AWOKE, very lame and stiff, to a loud knocking on my door, and it was broad morning, though early—not more, I thought, than a couple of hours after sunrise.

I was wanted at once at the castle.

"He's bolted!" said I. "Or tried to bolt. Old Thomas has got word to me." I soused my head in the water

"That's 'im, sir, now!" I was at once certain that this was Solomon Gaunt though he was fair, unlike his race, and had but one Gaunt feature —the high beaked nose. He was a tall man, exceedingly lean

basin, took a cap and a stick, and went out into the road. The early birds were still singing and smoke was rising from cottage chimneys. The day smelt like a rose.

Old Thomas was waiting for me on the terrace. I saw him there, a bent patient figure, long before I had reached the top of the hill. I cried out:

"He's gone? He's bolted?" And the caretaker looked at me vacantly. He seemed dazed.

"No, my lord. 'E's 'ere."

"Where? Where?" I asked him. He said, licking his lips:

"In the old chapel, my lord." And then I knew that something was wrong. I didn't stop to ask questions. I ran, and the caretaker ran behind me, shuffling like a feeble old bear, his keys clanking on their chain. I remembered the way and went, I think, without detour, but it was easy, for the doors were open before me, all but the last, which th[illegible]er may have closed upon what he saw that ea[illegible]ing. I laid my hand upon the low, heavy, nai[illegible] door, took a long breath, and pulled it open.

Something was very wr[illegible]d.

I said after a moment:

"Give me more light her[illegible] can!" And Thomas with some fumbling found [illegible] and pulled it. One of the eastward clerestory [illegible] swung open and a single bar of sunlight slanted down into the dusty gloom. It fell by melodramatic chance upon and into the tomb of the Crusader, for the heavy marble top with its recumbent effigy had been lifted quite off and stood upon its edge on the stone flagging.

OLD Sir Peter was there—bones and rotted linen. And that which had been Solomon Gaunt was there also, half in, half out of the sarcophagus. I saw his face and it made me sick.

At the heart of great whirlwinds there is a little space of silence and calm, and I think that in the midst of great emotional storm and stress there may be something of the kind as well. I know that as I stood in those chill shadows, looking down, while unnamable horrors circled round me, upon impossible things, I had a moment of unmixed peace and thankfulness. I said:

"Thank God she is free of him at last! He can never harm her now."

I am glad to be able to remember that the ruby did not enter my thoughts at all.

But presently, as I stood gazing there, my eyes were caught by something within old Sir Peter's tomb—a dark gleam of crimson down among the horrors just at the bottom of that single golden sunbeam. I bent closer and it was the Gaunt ruby. It lay beside the Crusader's bones, oddly enough just at his right hand, and a bit of broken chain trailed away from it.

I stooped and took it up—for some inexplicable reason my hand was quite steady—and put it in my pocket. Then (and why not before, I cannot say) I began to shiver and shake. The horror of that dreadful place was suddenly intolerable to me, and I turned with a cry and ran.

Hard on my heels I heard the man Thomas—his shuffling, shambling feet, his panting breath. I ran like a maniac through rooms and passages, and burst at last, sobbing, into the clean, bright air of the open terrace.

Later, when I could command my speech, I asked if the authorities had been notified, and was told that they had. Indeed, they arrived within the half hour, together in a trap, the coroner, a white-haired, red-faced, cheery little man, and the chief constable of the village. I took the coroner aside and told him who I was.

"My name is Gaunt. I'm the owner here, though I live in America. The man who is dead is a distant cousin who had taken the castle for a year. I called upon him only yesterday. Now go in! The caretaker will show you the way."

"You're not coming, my lord?" he asked. And I said:

"No. Not again. I can't."

HE RETURNED after five minutes, gray and shaking, and asked if I minded his sitting down for a bit in the sun. He looked up at me pathetically, wiping his face.

"Once, out in India, I saw a man who'd been mauled by a tiger. He was such a good chap! Grey, major. I knew him well. . . ." He wiped his face again. "This thing—you know such things don't happen. They're impossible."

"I know," said I.

"I should like," he said, "to go and be sick. . . . Dragged . . . he was dragged into that . . . that d—— place by the head. His head's all . . . all . . . and his back is broken like a rotten stick. A thing like that just can't be done. No human being is strong enough. It's impossible on the face of it."

"I know," said I.

"And yet—"

"Oh, yes," I said drearily. "It's there. It was done. I saw him—I mean I saw them both." And at that the little gray gentleman looked up at me quickly but, when he met my eyes, looked away again.

I seemed to see him making a kind of desperate effort for what he would, I think, have called the "common sense" view. And, after all, he *was* sitting quite prosaically on a brick terrace in the broad sunlight of early day. He approached his head to mine, nodding it slightly.

"Look here, my lord! what's *your* idea of this odd business? You and I are sane men and not fools. What do you think of it?"

I answered him with a little impatience. I felt ill and wished he would go away. I said:

"Did you see the shape of the marks on my cousin's face and body?" And he gave a kind of cry and shrank away from me.

SO WE sat still there for a bit, this little white-haired, gray-faced gentleman and I, but at the end he sighed and got to his feet. He wouldn't—or couldn't—meet my eyes again. He said rather quickly:

"I shall make out a certificate 'from unknown causes.' I'm off now, but I'll come back in an hour with a couple of my assistants. I can depend on them to hold their tongues; and your caretaker, here, he's not a gossip, I fancy. This—this thing is one of the things that are hushed up . . . and forgotten . . . it one can." He looked at me at last with haunted eyes. "I shan't forget it. . . . Heavens!" He looked at me once again and down at his feet, and abruptly turned and walked away.

I felt in my pocket and the ruby was there. Then I went away to send a telegram to Solomon Gaunt's father.

THE REVIVER OF REVIVALISM

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

The Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman (to the left), and his assistant and song leader, Charles M. Alexander

This is the sixth and concluding article of Mr. Macfarlane's series, "Man-to-Man Preachers," the successful seqnel to its successfnl predecessor, the series "Preachers in America." Seventeen of the great pulpiteers of this generation have been pictured in the two series, and the readers of Collier's know that the men stand forth as clearly as if before the camera and as alive as if with hands outstretched they greeted their friends and neighbors. Snch is the qnality of Mr. Macfarlane's style. It has a big sweep, a big simplicity, and it surges with a big sympathy. So it is with nnnsual pleasnre that the editors of Collier's are able to annonnce that, while now he turns to a field remote from the pulpit, his work will appear often in the Weekly throughout the year. Details of a new series of his articles on a snbject of engrossing humanity will appear soon

IN A WAY it was the late John H. Converse, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, who revived revivalism in America. Moody was gone. Sam Jones was gone. Torrey was abroad. There was no great outstanding apostle of evangelism in America. The thing itself languished. Churches, freezing with self-satisfaction, were closing their doors entirely to peripatetic evangelism; and there was no other kind, except here and there a pastor with the evangelistic spirit. In consequence the church as a whole either ceased to grow or moved with a retarded impetus. In 1901 the Presbyterian General Assembly, meeting in Philadelphia, was looking this fact squarely in the eye.

John H. Converse was a practical man, and an observant and a reasoning one. He thought he knew the reason why evangelism was lagging. He was building locomotives. Two generations back he would have been building stagecoaches. He had an idea that the falling off in the demand for stagecoaches did not mean that the people traveled less; but that the conditions of travel had changed. He suspected that salvation, trundled about from town to town with a stagecoach method, was not moving fast enough to keep up with the people; that the "old Gospel" was still powerful, but that new conditions demanded a new vehicle. The locomotives built by Converse differed greatly from Stephenson's first model, but, whether it was a mogul that weighed three hundred tons and dragged a hundred cars of freight behind it, or a high-wheeled racer that pulled a limited express train seventy miles an hour, he knew well that what made his engine move was steam, the very same old steam that lifted the top of Watt's kettle.

NEEDED—A NEW GOSPEL MACHINE

SO HE reasoned that what evangelism needed was not some new kind of steam, some new Gospel or message, but a new machine, a really modern evangelistic engine, built both for the high speeds and the heavy pulls necessary to move the larger and more compact social masses of to-day, while using for motive power the same old steam that Wesley and Finney and Moody had employed.

In consequence the president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works proposed to the Presbyterian General Assembly to build an evangelistic locomotive. He offered the funds if the assembly would appoint the designers and builders and put a man at the throttle. The assembly accepted the proposition of Mr. Converse. They appointed a Committee on Evangelism and they made Mr. Converse chairman of that committee. He, on his part, gave the committee twenty-five thousand dollars for that year, and told them there would be twenty-five thousand more the next year and the next, and as many years thereafter as they had use for the money and he had the money to give. The next move of Mr. Converse was to go over to New York City to the corner of Ninety-first Street and West End Avenue, where he found an experienced and enthusiastic designer of evangelistic machinery. The man was J. Wilbur Chapman. He was then pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, but Mr. Converse employed him as corresponding secretary of the Committee on Evangelism. He immediately became the executive arm, and in part the active, cogent, resolving brain of the committee. Ideas, schemes, plans, proposals, and suggestions poured into the committee and thence into the brain of the designer. He built the engine. Other men helped, other men cooperated; and he would no doubt modestly disclaim the chief credit; yet it was his hand that pulled open the throttle. The first thrill that came from feeling that new and mighty engine of evangelism stir, fires glowing, pistons throbbing, wheels turning, vibrated through his body.

"ATTACK THE CITIES"—THE SLOGAN

FOR three years, as corresponding secretary of this committee, Dr. Chapman had been traveling over the country, studying evangelism, urging evangelism, teaching evangelism, demonstrating evangelism—and all, or practically all, in the Presbyterian Church; and all, too, with a concentrated emphasis on evangelizing the cities.

"Attack the cities" had been the command of Chairman Converse. Dr. Chapman himself had been successful in city evangelism. In 1885, he went to his first city pastorate, The First Reformed Church of Albany. The young minister was full of evangelistic enthusiasm, but this most aristocratic congregation had an atmosphere only less alien to the fervor of evangelism than the North Pole itself. The young man tried to turn his Sunday night services to evangelistic account, but at first without success. The church sang the old stately hymns of Calvinism and they were psychologically bad for a revivalistic spirit. They lulled and soothed; they did not spur and quicken. Dr. Chapman might preach his hearers into penitence and a concern for their souls, but the very hymn of invitation would chill them into apathy. He tried to introduce a supply of Gospel hymn books to the pews, but the venerable and dignified session sat upon the project with sudden, icy vigor. The young minister told his troubles to Dwight L. Moody. Moody was a master of strategy when dealing with the spiritually torpid.

"Print one or two Gospel hymns on cards," he suggested, "and slip them into the pews; then have your choir or soloist sing one of them."

THE BELL'S WONDERFUL NOTE

CHAPMAN tried it. His first venture was with "Ring the Bells of Heaven." An elder who had sat down most firmly on the Gospel hymn project took up the card and followed the song through, while tears trickled down his cheeks.

"Where—where did you get that wonderful, wonderful song?" he asked Dr. Chapman with a voice still trembling with emotion, when the service closed.

"Why, from the book of Gospel hymns," explained Dr. Chapman innocently.

At the next meeting of the session the embargo on Gospel hymn books was removed, and it was the old elder who made the motion.

From Albany, after a four-year pastorate that was distinctly evangelistic in tone, Dr. Chapman went to become pastor of what was then the largest Presbyterian Church in the world, known as John Wanamaker's, in Philadelphia. Here again the evangelistic note was sounded during two pastorates with an interval between when Dr. Chapman traveled and devoted himself exclusively to evangelism.

In the New York charge, which came next and from which he went at the call of John H. Converse and his committee, the doctor had turned on the tap of evangelistic sermons and his congregation of aristocracy and intellectualism appeared to like it, [illegible] filled and filled his church to the very day of his going away.

The problem of city evangelism was therefore the phase of which Dr. Chapman knew most. But as he traveled and studied the problem a great new light began to break. General evangelists had long known that it was easier to make Christians than to make Presbyterians or Methodists or Baptists; and the doctor began to feel that it would be easier to rouse *all* the denominations with an evangelistic campaign than to rouse *one* of them, easier to make a *lot* of Christians than a *few*.

He knew that it was much easier to touch the throttle of a locomotive and move that whole mechanical organization upon its steel-bound ways than to dismount a driving wheel and attempt to trundle it along by itself. That was the mistake evangelism had made in the cities. A city was an organized population and not a mere group of contiguous camps. All its parts were interrelated. Down town was related to uptown; center was related to circumference; the slum had a connection with the suburbs. To attempt to move the suburb alone as with a neighborhood interdenominational meeting meant that the whole inertia of the down town, of the slums, and the business world must be overcome by pressure applied solely in the suburb. It would be easier to get the whole mass moving at once by multiplying his evangelistic organization so he could apply pressure in every district of the city at one time.

If he could, so to speak, drive his evangelistic program down the alley and the avenue on the same afternoon, he would get the whole social mass vibrating at once and the walls of Jericho would fall with a crash.

THE SIMULTANEOUS CAMPAIGN

OUT of this conception was built that perfected evangelistic locomotive, the SIMULTANEOUS CAMPAIGN, the last and most effective method of Gospelizing the cities that the religious world knows anything about. With the perfection of this new engine, the work of the Presbyterian Evangelistic committee entirely overflowed Presbyterianism. Presbyterians continued to man the committee and to finance the engine driver, but the work was a free-will gift to the church in America.

Dr. Chapman ran his new engine first in Pittsburgh, which was singularly appropriate, for nowhere in the world are people so cog wise as there; nowhere are the advantages to be got from the employment of ponderous machinery so well understood or so efficiently grasped as in that Pennsylvania town and its environs of smudging furnaces, mills, and forges. Perhaps that is exactly why the great evangelistic machine first wheezed into life there. Indeed, we cannot escape the impression that the thing was at least partly indigenous. Dr. Chapman is now in the antipodes. There is no opportunity to consult him, and we can only have the impression and recollection of some of those associated with him.

In December, 1903, The Rev. G. W. Munhall, and Dean Gray of Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, both well-known evangelists, were planning to conduct revival meetings in Pittsburgh. Dr. Chapman was invited to join them. There was conference and correspondence between the evangelists and the pastors. Three great evangelists meant three great evangelistic centers. But if three centers and three evangelists were good, why were not six centers and six evangelists better? The plan grew; the idea begat sons and daughters. When, in the spring of 1904, the meeting actually commenced, it was with nineteen centers and nineteen evangelists. They struck the city like a tornado. They invested it like an army. The alley and the avenue, business and the suburb, were all moved upon at the same time.

"Attack the cities!"

MEETINGS LIKE CENTRAL CONFLAGRATIONS

FOR the first time a great city had been completely engaged. Moody had thrilled Chicago and New York and London and Edinburgh. His meetings burned like great central conflagrations. But the Chapman meeting did not confine itself to one hall or one church or one evangelist nor depend upon the power of the religious Hertzean waves sent out from a single center.

Into each of the eighteen local centers, all the churches of a district turned the channels of their in-

fluence. All their ministers, all their members, all the circle of their adherents were aggregated about the one nucleus, where was a district evangelist with a complete corps of assistants. Ministers and churches felt [illegible] of responsibility, a greater hope of [illegible] eagerness to help; and besides it was [illegible] people out to a meeting in the next [illegible] halfway across the city.

The [illegible]h evangelist was Dr. Chapman himself, [illegible] great down-town churches, formed a glowing center into which the overflow of enthusiasm from the local meetings poured, and back from which streamed currents of inspiration and rays of leadership to the neighborhood meetings again.

And Pittsburgh felt these meetings! They stirred it from East End to West End, from hill to hill, from river to river, from smoking Gi-Hinnom upon one side to smoking Gi-Hinnom upon the other. That iron-cobbled city suddenly became conscious of a religious sensory nervous system of which it had seldom taken ken before. Something had galvanized the churches into an unusual life. Their pulpits flared up like forges. The meetings in themselves were perfectly normal and unsensational. The evangelists were preaching the same old sermons; but they were all preaching at once. It was the same old steam; but they were all yoked together, all pulling at once, and all pulling the same population.

THE WINNING OF PITTSBURGH

THE newspaper report of a revival meeting was usually a matter for two inches next to the obituary column. But Dr. Chapman's new machine pulled that two inches into five columns or more, and pulled it off the inside on to the front page. City editors detailed a "revival squad" each day as they would have detailed a convention squad. The newspapers themselves were surprised to find how many church people there were in the town, how many big advertisers, how many persons of position and influence turned up when a movement like the Simultaneous Campaign smoked them all into the streets at one time. And the nonreligious felt the pull of it also. While the revival was on, it was as much the thing to go as to the horse show or the opera. Speaking from the standpoint of the evangelists, people attracted by such a motive were likely to be the very ones most needing to be reached.

Indeed, Pittsburgh feels the pull of that meeting to the present day. In the moral upheaval of a few months ago, it was the churches acting together, the sight of scores of ministers standing together and pointing accusing fingers, and the muttering righteous wrath of laymen backing them that compelled attention to a condition too long ignored. The newspapers were disinclined to move, but the churches had learned to strike and to strike together, and their combined power could not be disunited altogether.

After the Pittsburgh meeting Dr. Chapman, perfecting the workings of his plan as experience taught him, carried the Simultaneous Campaign into fifty or sixty of the great cities of America. In some places it succeeded better than in others, but in none did it fail to do great good, the degree of its success usually being the degree of energy with which the local forces took hold.

The culmination was reached in Boston in 1909. Of this meeting, Dr. Chapman himself has written: "The Boston Evangelistic campaign gave me the greatest experience of my life."

BOSTON'S "DAY OF REJOICING"

IT WAS a great achievement. A volume has been published to record its history. It began with one hundred and sixty-six churches participating. The co-operation was as churches and not as denominations. The meeting was therefore interchurch rather than interdenominational. There were twenty-seven centers and twenty-seven evangelists, each with his complete corps of helpers. Charles M. Alexander, the greatest leader of revival song in the world to-day, was associated with Dr. Chapman, and the central group meetings were held in Tremont Temple.

Religiously this intellectual cosmopolis might be supposed to be at the opposite extreme from that atmosphere of emotion without which a revival meeting does not revive; but in this instance, as upon others that might be cited, Boston proved that it has a heart as well as a head. The meetings were successful from the start. The interest rose from day to day and from week to week. The first meeting taxed the capacity of Tremont Temple with three thousand persons inside; the last one packed and overflowed the Mechanics' Building, which will hold eight thousand.

By a succession of special days advantage was taken of that element in the psychology of mass appeals which is gained by stressing one idea after another with a kind of rhythm. There was a "Mothers' Day," "A Flower Day," and a "Day of Rejoicing," a "Church Day," an "Education Day," a "New England Day," and a "Gospel Song Day." Upon these occasions the evangelists employed the sentiments which the "days" suggested for a most tender and sympathetic pressing home of the pulpit message; but they also saw that each service took a practical turn. On Flower Day, blossoms in great numbers were taken to the hospitals, the asylums, and many other institutions of the city, as well as to many hopeless "shut ins" in private homes. Where practical, singers and speakers accompanied the gifts to add a song or a cheering word to the message of the petals. Even the jails were made to bloom with flowers.

A "Day of Rejoicing" was the culmination of these special days. Considerable sums of money and large quantities of provisions were given. One offering was as large as seventy-five dollars. One was as small as five cents. One dealer sent tons of coal; one baker sent hundreds of loaves of bread. Gilbert Hall was turned for a day into a great general store, and out from it went baskets of good cheer to more than twelve hundred homes of need. Thus the services upon the "Day of Rejoicing" were not mere worked up and warmed over sentiment, but characterized by an honest glow of emotion resulting from a sense of good deeds done, while in those twelve hundred helped homes the day was a physical reality at least, and if it had a spiritual significance also, so much the better.

While the Simultaneous Campaign was largely a matter of machinery, yet it was the aim of Dr. Chapman to keep the machinery out of sight and out of hearing. The meetings were not mechanical. They were religious. The faith of the evangelists was not in their mechanism but in their message.

DR. CHAPMAN'S METHOD IS PSYCHOLOGICAL

DR. CHAPMAN, in his own part of the work, comes to his audience with no windmill creaking of wheels, no clatter of words, or honking of horns. What impresses you first about his pulpit appearance is that he is just a high-minded gentleman. He takes no man by violence. He does not bel[illegible] he does not stamp. He does not beat the pulp[illegible] weaks no sinner by the nose. But he stands t[illegible]ore you, tall and clean-shaven, his eyes glinti[illegible]gh almost imperceptible glasses, and plunges h[illegible] finger into your mind. Or, with a reminiscent [illegible] wafts some perfume of forgotten memories ov[illegible]soul that melts it. He is barren of offensive eg[illegible] boasting, of self-assertion. Modesty is in [illegible]ner, humility is in his bearing; but there is poise also and precision of movement, as well as dominance of personality. He knows what he will say; he knows what he will do. He operates with something of the skill of a surgeon. He is no hypnotist, yet his method is psychological. His co-evangelist, Charles M. Alexander, is probably the greatest master of revival song in the world. When Alexander has sung his audience into just the right mood, when the emotions are just the most fluid, when the minds are the most susceptible to religious suggestion, the evangelist arises quietly, an open Bible in his hand, and "takes the meeting."

Dr. Chapman is not an extremist in statement. There is a classic moderation in his diction, but there is infinite resolution and conviction in his manner of address. He leans forward slightly, and there is a sense of some compulsion from behind and above, a sort of Divine urge that is crowding upon him a sense of the importance of his message. As I have said, he is like a surgeon. He is going to your heart. And he will get there, never fear! He is stripping you for examination. Incident by incident, argument by argument, illustration by illustration, he parts the folds of your personality, the layers of conceit, of custom, of habit, of will, of antagonism, and comes to the real *you*. Presently he has the stethoscope upon your moral heart. But—the genius of the man!—he does not condemn you. He lets you judge yourself. He places the tubes of the stethoscope in your own ears. He does not tell you your heart is bad; he lets you listen. While your own face pales at the recognition of valves that "pish" and regurgitate, of beats that are missed entirely, of the stumbling, staggering thing you see your moral self to be, he asks in all tenderness, in all concern: "How is it with you, my brother?"

SUCCESSFUL IN "PERSONAL WORK"

THAT element of fine courtesy which is the very essence of gentle breeding is felt in his personal conferences, and is never absent from his pulpit message. In consequence of it, no doubt, Dr. Chapman is especially successful in "personal work" among people in what are called the higher cultural walks of life. The offices of business and professional men, the homes of the very well bred, open with unusual ease to him.

A prominent element in Dr. Chapman's message is his straight-out appeal to the God consciousness in the individual. He spends little time arguing and much time reminding and persuading and appealing.

Five months after the close of the Boston meeting Dr. Conrad, who was the chairman of the Boston committee, wrote: "There has been no reaction. There will be none. The work was calm, deep, and sane."

The nation-wide succession of Simultaneous Campaigns extending over five years accomplished much. It waked up and warmed up the city churches. Each campaign was a great training school for evangelists, because its successes grew out of the work of no single great evangelist, but of many good evangelists working together. In short, it revived revivalism, and put it upon a higher plane. It taught the churches to respect the evangelists more, and the evangelists to respect the churches more. It stimulated evangelism in town and village and country as well as in the city. To-day there are more than eight hundred evangelists regularly at work among the Protestant churches of the United States. The Laymen's Missionary Movement and the Men and Religion Forward Movement both owe a debt to the "breaking-to-harness" work of the Simultaneous Campaigns.

THE AUSTRALIAN TRIUMPH

AS FOR Dr. Chapman himself, he emerges from his work, relinquishes the throttle, and comes down from the cab of his splendid engine to find himself recognized as one of the great evangelists of his times. No one, or few at least, would have prophesied his present position of premiership. At the time of writing, he is visiting the larger cities of Australia on the second tour within three years. His journey is all but a triumphal progress. In city after city the climax appears to have been reached, only to be exceeded in the next. Charles M. Alexander and a choice group of specialists are with him.

Dr. Chapman returns to America in July, 1913, but only to breathe the air of his native land for a few weeks. Europe is calling, and in September he and his fellow workers will take ship for another extended tour which begins with meetings in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and will be extended to include other great English-speaking cities. The evangelist is now fifty-three years old. It is estimated by one who has been associated with him closely that he has preached fifty thousand sermons, that he has been heard by sixty million persons, and that nearly one hundred and fifty thousand persons have been influenced to a better life by his evangelistic efforts.

The Rush Hour

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

THIS is the big excitement of their lives!—
This teeming rush hour—six o'clock at night.
I never saw such tired eyes; I never saw such faces,
So weary at the close of a hard day.
Those bright electric bulbs in the thundering Subway
Bring out the tragic lines on their tragic brows—
Girls old before their time, dizzily swaying
In that awful conglomeration of human beings.
Those merciless lights!—hiding no single blemish,
Placed there with their flaming candle power
So that the throngs may read their evening papers.
But some of the girls are far too tired to read.
They only hang on the straps,
Sick with the noise of the train speeding uptown,
Yet glad to hear it, since it means to them
That every moment they are nearer their sad homes.

IT SEEMS to me they are always rushing—
The forlorn sweatshop workers, the tired sales girls,
The pale clerks who light a cigarette
The moment that they leave the crowded Subway—
Hurrying, rushing, pushing, shoving,
Always moving in a monotonous procession.
In the morning they rush to perform miserable
occupations
In factories and lofts and darkened rooms;
And in the evening when the whistle blows
They rush for the same inevitable cars
That hurl them to their undesired homes.
Always these tragic people are rushing, rushing. . . .
But some day they shall go slowly, very slowly,
One at a time, to a distant quiet place—
The only leisurely ride they shall ever know.

Coming Features

In Every High-Grade Car

Note all these features listed at the side.

Most designers agree that high-grade cars must soon adopt them all. Many have done so already.

The four forward speeds are now employed in 318 foreign makes.

Costly cars, all the world over, are coming to wider tires.

Center control and left side drive are this year found in most high-priced cars. So with electric lights.

14-inch cushions must come. So must big springs and big brakes. And driving parts, to stand the strain, must have 50 per cent over-capacity.

Motor car bodies, to stand washing and weather, must have 22 coats, as ours have.

W. H. Cameron Knows

The Michigan "40" is built by W. H. Cameron, whose cars are well known on both sides of the Atlantic. He has built 100,000 cars.

If any man knows the motor car future, that man is W. H. Cameron.

The records show that for 15 years he has seen what was coming far in advance, and has always seen aright.

The latest Michigan "40" embodies every feature which Cameron thinks must come.

Next Year You'll Want Them

This year's cars, lacking some of these features, may pass as up-to-date.

But the cars which are leading, both here and abroad, already show that these new things are coming. We go further than some in comfort, finish and luxury. But in mechanical features we have no innovations. We are simply keeping pace with the latest practice in the leading shops of the world.

Next year these features, which seem new in the Michigan, will be in general vogue. And a high-grade car without them will be distinctly out of date.

The War-Time Price

This year there's a war among Forties, with 72 makers competing.

For three years past, motor car buyers have been coming to Forties in an overwhelming way. And 72 factories in this country alone now seek to supply this demand.

Prices on Forties have fallen immensely, because of this fierce competition. And every maker is seeking in some way to outdo other makers.

As a result, some of the greatest values ever known in this industry may be found in the "40" class.

But the Michigan "40" outbids every rival. The slightest comparison shows this. What other make offers you anything like this for $1,585?

All Nations Agree

Experts have come here from 11 foreign countries to see this new Michigan model.

They have bought hundreds of these cars to be sold in competition with the finest European makes.

American dealers, who know the whole market, have placed with us orders totalling $16,000,000.

All because they have nowhere found a car which compares with the Michigan at the Michigan's price.

Now we invite you to make a comparison—you men who want power, comfort, luxury and room. You who want the coming features. You who seek an underprice.

Judge if this car doesn't offer you more than the price can buy anywhere else.

Judge if these new features are not worth the having. Judge if men in the future are not bound to demand them.

Send this coupon for our catalog and name of nearest dealer. Then go see the car.

Mail it before you forget.

Michigan "40"

$1,585

Special Features

Four-forward speeds, as used today on all the best foreign cars.

Oversize tires—35 x 4½ inches—wider, we think, than on any equal-weight car.

Electric lights with dynamo.

Center control.

Left-side drive, to which all the best cars are coming.

40 to 46 horsepower.

Long-stroke motor.

Brake drums, 16 x 2¼ inches, making them extra efficient.

Springs 2¼ inches wide—50 inches long in the rear.

Shortsville wheels, with 1¾-inch spokes—12 to each wheel.

Demountable rims—Firestone quick-detachable, with extra rim.

Steering post adjustable. Also brake and clutch pedals, insuring perfect comfort and fit to every driver.

Wheel base, 118 inches.

Rear seat 50 inches wide inside—22 inches deep. Doors 20 inches wide. Tonneau room 50 inches either way.

Straight-line body, with 22 coats, designed by John A. Campbell.

14-inch Turkish cushions. More depth and comfort, we believe, than in any other car.

Nickel mountings.

Electric headlights, extra powerful—12½ inches in diameter.

Sidelights set in dash—flush with it.

Windshield built as part of body, easily inclined to any angle.

Mohair top, side curtains and envelope.

Electric horn.

$50.00 Speedometer—4-inch face.

Over-capacity averaging 50 per cent. Each driving part sufficient for a 60-horsepower motor.

Foot rail, robe rail, rear tire irons, tool chest completely equipped, under running board out of way.

Self-Starter

Men differ so about self-starters that we adopt no type as regular equipment.

Either a gas starter, or an unfailing electric starter, will be added at moderate extra price. The car has a dynamo lighting system.

MICHIGAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Kalamazoo, Michigan

Owned by the Owners of the Michigan Buggy Company

138

MAIL THIS COUPON

Michigan Motor Car Company
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Mail me your 1913 Catalog

If the Electric Trucks in the service of a *single* New York concern were loaded and placed one above the other they would make a column higher than the famous Singer Building, tower and all.

The Horse Must Go

The faithful but inefficient horse is passing. Horse-flesh is high—feed is expensive—stabling and insurance are costly. The Electric never gets tired or sick, never slips or falters, but works quietly and quickly every day.

The Electric Has Come to Stay

Just think—the Adams Express Company owns over 250 Electric Vehicles. The Ward Corby Company of New York has 215, the New York Edison Company has 107, the New York Transportation Company has 125 cars and so on down the list of successful businesses in all lines everywhere.

58 Concerns Own 2292 Electrics

In March, 1912, 58 concerns in the United States were operating an aggregate of 2292 Electric Vehicles valued at $8,000,000. When 58 shrewd, far-thinking concerns own an average of nearly 38 Electrics each, it is time for *you* to investigate. Upon request we will gladly send you interesting literature about Electric Commercial Vehicles. Write today.

Public interest and private advantage both favor the Electric.

ELECTRIC VEHICLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

124 W. 42nd St.

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

(53)

Sarah Knisley's Arm

(Continued from page 9)

In People *vs.* Williams (189 N. Y., 131) the court says, on pages 135-6 and 136-7 (the black face is mine):

An adult female is not to be regarded as a ward of the State, or in any other light than the man is regarded when the question relates to the business pursuit or calling. She is no more a ward of the State than is the man. She is entitled to enjoy, unmolested, her liberty of person and her freedom to work for whom she pleases, where she pleases, **and as long as she pleases,** *within the general limits operative on all persons alike. Without extended reference to the cases bearing upon the much-discussed subject of the exercise of the police power, I need only refer to the recent case of Lochner vs. State of New York (198 U. S., 45), where the Supreme Court of the United States had before it a case arising in this State under a provision of the Labor Law, which restricted the hours of labor for the employees of bakers. . . .*

So I think in this case that we should say, as an adult female is in no sense a ward of the State, that she is not to be made the special object of the exercise of the paternal power of the State, and that the restriction here imposed upon her privilege to labor violates the constitutional guarantees. . . . In the gradual course of legislation upon the rights of a woman in this State she has come to possess all of the responsibilities of the man, and she is entitled to be placed upon an equality of rights with the man.

I am puzzled, as a layman, to know what Messrs. Root, Milburn, Marshall, and Guthrie mean by their statement given above when I compare it with the language of the court which I thus quote from the volume of law reports lying open before me as I write. The court in its opinion explicitly approves the decision of the Supreme Court in the bakeshop case, refusing to permit the limitation of hours of labor for men, and explicitly states that women stand on a par with men in this respect. It is true that the case decided by the court involved only the question of a woman's working before or after certain hours, but the court decided the case explicitly on the principle that women, like men, have the right to work as many hours as they "please," or, in plain language, as many hours as their employers force them to work. In an argument concerning industrial justice, it hardly seems worth while to quibble about the difference between a decision and the principle on which the decision was rendered, as set forth in the court's opinion. I have no pride of judgment about the matter. But if it be true that the Court of Appeals did not "intimate" that the Legislature cannot limit the hours of labor for women, then the language I have quoted seems very unfortunate as a means of expressing an idea.

The fourth case taken up by these four great corporation lawyers in their capacity as citizens is the Ives case, in which the Workmen's Compensation Act of New York State was declared unconstitutional. They defend the court for its action in this case, and state that "no other State has passed an act in its provisions equivalent to the statute which was declared to be unconstitutional by our Court of Appeals." What they mean by this statement I am unable to imagine in view of the opinion and decision of the Supreme Court of the State of Washington in September, 1911 (117 Pac., 1101). In upholding the Workmen's Compensation Act the Washington court compares it with the New York statute, and discusses the Ives case, saying: "The principle embodied in the statutes is, however, the same, and it must be conceded that the case is direct authority against the position we have taken here. We shall offer no criticism of the opinion. We will only say that, notwithstanding the decision comes from the highest court of the first State in the Union, and is supported by a most persuasive argument, we have not been able to yield our consent to the views there taken." In the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court justices of Massachusetts to the Senate of Massachusetts in 1911 (209 Massachusetts Reports, 609), the justices referred to the Ives case, and, in effect, decided against its principle. The Ohio court has taken similar action.

In this Ives case I did not speak nearly as strongly as I was warranted in speaking. When I made my address at Madison Square Garden, I held in my hand the original of an affidavit from Ives presented

A Million People

Give These Stockings and Sox the Hardest Wear Hose Know. They Buy Them for Style

and Consider the Wear as Merely an Extra Advantage. Could any but the Best in a Product Gain such an Overwhelming Preference?

WE are making a wonderful hose in "Holeproof." Skate in them, walk in them, dance in them. Every stitch is guaranteed for six months; not just heels and toes. Here are hose that will stand the most strenuous sports, or give, in a ballroom, that "wear-but-one-evening" appearance.

We even guarantee, for men and women, three pairs of *silk* Holeproof Hose for *three* months.

Silk from Japan

We could buy common silk for the silk "Holeproof." But we send to the North of Japan for ours, for there it is grown as it is nowhere else.

74c Cotton Yarn

We could buy ordinary cotton yarn for as low as thirty-two cents per pound. Yet we pay an average of seventy-four cents. Our inspection department alone costs us $60,000 a year.

For the past thirteen years, since "Holeproof" were first made, 95 per cent have outlasted the guarantee. Try them—buy six pairs of "Holeproof" today. See how they are wearing six months from today.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

SOLD IN YOUR TOWN—The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Six pairs of cotton hose, guaranteed six months, for men, cost $1.50 to $3 per box; for women and children, $2 to $3 per box; for infants, $1 per box of four pairs. Several weights; all sizes and colors. Three pairs of silk "Holeproof," guaranteed three months, for men and women, cost $2 a box for men, and $3 a box for women. All colors.

Holeproof Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Fischl

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Can.

Are Your Hose Insured?

(401)

Champion
Priming Plugs

Open needle valve slightly (you needn't remove glove) and inject gasoline. Passing through its own channel to plug base, it vaporizes directly at spark point.

See that the name "Champion" is on the porcelain.

Solve Cold Weather Starting Problems

They start any motor—no matter how cold its cylinders—on the first quarter turn.

It's harder to start a motor this winter than it was last; everyone knows that.

Some form of priming is absolutely necessary with the lower test gasoline.

Cold cylinders "kill" the lean mixture from a carburetor. It won't rise to the spark.

Champion Priming Plugs envelop the firing points with a rich gas; ignition is certain on the coldest, rawest days.

They do what ordinary priming cups can't do: produce the gas and the spark together.

Look at the picture and you'll see that the gasoline is not freed till it reaches the plug's base. This brings it right where it is needed.

Champion Priming Plugs won't leak compression or burn at the firing points.

Champion Spark Plugs are regular equipment on the cars you know best; 70 per cent. of all made in America.

Champion Priming Plugs come, therefore, well recommended. **We guarantee them absolutely** as perfect spark plugs **and** prime-rs.

Sold everywhere at $1.25 each. If your dealer is not yet supplied, use the coupon and send us $5 in any safe form, for a set of four Champion Priming Plugs—prepaid.

Champion Spark Plug Company
101 Avondale Ave. Toledo, Ohio

Champion Spark Plug Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Herewith find $5 remittance for which send me four **Champion Priming Plugs** prepaid.

My car is a _____ of the year _____

Address _____

My regular dealer is _____

Sarah Knisley's Arm

Concluded from page 22

to me by Mr. Brogan, the notary public who had taken it. This affidavit ran as follows:

STATE OF NEW YORK, } ss.
COUNTY OF ERIE, }

Earl Ives, being duly sworn, says: He was the plaintiff in an action under Workmen's Compensation Law against Buffalo Southern Railway Company. That he had no intention of bringing said action himself, but the claim agent of the railway, Mr. Harpe, came to him at hospital and had with him lawyers for the railroad, and they said they wanted to bring a test case and wanted to use his name. They said they would pay the lawyer, and sent me up to Mr. Burke, a lawyer in Marine Bank Building. They said they would pay the lawyers and it would cost me nothing, and they said they would pay me half time regardless of how the case went, and they did pay me $30, and I was laid up thirty-five days. I never saw Mr. Burke before until the claim agent and lawyers for the Buffalo Southern Railway and Lackawanna Steel Company sent me up there to see him. When the case came up in court I did not have to go.

(Signed) EARL IVES.

Sworn to before me this 29th day of October, 1912. (Signed) JOHN H. BROGAN, *Notary Public.*

I did not use this affidavit, chiefly because it did not seem to me to affect the point I was making. It is, of course, highly undesirable that the constitutionality of a statute involving the welfare of millions of our people should be decided in a case selected by a great corporation itself, a case in which it retains the counsel on both sides, even if they are both lawyers of high repute who put each his case to the best of his ability. (Mr. Marshall, one of my four critics, was counsel for the corporation in this case.) But I regard it as almost equally undesirable that the constitutionality of a law fraught with such vast moment to our people should be decided in an unequal contest between the ablest lawyer whose services the richest corporation is able to purchase, and the lawyer picked up, often in the most haphazard way, by a crippled brakeman who may never have been able to save a hundred dollars from his wages. The principle of the Workmen's Compensation Act of the State of New York affected, or might have affected, over two million workers, men and women. It was nullified as regards all these men and women by a lawsuit in which the plaintiff now alleges under oath that the railway itself selected the case, pushed it to trial, and furnished the counsel on both sides. I know no reason to question the truth of the allegation. But its truth is not important so far as the principle for which I contend is concerned. The point is, first, that the present system permits half a dozen worthy gentlemen, with no special knowledge of the subject (for it is not properly in any way a matter for judicial decision), to declare what the ten million people of the State of New York may be permitted to enact in order to secure social and industrial justice; and, second, that the judges make this declaration on cases often specially picked by opponents of the law and adroitly presented as typical instead of exceptional, in which the ablest lawyers are arrayed by the corporation against the interests of the people, whereas the interests of the people are represented, not by any servant of the people, but by any lawyer whom a poor, crippled unfortunate in his utmost need may be able to hire. I regard such a system as a monstrous travesty on justice.

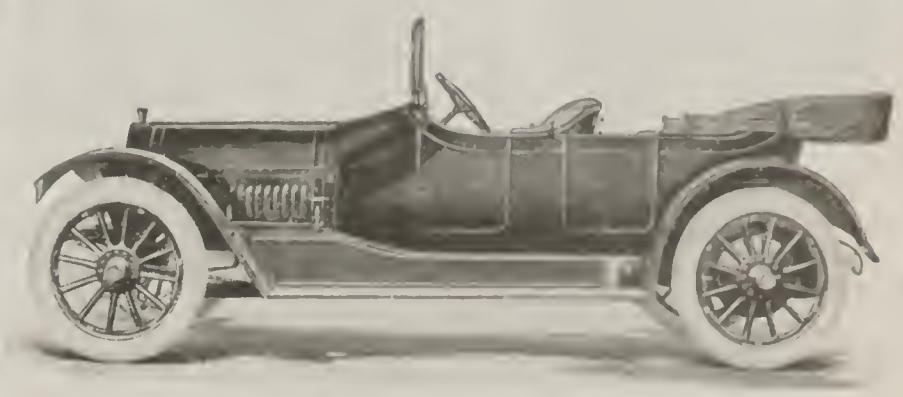
In the Ives case it happened that two civic organizations interested in the subject appeared and, *as a courtesy extended by the court*, were allowed to submit briefs and thus supplement the efforts of the attorney who appeared for Ives. I maintain that in every case where the constitutionality of such acts is involved the State, through its attorney general, should intervene and secure a real representation of the interests of the people; and I insist with all possible emphasis upon the high wisdom, upon the indispensable need, of the adoption of some such provision as that embodied in the Progressive platform, in accordance with which the people themselves, after due deliberation, shall be allowed to decide whether justice and right are to be overridden, as, in my judgment, they have been overridden in the cases mentioned above.

Published by arrangement with the Outlook Co.

The second part of this article, containing the conclusions of Mr. Roosevelt, will appear next week.

Mitchell

POWER and silence are the two most desirable qualities of a good motor. Power and silence are what you get in their highest perfection in the new T-head, long-stroke motor used in the



1913 Mitchell

In no other moderate priced car will you find an engine of such efficiency, such simplicity of care and operation, or such reliability.

You will hear a great deal of enthusiasm in automobile circles over the highly developed mechanical details of the 1913 Mitchell. You'll also hear many favorable comments on the strength and dependability of the Mitchell, on its safety, on its unequalled equipment, and on the simple elegance of its lines.

These are the qualities you want in your car; you will have them if you buy a Mitchell; and you will have them as long as you own the car.

All Mitchell 1913 cars have left drive and center control; Bosch ignition; Rayfield carburetor; Firestone demountable rims; rain-vision windshield; Jones speedometer; silk mohair top with dust cover; Turkish upholstered cushions; Timken front axle bearings; gauges on the dash to show air pressure and oil pressure; gauge in the gasoline tank which shows the amount of gasoline it contains; and a portable electric lamp which also illuminates the instruments on the dash.

All with T-head motor, electric self-starter, electric lighting system, and 36-inch wheels.

	Motor		Wheel Base	Prices F. O. B. Racine
7-passenger Six	60 H. P.	4¼ x7 in.	144-in.	$2,500
2 or 5-passenger Six	50 H. P.	4 x6 in.	132-in.	1,850
2 or 5-passenger Four	40 H. P.	4¼ x7 in.	120-in.	1,500

For Canadian prices and name of nearest Canadian dealer, write to us.

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company
Racine, Wisconsin

Branches: New York Philadelphia Atlanta Dallas Kansas City London Paris

"Standard" GUARANTEED PLUMBING FIXTURES

To make the bathroom beautiful and sanitary with "Standard" ware, brings the joy of cleanly living to the whole household and teaches the gospel of the daily bath to young and old alike.

Genuine "Standard" fixtures for the Home and for Schools, Office Buildings, Public Institutions, etc., are identified by the Green and Gold Label, with the exception of one brand of baths bearing the Red and Black Label, which, while of the first quality of manufacture, have a slightly thinner enameling, and thus meet the requirements of those who demand "Standard" quality at less expense. All "Standard" fixtures, with care, will last a lifetime. And no fixture is genuine *unless it bears the guarantee label.* In order to avoid substitution of inferior fixtures, specify "Standard" goods in writing (not verbally) and make sure that you get them.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. 38, PITTSBURGH, PA.

New York.....35 West 31st Street
Chicago.....900 S. Michigan Ave.
Philadelphia.....1128 Walnut Street
Toronto, Can.....59 Richmond St., E.
Pittsburgh.....106 Federal Street
St. Louis.....100 N. Fourth Street
Cincinnati.....633 Walnut Street
Nashville.....315 Tenth Avenue, So.
New Orleans..Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.
Montreal, Can.....215 Coristine Bldg.
Boston.....John Hancock Bldg.
Louisville.....319-23 W. Main Street
Cleveland.....648 Huron Road, S. E.
Hamilton, Can....20-28 Jackson St., W.
London....57-60 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.
Houston, Tex...Preston and Smith Sts.
Washington, D. C.....Southern Bldg.
Toledo, Ohio.....311-321 Erie Street
Fort Worth, Tex..Front and Jones Sts.

The Voice of Our Readers

A Saloon Keeper Speaks for Himself

MOORHEAD, MINN., January 3, 1913.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

HAVE been a subscriber of COLLIER'S for years—your editorial page always has held my greatest attention. Your editorial in a recent issue entitled "Out of a Job," regarding what the saloon man will do when the saloon passes, is the best thing I have ever read.

I was unfortunate enough to inherit a saloon here in the city of Moorhead, a city containing some five thousand inhabitants, supporting some forty-seven saloons, among which are some of the finest saloons in the United States.

YOUR insight into the saloon man's relation to all classes of people is the best thing I have read.

Into the city of Moorhead every spring and summer comes the army of laboring men from your Eastern cities. He comes into my saloon, he wants to know where the best crops are, where they will harvest first, what the wages are and what they will be later on, what time he can catch a train for some point, where he can get a clean bed and a cheap meal. All these things we must know.

In the fall, when he comes back with his "stack," he remembers kindnesses extended to him: he calls in again with his clean shave, new underwear, new clothes, heavy coat, overshoes, and cap, ready for the woods, and at this time he wants to know: Who is leading the National League, who won the last heavyweight fight, is Roosevelt still writing hot letters, did Wilson carry Ohio, where can he ship out to the woods and when? All these questions we must be able to answer quickly and in such a way that he will understand, and as you say the whole conversation is carried on in muttered and broken sentences, he calling me "Boss" and I calling him "Blackie," "Whitie," "Red," "Bill," "Jack," "Al," "Tony," or "Shiv," as the case may be.

BUT the point I wanted to get at, Mr. Editor—if you have read this far—is, with what are you going to replace the American saloon? Where, oh where, is my friend "Jack," "Bill," and "Tony," etc., going to spend his holidays or his lay-off during a rainy spell? Where is he going to meet his friends and compare notes? Where is he going to get "two bits" for a bed or a "short bit" for a meal? Where will he go on a cold winter's night to spend an evening? I am not writing a defense for the saloon, Mr. Editor—I am one of the many who believe that men will get their drinks whether the saloon exists or not. You ought to live out here on the border line of prohibition (North Dakota) and see how they get it over there.

If you can find time in your busy hours to figure out with what to replace the saloon as a lodge room for that great army of floating men, you will lift a great burden from my mind. Just let me add: Don't suggest the Y. M. C. A. or the public library, as I have sent men there and know how they are treated.

OSCAR RUSTAD.

✣

Not a Conservationist

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

CAN'T you assist a number of young men like myself, through the medium of your paper, to force the Government to open up some of the large tracts of lands in Idaho now being held as "Forest Reserve"? The land is splendid agricultural land and covered with that tall scrub timber about six to twelve inches in diameter, and will never be of any value as mercantile lumber. If you could assist us in the fight we are making for a chance to "go back to the soil" you will win the thanks of a lot of Western boys. ERNEST H. SCOTT.

✣

A Real Chance for Carnegie

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

WHY don't you (through the columns of your valuable paper) ask Mr. Carnegie how it would do to pension mothers instead of presidents? Anyone connected with day-nursery work could
[illegible] heart-breaking tales of the strug-
[illegible]ousands of widows are making to
[illegible]ead for their precious little ones.
[illegible]any thousand homes could be kept
[illegible]en by a pension of $25,000 per year?

S. C. MASON.

The Appropriate Beverage—
Welch's Grape Juice
"The National Drink"

Welch's gives a touch of genial hospitality to the formal and informal social affairs of the winter time. It is always ready to serve plain, and is quickly made into punches and other delicious beverages.

Welch's is now relied upon by thousands of women who face the problems of entertaining. You should keep a supply in the house. Almost every day or evening you will find it a cheerful feature of the home life.

WELCH PUNCH—This punch, so simply and easily made, has never been equaled or excelled. It delights every one who tries it. Use one pint of Welch's, one quart of plain or charged water, the juice of three lemons and one orange, and one cup of sugar. Mix and serve very cold. If you use a punch bowl garnish with sliced fruits.

Do more than ask for "Grape Juice" —say Welch's and GET IT

If unable to obtain Welch's of your dealer we will send a trial case of a dozen pints for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha. Sample 4-oz. bottle, mailed for 10c. Booklet of recipes free.

The Welch Grape Juice Co.
Westfield, N. Y.

Welch's, the National Drink, is recommended in the Westfield (Mass.) Book of Pure Foods.

GOLDEN RULE FOOD PRODUCTS

are listed in the

Westfield Book of Pure Foods

We sell them from the factory direct to you. We eliminate the middleman. This saves you money.

In these days of the "high cost of living" it is better to have the middleman's profit in your pocket than in his, no matter how much you may like him, nor how much you may believe in "home trade." Write us today.

The Citizens' Wholesale Supply Co.
Columbus, O.

COLGATE'S
RAPID-SHAVE POWDER

A cool, comfortable shave—send 4 cents in stamps for a trial box (*this size*).

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. W
199 Fulton St., N. Y.

15 Days' FREE Use

Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Chest
makes ideal birthday or wedding gift. Protects furs and woolens from moths, mice, dust and damp.
Factory Prices Freight Prepaid

Write for illustrated 56-page catalog showing all beautiful designs in Piedmont Chests and amazing low prices. Also book "Story of Red Cedar". All postpaid, FREE to you. Write today.

Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. 80, Statesville, N. C.

CALOX The OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

Clean Teeth Never Decay

The nearest approach to perfect cleanliness of the teeth is obtained by the daily use of Calox.

"THE OXYGEN DOES IT"

All Druggists, 25 Cents

Sample and Booklet free on request

McKESSON & ROBBINS, NEW YORK

Ask for the Calox Tooth Brush, 35c.

Protect Yourself

Ask for
ORIGINAL—GENUINE

The **Food-Drink for All Ages**

Others are Imitations

All Druggists

THE "BEST" LIGHT

MAKES and burns its own gas. Produces 100 candle power light—brighter than electricity or acetylene—cheaper than kerosene. No dirt. No grease. No odor. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog. Do not delay.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
7-35 E. 5th Street, Canton, Ohio

6% NET

For 36 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 714. $25 Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.

PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, Kans

Inventions Sought by Capital. Write for free Book,

PATENTS that PAY BEST

R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 12, Washington, D. C.

Virginia Farms and Homes

FREE CATALOGUE OF SPLENDID BARGAINS

R. B. CHAFFIN & CO., Inc., Richmond, Va.

Those Jams and Jellies You buy-Are they pure?

Pure Fruit and Sugar or Medicated Refuse Which?

ROTTING fruits and deadly drugs.

You buy this mixture and feed it to your children.

The business of disguising such materials to resemble pure jams and jellies is so easy and profitable that the market is amply supplied with food counterfeits too disgusting for the printed page—and yet so plausible that the keenest senses cannot detect the fraud.

Putrid fruit—mouldy refuse—dirt—bacteria—can be doctored so as to fool your eyes and nose and tongue.

The food faker buys the cheapest of decaying fruits and even economizes by sometimes adding a still cheaper "filler." He supplies the proper color with coal tar dye — usually poisonous in itself because of the arsenic it contains—and oftentimes conceals the taste of this noxious combination by adding synthetic ethers—which are strong chemical compounds—that fool the tongue and nostrils. As this combination of bad fruits and powerful drugs would rot in the jar no matter how tightly sealed, he embalms the whole with the trusted standby of the food counterfeiter—*benzoate of soda*, and conceals the whole under an attractive label which legally and cleverly dodges responsibility under our flabby federal food law.

Small protection here for you or your children and yet honest manufacturers of honest products are forced to compete with this dishonest method of making dishonest products.

Price is no test of purity.

For though you pay the highest prices and deal only with the most inviting stores the food counterfeiter still outwits you for he knows better than to invite distrust by suspicious cheapness.

He can afford to be liberal with his package and attractively lithographed label, for his economies have been on the contents.

You have never been able to escape these goods for you have had no way until now to know which were pure and which were not.

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods at last gives you the solution to this problem. You can specify the products classified and listed in its pages and escape the food faker and his medicated product.

For ten years the unbiased food chemists of the Westfield Board of Health, of Westfield, "The Pure Food Town" of Massachusetts, have been analyzing the food products sold to Westfield citizens.

Over 50,000 tests during this time have sifted out the brands under each food classification which are pure, high grade, and fit in every way for you and your family.

This book is a handy, classified index of food products on sale by any grocer anywhere.

This—the first definite guide to pure food, will solve your food problems, and 10c in stamps or silver, sent to the Board of Health, Westfield, Mass., will bring it to you—postage paid.

Stop guessing about what you and your children eat—here is a sure, simple means of knowing what is pure.

Don't worry about the doped and poisonous products — The Westfield Book will insure you against them.

Send for it today—show it to your neighbors and to your grocer —pass on a good word about a good work.

TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE

BOARD OF HEALTH,
WESTFIELD, MASS. 1-25-13

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or silver, for which send me "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name .....

Street .....

Post Office .....

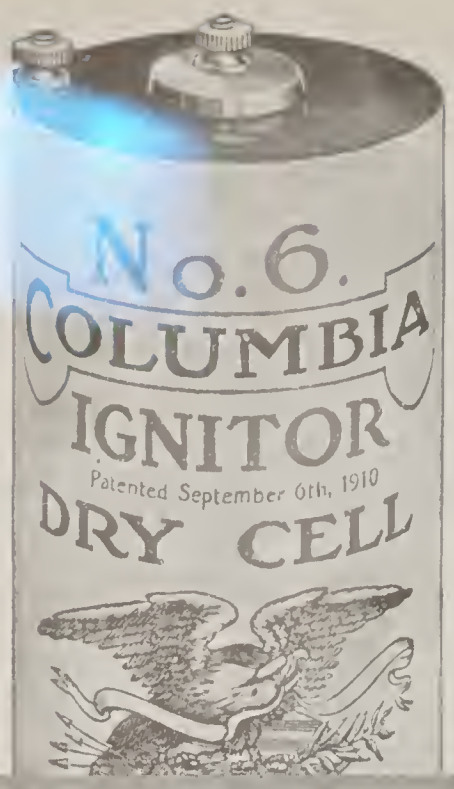
My Grocer .....

Address .....

Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?

Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products



What do YOU say when you want a dry battery?

You can always be sure of a better battery by saying

"COLUMBIA"

Because of its long life and economical service, its use extends over all the continents, and over all dry-battery needs.

Fahnestock connections at no extra charge.

National Carbon Co.

Cleveland, Ohio U. S. A.

Nine factories in U. S. and Canada.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

Stops the wriggle

and makes a man a Better Mechanic—by saving his time and temper in driving pesky little screws: —

"YANKEE" Ratchet Knurled Washer Screw-driver No. 15

Blade of 3-16 in. diameter, in four lengths:

2 in. Blade, 40c 4 in. Blade, 50c
3 in. Blade, 45c 5 in. Blade, 55c

Your dealer can supply you

You start the tiny screw by turning the blade with thumb and forefinger in contact with the *Knurled Washer*, while your hand holds the driver and screw straight with a steady pressure. Then the screw is driven home by ratcheting.

"Yankee" Tool Book" (free) for mechanics and householders.

"Yankee" Tools in the Garage"—for motorists.

North Bros. Mfg. Co. Philadelphia

"RANGER" BICYCLES

Have *imported roller chains, sprockets* and *pedals; New Departure Coaster Brakes* and *Hubs; Puncture Proof Tires; highest grade equipment* and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. *Guaranteed 5 years.*

FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from $12 up. A few good second-hand machines $3 to $8.

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL We ship on approval, *freight prepaid*, anywhere in U. S., *without a cent in advance.* DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you get our big new catalog and *special prices* and *a marvelous new offer.* A postal brings everything. *Write it now.*

TIRES Coaster Brake Rear Wheels, lamps, parts, and sundries *half usual prices.* Rider Agents everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. G-54, CHICAGO

WHITE VALLEY GEMS

See Them BEFORE Paying!

These gems are chemical white sapphires—LOOK like Diamonds. Stand acid and fire diamond tests, so hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliancy guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free Illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure.

WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., 734 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana

Good Business Abroad

Facts Worth Knowing About Ways and Means, Manners and Methods in Vogue in Great Britain

By AMOS STOTE

THE thousands of Yankees in England to-day may be rather generally divided into two classes: those who are sitting along the west coast waiting for a friendly sail to take them back and those who are sitting in the seats of the mighty cautious, turning American steam into their British organizations. Unfortunately for the expansion of business, the voice of the returned exile has ever been in the ascendancy, chiefly because the successful man is too busy to talk.

The London manager of an American typewriter company received an invitation from the managing director of one of England's great mercantile houses to call at the latter's office. At the appointed hour the man from the States stepped into the small, dark, pine-inclosed entrance hall, walked up to the bell which is supposed to attract some one from behind the partitions, and gave it a push. At intervals of about a minute the bell was pressed four more times. During these minutes he thought of the old Sunday-school class back in Indiana and the prophets of Baal calling on that negligent god to hear them; apparently this office force was asleep or at war. But soon after the fifth ring a small boy came to a tiny window and inquired what was wanted. In the meantime three other callers had arranged themselves, in the order of their coming, on a wooden bench.

The visitor handed his card to the boy with the request that it be taken to Mr. Blank, the managing director, with whom he had an appointment. The boy said: "Mr. Blank? Does he know you are coming?"

And with studied calm the American remarked: "How can I have an appointment, as I have said, if Mr. Blank does not know I am coming?"

Without the least suggestion of impudence the lad then asked: "What is it you wish to see him about?"

The American replied in an equally low voice: "My card suggests my business, and Mr. Blank will understand that."

So the small boy unwillingly went off with the card, and a few minutes later a young man came to conduct the American to the director's office, and from that moment the utmost courtesy and respect were shown. After some minutes' conversation the American thought he would find out if the director was actually aware of just how much difficulty surrounded the invited caller, so, as though it were a joke, he gave his own experience. In reply the Englishman calmly remarked that such practice was their custom.

Hundreds of American salesmen have devoted eight profane days to sailing back to the States second class (or steerage) because they lacked the patience to ring the bell five times without using the bench in making the last ring. The only wise attitude is to become reconciled to this condition and find consolation in the fact that, theoretically, Lloyd-George or King George would have to wait just as long were they seeking admission.

More Hands Across the Sea

SO far as the slowness of the Britisher is concerned, there is no question but that we must put much of it down to climatic conditions. A Londoner who has spent a number of years on our side brings this very strongly into the reckoning he does when estimating the efforts of his sales organization—he is general manager of one of the biggest American concerns in England. As he tersely puts it: "Contrast the mental and physical energy to be derived from your champagne oxygen as compared with what we are able to extract from a pea-soup fog; you will then know a lot more about existing differences."

And after we dwell upon these conditions which are supposed to separate us, it is very remarkable to discover how exceedingly close we actually are in our commercial relations, with hundreds o millions of dollars working in Englan and as many, probably millions of pound invested in our securities. We are apt lose sight of the fact that England beg

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S

Chapters of a Possible

Autobiography

The most important literary event of the year. The first installment will appear on the 22nd of February in The Outlook, and later installments in the succeeding monthly Magazine Numbers of the year.

NOW a private citizen, after thirty years of strenuous and continuous public service, Mr. Roosevelt will devote himself to relating in familiar and intimate fashion the stirring events of his first half-century of life.

Few have had the privilege of meeting Mr. Roosevelt at close range. The millions who know him as speaker, soldier, public servant, will now have the opportunity to know him intimately. He has taken part in so much and has done so many things that what is now to be told is largely a matter of selection. He will relate serious and amusing incidents—will give sidelights on happenings that have interested and puzzled the Nation. He will write about events as he has known them personally—as a participant.

So much of the personal side of public events as may properly be made known at this time Mr. Roosevelt will relate in these papers. He will tell of the Standard Oil and Sugar Trust prosecutions; of the voyage of the battle fleet around the world; of the creation of the Inter-State Commerce Commission; of the Panama Canal; and of many other historical events in which he had so large a part. He will deal not only with events, but with the men who made the events.

To Begin February 22

The Outlook

Send Three Dollars For a Year's Subscription to The Outlook, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York

The High Cost of Playing Billiards and Pool

The expense of playing in a public room deters many persons who enjoy and would like to play these splendid games—games which should be within reach of all.

Those who are accustomed to play on public tables, with nothing to show for the expense, can easily own a Burrowes Table with the money so spent, playing on the Table while paying for it.

$1.00 DOWN

Terms are very easy—$1 or more down (depending upon size and style selected), and a small amount each month. Prices from $15 up.

(This cut shows Table No. 73 $50. Stand, $2.50 extra. $5 down, $5 per month.)

Reduced to Almost Nothing by the BURROWES Billiard and Pool Table

Burrowes Tables are splendidly made and correct in every detail. Leading experts use them for home practice. Full playing equipment of balls, cues, etc., furnished free.

You will need no special billiard room. Burrowes Tables can be mounted on dining or library table or on their own legs or folding stand. Put up or taken down in a moment.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This ensures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog giving prices, terms, etc.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 416 Center Street, Portland, Me.

KREMENTZ

Collar Buttons

are worn by men who know, because they are perfect in finish, and made in shape and size to suit every need. Unbreakable in wear. A new one free in exchange for any Krementz Collar Button broken or damaged from any cause.

Look for the name **KREMENTZ** on the back and be sure to get the genuine.

At leading jewelers and haberdashers

KREMENTZ & CO.
46 Chestnut Street, Newark, N. J.
Largest manufacturers of high grade jewelry in the world

The Emery Shirt

The shirt that fits

Guaranteed Fit, Color and Wear

A New Shirt for One That Fails. $1.50 up. Look for the Emery label.

For Style Book address
W. M. STEPPACHER & BRO.
Philadelphia

KEITH'S 20 WONDER HOUSES

A New Book of 20 Plans showing photo views as actually built and large floor plans for 20 selected types of Keith's best ideas in Bungalows, Cottages and Houses, costing $2,000 up. They are Wonder Houses for practical, inexpensive homes. Send silver or stamps.

10c

M. L. KEITH
462 McKnight Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Business Abroad

Continued from page 26

selling us goods with the coming of the *Mayflower*, and has been keeping it up ever since (with slight intermissions for a couple of wars). And we probably have no idea of the number of corporations we are inclined to think entirely our own into which the Britisher has put money. These Englishmen, at any rate, are not going to look with indifference at our wares when they are brought to their doors. It is nice to think the Golden Rule has something to do with it, but don't overlook the education the Englishman has received through his U. S. A. relations.

The British Cloak

OF course there is the natural leaning toward the "All British" goods by this people, but so do we lean toward our "Made in U. S. A." wares—except in a few things supposed to gain something through foreign flavor—in fact, many of our first-rate, second-class cities are strengthening their positions by the healthy support of *local* interests. As the Briton may possibly have this home instinct somewhat overdeveloped, it is not only wise for our exporters to make the best of it but, when the opportunity offers, make the most of it. To this end you will find a great number of American concerns with their factories in the manufacturing centers of England and their office buildings in London, the whole covered with a very English sounding name, some of them even including the magic word *British*. Thousands of hard-shell Britons are trading with these concerns without thought of their being other than home industries. Yet the deception is so frank and stingless it can make no whit of difference to the Englishman's business.

Seasoning to Taste

AN American house doing an enormous and ever-increasing business in Great Britain says that it cost six million dollars to teach the people of that country to name its specific commodity, when in reality they may mean the general article—and it has probably succeeded better than any similar attempt with any English product. This company has followed the usual lines of procedure: connected with the most progressive store it could interest in each locality, and advertised to the public. Apparently it has forged ahead here by following the same methods it and thousands of other concerns have followed in the States; but in reality all its operations are as carefully seasoned to the English taste as American engineering plus English appearance and approach can make them. Its beautiful new building, though modern in equipment, still resembles other new London buildings except that it is somewhat more imposing.

The English advertising of this company offers one of the greatest contrasts that exist between the two branches, and suggests the chief cause of the small return the American advertisement often receives from English circulation. This concern is spending many thousands of dollars every month on both sides of the Atlantic, and it knows the costly economy of attempting to reach the English public with its American-written advertisements. As the Englishman who directs the advertising in his country explained it, "a successful American advertisement has little more strength in England than a literal translation of it would have in France." In other words, it must be conceived and completed by one who, if not a native, is of the local organization and with long experience, so that its style and terms may be of the country in which it appears.

The half dozen striking words which are sufficient to create desire with us are too dramatic for the Englishman; he demands a far more detailed explanation—he must be convinced while he is attracted.

The Price of Experience

TWELVE years ago a man from somewhere in the Middle West went to London with an option on all the patents and selling rights for Great Britain of a machine of practical value to almost every business house of any size. The American company was new and struggling at the time, and was willing to sell this great concession for sixty thousand dollars. The American at length secured the money and also got himself into a position of almost complete control. It took him nine years of hard work to make the business fail—nine years buck-

GIVEN AWAY
This Set of Kipling

Beautifully Bound in Cloth, if you Send the Coupon at once for the Authorized Uniform Edition of

O. HENRY
IN 12 VOLUMES

If you paid $125 for the only other uniform set of O. Henry in existence, this doesn't interest you. Otherwise you can't afford to miss it.

For O. Henry is the American Kipling, "the American de Maupassant," the American master of the short story—the founder of a new style, a new literature.

Other nations are going wild over him. Memorials to him are being prepared. The text-books of English literature are including his stories; colleges are discussing his place in literature; theatrical firms are vying for rights to dramatize his stories.

Each story—vivid, human, real—may lay bare some cruel social wrong, or just a quaint, dear glimpse of good and happiness and fun. "The Arabian Nights of New York"—his tales of the big city—catch the glamour, the romance, the elusive seething spirit of the "Four Million."

Each story may spring a surprise, or lead you gently along, only to turn and laugh at you in the end.

If we could show you a list of the 249 stories in this wonderful set, you would send the coupon at once just for the promise of interest in the bare titles.

KIPLING	O. HENRY
6 volumes, 179 stories and poems, red silk cloth, gold tops.	12 volumes bound in green silk cloth and gold. Gold tops; illustrated; 249 complete stories.

Why Such Giving Away

The only uniform edition of O. Henry ever made sold at $125 a set before it was printed. Now, to get this 12 Volume Uniform Authorized Edition down to the low price we are making here, we must order a big edition—and have enough advance orders to justify it. So we give these sets of Kipling away to get the first orders for O. Henry in quickly.

Send Back Both Sets if You Like

Send the coupon without money today. It will bring the 12 complete volumes of O. Henry and the 6 complete volumes of Kipling—**all charges prepaid.**

When you get the sets, examine the bindings carefully, examine the gold tops, the gold stamping—test the paper by every standard you know, try the readability of the type. Look for flaws. Then sit down and read. If you don't think then that this set of O. Henry is so well made as to be worth twice the money and that the Kipling is so good-looking that anybody would be delighted to have it, send both sets right back at our expense. And if you don't think that these 18 volumes contain more joy and inspiration, more big emotions and big thoughts than you ever expected to find in the covers of 18 volumes—send the books back.

Send the coupon without a cent of money today. It costs you nothing, puts you under no obligation. It will bring you delight and a bargain. But do it this minute.

To get the Kipling free you must reply right now. This is an offer that won't wait for dalliers. Send your coupon today without money. Then sit down and wait for a real pleasure and a real treasure.

The Review of Reviews Co.
30 Irving Place
New York

The Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Place, New York City

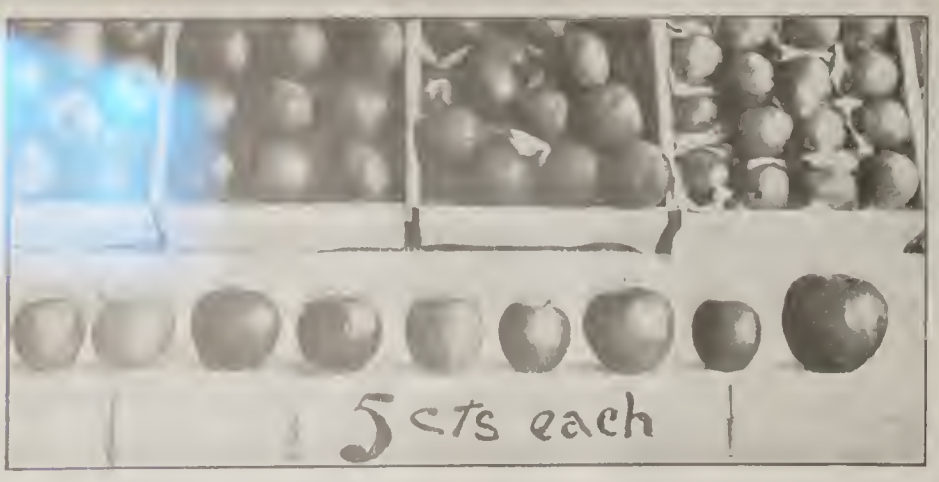
Send me, on approval, charges paid by you, the set of O. Henry's works in 12 volumes, gold tops, full cloth binding. Also the 6 volume set of Kipling, bound in Cloth. FREE. If I keep the books I will remit $1.00 per month for 15 months for the O. Henry set and return the Kipling set free. Otherwise I will, within ten days, return both sets at your expense.

Name .....

Address .....

Occupation .....

C.S.W. 1-13-13



Which Would You Choose?

IF YOU saw a row of apples, every one differing in size, ripeness and color, and all for sale at the same price, wouldn't you choose the best? Why not do the same thing when you buy fire insurance? The cost of insurance is substantially the same in all companies, but what you get for your money varies as much as the apples in this row.

Choose the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company.** For over 100 years it has paid every honest loss, big and little. Its reputation is unexcelled. It is the best fire insurance apple of them all, and its policies cost no more than those of inferior quality.

Why not use the same good judgment in buying insurance that you do in buying goods for your store, clothes for your family, or even in such a trivial matter as buying apples from the fruit stand? And the next time you insure,

INSIST on the HARTFORD

Agents Everywhere

No. 107

More about Ink Deep Advertising

The Vigilance Committee of the Advertising Men's League of New York is a big factor in making advertising more than INK DEEP. Its investigations are resulting in such reports as the following:

> Case 28. A catalog house selling dress fabrics, upon being acquainted with a complaint filed with the Committee, voluntarily investigated the purity of certain classes of fabrics and finding some ground for the complaint, although the adulteration was slight and far below that regarded as commercially permissible, withdrew all statements to which the Committee objected.

Honest advertising backed up by worth-while goods —these are essential for manufacturers, jobbers and retailers if their advertising is to be MORE THAN INK DEEP.

A. G. Hammesfahr.

Manager Advertising Department

COLLIER'S, *The National Weekly,* January 25, 1913

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated, *Publishers* Volume Fifty, Number 19

Robert J. Collier, *President* E. C. Patterson, *Vice President and General Manager*
Franklin Coe, *Treasurer* Charles E. Miner, *Secretary* 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

Business Abroad

(*Continued from page 27*)

ing English customs and methods of commercial procedure. While he was doing this the American company was building a strong organization. After nine years of trying to teach John Bull, and jeering at him when he refused to learn, the American came to the conclusion the Englishmen was too slow to even allow a business to fail within a reasonable limit.

Three years ago the business was reorganized. Since then it looks, works, talks, it even thinks—English; but it is selling a product manufactured in the United States, and it is making money for all interested on both sides of the water.

When Parliament Made Business

ONLY those on the ground can have any conception of the tumult that arose when the English Parliament passed the compulsory Insurance Act that at one stroke made fifteen million workers hasten to take out insurance. While the opposition party and press worked themselves into a frenzy about it, a number of American concerns in England were very busy supplying the approved insurance companies with the office specialties they required to handle the great influx of business. One approved society was scratching its head over the problem of securing, housing, and training twelve hundred new employees which its experts said would be necessary to cope with the increase when the representative of an American company came along and saved the day. He proved that, by working his machines in shifts, sixty men with less training could do the tasks designed for the twelve hundred. He received the grateful thanks of the society—and a seven-thousand-dollar order.

Only emergencies like this are likely to cause the Britisher to give ready attention to the labor-saving and time-saving devices for office, factory, and store, in the production of which our manufacturers are so far in advance of other countries. But when the Englishman does talk business he will do so to good effect. The company just mentioned as picking the seven-thousand-dollar insurance plum worked for more than a year on another concern without seeming to make any impression, yet when the order came it amounted to fifty-five thousand dollars. A similar experience with a banking house, where it required months to even reach those in authority, finally came to a happy end with an order amounting to forty thousand dollars.

Perseverance—patience raised to its *n*th power—is of greater value than fine words in approaching the Englishman.

Chicago Educating London

FEW of us would ever have made the endeavor that brought success if we had known at the outset how long drawn out it would be; and this was probably the case with a man from Chicago who, about seven years ago, undertook the establishment of a modern, U. S. A. type, department store in London. It would take considerable thinking to locate a more hazardous endeavor. When talk of the big venture passed the inner circle of its organizers all the London papers had much to say, and one of them courageously headed an article, "Wake up, England!" and followed it with a criticism of local interests which would allow foreign capital to come into their own field and set them an example. But England did not awake; it merely turned over and for several years deceived itself into thinking it was driving this store to failure. However, London is so big and the provinces so near that even a great business may creep gradually ahead, though the murmur which seems to represent public opinion is against it.

The only fault the people could find with the store was its newness and the multiplicity of innovations designed to give them comfort and service. Managed by American brains, manned by an English force, with as many "thank you's" to the square foot as may be boasted by any Bond Street house, it has coupled comfort and opportunity to the delightful courtesy of the old-fashioned English shop. No elevator ever leaves a floor without its operator repeatedly concluding the announcement of his intention to [illegible] with "please."

[illegible] nothing short of the coronation of [illegible] seemed able to turn the balance [illegible] favor of the big Yankee shop. Then

¶ *Collier's maintains an office at Washington to answer questions and supply information about the Government. The service is entirely without charge.*

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Collier's Washington Bureau

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Washington, D.C.

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Ready to set up at your home

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Write for Catalog and prices, giving name and model number of car. Immediate shipments. Freight paid east of Rocky Mountains.

Metal Shelter Co. 5-41 West Water St., ST. PAUL, MINN.
Patentees and Sole Mfrs. Pruden System Buildings.

Macey Book Cabinets

Do Not Look Sectional-
But They Are

MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS

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Rust causes razor dullness. 3-in-One absolutely prevents rust on the minute "teeth" of every razor blade. Always do this before and after shaving: Draw blade between thumb and forefinger moistened with a little 3-in-One. If an "ordinary" razor, oil strop, too. Then—strop and have the most luxurious shave of all your life. Oil blade again before putting away.

3-in-One is sold everywhere in 3 size bottles: Trial size, 10c; 3-oz., 25c; 8-oz., (half pint) 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans, 25c.

FREE—Generous sample and scientific "Razor Saver" circular.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
42 ANR. Broadway, New York City

100,000 DEAN Lockstitched Aprons

TEN CENTS EACH Send us name of your dealer (*who should keep Dean Lockstitched Aprons and Rompers*) and 10c., and we will send you an embroidered ruffled apron, 10c. is for packing and postage only.

THE W. H. DEAN CO., 117 Everett Building, New York City
Dealers write for particulars.

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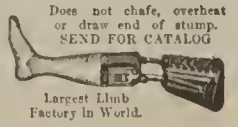

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IN a repair expense test, extending over five years, during which the cars covered more than one million miles, seventy Winton Sixes, driven in the service of individual owners, established the world's lowest repair expense record of 29.2 cents per 1000 miles.

HERE IS THE FIVE YEAR SUMMARY:

YEAR	CARS	TOTAL MILEAGE	TOTAL REPAIR EXPENSE
1912	20	290,759	$131.98
1911	20	394,333.9	20.88
1910	10	165,901.9	6.96
1909	10	118,503	127.30
1908	10	65,687.4	15.13
Totals	70	1,035,185.2	$302.25

GRAND AVERAGE.....29.2 cents per 1000 miles

Every car owner made *sworn* statements of his mileage and his repair expense. We have put all these statements in our Upkeep Book, which is just off the press, and we shall be glad to send you a copy. We want you to get acquainted with the one car in the world whose makers are not afraid to find out and to publish its repair expense cost.

WRITE TODAY

THE WINTON MOTOR CAR CO., 101 Berea Road, CLEVELAND, O.

Winton Company Branch Houses in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Kansas City, San Francisco, and Seattle

"BURN THE CITY OF NEW YORK"

That was the whispered command that sped along the underground wires of the Confederate Secret Service. Men who cared nothing for life tried to obey the command. They set fire to nineteen New York hotels. The plan failed and no one was more glad that it failed than the leaders of the Confederacy.

The City of New York was unharmed but other fair cities lay waste. Richmond was a ghastly ruin as you see in this part of a photograph shown here. Charleston and Columbus lay in ashes.

The story of the attempted burning of New York—one of the strangest and most dramatic of all history—is brought to light in the vivid pages of the

Photographic History of the Civil War

Before the Civil War there were no cameras used in any war. Today new long-range guns keep the camera man away, and generals in command forbid their coming close on pain of death. You can see for yourself—in the present Balkan War—no correspondent can get near the scene of the conflict. Yet Mathew Brady and his men went right into the heart of the conflict.

Through streets still echoing with trade, where the rush of the charge resounded, behind the far-borne flags, the camera clicked its relentless way. It flashed on Grant in council, on Confederates shivering in trenches, on gunboats slipping through the muddy Mississippi, on Sherman's pickets before Atlanta, on men in gray of high courage in prison and camp, on the dead as they fell in the field, on little Johnny Black, 10 years old, and youngest soldier wounded.

The camera knew neither emotion or fear. Its business was to see and to tell. And how it tells to our peaceful world of today the tale of that glorious fight!

Here in these ten volumes you get 3,800 photographs, Union and Confederate, taken by Brady and his followers, by Confederate spies, by Confederate photographers in Charleston and New Orleans. They sweep over the whole field of war, from its beginning to its end. They cover its every phase, its minutest detail, its biggest campaign. And here you get the million-word history that was written by fifty great Northerners and Southerners—fifty great Americans.

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Send the Coupon Without Money

It brings you free a book of sample pages showing some of these strange photographs—ghosts from the past. It tells you the mysterious story of their taking, loss and recovery. It tells how you pay for them at the rate of ten cents a day—if you are prompt.

John Wanamaker, New York

John Wanamaker
New York

Please send me, [illegible] the sample pages of the Photographic History of the Civil War

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Occupation .....

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A new and higher standard of value and style at the prices $1, $1.50 and up.

HALL, HARTWELL & CO. TROY, N.Y.

Business Abroad

Concluded from page 28)

certain members of the royal family accepted an invitation to view some of the pageants from the store balconies. Their royal recognition gave the fair, competitive start.

Three things in particular this house is teaching the British shopkeeper: attractive arrangement of window display and floor space, the value of display advertising, and the meaning of the word *shopping*. For the first time since their world began Englishwomen are reading the advertising sections of publications, and are learning to go to a store to discover their wants, to have their negative impressions turned into positive desires. Though it made itself English in every way, not inconsistent with the largest meaning of the word efficiency, the American store has had a long struggle. Yet it steered clear of the rock on which so many of our business craft trying to reach the British market have either foundered or scraped their bottoms. Even when installing these startling innovations every effort was made to avoid a quarrel with any cherished custom.

The Store Clerk

NOW that England is awaking to the service offered by its great American-managed store, the business men as well as the buying public seem more inclined to get into line. For generations the women of this country went into a store only when they wished to make a purchase, and the great-grandchildren of such a habit are not easily changed. The person behind the counter was not expected to make suggestions, but show goods as requested. But the change is coming; the American influence, along with its meaning of the word *shopping*, is getting in some good work, and the fact that the store clerk must have training before he will be a true salesman has taken root.

As you have noticed in his buying, when the Britisher does make a move he is likely to go the limit. Last summer one of the London newspapers put through a scheme of store-clerk education which might be accepted as a worthy example by any country. Briefly stated, the plan was this:

The store clerk was to be given an opportunity to see all the processes of manufacture and become familiar with the raw product of the goods he sold. To accomplish this the newspaper made arrangements with various large mills and factories to throw their doors open, each on a particular day, to a delegation of clerks. Notifications of the trips were published with an invitation to sales people in all lines of business to send in applications. Special trains were secured for each excursion, and the clerks were relieved of all expense and obligation. It is hardly necessary to detail the results of such educational tours. Aside from the increased interest and added importance the clerk now felt in his work, he was sure to pick up a few "talking points" about the goods he handled. A hesitating customer is told something about the workmanship involved in the article under consideration, while the salesman casually remarks that he knows from personal experience, through visiting the factory, the high standard of production that is maintained.

The Adopted Exhibition

ANOTHER American inspiration in England is the commercial show. During the last few months London has had three of them. First came the Business Exhibition. As you stepped through the wide, arched entrance to the hall where it was held your gaze covered three booths, the choicest spots in the whole show space—they were all American (two of them have English factories). There were a number of other American booths, for the exhibition could hardly make a showing without them.

The second exhibition was held in the interest of the hardware and ironmongery trade. Here the Britisher was greatly in the ascendancy, yet the two most attractive booths, and the only ones [illegible] I found them making any attempt [illegible]ribute instructive literature, were [illegible]g American goods.

[illegible] third exhibition, termed engineer[illegible]ause of the Englishman's general [illegible] the word, but in the American [illegible] machinery exhibit, was a worthy [illegible]f any similar display held in the [illegible] States.

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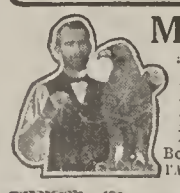

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Book tells how to make money, what to feed chicks, their care, habits, weight, color, etc. Say whether interested in 60, 120, 175, 240 or 360 egg size. I'll also send my **Special Low Price Freight Prepaid, Introductory Offer on my Ideal Incubators.** Write for it.

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COL

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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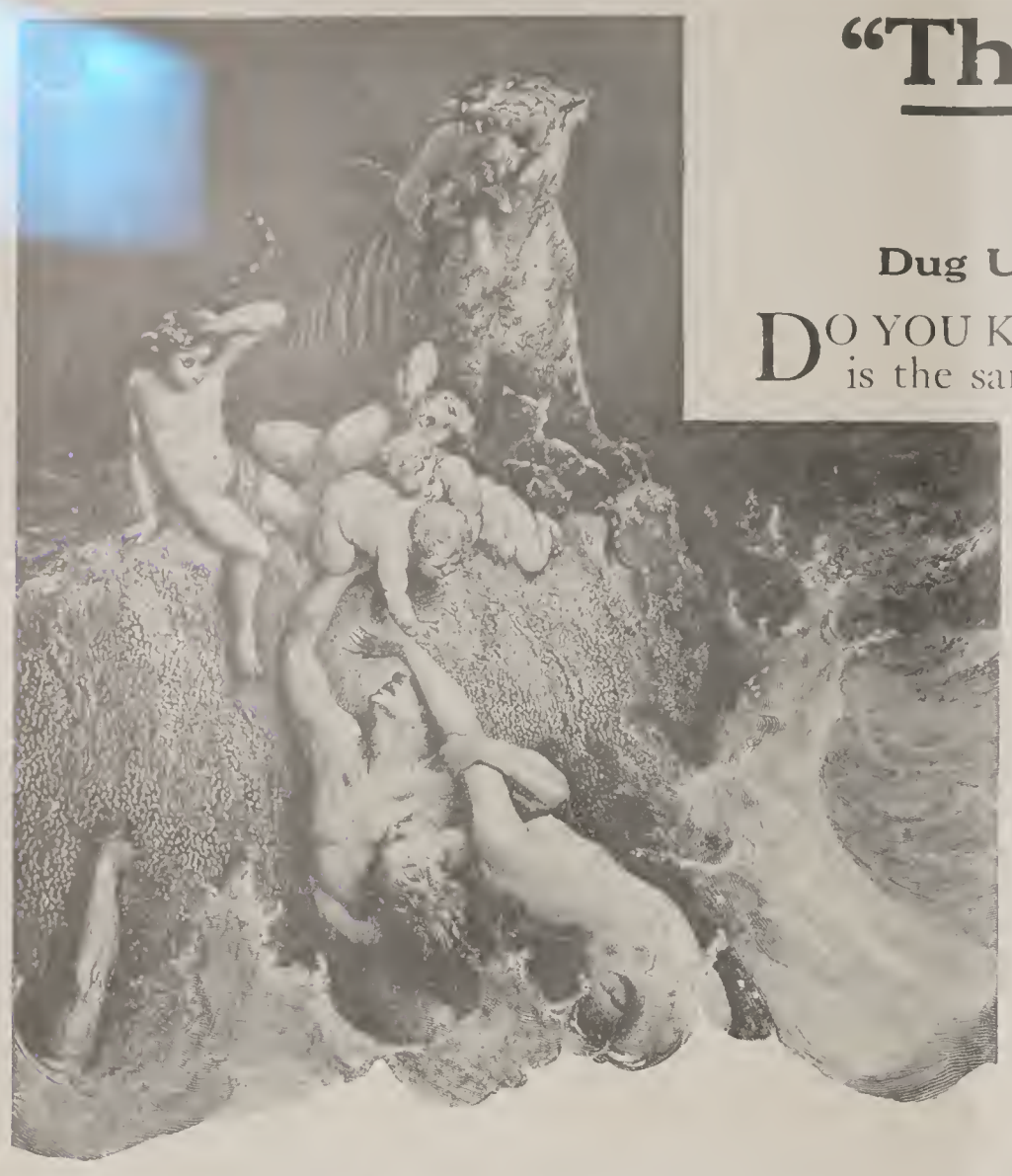
Cutting Out Pony Herds

PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

Soldiers, when attacking a camp, always had a detail of men who tried to run off the ponies of the Indians and thus put them afoot, and the Indians did their best to thwart them.

VOL FIFTY NO 20 FEBRUARY 1 1913



"The Chaldean Story of the Flood"

Dug Up From the Ruins of Ancient Chaldea

DO YOU KNOW that the Ancient Chaldean story of the Flood is the same in every detail as Moses' account in Genesis—and that it was written thousands of years before his version appeared? Hardly one in a thousand even knows of this startling fact. *DO YOU?* But it is one of the many thousand curiously interesting accounts in

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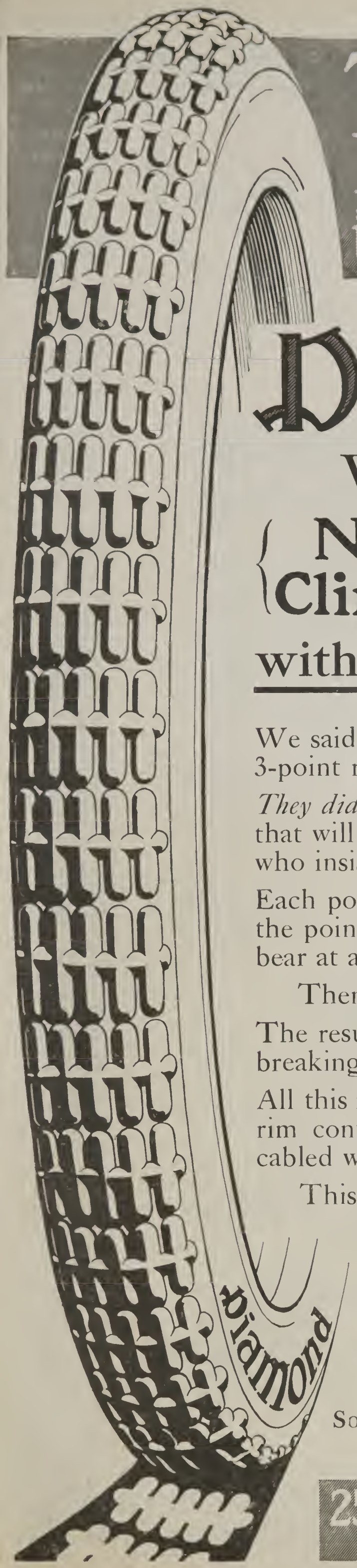

Tire bill payers!

You have demanded a vise-like rim-grip - with no cutting or breaking above the rim-and here it is

Diamond

Vitalized Rubber

{ No Clinch } Tires

with Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact

We said to our Engineers: "You must build us a tire with perfect 3-point rim contact."

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Each point of rim contact in a tire is a point of support. Where the points of contact are not perfect, undue pressure is brought to bear at an unsupported point of the tire.

Then what happens?

The result is a terrific strain on the tire that results in rim troubles, breaking above the bead and separation of the tread from the carcass.

All this is overcome in the "Diamond" because the three points of rim contact are absolutely *mechanically perfect*—the annealed steel cabled wire bead holds with a vise-like rim-grip.

This is only one Diamond advantage.

You get additional More Mileage advantage without extra expense in the Diamond *Vitalized Rubber*—a scientific combination of pure, lusty, young rubber and a secret toughening compound—nothing inferior in rubber, fabric or workmanship—the No-Pinch Safety Flap inner tube protector—and, if you desire, the now famous Safety (Squeegee) Tread—made to fit all types of rims.

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If you are not entirely satisfied with the mileage you are getting now—if you wish to reduce your tire upkeep—send today for our new book, "How to Get More Mileage Out of Your Tires." It is free to every tire user. No matter what tire you ride on, you simply cannot afford to be without this valuable book, so send the coupon today.

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Name

Address

Packard "Six" Carriages

"38"

Control Board

"48"

Both Maximum Service Cars In Essential Qualities the Same

These features are common to both models

Left Drive
Avoids the necessity of stepping into the street.

Electric Self Cranker
Easily and simply operated from a driving position.

Centralized Control
Complete mastery of the car from the driver's seat. A compact control board at the finger tips operated with the slightest effort.

Electric Lighting
Controlling switches at the centralized control board.

Magneto Ignition
A high tension dual ignition system, with magneto and storage battery entirely distinct from the starting and lighting equipment. Insures Packard efficiency at all speeds.

Six Cylinders Perfected
Flexible, efficient, silent, giving motion with no sense of exerted power.

Dry Plate Clutch
Proof against "burning" and certain of engagement without "grabbing."

Short Turning Radius
The Packard "38" turns in a street forty-one and one-half feet wide. The Packard "48" turns in a street forty-five feet wide.

Hydraulic Governor
Automatically regulates throttle opening. Avoids "stalling" the motor in crowded traffic; prevents motor racing when the clutch is disengaged; affords agreeable uniformity of road speeds without requiring skillful use of the accelerator pedal.

Forced Feed Oiling
Especially desirable for "sixes." An auxiliary system feeds oil directly to the cylinder walls and is automatically regulated for different power requirements.

Six-Inch Depth of Frame
Prevents body distortion and cramping of doors.

Size of Crank Shaft
The diameter of the "38" crank shaft is 2⅛ inches; of the "48," 2¼ inches. Ample size of bearings insures maximum period of service without refitting.

Specifications in Brief

"38"

Six cylinders, 4 by 5½ inches.
38 horsepower A. L. A. M. rating.
Actual brake horsepower 60.
Wheelbase touring car 134 inches.
Tires, front 36 by 4½ inches, rear 37 by 5 inches.

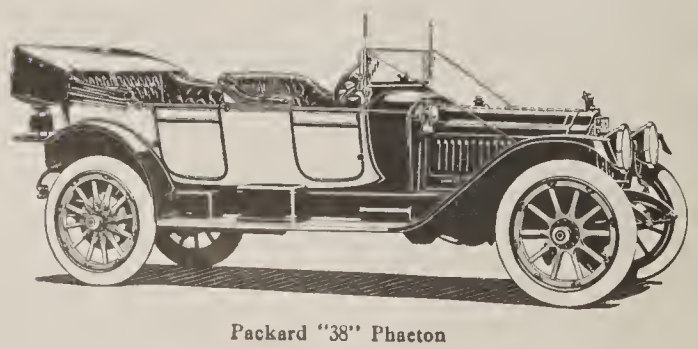
"48"

Six cylinders, 4½ by 5½ inches.
48 horsepower A. L. A. M. rating.
Actual brake horsepower 82.
Wheelbase touring car 139 inches.
Tires, front 36 by 4½ inches, rear 37 by 5 inches.

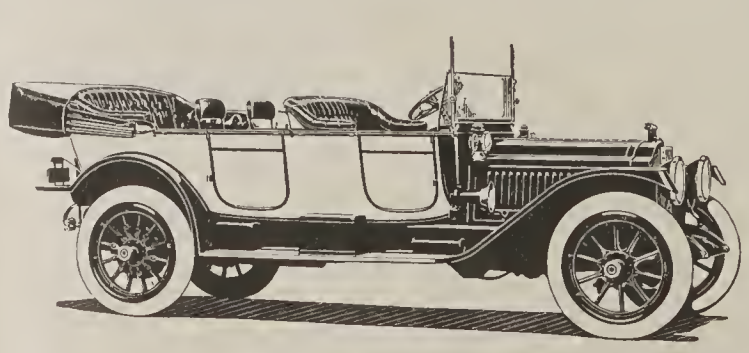
Packard motor carriages will be exhibited at the Coliseum, Chicago, February 1 to 8

Ask the man who owns one

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit



Packard "38" Phaeton



Packard "48" Touring Car

Collier's

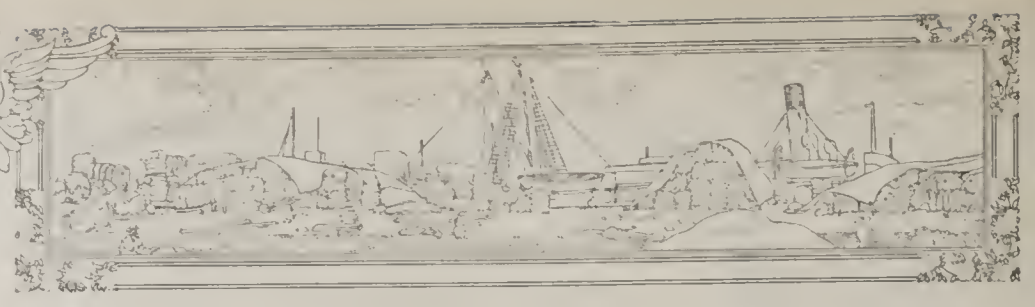
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR

Father Time—"*Whip him up, Mr. People! P'r'aps I'll live to see the finish*"



THE BUSINESS OF ARSON

THE WORDS that follow here were uttered by a citizen who, in the opening years of the twentieth century, enjoys all the attributes and perquisites of high respectability, the president of a Connecticut fire insurance company testifying before the Illinois Insurance Commission:

"Speaking for the company, for the fire insurance companies, I should say that the reduction of the fire waste would not be a profitable thing. I think, Mr. Chairman, that as a business fire insurance is conducted by companies—like the one I represent—with most satisfaction and with larger profits in the years when fires are plenty; a good number of fires means a good premium account."

And this one was like unto him, the general manager of a foreign fire insurance company with a huge business in America:

"Were there no fires there would be no insurance business; and, on the other hand, the greater the fire damage, the greater the turn-over out of which insurance companies make profit. . . . Speaking to-night as manager of a fire insurance company, I say we cannot make profits for our shareholders without fires, and, further, that within certain well-defined limits we welcome fires."

The sinister results that flow from this criminal cynicism on the part of those who eagerly share the profits of arson, but smugly avoid its risks, will be described in a series of articles that begins in this paper next week. For more than a year one of our writers, Mr. ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE, has been engaged in an investigation which anticipated the "arson plot" that now contributes sensations to the New York City newspapers. But the arson plot is merely a superficial flare-up. Mr. MCFARLANE'S series, "The Business of Arson," shows that the business of fire insurance, as conducted in North America, is ultimately responsible. The official investigations of 1905 and the following years never revealed such a state of affairs in life insurance as our unofficial investigation reveals in the allied business of fire insurance. For the life insurance companies, whatever their state, never conspired with murder, while the fire insurance companies have pursued for many years a policy which makes arson safe, easy, and profitable.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S ARTICLES

MR. ROOSEVELT is right, and time will be his justification. Given a misleading name when it was first set forth at Columbus a year ago, his propaganda has suffered a hard handicap. Some laymen and papers have opposed it because they have misunderstood it. The eminent lawyers who have sounded the wild alarum against it are those members of the profession who ceased soon after their student days to look upon law as a science, and became the mere agents of big business. The teachers of law, the deans of law schools, the scholars who are devoted to law as a science—these understand what Mr. ROOSEVELT has in mind, approve it, and are working ardently to bring it about. This one issue, the right of the people to pass finally on statutes which are held by the courts to be unconstitutional—this alone is enough to maintain the solidarity of the Progressives as a party. The Democrats may adopt the Progressive party's humanitarian program; the Republican party may change its spots, cleanse its Southern stables, and beg the departing sister to return; but this fundamental issue of the people's rule can safely be left out of doors overnight.

WHAT IS BRAVERY?

THE PRESIDENT of the New Jersey State Board of Education, Dr. WILLIAM G. SHAUFFLER, thinks that being obliged to compete for marks is injuring the brains of our school children. Probably he is right. Emulation cannot be eliminated from human nature, but among young Americans it is apt to need direction much more than stimulation. It is so much easier to get obvious results by stimulating rivalries than by tempering them that the temptation lies that way. We listened the other day to two schoolboys talking of a college "man" who had entered a football game at the known risk of his life; their admiration was awe-stricken; their hero was doing his all to save his college from being beaten. Everyone hears such talk. It is the idealistic form of the American worship of success. We are an overstimulated people. It is desirable to recall other attitudes of mind that also provoke admiration—DIOGENES'S indifference and independence, for instance. The late JOHN LA FARGE analyzed such passions for any little victory at any big cost, and used to tell of the boat races he saw in Samoa. The splendid big native chiefs would race against whites who were for the most part little London-bred cockneys pulled down by a tropical climate; if the race was short the natives always won; but when it was long, victory as uniformly lay with the white men. More endurance, better second wind? Not at all; the Samoans simply did not s

the sense of suffering that much to win a boat race. Sounds upsettingly sensible, doesn't it? And who can deny the philosophic health and easy dignity of their position? And yet, possibly, the merit-mark system would be useful in the Samoan public schools.

GIRLS AND LABOR

COOPERATION among women and loyalty of the individual woman to a group, such as a labor union, is proverbially difficult to attain. Miss JOSEPHINE CASEY of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union said recently to an audience of girl strikers:

There are too many girls in the garment trade who say: "I don't care what conditions are; I'll get married in a short time." But, girls, don't forget that if you take that stand you are cheating your future husbands out of a livelihood for themselves and for you also.

Many speak of a deep-seated lack of loyalty in the nature of woman, of an inability on her part to comprehend the significance of concerted action for a distant end, of teamwork. But experience with women in club work, in family groups, in college activities, in the life of small communities, does not seem to ratify that view. Loyalty is a none too common trait of human nature, but in every case where the need for group action is clearly understood by the women they show themselves quite as capable of self-sacrificing loyalty as men. But the training of the girl, especially among the children of foreign laborers, is all designed to turn this capacity into unquestioning obedience to an individual man—father, husband, big brother, boss. All the practice in teamwork that the boy gets from his "gang" and his games is denied to the girl. It takes an idea of very hard-gripping force to break down these traditions and allow the girl's power of devotion to express itself in loyalty to her fellows. That so much devotion is shown by the girls to their unions, and such heroic work is done in spite of these drawbacks, is the best possible proof of a capacity for organization in women. But too many girls still look upon industry as a temporary condition to be scrambled through in any old way on the road to matrimony. Make them understand that by their slipshod work, by their carelessness of conditions, they are endangering their future homes, lowering the wages of their future husbands, lessening the chances of their hoped-for children, and their womanly devotion will be flung into the fight for better conditions until the women's unions will form the strongest link in the solidarity of the laboring classes.

TELL US ANOTHER

THERE ARE CERTAIN PHRASES that the world is tired of hearing; certain excuses and smooth, condescending statements from the powers that be that are not as convincing as they once were. During the New York garment strike a contractor who sent out a large amount of his work in subcontracts made this statement:

Our tenement-house workers can easily make $7 a week. If they worked in the shop they could make $9 or $10, but they prefer to take their work to their homes so that they can attend to their household duties and work whenever they please.

In the light of what we know of the difference that two or three dollars a week makes to a tenement family, and the relation that home work bears to "household duties," such a remark causes laughter that is very like to wrath. In the same strike the New York Clothing Trade Association printed a large statement in the leading papers, beginning:

AN UNJUSTIFIABLE STRIKE

The clothing strike was started by a handful of self-seeking agitators and against the real interests of the workers.

Agitators may precipitate trouble, but they cannot make it. Tens of thousands of people—hard working, much worried—do not lay down their means of livelihood in the bitter weather of early January and face the most biting privation for an undetermined time unless there is a much better reason than "a handful of self-seeking agitators." All sympathy is due to those business men who are trying to work out the difficult problems that face them honestly and well, but this sort of asininity only antagonizes the public which it is intended to placate.

OTHER TIMES, OTHER TALENTS

APROPOS of the public communications of CASTRO, sometime President of Venezuela, during his detention on Ellis Island the literary accomplishments of Latin-American public men generally received compliments from more than one newspaper; from BOLIVAR to CASTRO the admirable tradition is unbroken; neither character, formal education, nor mentality has much to do with the lucidity, vigor, and grace that the most diverse types have in common. If we think this strange it is because we are forgetting the commonest facts of history and are fooled by the shallowest illusions of individual independence. Time was when, if a Dutchman painted, he painted most amazing well—and countless

Dutchmen painted; time was when Frenchmen, and especially French women, wrote letters and memoirs and all sorts of personal records in endless quantity, and with such competent, easy grace as seems vanished from the later world; time was when the literary instinct of England was so profound and general that such a work as the translation of the King James Bible could be done in committee—of all devices the one best adapted to bring out a commonplace taste, if there was any to bring out, but there was none; and both before then and after were seasons when English gentlemen seemed to write lovely verses, all but as naturally as they rode to war; mobs of gentlemen wrote not only with ease but with something like genius, so beneficent is the effect of a great living tradition. Listen:

> Ay, my sweet sweeting, my pretty little sweeting,
> My sweeting will I love where'er I go.
> She is so proper and so pure,
> Full steadfast, stable, and demure,
> There is none such you may be sure,
> As my sweet sweeting.

Is not that pretty? Has it not a touch, sure and light, different from anything done to-day, and more engaging than are such trifles from the run of our best minor poets? Yet this singer was not even a minor poet: no one ever accused him of it; this is HENRY VIII trilling his middle-aged passion for ANNE BOLEYN. Everybody was doing it then, and now they are not.

FOR FANS ONLY

THE FIRST STEP toward eliminating the intentional passing of batters during critical periods of a baseball game will be taken by Manager EVERS of the Chicago Cubs at his earliest opportunity. EVERS intends to ask the National League to advocate a rule by which every runner on the bases shall advance whenever the pitcher issues four balls. In other words, if third base alone is occupied and the batter is "walked"—intentionally or otherwise—that man shall score. Such a rule would be even more sweeping than the change recently suggested by this paper, and would effectively rid baseball of a feature which the best friends of the game think is unsportsmanlike.

HERE IS A GOOD MOVE

THE GREATEST CHAIN of drug stores in America is called Liggetts. Its president, LOUIS K. LIGGETT, celebrated New Year's Day by issuing this order to its stores in Boston and twenty-one other cities in the United States and Canada:

> From this date no intoxicating liquors of any kind will be sold in any Liggett store in the United States or Canada.

This is a wholly voluntary step toward high-business ideals, for the law quite generally sanctions the sale of liquor by drug stores in quantities of a half pint or more. Liggetts had already discontinued throughout its chain of retail stores the sale of habit-forming drugs, or anything to be used for questionable purposes, not waiting for these things to be forbidden by law. This episode has an interesting relation to the largest political question in the United States to-day. The chief issue between the Progressive and Democratic parties is whether business shall be encouraged to organize into large units, or the contrary. This is a very broad and complex problem, and what is said here touches only a small part of it; but there can be no doubt of these things: large organization, up to a certain point at least, makes for economy; large organization in retail trade makes also for attractive stores and efficient service; and this Liggetts incident proves that large organization can sometimes go farther than the law toward social good.

MAMIE'S KINGDOM

IT WAS A RELIGIOUS LUNCH COUNTER, run for young men. They came in giggling droves at the noon hour—two or three hundred of them—and piled up their serried ranks at the chocolate-colored counter. "Hello, MAMIE," they said, each with his own particular sort of smirk. It was an inside sanctum in one of those cooperative gathering places with wholesome influences and yearly dues, where clerks, schoolboys, and obscure men of doubtful age in a great city pool their loneliness and get good things at easy prices. MAMIE ran the lunch counter. She had a way with her of making each man creature think he was peculiarly the apple of her liquid brown eye. She dispensed her charm universally without favoritism, and yet with a sense of individual conferment. Many a pale-faced youth left her placid ample presence hugging the hope that she had glanced at him with a difference. But, really, she hadn't. Her eyes glowed for all alike, on the just and the unjust. At the heart of her she was vaguely bored by their immaturity. Daily, at that noon invasion, she pulled the lever for, say, 237 cups of coffee, and sent them skating over the marble slab toward the thirsty, patient mob. She ladled out 103 or so plates of beans, whose kernels oddly floated in a lazy brown pool of sweetness. Over three score bowls of shredded wheat with milk were passed out by her capable fingers. Figures for the veal stew reveal that often she was well over the century mark when one thirty marked the flight of the last of the friendly horde. Then followed a half-hour session with the secretaries, recording secretaries, executive secretaries, and secretaries and treasurers of this particular branch of the uplift work. They were mild men, of gentle voice and subdued mien, who had reached the age of forty years in fairly pleasant places of routine work, regular hours, sure small pay. They had decided to stay in the niche and let the larger struggle, with its opportunities and perils and uncertainty, go hang. Half a dozen of them purring together at the corner table, as they recalled an agreeable lecture of the evening before, gave an impression of contented folk who had nibbled at least a leaf or two of the very pleasant lotus plant.

Such was MAMIE's kingdom, and such her sway. Over that mild mannered, unsophisticated mass her personality was easily ascendant and pervasive. She responded faintly and pleasantly to every eye that faced her as its owner yearned for shredded wheat. When the daring spirits rallied her with characteristic male gallantry she answered with a kindly and smiling flow of good humor. She had learned not to care too much about anything. Life came to her; she didn't go out to meet it. And when it came she gave it a sweet-natured, nonchalant acceptance.

WANTED

AT THIS TICK OF TIME several dozen investigations are in process in these United States. There are investigations into the Vice Trust, the Money Trust, the Charity Trust, overworked children, underpaid girls, Harvard professors. Fondly we hope that some one small, workable solution will emerge.

THE USES OF DANGER

IN EACH ONE OF US is a hidden, unconfessed desire for a "bigger time" than that which the average allotment brings. It is a craving for adventure and danger—for a rush of events in which the nerve centers shall come sharply to attention and then show a heightened activity. Most of us are buried like moles in routine and trivialities, and a catastrophe throws off the encumbering earth. Only a few times in many years does there enter a sense of the full being coming to focus: an external situation matching the restless desires of the inner mood. Once in a storm at sea, the tail end of the Galveston hurricane, on an Allan liner halfway home from Glasgow, the pitching of the vessel, the size of the green waves breaking over the deck, the touch of actual danger at the stern—all these exciting conditions of the stormy day conferred a sense of peace to the spirit. There was tension, to be sure, but there underlay the high-wrought mood the assurance of everything slipping into its proper place, and all things working in easy effectiveness. At last that day had come for which everyone waits. For once there was no sense that only a small portion of self was in commission. Always before, in each single event and act, there had been left over unfunctioning fragments, like unemployed riotous troops. When that call comes which would release us and unlock the hidden powers, a certain few respond. An anonymous hero appears at almost every accident and then retires to his place in the great crowd. That is the spectacle of routine bravery at many points around the globe. The sentry on duty, the captain on the bridge, the fireman on the ladder, all go blithely to sure death rather than turn their faces away from some unseen leader. That presence keeps them loyal to the job when thick smoke and stormy waters and the wrath of men would turn them.

MOTTO FOR A HOME

THIS HOME is dedicated to good will. It grew out of love. The two heads of the household were called together by a power higher than they. To its decree they are obedient. Every tone of the voice, every thought of their being, is subdued to that service. They desire to be worthy of their high calling, as ministers of that grace. They know their peace will go unbroken only for a little time. And often they suspect that the time will be more short even than their anxious hope. They cannot permit so much as one hour of that brief unity to be touched by scorn or malice. The world's judgments have lost their sting inside this door. Those who come seeking to continue the harmony which these two have won are ever welcome. The rich are welcome, so they come simply. The poor are welcome, for they have already learned friendliness through buffeting. Youth is welcome, for it brings the joy which these two would learn. Age is welcome, for it will teach them tenderness.

Sarah Knisley's Arm

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Part Second of Mr. Roosevelt's Argument — Based Upon the Case of Sarah Knisley and Other Victims of Existing Law — That Industrial Legislation Held by Courts to be Unconstitutional Should be Submitted to the People at the Next Election Just as a Constitutional Amendment is Now Submitted

Illustrated by Cesare

MESSRS. Root, Milburn, Marshall, and Guthrie are great corporation lawyers. I have no question that they represent in their professional dealings what the ethics of the profession demand. When Mr. Milburn argues for Pratt against the one-armed girl who has lost her arm through that concern's negligence; when Mr. Marshall, relying partly upon the Jacobs decision, argues against the constitutionality of an act designed to make living conditions decent in tenement houses; when Mr. Guthrie, relying on the same act, argues against an eight-hour law for workingmen employed by contractors for the State; or when Mr. Marshall argues against the constitutionality of a workmen's compensation act—in all of these cases I recognize fully that they are acting according to the ethics of their profession as generally construed and in accordance with the way which many, and perhaps most, honorable men in that profession deem proper. But the fact that they are very highly paid for doing this professional duty, for appearing against the cause of justice in the courts, should make them hesitate long before they attempt further to serve as citizens the cause of reaction outside the courts. Three centuries ago Lord Bacon pointed out the duty of professional men themselves to eliminate the faults of their profession so as to make the practice of that profession better. But the effort of these four gentlemen, in their criticism of me, is mainly to make permanent the defects of which all lovers of justice complain. If it is the duty of a great lawyer to help a wealthy client refuse justice to a crippled man or woman worker, or a dweller in a tenement house, or an overworked laboring man or woman, it is nevertheless not his duty to try to perpetuate the injustice (which he as a lawyer has been instrumental in producing) by publicly defending it as a citizen and assailing those who seek to undo the injustice.

It is such actions as those of these four gentlemen which have spread widely through our people the distrust of the average great corporation lawyer, and the popular disbelief in his power to dissociate himself from a professional bias toward the interests of his employers when the interests of the public are hostile thereto.

LET THE PEOPLE SPEAK

UNDOUBTEDLY in the slow process of time we get rid of most of the worst features of decisions such as I have given above. Without any change in the Constitution it would still be impossible for courts now to render decisions as abhorrent to justice as certain decisions rendered by well-meaning judges in this country and in England eighty or a hundred years ago. Moreover, by direct and emphatic and reiterated criticism such as the criticism which I have now for many years made, and which I have been sharply criticized for making, we can in some cases secure the reversal—outright or in effect—of decisions such as this Knisley case or of the bakeshop case or of the Knight sugar case. Moreover, under our cumbrous and ineffective system of constitutional amendment, we can, if there is sufficiently intense feeling and if it lasts for a sufficient number of years, ultimately secure in exceptional cases an authoritative reversal of some exceptionally improper decision.

But this is not enough. The history of the cases which these four great corporation lawyers have made prominent emphasizes the fact that the men who in an age of corporations consider themselves, and are considered to be, leaders of the bar are not the men in whose hands it is safe to leave the method of dealing with social and industrial legislation, or the choice of judges who are to consider the constitutionality of such legislation. Moreover, it has made clear the fact that honest and well-meaning judges, versed in the law, may often perpetrate frightful injustice on great sections of our people—and these the most helpless sections of our people—and yet that under the existing system a generation may pass before such injustice can be remedied.

We should clearly grasp the fact that the great corporation lawyers, and the chiefs of the great corporations whom they serve, are not men whose judgment is of special value, or of even average value, in selecting judges. We should also grasp the more important fact that as regards certain classes of constitutional decisions, notably those on laws enacted under the police power or general-welfare clauses of the Constitution, the people should have the right of review of these decisions, when judges of the kind favored by these men declare the laws unconstitutional. It is the right of the people to decide what the standard of social and industrial justice shall be, and it is not the right of a small number of well-meaning men belonging to one particular class to override that decision.

I firmly believe that, on the whole, the vote of the people in these matters is far more apt to be right than is the vote of this small number of men chosen from one particular class.

AN ILLUMINATING COMPARISON

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, in his day, treated the Dred Scott case exactly as we who in our day stand for social and industrial justice treat such cases as those above discussed. Judge Douglas assailed Abraham Lincoln precisely as these four great corporation lawyers have assailed me. Lincoln demanded that the decision in the Dred Scott case should be reversed. Douglas jeered at him, saying, for instance, in his speech at Quincy, October 13, 1858:

> He tells you that he does not like the Dred Scott decision. Suppose he does not, how is he going to help himself? He says that he will reverse it. How will he reverse it? I know of but one mode of reversing judicial decisions, and that is by appealing from the inferior to the superior court. The Dred Scott decision was pronounced by the highest tribunal on earth. From that decision there is no appeal this side of heaven. Yet Mr. Lincoln says he is going to reverse that decision. By what tribunal will he reverse it? Will he appeal to a mob? He wants me to argue with you the merits of each point of that decision before this political meeting. I say to you, with all due respect, that I choose to abide by the decisions of the Supreme Court as they are pronounced. It is not for me to inquire after a decision is made whether I like it in all the points or not. When I used to practice law with Lincoln, I never knew him to be beat in a case that he did not get mad at the judge and talk about appealing. He who attempts to stir up odium and rebellion in the country against the constituted authorities is stimulating the passions of men to resort to violence and to mobs instead of to the law.

EVERY CASE FOR ITSELF

HOW exactly the language of those who denounced Lincoln for his attitude in the Dred Scott decision resembles the language of those who to-day denounce us because we take a like attitude as regards the decisions in the bakeshop case, or the Knisley case or the Knight sugar case, or the Jacobs case, or the workmen's compensation case! Lincoln was not able to appeal to a peaceful vote of the people as a whole on the Dred Scott case, and therefore the people themselves were forced to appeal to the supreme arbiter, the sword. Our proposal is for the very purpose of averting all danger of an appeal to the mob—the appeal which Lincoln's opponents furiously accused him of making, and which our opponents accuse us of making. Our proposal is that in great matters of this kind we shall appeal to the sober and deliberate judgment of the people themselves [illegible] they may authoritatively decide what shall be [illegible] these vital matters of

"I only propose that when two servants of the people, the court and the Legislature, differ as to whether a given act shall become part of the law of the land, the people shall have the right to say which one of their servants properly represents them"

social and industrial justice in which the welfare of all of the people is concerned.

I am not in any way discussing the judicial function of the courts. The functions I am discussing are not judicial at all, but political, and are exercised by courts only in America. In no other great nation do the courts exercise the right to annul legislative acts. I do not propose to reduce American judges to the level of power exercised by English, French, and German judges. I only propose that when two servants of the people, the court and the Legislature, differ as to whether a given act shall become part of the law of the land, the people shall have the right to say which one of their servants properly represents them. The proposal is in effect that the people shall decide whether or not a given act which has been declared unconstitutional shall nevertheless become law. I am not interested in mere terminology. I am interested in facts. I do not in the least care whether we call this (following the example of the Eleventh Amendment to the National Constitution) a direction by the people as to how in a given case the Constitution shall be construed, or whether we call it a decision by the people to make an exception of this given law to the general question of constitutional interpretation. My only care is to get justice in cases such as those given above. The ordinary methods of constitutional amendment have proved ineffective; and indeed they are dangerous, because they necessarily refer to large and undefined classes of cases. We wish action dealing directly and solely with the law which has been nullified or declared unconstitutional.

THE PROPER GUIDES

SO FAR from being hostile to the courts, I hold the courts in greater reverence than any other governmental bodies. I believe the average judge to be a better public servant than the average legislator or executive. Decisions like those of Judge Haight in the Knisley case, like those of Judge Laughlin in the recent case of Bonnette *vs.* Molloy, show how much can be done by judges who are not only morally but mentally, and in point of alertness and sympathy and general understanding, of the right stamp. The sweeping changes recently made in the rules of practice by the Supreme Court of the United States, with a view to expediting litigated business and rendering it less expensive, illustrate the same point. The opinion rendered by Judge Cullen to which I have before referred is another illustration. All this shows a progressive spirit in the courts. But more is needed. It is not enough that some judges should cease to countenance and should frown upon flagrant miscarriage of justice. Our contention is that the doctrines upon which the obnoxious court decisions are based are thoroughly iniquitous, and that they do not offer subjects for the decision of lawyers at all, but should be settled by constructive statesmanship, based on study of and experience with the actual conditions of the problems to be solved. Neither lawyer nor judge has any special fitness for dealing with these problems as a lawyer or judge; and a corporation lawyer or corporation judge is usually peculiarly unfit to deal with them. The advice of students of social and economic conditions is far safer to follow in these matters. In other words, they are matters which the people should decide for themselves; and their decision should be binding upon the courts just as upon the Legislatures.

I know that there are many judges—and these of the highest stamp, who sympathize abs[illegible]with the

stand of the Progressive party for social and industrial justice. I know that there are many lawyers of high standing who feel that the great and honorable profession of the bar is misrepresented by those eminent corporation lawyers whose devotion to the interests of their corporate class blinds them to the welfare of the people. Justice Franklin C. Hoyt, who has rendered such service on the bench, and especially in the Children's Court of New York, not long ago expressed himself in an open letter as in heartiest sympathy with the principles of the Progressive party, and continued as follows:

> Three thousand years ago it was written: "Where there is no vision the people perish." To-day we too are in sore need of a vision which will let us look beyond the sordid, petty interests of the moment, and which will inspire and direct us toward a larger understanding of the course we should follow in order to protect and insure the future welfare of our country.
>
> If the principles of representative government, to which the vast majority of true Americans must subscribe, are to endure, they should continue at all times to reflect the higher aspirations of our nation. To remain unresponsive to the plea for the attainment of such ideals, to deny the need of improving certain conditions in our social and political life, and to stifle the opportunity for the intelligent discussion and trial of practical reforms, will rapidly weaken popular respect for our institutions and eventually invite the substitution of some sinister form of mob rule in place of a government of law and order.
>
> Those of us who believe in true conservatism should be the first to insist that such conservatism should be progressive. A conservatism which stands still and which shrinks, afraid at the call for progress, can hardly continue as a vital, living force among our people. Those who misuse the name of conservatism to provide themselves with an excuse for withholding from the people the freer opportunity of expressing their deliberate convictions are in reality its most dangerous enemies.
>
> To conserve the best interests of the country we may often believe it necessary to combat certain radical suggestions, but that does not mean that we should close our eyes to the necessity for the amelioration of social and political conditions, or deny the existence of just causes for complaint. Conservatism will succeed only when it offers a sounder and wiser solution for each of these problems than that proposed by the exponents of radicalism.
>
> For example, take the recall of the judges. Personally, it does not recommend itself to me as the most efficient way of getting rid of the incompetent judge or as the most thorough method of remedying judicial abuses. But I would rather see the recall established in every State in the Union than that the judges should set their faces against the insistent need for improvement in judicial methods and procedure, or that they should prove themselves to be out of sympathy with the trend of modern progress.

There would be little need of the campaign for justice in the courts upon which we Progressives have entered were a majority of our judges as alive to the needs of the situation as is Judge Hoyt. But as conditions actually are we must insist on clear recognition of the fact that the people themselves, and not the judges, are entitled to decide as to the policy to be followed by the Government in all constitutional matters of the kind involved in the decisions of the four cases on which I have here commented.

There is not much use in pointing out an abuse unless one can point out a remedy. Just as long as we permit well-meaning men who are on the bench to believe that they and not the people as a whole are to fix the standard of social and industrial justice, just so long these abuses will constantly occur. They can be stopped only by practically acknowledging in our constitutions the right of the people to determine the character of their own constitutional system. It is idle, and, worse than that, it is usually insincere, to profess adherence to certain proposed reforms unless we definitely determine not only that the laws to accomplish the reform shall be passed, but that, when passed, if they are taken off the statute books by any court, on the theory that the people had not clothed the Legislature with authority to exact them, they shall be promptly restored if the people so desire.

To save all possible chance of misconstruction, let me point out the following facts:

(1) As regards the proposition now before us (affecting State legislation and State legislation only), remember that I am not discussing the Federal Constitution. The power of the Supreme Court of the nation over State legislation will be entirely unaffected by anything that I propose in reference to action by the people of the State. The undoubted need to give the people more direct power over their national Constitution is a different question, which I am not at the moment discussing.

(2) I am not discussing ordinary judicial decisions. The judicial function of the judge, properly so called, will remain absolutely unaffected by anything I have to propose.

(3) I am dealing only with that class of constitutional questions affecting the power of the Legislature to enact laws to secure social and industrial justice usually under the police provision or general-welfare clause of the Constitution, with respect to which the sovereign power remains with the people except in so far as they have delegated it to the Legislature.

(4) I am not advocating hasty and ill-considered action. The details for carrying out my proposal may differ in the different States. But in any event the people would have the same full opportunity to consider their proposed action that they have now to consider their proposed action when that action takes the form of electing a President or adopting a new Constitution.

With these possible grounds for misapprehension removed, let me state the position of the Progressives. In substance, it is that when a law affecting the social or industrial conditions of the community is set aside by the court as in violation of the constitution of the State, the measure shall be submitted *ipso facto* to the people at the next election, just as a constitutional amendment is now submitted. This, in effect, makes the measure a constitutional amendment limited to the specific act decided by the court, and gives the people the power, when the act they desire has been annulled by the court as unconstitutional, to say whether or not it shall, notwithstanding such decision, become law. Our purpose is to enable the people, without the delay and uncertainty incident to the present cumbrous method of amending the Constitution, to determine for themselves by direct vote whether they wish a given statute made law. Therefore, in order that every possible objection on the score of constitutionality may be eliminated (and to remove the fears of those who dread that the "independence" of the judiciary would be affected by having any of their decisions directly "reviewed" by popular vote save by constitutional amendment), the several State constitutions should be so amended as to provide that, by a direct vote of the people in favor of having the general statute become a law the Constitution shall be deemed amended to that extent and the statute shall take effect upon the completion of the canvass of the vote.

I trust that in every State of this Union where there are Progressive members of the Legislature a constitutional amendment embodying this proposal will be pressed.

An eminent judge of one of our most important State courts, Judge Frank C. Laughlin of New York, has suggested the following as the proper form for the proposed amendment:

> Whenever the highest court of the State shall declare an act of the Legislature, affecting either social or industrial conditions, to be void on the ground that authority to enact it had not been delegated by the people to the Legislature, the question shall be submitted to a vote of the electors at the next annual election thereafter, unless the Legislature shall provide for its submission at an earlier date, as follows: "Shall Chapter (describing it by the number of the chapter and the year or date of its enactment) become a law?" and if the majority of the votes cast for and against the proposition shall be in the affirmative, it shall take effect ten days after the completion and certification of the official canvass of the votes, the same, excepting with respect to the time it takes effect, as if its enactment had been authorized by the Constitution, which shall be deemed amended so as to authorize it, and it shall be subject to amendment and repeal the same as other laws.

—and it is not the right of a small number of well-meaning men belonging to one particular class to override that decision"

My purpose throughout this discussion has been to arouse the people to the need of an efficient remedy for what has become not merely a dangerous but an intolerable abuse. I care nothing for the form, and less than nothing for the name, of the remedy, provided that it does in actual fact remedy the abuse.

Several score State judges and eight Federal judges have written to me expressing their cordial agreement with the principle of the Progressive proposal in this matter, provided that the State constitutions be amended in some such manner as that above outlined. In fact, it may be accepted as clear that unless a judge does so accept the principle of the Progressive proposal, he demonstrates his own unfitness to decide as court of last resort any constitutional question, for he thereby shows that he wholly misunderstands the relation of himself and of the people to the Constitution which the people made and which they have the right to alter or unmake. Judges fit to decide constitutional questions clearly understand this matter. Such judges are at least as high-minded and independent as, and are always wiser and more farsighted than, their brethren who fail to see that our national administration of law must also be made an administration of *justice;* and such judges neither need nor receive the kind of championship contained in the appeal of the embattled attorneys of privilege which I have herein discussed.

The subject was dealt with at length in the Progressive platform. One State, Colorado, has just put such a provision in its Constitution by popular vote. Among the various judges and lawyers who heartily advocate the Progressive proposal in this matter are men like Judge Frank C. Laughlin of the New York Supreme Court, Judge Albert D. Nortoni of the St. Louis Court of Appeals, Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver, Dean Kirchwey of Columbia University, Mr. Milton D. Purdy, Mr. Bourke Cockran, Dean Allen of the Buffalo Law School, and Dean Lewis of the University of Pennsylvania Law School, who is at present at work framing a form of constitutional amendment to put the proposal into effect. [*Published by arrangement with the Outlook Company.*]

"It is the right of the people to decide what the standard of social and industrial injustice shall be

Fallierès Tips His Hat and Retires; Poincaré Beside Him

Raymond Poincare, who on February 18 will take office as President of France, won the place in spite of his own reluctance to become a candidate. That Mme. Poincare is of Italian birth was a campaign argument used against him, and an attempt to revive the Dreyfus case added to the confusion of genuine issues

Training for His Cross-Examination

William Rockefeller, whose testimony on the existence of a "money trust" for weeks was sought by the Pujo Congressional Committee, at last decided to humor the Government and defy his own physicians. Dr. Lamont swore that excitement might kill the patient. Mr. Rockefeller is here shown fortifying himself by an outing at Palm Beach, pending summons

An Aged Suffragist's Day of Victory

Like another Declaration of Independence, the proclamation which gives official recognition to woman suffrage in Oregon is a handwritten document. Mrs. Abigail Scott Dunway had just finished inscribing it when the photographer snapped this picture. Mrs. Dunway is seventy-nine and has been active in the fight for suffrage for forty-one years. Governor Oswald West stands wait[illegible]gn the proclamation and forward it to be signed [illegible]d by Oregon's Secretary of State

The Ohio River Floods Kentucky Homes

Cincinnati and the two eities across the river from it have been ehief sufferers in the recent Ohio Valley floods. In Covington, where this photograph was taken, and in Newport, more than three thousand Kentuckians were driven from their homes or foreed to move their goods into second-story rooms. Railway traeks into the Central Union Depot, Cineinnati, were temporarily abandoned, and the serviee of the larger river steamships was suspended. Little aetual hardships resulted, beeause Cineinnati's relief serviee for the flood's vietims was well finaneed, prompt, and efficient

The Ship That Shelved Herself

In surf boats, eight hundred and eighty passengers were rescued from the liner Uranium, after she rammed into the rocks near Chebucto Head Lighthouse, nine miles below Halifax. Through a pieee of luek that seems particularly remarkable in this season of serious marine disasters, the vessel eased herself on a shelf of granite—said to be the only shoal approaeh for miles along that part of the eoast. Had she struck a few yards away, either to the north or to the south, the smash of the bow against a sheer wall of stone probably would have sent the boat to the bottom

A recent earthquake which destroyed the village of Acambay buried alive in the ruins of this church more than seventy persons, and the great weight of the stones made rescue impossible. Only three of the congregation escaped. Four hundred of the villagers were entombed, three hundred seriously injured. The town is only sixty miles in a direct line from Mexico City, but is isolated by bad roads

An effective way of checking a revolutionist's flight—a Mexican trooper puts a bullet into the horse. In the prolonged warfare between Zapatists and Federalists the inland towns have suffered most, for there the Government's patrol is ineffective. The correspondent who sends this photograph, taken near Tecapiscala, blames the revolutionists for countless interruptions of railway traffic, and pillage and arson

FURS

By WILLIAM MARCUS MacMAHON

LAST spring I purchased from a downright bargain clothing emporium an overcoat for my own use, fur lined and boasting a pelt-covered collar. Its style, the clerk announced, was Not Only Swell But Nobby And Nifty.

This was one of those enterprising stores which indulge in a feverish Closing Out And Leaving The Business Sale on the first of each month. I used to wonder that it didn't have a Fire Auction Fifty Off On The Dollar. Six weeks or so ago I discovered the negative reason.

The capable proprietor had been conserving his energies for something worth while. It was a three-alarm affair. When the building becomes completely renovated it is to be occupied by a dealer in asbestos curtains.

The particular garment that enchained my covetous gaze was entitled Real Muskrat, Genuine Persian Lamb Collar, Broadcloth Shell. From the previous September until February it bore the convincing price tag of $97.50, Marked Down From $225.

In March the quotation had dropped to $75. By the middle of April it was $40. At the end of the month I rushed into the store and bought the overcoat for $27.50, in a semipanic that it incontinently might be given away to some unworthy nonadmirer.

May came and went without a blizzard. So did June and July. By the middle of August I had despaired of flaunting my outer appareled opulence for several months to follow. It was well.

Last November there came a morning almost cold enough to warrant the dropping of ice-cream soda from the breakfast bill of fare. I wore the bargain coat.

That Persian lamb would have grown to be the black sheep of the flock. His color came off on my linen collar almost unanimously.

Later in the day rain fell, and I noticed that my business associates pointedly edged away from me. Having caught a sudden cold in the head from being too warmly clad, I could not understand this ostracism.

When I reached home that night I spread the dripping garment over a kitchen chair. In a little while my wife rushed down from upstairs.

"Something burning!" she announced wildly. Nothing was.

"Then I left the Camembert uncovered!" she confessed, shamefacedly. She had not.

FINALLY the little lady inquired with great timidity: "Dearie, *can* it be your new coat?" It could and it was.

"The shell has a funny smell!" she informed me. Sniff! Sniff!

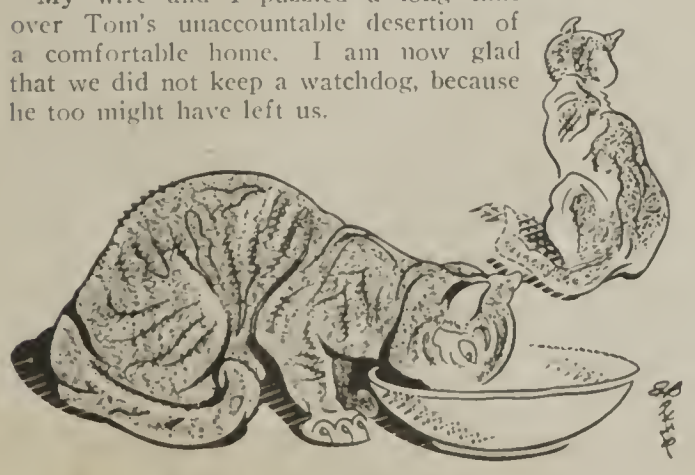
"But the collar has a stronger odor, and (One sniff was enough for her now) the *lining*— Ugh! Please, *please*, take it out of here, Precious!"

I took my bargain into the garage to dry overnight. In the morning when I went for it our house cat was there. He sat staring at a bit of the fur lining, a rigid, crouched figure turned to stone by despair.

"Well, Tom," I inquired pleasantly, "did you never see Real Muskrat before?"

Without a word he glanced reproachfully at me, left the garage, and, with a farewell glance toward the kitchen door, disappeared through the hedge. He has not returned to this day.

My wife and I puzzled a long time over Tom's unaccountable desertion of a comfortable home. I am now glad that we did not keep a watchdog, because he too might have left us.



My new friend, the Furrier, recently told me why.

"What is the value of a muskrat skin?" I demanded.

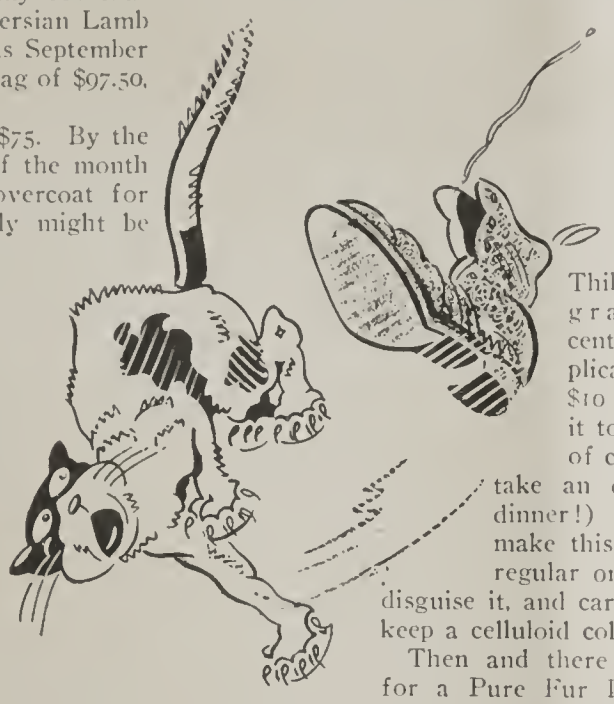
"Tanned prime fall catch, 85 cents wholesale; springs, $1. What's it to you?"

"Oh, nothing much! Only I've a Not Only Swell But Nobby And Nifty overcoat with fifty-six of 'em in the lining. I paid but $27.50 for the entire thing, so I'm about twenty-five or thirty dollars ahead."

"Lemme see the garment."

I DISPLAYED it proudly, having forgotten for the moment that painful episode when my wife did not have a cold in the head.

"House Cat skins!" said the expert grimly; "ten cents apiece undyed." No wonder Tom left home.



"And the collar?" I gasped.

"Domestic dog, acid curled and colored with lampblack. Worth fifty cents, finished."

"Ah, but the shell?" I groaned.

"Graveyard Thibet, and very low grade at that; thirty cents a yard. I can duplicate this garment for $10 and make enough on it to buy me a good box of cigars. (Thanks! I'll take an extra one for after dinner!) Now, all you need to make this coat as useful as a regular one is to eat garlic to disguise it, and carry a damp sponge to keep a celluloid collar clean!"

Then and there I vowed to agitate for a Pure Fur Law, patterned after good old Doc Wiley's nondebasing food regulations.

Upon investigation, my wife's Ermine neck piece proves to be rabbit skins, worth a cent apiece, raw. It should have been an Easter gift instead of a Yuletide offering!

Our small daughter's Iceland Fox muff is sheep pelt, selling for $1.25, untanned. They cost me, respectively, $25 and $20.

Oh, well, I saved seventy simoleons by refraining from buying a Not Only Swell But Nobby And Nifty garment between that preceding September and February.

Our ash man was overjoyed to receive the coat as a Christmas gift.

I have reason to believe that he is consuming more garlic than usual.

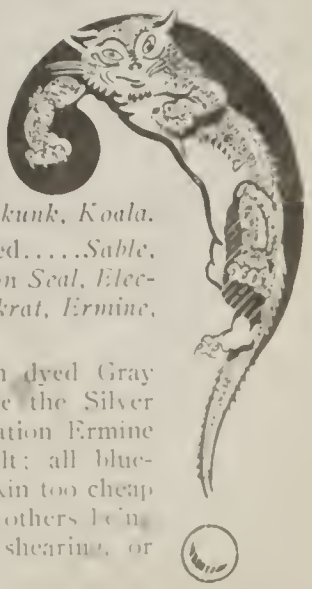
He cannot see the back of his neck.

HERE follow the January, 1913, prices paid to trappers for large, prime, raw skins; small pelts usually are fifty per cent cheaper:

Badger, Northern	$ 3.00
Badger, Southern	1.50
Bear, Black and Brown, Northern	25.00
Bear, Black and Brown, Southern	15.00
Beaver	10.00
Cat, Civet	.70
Cat, House, black	.30
Cat, House, colors	.10
Cat, Wild, Northern	4.00
Cat, Wild, Southern	.75
Fox, Blue, Far North	30.00
Fox, Cross, all sections, dark	25.00
Fox, Cross, all sections, pale	12.00
Fox, Gray	2.00
Fox, Red, Northern	10.00
Fox, Red, Southern	4.75
Fox, Silver, according to beauty	$500 to 2,000.00
Fox, White, Far North	15.00
Fox, Black, one sold in December for	$3,000.00
Lynx	25.00
Marten, Alaska, dark	20.00
Marten, Alaska, pale	10.00
Muskrat, New York and Northern	.55
Muskrat, Southern	.45
Mink, Northern, dark	8.00
Mink, Southern, brown	4.50
Opossum	.00
Otter, Canadian	25.00
Otter, Southern, lighter color	12.00
Raccoon, Northern	4.00
Raccoon, Southern	1.75
Raccoon, extra dark colors	$3.00 to 7.00
Skunk, New York and Northern, black	4.00
Skunk, white stripe, narrow, broad	75c. to 2.75
Weasels, white, "Ermine"	1.00
Weasels, gray, stained, etc.	5c. to .25
Wolf, Timber	4.00
Wolf, Prairie	3.50
Wolverine, pale to dark	$8.00 to 11.00
Fisher, Northern, dark	30.00
Fisher, Pacific Coast, pale	15.00
Rabbits, whole, untorn	.01

And here is an illuminating list, showing how certain humble pelts masquerade in the retail market as aristocratic skins:

THE TRUE FUR	*and*	THE TRADE NAME
American or Hudson Bay Sable		*Real Russian Sable.*
Fitch, Norwegian, dyed		*Sable.*
Goat, dyed		*Bear, Blue Japanese Wolf.*
Hare, dyed		*Sable or Fox.*
Kid, dyed		*Persian Lamb or Broadtail.*
Marmot, dyed		*Mink, Sable, or Skunk.*
Marmot, blended		*Brazilian Mink.*
Mink, dyed		*Sable.*
Muskrat, blended		*Russian Otter or River Mink.*
Muskrat, dyed		*Sable or Mink.*
Muskrat, dyed, and long hairs pulled out		*Real Seal, Hudson Seal, Electric Seal, Red River Seal, and Aleutian Seal.*
Muskrat, natural color		*River Sable.*
Nutria, pulled and dyed		*Same as Muskrat.*
Nutria, pulled, natural color		*Beaver and Otter.*
Opossum, dyed, sheared		*Beaver, Skunk.*
Opossum, Australian, natural		*Idelaide Chinchilla.*
Otter, pulled and dyed		*Seal.*
Dog, Black Manchurian		*Japanese Lynx.*
Dog, domestic, dyed or curled		*Isabella Fox, Persian Lamb.*
Skunk, dyed or solid black natural		*Black Marten.*
Short-haired China Sheep		*Patagonian Bison.*
Seal, Hair		*Brown Newfoundland Seal.*
Ringtail Cat		*California Mink.*
Wallaby, dyed (Kangaroo species)		*Australian Fisher, Sidney Raccoon, Skunk, Koala.*
Rabbit, dyed, sheared, machined		*Sable, French Sable, Seal, Hudson Seal, Electric Seal, Cape Seal, Muskrat, Ermine, Chinchilla, Cat.*



White hairs are inserted in dyed Gray or Red Fox skins to simulate the Silver variety; the black tips in imitation Ermine are pieces of dyed rabbit pelt; all blue-dyed furs will fade; the one skin too cheap to imitate is Bre'r Rabbit, all others being counterfeited by the dyeing, shearing, or machining of lesser pelts.

A TYPICAL EXAMPLE

By MARK SULLIVAN

FIRST of all, in answer to many critics, the Kenyon Bill, to prevent the shipment of liquors into prohibition States, is *not* of itself a prohibition measure. It leaves the question, whether or not prohibition is wise, right where it is now; it merely says that when a community decides that it *wants* prohibition, it may *have* prohibition without interference by the Federal Government. The bill is too long to repeat here; it was concisely and accurately paraphrased by Senator Sanders of Tennessee in these words:

"*Be it enacted*, That the shipment of intoxicating liquor from one State into any other State by any person, to be received or used in violation of any law of such State, is hereby prohibited.

"SEC. 2. That all intoxicating liquors transported into any State shall, upon arrival within the boundaries of such State and before delivery to the consignee, be subject to the operation of the laws of such State."

Does not this seem fair? As matters stand now, the people of Georgia decide they want prohibition in order to prevent drunkenness among the negroes and the crimes that follow it. The very next day the wholesale liquor dealers in Jacksonville, Fla., just across the State line, get very busy; they appoint agents throughout Georgia. (These agents quite generally consist of two classes: the white Republican politicians, who use their positions to stimulate the negroes to buy whisky, and the agents of the express companies.) Also there arise what are known as mail-order whisky houses. The extent and character of what follows is suggested by this extract from an official report of the Interstate Commerce Commission:

"Figures presented by the Southern Express Company may be made the basis of a fair approximation. Jacksonville, Fla., probably the largest shipping point for liquor in the South, sends out between three and four thousand packages of one or two gallons daily, or a total of about one and one-half million gallons a year. Chattanooga ships about 786,000 gallons; Richmond, 546,720 gallons. . . .

"The movement is much more active in the South than in other sections of the country, partly because of the extent of the prohibition territory in that section, partly because of the large quantities of very cheap whisky manufactured and shipped there for the consumption of the negro population. *While it is not the function of this commission to be influenced in its conclusions by the moral aspect of the question, it is impossible not to recognize in this traffic one of the important factors in the race problem of the South—the evil spirit back of that problem in more ways than one.*"

As it is now, no person in Tennessee can lawfully sell intoxicating liquor in Tennessee, but a person in Kentucky can sell in Tennessee. Senator Sanders expressed the situation in a question: Should a citizen of Kentucky have more rights in Tennessee than a citizen of Tennessee?

Not a Prohibition Law

THIS bill has nothing to do with national prohibition. Everybody knows that prohibition is not a question for *national* legislation, that it should be dealt with by each community acting according to its own conditions and wishes. This bill merely provides that when a State has so acted, its action shall not be nullified by whisky dealers who act in connection with the present Federal law. (One mail-order whisky firm's circulars are headed "Uncle Sam Is Our Partner.") Senator Kenyon is the author of the bill; he specifically repudiated any intention to declare any belief even as to whether prohibition is or is not a good thing:

"*I am not concerned at all with the question of whether a State in the exercise of its police power might adopt a law prohibiting the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors. If it does so, it ought to be able to make that law effective. If it adopts the contrary policy, it should be permitted to make that effective.*"

As Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire expressed it:

"It provides that if a State shall by its laws prohibit the sale of liquor it shall not have its territory invaded by persons outside of the State who are engaged in that traffic."

Twenty Years of Effort

THIS bill, in one form or another, was before Congress for nearly thirty years. Finally one version of it was passed and became a law. The Supreme Court held it unconstitutional. That was in 1890. Again for twenty-three years, in a form to meet the constitutional objection, it has been before the House and Senate. Never once in all that time before the present occasion has it emerged from the Senate committee. Only once in twenty-three years has it emerged from the House committee. Never a day of all that time but the bill would have passed by a vote of three to one if it had ever come to a vote. It was kept from coming to a vote in devious ways: partly by the liquor lobby, partly by the fact that many Congressmen who would refuse to be influenced directly by the liquor lobby are very grateful for the chance to escape voting on the bill. There are few Congressmen but have some saloon votes in their district. They will defy them if they must, but they very much prefer to be saved the necessity; and the committee device has long saved them the necessity.

The Fine Art of Delay

CONSIDER the vicissitudes this bill has had in the Senate alone since the first of the present year. On January 6 Senator Sanders of Tennessee brought it up and asked for unanimous consent that a vote should be taken on it during the legislative day of January 13. Senator Sutherland of Utah objected. Again the next day, Tuesday, January 7, Senator Sanders asked for unanimous consent that the vote be taken between three and six o'clock, January 20. This time it was Senator Warren of Wyoming who objected, backed up by Senator Lodge of Massachusetts. Two days later, on Thursday, January 9, for a third time, Senator Sanders asked for unanimous consent that the bill be considered and voted upon January 20. This time it was Senator Reed of Missouri who objected. Senator Sanders waited one day longer, and again, on January 10, asked for the same unanimous consent, and this time got it. But Senator Smoot of Utah, having observed that nobody else objected, arose after the unanimous consent had been given and stated that he had not been listening, and that if he had been listening he would have objected. This precipitated a long discussion as to whether a unanimous consent once given can be rescinded. Half the members of the Senate participated in the discussion, and for two days the entire time of the Senate, aside from that given to the impeachment proceedings, was devoted to this parliamentary point. Senator after Senator said that he was "very anxious, of course, to vote for the bill, which is a very meritorious one, *but*—" Senator Coe I. Crawford of South Dakota said: "I want to assist in passing it, but—" Senator Clarke of Arkansas said: "It is a bill I favor, but—" Senator Lodge of Massachusetts said: "I am in sympathy with the object and purposes of this bill, but—" Senator Smith of Georgia said: "I expect to vote for the Kenyon Bill, and I am willing to give consent that it shall be considered just as soon as possible, but—" Meanwhile, Senator Smoot of Utah stood stubbornly by his position, and because of this one objector the available working time of the Senate for two whole days was wasted. Finally it was decided, for the first time in the history of the Senate, to revoke a unanimous consent. (It is fair to say that many of the Senators who took this position did so out of a sincere desire to uphold the sacredness of the unanimous-consent rule, and there is much merit in the contention that unanimous consent shall not be considered to have been given if one Senator says he intended to object but wasn't listening.)

Finally Senator Gallinger asked that unanimous consent be given to vote on the bill on February 10. This was done, and so it stands now. The Senate will vote on this bill on February 10 *unless on that date the opponents of it take advantage of some parliamentary device to make for delay.*

In the House

SO MUCH for the situation *in the Senate*. In the House the bill was introduced over eighteen months ago and was referred to the Judiciary Committee, of which the chairman is Hon. Henry D. Clayton of Alabama. At the time this paragraph was written, it had not yet emerged; but there was belief that, because of recent agitation and the pressure of public opinion on the committee, the bill would be reported during the current week.

The Heart of the Case

SENATOR GALLINGER told the candid truth when he said these words during the debate on Senator Smoot's two-day holdup:

"We need not have any concealment about this matter, Mr. President. It is not intended that a vote shall be taken on this bill in my judgment, and if this unanimous consent agreement is set aside, no vote will be taken on this bill during this Congress."

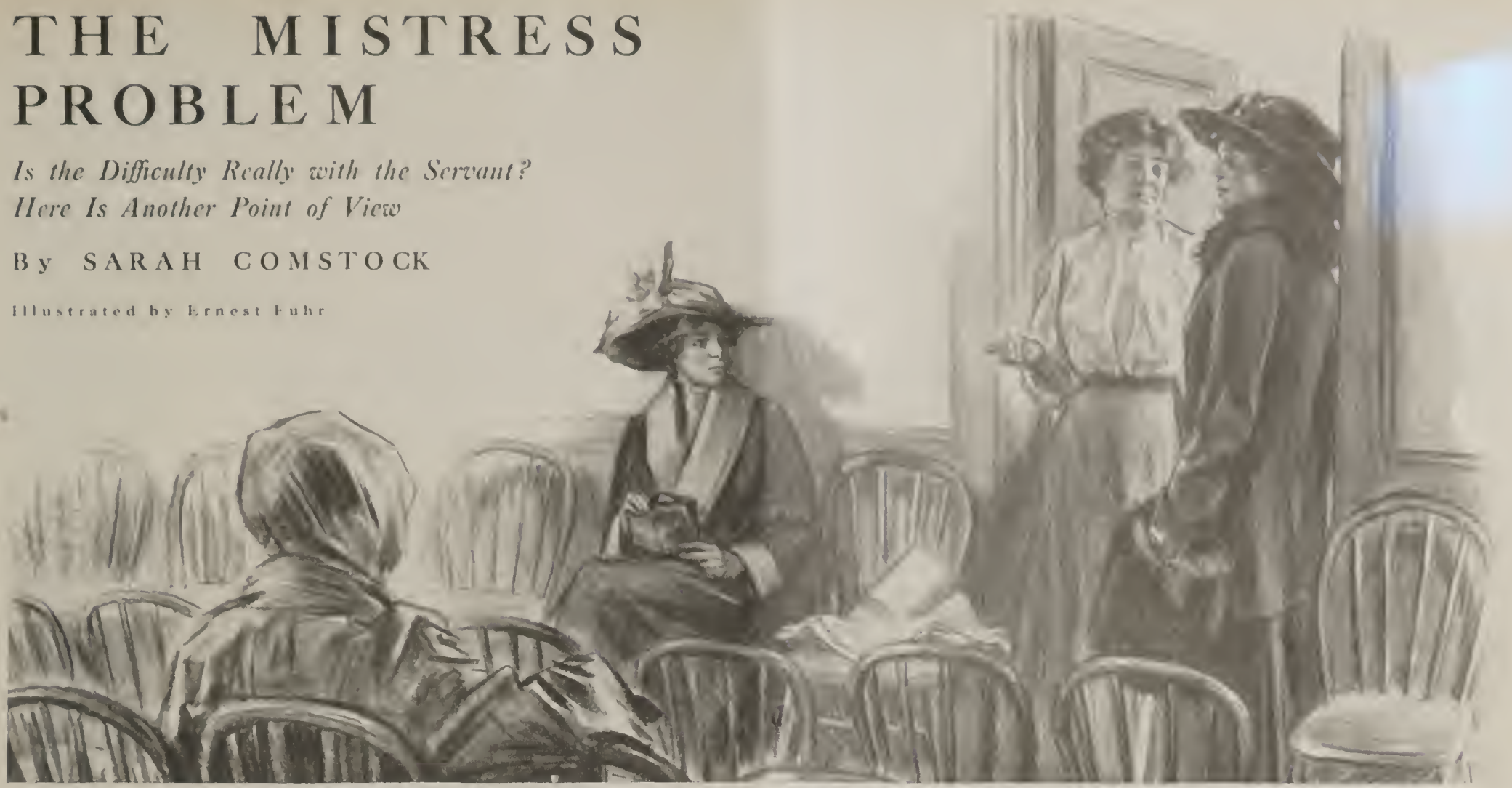
This bill is now nearer to success than at any time in the twenty-three years. The time is short—purposely made short by the enemies of the bill—but still if enough demonstration of public opinion is made during the coming month this bill will become a law. If it is forced to a vote it will pass overwhelmingly in both Houses.

THE MISTRESS PROBLEM

Is the Difficulty Really with the Servant? Here Is Another Point of View

By SARAH COMSTOCK

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr



FOR the past decade the wail of the mistress has been heard in the land. She can't get help, she mourns; break a girl in, and the ingrate leaves for higher wages. Seek a new one and she looks you over as if you were a prisoner at the bar and she the judge, then demands to know your wages, and, learning, turns on the heel of a smarter boot than you can afford for every day, and murmurs: "Not for mine." Keep in the good graces of the maid who has condescended to share your humble abode, and you do so at the cost of pickled walnuts for her private delectation and the use of your piano every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon for her "instrumental."

This voice of the mourning mistress is heard from coast to coast, and her lament has come to be known nationally as the "Servant Problem." The matron of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia contends that the problem interferes with all of her intellectual life, hampering her club pursuit of advanced theories in Domestic Science. The Kansas farmer's wife groans over a coin-minting harvest which summons an army of hands and nobody but herself to cook for them. The California home maker sighs for the days when the Japanese applied their juggler's skill to the pirouetting of pancakes, and the Chinese their decorative art, as a Los Angeles housekeeper reports, to adorning the fruit cake with "Prepare to Meet Thy God" in pink icing. Now the Orientals are accumulating wealth on the ranches, and the mistress seeks maids who don't exist.

What's the matter with the servants? I sought light, and I felt that nowhere could light better be found than with the large and formidable person who presides over the employment agency. From downtown New York to Harlem I sought her. Uptown, in the regions of modest apartments, she deals in the maid-of-all-work, or houseworker, as the black Pearl or white Tilda is known to the trade. Further down comes the district of smarter apartments on Riverside Drive or upper Broadway; here she often furnishes a waitress to assist the cook. But the headquarters of the employment agent are in the shopping district, where ladies seeking peplum blouses and short-vamp footwear may also seek demure waitresses and emotionless butlers. Here, in the district adjacent to Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, they may equip their town or country houses with a corps of specialized servants.

The large and formidable person is in the rare and privileged position of seeing both sides of a vital question. She plies between the conflicting elements of a national problem as, in ten steps, she moves from a discussion with Mrs. Van Ryndam in the front room to the waiting applicants in the rear room, critically surveys them, then, with a voice like Gabriel's trumpet, summons "Emily!" If there be a solution, it lies within those ten steps.

I BEGAN my visits in the downtown district. Here I called upon a Mrs. Maltbie, an experienced agent who deals with no household employing fewer than two servants. From two up she furnishes to a complete retinue. Her office is typical; the two connecting rooms have separate doors into the hall, the one marked "Applicants," the other "Customers." The latter has a moss-green carpet, willow chairs, and white curtains. The other has a bare floor and rows of plain chairs. Ladies, as they are technically termed, pass in and out at one door, servants at the other. The whole place seems to cry aloud: "Sheep this way, please—goats that."

There was no beating about the bush. "What's at the bottom of the whole Servant Problem?" I asked her.

Thereupon she exploded her bomb. "The Mistress Problem," she replied.

"And what's the matter with the mistresses?" I pursued.

Instead of making a direct reply, Mrs. Maltbie eyed me thoughtfully for a moment, then she said: "I wonder if Annie is here this morning." She rose, went into the other room, and returned with a neat, intelligent-looking girl of the American-born German type.

"It's all right to talk before this lady," Mrs. Maltbie said to the girl.

ANNIE glanced me over questioningly.

"Isn't that an elegant caracal coat she's got on?" Mrs. Maltbie led off. "Let's see, which one gave it to you, Annie?"

"It was Lady-before-last, the one on Madison Avenue," the girl replied.

"You get lots of handsome gifts?" I inquired.

"Yes, a lot." She nodded significantly. "They don't want these things any more and they hand 'em out easy. They think they can make up for a lot o' bad treatment that way, but a caracul coat ain't the same thing as three square meals a day, and I'd like to tell her so."

Another bomb had gone off. I was sitting up and taking notice.

"Stewed fruit and bread and tea ain't enough for supper," Annie continued vindictively

"But you don't mean—"

"She does mean," said Mrs. Maltbie. "Tell her what you had to eat in that house, Annie. She won't know who the lady is, so it's all right."

"If we got oatmeal for breakfast we was lucky," said Annie. "Tea and toast, and sometimes oatmeal without milk on it. If we wanted milk we had to go out and buy it out o' our wages.

"Then we had some kind o' cheap meat for dinner, without no juice—don't you believe she'd 'a' et meat like that herself—and one vegetable, and bread and maybe a dry old puddin'. And we'd 'a' thought the skies had fell if we'd ever seen anything but bread and fruit and tea for supper—bread and fruit and tea."

There was a profound pause.

"All right, Annie—you may go," Mrs. Maltbie said at last.

At the door Annie fired a parting shot. "There are others," she observed.

"And there really are others?" I asked Mrs. Maltbie.

"It's the One Great Kick," she said slowly, her voice charged with capitals. "Servants don't get enough to eat; often they're half starved; they have to eke out with food bought out of their wages; they come in here looking run down and anemic; and this trouble's worse, if anything, in the wealthiest families."

"It's the beau that stands waiting silent outside that door that plays the mischief with our business"

A growling servant may fail to prove convincing to our ears, but a woman like Mrs. Maltbie, shrewd and just, dealing with hundreds, thousands, on both sides of the Great Gulf, knows what she's talking about. When she makes these statements in the nature of a summary they become revelation.

"What Annie told you is typical," she said. "The bill of fare she gave you is the average in many of these big houses that set a separate table for the servants. The cook does the marketing, the best she can, out of an allowance that's so small it wouldn't feed a family of kittens properly. And these girls have to do hard manual labor on it. The mistress don't realize—she goes nibbling around at tea rooms and candy stores. Sometimes the servants are fed from what's left from the family table, and that's likely to be scraps.

"There was one customer of mine asked me why she couldn't keep her girls. I thought it over and I decided I'd try the truth on her. So we made an appointment and she came down here one morning. 'Now,' I said, 'you lose your girls as fast as you get them. You said you wanted the truth. Everyone of them comes in here and owns that she's starving.'

"She got as white as your jabot and she nearly screamed. 'It's impossible!' she kept saying. 'I give the cook an allowance to supply the servants' table!'

"'Yes, and how far does it go for women that are working like dray horses?' I asked her. 'You ride in your machine and you never work and you drop into afternoons at-home and keep nibbling. You don't know what it is to be hungry at the end of a day of hard work.'

"Well, for a wonder she listened, and in the end, after she got over being excited, she raised the allowance for the servants' table and she keeps her girls now. But there aren't many ladies I could talk to like that. Wish I could; I'd be curing the chief trouble if I could get the servants decently fed."

IN THE same downtown district I dropped in at Mrs. Wesson's door, the first time in eight years. She sat in solitary state at her oak desk. She has added a score of pounds in the eight years; but hers is not cheerful obesity. When obesity is not cheerful it has the faculty of accentuating mournfulness. Of its own weight it appears to add to the general depression.

"When I was interviewing you years ago on the Nationality of House Servants I never could find you idle a moment," I blundered glibly.

"There's plenty of idle time *now*," Mrs. Wesson responded with obese impressiveness. There was a world of significance in the "now."

"Plenty of time nowadays," she said, leading me to the door of the servants' room. "Look at that!"

The same old chairs stood in orderly rows as in the days of their prime. But whereas I had ever found them [illegible] the full—sometimes Mrs. Wesson used to [illegible] room only—there now sat but two [illegible] desert of chairs. One oasis was [illegible] perky like the nursemaids who seek [illegible] Park. The other was apparently a [illegible] from the hazing of Ellis Island and [illegible] are of it yet.

"I'm [illegible] the days of my prosperity before business had gone down. It's a dyin' business, that's what it is. A few years more and the employment agencies will be shuttin' up their doors and takin' down their signs because there's no servants to furnish." Mrs. Wesson's round face was that of one who watches at a deathbed.

"But there seem to be innumerable agencies."

"There are. When the howl for servants began to go up every woman out of a job started an agency, thinkin' that *she* could somehow get servants and profit by the demand. But they couldn't, and lots of 'em can barely pay their rent. There ain't any solution to the Servant Problem," she sighed. "Same old story—the girls that come over won't belong to anybody. They'd rather take three to five dollars a week, support their little brothers and sisters out o' that, and end by bein' burned up in a shirt-waist factory, than to have seven or eight a week for spendin' and a good clean home in a swell street. And"—again she took on obese impressiveness—"I don't blame 'em!"

"It's ruinin' our business," she went on. "It's goin' to put an end to home life, because houses can't be run without servants. But I don't blame any girl alive for not lettin' another woman dictate to her *how she shall spend every hour of her day.*"

From the depths of Mrs. Wesson's gloom came food for thought. "Every hour of her day is not supposed to belong to her employer," I reflected. It was with this in mind that I sought Miss Bigelow. She is a person of fashionable appearance, and she holds forth in a stately Fifth Avenue office building. You take an elevator to Miss Bigelow.

"What about this?" I asked her.

MISS BIGELOW tweaked her iron-gray pompadour, settled her waistline with firm, encircling hands, and sniffed: "Yes; the girl gets Thursday afternoon off, don't she? And Sunday afternoon and evening off, don't she? 'Only this Thursday—just for once, Emma, you won't mind, I know, just this once, because the Professor has so many engagements he can't dine with us any other day—and Sunday, just for once, you wouldn't mind coming back in time to get supper, would you, because we're going up into Jersey in the machine and we'll want an especially good supper for my cousins when we get back.' Good Lord!" broke forth Miss Bigelow, swaying like a ponderous reed upon the tall and faultless stem of her stays. "When the afternoon off *means* the afternoon off, and when there's an eight or even a ten hour law to regulate domestic labor, then we won't find the smartest girls standing in line to the next corner waiting for jobs in every factory on the East Side and every department store on Sixth Avenue. Now, they'd rather work in human hair with the vile atmosphere of the hair factory; they'd rather go home in January from laundry work that's soaked them to the spine; because when they get home they can see their beaux, and go out with them, independent of any prying and fussing mistress. Don't these ladies ever remember that they had beaux once, and the right to them? And they let their own daughters have natural pleasures. Where's the difference?"

"But the servants' evenings are free after the dinner work is done," I persisted.

Again Miss Bigelow sniffed and settled her waistline. "Maybe they're free and maybe they're not," she responded. "It's 'Annie, you don't mind looking after the children just to-night while we go to the theatre, do you? I hope the new nursemaid will get here by to-morrow.' Or, 'Annie, after your dishes are done to-night, I wish you'd set all the mousetraps, the mice are getting so bad, and put them all over the house—oh, isn't there any bacon to set them with? Then just run out and get some. And then if you'll cook some liver to have cold for Sultana Scheherazade's breakfast—' Lord! That was the for-sure name of a Persian cat one of my customers had. Annie spent her evenings preparing the cat's food and giving it medicine when it was sick—the lady was afraid to do it because she might get her hands scratched and spoil them for bridge—and its bed had to be carried around the house to avoid a draft, and after that had gone on a month Annie lost her place because she poisoned the cat."

Miss Bigelow paused with a sense of effect. "I've always held that murder was sometimes justifiable," she said.

WHEN I talked with Miss Greenway I spoke of the time regulation.

"Everyone of us knows that's what domestic labor needs," she said. "When there's a law that holds down thoughtless ladies just like the factory laws hold down greedy factory employers, then cooking and waiting on table will be as good as any job that a girl can get—work till she's through, then quit and go home."

"Stewed fruit and bread and tea ain't enough for supper," Annie continued vindictively

"But the going home is a fresh problem," I interrupted. "Many of these girls live in tenements of a low order, and it's a degrading life they return to—and the mistress doesn't want germs—and other annoyances—brought back to her dainty home."

"That's where my theory comes in," said Miss Greenway. She is smaller than most of these persons, less formidable, and her motherly eye houses a cheery twinkle which fondled the thought of the pet theory. "If I had the money I'd take a couple of old residences to-day, turn them into a cozy little hotel for domestics, give them a reading room and cards and now and then a dance, and they'd be living as independent a life as any other worker. There's a Trowmart Inn—and a raft more of 'em—for the shop and factory and office girl. But if anybody thinks about the servant it's to say: 'Oh, she has to stay on the job all the time.' Why does she, I'd like to know? Because the average lady don't let her quit when her day's work is done."

I felt that the poor employer deserved a word of defense. "I have lots of friends who are most considerate, and who find their maids impertinent in demands," I felt called upon to say.

"There's a lot of kind ladies—that's right," Miss Greenway conceded. You will by this time have grasped the fact that "lady" is a class name for the employer, among these agents, and bears no descriptive allusion to birth, breeding, or temperament. "And a lot of trashy girls. But it's the inconsiderate ladies that give service the black eye, so that most of the working girls stay out of it altogether, and those that go into it are made impertinent and unappreciative because they get so much mean treatment that it brings out all their own meanness. They've got hearts, after all, the most of these girls; it's wonderful what a little appeal to the human side of them will do."

WHENEVER I asked these agents directly if their sympathies were not stronger on the servants' side, I always failed to get a decided "Yes." They will begin to hedge at once and tell you that there is fault with both, and put forth other delicate evasions. And all the time you're finding that their talk bends to the same side, the servants' side, and when you call their attention to this they are immediately on the [illegible]. That's why I'm not telling their real name [illegible] business is poor these days, whether they own [illegible] frankly as Mrs. Wesson or not, and I don't want to get them into any more trouble than they have now.

"I don't know which is cart and which is horse," Mrs. Edmundson said, after she had answered the telephone with: "Not a butler-waitress on hand to-day. Sorry. Yes. I'll let you know. Good-by."

"Hm!" she said as she hung up, but with no further comment just then.

"There's two facts in American life we've got to face," she went on. "One is, that servants are fewer all the time. The other is, that the American woman is getting less domestic all the time. Now these two facts are kinda linked together, you might say; but, as I told you, I can't make out which pulls which.

"Sometimes I think it's the lack of servants that's driving our ladies to break up housekeeping and take to apartment hotel life and travel. Other times I say it's because the ladies travel, and camp in a hotel for the winter, and pay no attention to their housekeeping, that the servants are quitting and taking to other kinds of work. It makes it hard on a girl to just get fixed in a place for the winter and then have the lady suddenly announce she's going to Palm Beach."

"How about the summer life?"

"A longer season each year in the country, and often it's spent in a hotel or motoring, which throws the girl out of a job. Anyhow, whichever way it started, it's a fact that there's less home life and more restlessness all the time."

The bearing of this familiar fact upon the Servant Problem is to be reckoned with. "But in the case of families who run their own houses in the country—what do you find?" I queried.

"In the spring the girl's keen on going, while the idea's fresh," Mrs. Edmundson said. "But if she's left a beau in the city—and she usually has—she's ready to throw up a good place by July and come back to sizzle and get ptomaines from ice-cream cones and blister her feet doing Coney."

"But can't she find gayety in the country?"

"Sometimes. When she does, it works all right. The prize package to a girl is an army post. That's the one spot on earth where we can't get jobs enough for the girls that want them. They're running for the posts with their sashes standing out behind and their recommendations waving under your nose. You see, the ladies in the army life are generally a good-tempered sort; and then there's all the soldiers. There's a dance for the men every week, and of course that means that every girl working at the post gets invited, for girls are at a premium."

AGAIN the telephone rang. "No, really, I can't do a thing for you," Mrs. Edmundson reiterated with increasing firmness.

"Same lady again," she said to me. For a moment discretion puckered her lips. Then she out with it.

"I might as well tell you who she is," she said, and she uttered a name to conjure with—the name of a woman known not only to New York but to the whole country, in connection with strong, sympathetic movements to defend the working girl, to better her wages, her general condition, to extend a helping and sisterly hand to her on the briery path she has to tread.

"And there isn't a servant can live with her," Mrs. Edmundson said. "Sometimes she'll phone in here every twenty-four hours for a week, wanting a new girl each time. I can't keep up the pace."

"She is high-strung, I suppose."

Discretion again puckered Mrs. Edmundson's lips. "Well—I suppose you'd call it high-strung." She paused. "Plain devil-of-a-temper comes closer to it to my mind—and when she's mad, her ideas on the helping-hand-to-the-working-girl don't apply to her own servants. But there's plenty more of that kind. You see, a lot of society and going all the time gets on the nerves, and—well, there's plenty might be said along these lines." The lips puckered again, and finally.

I had never realized the psychological study that each one of us is to the employment agent until Mrs. Crowell revealed her secret to me. She is in Harlem; an enormous blue and white sign—"SERVANTS"—from the window seemed to differentiate her from the lady of the retiring doorplate on Fifth Avenue as the gold tooth differentiates one dentist from another; yet, for all that, I found that she deals in subtleties.

"It's the blending of temperaments that's our secret,"

(*Continued on page* 30)

DETECTIVE BURNS DRAMATIZED

His Methods of Uncovering Crime Made the Basis of a Lively Melodrama

By ARTHUR RUHL

MR. ASCHE KAYTON, the principal figure in "The Argyle Case," is a new sort of stage detective. Those who have followed the newspaper accounts of the doings of Mr. William J. Burns for the past year or two, and especially Mr. Harvey J. O'Higgins's articles about him, will not need to be told by the program that Mr. Burns collaborated with the authors of the play.

"Never-Sleep" Kayton differs from the old-school sleuth very much as modern war as the Japanese practiced it differs from the old individualistic battle-ax kind. No false whiskers and green goggles for Mr. Kayton. He looks like any other brisk New York business men—with a downtown office, stenographers, telephones, push buttons, card indexes, and correspondents everywhere. He is more like a city editor than like Sherlock Holmes.

We see Kayton and his men working on a murder mystery in the play. The police have found out nothing, but Kayton finds, when he examines the room in which the aged Mr. Argyle was murdered, a very cleverly made counterfeit $100 bill tucked away in an envelope as if it had been about to be mailed, and on the edge of the table, opposite the spot where the body was found, a woman's finger prints. She was gripping the polished table edge at the moment of the murder.

The audience watches with bated breath while Kayton's assistant dusts these finger prints with white powder, and having thus brought the threadlike lines out clearly, snapshots them with a tiny folding camera. They watch with still more interest, in the next scene, when Kayton himself, having lured the woman suspect to his office, gets her finger prints before she knows what's happening. She is about to sign a paper, and he, handing her the pen, contrives to spill ink on her hand. Apologetically grabbing a blotter he presses her fingers against it. The blotter is tossed carelessly into the wastebasket, whence, a moment later, it is rescued. There is some deft hocus-pocus with a brush and a black liquid, and there, dripping in the glare of the footlights, are the finger prints—*the* finger prints.

The detective in "The Argyle Case" and the woman suspect. The latter has just been lured to his office through a "plant," and the detective is maneuvering to get her finger prints

That marvelously sensitive instrument, the dictagraph, is revealed in action in the third act, and we see the counterfeiter's den in South Washington Square, and, on the opposite side of the partition, Kayton's operatives, with receivers strapped to their ears, lazily puffing cigarettes, as they take down a stenographic report of every word the counterfeiters say.

Good "inside stuff" this—breathless, knowing, new, and calculated to keep the fascinated audience continuously keyed up to concert pitch. Another characteristic device of the Burns school of crime detection, as everyone knows who has followed Mr. O'Higgins's interesting articles and stories illustrating it, is the "plant"—a seemingly innocent train of events through which the suspect is led to convict himself, so to speak. Given certain clues, the detective arranges a trap which the criminal, by following his usual habits, will probably fall into. In "The Argyle Case," for instance, Kayton learned that the mother of Mr. Argyle's ward, supposed to have died years ago in San Francisco, had served a term in San Quentin prison instead. On the chance that she may know something of the murder he inserts a "personal" in a New York newspaper under her initials, intimating that if she come to his office she may hear of something to her advantage in connection with Mr. Argyle's will. Sure enough, the woman, who was in New York in fact, appears—the instinct to get the money was too strong to resist—and through the interesting set of circumstances thus set in motion Kayton connects her with the counterfeiters, whose handiwork he had found

(*Continued on page 29*)

Just before the capture in "The Conspiracy." The eccentric old writer of detective stories is trying to hold the three conspirators until the police give the signal that they are ready to make the raid

The WHITE BEAD

By EDWIN BALMER

Illustrated by C. B. Falls

BETWEEN the coast and safety—if the Americans in flight gained the sea in time to catch the cruiser sent down to take off refugees—lay but a single spur of the Sierra Madres. North and south the mountains of this spur lay, with the shining gold and silver sanded stream of the Oxactl dashing down the gorge.

They were seven Americans whom the sudden spread of the Mexican insurrection had surprised at the Gifford Hacienda on the rich coffee-bearing, cattle-grazing plateau at the headsprings of the Oxactl. Politically, commercially, or socially, each member of the party was of importance in the States north of the border—of such importance that for more than a week American papers had been running columns of speculation each morning as to the party's safety. Influential journals clamored openly for intervention, if any of the party were killed, proclaiming that it would be proof that the Mexican Government was without power to protect foreigners.

However, the party was still intact after the fourth day of its flight, and had halted toward evening before the northern defile into the final valley. There was short, stubborn, gray Ogden Gifford, still as scornful of personal danger as when, to humor his guests, he had set out for the coast; his gentle little wife, still striving to share his scorn; his guests, white-haired Stanley Davison, still carefully cheerful, and his frail, beautiful wife; their youngest daughter Alice, just twenty-four, blue-eyed, dark-haired, straight-nosed, lithe, alert, yet without encounter with real fear. Because she was there young Kirk Prentiss, the tall, fair-haired, hatless man sitting easily in the Mexican saddle on the roan horse on her right, was there; and halted upon her left was Jim Reilly, older than Kirk in his weariness, heavier, awkward in his high-horned saddle.

NUMERICALLY, four others were to be counted in the party—Mexican Federal troopers—but as the horses stopped before turning to defile into the valley ahead, Alice did not even look to the escort to reconnoiter. She reached for Prentiss's bridle as he dismounted. Reilly also immediately got down.

The girl contrasted the two as they walked ahead on the trail together. In the secure, park-paved country place upon the shore of the lake north of Chicago, where the three lived, she had been brought up to believe that since the two had graduated in the same class from college, eight years before, Jim had made himself the more worthy. Kirk, swinging and buoyant as he walked up the rough trail, was supposed largely to have wasted those years in achievement that had gained him only prize cups, a place in English and American sporting journals, notoriety for nerve throughout two continents. He was trained to respond, without a fraction of a second's conscious thought; to swing a racing motor car back into the road after throwing a tire at a turn; to roll away before the charging ponies were upon him when he was thrown at polo; to right, automatically, a banking monoplane after the engine had burst a cylinder. Jim, lagging and short-breathed, as they climbed the slopes above the trail, had spent his time supposedly far better—eight hours a day at his desk, with squash or rackets occasionally at the University Club in the afternoon in winter—golf or tennis on Saturdays in summer. She understood that at his direction, from his desk in the Loop, trains carried food from farm to city, from city to ship, and spread provisions to all the ports of the world, where other trains, caravans, and burden bearers spread it again. Commercially, she knew, he commanded many thousands of men, but here no one of the Mexicans looked to him instinctively as the leader—no one, even, of the four older people who at home told her he was most to be admired.

The two young men disappeared in the bush above the trail. Impulsively Alice dismounted and gave her bridle and Kirk's to a Mexican and followed.

As she passed the turn in the trail the roar of falling waters was explained. Directly below the Oxactl rushed to a precipice and fell over, striking the spray from the big bowlders protruding from the shelf of rock. From its basin at the bottom the river widened and went more slowly between broadening, more gentle banks, dotted with adobe huts and crops in cultivation. But behind these plots on both sides of the river the Sierras rose stark, sheer, pathless.

Only directly ahead, where, twenty miles to the south, the valley narrowed into a mountain path again above the gorge, was there a possible way out.

AND the day was fading fast. The shadow of the western range was flung in a sharp, purple line, already high on the flank of the gray mountains on the east side. The west dip of the valley in the shadow was in twilight; the yellow flicker of the evening flame from the little adobe huts in that shadow showed brightly. There was clearly no possibility of passing through the valley before dark.

Alice saw Kirk and Jim, now just ahead, considering this. She saw, as she expected, Jim hesitant, uncertain, nervous, as he glanced fearfully from side to side. Kirk was, as always, confident, at ease, his voice even. He turned, smiling, as she came up.

"We were wondering whether we better ride in," he said, taking upon himself Jim's hesitation, which he himself did not share.

"There is no sign of insurrectos in there," Jim admitted. "But—" he stopped.

"Correal certainly knows where we are," Kirk finished for him, naming the insurrecto leader of the province. "He's either going to keep on seeing that no one touches us, for fear of bringing on intervention, or if his side wants to start trouble over us, Correal can get us here as well as five miles farther on."

"Then let's go as far as we can," Alice decided.

She rode at the head, directly after Kirk, as they defiled into the valley. The four guards came last, with Jim. She dropped back as the road widened, riding beside her mother and father and the Giffords and Jim in turn. When the light was entirely gone, they had reached two little adobe huts, close together, a little above the trail. The inhabitants, cautiously, had fled, leaving their supper cooking. The women chose from the frijoles and corn-meal cakes frying to add to their rations from the saddlebags. As they ate, Alice noted Jim's plain relief that—as some one commented—it would be their last supper before reaching the ship. She looked at Kirk and met his eyes. She saw there, rather than relief, a regret over the ending of their adventure which she knew he would not express, for no one could comprehend it but she. There was no opportunity for him to speak to her alone. Immediately after supper the older people, exhausted, prepared to sleep in the larger hut. She was to share the clay floor with them. The other two went to watch and sleep with the Mexicans in the smaller hut.

ALICE lay down beside her mother, but stayed awake. The night remained quiet, the rare, cool air was still. She got up, and in her stocking feet—she had pulled off her boots—she stepped out the doorless doorway.

The flickers from the other little adobes up and down the valley had gone out. Night birds cried now and then. The horses stabled under a shed roof back from the road moved a hoof; sometimes it seemed that in the stillness the sound of the waterfall came from miles away; then it could be recognized as the rush of the river below the road.

The sky—a deep blue lane set with sharply shining stars—stretched raggedly above the gorge from north to south, the mountain tops defining it on either hand. The summits to the east kept back for a little longer the silver shimmer of the rising moon; but slowly the rays began to top that range and touch the highest rocks of the mountains overhead. Gradually, as the shadow of the sun had crept up the other side of the valley, the moon shimmer dropped lower on this.

Kirk was sitting alone before the smaller hut, on watch. Jim, therefore, was sleeping within to stand sentinel next. The Mexicans, apparently satisfied with the guard which was being kept, had given up all pre-

"Don't torment me. I only told you what they taught me to say. How could I see for myself? I say I only repeated what they said of you"

tense of keeping it themselves. They, without intent of later wakefulness, were asleep within.

Alice came closer. Kirk turned and saw her. She stepped toward him. He looked about, smiled, and came to her. They met in between the two adobes, in the starlight only; the direct light of the moon was still far above. He touched her arm gently with his firm fingers. Her blood warmed and throbbed.

"I came out to be with you," she whispered.

"You make me afraid to have you."

"Afraid?"

He caught her close, but before the strength of his arm broke down her instinctive resistance he released her. She returned to him. "Hold me," she begged. "I did not mean to stop you."

He grasped her wrists, but it was to hold her away.

"I have not spoken to you—I haven't asked you to marry me because it is not fair down here."

"Not fair?"

"You did not care more for me than for him"—he nodded back to the hut where Jim slept—"before we came down here?"

"I did not know myself. This had not happened," she pleaded.

"This? You mean we hadn't come into danger?"

"Yes, into danger."

"I knew that had influenced you," he said. "That was why I knew I must wait."

"To ask me to be your wife? Wait? Why?"

"Because we're going back where those things count most that made you care for him. Might you not do that again?"

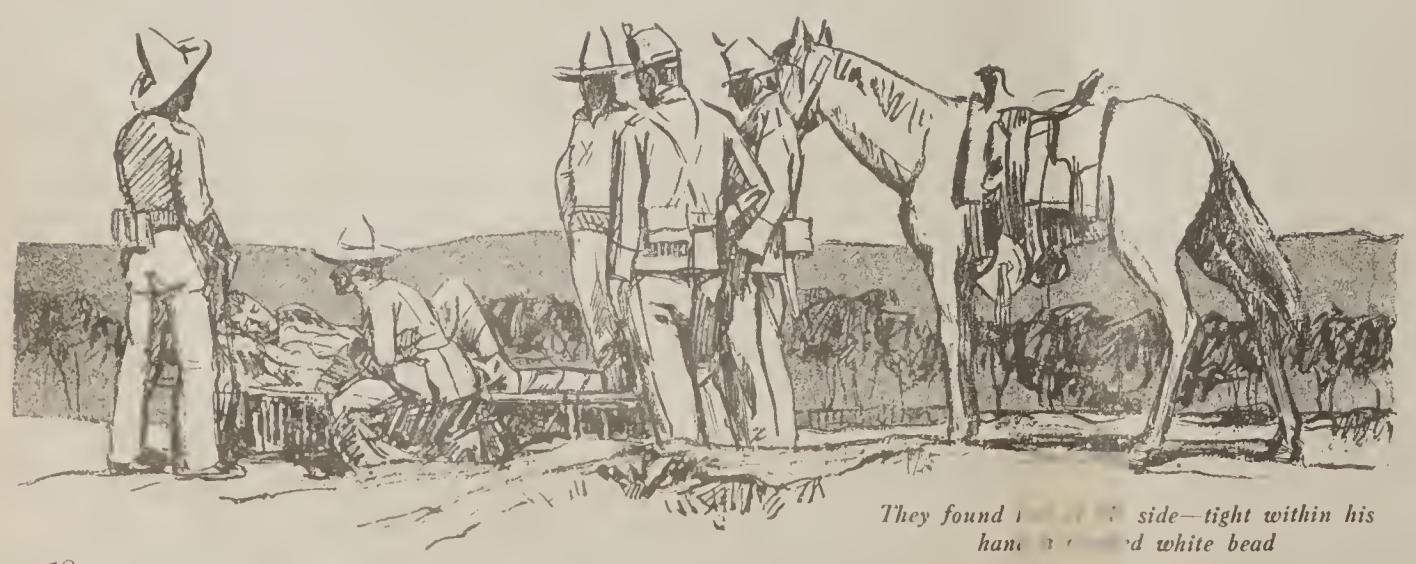
"Care more for him than for you after this? Never!"

SHE struggled closer to him. He held her sternly. "You forget. You must remember. I've wasted my life racing speeding motors and aeroplanes which any eighteen-year-old boy can run as well. You told me that—with contempt—how many times?"

"Don't torment me. I only told you what they taught me to say. How could I see for myself? I say I only repeated what they said of you."

"Jim?"

"No, not he himself, but the others for him, who had no more nerve than he. They made me think it was nothing that you liked to take risks, because they didn't have the nerve for it themselves. They pretended that it was something higher to be like Jim, and not dare things for the sake of daring. But, Kirk, I tell you, this has made me know."



They found [illegible] side—tight within his hand [illegible]d white bead

You will forget it when we are all safe again."

I'll never be safe anywhere except with you! How could I feel if I married him that he would never be afraid of his life before me? I thought it was nothing that he was afraid to race with you—that he didn't care to go up in your monoplane, but it isn't nothing to be afraid in a place like this. I love you. You can say you love me. You must say it now. You must—"

HIS lips swept the words from hers. He held her crushed against him. Still holding her with one arm, he slipped the other down over her hips and lifted her up. She lay in his arms limp, relaxed, happy, with need no longer to respond even to his kisses.

The moon rays striking down the mountain shone in their faces and suddenly recalled them. He kissed her once more and put her gently down. The moonlight had come down so that it illumined all the trail above the waterfall. The fall itself was a sheet of silver in the light. Lower stretches of the road also were now in view. As their eyes followed it along, descent by descent, a blotch appeared upon the gray dust—a moving blotch, with glints and reflections. And now there came—above the rush of the river—the thud of ridden horses. Nearer and quite steadily it came.

Kirk swept the girl up in his arms and carried her swiftly to her hut.

"Go in. Keep them quiet if any one wakes up."

She kissed him in acknowledgment as he put her down.

"I'll send the Mexicans to keep the horses quiet," he said.

She watched him from the doorway as he hurried off. He went into the other hut, and soon the four Mexicans started out and up to their horses. She saw Jim come to the door and stand beside Kirk, then both retreated within.

The horsemen were coming close. No one woke in the hut with Alice. She drew back so far that the moonlight did not reach her, but she was still able to see out the door.

The horsemen rode steadily up and on. They passed so close that their voices were clear as they spoke to each other and the glowing ends of their cigarettes were distinct under their broad hats. They were armed men, with saber and carbine, without uniforms—insurrectos. Perhaps twenty passed. All the command did not pass, however. Back upon the mountain side, above the waterfall, a fire blazed up. Figures moving about it obscured it momentarily.

A SINGLE rider returned from the direction in which the troop had gone. He stopped and dismounted in front of the hut. He was short, almost delicate in figure, with quick, alert movements. He wore for uniform a gentleman's riding suit, with sword and revolver. He took off his hat as he approached the smaller hut, and the moonlight showed good, clearly cut features, with short upper lip, mustached, and an imperial. His bearing was confident, assured. Alice recognized him from the pictures placarding him for an outlaw as Correal, the local revolutionary leader.

He strode directly to the other hut and entered. As discovery was now undoubted, Alice crept outside and down beside the door of the other house. The voices of the men within were indistinct. She made out that all three were in the conversation before she caught the sense of anything said. The revolutionist was doing most of the talking, in uncertain, Spanish-accented English. The words of the other two were interjections, questions, which by themselves told little. Then a sharp sentence—a few distinct words, perhaps more the tone of deprecation of the revolutionist leader—made her know what was being asked. The realization choked her and made her weak. Before she regained herself the conference was over. Correal was done. He was leaving the hut.

She cried to him as he passed her. He turned—suddenly saw her. He swept his hat in a salute and hastily went on. He leaped upon his horse and was gone.

Kirk, coming from the hut, seized her.

"You were here?"

"I saw him come. I came here. I heard what he asked."

Jim, following Kirk, stood beside her in silence, staring at her.

"You shan't accept it," she cried to Kirk.

"Hush!" he cautioned, reminding her by a jerk of his hand of those in the other hut.

He drew her hastily within. Jim followed, still dumb. The four Mexicans who had been sent to keep quiet the horses did not return. They never returned.

"Now how much did you hear?" Kirk demanded.

"Everything."

"Everything?"

"Everything after he said he had orders to attack us to-morrow morning."

"Then you heard—"

"That he offered to shoot one of you for the rest if you dropped back when he fired."

Kirk released her.

"Then you see there is no choice but to do it."

"No, no, not you!" She clung to him.

SHE turned in challenge to Jim. He wet his lips. "But he—the one who drops back—doesn't take any more upon himself than he's in for anyway," Jim said. "Correal's orders are to shoot down us—the men. Correal said he'd fire the first shot at us himself—high; then, if one dropped back, he'd yell to his men to shoot that one to make sure of him, and the rest of you get away. So the one who drops back doesn't take any more than is coming if he doesn't do it. He merely takes it alone for the rest."

"But Kirk has no more obligation to be that one than you because he offers."

"Alice!" Kirk cried.

"Kirk, I'm not going to say you or he shouldn't take that chance—that certainty, I mean—it's not chance. I heard what Correal said. I saw his men go by. I can see if you don't accept they can murder you both and father and Mr. Gifford besides. And I'm not asking either father or Mr. Gifford to be in the choice with you, but you shall certainly take Jim in with you! You shan't do it yourself, just because you are willing to!"

"Of course not." Jim wet his lips again. "It is mine as much as his." He seemed to force himself on. "You needn't be afraid if I'm drawn; I won't fail, Kirk," he said.

"How shall we draw?" Kirk asked.

Alice looked about the hut swiftly before there could be any change in the plans. A Mexican earth jar with a neck large enough to admit a hand stood on the floor in the moonlight. She pounced upon it and emptied it of the dry meal it contained. Two large Mexican glass bead buttons, sewed on the sleeve of her riding habit, glinted at her. One was black, the other white. Kirk had bought them from a peddler at the hacienda and she had sewed them on. They were identical in size and shape, differing only in color. She tore them off and dropped them into the jar.

"One is black, one white," she recalled to Kirk. "You've no obligation to do it unless you draw the black one." She offered the jar first to him. He hesitated, then, looking at Reilly, took the jar from her.

"Thank you, Alice," he said. "We will draw after you are gone."

"No, here before me. I shan't let you do it unless you're drawn!"

"We will draw," Kirk quieted her.

He led her out, and, obeying him, she went up to the other hut.

THE old people were still asleep on the floor. No one of them stirred as she crept within, but she could not compose herself to lie down. The moon, hung high over the valley, silvering it all with its shimmering light, emphasized the rugged, impassable sheerness of the rocks on both sides—the impossibility of fighting a way out. There was no choice except whether one would be shot down for the others, or all four men together. As she looked down at the old men, sleeping beside their wives, she knew they could not be drawn into the hazard. Though [illegible] at the moment she cared for but, during [illegible] overwhelmed her fault [illegible] could not wish that he [illegible] his chance.

But was he sharing the chance, even [illegible] had he sent her away, unless in making [illegible] drawing with him he himself planned [illegible]

SHE left the hut and started back to the other [illegible] suppose they had drawn, and drawn fairly, and Kirk had the black bead. Would she dare to know it? The certainty would be before her then—not the chance—the certainty of his death in the morning.

She watched the other hut and listened for signs to tell her of the fate decided without making her go nearer. She heard two voices, but she could make out no words and nothing from the tones. But finally Kirk came out and sat before the hut. Jim did not appear. Her heart bounded. Kirk would not be keeping the watch if he were drawn. She came forward. Kirk, rising as he saw her, signaled her for silence.

"Hush!" he whispered. "Jim—he's trying to sleep."

"Then you've drawn?" She seized him.

"Yes, we've drawn."

"And it was he—not you—he?"

"Hush!" he warned her again. "He's trying to sleep."

He drew her away from the door, but not before she, glancing in, saw Jim sitting up. That the lot had brought death for that one was lost in the flood of relief that it kept life—life—in this man so newly loved. But fear for him rushed as quickly back. She knew now he had drawn the white bead of safety and he would not tell her. Why? Because he knew Jim might not dare die. The mere drawing of glass beads from a jar could not change their characters, and as she reckoned with this she caught Kirk's hand frantically.

"Kirk, he must go back. You must let him do it. Don't let him think for a moment that you will go back to get their bullets if he doesn't, and he will have to."

Kirk stared away from her.

"Isn't it better for one to go back, even if he isn't drawn, than for four to be shot?"

"Hush!" she stopped him. "He can hear you."

Reilly came to the door, disheveled. "I did hear you," he said quickly. He looked at Kirk. "I won't force you to go back." He stood a moment, looking vacantly up the moonlit valley. He turned back to the others. "It's not midnight yet. But we can go on, can't we, Kirk?" he asked quietly.

Kirk nodded. Jim went into the hut. After an instant Alice started back to wake up the older people. As she turned before she entered their hut, she saw Kirk take something from his pocket and fling it far down the gorge.

THE seven rode silently down the valley. The moon in the cloudless sky lighted all of the trail and made the path safe. Before the shadow of the mountains to the west reached over the gorge, the peaks on the east stood out, gray and distinct, before the pale spread of the dawn, and the road, rising from the river, climbed high up on the flank of the mountain, and turned into the defile out of the valley. Up and up it climbed, until, around the sharp bend, it ceased to ascend, and dropped away gradually, evenly, down to the coast. The way began to widen and descend gentle, smiling, green slopes, brightened further and further ahead, as the sun, striking over the mountain range in the rear, lit field after field, painted a white strip of shore to bound them, and then showed the sea, purple, blue, green, and now glinting, as the breakers, rolling in, caught the rays. And off the shore, an almond-shaped, neutral gray dot, lay a cruiser—the American warship waiting for refugees from the interior.

As they saw it, the seven riders so unconsciously quickened that the women called to each other that the horses had seen the ship and knew they were going toward it. But Alice, as the horses hastened, looked to the brush-covered sides of the mountain, still close

(*Continued on page 33*)

Down from the hot, glaring hillside a party came bearing wounded —the American shot in the early morning

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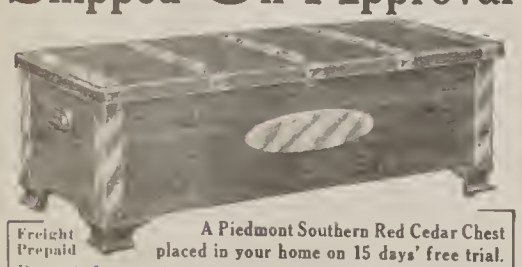

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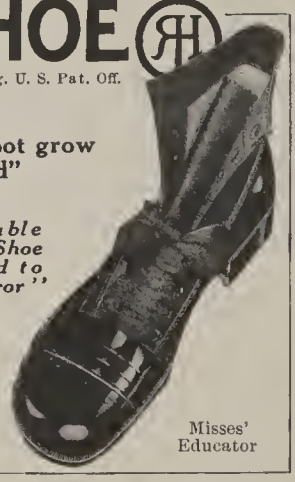

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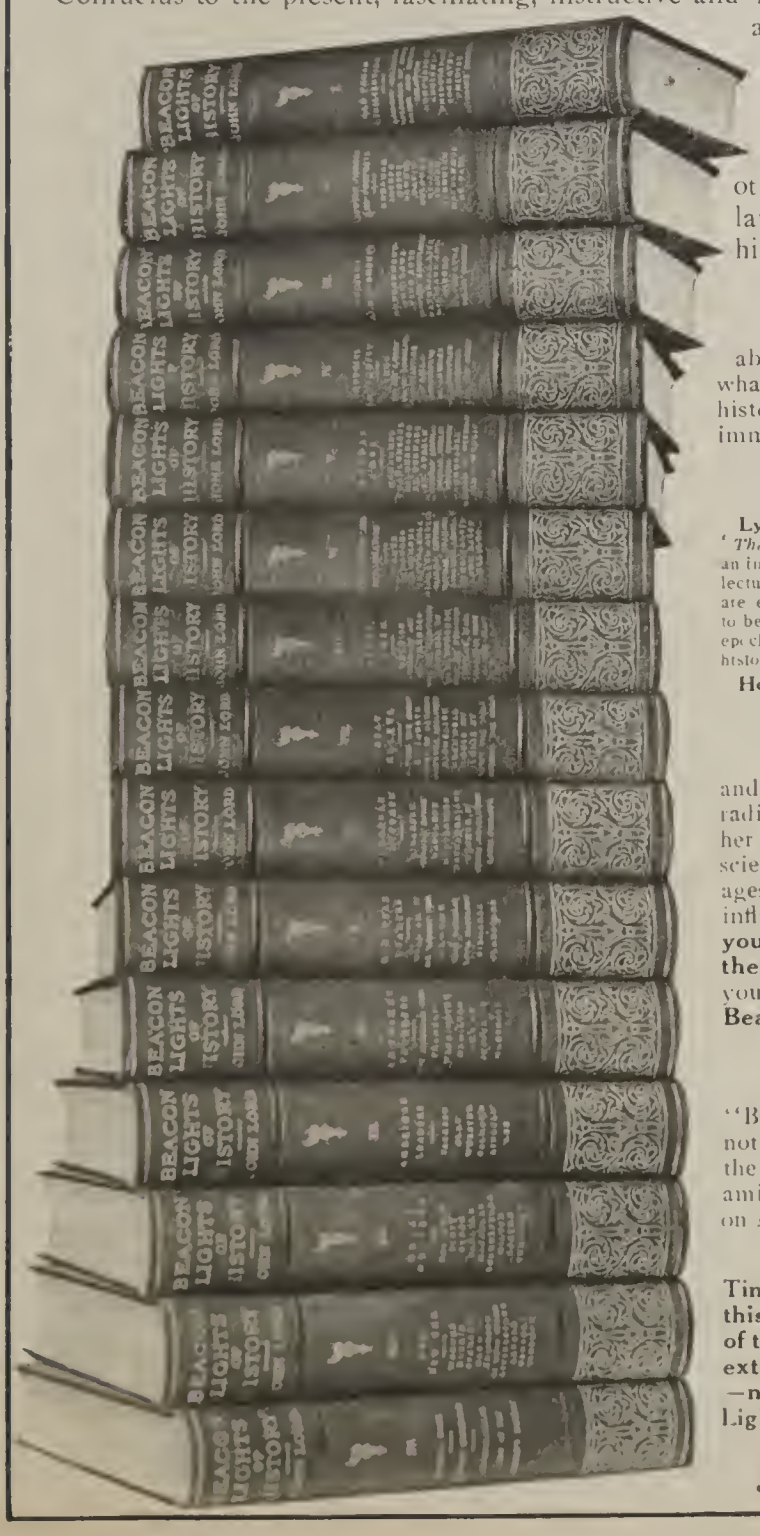

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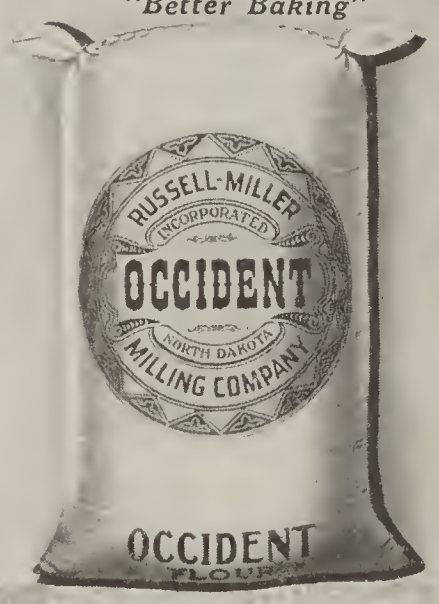

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SAN DIEGO, CAL.

WITH each new issue of your paper I am tempted to write you and say "Shake!"—and then I put it off—and now that it has been put off these many weeks, it will out—and here it is:

Some time back—I believe in November, but have forgotten the exact issue or issues—you had an editorial called, I believe, "Why is a School?" and another upon the speaking of English, and another about the untaught boy—all of which warmed the cockles of my heart. (I am a teacher—and a teacher of English!)

Not to burden you with wearisome panegyrics upon the several similar cases in point, let me tell you that there is so much of good sound Americanism—of the sort that makes one breathe deep and then quick—in your pages, that I wish every teacher in the country might read and know COLLIER'S.

Accept the best wishes of a worker at that "vilest of trades and noblest of professions." IMOGENE PIERCE.

✣

JACKSON, MISS.

One COLLIER'S is generally worth two of the others, from the reader's viewpoint—so how estimate? EYRICH & CO.

✣

Pray, Morgantown "Post-Chronicle," what good does it do to have West Virginia maligned in a general way by such a blackguard writer—in our opinion—as this C. P. Connolly, who produces the filth for such a paper as COLLIER'S WEEKLY, that has a nose for West Virginia affairs, but cannot smell the reeking rot of its own city?

—Parkersburg (W. Va.) *Journal.*

✣

"Direct legislation" has not brought with it the millennium. One of the chief advocates of this reform—COLLIER'S WEEKLY—admits with regret that the "election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people" already is deteriorating that body.

—Denver (Colo.) *Times.*

✣

To COLLIER'S it is a crime for anyone to defend the protective policy. It resorts to Rooseveltian slander against those who assume a right to their own views on the subject differing from that of COLLIER'S and the Democratic leaders. The "Hawkeye" regrets to see a weekly journal of such strong financial backing as COLLIER'S permitting itself to be a mere distributor of political Billingsgate.

—Burlington (Iowa) *Hawkeye.*

✣

During the recent campaign in Wyoming the standpat press of the State was loud in its imprecations of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, declaring and repeating that its castigation of Senator Warren was brought about by jealousy and envy, etc. "Warren's power was an eyesore to COLLIER'S," and like declarations could be seen in every issue.

In its issue of the present week COLLIER'S takes up the cases of Senators Chilton and Watson of West Virginia, Democrats, and C. P. Connolly, the author of the article on Warren, treats these two gentlemen with a dose as bitter as the one he handed the dishonored near-statesmen from this State. So it was with Warren. COLLIER'S printed the truth and stood behind every word it said. Not a word of it has been disproved.

—Cheyenne (Wyo.) *Leader.*

✣

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, of the elongated nose for filth, and a brilliant imagination for the truth.

—Parkersburg (W. Va.) *Journal.*

✣

We suppose COLLIER'S WEEKLY grows heartsick at times in its brave efforts to save the American people from their Government.

—Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser.*

✣

We do not see that COLLIER'S has any serious complaint to make, seeing that it is getting the kind of statesmanship which is naturally developed in times of political revolution.

It is not that intellectual capacity exists in inverse proportion to progressive statesmanship. But the trouble is that papers like COLLIER'S, with all their acumen and ability, treat statesmen and public men as if they could be sorted into two classes, the sheep and the goats. The division is not made altogether along ethical lines. If a public man is not quite ready to tear [illegible]riff to tatters or pronounce immediately and forthwith in favor of the initiative, referendum, and recall, and particularly the recall of judges, the finger of suspicion is at once pointed at him. He must be in the service of Special Privilege and the Interests.

The result is that many very able and conscientious statesmen are retired in favor of men who are intellectually inferior.

—Leadville (Colo.) *Herald-Democrat.*

✣

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, the greatest reform paper in the world, practically charges wholesale bribery in the election of two Democratic United States Senators from West Virginia. Now let this valiant journal do a little investigating of the election of the present Republican Senator from Kentucky, when four renegade Democrats betrayed the party and its nominee. As there were only four in this case, the matter of probable causes behind their perfidy should not be so difficult as in the West Virginia case, wherein COLLIER'S says the corruption was wholesale. Guilt is there, just as certainly as it was in other noted Senatorial scandals this powerful paper has exposed.

—Stanford (Ky.) *Interior-Journal.*

✣

Salt Lake is filled with sacred cows. In newspaper parlance, a sacred cow is an institution or person concerning whom nothing but good must be printed and concerning whose affairs nothing adverse may be said. To please sacred cows the news of the day is suppressed; editorial opinions are warped; the people are kept in ignorance of the truth. Utah is the most throttled and plunderbund-ravished State in the Union. The "Progressive" urgently recommends that every family in Utah make it a practice to take some fair-minded outside paper or magazine. Among such as we would recommend are COLLIER'S WEEKLY, the Kansas City "Star," the Chicago "Tribune," and the Los Angeles "Tribune." These are newspapers.

—Salt Lake (Utah) *Progressive.*

✣

Senator Chilton, providing he escapes COLLIER'S and the others on his trail, may have a word to say. And that would complicate matters considerably.

—Morgantown (W. Va.) *Chronicle.*

✣

COLLIER'S WEEKLY should cast the saw log out of its own optic before it lectures the Kansas editor about the splinter it perceives in his eye. And until it lives up to its own theories of "good faith," it might try the soft pedal on that affectation of superior virtue which is one of the adjuncts of its circulation department, but evidently not of its advertising department.

—Muncie (Ind.) *Press.*

✣

MT. VERNON, ILL.

I couldn't do without COLLIER'S. I certainly admire the fearless way you are going after dishonesty in politics and in other ways. Such exposes *must* do much good in clearing the air.

DR. B. B. TATMAN.

✣

COLLIER'S WEEKLY cheerfully predicts that the next West Virginia Legislature will be as bad as any of its predecessors, which is a nice compliment for the four Bills who think they are going to run it.

—Parkersburg (W. Va.) *Sentinel.*

✣

Whatever shifting opinions COLLIER'S may have betrayed, there is no question that it is very honestly in sympathy with the progressive movement in this country. . . . These two parties were the Democratic and the party that labeled itself Progressive in some States and Republicans in others. Between these two and their progressive claims, COLLIER'S wobbled and, for that matter, so did numerous very good citizens. It wobbled, but it constantly maintained an honest, earnest faith in progressive principles.

—Sacramento (Cal.) *Union.*

✣

COLLIER'S, having set up progressivism as in itself a standard of idealism in politics, is now sorting the sheep from the goats in the progressive camp.

—Watertowr (N. Y.) *Standard.*

✣

COLLIER'S puts the case of Morgan in concrete, tangible form.

—Elmira (N. Y.) *Star-Gazette.*

✣

Even so usually accurate and thoughtful an authority as COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

—Dayton (Ohio) *Journal.*

Contractors and Contracting

By One Who Has Been Through the Mill

SPEAK of contractors to nine persons out of ten and they immediately form a mental picture of a stout, hefty, red-faced individual, a cross between the rough appearance of a farmer and the loud appurtenances of a race-track tout; a man who can play poker all night and drink good whisky whenever it is offered him; a talking machine who can swear for half an hour at a time and never use the same word twice. They have as much respect for contractors as the devil has for holy water, and would trust him about as far as they could throw a full-grown bull by the tail.

The fact that practically all contractors who get in the limelight are brought there in connection with charges of graft or inferior work, when the newspapers have unkind remarks to make about them, and that the average person comes in no closer touch with contractors than to read these accounts, or see a gang of laborers laying a water main or paving a street in front of his residence, explains in a large measure this popular impression.

RAISED TO IT

I WENT into contracting for about the same reason most people join the Presbyterian, Methodist, or Baptist churches—because their fathers are members of one or the other. Then, having joined before they are old enough to really understand the doctrines of the different denominations, they hear so much of predestination, falling from grace, or close communion, according to the particular church with which they have united, that by the time they are able to comprehend the terms they are perfectly satisfied that theirs is, of necessity, the only orthodox way, and almost feel it to be their bounden duty to do home missionary work among the misguided of the other churches. So, when I graduated from college and canvassed around as to what I should do for a living—that idea comes as such a severe jolt after four years of college life—I decided upon contracting, because my father was a contractor and I had heard so much of the business that I looked upon it as the only sure means to secure the desired end—the living.

Our home office was located in a large city in one of the States adjoining the Ohio River, though our field of operation included practically the entire South. I first served an apprenticeship in the office, doing clerical work, and getting an idea of the inner side of contracting, the methods of keeping the general books, the cost accounts, financing the different contracts, preparation of bids, etc. We were compelled to open a branch office in every locality where a new contract was secured, to remain only during the life of that particular job. The object of these branches was to make requisitions, O. K. invoices, keep correct records of the pay roll and cost account. Everything was reported and handled through the home office. This experience was valuable, for one of the main troubles with the average contractor is lack of office work and detail. His check book is his ledger, journal, and cash book, all in one—he has received so much in estimates, his bank statement shows so much on deposit, and the difference is what the contract must have cost.

ON THE WAY UP

AFTER spending one year in the office I was sent on the road and worked on different contracts as timekeeper, straw boss, foreman, assistant superintendent, superintendent, and finally my father took me in as a partner. While these rises consumed several years of hard work, I claim no special credit to myself for them; others possibly as good or better than I are still serving time in the lower ranks. I had a pull with my father, and, of course, that makes a big difference.

About the best that can be said of contracting is that it is legitimate gambling. I do not mean to class it with playing the roulette or following the races—contracting is a business or profession, whichever you may care to call it, just as much as selling dry goods, running a manufacturing plant, or practicing law or medicine; it calls for careful thought, much experience, the hardest kind of work, and the gambler's nerve that makes him willing to risk everything on one contract. But there is always the rainbow to be chased, the gambler's hope that the next contract will be "a killing," and the gambler's chance that luck will break better soon. This is what makes the business so attractive, and keeps so many at the game. The average contractor has more ups and downs than an elevator boy, and may run all the scales of finance, from wealth to poverty and back again in the course of a few years. He bids low on one contract and loses heavily, then secures the next one at a higher price and gets rich.

GUESSING THE FUTURE

THE gambler enters in in his having so many uncertain quantities with which to deal, and so many elements that play a vital part in the result, over which he has no control—the weather, labor conditions, and the fluctuating prices of materials he must use.

A merchant buys all manner of goods and sells each article, from the cheapest to the most expensive, at such an advance over the cost price as to pay his overhead expenses and leave him a profit on the season's business. Each article is treated separately, and carries its share of the fixed charges. Then a merchant is in no way obligated to continue in business after he finds his is a losing proposition. He makes as hurried and as graceful an exit as possible by advertising extensive bargain sales. A man entering the practice of law or medicine opens an office, lives economically, and waits for his practice. If, after a limited time, the fees do not materialize, he immediately seeks another vocation. There are no hindrances to his quitting, no drawbacks except pride. The leaving is always good.

But the contractor, going into business or trying to secure another contract, examines plans and specifications for, say, one mile of concrete sewer. He figures every item he *thinks* will enter into the cost of the work, then adds a large per cent for contingencies and profit. On the day of the letting he submits his bid, together with a certified check, of from five to ten per cent of his gross amount as an evidence of good faith, to be forfeited to the city in case he is awarded the contract and fails to make bond or start the work in a specified time—usually ten days from notice of the award. In the preparation of his bid the contractor has no idea what the other contractors' prices will be. He must be guided solely by his own judgment, and is required to deposit the check to make that judgment binding. It is like buying something in a bag at an auction sale, only worse; there you can be guided to some extent by what others are bidding, you can go as far as you like and drop out without involving yourself. The contractor, however, is heavily involved by his certified check. It is nearly as bad as it would be to divest every bidder at an auction of his or her watches, rings, money, and personal effects as an evidence of good faith.

When the bids are all opened and read, suppose he finds his is so far below the others that he is forced to the unhappy conclusion: "What did I forget?" But what can he do? Only two courses are open: he can either forfeit his check as a donation or take the contract and gamble that he can make his losses smaller than the amount of the check. Usually he accepts the latter alternative. I knew a contractor who bid on a large concrete building and omitted the roof in adding up his cost. The amount of his certified check was ten thousand dollars, and the roof was estimated to cost fifteen thousand. Rather than just throw away his ten thousand, he took the gambler's chance to "get a run for his money," and in the final windup told me he was eight thousand dollars behind.

THE MATTER OF BONDS

BUT take the contractor whose bid is just a trifle lower than the others. He can be satisfied by the comparison between his prices and what the other bidders thought it was worth that he is

There is Economy in Buying Heinz Baked Beans

BECAUSE *baked* beans give you more food value, as well as more satisfaction—more of the health-giving, strength-building elements your system requires. Far more than you obtain in the ordinary boiled or steamed beans so often sold in cans.

Heinz Baked Beans are *really baked* in ovens. They have all the flavor, all the delicacy, all the nutriment, of the famous *baked* beans of Boston.

Thousands of housewives all over the country will tell you that Heinz Baked Beans are "like the best home baked." And that's the highest praise we ask. Look on the label of the can of beans you buy for the word "Baked." The U. S. Government forbids its use when the beans are not baked. You will find every can of Heinz Baked Beans labeled "Baked."

57 Varieties

There are four kinds of Heinz Baked Beans:

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce.

Heinz Baked Pork and Beans without Tomato Sauce—Boston Style.

Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Pork (Vegetarian).

Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans.

Others of the famous "57" are:

Heinz Euchred Pickle, Mince Meat, Chili Sauce, Pure Vinegars, Tomato Ketchup, Fruit Preserves, Peanut Butter, etc.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY—57 Varieties

Member of Association for the Promotion of Purity in Foods

Purity Does Not Mean Expense

WITHIN reasonable limits, the purity of a product does not determine the price at which it sells to the consumer.

There are some cases in which the only object of adulteration—the use of preservatives, artificial colorings and flavors—is to permit of an otherwise impossibly low price, but at best the figure at which an article sells is no safe way to determine its purity, its food value or quality.

Often the reasonably priced food product is clean, pure and of high grade, while the high-priced goods with attractive labels and packages are decidedly the reverse.

The public belief that pure, high grade foods cost more than the doubtful or evil products, is a delusion which operates to the advantage of the food-fraud in his tireless game of fooling the consumer.

Attractively packed French Peas colored with Sulphate of Copper (Blue Vitriol) sell at much higher prices than worthy domestic brands that contain no poisonous coloring.

Peas loaded with copper will be barred from sale on May 1st.

There is only one reason for debasing or drugging foods and that is to increase profits, and the men who rob you in this way do not invite your suspicion by an excessively low price.

But even when pure foods cost more they are far cheaper in the end than any adulterated product however low its price.

Bad food is an extravagance however cheap; good food is sensible economy however costly.

Your grocer does not know what foods are pure—he has no means or method of knowing.

In providing him with a means by which he can judge between good foods and bad, they are trying to help him—not hinder. And grocers who have made an experiment with the value of this new guide to pure foods, have been quick to feel the benefit in both their buying and selling.

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods

is simply a handy index, listing the important nationally distributed food products that have been tested at Westfield, Mass., "The Pure Food Town," and known to be definitely pure and of high quality.

The tests on which this book are based were absolutely impartial. It is the net result of over 20,000 careful analyses made by the food experts of the Westfield Board of Health. It is not, and cannot be, so complete that anything not mentioned in it is to be adjudged impure by inference, but it is complete enough to serve as a valuable buying guide at any grocer's counter anywhere. In this book there is no condemnation, not even by inference. It lists only pure products and does not mention the other kind.

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods solves the food problem of the consumer and makes choice easy and safe for the grocer. To secure a copy, fill out the coupon on this page and mail it with ten cents in stamps or silver to the Westfield Board of Health, Westfield, Mass.

It will let you lock your doors once for all against the food faker and the food poisoner.

TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE

BOARD OF HEALTH,
WESTFIELD, MASS. 2-1-13

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or silver, for which send me "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name .....

Street .....

Post Office .....

My Grocer .....

Address .....

Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?

Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

Contractors and Contracting

(*Continued from page 23*)

about right. Before he is permitted to sign the contract he is required to make bond of about twenty-five per cent of his gross total that he will finish the contract to the satisfaction of all concerned. Of course, the bonding company has to be given sufficient collateral to make them absolutely safe. The city retains ten per cent of his estimate each month as an additional guarantee.

TROUBLE JUST BEGUN

HAVING made bond, his troubles have barely commenced. He must invest a large per cent of his contract price in excavating machinery, another large per cent in a concrete plant; he buys teams and lumber; he must build warehouses and camps, and so on, through an almost endless list of initial expenses, prior to removing the first shovel of earth. Then the regular prosecution of the work calls for expenditures he could not have dreamed of at the time he made his bid. Maybe he had every reason to believe he would strike hard clay that would hold itself, and finds loose sand that must be braced securely; or, perhaps, he figured on soft earth and runs into hard rock. These "maybes" are not fictitious, they are the sternest of realities, and come up in regular processions with each contract. Each of them necessitates a new plan of operation, different equipment, and additional cost. But the contractor, no matter how many changes he must make, or how much money he may be losing, cannot retire as soon as he finds he is bound to come out in the hole on his contract; he cannot imitate his friend the merchant, the doctor, or the lawyer. His bond and the retained per cent hold him closer than a brother to his work; he must finish the contract and gamble with each day's work that in the end he will, at least, break even.

Still continuing the sewer example—the contractor has put in a price of so much per cubic yard for excavating and back filling, and so much per cubic yard for concrete work. He buys the machinery and teams, the lumber, sand, cement, and gravel; he builds camps and warehouses; he hires his men, from superintendent to water boy, at so much per day, and sells, not each item separately as does the merchant, but the entire conglomeration at so much per cubic yard of finished work. Such a business is bound to be a gamble.

Since contracting is necessarily carried on out of doors, the weather furnishes another gambling chance. Nearly all contracts carry heavy penalties for overtime, and, since no one can look into the future and figure out in dollars and cents the cost of a probable rainy spell or a long freeze, the contractor is bound to gamble on the elements, and include the sunshine and the clouds in his price per cubic yard.

REPUTATION NOT AN ASSET

ANOTHER difference between contracting and other lines of business is that former reputation amounts to almost nothing. In the others, if a man so conducts himself and his business as to gain a good reputation, he has an asset that is even more valuable than his stock of goods or his bills receivable; he has a good will that will continue to bring him business and that can be passed on to his successor. However, in contracting, practically every contract stands on its own bottom. No matter if I have previously done work for the same people to their entire satisfaction, and in so doing have lost money for myself, when a new contract is to be let I must bid in absolute competition with everyone else, and the low man is awarded the work. My former experience with them does not help; my reputation counts for naught. The successful bidder may have been guilty of shady practice on other contracts; if so, all they can do is to place an additional number of inspectors around to watch what he does and make, or try to make, him live up to the specifications. So, knowing this, most contractors work on the theory of "What's the use?" They console themselves as did the rich man of old: "Eat, drink, and be merry; make all we can out of this contract, for to-morrow we may be without a job."

A contractor is more or less in doubt regarding the result of a contract until the final estimate is paid. A flood, a freeze, a cave-in, a thousand and one contingencies may arise at the last minute, comparatively speaking, to turn an apparent profit into a loss. I remember one contract we had for three miles of fifteen-foot concrete, forty feet underground. The work was, to all practical purposes, completed, and final inspection was to be made by the chief engineer in two days. In the meantime a terrible flood, the worst ever known in that vicinity, set in, and backed water, mud, and debris of one kind and another from the river through the entire length of the sewer. Of course, we had to clean it all out again before the work would be accepted, and while we did not lose money on the contract, still that flood cost us about twenty-five hundred dollars. If it had waited less than a week we would have been that much more to the good. I thought at the time that I had rather have spent the entire amount in peanuts and chewing gum for all the orphanages in the State, then I could at least have had the satisfaction of thinking I was doing some good. As it was, I considered it money absolutely thrown away. But this flood was included in our bid of so much per cubic yard—it was a part of our gamble—only the odds were reduced after we had placed the bet and without our knowledge.

THE IGNORANT INSPECTOR

THE class of inspection that contractors have to put up with in a majority of cases is largely responsible for any "getting by" they may do in the course of the job to get even. The intelligence of inspectors, as a rule, is conspicuous for its absence; they are usually novices at the business or absolutely inefficient; sometimes both. Their positions are usually secured by political pull or friendship—no other qualification being considered necessary. Yet, according to the terms of the contract, they have unlimited authority, and their orders must be obeyed. When you take rank ignorance and adorn it with the garb of authority you have created a hard combination. Yet most contractors are up against this combination every day.

Several years ago we were building a concrete power house some distance from a certain city and about two miles from the nearest railroad. To facilitate the handling of materials to the work, we constructed a spur track from the railroad, and operated cars with our own engines. The inspectors on this contract were made up almost entirely of young high-school graduates; they may have been well posted in Latin, Greek, English, and rhetoric, but they didn't know any more about construction work than a mule knows about manicuring. I had rather buy one season's crop of graduates for what they are really worth and sell them for what they think they're worth than have John D. give me the increased value of his Standard Oil stock since the order of dissolution went into effect—there'd be more money in it. Our little kindergarten was no exception, and we lived mighty hard. The specifications for gravel on this work were about as usual—"must pass every way through a certain sized screen, must be free from loam, dirt, etc." On several occasions we brought out a car of gravel that seemed all right to us; but, then, we were just contractors and didn't know anything about gravel. The inspector would climb aboard, pick up a few pebbles in his hand, try to look as wise as a picture of Solomon, shake his head doubtfully, and then condemn the gravel as unfit for use. We would haul it back the two miles of spur track, let it stay there two or three days, and bring the identical car out again, and have the same inspector pass it up as perfectly satisfactory. Each car of gravel was worth something like forty dollars; if it had been forty cents we might have humored the inspector's ignorance. Of course, that was "putting one over," in a way—the really proper thing to have done would have been to dump the offending gravel in the river—but I have never seen any harm in what we did. However, my conscience may be seared by many years of contracting.

REPRESENTING AN EMPTY POCKET

ON another occasion we had about five miles of paving to do in a certain Southern city; the bricks were laid on a six-inch concrete foundation. Our inspector was a man of about forty, whom we'll call Robert Williams, since he was, and I suppose still is, an inveterate reader of COLLIER'S and might not care to see his name in print without his permission. Now, Bob was all right—sometimes; he

"The Sunshine Soda"

Breaks evenly in the center

THE only crisp, flaky soda biscuit that can be eaten with pleasure any time, anywhere, without the usual mussiness of crumbs. It tastes as good as it looks, baked to a golden richness amid the sunshine of the "Bakery with a Thousand Windows."

5 Cents

Sunshine Biscuits

are made in variety to suit every taste and every occasion. That you may know how different and how delicious they are

Send for Our Sunshine "Surprise Box" Your name and address and the name of your grocer on a post card bring it FREE. Don't delay. Write at once.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY
Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits

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Appreciated by men of good taste because they're suitable for all occasions, dressy and serviceable. Easy to put on and take off.

At all good Shoe Stores

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"The Original Phonographic Method"

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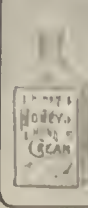
For Winter chapping of FACE and HANDS



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Relieves at once, quickly heals, makes clear, velvety skin. Complexions are greatly improved by its use. Endorsed by refined women. Soothes infants' skin troubles. Men who shave prefer it. Is not greasy; cannot grow hair; is absolutely harmless. At all dealers.

Write for Free Sample Bottle and Tube. A. S. HINDS, 12 West St., Portland, Maine

Think What's Inside

That's a grain of wheat, puffed to eight times normal size.

You eat some twenty like it in each spoonful of Puffed Wheat or Rice.

That grain as it grew contained myriads of granules, too small for the naked eye.

Yet each of those granules held a trifle of moisture. And that confined moisture, with the grains sealed in guns, was converted into steam.

Then that steam was exploded, inside of each granule. Those explosions by the countless thousands made that Puffed Grain what it is.

Now Crisp and Airy, Toasted, Thin and Porous

Now you have a blown-up kernel, shaped exactly as it grew.

A kernel filled with countless cells, bounded by toasted walls.

An airy grain which crushes at a touch, and melts away to almond-flavored atoms.

A grain that's ready for digestion, as no other process makes it.

And a grain that has the flavor of a slightly-toasted nut.

That's what a million homes are getting in these all-enticing foods.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Most Delicious Morsels

Both of these foods are immensely inviting.

Nothing ever before made from wheat or rice bears any comparison with them.

Serve with sugar and cream, or mixed with fruit.

Serve them floating in a bowl of milk.

Garnish cake or ice cream with them as you would with nuts. Use like nuts in candy making.

Think what foods they must be — whole-grain, porous, toasted kernels, made to taste like nuts.

They are not our invention. We simply make and distribute them.

The whole credit is due to Prof. A. P. Anderson, once a college professor, now a scientist in foods.

But we know cereals, and how people like them. And we promise you a rare surprise when you try Puffed Wheat or Rice.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers—Chicago

(364)

Contractors

(Continued from page 25)

was one of those "the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be, the devil was well," etc., kind of fellows. He didn't know good concrete from biscuit dough, but that cut no figure; he was a political parasite, and had to have the place. Since it behooves all contractors to get along as well as possible with inspectors, we tried to be good friends with Bob, and it did not take long to discover that he was inordinately fond of beer, and that that beverage came nearer making him a saint than anything else. So the superintendent, the four foremen, and the timekeeper would take turn about visiting a convenient blind tiger with him. (The city was supposed to be dry.) They had to go in rotation, as Bob was a regular swill barrel when it came to beer, and could outdrink the entire bunch in the course of a day. We could always tell when Bob was broke as easily as if he had turned his pockets inside out. He would be as mean as original sin all day, just to show what he could do when he so desired; then, toward quitting time, he would ease up to me, or to the superintendent when I was out of town, and ask to borrow five or ten dollars. Of course, there was nothing to do but to *lend* it to him. Needless to say, these *loans* were never repaid.

A JOB WITH THE FISTS

WHEN this contract was within about three weeks of being completed, Bob was taken from us and a new inspector sent out. This second one was the personification of all that's mean and ignorant; there just wasn't any getting along with him. Why, if he ever walks the Golden Streets he will order them taken up to see if the per cent of alloy is more than the specifications allow. It is a part of every contract that the contractor must dismiss any of his employees who are not acceptable to the engineers. However, we had to get rid of this fellow some way, so I told our concrete foreman that if he would pick a fight with him and whip him good, I'd continue his name on the pay roll until the job was finished or as long as he would be there anyway, and that I would send him to another contract when the three weeks were over. I knew, of course, that after the fight he would immediately become most unacceptable to the engineers, who have to back up their inspectors; but I also knew that that inspector would be laid up on the bad-order track for some time, and that we would have relief. The fight came off according to schedule late one afternoon, the foreman left for home that night, and another inspector was sent out next morning. The entire affair was regretted by us to the engineers when they asked about it, and as proof of our genuine sorrow at the occurrence, the pugilistic foreman had already been discharged.

A contractor going into new territory to bid has a rather hard time. No matter where you go, there are always several local bidders who have the inside track. They are personal friends of all the supply men, who give them their lowest prices on the various materials to be used, since they know that if the local man is successful in his bid he will patronize home industries, while an outsider might buy elsewhere.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE

I ONCE went to a city of the Southwest to bid on a three-hundred-thousand-dollar office building. In addition to securing the best prices on the supplies, I was compelled to gamble to a certain extent on how much cheaper we would be able to purchase our materials if the contract were actually ours than they were now being quoted me. When our bid was accepted, letters began pouring in from all the supply men in that city to our home office. They were soliciting business and offering as special inducements a little lower prices than they had formerly been willing to give. I returned to that city a few days later to get the work started, and hardly had I registered at the hotel before I was beset by the cement men, the gravel men, the sand men, the hardware men, etc., each endeavoring with all the persuasion possible to make me close contracts with them.

The successful bidder's first return to the city of his victory is an occasion for a greater welcome than was accorded the Prodigal Son on his return home. The fatted calf and all the lean ones are killed. It is the brightest, wettest oasis in a contractor's life. All those who de-

$1.00 DOWN

Have you any idea how little it would cost to have your own Billiard and Pool Table—to learn the games or perfect your play at home? Under our easy payment plan, the expense is scarcely noticeable. You will be surprised to find how easily you can own a

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You can play on it while you are paying for it. The prices are from $15 up, on easy terms of $1 or more down (depending on size and style selected) and a small amount each month. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 feet (standard). Complete playing equipment of balls, cues, etc., free.

No special room is needed. The Burrowes Table can be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on its own legs or folding stand, and quickly set aside when not in use. Burrowes Tables are

Used by Experts

for home practice. The most delicate shots, calling for skill of the highest type, can be executed with the utmost accuracy.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This ensures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog giving prices, terms, etc.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 417 Center Street, Portland, Me.

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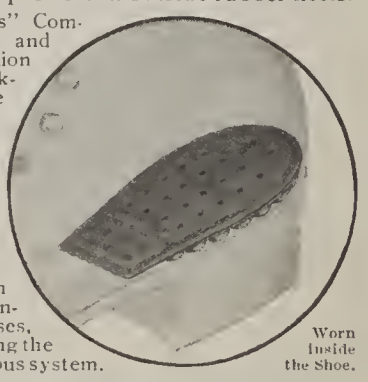
"Soft Spots"
Pneumatic
Heel Cushions

MAKE walking easier, pleasanter and healthier. Little air-filled rubber globules, hermetically sealed, backed with soft, pliable leather, afford comfort and resiliency impossible in outside rubber heels.

"Soft Spots" Combined Heel and Arch Cushion relieve walking jar, take up weight when standing—ventilate perfectly—tend to prevent perspiration, flat feet, fallen instep, bunions, callouses, etc., relieving the whole nervous system.



Worn inside the Shoe.

"Soft Spots" Heel Cushions 25c. a pair
"Soft Spots" Heel and Arch Cushions $1.00

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Essex Rubber Company
New York Office, 258 Broadway, N. Y. C.
Dealers: Write for full information *now*.

Washburne's Patent "O.K." Paper Fasteners. Brass and nickel-plated Steel, 3 sizes; in Bright Metal boxes of 50 and 100 each. *All Stationers*, 10, 15, 20 & 25¢. Send 10¢ for box 50 assorted. Booklet free.
YEARLY SALE 100 MILLION
THE O. K. MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

Pull Up Your Socks

—JUST ONCE, and slip on the "New Idea" Supporters. If they do not STAY in place—If you're even conscious that you WEAR supporters—if they do not give you far more COMFORT and SECURITY than the creeping, binding, elastic kind, we will return your money and let you keep them. The PRICE—*15c* for a nickel plated pair, good for five years. For $5.00 worth of Comfort and service, enclose 15c today for a pair postpaid. *Circulars Free.*
MODERN SPECIALTY CO., 79th St., Racine, Wis.

Private Water Supply Plants

THE KEWANEE SYSTEM OF WATER SUPPLY

ANY SIZE — SEND FOR CATALOG — HAND OR POWER
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Money in This

Print your own cards, circulars, book, newspaper. PRESS $5, larger $18, Rotary $60. All easy, rules sent. Print for others, big profit. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, etc.
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6%

Is Your Money Doing Its Best?

THOUSANDS of those who save fail to take advantage of investment openings because they do not realize what may be done with small amounts of money. They imagine that Bonds and other securities are only for the well-to-do.

This is no longer true.

Moreover, persons of limited means are the very ones who should begin to invest their savings safely and profitably. They particularly should demand good security and the largest interest return consistent with safety. In this way only can they materially improve their financial position.

Have you $100, or more, which is not doing its best for you? Is it earning 6%, and is it safe?

You can invest $100, $200, $500, $1000, or more, in A-R-E 6's, the 6% Gold Bonds of the American Real Estate Company, receiving your interest every six months and your principal in ten years.

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—the greatest triumph of the electric furnace. *Will cut glass*—stands filing, fire and acid tests like a diamond—guaranteed to contain no glass. Remoh Gems have no paste, foil or backing—their brilliancy is guaranteed forever. One-thirtieth the cost of a diamond. These remarkable gems are set only in 14 Karat Solid Gold Mountings.

Sent On Approval Anywhere in U. S. Your money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory.

Write for our 4-color De Luxe Jewel Book—yours for the asking.

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WINTER WINDS

with their chilling, marring, roughening breath leave no trace on the fair face guarded by LABLACHE. It preserves a fine complexion, restores one that has faded. Invisible, adherent, delicately fragrant. Always a delight to women of refinement.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10 cents for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.,
French Perfumers, Dept. 24,
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Contractors

(Continued from page 26)

sire to sell him anything show him every attention possible; they invite him to breakfast, lunch, and dinner; they take him to the theatre and out automobiling; they ask him to their clubs, and wine and dine him until the amount of refreshment he consumes, both liquid and solid, is measured solely by his capacity—he always takes on as heavy a load as the traffic will stand. The best policy is to take things easy for a few days and let them do the sweating—the contractor's time for that comes when his work is started. Finally, when I did close for my materials on the basis of the estimated yardage, I had saved some eighteen thousand dollars in the difference between the prices as first quoted me and those I was now able to contract for.

THE LABOR COST

THE condition of the labor market cuts quite an important figure in the cost of a contract. When labor is scarce a contractor has to put up with anything that is capable of growing a beard and make the best of it. On the other hand, we have had work in the extreme South where negroes were plentiful and would hang around our job like crows around a cornfield, waiting for a chance to get on; as soon as a man was "burnt out," or when the "bear got him," as they expressed it, another would take his place with a wheelbarrow or shovel before the foreman hardly had time to notice a man had dropped out. Under these conditions a contractor is thoroughly independent, and work can be done at a labor-saving of twenty-five per cent.

Of all the schemes of the devil to try men's souls, I believe, after personal experience, that a three-cornered partnership in contracting is the most effective, and should take precedence over the trials and tribulations of Job. Several years ago two contractors who had previously done some railroad work for us as subcontractors, and whom we had every reason to believe were honest and hard working, induced us to go into partnership with them on a contract for a dam they could get but could not finance. We were to furnish the necessary money and credit, and they were to do the work. After the articles of partnership were drawn up and signed and the work commenced, there followed a year in which our otherwise good opinion of human nature in general, and our partners in particular, was shattered by a series of disappointments.

One of these fellows—James Gatum, we'll call him—was supposed to be an expert in dam work. But he wasn't. No matter what went wrong, he always had a handy "goat" on whom he placed the blame; his candid opinion of himself was that he could not be improved upon. The second partner did the big heavy standing around, and criticized everything that happened. Not an ideal pair to be in partnership with, as you will agree.

A BAD MIX-UP

JAMES proved inefficient, and, acting on the advice of the second partner, Sam, we removed him from the superintendency and substituted a sure enough expert from the East. Then the two partners, by some series of conferences and mind changing, the exact character of which we could never understand, became as thick as thieves, and united in asking that James be allowed to return. We consented with the express understanding that he was to have nothing whatever to do with the work, but was to confine himself to keeping men in the camp, to act as "shack rouster," and buy the supplies for the commissary. It was, of course, a matter of pride with him, and I don't blame him for wanting to return, but how on earth he made Sam change his mind and act as if he hadn't any I don't understand. His mere presence on the work cost us thousands of dollars—you cannot have two bosses on the same job, and Sam should have known it was as much to his interest as it was to ours. Anyhow, it is all past now, and I feel no grudge against either of them; still, a burnt child dreads the fire, and there will be no more partners for us. Anyone we need hereafter will be hired at so much per, and when his usefulness has passed he will be dismissed without ceremony.

I once made nine thousand dollars on a contract in the record-breaking time of two hours, and by a most peculiar break of luck that will not happen once

"I feel like a two-year-old after a Palmolive Shampoo. It is as necessary as a bath."

"My hair is so much prettier after a Palmolive Shampoo, yet soft and manageable."

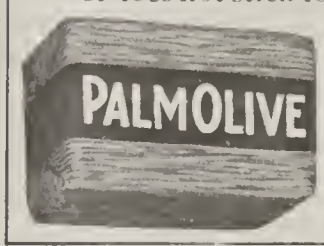
Palmolive Shampoo

Contains the same wonderful palm and olive oils that make Palmolive Soap so cleansing, softening and nourishing to the skin

Millions of men and women are using Palmolive Soap—because they like it.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO makes a delicious lather—thick, creamy suds—even in the hardest water.

It does not stick to the hair, but is rinsed out immediately with a dash of clear, clean water.



PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO makes the hair so alive and fluffy that it seems twice as thick as before. It preserves the youth and color of the hair, and makes it soft and tractable.

It gives to hair the soft, misty gleam that healthy, clean hair has by nature.

It delights everyone with the fresh, healthful tingle imparted to the scalp. Price, fifty cents.

Made by B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

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THE WORLD'S RIGHT ARM

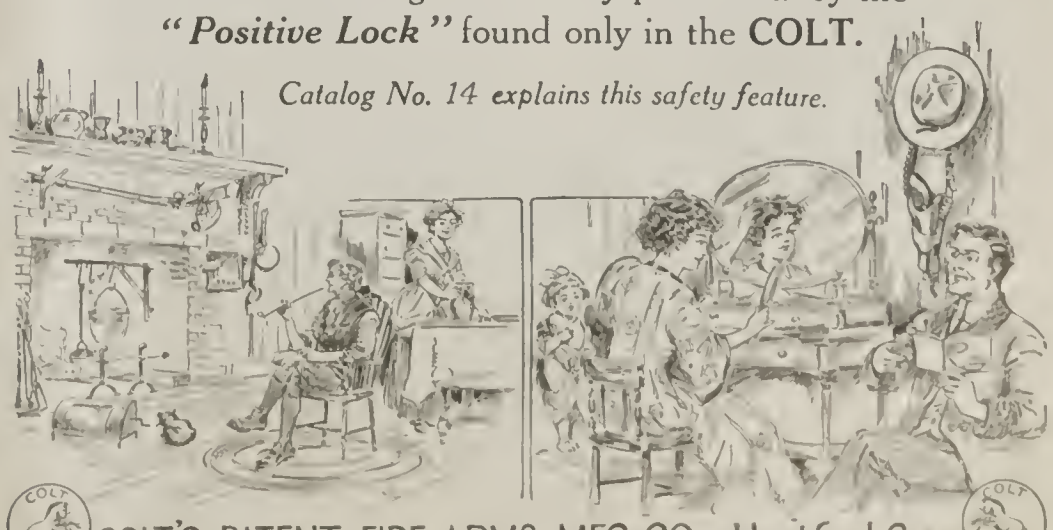
For HOME PROTECTION

Time was when the old, rusty flintlock guarded the home—
But now it's the
COLT REVOLVER
And between the two a century of achievement wherein the name **COLT** has become pre-eminent throughout the world.

You Can't Forget to Make It Safe

Accidental discharge absolutely prevented by the ***"Positive Lock"*** found only in the **COLT.**

Catalog No. 14 explains this safety feature.



COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO. Hartford, Conn.

Last year this muslin sack of "Bull" Durham was bought by more millions of men than all other high-grade smoking tobaccos combined—more than 352,000,000 sacks sold, nearly a million a day!

This homely muslin sack is a familiar sight the world over—because "Bull" Durham Tobacco is sold and smoked in every corner of the globe! It has been the standard smoking tobacco of the world for three generations.

"Bull" Durham comes to you in this plain, muslin sack because the *quality* is *all in the tobacco*—where it *belongs*. There are no "premiums" given with "Bull" Durham—the tobacco is *a premium in itself*—and more millions of smokers are discovering this every year. The sales for the last year have been greater than during any other year in the fifty-three years "Bull" Durham has been on the market.

GENUINE

"BULL" DURHAM

SMOKING TOBACCO

(Forty "rollings" in each 5 cent muslin sack)

"Bull" Durham is the cheapest luxury in the world—and the most universal. It is the *one* luxury of millions of workers of all kinds—the *favorite* luxury of hundreds of millionaires—because this pure, honest, thoroughly good tobacco affords a degree of enjoyment and satisfaction *not found in any other tobacco!*

A book of "papers" FREE with each 5-cent muslin sack

No matter where you are, you can always get "Bull" Durham—and get it fresh. It is sold by more dealers throughout the world than any other single article of commerce!

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.

This famous "Bull" sign is the most widely known and recognized advertisement in the world. "Bull" Durham tobacco is the most favorably known and widely smoked tobacco in the world.

Contractors and Contracting

(*Concluded from page 27*)

in a thousand years. We were bidding on a million-dollar sewage disposal plant; our bid was all made up and assembled, and only needed to be transferred to the proper form. I made this transfer myself, and, after completing it, compared the original with the form that was to be turned in, and was satisfied they were identical. Now a bid must always be written after the order of a bank check—that is, the amount is put down in figures, then written out in full. There were eighteen items in this bid, and one of them, the twelfth, was for some small connection on which we had placed a price of one thousand and ninety dollars. I was present at the public reading of the bids; there were about twenty-five others submitted, and ours was among the last to be opened. Up until that time we were low, but when the twelfth item of our bid was read it was noticed that I had put the figures correctly, one thousand and ninety dollars, but instead of writing one thousand and ninety, or ten hundred and ninety, I had written *ten thousand* and ninety, thus raising our bid nine thousand higher than was intended. The city attorney who was present ruled correctly that the writing was binding, and I was afraid that that fool mistake of mine might cost us the job. But even with that we were low, and though the highest bid among all the others on that same item was only fifteen hundred dollars, they paid us ten thousand for it. If matters had been reversed and I had, by mistake, reduced our bid that much, we would have been compelled to take our medicine; so I considered we were extremely lucky that time, and since then have been more particular in the preparation of bids. Next time a mistake occurs, it might catch us.

SOME REASONS WHY

WE have previously referred to the popular conception of contractors—as men without principle and void of any sense of honor. While they may not measure up, or rather down, to this precise standard, still contractors are not "tin angels" in any sense of the word, nor do they lay any claim to be. The chances are a hundred to one that whenever several of them are together the conversation will soon drift to personal experiences of how this one "got by" with something, or that one "put one over" on the engineers, or another one had his classification raised from loose rock to solid so as to get the increase in price. These incidents are considered a necessary part of the business, and are told with as much pride as a doctor would feel in relating the performance of a difficult operation or a lawyer in winning an exceptionally hard case. The average standard of contractors measured by morals, education, or refinement is not as high as that of almost any other class of men engaged in a legitimate business. There are several reasons for this, and I do not think that they have made the business what it is as much as that the business is responsible for them; they are more or less the victims of circumstances. In nine cases out of ten a contractor is watched and treated as though he were a thief; no matter how honest were his first intentions, this is bound to have its effect—when you give a dog a bad name you might as well kill him. The contractor is bound as tight as a contract can hold him, and is tied hand and foot to his work by a large bond and the retained per cent; he is hedged about by incompetent inspectors, who put him to all kinds of unnecessary expense, trouble, and delay until he is forced to retaliate—it is a case of fighting the devil with his own fire and the contractor is bound to pray for his own church first. This continual lookout for the short cuts is not calculated to develop many virtues.

A MAN'S GAME

A NUMBER of contractors spend a majority of their lives in camp, separated from civilization and society, where everything is accomplished by brute strength and force; "please" is not in their vocabulary—it has been supplanted by "Why the hell?" since this latter has been found to be more effective in dealing with laborers. Some contractors start out as foremen, are advanced to higher positions, lay aside a small stake, and take a contract of their own as subcontractor. Then, if successful, they gradually branch out on a larger scale. They were, of course, rough to start with—a man who handles laborers is bound to be—and the business will never of itself cultivate a polish; it rather tends to dull any that might have previously existed.

Stiff competition has made it a case of the survival of the fittest. If a man can't do a little more work than nature ever intended he should, he is promptly relegated to the scrap heap, along with worn-out machinery. To do the most work in the shortest possible time and at the smallest cost is the aim, the object, the goal for which a contractor works. His is a gambling game, and he must play hard for his stakes or drop out.

My father is one of the few exceptions to the average contractor I know of, and the only one I would classify as the soul of honor. There is not a man who ever worked for him who would not rather have the engineer for whom we were working know of anything wrong that occurred than for father to find it out; whenever he visits any of his works all the men, from water boy to superintendent, are more careful than when the inspector is about. He insists that the work shall, in every detail, be even better than the specifications call for. Only twice have I ever heard him curse, and time on the contracts where this happened was reckoned by these occurrences. The men would say:

"That was before" or "That was after the 'old man' swore."

A WELCOME NEWCOMER

HE was an engineer for many years before he went into contracting, and I am glad to notice that more and more the engineers are coming into the business, and sincerely hope that with their gradual influx the personnel of the contracting profession may be raised.

Detective Burns Dramatized

(*Continued from page 17*)

in Argyle's room, and through them arrives at the murderer.

The authors, Miss Harriet Ford and Mr. Harvey J. O'Higgins, are decidedly clever in keeping the real trail covered, and while they leave no doubt in the audience's mind of Kayton's ability as a detective, yet contrive to conceal the identity of the murderer until the last moment It is not often that one sees anything better of its kind than the terse, tense melodrama of the first two acts. The latter two acts are more noisy and lurid, yet sufficiently interesting. Mr. Robert Hilliard impersonates the gifted "Never Sleep" in his usual vigorous and clean-cut style.

"THE CONSPIRACY"

IN "The Conspiracy" we are treated to quite another sort of detective story, for, although there is a murder mystery here, too, a "white-slave" victim, and a band of blackmailing cutthroats similar to the Black Hand, the action is set in the key of farce, and its principal figure is an eccentric author of yellow journal detective stories whose monomania is the detection of crime.

This curious old party, who lives alone but for a negro mammy in an old-fashioned house in Waverley Place, engages as his stenographer the young woman actually guilty of the murder—the supposed respectable merchant was really head of the band of blackmailers and white-slave dealers, and she had killed him in self-defense—and the turning point of the action is the scene in which this old literary Hawkshaw, dictating to the girl a story founded on the murder she herself had committed, so works on her nerves by the accuracy and vividness with which his imagination reproduces what actually happened, that she finally breaks down and gives everything away. The author, jubilant at last to be able to turn the tables on the police, who have always ridiculed his pretensions, and on his ribald reporter associates, who call him "Little Nemo" and similar humiliating nicknames, is about to turn the girl over to the police when he is induced to spare her and cap-

This Wooden Man Shows How This Razor Can Guarantee

500 Shaves from 12 Blades

Read This Guarantee

ANY shaver failing to get 500 Head Barber shaves from a package of 12 AutoStrop blades may return his 12 blades to us, state how many shaves he is short, and we will send him enough new blades to make good his shortage.

EVERY barber, every steel expert—even common sense—tells you that no razor can stay sharp without stropping.

No human hand can strop as well as a machine. A separate machine is a nuisance.

There is just one razor in the world that combines safety shaving and mechanical stropping in one instrument. That one is the AutoStrop Safety Razor.

The perfect mechanical stropping is what makes 12 AutoStrop Blades last through 500 shaves and more. Cheapest shaving ever devised. Cheaper than a 25c razor.

The AutoStrop Razor consists of a silver-plated, self stropping razor, 12 blades and strop in smart case, $5. Price in Canada and U. S. the same. Factories in both countries. Send for catalog.

Do not be overmodest about asking the dealer for an AutoStrop Razor on 30 days' free trial. Because if you take it back, we protect him from loss.

If a Wooden Man Can Do It, You Can

This wooden man is used in AutoStrop window displays. He shows you how to strop AutoStrop blades to Head Barber edges.

AutoStrop Safety Razor

This Razor Strops, Shaves, Cleans Without Removing Blade

AutoStrop Safety Razor Company, Box 17, Station F, New York. Toronto. London

The Genuine has this Label and is Guaranteed

Elastic seat, does not bind in crotch, fits right.

The genuine is unconditionally guaranteed. Get the Bond when you buy.

For MEN 50c Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment For BOYS 25c

Men's Boys' **Union Suits** $1.00 50c Any Style

Write for Illustrated Style Book

Chalmers Knitting Company
3 Washington Street
Amsterdam, N. Y.

$92.50 — Our Price for Next 30 Days!

We now offer the Edwards "Steelcote" Garage (1913 Model), direct-from-factory, for $92.50. But to protect ourselves from advancing prices of steel, we set a time limit upon the offer. We guarantee this record price for 30 days only. Just now we can save you $35 or more.

Edwards Fireproof GARAGE

Quickly Set Up Any Place

An artistic, fireproof steel structure for private use. Gives absolute protection from sneak thieves, joy riders, fire, lightning, accidents, carelessness, etc. Saves $20 to $30 monthly in garage rent. Saves *time, work, worry and trouble.* Comes ready to set up. All parts cut and fitted. Simple, complete directions furnished. Absolutely rust-proof. Joints and seams permanently tight. Practically indestructible. Locks securely. Ample room for largest car and all equipment. Made by one of the largest makers of *portable* fireproof buildings. Prompt, safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Postal sent today brings new 56 page Illustrated Garage Book *by return mail.*

THE EDWARDS MANUFACTURING CO.
633-683 Eggleston Ave. Cincinnati, Ohio

(90)

AUTOMOBILISTS
Don't Have Cold Hands

Our Climax Hand Warmer attaches to battery that runs your lights or self starter. Keeps hands warm when riding. Costs little or nothing to run. Heats up immediately. Write for particulars or send $5.00 for Warmer with 7 feet of cord ready to attach. Money refunded if not satisfactory. *Agents Wanted.*

CLIMAX HAND WARMER CO., Boston, Mass.

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

We ship on approval without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY *a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price* until you receive our latest art catalogs illustrating every kind of bicycle, and have learned our *unheard of prices* and *marvelous new offers.*

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you free postpaid by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait, write it now.

TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries at *half usual prices.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. G-54, CHICAGO

PATENTS

To pay must fully protect. FREE booklet. Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Est. 52 years. 608 F St., Washington, D. C., and New York

Send for New Helpful Plan for Inventors

The two most talked-of tires in the country

NOBBY TREAD
and
CHAIN TREAD
TIRES

are unquestionably the most prominent non-skid tires before the motoring public today.

Motorists and dealers, both in this country and in foreign countries have acknowledged them to be the **most effective** non-skid tires ever made and have backed up this opinion by using more of them than all other non-skid tires put together.

In the whole history of manufacturing we believe not one instance can be named where a product has come into permanent and general use thruout the World except by reason of pronounced superiority over other articles in its field.

The Nobby and Chain Tread Tires have become the most famous and the most widely used non-skid tires in the World simply and solely because they deserve to be.

They stop skidding and they are long-lived tires.

The Nobby Tread has long been known as the most efficient non-skid tire that money can buy.

And the popular priced Chain Tread, altho placed on the market but a short time ago, has jumped into instant popularity because of its positive non-skid value.

Sold Everywhere

UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Detective Burns Dramatized

Concluded from page 29

ture the gang which she herself—the sister of an assistant district attorney—was getting evidence against at the time of the murder. He so arranges things that this *coup de main* takes place in his own library, with all the wealth of melodramatic detail which his lively and experienced fancy can devise, and the final curtain goes down with the handcuffed villains struggling with four athletic detectives, the heroine (who has amiably left the arms of her reporter hero for a moment to perform this service) taking notes, while the triumphant author dictates—just off the griddle, as it were—the final chapter of the greatest story of his life.

The idea is original and amusing, and Mr. John Emerson, who has the double joy of being one of the authors and acting the principal part as well, plays it with great drollery. Mr. Robert Baker is the other author, and as his name comes first, perhaps he discovered the idea. If this be the case, one salutes him, for a piece so exciting and yet so quaintly amusing is not encountered every day.

THAT RARE BIRD—A COMIC OPERA

LITTLE Miss Trentini, full of life (the life of a tin doll with too strong a spring), jerky and metallic as ever, yet singing better, perhaps, than anyone on the musical-comedy stage (of course, it will be recalled that Trentini once sang in "grand" opera), appears in "The Firefly," a comic opera with an understandable plot. Miss Trentini allures me not, but she certainly has a voice and knows how to use it, and a large public enjoys her keenly. Miss Vera De Rosa sings a song about sapphire seas in the second act—the scene is Bermuda—so soothing and sweet that one left the theatre mourning that she was not permitted to open her mouth again.

"YEARS OF DISCRETION"

MRS. FARRELL HOWARD had reached them—these years of discretion. She was a widow, forty-eight, and lived in Brookline, and had a grown-up and intensely serious son, with spectacles, who always gave the proper short "o" sound to Boston. The discreetness of her whole existence—she was still pretty and felt young—got on Mrs. Howard's nerves one day and she revolted. She bought a lot of beautiful clothes and went to New York. For a brief space she made believe she *was* young, terrified her son, and had three able-bodied gentlemen wildly making love to her. She married one in the end, and just as she had to admit that she wasn't young after all, even in feeling, he, with some relief, made the same confession. There is a pleasant freshness and authenticity about this amusing piece, which was written by Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Hatton, and one could scarcely imagine it better acted than it is by Miss Effie Shannon, Mr. Lyn Harding, Mr. Bruce McRae, and the others.

The Mistress Problem

(*Continued from page 16*)

she stated. "'Twon't do to give a high-strung lady a high-strung girl. Fur flies the first day. When I've got a high-strung lady on hand I pick out some meek little soul for her, the kind of girl that feels lonesome when she isn't being jumped on. Then there are ladies who have meek natures—sometimes those who didn't have money in the beginning, and are sort of afraid of it now they've got it. They don't know how to run a classy house and they need an overbearing servant to show them how. Never blend dummy with dummy is my rule; never meek with meek; never stubborn with stubborn. Blonde and brunette works better as a rule, and lean with fleshy. I've noticed, too, there's a lot in the back of the neck. If a lady has one that's broad at the base I always look for a girl with a slim one. There's more than you'd think in that," she nodded sagely.

IT is to Mrs. Sanchez that I am indebted for object lessons in the methods employed by certain mistresses. Day after day she permitted me to visit her office and make my own observations. There was one dressy little lady who fluttered in every afternoon, called Mrs. Sanchez her guide, philosopher, and friend, sharply looked over the servants and never found one quite to her liking. One day a neat young French girl left the office and with some abruptness the fluttering lady left immediately after. "Now!" breathed Mrs. Sanchez to me. "Follow accidentally."

Savoring the intoxicating joy of the sleuth, I casually hastened down the hall and took the elevator with the two. "You are an experienced lady's maid?" I heard. "Yes, madame." "And you understand scalp massage thoroughly?" "Yes, madame." "I'm particular about manicuring, too . . ." The elevator was down, but as the two paused in the lower corridor I heard: "Come Friday about noon . . ."

I had seen for myself what Mrs. Sanchez had described to me as a frequent method of securing a servant without paying the agent's three-dollar fee. Occasionally a girl shows herself more honest than the mistress by returning and paying her own fee, when she was nabbed outside the agent's door. Mrs. Sanchez sometimes surprises a mistress by sending in her bill for a servant found in this way, when the mistress never dreamed that she knew of the operation.

"The girls don't stick to their word, and they're dishonorable in various ways, but it seems to me there's more excuse for them," she said. "Ladies ought to have higher standards. Some of them say there's two in the family, and when the girl goes she finds, besides, a mother-in-law, two children, a nurse, and a Pomeranian. Another trick is for the lady to point out some nursemaid she sees with a child in the park, go up and ask her what she's getting, offer a dollar more, and get her. The girl may take a job with the lady who gets her by crooked means, but she never trusts her, never respects her. Such doings don't improve the standards of our servants."

It was while Miss Huesgen and I chatted in her office that a round, sphinx-like face superimposed upon a magnificent bow presented itself at the door.

"Nothing for a butler to-day except one at $65," said Miss Huesgen.

The bow became more profound, but retreating. "Seventy-five dollars is the lowest I feel I can—" murmured the sphinx apologetically, and he withdrew.

"These butlers get from $50 to $100," Miss Huesgen remarked. "And they can afford to stay out of a job till they get their price, because there's always some fool girl to help them out."

Several allusions by various agents to the man-in-the-case came back to me as I heard this, and I asked Miss Huesgen whether he figured prominently.

"He's one of the biggest factors in the Servant Problem," Miss Huesgen replied.

It was an enticing opening, and I entered with provocative inquiries.

She pointed to the closed hall door on which we read "APPLICANTS." "It's the beau that stands waiting silent outside that door that plays the mischief with our business," she declared oracularly.

I instinctively felt the evil and silent spell of the waiting one without, although the chances are that I wouldn't have found him at that particular dramatic moment if I had peeked to see.

"Many a nice girl comes here ready and willing to take a job in the country. Her beau comes along, but don't show himself. She accepts a place out on Long Island or in Jersey, I phone while she's here, every detail's arranged, the automobile will meet her at such and such a train. Then she says good-by and goes out—to report to him in the hall."

MISS HUESGEN paused. "Next day the lady telephones, ready to skin me alive. 'Where's that waitress? The car was at the train, everything ready, no girl appeared.'

"I always know what that means. The beau said: 'It's too far, I can't get way out there to see you.' That's the end of her agreement. It's pitiful to see what wax these young, ignorant girls are in good-for-nothing fellows' hands. Men out of a job prey upon them—make a regular system of it. The shop and factory girl gets so little money, and has to turn it into bread and a roof right away. But the servant has all her living provided, and at the end of the week there's that much cold cash to spend, and she's

(Concluded on page 33)

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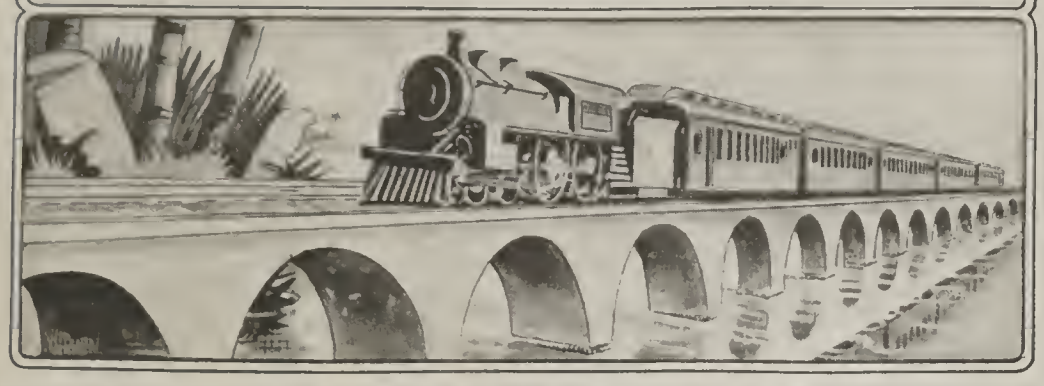

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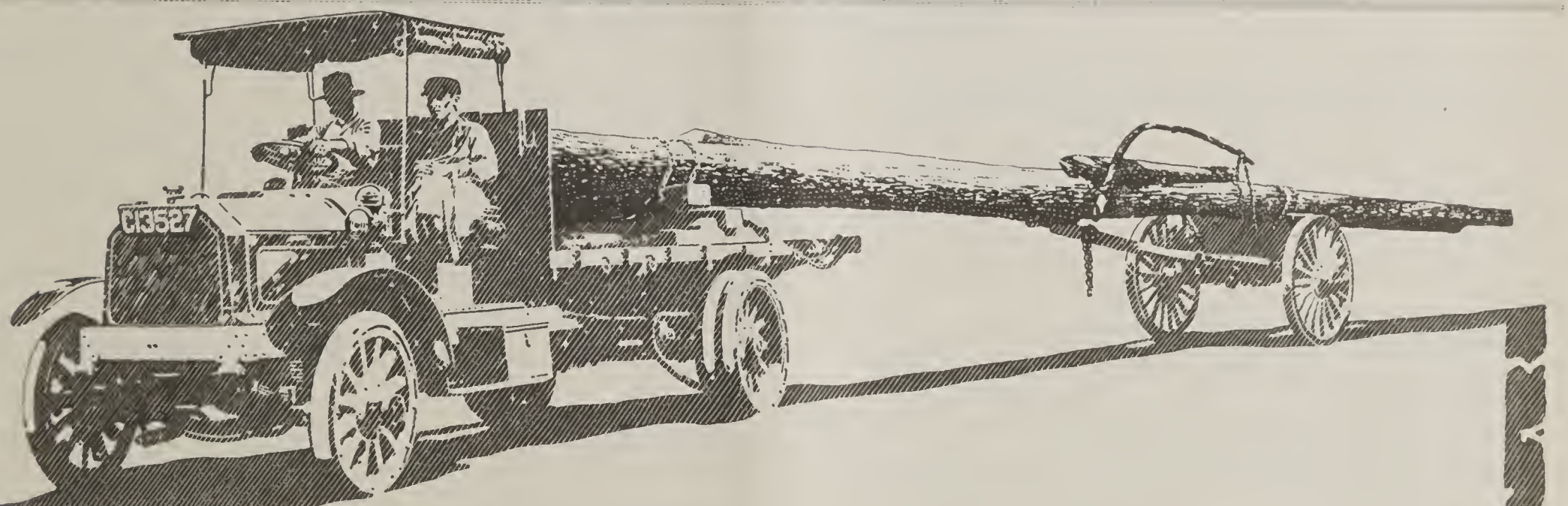

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Mistress Problem

(Concluded from page 31)

like a fat, juicy little lamb to a hungry old coyote—I'm from the West orignally. There's always a man hanging around to help her spend her cash."

"Just how?"

"Borrow it—the girl's a soft-hearted little fool. Play on her sympathy—get the eight dollars—then take her to Coney at the cost of fifty cents of her own money. The man comes out $7.50 to the good. Sometimes he marries her, if he thinks that's easier than looking for a job. Sometimes—worse."

Miss Huesgen looked me in the eyes with something in her own softer than is usually to be seen in the eyes of these large and formidable ladies who see too much of the wheels that go round inside poor human nature.

"That's why our maternity hospitals are crowded with servant girls," she said sadly.

THESE little interviews report only a few of the agents with whom I have talked, but represent all. For the most part they are women of slight education but vast powers of observation. One among the many is a scholar and lecturer, and she has most interesting dreams of a school for servants like the one in Berlin, where domestic duties shall be taught thoroughly, and where the mistress will go to seek trained employees, and will no more consider ignorant help than would a factory owner for positions of responsibility over his subtle machinery. Then, she believes, domestic service will gain dignity.

"Two thousand decayed gentlewomen have applied to me within six months and I've placed two hundred of them. I could have placed the other eighteen hundred if they would have taken service," she says.

The theories are interesting, and offer a line of thought toward the future. But the Servant Problem as it stands has to struggle on for the present under present conditions. And, after simmering down a vast kettleful of material gathered from these ladies behind the Two Doors, what was left was a rather different proposition from the familiar Case against the Servant. She is greedy for gain, often ungrateful for favors, irresponsible in breaking her word, unscrupulous in many matters of honor. But ignorance explains much of this. After all, she is amenable to kind influence and instruction—she is human. Not one agent did I find but said: "I don't blame her" for preferring the cruelest labor, the most niggardly pay in a factory, to giving up all freedom—and it is this renunciation of freedom that domestic service in the average case means. Somehow I began to find that "What's the matter with the Servant?" twisted itself into another query, as Mrs. Maltbie had suggested, and appeared to read: "What's the matter with the Mistress?"

Is our great national domestic difficulty after all the Mistress Problem?

The White Bead

(Continued from page 19)

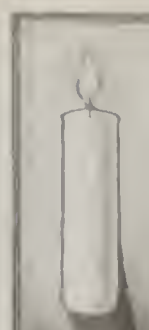
commanding them on either side, and she noticed, as the others forged ahead, that Kirk and Jim let them pass, and directly on the right a rifle shot cracked out.

She tried to turn in her saddle, but some one, galloping up behind her, struck her horse and lashed him forward. She was flung upon his neck and clung, not to be thrown, so that she did not see who was the rider who passed. She made out only that he was passing the others, striking their horses as he reached them, and driving them in rout down the valley. But the other man stayed behind, for, following the single shot, a volley, a rippling, irregular cracking of rifles, ripped and ripped and ripped sharply, clearly, in the still air, and as she looked back, the horse lay dead, already motionless, in the middle of the trail—a bay horse—Jim's horse—under him his rider. And still at that heap came the rip of the rifles from the ambush on the side of the hill.

IN the little Mexican village on the shore, under care of the marines from the American cruiser, the six awaited the subsidence of the surf to go out to the ship.

Alice sat alone with Kirk. They could hear the clatter of the machine gun which the Federal forces had dragged up toward the mountain to attack the insurrecto position.

"It was right for you to let him do it,"



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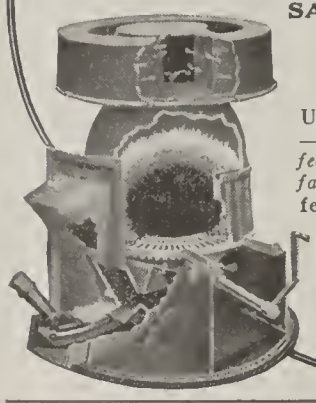

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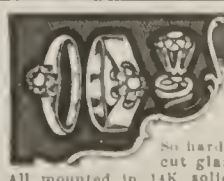

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The White Bead

Concluded from page 33

she was repeating. "Kirk, you have no reason to blame yourself! You shared the chance with him when you drew the beads. If you had done it, he certainly would not have blamed himself."

But Kirk gazed at her uneasily.

"What is it?" she demanded of him suddenly.

"You don't doubt that he was drawn?"

"Doubt? What do you mean?"

"Nothing. Only I want you to know—never to doubt it. If he hadn't dared to go back and I had to, of course I wouldn't want you to know beyond any possible question, but if we are going to live our lives together, you must know that."

He put his fingers in his pocket and drew forth a glass bead button—white. She stared down at it.

"What is that?" she asked.

"The white bead."

She caught her breath uncertainly: "I do not understand. You must have made some mistake! You must have another!"

"Another?"

She thrust her hand into his pocket and herself felt for it.

"You must have another. You must! Why, you must!"

The color left his face.

"Why? That is the bead, Alice, the one I drew."

She stopped her search.

"This the bead you drew?"

"Yes."

She gasped. "I see it—that it is white—but that's not the one. The white one I gave you was cracked! I wore it upon my sleeve. I sewed it on myself. The white one I gave you to draw with the black was cracked! This is not!"

He could not answer. She stared at him, waiting. He could not meet her gaze. The color left his face. She arose and left him.

THEY had been for an hour in the little village. A bead such as he had shown her could be had at any shop. What did the offering of this mean? Had Kirk drawn the black bead and then, confronted with the certainty of death—the certainty, not merely the chance then—failed before it? Their words at midnight, after the two men had drawn, came back to her. Had he used her to force Jim—though having drawn the white bead—to go back and be shot?

Down from the hot, glaring hillside, where the Federal forces had engaged the insurgents all morning, a party came, bearing wounded. Before them rode a messenger with word to the marines that the American shot in the early morning was being brought down, as there was a chance for his life. As the marines set out with their surgeon, Alice rode ahead of them. They found her at Reilly's side, kissing his lips as he tried to speak the first words of his regained consciousness and holding tight within one hand a cracked white glass bead.

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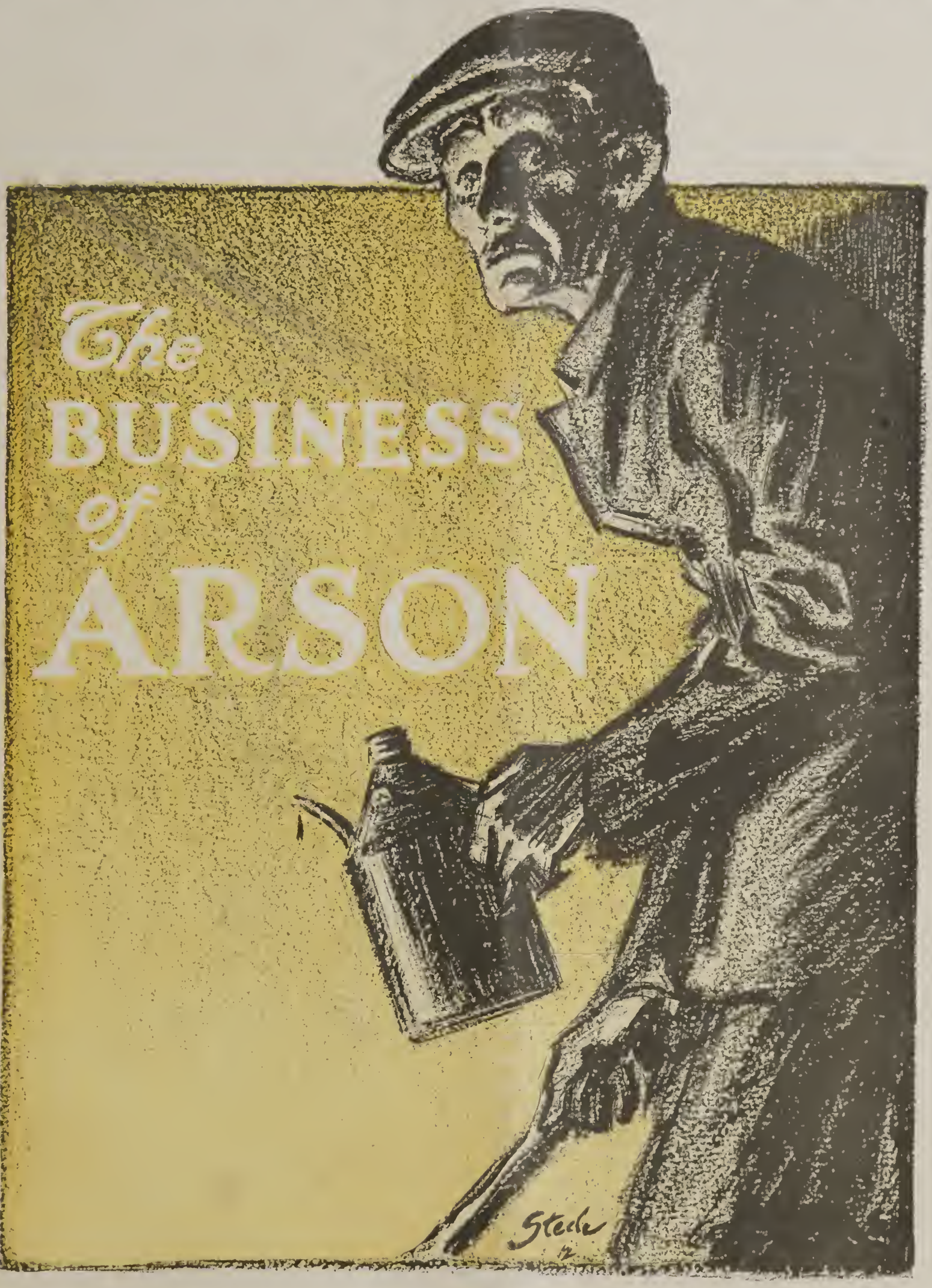

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FORTY-THREE years of successful rubber manufacturing are in Goodrich Tires. We made the original American clincher automobile tires. That was sixteen years ago, when automobile tire-making began. The twenty-seven years of rubber experience that had preceded were crystalized in our principle of Unit Construction.

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Tires

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Goodrich Tire users are a unit in recommending them. Over a million Goodrich Tires did not satisfy the complete demand in 1912. Our increased factory facilities will enable us to take care of the much greater demand in 1913. Makers of 175,000 of the 400,000 new automobiles which will be marketed in 1913, have already contracted for Goodrich Tires.

Fully half the automobile output of 1913 will go from maker to buyer with Goodrich Tires as the original specified equipment.

This overwhelming verdict of automobile makers and owners is the most tremendously convincing argument you can desire for advantage to you, as a tire user, in Goodrich Unit Construction.

Cured as a Unit

The critical point in making a tire is the curing—the vulcanizing. To be perfectly cured, rubber requires just so much heat—*once*.

Goodrich Tires are cured as a unit. Body and tread are cured together in our vulcanizers under proper heat. The rubber impregnation of the fabric strips, the breaker strips, side strips and the thick, tough tread, in this most particular operation, literally *become one tire—a unit*.

This is the secret of the non-stripping of Goodrich treads. Our unit curing converts the built-up tire into an integral structure, strong, full of life. We wouldn't cure the tire twice, any more than you would bake a pie twice.

Wear as a Unit

Goodrich Tires wear uniformly. Curing them as units unifies their strength as well as their buoyancy. The thick, tough tread—extra heavy and extra strong—because of the unit curing, is perfect at every point. One inch of it wears the same as another.

The Goodrich unit construction gives the same dependable staunchness to the body of the tire—the inside. Body and tread are one—they cannot come apart—they hold and wear together.

This is what the tire user wants.

Write for Goodrich Route Book for your tour

Sent FREE

For all these reasons you owe it to yourself and your car to buy only Goodrich Tires

If you are an experienced automobilist you know immediately the value to you of the verdict of the makers of nearly half the 1913 output of cars.

If you are not, their decision, coupled with that of hundred of thousands of experienced motorists, is worth even more to you. Don't get *your* tire knowledge from future experience. Benefit now by the experience and judgment of all this majority of makers and tire users, and begin with Goodrich Tires. Goodrich dealers and service stations everywhere.

The B. F. Goodrich Company
Akron, Ohio

TRADE MARK

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR

The Business of Arson

If a paid incendiary should set fire to a city, Cincinnati say, destroying $250,000,000 of property, killing thousands of people, the world would rise in horror. Yet each year the incendiary costs us $250,000,000 in direct and indirect tax, and the lives of many innocents. For arson is a business in America!

A BOSS AND A COMMONWEALTH

QUITE APART from the fact that Senator WARREN has been a thief on a large and active scale, considered merely as the boss of a grafting political machine, his influence on Wyoming has been a blight. This has been well expressed in a letter received from a citizen of Denver:

> The one hundred and fifty thousand people of that State have lived that Mr. WARREN might be rich.

A famous capitalist went into Wyoming a few years ago. After looking over the State, he said it was the finest opportunity for intelligent development he had ever seen. It was a kingdom in itself, but he would not take his fortune or his sons there to become the plaything of the politics of the Warren machine and the Union Pacific Railroad. This particular aspect of the boss system could be studied with great profit by many other communities—Rhode Island, for example.

THE PRICE OF ROAST LAMB

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW whether tariff revision will have any effect on the cost of living, look over your household accounts and see which is the only meat that has decreased in price during the past few years. The mere anticipation of the certainty that Schedule K will come in for heroic treatment has caused lamb to come on the market, a first step in a wholesome reversal to normal conditions.

IT DOESN'T SCARE US

THE "EMPTY FACTORY CHIMNEY" has long been a slogan of impending doom on the part of the high protectionists. We had rather see an empty factory chimney than a hundred empty farm chimneys, which is the condition that has been brought about by the high tariff's excessive stimulation of manufacturing and city growth. If some reversal of this relation occurs during the next four years, we shall be glad.

A HERRING ACROSS THE TRAIL

THE MEMBERS of a Senate investigating committee are: MOSES E. CLAPP, WESLEY L. JONES, GEORGE T. OLIVER, THOMAS H. PAYNTER, ATLEE POMERENE. The idea these men held of their duty with regard to the Standard Oil letters was to summon a Pullman porter, a negro lawyer, and various other sorry figures, and grill them for many days to find out just how these letters became public, how much Mr. HEARST paid for them, and who his agents were. The committee created an atmosphere wherein Mr. ARCHBOLD was able to assume a rôle of deeply wounded respectability. To compel Mr. ARCHBOLD to produce his letter files, show all other letters from Standard Oil to public men, and unearth the entire situation did not occur to the committee. It is an odd streak in a forceful figure that Mr. HEARST should permit himself to get in a position where he is on the defensive in this matter. His purchase and publication of the letters was a public service; that he held them for from five to ten years before publishing them suggests that zeal for the public good was tempered by a wish to do good in the way that would be most to his own advantage. Did he really think in 1904 that these letters, carefully preserved for the spectacular time, might make him President in 1908? However that may be, the odium in this affair rests not on Mr. HEARST, where the committee has apparently been willing to leave it, but on Mr. ARCHBOLD, the Standard Oil Company, and the Forakers, Sibleys, and Baileys, both those disclosed and those yet hidden.

A PEEVISH MILLIONAIRE

MR. CHARLES P. TAFT'S Cincinnati "Times-Star" is very much excited about COLLIER'S assertion that there "is not much left of the doctrine that a man can do what he will with his own." COLLIER'S is "unaffectedly, childishly glad of it," exclaims Mr. TAFT'S paper. We "play upon class prejudice"; we "speak sneeringly of the rights of property"; we are "against our old free institutions"—so runs the catalogue of our crimes. And then the "Times-Star" turns to a fellow criminal:

> Right here in Cincinnati we have another newspaper of this type. The "Post" is owned by an exceedingly rich man who spends his life under the pleasant shade of the orange trees out in California. He causes his papers to preach a half-baked sort of Socialism, because that is the easiest way for papers of that sort to make money. Mr. SCRIPPS *has never, so far as we know, given a penny to any charitable or philanthropic organization* in Cincinnati—or anywhere else, for that matter.

We have summoned italics to our aid in bringing out the exact quality of Mr. CHARLES P. TAFT'S soul. His conception of the relation of the powerful to the weak expresses itself in medieval terms: largesse, donations, gifts—the feudal lord to his peasantry. His scheme of life is to make large profits out of distilleries, hotels, banks, and prostitute newspapers, and placate the people, whom he exploits, with a tithe in the shape of charity. He is very much disturbed by the modern type who believes in giving the weak their rights *in the shape of rights*. We have never seen Mr. SCRIPPS, but we are very familiar with his works, in the shape of some thirty or forty newspapers throughout the Middle West and the Pacific Coast, each of them an outpost of progress. We know few men who make such intelligent or effective use of large means for the common good. With the profits from one paper Mr. SCRIPPS founds another incubator of insurgency. It has long been an ambition of ours to induce him to extend his newspapers into New York and New England, where they are much needed.

"SPORTSMANLIKE CONDUCT"

RECALLING how the Olympic defeats got under England's hide last summer, it is easy to foresee what crowing there will be in British editorial columns now that JAMES THORPE has confessed that he once took money for playing summer baseball. His prizes must be returned; the scores of the Stockholm games must be readjusted. The mob that howls and hoots at every man who makes an error—the sort that would like to lynch SNODGRASS because he muffed a fly—will, by the time these lines get into print, be red in the face from jeering; and the unsportsmanlike section of the English public—the section that took the defeats at Stockholm with such bad grace—will rejoice like Spaniards at a bull fight. We wish some sporting editor would arise to say that THORPE was a good sport for owning up so promptly; that there is a ring of sincerity in the athlete's voice when he pleads:

> I did not play for the money there was in it because my property brings me in enough money to live on, but because I liked to play ball. I was not very wise in the ways of the world and did not realize that this was wrong and it would make me a professional in track sports, although I learned from the other players that it would be better for me not to let anyone know that I was playing, and for that reason I never told anyone at the school about it until to-day.

There are many of us who contend that receiving money for summer baseball should not be listed as an athletic crime. We can very well appreciate the Indian's viewpoint.

TO VENTURE OR TO SAVE

A VALUED CORRESPONDENT in Chicago writes us warningly of the vast burden of public and private Debt under which, as a nation and a people, we labor. And as a remedy he would grind out more pale-green paper and call it Money. And this Money would pay all! As if the Token could ever create the human labor and human thrift for which the Debt stands. It is a dream that has haunted millions of active and earnest minds. Yet Debt, so long as there is free commerce in Labor and its products, will always exist, and in ever-growing degree, because human nature is as it is. Some are born to venture, some to save. The venturer is the great winner, but also the great loser, for there are few who win steadily. It is through these that, as we say, the world gets on. But without the saver, the venturer could not exist. He rarely uses his own resources. He borrows from Thrift. Of course, there is another class of borrowers who neither save nor venture. They are just spenders, always paying out a little more than they gain. We should have to devise a new kind of world to make this class happy. Debt is not evil in itself. Always, the greater the nation the greater the debt, public and private. Primitive folk, savages, have no such worries. Credit and Debt are a Division of Labor which only the modern state makes possible. Probably more than half the farms of the United States have been "made" on borrowings of accumulated Thrift. Their owners rarely had enough to "go it alone." Our valued correspondent and countless others fail to realize that ours is the first era of any widely distributed Surplus. This is the first time in human history that any large population has continuously had enough to eat. Famine is still a recurrent specter to two-thirds of the human race. Few have the forehanded instinct to abstain when hunger calls. And there are many kinds of hunger. If everyone lived within his means this would be a saner and happier world. But it is not our characteristic as a people. We spend madly until it is all gone. And then ruefully sober up. More Money merely makes us spend more furiously. That is what is happening now.

AFTER PANAMA

ABOUT THIS TIME, as the almanacs say, "expect floods" in the Ohio and Mississippi. The particular flood that happens to be raging as this is written may have subsided ere these words see print, but by that time there will doubtless be another one. The Pittsburgh Flood Commission, which investigated the matter for three years and issued a voluminous report just a year ago, stated that the floods on the upper Ohio had been increasing every year in frequency and height, and that there was "every possibility that Pittsburgh will some day experience a forty-foot flood." The direct loss due to floods at Pittsburgh

during the last ten years was over $12,000,000, while in one year and five days, between March 15, 1907, and March 20, 1908, three floods caused a direct loss of about $6,500,000. If works for flood relief are not carried out, the direct loss to Pittsburgh will, the commission estimated, amount to $40,000,000 in the next twenty years. The average annual damage from floods on the Ohio and its tributaries is about $50,000,000. Some day, perhaps, something will be done besides printing interesting photographs of submerged streets, of broken levees on the lower Mississippi, and counties turned into lakes. The nearest thing to a tangible program is the bill introduced by Senator NEWLANDS, providing for an appropriation of $50,000,000 annually for ten years and the formation of a board composed of the chief of army engineers, the directors of the Geological Survey and Reclamation Service, the chief forester, and a civil, a sanitary, and a hydroelectric engineer appointed by the President. This board would lay out a comprehensive scheme of levees, flood reservoirs in the headwaters, and of swamp drainage, with the whole appropriation divided as fairly as possible between the various States. The National Flood Prevention Committee, meeting at New Orleans the other day, unanimously approved of this bill. The solution of the problem of floods and national drainage—taking each river system as a unit—seems the obvious next big job for the Government to undertake after the Panama Canal is finished.

CHARLATANS

FROM the classified advertising columns of a prominent religious weekly, the "Western Christian Advocate" of Cincinnati, we quote:

> PASTORS, ATTENTION—Dr. ——, Physician-Evangelist, a converted atheist, has portable tabernacle and corps of singers and workers for conducting a soul-awakening evangelistic campaign to save men, women, and children in all walks of life.

The ex-atheist may be devout and sincere in his protestations, and one would no more doubt the genuineness of his conversions than the cures effected by a patent medicine. But don't his methods savor a little of the county fair and carnival show? To make our meaning plain, we quote again from an amusement weekly, the "Billboard":

> AT LIBERTY—Magician and singing soubrette. Swell apparatus and wardrobe. We feature Mail Bag, Straight Jacket, Yoke, Box, Mind Reading, Spirit Cabinet, and Magic. Sober and Reliable. Address ——, "The Man of Mystery."

Would not the amusement sheet be a more appropriate medium for those who save souls to order and who, figuratively speaking, can "double in brass" and are good dressers "on and off"?

A GOOD SIGN

FROM THE REALM of the "houn' dawg," corncobs, and Speaker CLARK comes the intelligence that three State Senators made one dress suit "go round" at the recent inaugural ball. One finds in this episode some encouragement to believe that we are getting back to days of Jeffersonian simplicity and those Utopian times when "a bicycle built for two" was as good as a carriage. If true democracy were ever to become as fashionable, say, as ragtime in London, we could see old Cost-of-High-Living melting like a snow man. Our only apprehension is lest the cooperative spirit run to toothbrushes and shaving sticks.

CHARACTER SKETCH OF A PROMOTER

WE HAVE BEEN WATCHING for seven years the making of a young swindling promoter. To-day, in his perfected and successful personality, he is the product of an inner twist played upon by favoring environment. He began life with a well-known publishing house, and quickly rose to be their favorite employee. His function was that of Teacher's Good Boy. He made a close, personal study of the head of the firm, his temperament, character, and habits. In this boss's character, which was warm-hearted and charming, with a capacity for powerful and useful work, there was a slight insincerity which found expression in a series of fortnightly luncheons, known as the "fellowship feeds." This organization was attended by the half-dozen members of the firm and all the male employees. The purpose of the artificially stimulated gatherings was to promote good feeling toward the firm, so that large amounts of enthusiastic work could be turned in without serious increase in the weekly pay roll. Our young promoter caught the idea more snugly than any other of the employees, and was the firm's unofficial representative in accelerating the luncheons, for it needed some person not of the firm to generate momentum among the wage earners. This was his first great lesson in promotion. Here he learned the art of putting out enthusiastic, exuberant statements to the common people. Meantime the working staff of the firm had been increased by two mail-order crooks, who proceeded to plunder the publisher that sheltered them. They looked over the layout, read to the heart of our young friend, saw the little black spot down in the core of his being, and hided their tune. By the end of a year of keeping everlastingly at it they had filched several thousand dollars from the firm's treasury, and with mirth in their souls they made their get-away. For several weeks after their historic exit the young promoter used to denounce the treachery of the crooked pair. Soon his voice changed, for the escaped thieves had read their man. They made him a salary offer which drowned out his anguish for the plundered publisher. So, shading over from what is insincere in honest men and from what is tricky in clean business, he became the partner of dishonest men in fraudulent schemes. To-day this ardent youth is a full-blown promoter. With the destruction by Government raid of the company whose ranks he recruited, and the dispersal of the chiefs, who scatter as bugs and snakes scatter when you raise a rock and let in the sunlight, the young promoter will no longer serve two masters, but, single handed, will doubtless project, float, and exploit his own series of schemes.

NOSES

HAVE YOU A NOSE? If so, what is the smell which greets you on entering a city apartment house with a café in the basement? The New York Subway? A moving-picture show? Or do you know the odor that floats in from a pine tree while the rain falls softly on a shingle roof?

THE NECESSARY RIGORS

AT A COMFORTABLE CLUB in the largest American city a group of men sat chatting through a bleak winter afternoon. "He has a moderate income of from eight to ten thousand dollars a year," said one of the group. A moderate income. An amount sufficient for six families with the fighting attitude toward life to have every desirable comfort and easement! Good air, rooms facing the sun, food that nourishes, quiet evenings of talk and reading—all the sturdier elements of existence with nothing to sap the individual and create class lines. The false view that calls so large a sum of money a moderate income for a single man must be fought till it is conquered. Hear what that wise teacher, WILLIAM JAMES, said:

> We have grown literally afraid to be poor. When we of the so-called better classes are scared as men were never scared in history at material ugliness and hardships; when we put off marriage until our home can be artistic, and quake at the thought of having a child without a bank account and doomed to manual labor, it is time for thinking men to protest against so unmanly and irreligious a state of opinion. It is certain that the prevalent fear of poverty among the educated classes is the worst moral disease from which our civilization suffers.

The whole story is told in one of those New England fields—the gentle, fertile lands that lie around Deerfield, Mass., for instance, or right through the State of Maine from Portland clear up to Canada. When the fathers came across, those acres were high with trees and thick with tangle and rocks. With their bare hands they fell upon the wilderness and turned it to fertility. By early hours and long hours, in pain and hard work, they made our modern world. But what similar piece of hardihood are we of to-day showing? We are dealing with life as if it were a thing to be softened for our young. Many youths in this generation are regarding marriage as impossible unless the income gives a luxurious standard of living. Girls consider housework a nuisance. Women refuse to have children and men refuse to have families because of the cost in money. Men prefer comfort and soft jobs to health in vigorous outdoor endeavor. The time has come for a movement, widespread and sincere, back to the iron of life, where stern work was faced, where pain was endured, and where the whole of life in its rigor was accepted.

THE ANSWER

WE NEED NOT LET our hearts be troubled, for, finally, all that is unavailing sinks into rest. Every road by which men go dips finally into the valley. No climb, however bold, but is touched at its close by the shadow; no quest in undiscovered bourns but ends in a resting place where tired multitudes are gathered. Somehow the weariest river finds its way at last to the sea. The encompassing peace of the silent earth waits on our fretting. There is nothing so harassing that it cannot be borne in the foreknowledge of its brevity. No disturbance or upheaval can ever visit mortal mind when once it has been gathered to the brotherhood of dust. Unbearable pain leads straight into the kingdom of sleep. Suffering reigns but briefly with straitened dominion. The kindly opiates of sleep and insensibility are ever waiting close by the tortured mind and the stricken body. There is no menace in life but recedes even at the moment of touching agony. The most savage disaster is crowned with death, and its victims in their writhing are suddenly released beyond calamity. That is the secret withheld from youth and those who go out in fresh strength to be racked. But the revealing years whisper that secret of why there is a smile on the face of the newly dead.

The Business of Arson

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

HERE IS A SENSATION. We are printing it as such. But it differs from the ordinary sensational story because it understates the facts, and because every fact presented is susceptible of exact proof.

The series "The Business of Arson" sets out to prove that burning property for the insurance has become our national crime.

Mr. McFARLANE is the first journalist to pierce the heart of the matter, to inform the public of facts which every directing agent in the fire insurance business has long known. He has lived close to the business of fire insurance all his life; and for the past eighteen months he has been working to get the facts of the arson situation for COLLIER'S.

The series of articles Mr. McFARLANE has prepared shows, by the testimony of the insurance companies themselves, that the direct and indirect tax from incendiary, preventable fires in the United States and Canada is four-fifths as great as the tax of the American and Canadian tariffs.

It shows how men who want fires accomplish their end by willful neglect of their property; it shows how others deliberately lay the mine and apply the torch. It shows how producing "commercial fires" has become a regular business in our big cities; and how the gangs of paid incendiaries work.

It shows, indeed, how incendiarism is often welcome to those who dominate the business of fire insurance in America.

We have in English-speaking North America eight to thirteen times as great a fire loss, to the dollar of wealth, as has any nation of Western Europe. For years we have been writing around the facts, attributing our figures to "American carelessness," to "flimsy construction," to insufficient fire protection.

None of these causes stands the test of investigation. Certain other nations build almost wholly of wood; we build our greater structures of brick, stone, steel, and cement. The ratio remains the same—they have one dollar of fire loss to our eight, ten, twelve, thirteen!

The fire departments of most continental cities are slow, old-fashioned, inadequate; year after year, we improve the personnel, the training, the discipline, the apparatus of our fire departments. Still the ratio remains the same.

Rather, the difference widens, and always to our disadvantage. While our population grew twenty-one per cent in one decade—and a decade, at that, of unprecedented activity in fireproof construction—the fire loss grew eighty-four per cent.

This may be called muckraking, but it is not. Instead it is constructive criticism. For Mr. MCFARLANE carries the trouble up from the little criminal of the farms and tenements to a big, pernicious situation which causes arson.

He shows that the stock fire insurance company works on a system which encourages crime and destruction. In other forms of big business, the representatives of the capital, the central bodies, have control over their agents. In this alone, the agents have control over the central bodies.

Through the faults of the system, insurance agents and brokers profit by the assumption of bad risks, by issuing policies to men with a proved reputation for arson, by insufficient inspection of properties, by overinsurance.

They even profit by increased fire loss in their communities. And they are in a position, as the business stands now, to force their wishes upon the insurance companies.

Mr. MCFARLANE proves this not from without but from within; not only from statistics and external evidence, but from the private and public utterances of the big fire insurance men themselves.

His series shows how the insurance business, simply by making it to the agent's interest to prevent fires, could nearly eliminate arson. It shows how the rest of the remedy lies in proper legislation. It shows, in fact, how one American community has, without undue effort, almost cut its fire loss in two.

It will show how this may be accomplished with vast gain not only to the insured, but to the stockholders in insurance companies, to all classes in fact save only two—the incendiaries with their ghastly record of burned babies in tenements, burned girl operatives in factories, burned firemen in the place of duty, and their respectable accomplices.

Finally, Mr. MCFARLANE will nail down his facts, give them human meaning, by telling the real story of certain great and horrible fire catastrophes which the whole public remembers.

To eliminate a quarter of a billion dollars in annual waste: incidentally and more importantly to save thousands of people from agonizing death—there is a worthy task for officials, parties, and Legislatures!

Arthur E. McFarlane

The series will consist of the following articles:

I
Burning Up Our Money

II
Arson by Schedule

III
Who Is Responsible?

IV
The Rotten Risk

V
Feeding Our Fire Bugs

VI
The Professional at Work

VII
The Fire Repeaters

VIII
The Profits

IX
The Partnership

Burning up Our Money

First Article

An Annual Tribute to the Incendiary of $250,000,000 *for which the Fire Insurance Companies are Mainly Responsible*

THE United States and Canada suffer a terrible, a staggering loss every year by fire. New York has more fires annually than all the capitals of Europe. Montreal, Toronto, and Winnipeg have more fires than London, England. In actual value, the United States suffers by fire eight times as much property loss per capita as all western Europe.

Why?

In spite of new "fire limits," of great activity in fireproof construction, of highly paid, highly expert fire departments, the loss is fast increasing. Let us take the "statistical test years" 1897 and 1907. In the former year the United States had a loss of $116,354,575; in the latter—without any great conflagration, without any undue stress of heat or cold—the loss was $215,084,709. The population increased 21 per cent in that period and the fire loss 84 per cent—four times as fast. In Canada, during the last decade, the fire loss has increased 100 per cent

Why?

EVERY INSURANCE AUTHORITY KNOWS WHY

ALL insurance authorities know. Yet for years they have been concealing the facts from the public. The authorities and the public alike have been going by a set of predigested theories, picturesque and plausible no doubt, but put forward to hide the facts. We have been telling ourselves that our tremendous, ever-increasing fire loss is due to bad building construction; to our carelessness, negligence, and bad housekeeping; to our "unparalleled industrial activity"; to our "climate."

Let us take the first and most common objection—bad construction. Our standards in that respect are in the main indefensible. Once the fire starts, it is bad construction which burns an entire city. We are not concerned with that point, however, but solely with the question how the fire starts. Now wood is, by common consent, the most inflammable of building materials. Norway, Sweden, and south Germany are all wood builders. Yet our ratio of loss averages from eight to thirteen times greater than theirs. This, too, in spite of the fact that their fire departments, compared to ours, are material for vaudeville.

Again, New York and Chicago and Boston, even small cities like Flagstaff, Ariz., have now their "fire limits"—great central areas where frame construction is no longer permitted, and in which for twenty years joisted brick has steadily given way to steel, concrete, and hollow tile. Has this made itself felt? It is in the modern fireproof mercantile buildings of America—buildings unequaled in Europe—that our big cities' heaviest fire losses now occur! "Losses on property having the better protection have abnormally increased," says the annual report of our National Board of Fire Underwriters for 1912, "while losses on property having poorer or no protection have materially lessened."

As for our "unparalleled industrial activity," I submit but one fact: **The risk which the insurance company most fears is not the factory which is running day and night, but the factory which is not running at all!**

As for carelessness and bad housekeeping, they cause fires enough—but any insurance policy will show that the companies have more fear of the unrented house than of the one which is rented and occupied.

Still stands the question—Why?

The experience of Ohio will furnish a clue. There the fire loss has been steadily decreasing, million by million, from 1901, when it reached $11,196,189, to 1911, when it stood at $5,718,120. There were 7,011 fires in Ohio in 1901, and 4,930 in 1911. Ohio found out the answer for herself and applied the remedy—or part of it. She established a system of genuine fire marshals, backed—as they are not backed in other States—by genuine money and genuine laws. These marshals have performed miracles in correcting "bad construction," "bad housekeeping," in reforming the pernicious part of "unparalleled industrial activity"; they have altered the "climate" of Ohio to a degree almost beyond the power of the Creator. How? By putting certain gentlemen in the penitentiary! During one period of thirty months the courts of Ohio "sent up" more men for arson and incendiarism than had been sent that way in the preceding century.

The truth which Ohio has found for herself is to the last degree unpalatable. But it must be told, and this continent is big enough to stand it.

ONE-HALF OUR FIRES ARE INCENDIARY

THE chief reason why we have more fires than Europe is because we have more fires that are set, procured to be set, or permitted to arise, by people who want their insurance money. At least one-half of our fires, probably two-thirds, are actively or passively criminal.

A small proportion of these rise from motives of revenge, malice, "pyromania," and the like. **But the overwhelming majority are "for insurance."**

What is the total tax in money? In 1911 the United States and Canada had a fire loss, in value of property destroyed, of $234,337,250. But, as the United States Geological Survey showed in 1910, every $100 of fire loss means an actual fire tax of $220. We pay the extra $120 for the expenses of fire insurance and for fire protection.

So, given that only half of the fire loss of $234,000,000 can be attributed to the criminal, the tax paid to arson in 1911 was actually $257,000,000!

Now this must seem like an attempt at Burke's impossibility, the indictment of a whole nation—or two of them. It is far from that. While the statistics say that one American in every 250 has a fire each year, in five cases out of six the loss is trifling—burned chimneys, awnings, and back fence.[1] Only one person in 1,200 or 1,500, then, has each year a real fire. The rest may be removed from the equation.

The proportion of crooks to the insured population is, of course, much smaller than that; but the harmful possibilities of one crook are enormous. Take, for example, any group of a hundred stores and factories paying an average insurance rate of $100 a year. The rate is based upon the supposition that only one of these buildings, worth not more than $5,500, will burn by accident each year. If one commercial incendiary burns his building deliberately, the fire loss in that group, and eventually the insurance rate, will double—and all because one man has turned crook.

Turned crook he has, however. And he has gone bad not only because of the innate wickedness in the human heart, but because he has found arson easy, safe, and profitable. That is the point. No good can come from whispering about it and trying to cover it up. All of which brings us to the larger evil.

The business of fire insurance in the United States and Canada has reached a condition which not only encourages the incendiary, but leads "weak brothers" to follow in his steps.

This is the chief and final reason why our fires increase. And until this is everywhere known and faced, there is no human possibility that they will ever decrease

"MORAL HAZARD" THE BIGGEST FIRE INSURANCE FACTOR

LET us go back now and consider the first point—the prevalence of the incendiary fire in English-speaking North America. The insurance companies have an illuminating technical phrase—"moral hazard." That is their special term for the fire which is wanted. In the rest of the civilized world moral hazard amounts to little or nothing. In Germany arson is now rarer than murder. In France and wherever the *Code Napoleon* has edged the law with an incisive common sense—that is, in Belgium, in Alsace-Lorraine, in Switzerland, Spain, and in the one-time Spanish-American colonies, lawless Cuba and Mexico at our very doors—the "insurance fire" is almost unknown. But "moral hazard" has become the one great disturbing factor in American fire insurance.

We may dismiss at once the idea that our *official* arson statistics will be of any value to us in getting at the real facts concerning our American fires. Not one crooked fire in a hundred leaves any tangible evidence behind. The individual involved gives any cause which may suit his convenience. In Ohio, what is known as the Williams County Gang insured and burned houses, barns, and stores without an indictment *from 1876 to 1902*. When insurance fled before it, the gang followed into Indiana and Michigan. It had a banker, a patent "fire box," and more than seventy members. As was afterward shown, the Williams County Gang destroyed property to a value of more than $1,500,000. But until a really efficient State fire marshal's office was created in Ohio, Williams County had as little arson—officially—as the rest of the country has at the present moment—officially.

FIRES AND FAILURES GO HAND IN HAND

NO, the proof lies in the experience of the insurance companies, and in the real meaning of certain larger statistics. The fire insurance authorities know that our excess of fire loss, as compared to Europe's, lies mainly in "mercantile losses"—the burning of insured but unsalable goods and insured but useless machinery. The larger statistics show that our fire loss goes hand in

[1] Of Vienna's 2,524 alarms in 1911, 25 per cent were for chimney fires. In London's 4,403 fires, during the same year, the fire hose was used only 730 times. New York had 16,023 alarms in 1911, and the fire hose was used 5,699 times.

When building ceases and lumber becomes "dead" stock, that lumber must none the less be paid for. And the result is a very great increase in the inflammability of planing mills and lumber yards

hand with the column of failures in Bradstreet's. They show that when the entire country is affected, as by [illegible] panic, the increase of fire loss during the period [illegible] reach that of the San Francisco disaster. That in the cities an "area of pressure" [illegible] or interest will now register itself [illegible] in fires. They show that in the country the effect of every flood and crop failure will have its infallible index on the same barometer.

"It's a fire or a failure," says the insurance man, repeating a commonplace of his profession. "Incendiarism . . . throughout the country," writes Fire Marshal Zuber of Ohio in his report for May, 1911, "seems to have become epidemic. . . . These conditions undoubtedly result from the business depression of the last few months." "No change for the better in our fire losses can be looked for until after the election," said the head of a big New York insurance agency, speaking in March, 1912. It is precisely as though he had been talking of the financial situation itself.

But begin with the "area of pressure" which develops that commercial typhoon—the panic. Generally speaking, the fires start before the real situation makes itself manifest in the financial centers. As the pressure of hard times grows, the honest man who has chosen bankruptcy holds on to the last. The man who has chosen fire begins early to apply the match. Sometimes the fires precede the failures by two years or more.

Go back, first, to the panic of '93. In 1890 the fire loss was $108,993,792. In 1891 it was $143,764,967. In 1892 it was $151,516,098. And in 1893, the actual panic year, it was $167,544,370. During none of these years was there any great conflagration or any unusual period of heat or cold.

SWELLING ARSON HERALDED THE PANIC OF 1907

BY 1893, as one insurance man puts it, "most of the water (or rather fire) had been squeezed out." Even so, 1894 gave $140,116,484, and 1895 $142,110,233. And it was not until 1896, with a loss of $118,737,420, and 1897, with $116,354,575, that the barometer could be said to stand at normal again. The failures sprang at a leap from 10,270 in 1892 to 15,508 in 1893 and continued at a high level for four years.

Between 1890 and 1897 the average fire loss should, obviously, have been somewhere between $108,000,000 and $116,000,000—say $112,000,000. The total *excess*, or panic loss, from 1891 to 1895, inclusive, was $183,000,000!—a sum almost the same as the loss in the Chicago fire; three times that of the Baltimore fire; and within at least $100,000,000 of that of the San Francisco fire. The great fires of London and Moscow would be nowhere.

Now take 1907. By then commercial arson had become much more a regular thing. And the fluctuation of the barometer caused by panic was, accordingly, somewhat less marked. The financial authorities have remarked that this typhoon of 1907 seemed to come almost without warning. Not, however, to the insurance authorities! **Months before the panic the fires had begun. The panic itself did not arrive until October. But by the end of September the fire loss for 1907 — again without any great general conflagrations or exceptional weather conditions — had exceeded that for the same months of 1906 (San Francisco, of course, omitted) by $36,000,000!**

By midsummer, indeed, every farsighted insurance company knew what was coming, and had begun to prepare for it. In the Southern States, for instance, General Agent McCerrin of the Springfield Fire and Marine was "canceling everything in the third and fourth class"—everything, that is, not under the eyes of a fire department. And "cancel everything in doubt" was the order sent forth by the Home Insurance Company of New York to its "field men" in the West. At such times a big insurance company will, in fact, "tighten its lines" to the extent not merely of tens of millions but hundreds of millions. There were companies which in 1907 canceled half their risks. Only those are retained **which have to be retained** — the astonishing condition which compels the companies to keep bad risks will be explained in due course—or which are considered safe. One may calculate what would be the result if all had to be retained!

As it was, the risks which remained in force turned a fire loss for 1906 of $168,611,000 (omitting San Francisco) into one for 1907 of $215,671,000. In 1908 the storm attained its real force, and the loss (leaving out the Chelsea conflagration) was $228,062,000. During 1909 a temporary return of prosperity lowered the figures to $203,649,000. But, as every commercial record showed, by the autumn of 1910 the pressure had set in again. In New York, from which fires and panics both irradiate, the loss department of the Board of Fire Underwriters announced that "claims for December are 25 per cent more in number and 80 per cent more in amount than they were in December, 1909." The rest of the country felt it much less; but the total loss for 1910 was $234,470,000. During 1911 the pressure only tightened; the loss was $234,337,000—on the surface the same as that of 1910; but the insured loss was more than $15,500,000 greater. Again there is the significant parallel in failures. **For every failure, it may be said, our fires of any account now number about five. And the ratio is growing more sinister.**

But, you may say, this evidence is drawn from abnormal times. Is not our normal fire loss honest? As a matter of fact, we never have a "normal" fire loss.

Hard times and good times are only relative terms. Under our existing organization of commerce, there are no times so good but that some industry is undergoing a period of flux or depression. Always a thousand little "areas of pressure" are at work, each affecting some individual business or locality. And in these instances the barometric fluctuations of fire loss are greater than in the instances of general panic. The fire insurance companies, in those classified yearly records which they call "experience tables," furnish the evidence. The records of certain typical companies have enabled the writer to illustrate this point. Here are the results of their experience, during the past four years, with certain typical classes of business:

Take that staple commodity, lumber. Since early in 1910 the whole country has suffered from a general building depression. Nearly 10 per cent less building was done in 1910 than in 1909—a decrease of $56,094,600 in sixty-five cities alone. And in the Eastern States less by 16 per cent was done in 1911 than in 1910; 1912 showed little betterment.

Now lumber would seem to be a mercantile stock of a staple value that nothing whatever could affect. **But when building ceases and lumber bought on credit becomes "dead" stock, that lumber must none the less be paid for. And the result is a very great increase in the inflammability of planing mills and lumber yards;** the two are grouped together. One insurance company reports results on them as follows: 1908, twenty-two "losses"; 1909, twenty-three; 1910, forty; and—despite sweeping cancellations—1911, thirty-nine. In many parts of the country the showing for 1912 is a great deal worse. But no classified figures are as yet available.

Certain companies would furnish only their "loss ratio" on the class in question. By the "loss ratio" is meant, roughly, that percentage of every dollar of insurance premiums received by the company which the company has to pay back to cover loss by fire. For every individual class of business the companies base their forecast of the probable loss ratio upon all their previous experience with it, taking good years and bad together. Anything from 30 to 55 per cent may be said to be an average loss ratio And when a "class" ceases to carry itself by going above 60 per cent, it is having more fires than for any discernible reason it *ought* to have.

A loss ratio of 110 means that the business is having about twice the number of fires expected. For lumber yards and planing mills one of the largest companies reported a loss ratio in 1908 of 50 per cent; in 1909, 45 per cent; and in 1910 and 1911 as one, 100 per cent.

UNFASHIONABLE THINGS ARE AMAZINGLY INFLAMMABLE

THE building of moderate-priced apartment houses in the Bronx and Queens Borough, New York, had been greatly overdone. The sudden cessation not only left many half finished. but even more almost tenantless.

Ordinarily, every company will fight for building insurance. A big city "risk" of this class is supposed to be especially safe. A first, second, or third mortgage, as well as the owner's equity, can always get insurance. But within six months the number of fires in half finished or half tenanted apartment houses of suburban New York had become so great that only the big, gilt-edged building companies could hold their insurance at any price.

When building ceases, a hundred little contributory manufacturers find *their* mercantile stocks unsalable. The writer asked for figures on merely one of these classes—"gas and electric fixtures."

One small insurance company had two gas and electric fixture factory fires in 1908, none in 1909, none in 1910, and seven in 1911. For the same four years another reports five, five, twelve, and eleven—the "loss ratio" having mounted during the same period from 54 to 297 per cent! In other words, the fires were growing constantly larger. In New York many of the smaller and "weaker" factories are located in one block on Grand Street. **Between January 1, 1909, and July 31, 1912, eighteen consecutive street numbers in this block gave twenty-one fires.**

Mark it, in every industry mentioned heretofore, in everyone to be mentioned hereafter, firms and individuals entirely above suspicion have had unwelcome fires. It is merely their misfortune that they must carry the odium—and the insurance costs—of the man who is not above suspicion!

For a second example, let us go as far as possible from building and building materials. One day in January, 1912, I was sitting at a William Street window with a big New York insurance man.

"Do you notice," asked the latter, "anything about the women's hats?"

There was this to notice: with the exception of ostrich plumes, almost every hat was destitute of feathers.

"Sure!" said the insurance man sorely. "The Audubon Societies—with a lot of help from Paris—have done that. For about two years the wholesale milliners haven't been able to *give* feathers away. And if you'd been getting the losses, you'd think that every feather west of the Mississippi had been burned by now."

Within a month, in fact, after Paris had set its ban on feathers, three feather factories burned in New York. But, again taking our four years, one insurance company reports five such losses in 1908, eleven in 1909, fourteen in 1910, and, despite many cancellations, twelve in 1911. Two companies give loss ratios, respectively, of 80.6 and 93 per cent for the last two years. Three companies merely answer that they are no longer insuring feathers. In 1911 the fine plumage destroyed in one New York feather fire was worth $65,000 (in insurance); in another, more than $100,000. And a 1912 feather fire, by spreading, caused a total loss of about $660,000. In none of these fires, and in none of those to be mentioned specifically below, was there any evidence whatever of incendiarism. As far as the writer knows, all were perfectly honest. And we make no insinuation that they were otherwise.

Another example from the fashions: by the end of 1910 Paris had decreed that women's suits in 1911 should be simple. Braids, trimmings, and embroideries were very largely eliminated. And the elimination by fire of braid and trimming factories began to follow in due course. Within five consecutive weeks five had burned in the Hoboken district and five more in Manhattan. So also, if there is anything in insurance statistics, **the tight-fitting sheath gown has been the cause of a burning of mercantile stocks, in the way of petticoats and the like, which can never be calculated!**

THERE ARE ALWAYS AREAS OF ARSON PRESSURE

IN THE beginning of 1911 the one-piece gown threatened to end the vogue of the shirt waist. **By the end of 1911 one small insurance company had paid losses on ten shirt-waist factories. It had had losses on only six during the preceding *three years*.** A very large insurance company was, in 1910, insuring 1,749 shirt-waist factories on which it had had fires numbering 42

(Continued on page 21)

Within a month after Paris had set its ban on feathers, three feather factories had burned in New York

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The Feud of Youth and Age in Stamboul

THOUGH the party of youth easily overthrew the ministry of veterans in Stamboul, the Young Turks proved themselves far from modern in their methods of murder. Except for the innovation of introducing a revolver or two, they went back to the classic models of Cæsar's day; and the reader is forced to conclude that "Lefty Louie" and "Gyp the Blood" have lived in vain. In their grim determination to clear the road of all obstacles, the men who forced their way into the council chamber of the Porte over the bodies of Nazim Pasha, his aid-de-camp, an agent of secret police, and one of the clergy even added stab wounds to bullets.

Meanwhile the armies in the Balkans await with stacked arms for word from the delegates to the peace negotiations in London.

An official bulletin issued on the day of Nazim Pasha's funeral makes the calm comment that the killing of the Turkish commander was a "regrettable incident," and gives in substance the following version of what happened:

Out of a café issues a crowd of agitators shouting "Down with the Government!" and waving a red and white flag embroidered with texts from the Koran. Up a crooked street clatters a cavalcade of more impressive figures, at their head Enver Bey, on a white horse. (Among the Young Turks he is the acknowledged "best brain." He fought well in Africa; he studied American army methods in the war in Cuba; and then for years was a military attaché in Berlin.)

The Assassination of Nazim Pasha

ENVER BEY dismounts at the Porte; demands to see the Grand Vizier. He and a few companions enter; try to force their way into the council chamber. An aid-de-camp of Nazim Pasha halts them with a revolver, fires, and wounds one of the intruders. Soare one with a sure, straight aim replies, and the aid-de-camp drops dead. Next falls an agent of the secret police, then an attendant to the head of the Mohammedan clergy.

Nazim Pasha rushes from the council chamber, denounces the demonstrators, calls them ill-mannered curs. A bullet ends his tirade.

Mrs. Sage Gives Wild Birds an Isle of Refuge

MRS. RUSSELL SAGE'S interest in preserving North American game and birds is evidently no photographic pose. As a perpetual refuge for wild fowl, she has paid $150,000 for Marsh Island, La., which until this date has been described as "the greatest bird-slaughtering ground of the Gulf Coast."

An Automobile More Powerful Than a Freight Engine

A PROCESSION of horses used to haul the freight cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad through the streets of Jersey City. The railway figured the cost of the purchase and upkeep of these horses against the maintenance of a motor tractor, and ended by constructing what is described as "the largest automobile in the world." It is 8 feet 6 inches in width, 22 feet long, and weighs 28,850 pounds. It proved an easy winner in a tug of war with a freight engine. Running at a moderate speed with a train of cars, it can be brought to a stop within a yard.

Their Grocer's Cart a Motor Boat

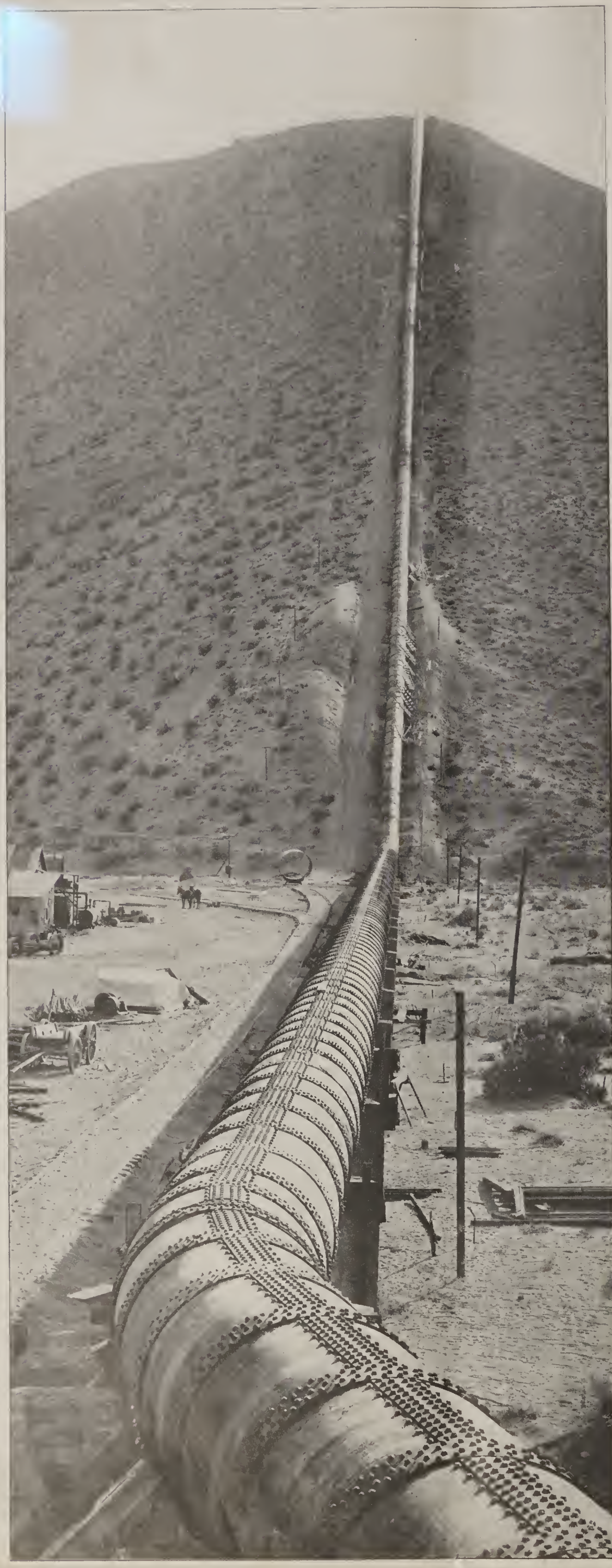
Cincinnati foresaw the coming of an Ohio River flood and made thorough preparations to meet the emergency. The photograph shows one of the city's relief service motor boats delivering groceries to "sufferers"

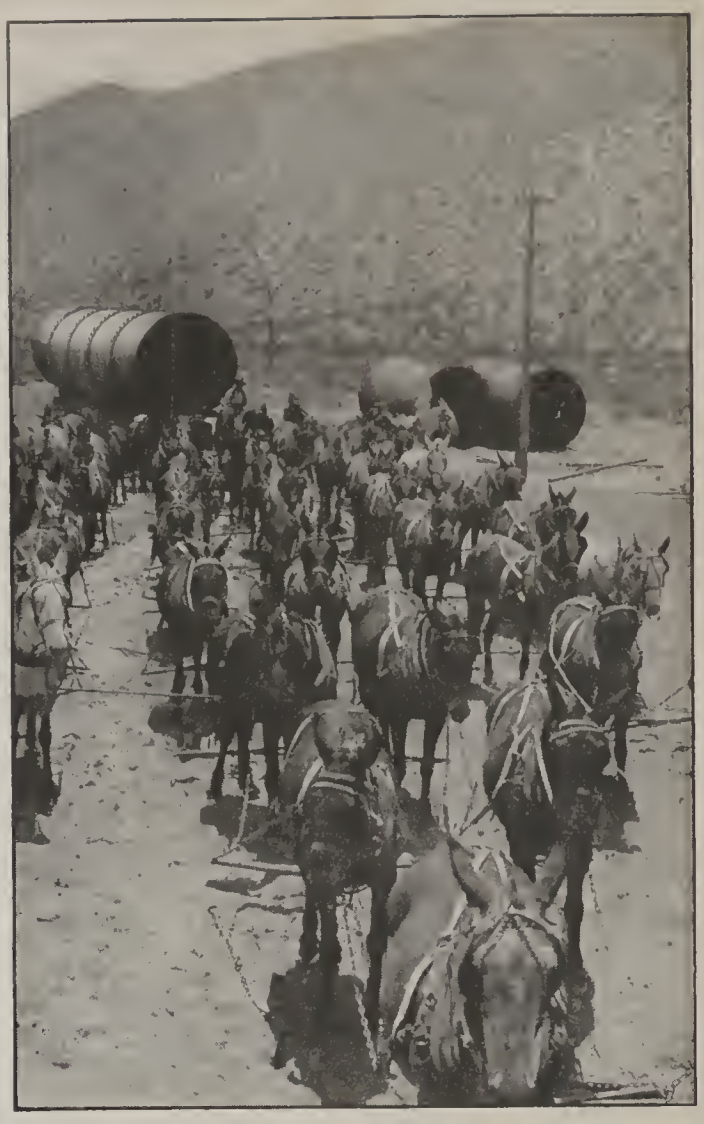
Princes, Grim Shakos, and Grins

"Commander Apparent" of the Death's Head Hussars (the boy on the polo pony) is Wilhelm, son of the German Crown Prince. Louis Ferdinand, his brother, is sharing the Crown Prince's saddle

In the Arms of the Law

IN a literal sense, and in a figurative as well, English suffragists are tight in the law's unsympathetic arms and struggling furiously. Though they had been promised by the Premier as long ago as 1908 that when the Franchise Bill came up before the House of Commons it should be so framed as to make woman suffrage possible, the Speaker of the House the other day—like another Uncle Joe—tripped the bill on red tape, ruling that Sir Edward Grey's amendment, to eliminate the word "male," would so change the character of the measure that, "according to the precedent of the House," a new bill must be submitted. This tantalizing eleventh-hour postponement is only one of the law's delays that are fraying the tempers of the militants and keeping the British public fearful of more disturbance of the peace and destruction of property. The suffragists find that even if they win in the Commons, opposition from the House of Lords probably will keep the bill from becoming a law until three years have elapsed.





A City's Water Supply Will Siphon Itself Across Mountains

THIS enormous siphon, through which unpumped water will flow uphill to an elevation of 850 feet in a stream 7½ to 10 feet in diameter, is only one of the amazing features of the new Los Angeles waterworks. The system is now so near completion that it may be put in operation early in March.

The city bonded itself in 1905 to the limit of its legal indebtedness and voted $24,500,000—or a tax at that time of $160 per capita—to bring a pure-water supply across mountain and desert from the Sierra Nevada, 250 miles away.

Eighteen months were required for preliminary work: to install four waterworks systems with 190 miles of mains to furnish water to the thirsty army of 4,000 laborers in camps on the Mojave Desert; to clear 300 miles of roads in the mountains; to build a 400-mile telephone system, four hydroelectric power plants, and invest $1,000,000 in the manufacture of cement.

The real work of construction began in October, 1908, and has gone forward at the rate of 50 miles a year. From a watershed 3,812 feet above sea level, the system begins with 22 miles of open, unlined canal, followed by 38 miles of open concrete conduit. Flumes, siphons, and conduits carry the water by gravity the remaining 175 miles. Of the 151 tunnels required, the "Elizabeth," bored five miles in solid granite through the crest of the Coast Range, is the longest.

An idea of the magnitude of this work may be had from the picture of a fifty-mule team dragging one section through Jaw Bone Cañon.

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

MR. CHARLES F. ADAMS uttered these words at the Founders' Day exercises of the University of South Carolina:

"I have never yet in a single instance found that when the people of this or any other country accustomed to parliamentary government desired a thing they failed to obtain it within a reasonable limit of time."

It is difficult to characterize this adequately without borrowing a phrase from the contemporary classics. It is solemn bunk, a sort of platitude not infrequently associated with great names in high places. Does Mr. Adams believe that the very tariff revision which the Democrats are about to begin will have been obtained "within a reasonable limit of time"? A majority of the people of the United States have wanted tariff revision for at least eight years; after they relied upon the Republicans in 1908 and were deceived, they have expressed their demand steadily and overwhelmingly in every election. The people have desired parcel post for twenty years. Is that what Mr. Adams regards as "a reasonable limit of time" for sober second thought? A dozen more examples could be cited. Mr. Adams is scholar enough to know that our governmental procedure is much more slow and cumbersome than that of the English monarchy. In England by no possibility could the Payne-Aldrich Bill have lasted more than six months after it became a law on August 5, 1909. In effect it would have gone automatically to the people to be confirmed or rejected. In the United States by no possibility could its repeal have been expedited. Four years had to roll round before the people's will could be expressed in a statute. If Mr. Adams will admit that our system needs a change, but argue that the present movement toward a pure democracy through the initiative, referendum, and recall is not the best change to make, he will be in a much stronger debating position.

The Real Trouble

A MUCH more intelligent address, indeed one of the most valuable contributions to political thought within the recent memory of the present writer, is the speech of Mr. Walker D. Hines, chairman of the Board of Directors of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad, before the Kansas State Bar Association. Mr. Hines starts with the premise that the reason for the admitted efficiency of America's private business organizations is the fixing of *definite responsibility upon some one individual*. Then he says:

"The duties of our legislative bodies are very difficult and require originality, initiative, and persistence to protect the general public interest. *Yet there is no specific representation of the general interest and responsibility is scattered indiscriminately among a vast number of members in a way which would mean failure in any private undertaking.*"

This is true. Each individual member of Congress is held strictly accountable for getting Federal buildings, post offices, and other pork in his home district, but *there is no one individual responsible for getting those large measures which all the country wants*. The public was deprived for twenty years of the parcel post, but who can name the *individual* responsible for that failure? If the bill to forbid the shipment of liquor into prohibition States fails to pass at this session of Congress, who can name the *one man responsible?* Where is the one man upon whom the country can inflict its rebuke? And even if, through careful study by journalists of the complex committee system, the one individual is discovered and his blame made public, he is, as Mr. Hines points out, "responsible to nobody except his own local constituents." Cannon was returned to Congress by his Danville district time upon time after his responsibility for most of the ills of the Republican Congress had been discovered and pointed out. Sereno Payne is the one individual responsible for the present tariff, but he is responsible to the voters of the Auburn (N. Y.) district only, and so he remains in Congress.

Blindly feeling this necessity to hold some *one* responsible, the public has created and depended upon the sort of leadership exemplified by Roosevelt as President, and Hughes and Wilson as Governors. And yet this has been illogical, for these men, as executives, had only a sort of haphazard moral control over legislation, exerted only through influence, prestige, and other purely casual means. The public has been acting instinctively and through cumbersome machinery, according to the formula expressed by Walt Whitman:

"Produce Great Persons; the rest follows."

The answer, according to Mr. Hines, is a drawing together of the executive and legislative branches of the Government. The theory that their separation is essential to liberty was taken by the Constitutional Convention from Montesquieu; it was expressed in the eighteenth century and was based upon observations of European monarchies, and should not be controlling authority with respect to American democracy in the twentieth century. Here is at least an intelligent diagnosis.

For Example

THE curse of Congress is local interest. Communities judge Congressmen by the amount of pork they bring back home, not by their patriotism, not by their advocacy of great national causes, not by their services to the country as a whole. However, no amount of exposition of just what happens at Washington could be as clear or eloquent as a single case in point. This paragraph was printed in the New Orleans "Picayune":

"If the Southern yards do not receive fair treatment under the Democratic Administration that will soon come into power, it will be the fault of the Democratic Representatives from the South in Congress. *A determined stand on their part against any battleship increase, unless the Southern naval stations are accorded proper and fair treatment*, would do more to bring the Navy Department to terms than any other course of procedure. It would also be well for our Louisiana Congressmen to use every endeavor to block any proposition looking to the improvement or extension of the useless Guantanamo plant that the Navy Department is so bent on creating. The closing of the Southern navy yards was for the purpose of providing a proper excuse for the building up of Guantanamo, in fact, it was part of the plan to remove the big floating dock from Algiers to Guantanamo, as well as to dismantle several of the Southern stations, and transfer the tools and equipment of such plants to the worthless enterprise on the south coast of Cuba. *Only a bold and open attitude of hostility to all naval grants that do not include the restoration of the Southern stations has any real hope of success.*"

The merit or lack of merit in battleship increase does not matter in this discussion. The "Picayune" doesn't inquire about that: fight *everything*, regardless of merit, until the Navy Department promises to spend a lot of money in Louisiana. Does this utterance of the "Picayune" represent the real sentiments of New Orleans? Or are the people of that city as ashamed of it as any other American must be?

Pie-Counter Primaries

FROM the "Tribune," published daily at Tampa, Fla.:

"There were so many aspirants for appointment as postmaster at Lafayette, Ala., that Congressman Heflin of that district frankly declined to make a recommendation and asked that a primary be held for the selection of the official, which was duly pulled off on December 9.

"The Congressman appointed a committee to supervise the election, and this committee provided rules and regulations and assessed each candidate $5 for expenses. The privilege of candidacy was, of course, limited to Democrats. The primary was open to patrons of the post office, whether they held poll-tax receipts or not. The election was successfully held and the Congressman relieved of a great deal of embarrassment."

This was one way to escape embarrassment. If the Democrats have the slightest regard for their own comfort, they will not undo President Taft's order putting all the fourth-class postmasters under the protection of the Civil Service Commission. Filling post offices, getting Federal buildings, logrolling for local river and harbor appropriations, and patronage compose the bane of Congress. It takes the time that members should be giving to great public questions. In the end it is their own undoing. Every appointment within a member's gift usually means nine enemies and one ingrate.

Senator Pomerene is Satirical

THIS colloquy between Senator Pomerene and an army officer occurred at a recent hearing:

SENATOR POMERENE—What I am particularly interested in is this: I would like to know what your statistics are, for instance, for those posts which Congress, in its wisdom, has established way out in Wyoming?

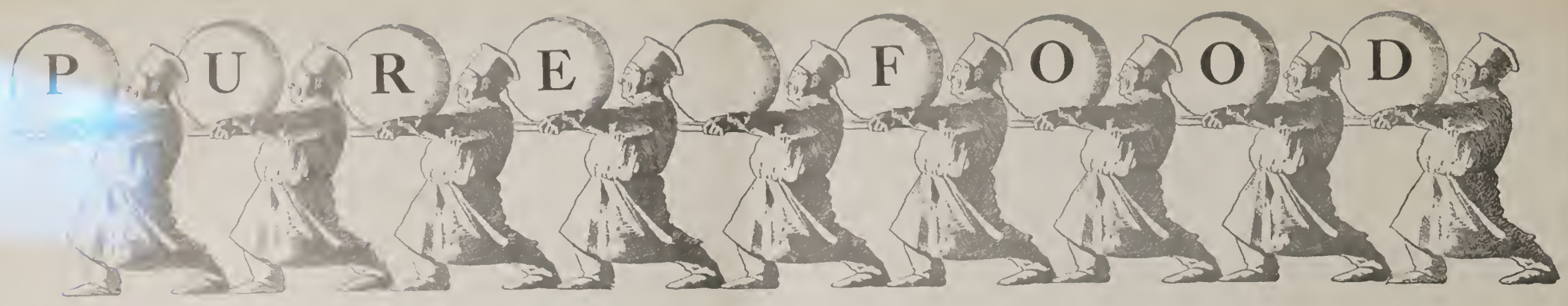
COLONEL KEANE—Yes, sir.

SENATOR POMERENE—I suppose they are put out there so that no foreign soldiers can hurt them.

THE CHAIRMAN—The Wyoming posts?

SENATOR POMERENE—Yes. I am going to have a battleship constructed for Salt Lake during the coming year if I can; that will be about as good. But I should like to get this data for the purpose of comparison.

Fort D. A. Russell was established in Wyoming because Senator Warren was a member of the Military Affairs Committee and chairman of the Committee on Appropriations; he wanted it partly for the money he could make out of it for himself, partly as a bribe to the people of Wyoming to keep him in the Senate.



A DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY LEWIS B. ALLYN

IT IS a common belief that canned goods are largely adulterated, but such is not the case. There is no line of food products on the market so free from adulteration as canned vegetables, fruits, and the like. Whatever adulteration may be detected is largely in the form of slack-filled containers, or material containing an excessive amount of water. To the credit of the American canner be it said that the use of chemical preservatives and artificial coloring matters in these products at the present time, as for some time in the past, is almost wholly unknown. It is true, however, that there exists in certain instances metallic contamination in the form of tin, lead, or zinc salts. The amounts run all the way from the merest traces to several milligrams per can. The use of sanitary and other protected containers tend in great measure to mitigate this trouble, and as the canning industry makes further advances, probably all of this accidental contamination will be done away with. Then, too, canned goods, particularly in the case of canned vegetables, are frequently better flavored and even more nutritious than freshly cooked vegetables, for too often the inexperienced or careless cook throws away the water in which the vegetables have been cooked. This liquid contains the mineral solubles so necessary to a properly balanced food.

"Your work," observes a correspondent, F. E. Westfall, M. D., Ypsilanti, Mich., referring to the COLLIER Pure Food Campaign, "is a benefit to the whole country. We have used almost no canned goods in the past, believing them to be adulterated. Since your work has been published over the country we use in our household quite a quantity, and will buy only the Westfield brands of pure food. If we can't get them we go without. You may tell this to any grocer you see fit, as I have done before this. We in our household use our influence, so far as it goes, to get them to use only those foods known to be pure."

"I have been a retail grocer," says H. K. Metcalf of Cottage Grove, Ore., "for ten years, and am so much interested in COLLIER'S fight for pure foods that I respectfully ask you to forward me the needed information so that I may be able to call the firm I am connected with a 'pure-food grocery.'"

WHAT ARE PURE FOODS?

A STRICTLY pure-food grocery is a credit to any community. There are altogether too many firms that are willing to assume the name but are unwilling to produce the goods.

The following letter points out a condition which illustrates affairs in many prominent business centers, and is typical of a score or more of complaints of a similar nature which have recently come to the attention of the editors of COLLIER'S:

I am afraid that it is no part of the duty you have taken upon yourselves to assist in the regeneration of offending grocers in far-distant points, yet I feel impelled to call your attention to a particularly flagrant case in this city, in the hope that something may come of it.

We have a number of large department stores. One of the largest and busiest of them all, the —— Company, has a grocery department that does an immense business. It advertises this department as its pure-food grocery. Once a year or so it has a pure-food exhibit, and generally makes itself conspicuous in this way. Yet it will and does sell anything, from ——'s medicated garbage to imitation Holland cheeses made of skim milk and filled with rancid butter. The reform of this institution is a crying need. Could you, or would you, make a suggestion that would bring this about?

M. B. W., Portland, Ore.

There is probably no phrase so badly overworked as the phrase "Pure Foods." We have before us "pure-food" extracts which contain no trace of the flavoring stated on the label; "pure-food" color, which evidently means that the substance would color pure food if one should choose to put it into such food; it surely could mean nothing else, as the color is methylene blue, used for kidney pills, typewriter ribbons, and some forms of hectograph ink.

As used in the COLLIER campaign, "pure food" denotes food free from artificial colors, chemical preservatives, drugs, fillers, manufactured under sanitary conditions, robbed of none of its valuable or necessary constituents or ingredients, and packed in full weight containers. "Pure food" is just plain *honest* food. Three interesting letters follow:

Collier's congratulates itself and its readers on being able to announce that Professor Allyn of Westfield, Mass., will conduct a pure-food department as a regular feature in Collier's. This is his introductory article, and the page will appear on alternate weeks. Professor Allyn will use a part of his space in replying to the questions of consumers seeking counsel upon questions of food purity and impurity. Letters should be addressed: Lewis B. Allyn, care of Collier's, 416 W. 13th Street, New York City

Your ad was noticed and read by a couple of us soldiers, and we would like to get a couple of the pure-food books, and am sending stamps for the same. Of course, a soldier will eat most anything, and don't know what it contains, and it is most surprising when we read about some of the goods you showed up in COLLIER'S.

PRIVATE GEORGE E. HAARE, Co. M, Plattsburg, N. Y.

Please send to my address a copy of "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods." The Levering babies total seven, and I am interested in what to feed them.

FOREST LEVERING, St. Marys, Ohio.

It would be quite a satisfaction to know what foods are NOT *pure, and would rob the Westfield book of the suspicion that it was an advertising scheme into which any food could buy its name.*

D. CAMPBELL, Schenectady, N. Y.

BOOST—DON'T KNOCK

THE COLLIER food campaign differs from all other food campaigns in history, inasmuch as several years ago this magazine began to give actual names of foods which had attained a high standard of purity. It would have been an easy matter to have turned to the reports of the various State boards of health or to have conducted experiments of its own and published lists of foods known to be of low grade, adulterated, or misbranded. But this procedure would not have been one of particular help. One might have read the list with passing interest. The manufacturer whose goods fell into this class might or might not have been stimulated to better his products. The chances are that he would have been irritated, and would have continued to "take a chance" with the State and Federal authorities.

COLLIER'S believes that the time has come when people in general wish to know what to buy, and do not care so much to know what to avoid buying. That anyone should have been suspicious that the Westfield book is an advertising scheme into which any food can "buy its name" is to be greatly regretted, for nothing could be farther from the facts. In the first place, it is not an advertising scheme. The Westfield book was prepared originally for the people of Westfield, Mass., as a local buying guide. Only a few thousand copies were printed. These immediately received such an enthusiastic reception from manufacturers and the consuming public who are interested in the betterment of our food supply that it was deemed advisable by the authorities at Westfield to revise the first book and add thereto from time to time those products found by strict analysis to be of high grade. No one has ever paid one cent for space in the Westfield Pure Food List. It is easier for the "camel to pass through the needle's eye" or the "rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven" than it is for a manufacturer or other producer to have his products listed in this book on any other basis than absolute merit. If the thousands of letters received are any criterion, the majority of people from all over the United States, Canada, Mexico, and even European countries believe that this constructive idea of the publishing of foods which may be purchased with impunity is the proper movement for the time.

"I like the book," writes a prominent doctor, "because in it I can find reliable brands which I can safely recommend as pure to my patients."

DON'T BLAME THE RETAILER

WHO is to blame for food adulteration? This is not such an easy question to answer, as there are several contributing causes. One thing is certain—it cannot be laid primarily at the door of the man who sells the goods to the consumer. One must look at either end of the food journey to see the real cause. Keen competition among manufacturers, the desire to put out the largest possible quantity of material for the smallest possible price, has offered a tremendous incentive to "skin the quality." Here is a forty-ounce jar of "almost" strawberry preserves which retails for ten cents. An investigation of the microscopic characters obscurely placed on the label reveals the fact that the forty-ounce package represents a well-stocked drug store with a suggestion of the scavenger's wares. Surely the retailer is not responsible for this medicated concoction. It all goes back to the consuming public, which has created the demand that makes the manufacture of such stuff a paying commercial possibility. As soon as we cease demanding the big package and learn to pay the price proportionate to the value of the article much of the evil of food adulteration will be a thing of the past. "Why do you put such stuff on the market?" was asked of a "near"-food maker.

"Because," said he, "they demand it and there's big money in it."

He was further asked if this was not taking unfair advantage not only of the public but of the manufacturer who was putting out straight goods.

"Take it from me," he replied. "Don't mix ethics with food, nor be concerned over the troubles of the other fellow."

THE TRUTH ABOUT FOODS

A Question and Answer Department Conducted for the Benefit of the Consumer

How About Hams?

DEAR SIRS—*How about hams? I don't think there is a real smoked ham in our State.*

F. W. DENTON, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

The practice of injecting, painting, or dipping hams in a solution of pyroligneous acid, commercially known as "Extract of Smoke," is not so widespread as is commonly supposed. From information given by representatives of large packing houses, and from observation therein, we are led to believe that the process of smoking is largely used even in this day of "hurry-up" processes. More likely, the change in flavor which may be noticed is due to the nitrated pickle employed before the final smoking process. However good nitrate of potassium may be as a diaphoretic, we cannot believe that it has a very legitimate use in the preparation of corned and smoked meats.

Drugged Sauces

WHAT *is the effect of asafetida in Worcestershire sauce?* R. J. M., New York City.

We did not know that all Worcestershire sauce contained this resin. It is true, however, that we have at hand several recipes which call for small quantities of this drug. If it is used as the correspondent suggests, it is probably for its condimental value, just as quassia has been employed to give a peculiar bitterness to beer—a practice which is not generally followed to-day; or coriander seeds, which are so detested by many, are still to be found in various cookies, cakes, and sweetmeats. Asafetida is a tonic, stimulant, and antispasmodic; is used for the relief of whooping cough, sedative for infants; but this is no reason why it should be employed in any food preparation.

Formaldehyde in Milk

I HAVE *been greatly interested in reading the accounts of the "Pure Food Town" in* COLLIER'S. *This suggested to me that perhaps I might receive some help on the milk question. We receive our milk supply from Skagway, 110 miles south from here. Our country round White Horse is not a good pasture land in summer, and besides, the mosquitoes and black flies are too thick. In winter our temperature is too low to make it a success—hence the reason of our milk being shipped over in tin cans. In the summer time this milk will stay sweet for five days, but smells at the end of that time like a choice Limburger. In winter you can keep it cold for over a week, but with the same peculiar odor. Both of the dairy men affirm that "nothing is put into the milk." Is there any simple method by which I might be enabled to make a test for formaldehyde or boric acid?*

If you care to bother, will you kindly inform me how to detect formaldehyde in milk?

H. G. MCPHERSON, White Horse, Y. T.

A dozen or so inquiries of this nature suggest that possibly a simple test for formaldehyde in milk may be appreciated by the housewife who cares to apply a little

(*Concluded on page 22*)

"ANYTHING *in* PETTICOATS?"

By SARAH COMSTOCK

She was engaged in conversation with "Say-Dawrthy" beside her

THE girl I'm talking about is a sales girl in a great department store, who opened her door to the wolf. It was by the narrowest of escapes that he didn't get in; she herself left the door ajar.

She was Stella Slawson. Her duty was to sell "Special To-day Silk Petticoats $2.95," which petticoats hung, fringed and flowered and rustling and gayly colored, from a whirling rack in the aisle.

Stella Slawson had a simple way of discharging this duty. She stood beside the whirligig, shifting from hip to hip, occasionally gave it a spin which sent the purples and reds and blues and greens kaleidoscoping through the air, and, whenever a customer veered in the direction of the whirligig, she uttered a certain changeless, nasal chant:

"Anything in petticoats, ma'am?"

The words, the intonation, the nasal drawl never altered. It was as if Stella Slawson were some kind of an automaton, wound to utter her single phrase:

"Anything in petticoats?"

SHE never looked at the customer as she said it. She was engaged in conversation with "Say-Dawrthy" beside her, or she was observing a handsome new floor manager down the aisle, or she was wondering how that saleslady at the glove counter did her hair. Out of the corner of her eye Stella could tell when a figure tended her way, and, still continuing her own occupations she emitted her strange chant, aimed at no one apparently:

"Anything in petticoats, ma'am?"

Hour after hour the customers passed on, seldom replying, almost never buying. Stella was barely conscious of their passing. But the hour came when she was suddenly roused.

"Say Dawrthy, you'd oughta seen the way he looked at my hat. . . ." she was confiding, and, conscious merely that some one approached the whirligig, she chanted:

"Anything in petticoats, ma'am?"

"And say, Dawrthy," she was continuing, when a surprising reply in a masculine voice shot forth from the customer:

"I ain't *ma'am*, and I've got something in petticoats at home, young woman!"

Stella Slawson's startled eyes turned at last and met those of the irate old gentleman. Just beyond she saw another pair of eyes: those of the section manager. It so happened that the section manager had been standing back, unseen, for some time. He had been making mental observations. Stella had been in the store nearly a month and her sales had been phenomenally small. He now turned on his heel, as the old gentleman spoke, and swung about with an air of finality. So doing, he suddenly came face to face with a rather short, agreeably plump, very bright faced woman who was strolling observantly through the aisle.

"That Slawson girl goes," he remarked.

"Who's she?"

He pointed.

"Why, I don't know her. Don't discharge any girl I haven't had a chance at."

"But she's impossible, Miss Hirschler—" he began. For the bright-voiced, merry eyed little woman was Miss Diana Hirschler, who held the position of instructor in salesmanship in this store.

"She's not impossible till I've had a week's chance!" Miss Hirschler broke in. "One week, mind!" she threatened, smiling. Then, in her turn, she took position and quietly observed. At the end of fifteen minutes she presented her diagnosis.

"Same old case of anything-in-petticoats," she told the manager. "Watch me handle it!"

JUST how Miss Hirschler proceeded to handle it appeared during the noon hour when Stella Slawson came to her by appointment in the recreation room of the store.

This room is one of the developments of the modern industrial system. Stores and factories, the most advanced of them, are equipped nowadays with a comfortable room where the girl workers can lounge in easy chairs, can read, can be looked after by a matron in case of illness. In general, this branch of business is known as "welfare work"; but the teaching of shopgirls to sell, as a factor in welfare work, is only in its infancy. Watch Miss Hirschler, one of the pioneers in the work, handle the case of Stella Slawson.

"You see, customers like to be treated as if they were guests and you were their hostess," the instructor was saying. "Just think of that." She gave it a moment to sink in. "Of course you're not supposed to shake hands up at your chin and gush, 'How delighted I am to see you!' as if you were receiving at a tea—"

(The wise Miss Hirschler gave a clever imitation at this point, which secured Stella's good humor.)

"You can't do that in the store. But you can feel, and show, the *spirit* of the hostess. Now what's the first thing a hostess does when the guest approaches?"

"Says 'how-do,' I guess," muttered the pupil.

"Before that!"

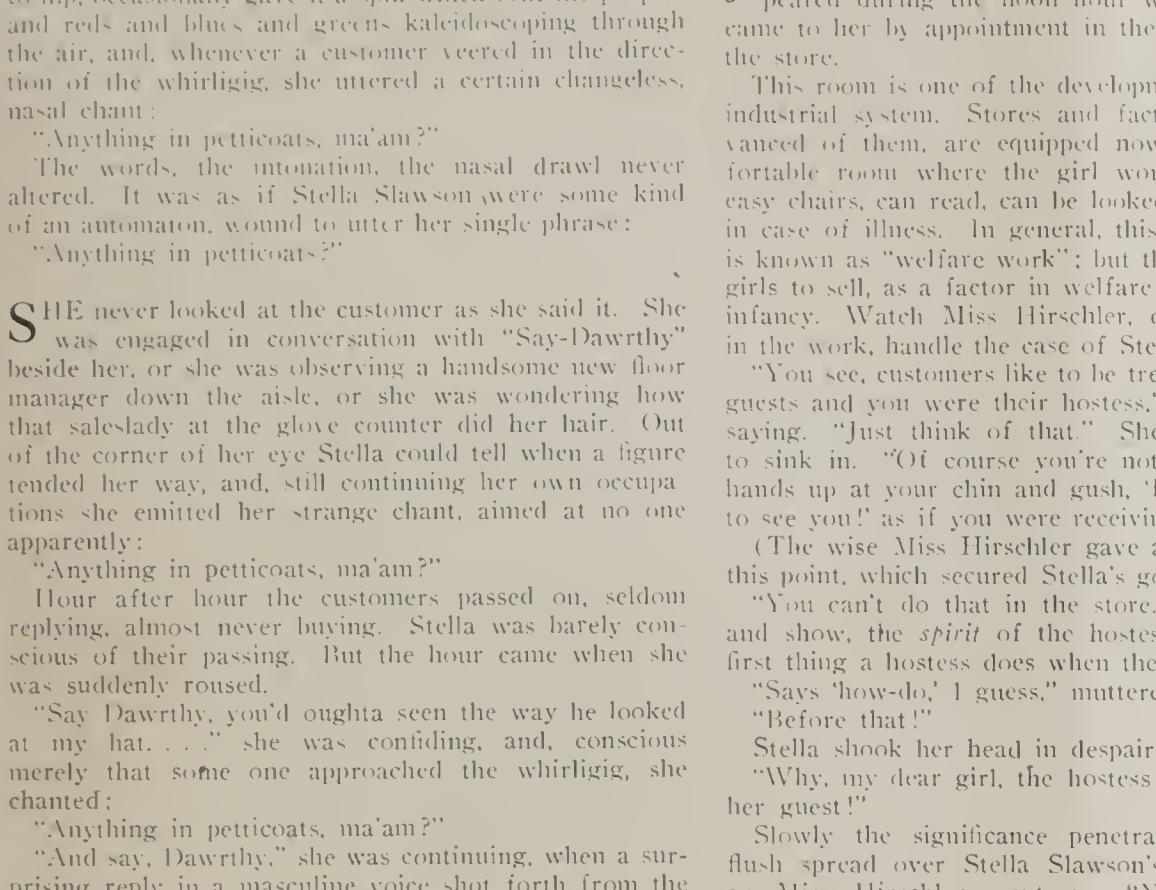
Stella shook her head in despairing ignorance.

"Why, my dear girl, the hostess first of all *looks at* her guest!"

Slowly the significance penetrated, and a gradual flush spread over Stella Slawson's face. It deepened as Miss Hirschler went on. "Now suppose you're wanting to buy a petticoat, and I'm selling them. Here I stand—" Miss Hirschler fixed her eyes on a far wall—"and as you come I look out that window, and I say, to nobody in particular, 'Anything in petticoats, ma'am?'"

STELLA flinched at the likeness.

"Oh, my dear Miss Slawson, if I could have that 'Anything in veils?' 'Anything in waists?' 'Anything in china?' stricken out of the language, I'd see salesmanship really beginning!" the instructor broke out. "It's my bête-noir, it's your hoodoo! Stop and think of it—isn't it inane? If a customer stops to look at petticoats, isn't it a matter of course that she's more interested in petticoats than in dogs on wheels? Any mechanical utterance kills a sale in the start. If you could only realize that your sale is well begun, which means half done, when your introductory greeting has been made and made properly!"



The customer instantly called a manager and reported: "That girl's making fun of my large waist"

Stella Slawson was listening.

"Now you're looking for a silk petticoat and I'm going to sell you one," Miss Hirschler went on, picking up a fringed one which chanced to be near. "Go down there, and we'll play you're coming up the aisle toward me."

This was being made such an amusing game that even a sulky young woman couldn't help yielding. Stella advanced up the imagined aisle, and with interest.

"I see you heading this way," the instructor said. "And I'm saying to myself, 'I'm going to sell that lady a petticoat!' That's the first step—the success attitude. I believe in you, that you want to buy, I believe in my goods, that they are worth having; I believe in myself, that I can make a sale. I feel this sense of confidence all through, even before you reach me. 'You're my customer,' I'm saying to myself.

"Now you've reached the goods—that's right!" Falling in with the spirit of the game, Stella picked up the fringed skirt and examined it. "Since you're my customer, as I've determined mentally, I greet you. Not by a handshake, but like this—"

STELLA closely observed Miss Hirschler lean forward attentively, make a motion toward the petticoat, smile pleasantly, and then—

"I *don't* say, 'Anything in—'"

"Please don't!" begged Stella.

"I won't! Now what *do* I say? 'This is our newest petticoat, madam. You see fringe is taking the place of ruffles, on account of the tight dress skirts.'

"Do you see the point? You're not the one to ask questions. Never begin the sale with a question. Questions don't attract a customer's interest. She's the one to ask information. Don't ask, but *tell*. Tell her something about the article she is interested in. Call her attention to some interesting point. 'This is only $2.95, and you see yourself what an excellent quality of silk it is.' (There's a good little touch, by the way—it flatters her pride in her own judgment.) Or, 'This is an excellent shade, madam; it can be worn with so many different colored gowns.' And whatever you tell—be sure it's the truth!"

So began Stella Slawson's lessons in salesmanship. She was interested; she caught the idea. The instructor stopped next day near the whirligig petticoat rack.

"You're getting on splendidly!" she whispered after ten minutes of observation. "Now, instead of talking to the customer out of the back of your head, you're giving her all your attention, and such pleasant, interested attention that she feels as if her trade were of the utmost importance. And what bright, tactful little personal remarks you make! I declare, I never would have thought of saying, 'Is it to wear with that suit, madam? Then it's just the thing, for the lavender in it brings out that hint of lavender in the goods.' Whoever would have noticed the 'hint of lavender?' And just that made the sale! You saw she was artistic, didn't you, and you said something to arouse that side of her!"

Whether Stella Slawson had really seen quite so far is unknown, but certain it is that the original, individual remarks she was now making to each customer were a vast improvement upon the mechanical chant, "Anything in petticoats?" as her book of sales showed. The instructor had appealed to her pocketbook; "there's only one way to increase your own wages," she had said, and there had been a hint of the girl's danger and her chance to save herself. The second day Stella Slawson appeared of her own will at a volunteer class which Miss Hirschler was conducting. It was not the least interesting feature of this class that sixty girls and young men, at an hour when the day's work had worn them to a frazzle, were gathering in the classroom to learn how to increase their efficiency.

CUSTOMERS were on the dissecting table when Stella Slawson joined the class. Having been taught how to put their own manner to rights, the next step was to observe and act in accordance with the various manners of possible purchasers. "Your own pleasant and attentive appearance, your first interesting remark, appeal to all alike; but as the sale goes on the differences in temperament crop out, they were told

Continued on page 21

THE SIX RUBIES

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

Illustrated by Thornton D. Skidmore

V—The Parson's Daughter

IT SEEMS to me very strange indeed that it should have been just those three people who passed my seat in the train not thirty seconds before the accident which was so nearly the end of me; that it should have been just their three faces I took with me out of the world of men, and to their faces that I returned, long afterward.

The old-fashioned would call it, I suppose, Providential.

I remember that I had been looking at a certain photograph which went with me everywhere and so was with me on this journey (it lived in a leather case in my coat pocket). I remember, as I put the thing back, noticing the three travelers who passed me somewhat hurriedly coming from the dining car ahead—a gray-haired, merry-faced gentleman in a clerical coat, another younger man who looked somehow battered and at odds with the world, and a young girl with a face of a singularly expressionless pallor. I remember the clergyman favoring me with a kindly look as he went by. I remember his saying to his two companions: "We're almost there. We must hurry a bit." I remember seeing their backs disappear through the far door, and then the seat in front of me rose and the entire world seemed to crumple up in the most extraordinary fashion.

THERE must have been noise—appalling quantities of it—but I am quite certain that I heard nothing; there must have been a prodigious shock, but I was unaware of it. I remember only the absurd dislocation of the world about me, and after that came oblivion.

The circumstances of my return were less kindly—fever and pain—an interminable borderland of shadows inhabited by horrors; then all at once a bed in a big, pleasant, sunny room, where the long window curtains blew inward before a summer breeze and offered me glimpses of tree tops and of blue sky. And once a cat came in and drank up some milk that had been meant for me, and made me cry.

I know very little about hurts and wounds and fevers and the phenomena of convalescence, so I cannot even try to explain how it was that when I at length awoke in that pleasant place to more or less clear consciousness I felt myself on such friendly and familiar terms with the three people about me. I knew their faces, their gestures, their tricks of voice or manner, yet I could remember to have seen them but once before in all my life and that a mere glimpse on a train. I fancy there must have been interludes of consciousness during that fever of mine, but the remembrance of them had been swept away together with the darkness and the unnamable horrors. I felt that I had known these three for years—perhaps all my life—and I was terrified over my inability to recall their names. I thought my brain must have been affected. I was so terrified and so ashamed that I wouldn't ask questions, but lay as it were in wait, hoping that their talk would betray them.

To a degree it did. The battered-looking chap was called Arthur, I found, and the girl Celia; but the merry gray gentleman in the clerical coat was "father" to the girl, "doctor" to Arthur, and "the parson," affectionately pronounced, behind his back.

IT WAS Arthur who sat oftenest beside my bed, for the parson came in seemingly between his other occupations to beam upon me and ask how I felt and pat my hand and take the sunshine with him when he went out again. The girl, Celia, slipped in and out of the room like a white shadow with her still pallid face and her burning eyes. She seldom smiled or spoke, but once when the room was darkening with the dusk and she thought I was asleep, she turned with an odd swiftness to Arthur, who was standing by, and caught him by the arms with her hands and leaned against him, looking up into his face. I could well picture the still tremendous passion of that look. And Arthur patted her shoulder a little awkwardly and bent over and kissed her, and she turned and left the room. It was a poignant little scene. It quite thrilled me.

Arthur seemed to have nothing better to do than sit beside my bed by the hour, smoking a short briar pipe and talking or falling into long silences. I liked to have him there and I think he knew it. I fancied him Irish, for his r's sounded like it, and sometimes he said "me" for "my." He had an Irish sweetness, too, and an Irish wit and the bottomless Irish melancholy.

Now and then he was bitter, but always toward himself, never toward others.

I GREW fonder of the man than I can find words to tell.

He never at any time, I think, explained his relationship to this house or his reason for being there, and he never set out to give me any consecutive history of his life. The light shed upon his career seemed always to be accidental and by the way. Yet first and last I got a fairly complete picture of it—a career of disappointments, misfits, failures—the career of a man thrown with some abruptness upon the mercies of the world and temperamentally unfitted to make his way there. He had known black hours. He had seen the ugly, shadowy side of life. He had kept ill company. He may in his time have done doubtful things, though of that I couldn't be sure. But I was sure of one thing—he had been and perhaps still was in desperate need of money, and I remember that I reflected upon my own possessions, and said to myself that when I was once more up and out I should find some well-concealed fashion of giving the man a helping hand.

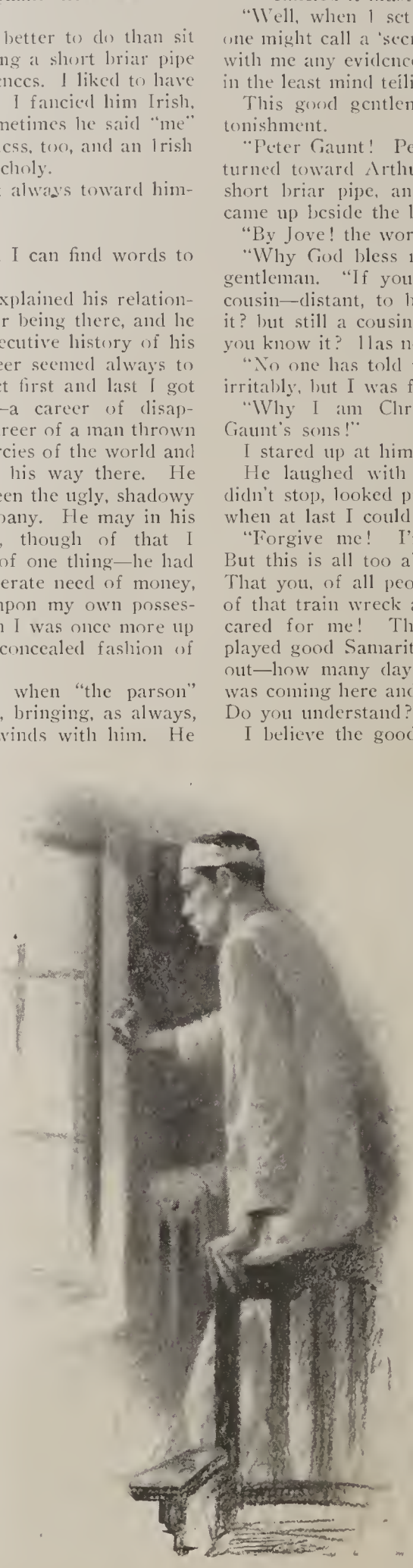
Then there came the morning when "the parson" bustled into the room where I lay, bringing, as always, the sense of sunshine and fresh winds with him. He had the cheeriest presence I ever knew. He said:

"I've been talking to Forbes (Forbes was the doctor who had attended me) and Forbes says that cracked head of yours is almost as good as new again. He says he'll have you on your feet in less than a week more." He seemed as happy about it as if the cracked head had been his own. I was pleased, too, and said so.

"I've been the most outrageous nuisance to you. You'll be glad to be rid of me." That made the good gentleman almost angry and we wrangled politely for some time over how much of a nuisance I had or had not been, but when we had finished, he recalled what it was he had come in to say.

"I was thinking that we ought to get word to your family or friends that you're all right and will be fit to join them again soon. We took the liberty of looking into your things when we brought you home here with us after the accident, but there was nothing to give any hint of your name, and once or twice when I asked you who you were you seemed not to understand."

I said: "I have no [illegible]



be anxious about me—no one but an uncle, and since I'm coming out of this all right, we needn't send him word. As to there being no name on my things, that was deliberate. When I set out on this journey—how long ago?"

HE SAID: "Six days," and I was astonished. I had fancied it must be weeks.

"Well, when I set out six days ago, it was on what one might call a 'secret mission.' I didn't want to carry with me any evidence of who I was. Of course I don't in the least mind telling *you*. My name is Peter Gaunt."

This good gentleman gave a kind of bellow of astonishment.

"Peter Gaunt! Peter Gaunt! Is that possible?" He turned toward Arthur, who stood near by smoking his short briar pipe, and Arthur stared and laughed and came up beside the bed, saying:

"By Jove! the world is full of wonders, doctor."

"Why God bless my soul, my boy!" cried the elder gentleman. "If you are Peter Gaunt, then you're my cousin—distant, to be sure. It's third or fourth, isn't it? but still a cousin. And a cousin's a cousin. Didn't you know it? Has no one told you my name?"

"No one has told me anybody's name," I said a little irritably, but I was full of a dreadful premonition.

"Why I am Christopher Gaunt, one of Matthew Gaunt's sons!"

I stared up at him and burst into helpless laughter.

He laughed with me for an instant, then, when I didn't stop, looked puzzled and finally a little hurt. But when at last I could command my voice, I said:

"Forgive me! I'm not mad—at least I think not. But this is all too absurd: indeed, it's rather dreadful. That you, of all people, should have picked me up out of that train wreck and brought me to your house and cared for me! That you of all people should have played good Samaritan to *me!* Look here! when I set out—how many days ago? Oh yes! you said six! I was coming here and I was coming to steal, to rob you. Do you understand?"

I believe the good gentleman thought my brain was still a bit light with fever, but he shook his head gravely and waited for me to go on.

"To be sure, I meant to steal only what was rightfully my own, still I shouldn't have stuck at any means however violent or destructive."

I raised myself on one elbow and looked anxiously at the man who had sheltered and tended me.

"You don't look the sort to harbor stolen property."

"I hope not," he said, smiling. "I certainly hope not."

"Then what were you doing with the Gaunt ruby?"

HE LOOKED blankly from me to Arthur and back again, but all at once his face cleared.

"Ah! I wonder if you don't mean that large uncut stone that my father sent to me some months back. I have often wondered what is was and why it was sent to me. There was no explanation. I was merely told to keep it and not under any circumstances to allow it to go out of my possession. You don't mean to tell me that the thing was a real ruby? God bless my soul! If I had known that I should have been in con-

stant terror of thieves. I should have taken the stone instantly to my safety deposit box in the village bank. "The Gaunt Ruby." What is the Gaunt Ruby and why was it intrusted to my care?"

There was no mistaking my cousin's sincerity. He was as transparently honest as the daylight. I lay back on the pillows with a sigh of relief and told him how his father, Matthew Gaunt, had stolen the six rubies, the historic pride and treasure of the legitimate branch of the family (for, alas! Matthew's lineage was crossed by a bar sinister), as a kind of savage joke combined with a contribution to the ancient feud, and had given them one to each of his six sons. I told how I had recovered four of the stones—or rather that I had recovered them, the "how" was too long a tale—and that the one in his possession was the fifth. But before I had finished, I had in common decency to turn my eyes away from my cousin's face. It was abominable in old Matthew to have dragged a man of this character and profession into such an affair, but even as I hated him for it I could imagine his delight over the additional piquancy of turning a clergyman into an unconscious criminal. There can be no doubt that old Matthew had humor—of a somewhat terrific kind.

MY COUSIN said at last, frowning down at his feet: "I suppose I needn't tell you that this puts me into a very painful—I may say, unsavory position. I—my father—well, we have seen very little of each other for many years. He is—an impulsive man. (That was delicately put, I thought.) Of course this matter of appropriating the property of others was outrageous. There can be no possible excuse for it. None. And I am deeply humiliated that I should have become an unconscious partner in what was a downright crime. Why didn't you come to me or write to me at once?"

I explained that I had not known he was a clergyman, and that I hadn't found his attitude toward the affair shared by such of his brothers as I had met. He shook his head over that, and sighed and said that he had seen no more of his brothers than of his father for many years.

"Our mother died young," he told me, "and our father was a violent man—not the best, I fear, to train a family of boys. I drifted away from them early." He sighed again, shook his head and turned away.

"I'll go and get the ruby, your property. I have had it laid away in a desk in my study."

I said when he had gone:

"I'm sorry. I wish I needn't have told him." And Arthur—I asked him his family name and he told me it was Carling—Arthur shook his head.

"Poor old doctor! He'll grieve over this. It's a rotten business. That father of his is a precious old blackguard." Then we waited.

We heard his voice calling to Celia. He called again and again with a sound of impatience and at last, I thought, with something like agitation, Carling said:

"Celia must have taken his keys. The doctor leaves them about, just anyhow, and she has to put 'em away for him."

My cousin appeared suddenly in the doorway red and breathing fast. The habitually neat straight hair over his forehead stood up quite wildly, as if he had been trying to pull it out and had half succeeded. In his hand he dangled a little bunch of keys. He said in a shaking voice:

"It's not there. It's gone. The ruby is gone."

I had raised myself to look at him. I fell back with a kind of groan. I had a dreary vision of endless, hopeless, fruitless searching—months and years of it with utter defeat at the end. A ruby lost in the open world. Who could even hope to trace or find it? I was weak still in body and spirit. I wept. Tears ran down my cheeks and I dabbed at them with the back of my hand, like a child.

My cousin crossed the room to my bedside and stood there twisting his hands together.

"I know," he said miserably. "I know. This is terrible. I shall never forgive myself. I have been—I have been criminally careless. I am overcome." He smote his hands together.

"Who in the world could have stolen that jewel? Who knew that it was here or that it had any value? Even *I* thought it was glass or paste."

"Your servants?" I asked him. "You trust them?" And he said in a rather shocked tone:

"The servants? Oh, dear me, yes! They've been here for years. I trust them absolutely. Besides, they can never even have seen the stone. I should think no one has seen it except we three, Celia, Arthur, and I."

He turned to Carling. "You saw it, Arthur? You remember?" And Carling said: "Yes, I remember."

We heard a step and Miss Gaunt came into the room. Her father cried out to her:

"Celia, it has been stolen, taken away, the great ruby your grandfather sent to me. It is gone from the drawer of my desk." He told her swiftly what the jewel was and what it meant to me and to the Gaunt family.

"Some one must have known that I had it. Some one must have broken into the house here by night and taken it from my desk—goodness knows how or when. I haven't even glanced into that drawer for weeks. Have you, child?"

"It was there three weeks ago," the girl said. "I saw it when I cleared out your room the last time." She expressed no pain or sorrow over the calamity, but then no one would have expected her to. She was incredibly sparing of words and of signs of emotion. She looked at me and from me to Arthur Carling, who stood a little way off, then for some odd reason she went and stood beside him.

WHO can explain or justify the sudden reasonless leap his mind makes in moments of stress and strain? Perhaps it was that odd movement of Celia Gaunt when she went and stood beside Carling that turned my

"Well, the fact is—I stole your ruby. I was in a hole. I needed the money badly. I'd seen the thing and knew it was valuable. I took it and sold it. There you are!"

attention upon the man who had remained silent and apart while we others spoke. I think it was. In any case I looked toward him, and all at once a dreadful little shadow of suspicion fell across me. Who in this house had seen the thing Matthew Gaunt sent to his son? Three people only. Who among them might be expected to know the thing was a ruby of tremendous value? Alas, but one! Who, on his own showing, had been I—mad and tempted and perhaps driven desperate by poverty and [illegible]

I turned my [illegible] away and I [illegible] moment the [illegible] all the [illegible] over Arthur Carling [illegible] my own [illegible] house. I [illegible] against [illegible] and yet I was sure that the man had stolen the Gaunt ruby.

MY COUSIN Christopher was talking [illegible] casting about for theories, making wild surmises—sheer babble—but it seemed to comfort him a little and I let him go on. It was his daughter who checked him at last.

She came a step forward and took her father's arm, but she looked toward me.

"You're quite sure you knew nothing about it?" she asked.

I could only answer blankly: "I? What in the world should I know?"

But her father said with some sharpness: "Come, Celia! This won't do. My daughter is excited," he apologized. "She doesn't know what she is saying."

But she did. She shook her head, still looking fixedly at me.

"You came here to steal the ruby, didn't you? Well, to recover it if you like that word better. You are the only one in this house who might be expected to know what the thing was. My father thought it was glass or something more or less worthless. *You* knew."

"But God bless my soul!" cried her father. "Cousin Peter didn't even know in whose house he was until this morning."

"He says he didn't," the girl corrected.

I had to laugh.

"You must admit that even if I lied about that I've been pretty helpless since I came here. I've been flat on my back in bed. I couldn't very well have searched your house for a ruby from this bed, could I?"

"No," said she. "Not from your bed. But what were you doing just outside my father's study door at one o'clock, night before last?"

The two men cried out, but I lay silent, staring up at her in sheer bewilderment.

It was Carling who spoke first, coming forward from where he had been.

"Rubbish, Celia! You're insane. Gaunt couldn't possibly have got out of his bed. He's as weak as a sick cat. You've been dreaming."

She didn't look at him. She kept her eyes on me.

"I saw him there. He *was* weak but he could walk. He came down the hall in this direction and went into his room and shut the door. I didn't think anything of it then. But now—"

Her father took a long breath. I could see him catching at the straw as if it were a raft.

"If this—" he said hesitatingly, "if this should turn out to be true, I suppose it would explain everything very nicely, wouldn't it?" He looked with a kind of pathetic eagerness from one face to another.

"People—many people walk in their sleep and many more in a slightly feverish condition. Perhaps cousin Peter—mind you, I only say 'perhaps'—may have had an inkling, a mere suspicion of whose house this was, and, in his flighty state, have taken this—er, means—of prosecuting his quest. Doubtless he doesn't remember searching for or finding the ruby. I quite believe—"

BUT I cut in on him there. I was angry.

"Either you believe or do not believe that I told you the truth a few minutes ago. Either I knew this was your house or didn't. If I knew it and shammed a fever and searched and found that ruby, the ruby is still in the house, for I can't have sent it away without your knowledge. Well, look for it! Search my things! Search the house! I only hope to Heaven you'll find it."

My cousin wiped his brow.

"I—I don't doubt you, Peter," he said anxiously. "I merely thought it seemed so possible—such a welcome— I'm afraid there is nothing in my daughter's theory. And yet—"

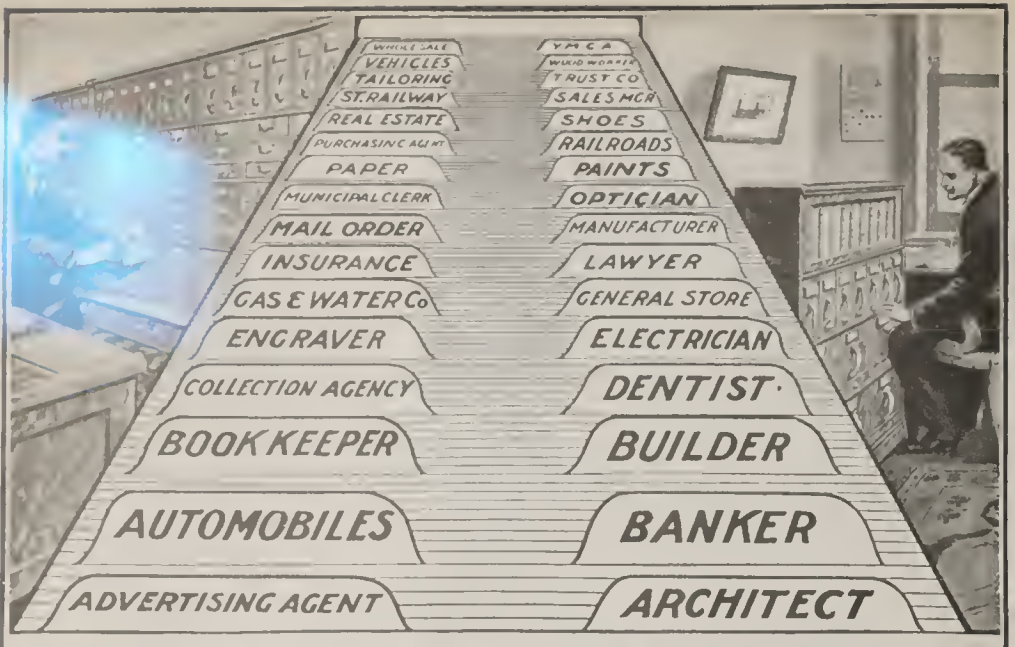
"And yet what?" broke in Carling. "Come, doctor! Look the facts in the face! You're shirking. For myself I think it's all poppy-cock, and I think Celia has been dreaming."

"I tell you," said the girl, "I saw him." And when Carling would have spoken again, she touched him on the arm, saying:

"Let me alone, Arthur! I know what I'm talking about."

Did she? Perhaps I was still a very little dazed by fever. Certainly I was still very weak. I began to wonder if the girl mightn't be right. On the face of it the thing sounded absurd, but the more one thought— Could I, in an early interval of fever, have heard names after-

(Continued on page 30)



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Sold Everywhere

A Play by Rostand's Wife and Son

By
ARTHUR RUHL

The "good little devil" taking advantage of his wicked aunt's awkward position in the trapdoor leading to the attic. The crabbed school-teacher, Old Nick, Sr., is with her. The attic was where the "good little devil" was locked up much of the time and where the fairies came to visit him

WHETHER Mme. Rostand and her son Maurice wrote "A Good Little Devil" to while away a rainy week at their home in the Pyrenees, or to lighten their gloom while the author of "Chantecler" was shut up in his ivory tower, or merely to show the head of the house what a real play was like, our familiarity with the Rostand household does not permit us to say. At any rate, here it is, a fairy play about children, intended mostly for grown-ups, and with Mr. Belasco's "atmosphere," very pleasant, if not exactly startling, to see.

The play belongs to the same general class as "Peter Pan" and "The Blue Bird," although the fairies didn't help nearly as much in the writing of it. The story concerns a little boy's adventures with a sort of fairy-book stepmother and with his cruel teachers, and we see it all from the little boy's point of view. There is a very amusing dog, a squirrel which sticks its head out of a tree and claps its hands, and a stag which strolls in now and then and leans his antlered head over the garden wall. They evidently are fond of animals in the Rostand household. There is also a poet, very quaintly played by Mr. Ernest Lawford, who comes out in front of the curtain before each act and gets the audience in the proper frame of mind for what is to come—as in "Chantecler."

Some who have read the French original say that a good deal has been lost in translation—something people always say—and it certainly is true that the last scene, in which the little boy comes back a very unpleasant grown-up British person, surrounded by a lot of society "bounders," does a good deal to break the whimsical charm of what has gone before. Perhaps the adapter, Mr. Austin Strong, had a British audience in mind, which would heighten the strangeness of this last act to us; perhaps there was a similar break in the original. The note of fantasy is not easy to keep. As everything ends happily and the grown-up little boy returns to his first love, it seems possible that Mme. Rostand may have been trying to teach Maurice a lesson—Maurice may, of course, be quite grown up for aught we know—that it is better for little boys to hold to their dreams and their friends the fairies when they go out into the great world.

The fairies in the play have been ingeniously trained by Mr. Belasco, and talk to each other as they go flitting about the stage with a musical speech somewhere between light human laughter and the sound of tinkling water. It is interesting to know that Miss Mary Pickford, who plays the good little devil's sweetheart, was, until this play, a popular actress for the "movies." Hundreds of thousands of people who never heard her voice have seen her face in picture plays.

Miss Mary Pickford, late of the "movies," as Juliet in the fairy play "A Good Little Devil"

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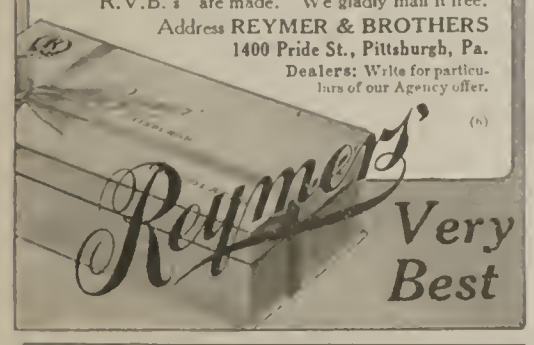

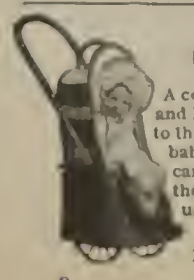

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Burning up Our Money

(Continued from page 18)

The careful insurance company watches the trade journal closely. Forewarned by this source of information, the company began to cancel, and succeeded in getting rid of the most hazardous, as it thought; in all 693. The remaining 1,056, in 1911, gave it 81 fires—with a loss ratio increased from 50 to 175. One of its 1911 shirt-waist fires caused a total loss of about $540,000. Two companies report that they are no longer insuring shirt-waist factories.

So far the examples have been drawn from the cities. Let no one think, however, that the situation in the country is any different. The "areas of pressure" may affect a whole region instead of one industry; more often than not, indeed, they are geographical rather than special.

On the farm the useless machinery and stock are kept in a barn instead of in a twenty-story loft—that is all! And it is almost always the barn, not the house, which burns.

PASSING THE LOSS ALONG

YOU will find, taking the inquiry by States, that in 1910 a third successive crop failure gave all North Dakota, in the Hartford Company's "experience tables," a loss ratio of 96 per cent! At the end of 1911 many companies were reporting loss ratios for West Virginia of *200* and more! In 1911 the whole country west of Chicago was parched by drought; and the insurance journals were dotted with paragraphs, not about dry shingles, but about "the greatly increased moral hazard"; it was certain that a definite percentage of farmers and country storekeepers would try to meet mortgage payments by a sale to the insurance company! Early in 1912 all the lower Mississippi was in flood; and by May the 9th, in the "Journal of Commerce" insurance page, the "moral hazard" warnings were out for the lower Mississippi. A great flood will cause more fires, during the months that follow, than a drought of the same area: the loss to be made good is more complete.

In 1909 the entire tobacco crop which is usually marketed at Lancaster, Pa., and certain other centers was a failure; the insurance companies have been buying 1909 tobacco ever since. And if a pending judicial decision is adverse, they know that they are going to buy a great deal more of it. For years "bleeding Kansas" not only bled, but, in consequence of its deplorable condition, starved for insurance as well. **Note it: one crook to the hundred honest can in time make safe insurance impossible for all his fellows.**

In July, 1912, the wheat crop in the Canadian Northwest promised to be a bumper yield—and every insurance company made ready to "pump" insurance in. Within a month there was grave doubt if the harvest rains had not rotted the grain—and every company made ready to "pump" it out again! There is now one whole group of States where country store insurance can now be obtained only under "the iron-safe clause." The ledgers of that country store must every night be locked up in a strong, fireproof safe so that, after the fire, they may be there for examination. And *that* has been brought about by the one country storekeeper who burned while his ninety-nine fellows were fighting to get through honestly. When *one* burns and prospers, soon enough two will burn, and then three and four.

AN OLD, OLD STORY

THE tightening of pressure, owing to the formation of a trust, will start fires throughout the continent. For several years the small tobacco warehouse, factory, and cigar store have been "reporting everywhere." For the last eighteen months rubber manufacturers, knitted goods, and woolen underwear, seemingly for similar reasons, have been extremely bad risks. At the same time neckties, suspenders, and the like, for reasons *not* apparent, have been almost equally inflammable. But one could go on indefinitely. And to the insurance official all this is the oldest of old stories. "We never make money continuously on any special line of hazards," says J. H. Stoddart of the Hartford, which does the largest business in the country. "Some years *this* will show a loss, or for five years. And the next five years the profitable ones will be unprofitable, and the unprofitable ones profitable."

Note, now, that all the fires classified above are those on which the losses were paid. That is, not one of them was, officially, the result of arson. None, outwardly, offered any evidence sufficient to warrant the company in refusing to pay the claim. The evidence is burned up in the first three minutes.

But the insurance company knows! It has its evidence in the aggregate. A's particular fire may not have been criminal, nor B's, nor C's, nor D's, nor E's. But three out of the five were—probably four!

DEFINITION OF THE "FRICTION FIRE"

WHEN the local insurance agent and the loss adjuster ask A what, in his opinion, caused his fire, A's opinion is that it was caused by rats and matches; even in a steel and concrete building, with matches no longer tipped with phosphorus, "rats and matches" remain as good as ever! B feels strongly that his fire was caused by the malice of some discharged employee. C sets down his fire as one more result of the careless use of that diabolical thing, the cigarette. D attributes his to a defective flue. And as for E, he cannot account for his at all. *His* fire is one more "cause unknown"—as fire marshals call them. And, with the local agent and the loss adjuster giving each other the high sign of the initiate and ancient augurs, all these "origins of fire" are solemnly and in their turn set down.

Not, of course, that they are within a thousand miles of being accepted. "I shall now," said an insurance humorist recently, when speaking at a fraternal dinner, "proceed to describe to you the 'friction fire.' The 'friction fire,' a great scientist has discovered, is caused by the rubbing of a $10,000 policy against a $5,000 stock of goods."—"I'm ashamed to fill in the stereotyped origins," writes Local Agent Lamey of Denver: "Coals falling from grate or stove, head of a parlor match, or gas jet and curtains—even children playing with matches has been worn out." *Every* insurance man knows. "Defective insulation," the most popular origin of mercantile fires since spontaneous combustion went out, has become an insurance joke for arson.

Yet these are the "origins of fire" that are still given in those limitless absurdities, the great majority of our State and city fire statistics!

The real cause, the chief cause in all these diverse classes of fire loss is always the same—unsalable goods and useless machinery!

In the small town the branch bank and the clothing store stand side by side in the same frame block. There is no *physical* reason why one should be more inflammable than the other. "But did you ever hear," grimly asks Charles E. Meek of the Fourth National, "of the fire starting in the bank?" On the other hand, second-hand clothing can only be insured as old rags, and, in consequence, you will wait a long time for a fire in a second-hand clothing store. If floods or crop failures, shutdowns, or strikes are intense enough—or if hard times last long enough—there will be a secondary index in a hundred little house and furniture fires. But under all ordinary circumstances, his own home is the last thing any man will burn. And as a result, save in general conflagrations, the loss on dwelling houses, compared with that on stores and factories, is almost nothing. In the average Canadian or American city the dwellings outnumber the "mercantile buildings" about eight to one. And they outvalue them, even including the contents, about two to one.

But the mercantile losses are always from four to seven times as great as all the rest combined.

FIGURES CRY OUT THE TRUTH

IN St. Louis, for example, from 1901 to 1908, inclusive, the loss on dwellings and on all public buildings was $1,320,175. That on "mercantile and manufacturing risks" was $9,817,350. Take State-wide statistics where they are obtainable. The knowledge of what they show has for years been at the base of all insurance rate making. The dwelling house is with reason a "preferred risk." So is the church and the school, the town hall, the hospital, and the public library. Why should anyone want to burn any of them? Let a man live above his store, and *it* becomes "preferred"! In Maine, in 1910, all the preferred risks together gave a loss of $180,034. The "mercantile and manu-

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"As I closed my front door, it seemed that I was shutting out an Inferno. Yet I could not shut it out, completely, for the Echo still reverberated, jarringly, upon my soul. I craved relief as a parched soul in the infernal regions craves water.

"Without turning on the lights, I sat down at my Virtuolo. The back-log, in the fireplace behind me, cast a fitful glow upon the ceiling. I began to play '*La Donna e Mobile*', the great tenor solo from Rigoletto. I shut my eyes; I opened my feelings. I played by Instinct.

"On the wings of music and imagination my mind flew to Naples. I was in the great *Teatro San Carlo* again. I heard the golden voice of Caruso as I first heard it there, years ago, in those opening words: '*Woman is as changeable as a feather in the wind.*'

"The exquisite grace, the eternal beauty of the music came, like an angel with a flaming sword, and drove from my soul the echo of the Inferno of the world. What a superb sensation—what a relief—this playing of the Virtuolo by Instinct!" (Name on Request)

HALLET & DAVIS
VIRTUOLO
THE NEW INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

On the music rolls of your Virtuolo, you'll find dotted lines, loud and soft symbols, and time marks, to tell you how to play. You'll follow these for a while, till you become familiar with the pieces.

But you will tire of this fixed method of playing, and you'll also tire of the mechanical sound of the music made by following these mechanical instructions.

And you will close the sliding panel in front of the roll; shut your eyes; give full sway to your imagination, and play by *Instinct*.

Your natural inborn Instinct will tell you when to play fast, when slow, when to touch the simple Acsolo Buttons which emphasize the air you are playing, when to press the singing pedal button, etc.

Then will you find out what Music really means, i. e., that Music is a thing of the Feelings—not of Reason or Mechanics; that it paints wonderful pictures of human emotions—joy, love, happiness, tears, gloom, fury, laughter, sadness, comedy, tragedy, sunshine, darkness, etc., etc. These emotions, you or any person, no matter how unskilled in music, can interpret—feel—express—on the Virtuolo.

Don't you see the difference between this Instinctive Playing on the Virtuolo, and playing which binds up your eyes, ears and fingers in mechanism?

The beautiful tone of the Virtuolo is one of the things you notice first—whether it is a Hallet & Davis Virtuolo or a Conway Virtuolo. The Virtuolo is made in both these famous pianos by the Hallet & Davis Piano Company of Boston, known for 75 years as makers of art instruments.

Hallet & Davis tone has been praised by greatest composers and artists, such as Franz Liszt himself and Johann Strauss of "Beautiful Blue Danube" fame. And only recently Pope Pius X honored the Hallet & Davis Piano with a Papal medal.

A Virtuolo is very easy to own. Prices $575 up. Terms three years in which to pay, if desired.

Do you realize what the Virtuolo will bring into your home—all the happiness, the good times, the strengthening of family ties? If so, then

SEND FOR "THE INNER BEAUTY" BOOK

It tells interestingly, clearly and beautifully, all about the Virtuolo and its Instinctive Playing. It explains things about music and its meaning which you may not now know.

Fill out and mail the following coupon to-day, thereby taking the first step towards bringing into your home the great new joy of Instinctive Playing.

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO.
(Established 1839)

BOSTON, NEW YORK, NEWARK, TOLEDO, ATLANTA, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO., Dept. 34, 146 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Send me full information about the Virtuolo and your Easy Buying Plan, including Prices, Plates of Different Styles, and "The Inner Beauty."

Name.....

Address.....

Burning up Our Money

(Concluded from page 21)

facturing" loss—and no one will think of Maine as a mercantile and manufacturing State above others—was $1,948,709! In Wisconsin, from June 30, 1911, to June 30, 1912, dwellings and schools, churches and courthouses, banks, hospitals, jails, and libraries—*everything* in what may be called "the noninsurance-motive class"—gave a loss of $719,380. The "mercantile and manufacturing" loss was $3,202,250. The showing is the same everywhere.

THE EVIL CANCELLATION CLAUSE

NO amount of differences in physical hazard can account for such discrepancies. Let anyone compare our "preferred risk" losses with those of Europe and say if there is any notable difference. But come to the mercantile stock, whether raw cotton or bar iron—and *vogue la galère!* The insurance of the mercantile stock in America long ago reached the stage where the average company jumps its holdings from this class to that almost as the gambler at Monte Carlo jumps his wager from this number-combination to that! There are still fire insurance companies, American and Canadian, which will gravely assure you that their "moral hazard losses" are only 10 or 12 or 15 per cent of the total. There is one way of testing that. In France, when an insurance company writes the regular business "risk," it must be prepared to carry that risk—save for causes that it can take before the courts—for the next ten years. And, it may be said at once, in France insurance writing à la Monte Carlo is at a minimum. Take from our insurance companies the power to cancel, without legal cause, and, as well they know, within five years not thirty in the three hundred would still be doing business!

"You might put it," says an old insurance man, "that losses go in trade waves." Time out of mind, the insurance business has been accepting this fact, and blinking at its meaning. Are these "trade waves" necessary? Are such losses inherent in the business of insurance? They don't go by "trade waves" in systems of insurance where the first principle is to exclude every doubtful customer, where policies go only to informed persons who are willing to stand security for each other. The late John R. Waters built up such a system when he drew together half the famous old business houses in New York in his "Individual and Reciprocal Underwriters"—and losses dropped nearly 50 per cent at once. "Classification should be by degrees of *merit*," said Waters, "irrespective of the business. . . . *I* don't care whether a man is boiling soap or making coffins! . . . I can take you to a wholesale grocery which would look all right to the uninitiated, but which we would not touch at a $10 rate. And I can take you to another in the next block which we would think good business at fifty cents."

Losses don't go in "trade waves" under the Factory Mutual system, with $2,200,000,000 at risk in mills and factories, where the same principle governs. "In the twenty-five years in which I have been connected with these companies," says Roland W. Toppan, president of two of them, "I can recall only two cases where there has been even a remote suspicion of moral hazard." Later I shall give some parallel but very different testimony from the presidents of stock fire insurance companies. "Factory Mutual" fire losses now stand at two cents on the $100—a showing unequaled anywhere else in the world. The panic years of 1893 and 1907 caused scarcely a ripple in their business.

MORAL PREVENTION, THE NEED

HAS *physical* fire prevention accomplished this? Physical fire prevention has done wonders—but it can do little without *moral* fire prevention, too. If you believe it is physical fire prevention alone, go out into the country, to the little township "farmers' mutual"—101 in Michigan, 70 in Ontario, and more in like numbers everywhere. *Their* first principle, in plain language, is to bar out the fire bug, whether actual or potential. A group of farmers who know and trust one another get together, unite in mutual-insuring associations with other groups of the same sort—and *their* fire losses drop by two-thirds and three-quarters! "Every one of those little bunches," said the ex-president of a great Canadian company to the writer, "can insure each other at 20 and 25 cents and save money. *We* have to take all and sundry, and we can't make money on farm insurance at $1.50. And it isn't the difference in expense ratios. It's the difference in fires." Yet all barns are substantially the same barn, and all farmers' lanterns the same farmers' lanterns; and the lightning strikes equally the just and the unjust!

Pure Food

(Concluded from page 16)

analytical chemistry to her food products. Formaldehyde is a product of wood alcohol, and is one of the most dangerous preservatives known. It is a substance used by the undertaker in his work, and by the dishonest, ignorant, or careless milk dealer in his. It is one of the most poisonous preservatives, and its use cannot be too strongly condemned. It is not a difficult substance to detect, and any one of several methods give satisfactory results. The following is one of the most simple, and can be readily followed in any kitchen:

Place four tablespoonfuls of the suspected milk in a teacup and add an equal volume of hydrochloric acid, together with a drop of ferric chloride. Set the teacup in a dish of boiling water and stir for a minute with a splinter of wood or a glass rod, to break up the curds. At the end of five minutes pure milk remains practically uncolored, or is slightly yellow, while milk containing formaldehyde will be of a distinctly lavender or purple hue.

In the case of the Alaskan milk just noted, the probabilities in the case are that the evil odor is due to the formation of certain bacterial products rather than to any preservatives.

So far as borax or boric acid is concerned, it is infrequently found in American milk.

A Touch of Twilight

By ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

A MOMENT, a calm little wonderful time toward the close of day,
Of this good ruddy day, blessed both by storm cloud and sun—
Rain, and the deep-bosomed winds, and white-flecked surges and spray—
To clear, at last, as the thunder
Rolled lingering cloud-wrack under
The West's dim rim of wonder:
A moment of sunset and peace, a tender and beautiful one.

Soon now, in the lamp-lit room, the plain, sweet discourse of friends
Over the coffee cups: of so-and-so's latest book—
Gossip of this and of that—shreds of beginnings and ends—
But here is the quick completeness
Of very life, and its sweetness
Caught up in a moment's fleetness—
Caught up in the look of your eyes that touch and leave my look.

No-Rim-Cut Tires
10% Oversize

All Tiredom Records Broken

This Coming Season

Will You Still Over-Spend for Tires?

You who don't know No-Rim-Cut tires waste a pretty large share of your tire money.

Note this convincing evidence:

Men who do know bought last year 918,687 Goodyear tires. And they wanted 400,000 more.

They bought more than men bought in the previous twelve years put together.

The demand has broken all records of Tiredom, after countless mileage tests.

Now, isn't it time that you made a comparison?

Is it wise to face, for another season, blow-outs and rim-cuts and waste?

The evidence is that No-Rim-Cut tires save close to half of one's tire money. Stop and consider what that means to you.

If you question such savings, make mileage tests. And remember that hundreds of thousands have made them, with some two million Goodyear tires.

Look at This Tire

You can see that rim-cutting is made completely impossible.

There are no hooks on the base as with old-type tires. The removable rim flanges are set to curve ontward.

The tire, when wholly or partly deflated, rests on a rounded edge.

The tire is held on by our patented feature—by six flat bands of 126 braided wires vulcanized into the tire base. That makes the tire base unstretchable. The tire can't be forced off, and yet it slips off like any quick-detachable when you remove a rim flange.

We control the only way known to make a satisfactory tire of this type.

See the Oversize

You can see that these tires are oversize, compared with clincher tires.

We claim but 10 per cent. But careful comparison of air capacity shows an actual average oversize of 16.7 per cent. We compared with six makes of clinchers.

Even 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

See the Non-Skid

Compare this Non-Skid with all other non-skids. You can see for yourself the tremendous advantages.

Note that we here add a complete extra tread, making a double-thick tread.

This extra tread is a very tough rubber. So the non-skid feature is immensely enduring.

The blocks are deep-cut and sharp-cut. Countless edges and angles grasp the road surface with a bulldog grip.

Then these blocks widen ont so they meet at the base. They don't center the strains on a part of the fabric. They distribute the strains as with smooth-tread tires. That means a long-lived tire.

Five minutes spent in a Goodyear shop will convince you that these things mean less tire cost.

What Mileage?

We can't prophesy the mileage, beyond our warrant, which you'll get from No-Rim-Cut tires.

That depends too largely on things we can't control. It depends on tire size as compared with car weight. It depends on roads and usage.

We can only say how the mileage compares with other tires under the same conditions. And that you can prove by comparison.

Statistics show that 23 per cent of all clincher tires become rim-cut. Our patent tire never does.

Usage proves that 10 per cent oversize, with equal tires, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Reason will tell you that double-thick non-skids, with the strains distributed, will outlast the common non-skids.

Now we ask you to learn, by odometer test, what all this means to you.

Do It Now

Don't go on paying excessive tire upkeep, if this way really ends it.

Tires should be judged by the cost per mile. Else what is the use of working out these economies?

Here are tires that can't rim-cut. Here are oversize tires. Here are double-thick non-skids. Reason says they ought to save money. Legions say they do. And these tires, on sheer merit, now outsell all others.

You owe yourself a trial of such tires.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all that we know, after fourteen years, about cutting down tire expense.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

1961

Mitchell

MANY of the leading 1913 automobiles have certain improvements over the 1912 models; but in no other automobile does the owner get such an efficient and convenient combination of new features as in the 1913 Mitchell.

The builders of the Mitchell do not claim the exclusive use of left drive, with center control; long stroke, T-head motor; electric self-starter and lighting system; and other 1913 Mitchell improvements that are detailed below. They DO claim that in the Mitchell car these improvements are more intelligently combined for power, efficiency, simplicity and comfort than in any other 1913 motor car.

The prospective buyer should at once become familiar with the new 1913 Mitchell cars at the nearest dealer's. These cars have left drive and center control; Bosch ignition; Rayfield carburetor; Firestone demountable rims; rain-vision windshield; Jones speedometer; silk mohair top with dust cover; Turkish upholstered cushions; Timken front axle bearings; gauges on the dash to show air pressure and oil pressure; gauge in the gasoline tank showing amount of gasoline it contains; and a portable electric lamp which also illuminates the instruments on the dash.

All with T-head motor, electric self-starter, electric lighting system, and 36-inch wheels.

	MOTOR		Wheel Base	Prices F. O. B. Racine
7-passenger Six	60 H. P.	4¼x7 in.	144-in.	$2,500
2 or 5-passenger Six	50 H. P.	4 x6 in.	132-in.	1,850
2 or 5-passenger Four	40 H. P.	4¼x7 in.	120-in.	1,500

For Canadian prices and name of nearest Canadian dealer, write to us.

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company

Racine, Wisconsin

Branches: New York Philadelphia Atlanta Dallas Kansas City London Paris

"Anything in Petticoats?"

(Continued from page 17)

"I ain't **ma'am** *"—Stella's eyes met those of the irate old gentleman*

And then, in simple phrasing, the psychology of the purchaser was revealed to this class, and to Stella Slawson with it—Stella Slawson, to whom the art of salesmanship had originally extended no further than the chant, "Anything in petticoats?" It was pointed out that they might learn to detect temperaments by certain physical signs—always open to modification. In general, self-reliance might be recognized by a long upper lip, or a high-tilted head, or a high-bridged nose; practically, by thin, straight lips, a broad face rather than oval; artistic tastes by arched brows, bow-shaped lips; and so on. A few of the most obvious signs of this sort were impressed upon them, and they were urged to apply the significance while adding their own observation.

"I saw one of you appeal to an artistic customer just the right way, by bringing out a subtle point in color—it sold a lavender petticoat," Miss Hirschler said. "But now suppose the customer had had the thin, straight mouth, the stern and shrewd expression of the 'all-for-business' woman—what should Miss Slawson have called her attention to? Does she care for the subtle harmony of color? Not she! Tell such a woman that this petticoat will wear extra long because it has a stout facing!

And the difference between the self-reliant and the dependent, hesitating customer means everything in your way of handling a sale. The former wants to be left alone to make up her mind, and if you urge her too much she will be so annoyed that she will be actually driven off. Whereas, the timid little woman who has always called in her sisters and her cousins and her aunts to make up her mind for her, wants to be helped to do her very thinking. She'll be far better satisfied if you choose and decide for her."

Subtle points, but reduced to such simple terms that a sudden interest in psychology sprang up in Stella Slawson's empty little head. The irritable customer, the precise one, the approachable, the cold, the excitable, were all laid, one by one, on the dissecting table. "Always keep a well-modulated voice, but above all when a customer shows the first signs of temper," she was taught. "The higher her voice rises, the lower yours should sink. It's not written alone in the Bible, but also in the annals of the twentieth-century department store, that a soft answer turneth away wrath."

And at last this little saleswoman, who, a few days before, had been on the verge of losing her place, was led along with the class into one of the most dramatic regions of psychological study: namely, the psychology of the sale itself.

SHE was taught that the first thing a customer's mind does is to *think* about the goods.

"You, as an expert, are taking the first step in the actual sale when you get Mrs. Busy to *think* about that petticoat. You're doing that when you show her its durability, or its smartness, or its color harmony, according to your estimate of her personality. Remember, *you* are causing *her* to *think:* you, as an expert, are making this sale by your own skill.

"Next, her mind *feels* a favorable inclination toward the goods, which should rise to a *desire* to have it. This feeling is influenced by your own tact, immeasurably so. Use that tact to the utmost. The appeal is always varying, and it lies with you to find it. Watch for the customer's desire; she will show it in a more animated look, an exclamation of pleasure, a relaxing of her doubtful frown, further questions about the goods, sometimes 'What do *you* think?'

"Seeing her mind tending strongly toward one particular article, you must bring about the third step in the process: her decision. First, she thinks of the goods; next, she likes and desires; third, she decides to buy. By alert watching you have discovered what her subconscious choice is. Subconscious, I say, because often she doesn't know as well as you do whither her desire is tending. But she has thoughtfully repeated $2.95—while holding that Alice blue petticoat; she has remarked that blue is her best color and that messaline doesn't cut as badly as taffeta; she has glanced over several others and always reverted to the Alice blue; and if you are worth your salt, you know that now's your chance—the psychological moment has arrived, and the more skillful you become the more readily you will recognize this. The point is that she doesn't know it, but you do.

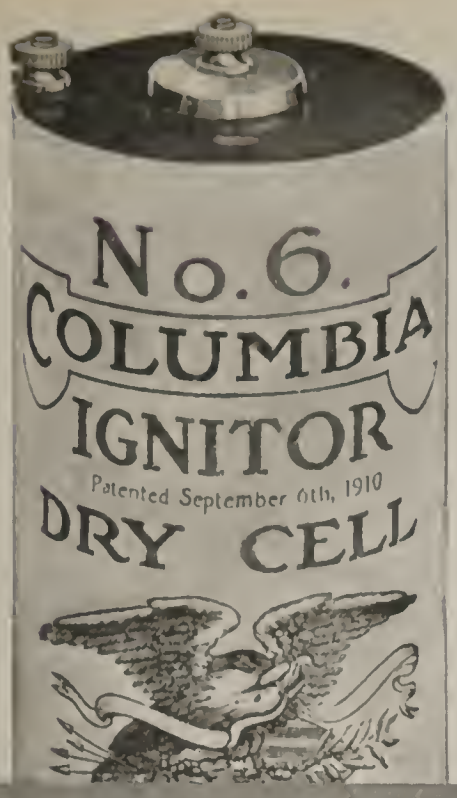
"*She has already decided to buy that Alice blue petticoat.*

"IT is a subconscious decision with her; she still vacillates outwardly; but you know that she wants it, and it's your place to close the sale. You know that she'll be sorry if she passes it by, that she'll be delighted if she once gets it home. Now, at this point, if you go on talking as if the decision were still unmade, if you continue showing the skirt's good points as if she hadn't already found them good, you may turn her away. There's a point where a crisis is reached in everything, known as the psychological moment, and this crisis is now in your hands.

"'It really is a becoming color, madam, and I know you'll like the way that messaline wears. . . .' Keep on with this, and you'll suddenly see her growing bored, wavering again—presto, she's off! 'Well, I may be back—but I wasn't looking for a petticoat to-day,' she very likely murmurs, and off she sails, all of your good work gone for naught.

"Don't let this happen. When that moment with the big name arrives all your own decisiveness must be forced to the front. Pick up your salesbook quickly, just as if she had definitely stated that she

This was being made such an amusing game that even a sulky young woman couldn't help yielding



What do YOU say when you want a dry battery?

You can always be sure of a better battery by saying

"COLUMBIA"

Because of its long life and economical service, its use extends over all the continents, and over all dry-battery needs.

Fahnestock connections at no extra charge.

National Carbon Co.

Cleveland, Ohio U. S. A.

Nine factories in U. S. and Canada.

Lee Tires give better service because they are better made, with finer rubber, with stronger fabric—every one of them cured by the correct, up-to-date process which many factories cannot use without "scrapping" the bulk of their equipment.

For full details on all **Lee Tires,** write for booklet "D," or call at

Our Stores: 835 Seventh Ave., New York City; 334 North Broad Street, Philadelphia; 1233 Michigan Ave., Chicago; 3567 Lindell Boulevard, St. Louis; 622 Third Ave., South, Minneapolis.

Lee Agencies: 605 E St., N.W., Washington, D. C.; 1922 E. 18th St., Cleveland; Gay & Fourth Sts., Columbus, Ohio.

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LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.

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For Everybody's Shoes—25c—to keep feet dry in all weathers—

DRI-FOOT

Waterproofing

makes shoes wear better because they keep waterproof and pliable. Appearance unchanged; polish as well as ever.

Send for Free Test Tag

Shoe dealers sell Dri-Foot. If yours doesn't, send us his name; we will supply you.

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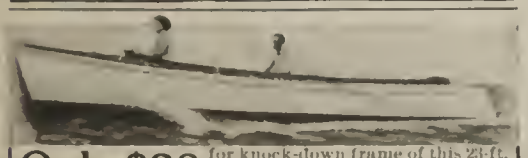


Only $28 for knock-down frame of this 23-ft. motor boat including full sized patterns and illustrated instructions to finish—speed 9½ to 14 miles an hr. 12 passenger. Save ⅔ builder's price. *Free Boat Book* shows this and other models.

Brooks Mfg Company, 5602 Sidney St., Saginaw, Mich.

PATENTS that PAY BEST

Information of Vital Interest to Inventors. Send 10 cents postage for Valuable books.

R. S. & A. B. Lacey, E 12, Washington, D.C.

Established 1869

Petticoats

Continued from page 24

would take the Alice blue. 'Shall I send it, or will you take it, madam?' you ask, already beginning to write, and before she knows it she has replied, 'Send it, please, to 46 West Twelfth Street.'"

It was at this point in the lecture that Stella Slawson, whose queer little dormant thinker had been roused to do some work on its own account, rose in the class to ask a pertinent question:

"But s'pose she don't want the petticoat?"

"Then, my dear girl, don't make her buy it! No reputable store wants a customer to take away goods she's going to be dissatisfied with! You are not a bogus mine promoter; you are not to 'talk her into buying' something she doesn't really want. In that case, the store loses her confidence, and the slogan of modern trade is 'Build confidence!' We're assuming that the goods you have to sell are honest value, that you can honestly recommend them; but don't force them down an unwilling throat. Your duty is merely to present their good points which might pass unseen; and to help the customer come to a favorable decision which she'll never regret."

WELL—Stella Slawson kept her place, and the wolf sneaked away from her door. Before the week's probation was up her sales had reached a point where the firm couldn't spare her.

For she was intelligent, and, given a start in the right direction, she could use her intelligence.

Now the surprising thing is that nobody seems to have thought of this until lately. Most salesgirls are intelligent, to a greater or less extent. Why shouldn't they be? They are normal human beings. But because they drone through their work, it has been assumed that they are brainless wooden automatons instead of merely unskilled workwomen.

But modernism has come along—modernism, as full of curiosity as a cat in a new barn. It sniffs and pries and wants to know all about everything. If a normal girl is a failure at her job, it asks why?

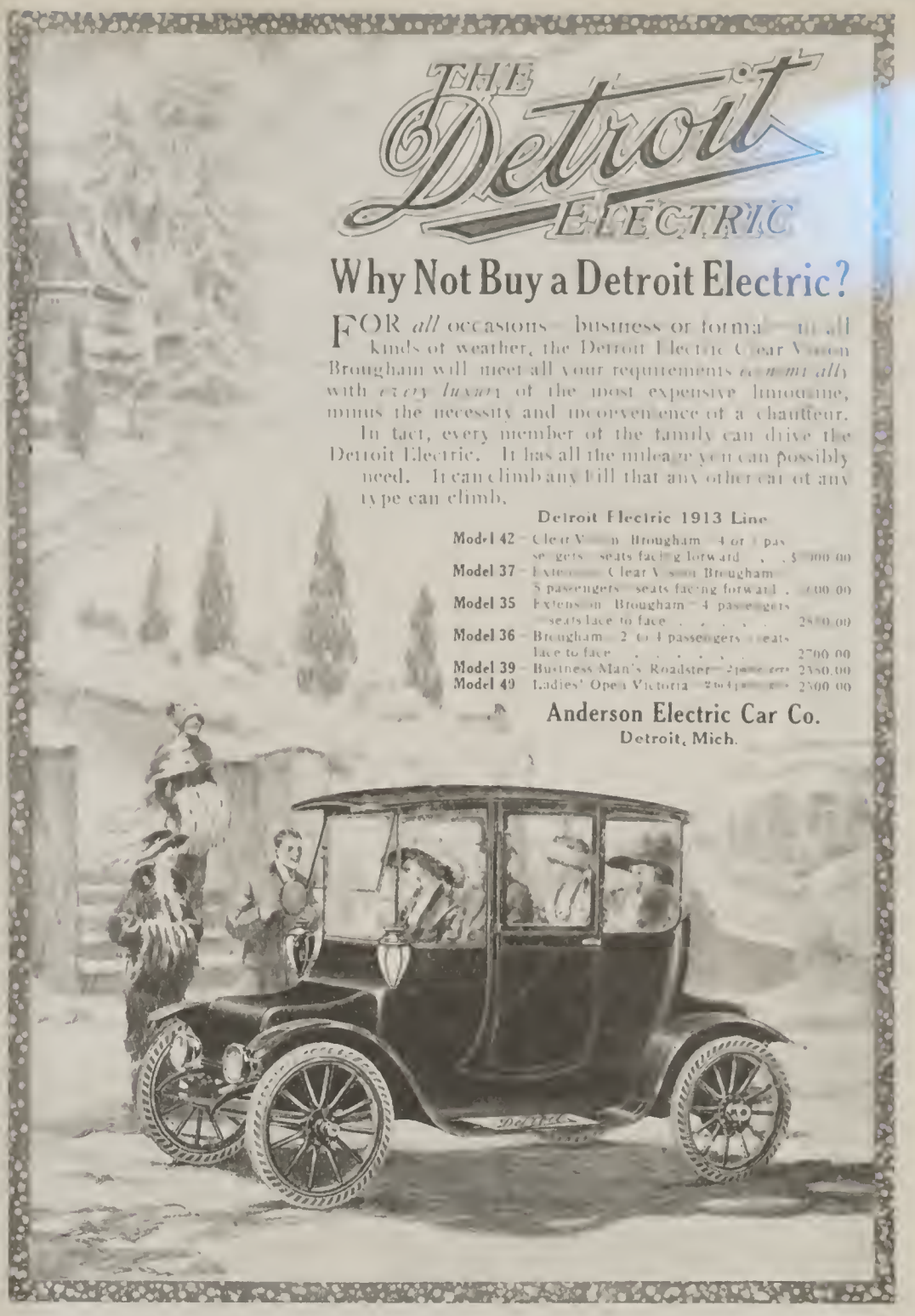
The welfare work in the stores has done much to help the shopgirl's condition. When a tactful matron, by sympathetic questioning, learns that a girl's father, a janitor, is sick and that the girl is getting up at five every morning to do his work before coming to the store, it becomes understandable why this girl's sales are the lowest at her counter. Once upon a time she would have been discharged and the reason for her failure never known. The welfare system has found out; it says: "Don't discharge her, but let's get the father into a good hospital until he's well, and meantime help the girl out of her scrape."

But although welfare work helps the shopgirl, this teaching of salesmanship goes a step further; it helps the girl to help herself. With increase of efficiency must inevitably come increase of wages. The competent can always demand more than the incompetent—and get it.

IN those stores which employ a teacher, or assign one of their managers to supervise classes at certain hours, the first step is to send every new salesperson to the teacher for a thorough lesson in the store's system. A model counter is fitted up beside the teacher's desk; saleschecks are here to be made out, carriers are at hand, for practice in receiving payment and handling change, the store's rules for C. O. D., cash, and charge payments are taught. After two or three hours of this the raw recruit goes to her counter a good deal less raw; it would have taken her days to blunder into the knowledge with which she is already equipped, and she rarely takes the customer's five-dollar-bill while marking the purchase C. O. D.

Beyond this first compulsory lesson, the classes are arranged as the store sees fit. They are often volunteer classes, but whenever a girl is noticed to be falling behind in her sales, she is urged to join. The giving of impressive-looking diplomas has done much to stimulate interest; such a diploma from a good store means a position in any town the possessor may go to.

Salesperson, customer, article; these are the three elements taken up in the study. "*Yourself* is the house you live in; put that house in order," is the fundamental lesson. In a vague way, shopgirls have been advised to be neat. But now comes the systematic teaching of neatness



Why Not Buy a Detroit Electric?

FOR *all* occasions—business or formal—in all kinds of weather, the Detroit Electric Clear Vision Brougham will meet all your requirements *economically* with *every luxury* of the most expensive limousine, minus the necessity and inconvenience of a chauffeur.

In fact, every member of the family can drive the Detroit Electric. It has all the mileage you can possibly need. It can climb any hill that any other car of any type can climb.

Detroit Electric 1913 Line

Model 42	Clear Vision Brougham—4 or 5 passengers—seats facing forward	$3000.00
Model 37	Extension Clear Vision Brougham—5 passengers—seats facing forward	3000.00
Model 35	Extension Brougham—4 passengers—seats face to face	2850.00
Model 36	Brougham—2 to 4 passengers—seats face to face	2700.00
Model 39	Business Man's Roadster—2 passengers	2350.00
Model 49	Ladies' Open Victoria—2 or 4 passengers	2500.00

Anderson Electric Car Co.
Detroit, Mich.

Sunset brings *confidence*

to the home whose night time protection depends on the reliable

Smith & Wesson

A friend indeed in time of emergency. Accurate, sure, absolutely safe.

A perfected product built for over half a century in a factory where quality in materials, care in manufacture and thoroughness of inspection are unequalled in the fire arms industry.

Emergencies come without warning. Be prepared for *yours.* Ask your dealer for a Smith & Wesson today.

Send for free Booklet, "The Revolver"

SMITH & WESSON, 502 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.

Over 50 years manufacturers of superior revolvers

SOCIETY'S PREFERENCE IS INVARIABLY THE BEST

Those of good taste and judgment appreciate the difference between the Rauch & Lang Electrics and cars that are made in a hurry.

There will always be buyers for the ordinary electrics—but so long as the Rauch & Lang remains so superior in quality—so excelling in correctness of appearance and equipment—it will be the choice of society—the car of social prestige.

It has been the same since we first began making vehicles—over 60 years ago.

The coaches of royalty were no more correct in detail, according to their periods, than the Rauch & Lang Electric of today. The owners of Rauch & Lang vehicles are invariably the most prominent in their respective communities.

The extreme care bestowed on electrics bearing our name, restricts us to a limited production.

Demonstration strictly by appointment.

Agencies in all principal cities.

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2409 West Twenty-fifth Street
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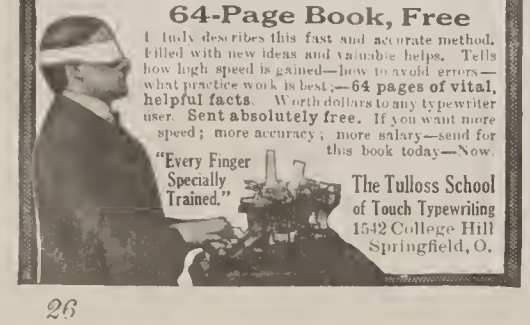

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"Anything in Petticoats?"

(*Concluded from page 25*)

and attractive appearance. The simple, becoming hairdressing is urged; the value of unspotted black impressed—gasoline will do the trick; the need of easy shoes urged—"many a sale's been lost because the salesgirl's feet hurt." Care of the teeth, the skin—simple hygienic matters—have a place here. "Your personal appearance is the beginning of your attracting a customer."

And when it's found that a girl can't help being shabby because her sister's out of work and there's a sick mother, somebody finds that a certain manager's wife can do without an excellent black suit she's hardly worn at all, and it solves the problem. This is, above all, a human system.

THE study of the customer in general is the beginning of knowing her in particular. A store's regular customers should be known to its salespeople, and the more an acquaintance is cultivated the more regular they become. A lady who had never been in the X—— store before came in one day and bought a football story book, saying that she had boys at home. A week later she was in the store again, passing the book counter. A salesgirl accosted her. "You told me you had boys, madam; wouldn't you like to look at this 'boys' book of new inventions,' just out?" The lady stared. "How on earth did you remember?" she inquired. A regular customer for that book counter was established. That's salesmanship.

By way of such anecdotes as this the class is led to think of customers as individuals; to study their temperaments, meet their needs, watch them with as tactful an interest as a host trying to give pleasure to whimsical guests. For customers will be whimsical—some of them—and there's only one way to meet them, and that is charitably. There was a lady who went to the leather goods counter and asked for a patent leather belt. The salesgirl had to measure her waist, and found it thirty inches. When the purchase was made and the lady was turning away she saw the girl smile, put up her hand, and whisper something to her neighbor. As a matter of fact, what the girl really said was: "Do you think that window dresser knows he's goin' to be asked to the dance?" But the lady, thinner of skin than she was slender of waist, instantly called a manager and reported: "That girl's making fun of my large waist!"

In the last analysis, claims the teacher, that girl was to blame—never mind whether the customer was or not. That's her business. But a tactful salesperson doesn't whisper in the presence of customers—who may be touchy.

LAST but not least comes the study of the article, the merchandise to be sold. When large classes are handled, a general study of all merchandise is made. The sources of raw products are discussed—plant, animal, or mineral sources. The most familiar processes of manufacture include fabrics, pottery, metals, wood, and a good many more that needn't be named here. The fundamental idea is that all the students shall have at least a certain amount of knowledge of all the goods sold in a large store, so that they can be placed at any time in a new department and not be at a loss. How can you intelligently sell goods, they are asked, if you haven't the remotest idea what the goods are or how they are made? Once upon a time an inquisitive customer asked the salesgirl what was the difference between felt and broadcloth. The girl, rallying bravely, informed her that broadcloth was woven, while felt was the skin of a rare animal. That girl has pointed a moral to several hundred other girls who have heard the story.

An entire department of feather goods was once falling sadly below the mark, and the case was reported to the store's instructor. "Here's a chance for a little individual work," quoth she. "Maybe these girls haven't been sufficiently interested in the general study to look further into their own goods. I'll take 'em apart."

So the whole department, consisting of eight girls, met her in the class room. She had several kinds of feathers lying before her.

"Girls, I've just been thinking of a most interesting trip I once took to an ostrich farm," she began enthusiastically, without a word as to their shortcomings. "Did you know that ostriches are raised in this country? This was in California that I visited a colony of them. And I was so much surprised to learn that all the really fine, long plumes—like this—come from the male bird's plumy tail. The female is a drab little person not half so grand as her husband. No much like us in that respect, are they?"

AND then she proceeded to tell the group of interested girls of the monogamy practiced by these devoted birds of the one loyal husband who sat on the eggs every day till he heard the four o'clock train go by; of the widow who now mourns his loss and will not be consoled. She had some delightful photographs taken on the ostrich farm, and these were passed around.

It was that same afternoon that she casually passed the feather counter. "This is an especially fine plume, madam," she heard one of the girls saying. "It is from a male bird; all the very long plumes are. No, they don't suffer at all in losing them; in fact, they often drop their feathers in the corral."

The absorbed customer was learning something. "Well, I never knew all that!" she declared.

Was the sale made? That's as idle a question as "Anything in petticoats?" Not only the sale—a customer was made.

And so, little by little, a thorough knowledge of her own goods is developed in the salesgirl's mind by this system. It often awakens her own interest for the first time. It invariably interests the customer to be told something she doesn't know.

The salesperson is urged to state always facts, not her opinion, which is seldom wanted.

THERE are many small points, perfectly legitimate "tricks of the trade" which are as helpful to the customer as to the store, that are revealed for the first time to those girls who do not instinctively use them. The value of making a motion, showing something, in addition to telling, is a fine point. For instance, when a mother stops to look at toys, the clever girl sets a beetle to running on his wheels across the floor, perhaps never saying a word, perhaps exclaiming: "I just sold six the last half hour, madam!" "Suggestive selling" tells the purchaser of a hat where the veilings are kept—this means not only your own immediate interest, but the interest of the store at heart—and ultimately yours.

The skill of getting out slow sellers in any line, so as to clear the shelves of them; the psychological value of concentrating on one piece of goods toward which the customer is tending, gradually slipping away every other piece; the study of color harmonies, that the salesgirl may be an expert adviser when her advice is asked—these are only a handful of the countless delicate points which this interesting, modern technic is mastering.

Not only are little and big stores here and there all over the country taking up this work of increasing the efficiency of salespeople, but the public schools are looking into it, some of them already offering courses in it. The Boston High School of Commerce is one. Other organizations, such as vocational bureaus, are about to fall in line. But for a long time to come, at least, the average shopgirl will be an untrained worker when she takes her place behind the counter, and her only chance for training is within the store walls.

That is where the classes reach the greatest number who actually need them. That is why merchants give the time demanded, out of their store hours, to groups of employees, sometimes twenty, sometimes two hundred, to learn to sell goods.

IT is a hard thing to put results of this kind into figures. One store estimated an increase in efficiency of twenty per cent—another said forty. One little store suddenly burst into bloom and drove a newly thriving business. All summed up, the merchants say it works. The girls say so too; the only girl's complaint on record is that of a little notion-counter damsel who wept copiously when pins, buttons, and tapes were piling up on her record.

"The goyls used to say I was one o' the crowd," she mourned, "and now they calls me a grabber!"

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To show the convenience of using Larter Studs and Buttons

The beauty of Larter Studs, Links and Buttons, which you admire at the opera, banquets and dances, is equalled only by the quickness with which they can be inserted or removed.

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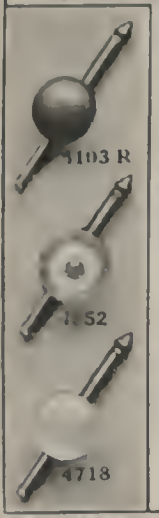

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If not at your jeweler's, write us. Look for this trade-mark on the back of every piece. It is a guarantee that if an accident happens to the back of a Larter stud or button, a new one will be given in exchange.

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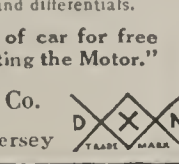

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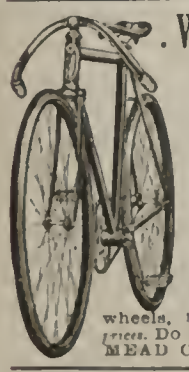

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Where Immigration Medical Inspection Fails

By LOUISE EBERLE

A FRANK statement on a condition that will keep on festering under cover till many more such are made and shall have given birth to public opinion and action appeared in COLLIER'S issue of January 11, under the title "The Ancient Evil." The Hon. Henry L. Stimson's quoted words on the spread of venereal diseases—"our own shortcomings as a nation in dealing with this matter"—indicate what he knows of the neglect and the hideous false modesty that prevail among us where this most loathly of all the secret worms that prey upon a people is concerned.

What can the Hon. Henry L. Stimson think of the cynical Comedy of Protection that is continued through days and years at Ellis Island? The scene of its action is that railed-off part of the great room through which the almost-a-million-a-year who come to us pass. Every day there stand here a handful of doctors whose duty it is to make the examination that our laws have provided for the safeguarding of the American people from unnecessary health risks from this incoming horde. Two of these doctors are detailed to examine each of the incoming lines into which the immigrants are divided, and as the average of more than 2,500 a day file by, the scene of the medical "examination" resembles the six o'clock rush past the ticket man on subway or elevated.

THE DAILY MOB

THE first of the two doctors that each line of immigrants passes makes the general examination—that is, his duty is to look for anything and everything but trachoma, which is handled by the second doctor. Past they come, these eager, hurrying people, and as they pass him the first doctor takes in such details as he can from what is visible of the usually much-bundled-up foreigner. If, in that brief moment, he gets the impression "health," all is well for the incomer.

One day one of the doctors who made the general examination took with him to Ellis Island a visitor, who stood near and watched the endless chain of Americans-to-be. After the day's siege the visitor gave free rein to curiosity.

"What can you possibly detect in that brief moment?" was asked.

"Lots," said the doctor. "The color of the skin may indicate heart disease or kidney disease. We often pull off a cap or shawl if we suspect that there may be a diseased scalp. And imbecility is generally visible, or deformity, or a maimed condition. Of course, an immigrant is not necessarily kept out by any of these—it depends on degree. He *is* kept out, though, if he has trachoma, finally, irrevocably."

"But," was asked again, "how can you examine for venereal diseases after that fashion?"

"We can't—and don't," said the doctor, "unless the disease appears on the face. The law does not provide for it."

"Why," cried the amazed visitor, "that is just as if a man were to pay for a strong gate for his wheat field and not put a fence the rest of the way around!"

"Exactly," said the doctor, and replied to the excited "Why?" with: "The reason is probably commercial. It would increase the cost of examination many times to examine for venereal diseases, for there would have to be a separate and painstaking examination for all."

WE PAY THE PRICE

THE visitor went away pondering, and has been wondering ever since whether we don't really pay much more than the difference between the cost of the present examination and a thorough one in what those incomers add to the net results that we are now reaping from continuing to "close our eyes"—to quote Mr. Stimson—"to the magnitude and extent of the evil, and refrain from attacking it with all of the weapons which modern scientific knowledge places in our hands." Don't we pay the difference afterward in attempts to stop the spread of the evil diseases, in fighting immorality, in dealing with the criminals and delinquent and insane who are the fruit of those diseases? Don't we pay in the loss of virtue and self-respect, and in condemning innocent victims to a life of self-loathing, and unborn children to come into the world too handicapped to run life's race? We pay, all right. The question is how long do we want to keep it up?

At the Shows

or on the streets, wherever you see an Abbott-Detroit, you will be impressed with its bigness, its beauty, its "betterness," if you please.

Nor is such an impression a mere illusion.

It is all there, in size, shape, speed—a substantial car of such strength and stability as has never before been offered at such small cost.

Abbott-Detroit cars are the "best cars at the price" at the shows this year.

Their popularity at the New York show proved this.

If you don't believe it, go to your local show, watch the crowd around the Abbott-Detroit booth, listen to the comments they make, ask the experts about the construction—about Continental motors—size up, for yourself, the general finish of the product, and notice the accessories with which Abbott-Detroit cars are equipped.

Then go around and look at the other machines—see if they have Electric Self-starters—Electric Lights with Dynamos—¾ Elliptic, Oil Tempered Springs—Underslung Spring Constructions—Hand-buffed Leather Upholstery—12" Cushions—extra wide, well fitted Doors—as well equipped Dash Boards—as complete sets of Time, Speed and Mileage Recording Instruments—real Honeycomb Radiators—extra powerful Continental Motors with Enclosed Valves—Hot Water Jacketed Carburetors—Dual Ignition Systems—Multiple Disc Clutches—Compact, extra strong Nickel Steel Transmissions—Double Trussed Nickel Steel, Full-floating Type Rear Axles—Heavy Duty, External and Internal Brakes—Large Radius and Torsion Rods, Extra large Artillery Wheels Over-size Tires—as large and as Well Finished Bodies—and a dozen other little items of refinement which our salesmen will be glad to show you on Abbott-Detroit cars.

You will find some cars that have many of these new features, but no one that has them all.

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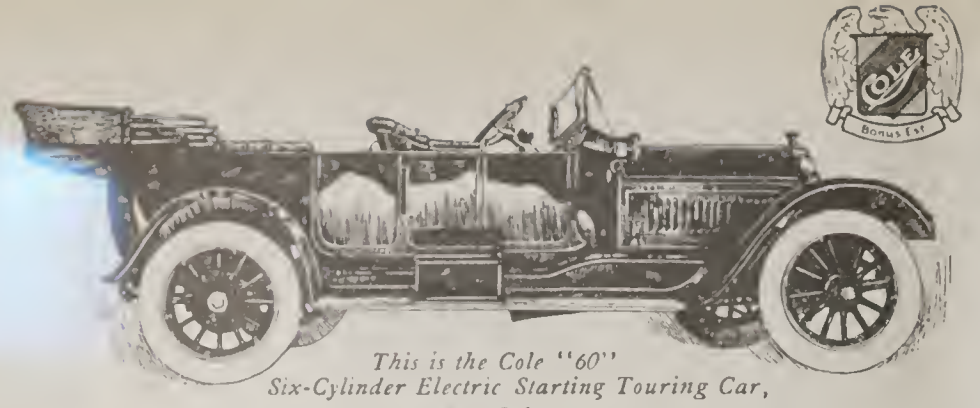

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—A car that starts *every time* from the driver's seat by simply pressing a button.

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42 ANG. Broadway **New York**

The Voice of Our Readers

Collier's a Culver Textbook

CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY,
CULVER, IND., January 16, 1913.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I HEREWITH send a subscription order for seventy-two COLLIER'S for four months, beginning January 25, 1913.

You may be interested to know that the magazine is to be used as a supplementary text in the American literature course of Culver Military Academy. I am convinced that a literature course is not complete unless it traces the development of our traditions right down to the present day. Literature has always been the reflection of the thought of its age. To-day in America we are thinking great, new thoughts, and consequently producing a vigorous, new literature. It seems sensible that we should get our students acquainted with this literature, as well as in sympathy with the lines of thought and action they will encounter when they have let go the apron strings of nurturing schools.

I will tell you frankly that I am choosing COLLIER'S for this work, not because I think it excels some other weeklies in literary merit, but because its heroically independent nature necessarily produces the type of journalism that we can best afford to present to our young citizens.

Incidentally, I notice one of your subscribers entered a protest in the latest issue regarding a style of editorial you frequently use—as the "Thanksgiving Recessional," "Call Me May," et al. Frankly, I think this miniature form of essay is good; in fact, the broad and varied field of your editorials chiefly influenced me in choosing your paper. It's a relief to find gold tacks among the "brass" ones now and then. H. L. DURBOROW.

A Housewife's View

PHILADELPHIA, PA., January 18, 1913.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I RECEIVE the "COLLIER'S Clip Sheets" and usually carry them in my pocket till they are read, and then those that I cannot use for clipping I place usually on the table of the reading room in one of my clubs. I did not read "Lucia Ancilloti" among your sheets released December 25 until recently, and then I was duly "harrowed." I was so impressed with it that I read it to my wife—hence this tale.

She was not harrowed at all. Let me say, in the first place, that she has had a very extensive hospital experience and is still actively connected with at least one hospital; and a member of our family has done settlement work both in this country and in London.

The following sentences impressed me particularly, and I thought they would impress my wife:

"Others offered her $2.50 a week, which she would not take because she could earn as much as that at home. A retail notion store in the Ghetto offered her a dollar a week to work from 8.30 in the morning to 10.30 at night; and this seemed to be the prevailing wage in such shops."

Mrs. Taylor's reply was that such hardships and privations are not at all necessary in this country. We have great difficulty in getting domestic help at excellent wages, including a good home and good living. That opening is a very wide one not only in our home but in innumerable homes in Philadelphia, New York, and in fact all over this country. We have to pay $5 per week and upward for very indifferent help of dishonest negroes, and have difficulty in keeping them on those terms. Lucia could have found many homes open to her in which she could have made herself very useful and could have gotten much better wages, including a good living and healthy home.

My wife emphasized very decidedly the fact that shop girls, factory girls, etc., receive much sympathy and aid of various kinds in the way of club rooms, organizations, encouragement, etc., too numerous to mention, while nobody ever thinks of the social needs of domestic servants. She has a good home, plenty to eat, and good wages, but her dissatisfaction, due, I suppose, largely to her isolation and her low social recognition, is greatly to her injury and to the injury of the numerous mothers and housekeepers who so sorely need her aid. Here is a field in which the wage is all right and the conditions are hygienic, but the field is not crowded. Why not turn the attention of the numerous "Lucias" this field and contrive in some way to least give as great social recognition domestic service as to service in sho and factories, that the social needs of tho who are in domestic service may recei some attention instead of being ignor entirely. Indeed, it would be much bet if the "Lucias" would enter domestic ser ice, as it is without clubs and other soc aids given to factory girls and shop gir and get a good wage and the basic phy cal needs—good food and hygienic su roundings—than to live as this Lucia liv to be specially written up as COLLIER'S h written her up to harrow the people of nation. Among the numerous suggestio of Mrs. Taylor not mentioned above w the need of *training schools* for domes servants. C. F. TAYLOR.

From a Candid Friend

ROCHESTER, N. Y., January 19, 1913.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

WHAT is the matter with COLLIER' The "National Weekly" has grea deteriorated in the past decade. The e torials seem forced and lack inspiratio The writer was one of the millions w voted for Roosevelt, but, with all due r spect to the Hon. A. J. Beveridge, I a now convinced that all reforms must em nate from within the G. O. P.

What has taken the place of the Gibs drawings or the Kemble cartoons? Co pare the Adams articles with the fulso advertising given certain Christian divi by Mr. Peter Clark Macfarlane; sa must be of vital interest to your ma Hebrew and Catholic subscribers.

Of course, we appreciate the Commet on Congress, the photographs in gener and the Balkan war articles, but wou suggest that your staff make a pilgri age to the shrine of Peter F. Collier pri to the publication of further short stori The writer will continue to buy t Weekly and will pray that you can "co back." JAY CHESTER MORTIMER.

A Question of Names

LEWISBURG, TENN., January 17, 1913.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

IN view of the fact that "The Smithso ian Institution" at Washington, D. is called also "The National Museum," am moved to say that I cannot appreci any reason for affixing "ian" to the na "Smithson"—because the founder took interest in science, there is no peculi science, nor standard of science, peculi to the name Smithson—admitting · th Smithson is a distinguished and gre name of both hemispheres.

And I ask whether it would be a prop honor to the founder of the Smiths Institution for Congress to pass an a fixing the name as "Smithson Natio Museum"?

I should be glad if COLLIER'S would ta this matter up, to the end that the impo tant matter may be settled.

Very respectfully,
BENJAMIN S. WHITE.

In Defense of the Canal Attitude

LEWES, DEL., Dec. 26, 1912.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

YOUR cartoon by Cesare in a rece issue bears a column headed "Ame ica Repudiates Panama Canal Treaty." cannot think this to be the fact, in vie of certain other facts I have not se mentioned, and which I believe wort of mention.

We slop over in this country when pr tending to be fair, we are too often hyp crites, we lack self-respect.

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty related to *concession* of a *right of way through foreign country*, which later was amend in some minor ways by the Hay-Paunc fote Treaty; but both referred only to *right of way* (a concession) *through alien's country*. Now, we have driven t canoe through *our own land*, bought a paid for by us, as much our own proper as Florida, Louisiana, Alaska, and f which we had a right to form laws go erning the same.

We are the only nation who has ev acquired property by purchase, so far my reading goes. We have repudiat nothing; the treaties were abrogated our purchase.

REGINALD CLEVELAND FOX.

GENUINE

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are the premier automobile tires of the world

The most flexible tire on the market

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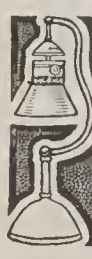

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BY LEE SHIPPEY

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The Six Rubies

(*Continued from page 19*)

ward forgotten, realized where I was and presently lost that realization? Could I indeed have searched for and found the Gaunt ruby only to have had the whole enterprise swept from my mind? I began to hope that it might be so. But meanwhile my head was aching abominably and after a few moments more of inconclusive talk Carling saw it and called a halt.

"We're half killing the poor chap with all this wrangling and worry. Let it alone for a bit! If the ruby is stolen and gone, it's gone; if it's still in the house it will stop there until we dig it out. Come away and let Gaunt sleep!"

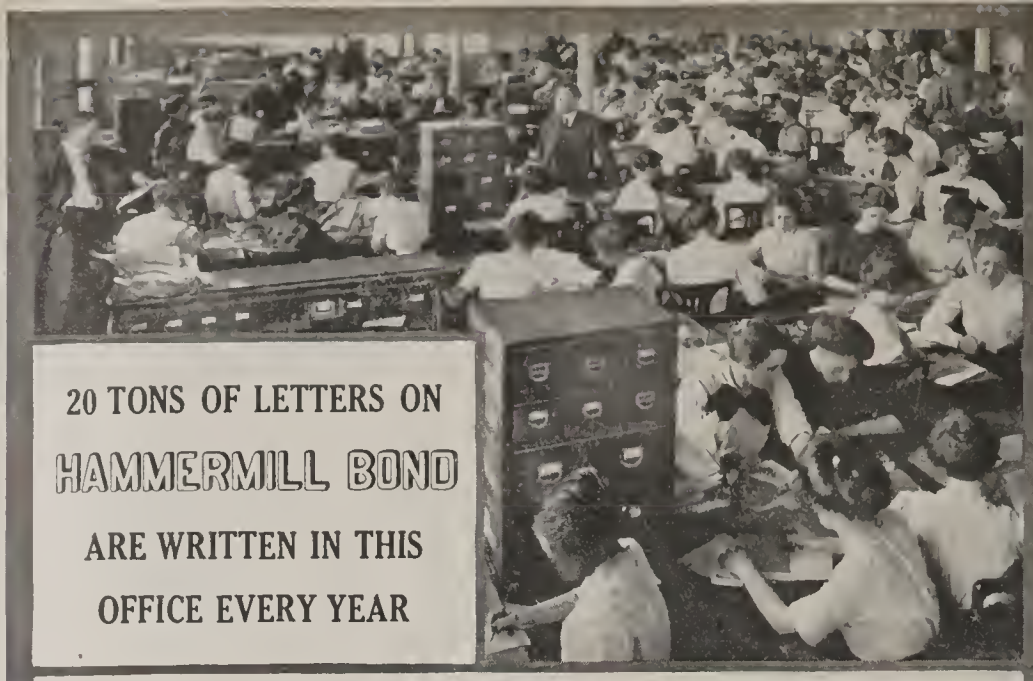
My cousin had a great deal more that he burned to say, but Carling got him at last out of the room. Celia went too, but first came to my bedside and looked down at me with those grave enigmatic eyes in a masklike face. She was pretty, I suppose, in an odd fashion. Her features were all good. But never before nor since have I seen a countenance so devoid of expression.

"I'm sorry," she said quietly. "But I couldn't let suspicion fall—on the wrong people, could I?"

I SAID dully and not thinking of my words:

"Oh! that was it?" And for just an instant I thought I saw something flash into her eyes and out again—the shadow of some emotion, I knew not what. Then she turned and left the room, and Carling, nodding over his shoulder, followed her

The next day I had not unnaturall temperature, and the doctor who loc me over in the morning gave orders I was to be left as quiet as possible



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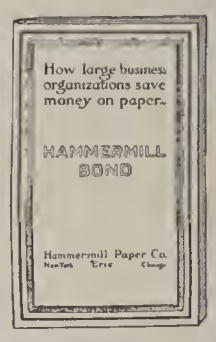

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The Six Rubies

(Continued from page 30)

that I was to sleep all I could. But my head was clear and ached very little. I lay and thought.

I came early to the conclusion that I couldn't have stolen and hidden the ruby myself. There was too much against that theory—a long list of objections, too long to be set down here. There remained, much to my sorrow, the other—that Carling was the guilty man. He came into my room during the afternoon and sat beside me as his habit had been. He didn't mention the stolen gem. He kept off the subject altogether, but that or some other weight was on his mind. He was silent and unlike himself. I mourned over him.

And once, when he was not there, Celia came and busied herself quite unnecessarily about the place. She hoped I was better and I said I thought I was. It was a beautiful day, she observed. She wished I might be out in it, and so did I. But at last she came to the point that, I take it, had brought her there.

"Yesterday, when I explained that I spoke only so that suspicion shouldn't fall on the wrong people you answered rather oddly. At least I thought you did. You said: 'Oh! that was it?' It wasn't so much what you said as your tone. What did you mean? Do you suspect anybody in particular of having stolen the ruby? Of course, if you do, my father and I ought to be told."

I said:

"Suspicions are no good without evidence—*sufficient* evidence. We shall have to wait, I'm afraid. In a day or two we can talk it over."

ONCE again I thought I saw something in this odd creature's eyes. She made as if she would speak, then changed her mind, and after some hesitation went out of the room. I said to myself:

"She knows something—or at least suspects. And she's trying to shield Carling. She lied about seeing me up at night."

But there was nothing to be done about it. I had to bide my time.

On the next morning, I had a brief talk with my cousin. I could see that he had virtually given up any trust in his daughter's theory, though he wouldn't say so in plain words. He wanted to turn the matter over to the police, but I asked him to wait, saying that I wanted time for reflection.

He gave in to me with some reluctance.

I slept a part of the afternoon, and when I awoke, found Carling by the bedside. The shutters were closed and the room was cool and dim and smelt of spice pinks. I lay still for a little time, with my eyes half closed. I had no pain and was very comfortable and thought I might drop off again presently. But before I had done so, I heard a low voice from the doorway and looked up. It was Celia calling to Arthur Carling. He must have made a sign of caution to her, for she changed to a whisper and asked:

"Is he asleep?"

Carling thought I was and nodded. She beckoned to him and he rose and tiptoed a little way toward her, asking:

"What is it?"

"I want to see you. Come down to the terrace. I want to see you at once."

"I can't just now, old girl," Carling said. "Gaunt will wake up presently and be lonely. He likes me here to talk to."

She shook her head at him and even across that dim room I could see that her face was drawn and that her eyes seemed to have dark circles under them. Carling must have seen too, for he asked:

"What's wrong?"

"Everything!" she said in her aloud whisper. "Come! I've got to see you. It's about the ruby."

CARLING gave an exclamation, glanced back once toward my bed and went out.

I gave them two minutes, slipped out of bed and crept across the room. My head swam a little and my knees were very wobbly, but I had no pain.

I knew the terrace Celia spoke of was on the shady side of the house and under my windows, for Carling had more than once told me about it and said it would be just the place for me to loaf about when I could walk. I sat down beside one of the windows and waited, and presently the two were there just below me. I couldn't see them, but their voices, though low, rose with perfect distinctness to my ears.

(Continued on page 33)

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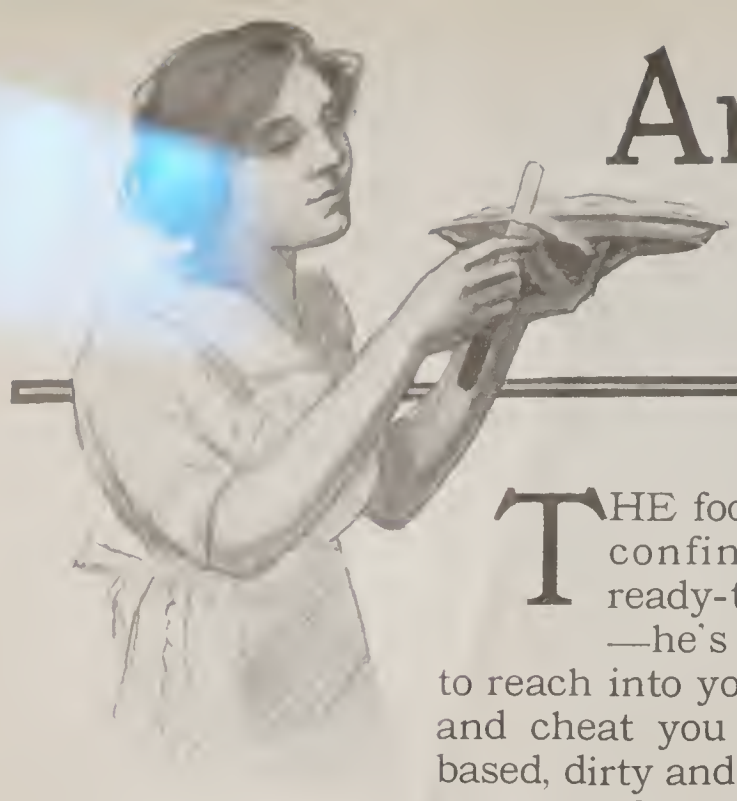

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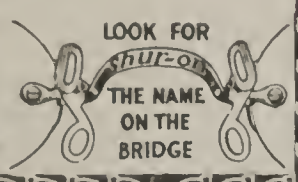

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The Six Rubies

(Continued from page 31)

Carling asked.

"Now then, what's this about the ruby?"

"Father is going to give the case to the police," she said. "He has been talking to cousin Peter and they've decided."

THAT was wrong. She must have misunderstood.

"Well, why not? That's what I should do in their places. Why shouldn't they?"

"They mustn't, Arthur!" the girl said in a sharp voice. "They mustn't do it. We must stop it, somehow."

He waited a moment. I pictured him staring. Then:

"Why?—Look here, old girl! What's this? Do you know who took that ruby? Do you?"

"I took it, Arthur!" she said.

Carling gave a cry and so very nearly did I up behind my window shutter.

"I needed some money—a lot of money—and it occurred to me that this thing my grandfather sent might be valuable. It was heavy, heavier than glass. I took it to Boston, that time I went to visit the Trents two months ago, and showed it to one of the men at Hackett's. I told him it was a kind of family heirloom, but that we wanted to sell it. He said it was a ruby and worth a great deal. He wanted to know about me before he'd go any further, and so I asked old Mr. Blake to identify me and he did. I made him swear he'd never tell. I got four thousand dollars for the stone."

CARLING started to speak, but she checked him.

"Of course I knew that my father would miss the thing some day, but I knew too that he'd simply think it had been stolen by a burglar. I thought I was safe. So far as I could see I *was* safe. How could I know that this Peter Gaunt would come and claim the ruby as his? I didn't even know he existed. . . . But now he's here and they know the stone is gone and they're going to call in the police. I'm afraid, Arthur. I'm ghastly afraid. I'm afraid of Peter Gaunt. He looked at me so strangely yesterday and this morning! I'm afraid of him. And I'm afraid of the police too. They'll find me out. Arthur, you've got to help me. You're very clever. Help me not to get caught!"

"What did you want four thousand dollars for, Celia?" he asked her, and she answered impatiently:

"Never mind what I wanted it for! I had to have it. I *had* to. But that doesn't matter now. Help me to hide, Arthur!"

He gave a sudden dreadful cry and I heard his feet on the flagged terrace.

"Celia! Celia!" I think he had caught her by the arms, for she too cried out faintly.

"Look here! Two months ago I was in a desperate bad way for funds to pay a debt, and you knew it. I was just about ready to cut my throat when my bankers notified me that four thousand dollars had been paid into my account by somebody who didn't want his name known. I thought it was a man I'd done a good turn for once. He's rich. I thought he'd heard I was going under and had saved me. . . . My God! . . . Celia!"

She said in a low tone:

"I meant you never to know." She gave a dry sob.

"I couldn't see you shamed in public. I couldn't. I was afraid you'd do something to yourself. . . . There was no other way. I did what I could."

HE groaned:

"Celia! Celia!" I think he had his hands over his face. The girl began to talk to him very fast:

"Help me to keep it away from the police! Think of something! You're clever, Arthur, you can do it. Help me now and it will be all right. They'll never find out. I'll make them believe that Peter Gaunt stole the thing himself when he was in a fever, and hid it or threw it out of a window, and then forgot. We can invent some clues. Just help me, and—"

"Wait!" Carling said. "Wait! That was all a lie, then, about your seeing Gaunt outside your father's study, the other night?"

"Of course!"

"Yes, of course! And so you'd let your father believe—*make* him believe that an innocent man, a guest in his house, a man you'd stolen from, was a thief? You'd do that, eh?"

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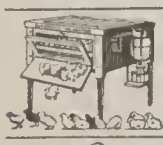

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The Six Rubies

Concluded from page 33

"Oh, Arthur!" said she. "What is Peter Gaunt to me—or to you? What do I care what my father thinks of him—or what anybody else thinks? I needed money to save you. I stole it and I'm glad I did. I'd burn the world down to save you, if I had to."

I PICTURED him looking at her with a kind of hopeless mixture of exasperation and despair.

"Celia! For Heaven's sake pull yourself together! Look at it straight and square. Think what you've done and what you want me to help you do! This is an innocent man already defrauded of something that's far more than mere property to him—something that touches the pride and the honor of his family. You steal from him again and then turn on him and try to blacken him, to boot. It's too horrible. It's outrageous. It's appalling. And all to save a fellow who isn't fit to take Gaunt's hand—a queer inn, a shady character who'd got himself into a hole through his own rotten fault. Child, you can't do things like that. You can't manage the world in that fashion. It's all incredibly wrong. Men must suffer for their own sins, not push them off on innocent people. We must set this right, and at once, too. I must go to Gaunt and tell him."

The girl screamed and smothered the scream with her hand. She ran to him and I heard a confusion of voices—both of them talking at once, Celia pleading with him desperately, sobbing, swearing she'd done it all for him; Carling, I fancied, trying to free himself from her hold.

"I won't have it!" he cried above her sobs. "I tell you it can't be done. We're the guilty ones in this business. I won't have Gaunt made a victim of any longer. We've got to tell him and then find some way of getting the ruby back."

"It will kill me, Arthur!" she said.

But Carling answered:

"No, it won't. I don't want to seem cruel, my dear, but you're harder than that. You won't die so easily. I'll spare you all I can. I'll do my best, but, if it has to be, you've got to face it."

SHE pleaded with him further—railed at him, said he didn't love her, or he couldn't treat her so, but the man was firm.

"We stand together in this. You're not alone. But stand we must. We couldn't live with such a thing before us every hour. Let me go, Celia! I've got to tell Peter Gaunt."

He freed himself from her at last. I heard his steps on the flagstones and I heard the girl sobbing there alone. I got back into bed and waited.

Carling seemed to have taken a little time for thought, for it was perhaps ten minutes before he came to me. He asked from the door:

"Are you awake?"

I said I was and had wished he was there to talk to. He came across the room and his face was gray and drawn.

He said: "I've something to tell you." And I said: "Good enough! Sit down and get on with it."

But he stood instead, his hands in his pockets.

"It's a bad business, Gaunt. I'd rather be hanged than— You've been decent to me. I— It's like turning on a friend and striking him in the face. Well, the fact is— I stole your ruby. I was in a hole. I needed money badly. I'd seen the thing and knew it was valuable. I took it and sold it. There you are! You'd better get the police in and give me in charge."

"Sit down, Arthur!" said I, and he sat down, near by, his hands hanging between his knees. I looked at him with tenderness and affection.

"Poor old Arthur! This world's the very devil of a hole, isn't it? Thank God! we've some good men to be grateful for. I was listening at the windows, Arthur. I heard the whole story."

He covered his face with his hands and I turned my eyes away.

Presently I heard him saying:

"Don't judge her too harshly, Peter. She didn't realize what she was doing—the enormity of it, I mean. She did it for me. It was a terrible thing to do, but she did it for love's sake."

"The devil take you!" said I. "Who's talking about judgments? I judge nobody. And I'll tell you a secret, my friend. I wish there was a woman somewhere who'd commit crimes for *me*. Now, I've something to propose. I happen to be fairly well off in what the parson would call 'this world's goods' and I want to buy that ruby back from the dealers in Boston. I'd like you to manage the job. Will you?"

"You're a good sort, Peter," said he. "You make me want to cry."

He bent his head.

I LAUGHED.

"Don't you do it! You go, instead, and tell Celia that things are all right, then come back here and we'll make up a story for the parson. Oh, by the way! Do you—it's cheeky of me to ask—do you, by any chance, love her, Arthur?"

He said:

"Yes, I do. I've wanted for a long time back to marry her, but I couldn't. I'd nothing but debts and a pretty poor record to offer her."

"Well, I've an idea that there are better times ahead. You might just tell Celia so."

He got up, smiling at me uncertainly, and tried to speak. He couldn't.

He shook his head and went out of the room.

But he was back in a minute or two.

"She's told him! She's told the doctor. I found them together in his study. The poor old chap's frightfully cut up, and I think he's coming here to cry on you."

I closed my eyes.

"Tell him you left me asleep and you think I oughtn't to be disturbed. And look here, Arthur! Find my coat, like a good chap! Will you? It must be hanging somewhere about. There's a flat case with a photograph in the inside pocket. I want to hold it for a bit."

He found it, gave it to me, wrung my hand, and went away.

I looked into her beautiful face and it seemed to smile at me gravely.

ON a hill beside a great river some hundreds of miles away she was living and waiting. There had been six obstacles between us, and the time had been very long. Five of the obstacles were passed now—cleared from my path.

But there was still one left.

COLLIER'S, *The National Weekly*

VOLUME FIFTY, NUMBER 21 FEBRUARY 8, 1913

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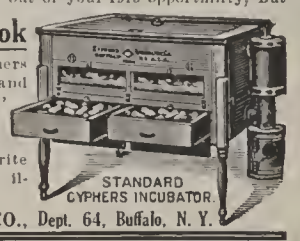

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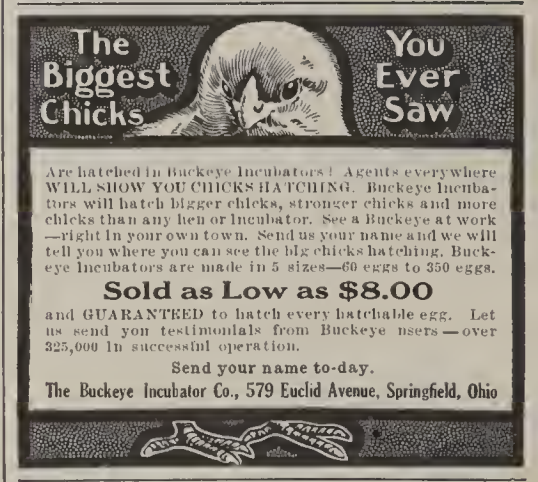

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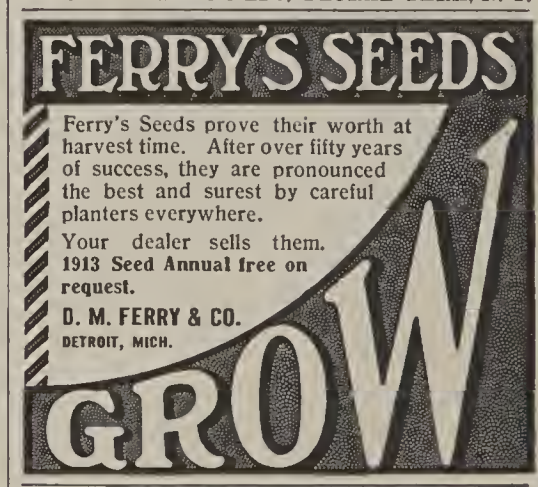

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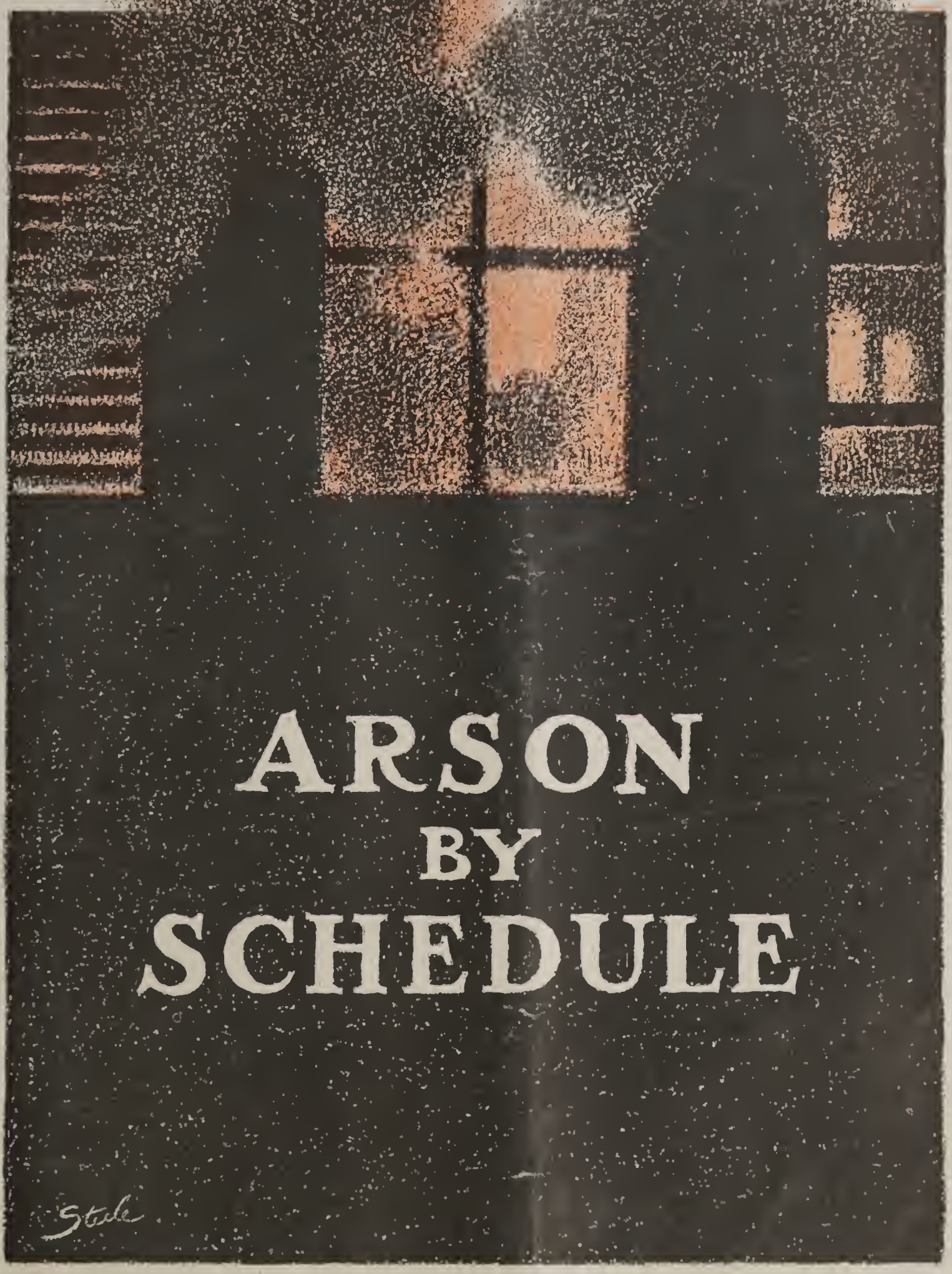

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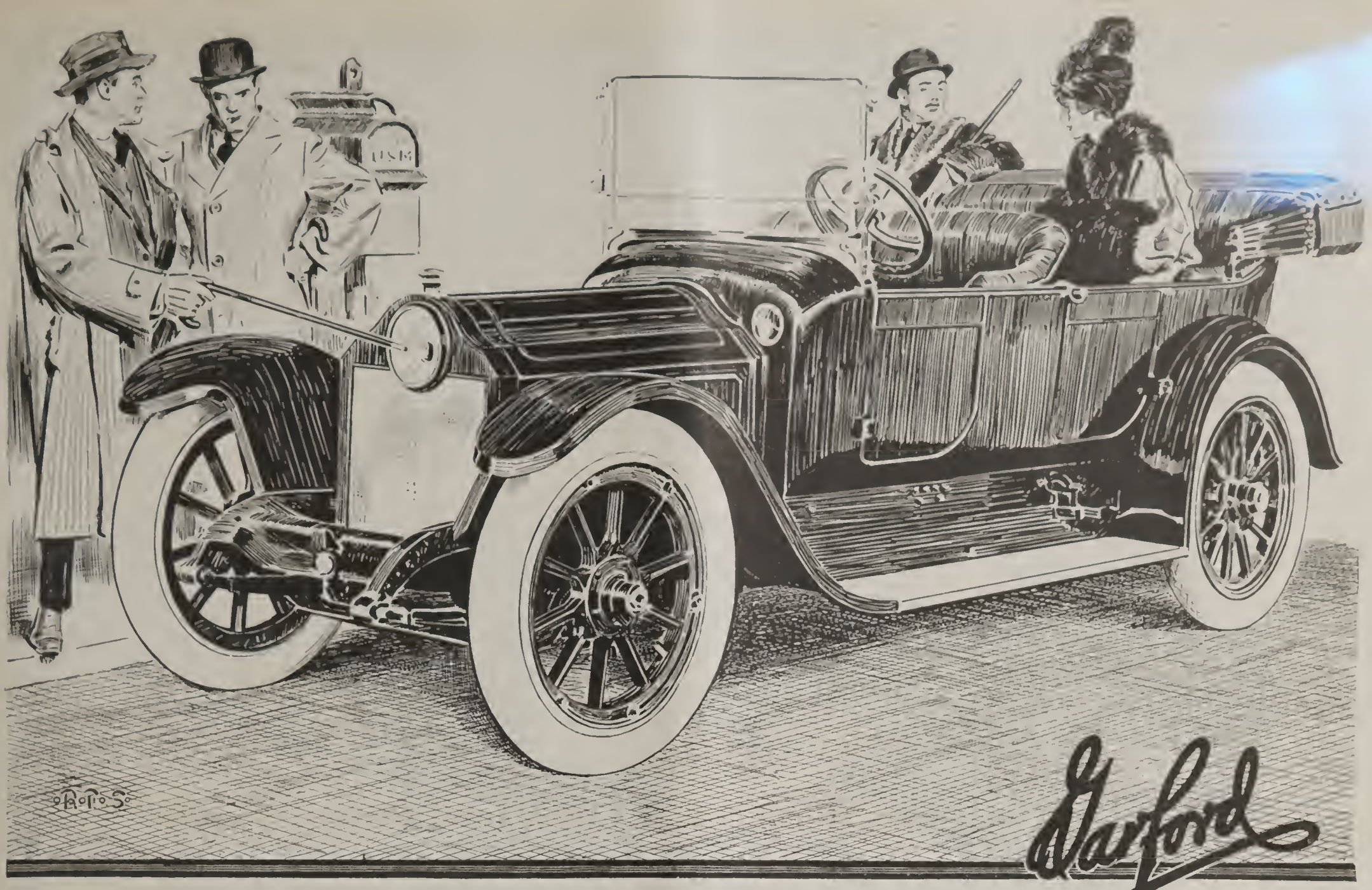

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One of our dealers alone made twenty-six retail sales the first week this car was put on the market.

$2750—Completely Equipped

The new Garford Six is the lowest priced, high grade, six cylinder car made. In it are embodied all of the very latest six cylinder developments, refinements and designs—both American and European. We are the first in the industry to build six cylinder cars in lots of ten thousand—which makes possible this exceptionally reasonable price.

This car is of brand new treatment in every single respect. The motor, the electrical equipment, the front axle, the rear axle, the control, the brakes, the transmission, the frame, the speedometer—which is driven from the transmission—the big, single electric parabolic headlight, sunk flush with the radiator and the one-piece all-steel body is new. In fact, the whole car is an entirely new development in design, treatment, style and finish, based on the very latest European and American six-cylinder practice.

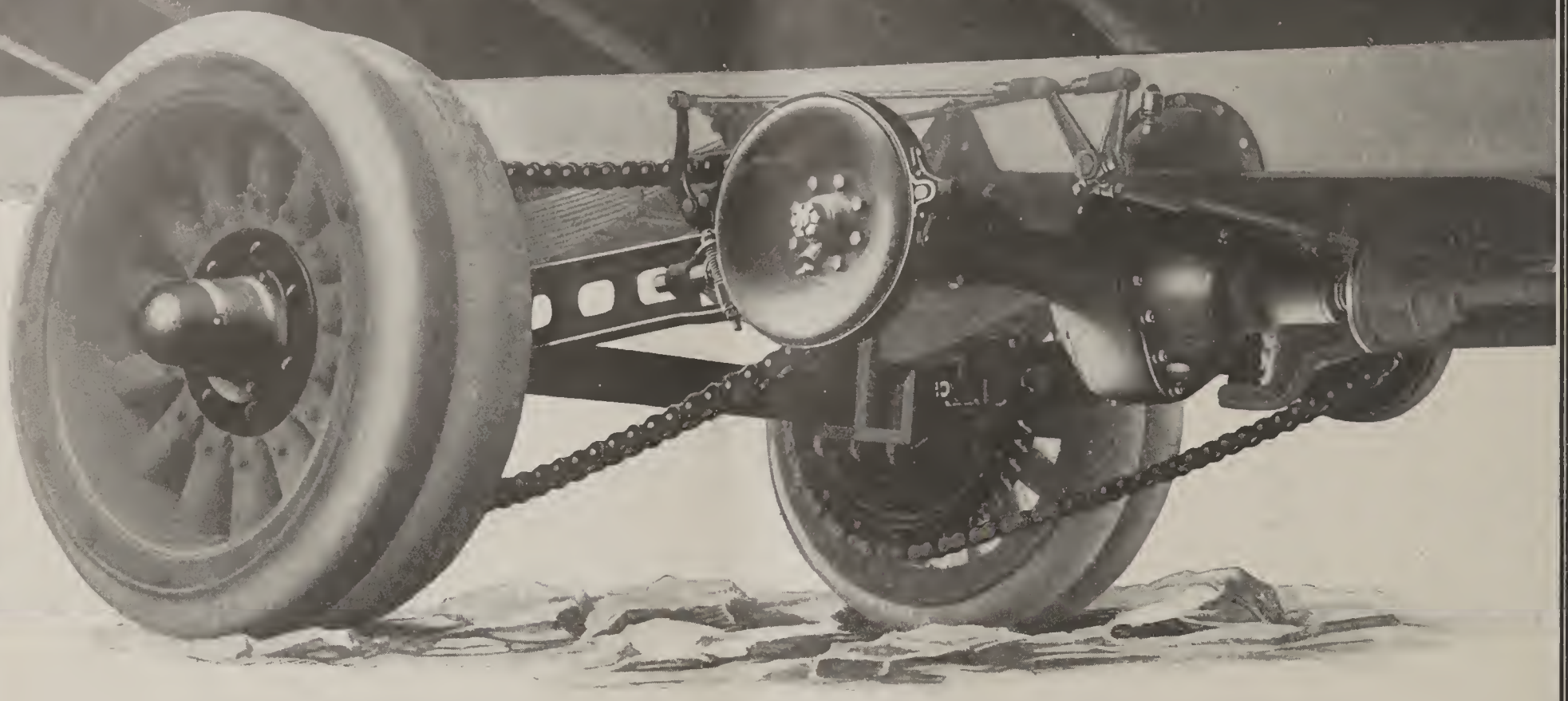
The new Garford Six is a five passenger touring car. It is electrically started, all lights are electric; the horn is electric; it has a sixty horsepower, long-stroke motor—the measurements of which are 3¾ in. by 6 in.—the wheelbase is 128 inches, the tires are 36 in. by 4½ in.; it has demountable rims; it has the very practical and popular left-hand drive and center control. It is, of course, completely equipped with the very best and very finest accessories. The price, complete, is $2750.

Full information from us or our nearest dealer.

Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 1

The Garford Company, Elyria, Ohio

TIMKEN
AXLES & BEARINGS



Look Beneath the Motor Truck

WATCH the axles of the giant motor truck as it rumbles by, over the rough roadway.

It swerves about other vehicles, bumps across car-tracks, jolts over cobblestones. The great load bears with grinding force first to one side, then to the other.

Truck tires are solid, truck loads are heavy. Engine and transmission are attached solidly to the frame and ride smoothly on the powerful springs, but the axles and their bearings get every bit of the tremendous pound and vibration.

A five-ton truck itself weighs about 8,000 lbs., its load 10,000 more. The whole of this immense weight is supported by the spindles of the front and rear axles.

In Timken-Detroit Axles (sizes for 5-ton work) the front spindles are 2⅝ inches, the rear spindles 3⅜ inches, in diameter. And Timken-Detroit are the strongest axles made.

Regard for a proper factor of safety decrees that the spindles shall not be smaller or lighter. Years of actual service show that they need not be heavier.

Think how good the steel must be, how carefully selected, machined, heat-treated and ground to carry that 18,000 lbs.!

Only long years of experience and the concentration of an entire great organization on axle-building can develop the knowledge of how to make axle spindles that are good enough for heavy commercial-car service.

The 18,000 lbs. rest, too, on the bearings that fit over the axle spindles—two bearings on each spindle, eight in all. And in a Timken-Detroit Axle these are Timken Tapered Roller Bearings, that carry the load along their whole length, not on mere points as ball bearings must.

So the 18,000 lbs. rest really on the rollers, and not on all of them either, because only one-fifth of those rollers are under the load at any one time. Actually 18,000 lbs. on 24 rollers—an average 750 lbs. to the roller—twice that on some—and the rollers average ⅝ of an inch in diameter.

And mere weight isn't all—isn't even half. Hammer blows due to jolting over rough roads, and side pressure when corners are turned often exceed weight! The bearings are constantly meeting all of them at once!

Yet even this is not all! It is only what the axles and bearings meet under ideal conditions. What about emergencies? Careless driving, overloading, the hundred and one *extraordinary* stresses that the truck must meet, and meet every day?

You can't count on your driver as you could on yourself. You can't be sure he won't travel at excessive speed, take chances, cut corners, back too hard against the curb.

Axles and bearings have to meet these *emergency* requirements. They are inevitable in motor-truck service. They must be anticipated in truck axle and bearing design.

That's why, with succeeding years, there has been steady development in truck axles toward the Timken ideal of surplus strength for emergencies.

From long experience, minutely tabulated, Timken engineers have discovered the points in axles where extra strength is required.

And Timken engineers are backed by two great Timken production organizations that live up to their exacting specifications. Organizations of men whose whole hearts are in the work of building the best possible axles and bearings for use in motor trucks and pleasure cars.

Look then beneath the loaded truck as it goes about the streets, watch the axles at work, think of the bearings hidden in the hubs, and you will gain a new appreciation of the intricate problem of good truck axle and bearing construction.

Get the whole interesting story of axles and bearings by writing to either address below for the Timken Primers, B-3 "On the Care and Character of Bearings," and B-4 "On the Anatomy of Automobile Axles."

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO., DETROIT, MICH.
THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

Collier's

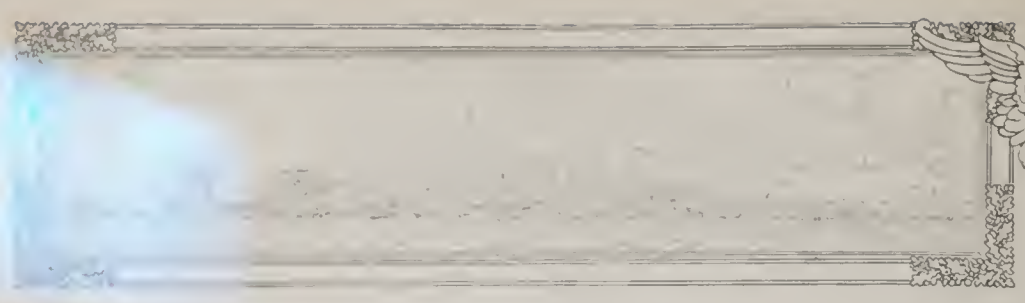
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR

Two Sides of the Winter Question



What to Tax, and How?

IN ALL THE THOUSANDS OF YEARS that human beings have been living in contact with each other the most fundamental incident of organization has never been satisfactorily settled—namely, the amount that each shall contribute to the common fund, how it shall be determined, and how assessed and collected. Within a few weeks the Congress of the United States will begin the adoption of a system of import tariff duties and an income tax, methods of taxation less scientific than the primitive systems employed by the wandering tribes on the Libyan plains three thousand years ago.

MR. WILSON AND SOCIOLOGY

"LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP" might well be considered the motto of the President-elect. A naturally analytical mind, together with long years of scholarly training and meditation upon the fundamentals of life and government, have engendered an intellectual attitude as cautious and reasonable in the inception of a plan of action as it is fearless and convincing in the prosecution of it. Slow to make a decision or take a stand upon any issue, great or small, until all the evidence is in, tireless in his efforts to gather the last item of that evidence, he takes his final position with the assurance and solidity that comes of complete conviction. It is characteristic of Mr. WILSON that while he said little during the campaign about matters of social betterment, feeling that, for him at least, the time was not yet ripe, he is now considering with great interest and enthusiasm the plans of prominent social workers from all fields of humanitarian endeavor. At a recent conference held for this purpose he said:

> Every subject treated here to-day engages my deep interest and enthusiasm. My enthusiasm is in proportion generally to the practicability of a scheme. I have always been eager to forward general principles, but I do not feel the breath fill my lungs until I see the practical plan. I hope you will always come to me with plans, and you may count on me to consider those plans with interest and with friendliness. . . .
>
> I want above all things to enjoy the confidence of, and to have at my service the information and counsel of, those who are engaged in these fundamental things. Most of the vitality of public action comes from outside the Government. The Government does not originate. It responds to public opinion. You are all to regard yourselves as forces playing upon the Government, and I hope that during the next four years you will find a sensitive part of the Government at the top.

However the new President may differ with many of us as to the part the Federal Government should play in the furthering of such legislation, at least we may take courage that in his own way he is throwing into this fight the force of his intellect and the power of his position.

FUNNY BUT NOT TRUE

IS THERE ANYWHERE in the land a newspaper reader who has not observed within the past month a news item from San Francisco to the effect that DAVID STARR JORDAN, in the midst of a study in eugenics, had found in the person of a twelfth-century "superwoman" a common ancestor for such well-known Americans as JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, J. PIERPONT MORGAN, and THEODORE ROOSEVELT? Or is there anywhere an editorial writer who has not within the same period written an editorial jibe about the Stanford professor's alleged findings? What do these editorial writers and the readers of the numberless papers that contained the San Francisco dispatch think of this paragraph from a letter of Dr. JORDAN's to a New York friend:

> As for the eugenics stuff, all that is the creation of the San Francisco "Examiner" and the Associated Press. I am not writing on the superwoman, or making lists of people who have royal or other degenerate blood in their veins, or in fact anything of the kind.

Should we be angry with Mr. HEARST's newspaper? Hardly; it was an amusing invention, and useful in reducing the average of somberness in the day's news. But we wish Mr. HEARST's fakes might somehow be labeled or otherwise managed so as not to disturb the confidence of the public in the accuracy of all dispatches in all newspapers.

TURNING POINTS

THERE ARE MOMENTS in history when all is changed, and, so far as our little human concerns go, changed forever. Yet these are rather events of the mind than of ordinary history. For example, when COLUMBUS was begging of the courts of Europe for money to sail westward to India, some men no doubt believed the earth to be round. But they were few. Twenty years later, to doubt it was to be set down as a fool. Along every avenue of human knowledge stands the same sort of milepost. For centuries men have fought over the rise and fall of prices and all the phenomena embodied in the talk of the day about the high cost of living. It troubled HENRY VIII no less than our own day. Since the first Bryan campaign the problem has been cleared up. The new knowledge ought not to be wasted. For example, we might now have a Secretary of the Treasury who understands the "Money Question." We never have had. Hitherto this has been no disgrace, for with other nations it has been the same. But the matter is different now. President-elect WILSON is a man of progress. He ought not to select for the Treasury a man who has not deeply read and pondered over some such work as Professor IRVING FISHER's book on "The Purchasing Power of Money." By this we mean very simply a man who no longer has medieval ideas about why the cost of living is high.

VERY BAD

AN EARNEST WOMAN in San Francisco writes us about the dance halls which are the principal form that commercialized vice takes in that city. They are, she says, upon the testimony of social workers who have made comparisons, much more revolting than in New York or Chicago. She is "deeply concerned about the city she was once so fond and proud of, and which now causes such mortification to those who wish it to be a beautiful and healthy city, fit to bring up boys and girls in." The most hopeless thing about San Francisco's case, she thinks, is the lack of wholesome standards of taste and morals on the part of that section of the city whose opinion and example is apt to be most respected, for, after all, the regulation of things as intangible as these is as much a matter of public opinion as of statutes:

> One of the most unhappy features of the situation here is that the worst of these dance halls (of which there are at a certain point seventeen on one short block) are habitually frequented by people of the fashionable and so-called decent class, who go not only for the diversion of looking on but for the purpose of joining in the "ragging." Their support of them puts one of the greatest difficulties in the way of reform. It is not uncommon, after a gay private party, for the young men and women who have taken part to crowd into their automobiles and go down to the Barbary Coast to finish out the night.

This is pretty bad. It would seem fair to infer that those women who form the permanent population of these resorts are the ones who, for the most part, have been forced into this occupation unwillingly by economic pressure or by the drunkenness of parents or husbands; while the fashionable ones, who come in automobiles to "join in the ragging," must compose either that much smaller, abnormal portion of the feminine sex who have a natural taste and inclination for this sort of thing, or that large and pathetic part who are so utterly uninstructed in the meaning of vice and its relation to health and decency that they have no idea of the effect their careless support of its institutions is having on the lives of their fellow men. Many perfectly good, clean women go on these expeditions in hilarious moments, to be smart, to be gay, simply because the instruction of women in matters of sex and public welfare does not keep pace among educated people with the freedom of conduct now granted them.

WHAT COULD BE DONE

THE COMMERCIALIZED VICE SITUATION in San Francisco is probably worse than in any other American city, and with the approach of the World's Fair it becomes not merely a matter of San Francisco's blunted sensibilities, but a problem for the rest of the country, a problem which can be handled successfully if handled vigorously. When San Francisco was asking Congress to authorize the fair, there was some disposition to refuse, just because of San Francisco's reputation in this respect. The Chicago World's Fair is well known to have been a most virulent center of infection which sent venereal diseases to remote little towns and villages where they had never before been known. The churches throughout the country, and such organizations as the Young Men's Christian Association, ought to inquire whether it will be wholesome to send thousands of young men at the most impressionable and least restrained age to spend days or weeks in a city which looks upon commercialized vice as a legitimate form of trade, to be exploited the same as other forms of business. If the moral agencies of the rest of the country would take some such action as this, San Francisco might respond to the stimulus of its "pocket nerve."

THIS OUGHT TO BE WIDELY READ

IF WE HAD A MILLION DOLLARS we would place JANE ADDAMS'S book, "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil," in a million homes. The legitimate objection to most literature of this kind is that it is apt to stimulate thoughts which everybody agrees ought not to be stimulated. We defy anyone to read Miss ADDAMS's book and lay it down in other than a somber mood. It definitely marks its author as one of the great women of all time, a sort of brooding mother of the human race.

EVERY PAPER ITS OWN GOVERNOR

"A PLEASANT PUBLICATION and courteous withal" was our first mental comment as we chanced to pick up a copy of the Dayton (Ohio) "Daily News" one day a short while ago. The item that caught our eye and educed this reflection was the following:

Sitting down in the reporters' row when the House and Senate joint Liquor Traffic Committee meets Monday night to hear arguments on the proposed license codes that have been introduced will be a modest and rather retiring gentleman, forty-two years old. He will make no comments, but he will do a large lot of thinking, detecting weaknesses in one argument here and in another there.

The quiet man will be none other than JAMES M. COX, Governor of Ohio.

A little further on we saw this bit of appreciation for Ohio's chief executive:

OHIO CONVICTS ARE OVERJOYED

GOVERNOR COX ATTENDS SUNDAY SERVICES AT THE PENITENTIARY CHAPEL—ENTHUSIASTICALLY GREETED BY THE PRISONERS, WHO SEE A RAY OF HOPE

Prisoners at the Ohio State Penitentiary jumped to their feet and shouted for joy yesterday when Governor Cox, while addressing them at the regular Sunday chapel services, held out greater hope to them and their families as he told of the plans of the administration to improve the prison system in Ohio.

Then a column of newspaper quotations, all laudatory, headed in this manner:

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY OF THE NEW GOVERNOR

Every paper in the State would seem to be effervescing with appreciation. So helpful of the "Daily News"! Then a column, headed in large type,

CONFIDENCE IN STATE'S FUTURE

containing an elaborate account of the efforts of a local preacher who apparently shares the generous obsession of this patriotic sheet:

At the First Reformed Church, Sunday, Rev. W. A. HALE preached an eloquent sermon, in which he touched upon some of the scenes he witnessed at the inauguration of Governor JAMES M. COX and of the significance these scenes bore to the State's future. His subject was, "But Lay Up for Yourselves Treasure in Heaven." . . . As Governor Cox looked upon these young men [students from the university], whose future is largely in his hands, a warm color deepened in his face and a tenderness in his voice as he exclaimed: "How sweet, how promising the future for our people."

The cockles of our heart still warm from the sight of these examples of touching loyalty to the leader of his people, we made a few inquiries. This is what we found: The Dayton "Daily News" is *owned* by JAMES M. COX, Governor of Ohio.

AND THE DIVIDENDS!

THE ABOVE-MENTIONED PAPER is busy at present in an attack as energetic as it is highly moral upon the local Board of Health for its neglect of civic cleanliness and the Dayton public health:

GET BUSY IS THE ADVICE OF THE "DAILY NEWS" TO BOARD OF HEALTH

. . . What Dayton needs at once is a health officer, one who is an expert, to give all of his time to the health and cleanliness of the city. Just a portion of some doctor's time is not sufficient. His interests must then be divided. Besides, there is plenty for one man to do in the Health Department all the year around.

Is it likely that Mr. Cox will overlook the deplorable conditions in his home city when he takes up the subject with the State Board?

Get busy is the advice of the "Daily News" to the members of the local Board of Health, and it bases this advice on its knowledge of local conditions.

It seems that the inspection of slaughterhouses has been neglected. Disgusting, undoubtedly disgusting! We sincerely hope that Dayton's slaughterhouses will shortly be so clean that the walls shine and one can "eat off the floor." (We wonder, though, if that last isn't exactly what has been the trouble in the past!) But we should like to call the attention of the citizens of Dayton to the following list of patent medicines taken from the same issue as the above clippings:

Picric and Citric.
Croxone.
Danderine.
Booth's Hyomei for Catarrh.
Putnam's Corn Extractor.
Vinol.
Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.
Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.
Vegets.
Dr. Williams's Pink Pills (for St. Vitus's Dance).
Pape's Diapepsin.
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.
Father John's Medicine (for consumption).
Dr. Edward's Olive Tablets.
Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur (for the hair).
Gypsey's Gift (for rheumatism).
Poslam (for skin diseases).
Hefferline's Hair Tonic.
Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.
Foley Kidney Pills.
United Doctor's Institute (tumor removed without knife).
Swift's Specific.
"The German Specialist" (for sexual diseases).
Blackburn's Casca Royal Pills.

What effect does the "News" consider that this collection of miraculous remedies, promising to cure everything from tired feet to chronic dyspepsia, including Bright's disease, consumption, and St. Vitus's dance, has on the public health? As we said before, this paper belongs to the Governor of Ohio, JAMES M. COX.

THE VIRTUOUS EDITOR

I USE MY TRENCHANT, fertile pen to help along the cause of men and make the sad world brighter, to give all good ambitions wings, to help the poor to better things and make their burdens lighter. The page whereon my screeds appear enjoys a sacred atmosphere; it's helpful and uplifting; it hands out morals by the ton, and shows the people how to shun the rocks to which they're drifting.

You say my other pages reek with filthy "cures for cancer"? Impertinently, sir, you speak, and I refuse to answer.

All causes good and true and pure, and everything that should endure I'm always found supporting; and in my lighter moments I to heights of inspiration fly, the soft-eyed muses courting. To those who wander far astray I, like a shepherd, point the way to paths and fields Elysian; no sordid motives soil my pen as I assist my fellow men, no meanness mars my vision.

You say I print too many ads, unfit for youths' perusal, of fakers' pills and liver pads? I gave you one refusal to argue that, so quit your fuss and cease your foolish chatter; it is beneath me to discuss a purely business matter.

I point out all the shabby tricks which now disgrace our politics, those tricks which shame the devil; I ask the voters to deface corruption and our country place upon a higher level. Through endless wastes of words I roam to make the Fireside and the Home the nation's shrine and glory; and Purity must ring again in every offspring of my pen, in every screed and story.

You say my paper isn't fit for aught but toughs and muckers? That all the fakers come to it when they would fleece the suckers? Your criticism takes the buns! It's surely most surprising! You'll have to see the man who runs the foreign advertising.

WALT MASON.

THE FLASH

IT IS SMALL WONDER that WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS finds in vaudeville the most satisfying form of the modern mimetic art. For vaudeville catches up our life in its sudden intensities and flings it back in the face of the audience in ten-minute spurts of heightened action. That breezy rush has the same momentum as the climaxes of our American life itself. In spirit it is one with a log jam on a Maine River, with election night in a Middle-Western city, with a rising market on the stock exchange. What vaudeville demands is one of life's shining surfaces, vividly rendered; or else the burning focus of an emotional crisis. It is essential that the particular chosen episode shall collect and concentrate many rays and forces, so that intensity will be the key. The same breathless interpretation of the life about us is brought by the "movies." A series of flashes of the world's life for a week—little moving pictures of history a-making. You step up and pay your dime, and pass in to the shadow pictures that flicker on the wall—a score of them twinkling in the fierce white calcium—dancing figures and sad processions—life itself in all its tragic rush, scooped for a little moment.

TALK

EASY-GOING PERSONS and men with a glee-club voice, folks with the friendly temperament, social drinkers, prodigal sons with personal charm, these and such as these need no first aid to genial hours and flow of soul. They will not care to read this paragraph. But for many humans everywhere, leading their noisy surface life, there comes a loneliness stabbing through. In the vastness of New York the single life can merge its loneliness. It is hidden in restaurants and on the restless streets. It is not self-conscious and conspicuous as in the village. But the Ferris wheels, the café lights, the smells, and noise of revelry offer us no final escape from loneliness. We need real talk to set us free. By ceaseless experiment in establishing communication with the spirits of the living we learn to lay open approaches to our inner life, to permit ourselves to be stimulated by newcomers, and loved by well-established friends. Expression cleanses. If we fail to get it on a dark matter—a hate, a jealousy, a fear—we are led to obsession and crime. That furtive look in the eye of the unbalanced declares one who has concealed some piece of slyness and falsity, some rare secret. If OTHELLO had spoken instead of choking at the throat, there would have been less tragedy. By such daring in our intimacies we leap over the shyness that hinders, and gain rare hours of revealing talk, and win a friend or two, so dear that one is fearful of their trust. By such daring we read the heart of other lives. We learn to see that, in the department-store floorwalker and the banking clerk, there are rudiments of an adventurer and perhaps even a bit of a lyric poet. The best and most various man is he who has brought the larger number of these wayward yearnings and vague, unrealized bits through the tissue of obstruction, and has learned to share them with his friends.

The Business of Arson

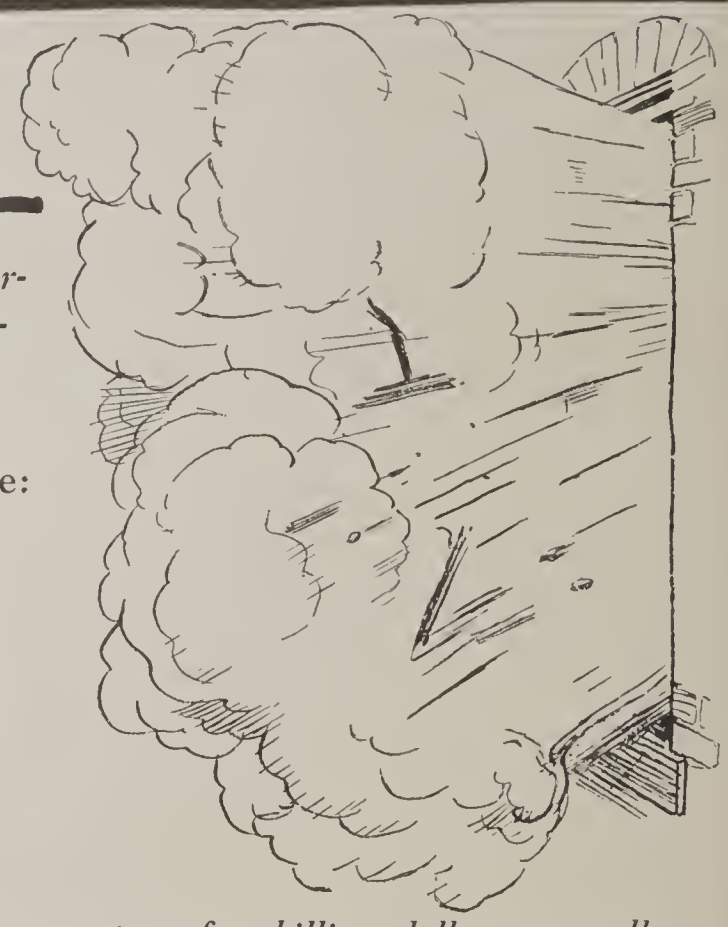
By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

II
Arson by Schedule

The Appalling Testimony of Fire Insurance Authorities and Firemen Concerning the Causes of Our Fire Loss—A Loss of Life as Well as Money

The subjects of future articles will be:

III—Who Is Responsible?
IV—The Rotten Risk
V—Feeding Our Fire Bugs
VI—The Professional at Work
VII—The Fire Repeaters
VIII—The Profits
IX—The Partnership



When all factors are accounted for, the United States and Canada lose a quarter of a billion dollars annually through fires either deliberately set or allowed to take place for the collection of insurance. This, too, is the lowest possible estimate. In the first article of this series I presented some general proofs. It is necessary, however, in putting forth a statement so comprehensive, to back up general proof with special evidence. I now offer testimony from the people who should know best—first, our insurance officials themselves, and, second, our firemen

FOR thirty years, in our fire problem, we have been pursuing a policy of ostrichism and Knownothingism and pretense.

In our insurance world "moral hazard"—the huge proportion of our fires that are dishonest—has been a kind of great "secret of Polichinelle." Everybody knows it, but nobody must talk about it—to outsiders. In the country at large few people know about it. And when, by chance, the truth does somewhere become known, we dodge it and evade it, and make all haste to cover it up again.

Every little while some individual State develops what is known to insurance men as a "situation." A "situation" is a condition of affairs wherein fire losses, for no other reason than "moral hazard," become so great as to baffle the most discerning vendors of insurance. To take some current examples, Texas has for a long time had a "situation." Oklahoma, Arkansas, Mississippi, New Jersey, Nebraska, North Dakota, Minnesota, and British Columbia all have "situations."

In the case of Minnesota, some one at once says "Forest fires!" But the State Fire Marshal's reports show that nearly one-half of Minnesota's devastating forest fires in 1911 took place in mercantile buildings and lumber yards in the city of Minneapolis; and they raged almost as unquenchably in similar forest fastnesses in Winona and Duluth.

In fact, on further investigation, you learn that all these three *cities* have for a long time possessed "situations." Other cities with "situations" at the present moment are Winnipeg (Manitoba), Sheboygan, Kansas City, Spokane, Dallas, Oklahoma City, Memphis, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Bangor, Paterson, Troy, Amsterdam, Albany, and Rochester.

Fire Marshal Ellison of West Virginia tells of one local town where "they could never get a true bill of indictment because, as was stated by the citizens of the town, they could not get a grand jury that did not have on it one or more of those who had been connected directly or indirectly with the fires of the preceding months." Sometimes certain *parts* of towns or cities may possess "situations." For example, River Street, Paterson, and the "East 100th Street section" in New York. Then there are certain counties which have "situations"; for example, Belmont County, Ohio, and Sullivan County, N. Y. But whether it is county or State or city that the insurance man tells you about, his last and anxious word is always the same: "For the Lord's sake, though, don't say that *I* told you!"

A "SITUATION" IN ROCHESTER

FRANK W. JENNESS of the State Underwriters' Association in 1910 told a New York Insurance Commission what a "situation" is, using Rochester as an illustration.

"In the preceding year," he said, "a large number of fires occurred in Rochester which were almost certainly incendiary." The insurance companies attempted to get the city authorities to act. "But for some reason, which it is difficult to explain, little or no progress was made in catching incendiaries or stopping the frequency of the fires.

"Everybody felt that Rochester was in a serious condition. . . . A conflagration of serious proportions emphasized the serious nature of the problem. . . . The papers exploited it for a long time, attempting to arouse the attention of the public officials [this was in 1909], until we [the insurance companies] began to talk about additional charges for it."

In fact, the insurance companies clapped a supercharge on all mercantile policies, and on many that were not mercantile. It was like fining Rochester about $100,000 a year.

WHY NOT RUN THE CROOKS OUT?

THEREUPON official Rochester, even the newspapers, changed the tune to: "The city's good name was being injured," and "The trouble was not arson at all." The city's good name! At the worst estimate, there were 700 decent property holders in Rochester to one crook who had burned his building for insurance. To an outsider it would seem that the business of the people's representatives was to consider the 700 before the one. But the newspapers of Rochester thought otherwise; to call a crook a crook was "playing into the hands of the insurance companies." Indeed, the crooks themselves helped the newspapers to maintain this attitude, for under the hue and cry their activities had for the time diminished, and the fire loss had accordingly fallen off. Only for a time, however, and then, since many big insurance companies had by then begun to pull out of Rochester, it was quite evident that something had to be done. What? It being unanimously resolved that Rochester's fires were from accidental causes, it was manifestly impossible to *prevent* them. The one way out was to have a larger fire department and more hydrants and more and bigger water mains, so that, after the fires had started, they could, as promptly as possible, be *extinguished!* So the most skillful engineers from the National Board of Fire Underwriters were called in; they showed what must be done, and at great expense Rochester began to do it. Up to date, Rochester has paid enough in additional insurance and spent money enough on additional "fire protection" to run the fire crooks out of every second city in the country. **And if you will look up her fire record for 1911—the last available—you will find that in that year the number of fires in Rochester increased by 197, mostly mercantile, with an addition to her fire loss of $200,549, about 76 per cent above the figure for 1910.** The total incendiary fire loss in Rochester in 1911 was—*officially*—$6,845. And yet, when in 1912 the writer made confidential inquiries of a high Rochester official as to the real causes of the Rochester situation, no pretense whatever was made that the causes were physical. He was simply referred to the chief of police!

Now, anyone who knows what Rochester has done to safeguard its babies from impure milk, to give its children playgrounds and its citizens social centers, knows that no city in the East has a healthier civic life. The commendable activities of "the 700 decent and honest" are just as apparent as are the activities of the fire crook. And the present writer would be very sorry indeed to be interpreted as adding a general insult to what, because of the silly hen-headedness of those supposed to be protecting them, the 700 have already suffered in money loss and danger. There are, for that matter, a score of cities with present "situations" vastly worse. The point is simply that Rochester happens to illustrate the policy that we are following everywhere. We keep up the pretense that our fire problem is a physical one. Even when it is shown plainly that it is not, we refuse to face the truth. Yet, until we have the honesty and courage to face it, far from solving our problem, we shall, obviously, never be able to get even to grips with it. To copy Swift's great axiom, it is clearly absurd to attempt, by physical means, to draw ourselves out of a position into which, by physical means, we never came.

"SETTLEMENT" AND "INVENTORY" FIRES

SO MUCH for the geography of arson. Let us now approach the subject from another direction. As certain States, counties, cities, and towns have "situations," so have certain months of the year. Here one may speak with such accuracy that one can even prophesy.

The end of the year means stock taking, the yearly settling up, the business "show-down." The retailer must prepare to satisfy the wholesaler; the wholesaler and jobber the manufacturer; and all alike must very soon satisfy the banker and the commercial agency. If the pressure has not come earlier in the year, it comes then. And a certain definite number of owners of stores and factories must make up their minds what they are going to do. The man at Dun's or Bradstreet's knows that December and January will practically always see an increase of failures. For exactly the same reason the fire insurance president knows that December and January will always bring an increase of fires.

The midwinter cold is the obvious explanation? **The midwinter cold causes its dozens of wretched little household fires. But it does not start the fire which *counts*, the $100,000 "burn out," with total loss, on the**

seventh floor of the steam-heated, "fireproof" loft building or manufacturing plant. Leave out the year-end, and the average summer month will give you as great a fire loss as the winter. From 1900 to 1911, inclusive, the fire loss of November, February, and March amounted to $271,600,000; that of June, July, and August (omitting forest fires) was $277,500,000. February is a much colder month than December. But even allowing for the difference in the number of days, December's fire loss will normally run ahead of February's by from $3,000,000 to $4,000,000. For in December there is what insurance men call "the settlement-day fire."

December will sometimes cast a backward shadow over the latter end of November. But not always. In November, 1912, the writer asked a big New York loss adjuster about current conditions in mercantile fires. "We don't know what to make of it, these weeks," he answered; "either they've all got good for the last month or so, or else they're all holding off to hit us good and plenty later on!"

At the end of the first week in December, the mildest recorded by the New York Weather Bureau, the writer questioned anew a well-known New York general agent: "Are they still holding off?"

He replied: "They're hitting us now about three a night!"

As for January, it has the "inventory fire." What is the state of trade as revealed by the year-end inventories which every merchant makes? If the credit-agency reports are gloomy, the insurance president knows that the January fire loss will increase as surely as the January failures. In January, 1912, the auspices could not have been more unfavorable. Not an insurance president but was anxious, and with good reason. For, by the end of the month, there had been 536 fires and a record-breaking total loss of $35,653,450.

Again, merely the cold, say the apologists—for that January established a weather-bureau record for low temperature. **But Bradstreet's furnishes the real reason. January, 1912, had more failures than any other month in fourteen years,** with one exception. In those fourteen years—168 months, remember—the only other month which compares with January, 1912, for fires or failures, was that grim inventory month of January which followed the commercial panic of 1907. On an average, the inventory fire probably increases our January loss by $5,000,000.

Together, our "settlement-day" and "inventory" fires also foreshadow both the fire loss and the business conditions during the months to come. Our fire losses for December, 1912, were about $10,000,000 less than those in December, 1911. It is safe to say that until at least the middle of 1913 the fire loss will continue less and trade better than in the same months of 1912.

"SEASONAL TRADE" FIRES

A CERTAIN proportion of our fires can also be prophesied by seasons.

For example, unprosperous summer hotels become unusually dangerous risks in October and November, while winter-resort hotels burn briskly in April and May. Spring and autumn, when winter and summer clothes are useless, except for insurance purposes, witness epidemics of little "closet fires" in the tenements.

In general, however, the fireman or insurance man means by "seasonal" fires those which are the coefficients of the "seasonal trade." This last piece of insurance terminology refers to those branches of commerce wherein goods left unsold at the end of one season must be carried over at a loss to the next. For example, millinery, the clothing trade, hat making, and fur working are all "seasonal" trades.

The changes of styles affect these branches of commerce rapidly and steadily. It goes without saying that this year's hats and muffs must next year be sold at a heavy discount, because they are out of fashion. **Therefore, in those months when the hat makers, the clothing makers and the fur workers have finished stocking up the jobbers and retailers, and have not yet commenced manufacturing for next year, the insurance companies expect an increase of fires in these trades. The expectation is rarely disappointed.**

THIS ISN'T A BURLESQUE—IT'S A REALITY

IN APRIL, 1911, a New York fire captain was out on factory-inspection duty, when the proprietor of a hat factory offered to give him a hat for his wife. He "allowed that he could buy his wife her hats himself." He might as well have taken it. Within the week he was playing the hose on that factory. Between April 21 and May 1 he fought fires in exactly eight more. Some of them, according to the official records, came from defective insulation, some from "causes unknown." None, however, came—officially—from the passing of the peach-basket hat.

The seasonal fur fire has been a fireman joke for years. In February, 1912, a big-city fire official was asked if they had begun to come in yet. "No," he answered quite seriously; "we won't begin to get them for another month or two. And their season runs irregular now, anyway. I think they must be selling a good deal through jobbers for the Western trade."

However, the season must have reached a regular period, for there were certainly fur fires enough by spring. A New York loss-adjustment bureau sent an expert to investigate. He found the cause at once. In 1910 and 1911 the pony-skin coat had been in vogue. Late in 1911 and early in 1912 the pony skin, with no warning whatever, gave way to the polo coat, in which no fur is used. That accounted, according to this expert, for that unprecedented outbreak of conflagrations in fur factories—all overstocked with unsalable pony-skin coats. Last October I was talking to an old New York fireman about the state of affairs in the "white-wear" trade. No fires had been reported in that line of business for some time. "Oh, we won't get any of their burn outs for another two months," he said. "You see, they are all dead busy now, and will be until December, getting out goods for the January white sales in the big stores. After their December deliveries, if they have much stuff left on their hands, we'll begin to hear from them." **Sometimes, though, such fires are only to burn up the sewing machines, which—all well insured—wear out about every four years.**

Other factors may tend to disturb the regular ebb and flow of seasonal fires. The foreshadowing of a better system of fire protection will often bring an immediate increase of fire losses. For instance, the New York Bureau of Fire Prevention has been recently issuing "sprinkler orders" against most of Manhattan's big factory lofts. Now, if one of the tenants in such a building is planning his fire for December, and if he learns that before December the authorities will make the building owner install automatic sprinklers, which would make his fire a poor affair indeed, he will naturally prepare to have it at an earlier date. That stands to reason. In New York, in 1912, the insurance people soon discovered that fires which would ordinarily be distributed over the months of business pressure were arriving in the weeks between the issuing of the sprinkler order and the date when the sprinkler system was to be made operative. So strong did this tendency prove that many New York general agencies canceled policies on loft properties during the period between the date of the order and date set for turning on the water.

On one occasion an insurance broker visited a New York agency to get more insurance for a big loft tenant. As the agent knew, this was the time of the year when that tenant would not normally need more insurance. He used the telephone and ascertained the worst. A sprinkler order had been issued against that establishment. Instead of increasing the insurance, the agent ordered it canceled at once. He was too late. By the conditions of the standard policy, he had to give five days of grace. And the fire came on the night of the fourth! Here, as usual, no one found any evidence of incendiarism!

446 FIRES FROM 250 STREET NUMBERS

OUR cities tend to arrange themselves in groups of trades. That tendency will enable us to draw from New York a comparison which will indicate the part played by the seasonal fire in our national insurance bill.

Certain business districts of the metropolis are famous for their "physical hazard." These districts, it happens, have few seasonal trades. Following Pearl Street from the Battery to the Brooklyn Bridge, one passes through quarters given over to wholesale wines and spirits, paints and chemicals, oils and grease, rags and paper stock, tanners' supplies and printing plants. Most of the places in this district were constructed before the word "fireproof" was anything more than a figure of speech. Some of the stocks may be more likely to start fires than others; but few underwriting engineers would undertake to choose between them. Ex-Chief Croker of the New York Fire Department always considered this district the most [illegible] physically in New York. During the forty-[illegible] between January 1, 1900, and July 31, [illegible] street numbers—approximately in this [illegible] together 172 fires.

The district lying between No. [illegible] way, and to the west on Mercer Street, [illegible] Broome Streets, is a seasonal trade [illegible] sale warehouse and manufacturing district. In the matter of physical hazard—the probability of accidental fires—it is not comparable with the one above. Half the Broadway buildings, and a great part of the other buildings, are new and fireproof. Yet in the same forty-three months about **1,075 street numbers in this district produced 425 fires.** To hammer home the point, let me repeat the figures. A physically dangerous district having no seasonal trades reports only 172 fires; a physically safe district given over to seasonal trades reports 425! *Since 1901* 250 consecutive Broadway numbers—500 to 750 in the "seasonal-trade" district—have given 446 fires.

THE CLOTHING FIRE IN A CLASS ALONE

AS FOR the clothing-factory fire, it can here only be touched upon. *Its* fires are "seasonal," "inventory," "settlement day"—and everything else!

Engaged in the clothing industry are men so far above question that they are emblematic of business integrity and public spirit. But—if any real good is to be done—the truth must be told. There are now many insurance companies that, if they can avoid it, will insure practically no clothing stocks at any price. There are others that will insure men's clothing but not women's. In the case of women's, the seasonal changes in styles are too great. What is left over means lost money. Men's suits and women's cloaks and suits are, in the matter of *materials*, exactly the same. But it isn't the materials that make the fires.

In Broome Street, New York, there is one great "multiple-tenant" loft building, all of steel and concrete, slate and wire glass, erected within eighteen months, where insurance rates run from $7.50 to $12 per $100 per annum—about what was wont to be charged for frame shacks in the Klondike! A broom factory, representing the *physically* dangerous, pays $10, while across the hall a manufacturer of women's clothing, representing "moral hazard," pays $12! (A private house of the same construction would pay 5 cents; its contents 13⅓ cents.)

During the last ten years the whole industry has been in emigration from its old sweatshop rookeries in "the lower-town section" into the most modern and, in themselves, the most fireproof buildings that can be constructed. And it has been having more fires than ever. In the last year the insurance rates on clothing factories have had, with reason, to be increased by 35 per cent. One great insurance company reports a loss ratio of 75 per cent for the last three years, about double what it had calculated upon even after years of experience. "We used to try to persuade ourselves," said an insurance detective to the writer, "that it was just congestion, or the old buildings, or rotten wiring, or hazards like that. But there's no use talking that kind of thing now. The jig is up!"

The writer took five great multiple-tenanted, printing-industry lofts, all of twelve stories, on the middle West Side, and laid their fire record, for the forty-three months cited above, alongside that of five clothing-industry buildings in the same section, and of identical construction, size, and height. The buildings with the *physical* hazard gave two fires. The buildings with the *other sort* gave eighteen.

By this time it will go without saying that fires by classes can be prophesied.

More than a year ago the writer was warned that the dying out of the souvenir-post-card craze would

(*Continued on page 21*)

A New York fire captain was out on factory-inspection duty, when the proprietor of a hat factory offered to give him a hat for his wife. He might as well have taken it. Within the week he was playing the hose on that factory

"Woman in Red Madras" by Matisse

"Luncheon in the Park" by George Bellows

"Man with a Guitar" by George Luks

"Art with the Appeal of a Bullfight"

WHO is right when Brancusi calls his piece of marble a "Portrait Bust" and a contemptuous critic ridicules it as "A Billiken"? Upon such controversial themes as these some of the professional art critics who gained early admittance to "The International Exhibition of Modern Art" which opens this week in New York have been chasing round and round in a verbal battle royal. The leading art insurgents of half a dozen countries are represented in the exhibition, which, without pretending to be complete as a "historical museum," is comprehensive enough to start with Ingres and to include a 1913 design of a "Cubist" house. Much work by men of such undeniable attainments as Rodin and Monet is shown, but some more puzzling productions are the stimulators of controversy—such examples as are reproduced on this page. A critic of radical tendencies is praising the Post-Impressionist movement because "it means agitation . . . is as disturbing in one field as the I. W. W. is in another." He says the exhibition is producing in a "large public" something like "excitement," and that Post-Impressionism "has something of the same appeal as a bullfight." Another authority believes that to all but a few the newer works of the exhibition are still "an enigma or anathema." A few there are, too, who choose to treat the "new schools" to nothing but derision.

"Panel in Bas-Relief" by Jo Davidson

"Portrait Bust" by Brancusi

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

"McCLURE'S MAGAZINE" for February contained an article dealing with the present political situation at Washington and the future fortunes of the Democratic party generally. It was announced in this advertisement:

CAN WILSON HANDLE THE BUNCH?

There they are,
Down in Washington,
The political gunmen!
Their campaign masks are off.
They're no longer Democrats and Republicans.
They're just The Bunch,
And The Bunch is ready for Wilson.
Is Wilson ready for The Bunch?
Just what their game is,
How they intend to play it,
Where they expect to "get" him,
And what they hope to do to him—
In short, *What Wilson Is Up Against*—is told from the inside in February "McClure's."

This language gives an extremely inaccurate idea of the present atmosphere of Washington. There are possibilities of a split in the Democratic party—no party could have so huge a majority, and be so free from those incentives to solidarity which attend a powerful opposition, without running the risk of dissension. But there are no signs that the split will be pro-Wilson and anti-Wilson. Indeed, few Presidents have entered office backed by so much good will. On his two main issues, tariff reduction and the restoring of competition, he is backed not merely by his own six million voters, but by a large share of the Progressives as well. In the present atmosphere of Washington there is no hint of trouble for Wilson except in the really menacing matter of patronage; the time it will take from his busy days; the wear and tear of it, physical and mental; and the embarrassments and enmities it will engender.

A Harmonious Special Session

THE split in the Democratic party, if unfortunately it comes at all, is not likely to arrive during the coming special session. This session, in all probability, will deal with the tariff only. On the tariff the ideas of Mr. Wilson and of Oscar Underwood, the leader of the Democratic party in the House, are sufficiently near alike to justify the expectation that the special session dealing entirely with the tariff will pass off in complete harmony. To be sure, there are little groups of Democrats who are against tariff reduction on their own local products, but these groups are scattered. For them to combine into a group large enough to resist tariff reduction as a whole will call for pretty reckless courage. The demand of the country for tariff revision is so nearly unanimous as to intimidate such Democrats as might wish to oppose it.

How to Reduce a Tariff

IN THIS matter of tariff revision, luck or, more truly, good management, is with the Democrats in the one important particular. For the first time in recent history, probably for the first time in the country's history altogether, tariff reduction is to be conducted *schedule by schedule*, and not by one omnibus bill. This does away with the possibility of logrolling, which has been the vice of every previous tariff revision. Approaching tariff revision in this way minimizes decidedly the risks of organized opposition.

Where the Split Will Come

ON THE tariff, Wilson and the House are not likely to split, but on the general subject of popular government, including such matters as the initiative and referendum, and on conservation, Mr. Underwood and Mr. Wilson are very far apart; and nine months or a year from now, when Congress gets into the work of general legislation, an issue is pretty sure to develop. It may come, as likely as not, on the issue that is older than the country—State rights *versus* Federal rights.

What Every Democrat Can Do

THE only dangers to Wilson now visible are connected with the filling of the thousands of offices at the Democrats' disposal. The best thing any Democrat can do for Wilson is something any Democrat can do—refrain from asking for office, either for himself or any of his friends.

The Motive

THE constitutional amendment which has just been launched, limiting the Presidency to one term of six years, may or may not have merit. Of the motive that inspired its agitation and pressed it through to passage there can be no doubt whatever. Said Senator Crawford of South Dakota:

"Let us look this situation frankly and fairly in the face. We began the discussion of this proposed constitutional amendment here last August, before Congress adjourned."

(It was on August 5 that the Progressive party came into existence.)

"At that time we were just entering upon a very interesting and in some respects startling political campaign. A striking figure who was the chief topic in that discussion was one of the candidates for the Presidency of the United States. He was the target of irony; he was the target of sarcasm; he was the target of ridicule in address after address delivered day after day here in the Senate."

The Real Object

THE one-term resolution is directed less at Roosevelt than *at the Progressive party*. The Republicans believe that with Mr. Roosevelt out of the way as a Presidential possibility, the Progressive party would disintegrate and the Republican party would be the second party once more. (There are a good many Republican supporters of the amendment whose personal political fortunes would be made safer by the restoration of the Republican party.) The wish to get rid of the Progressive party is true not only of Republicans generally, but also of all those who are Standpatters first and either Republicans or Democrats afterward; these regard the Progressive party as a thoroughly dangerous organization, giving life and substance to certain reform doctrines which are abhorrent to them. They would like to see it destroyed utterly. Some other Democrats—Democrats who are themselves progressive—quite frankly say that Roosevelt is the greatest menace to a twenty year period of power for the Democratic party, and so they would like to see him locked out. And to be fair, there is in addition the small group who conscientiously fear the "man on horseback."

One Who Fights Fair

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS of Mississippi is one who conscientiously favors the one-term idea. He has a genuine fear of "the man of the hour." He said:

"'We are not afraid of a despot.' Neither was any other fool nation that ever existed until after they got him; and they did not know when they were getting him, either, as far as that is concerned. So much for that. These be well-known words. They have been the excuse for every coup d'etat."

But Senator Williams distinguishes between a one-term resolution as such, and a resolution aimed at Roosevelt. Again and again Senator Williams tried to introduce an amendment which would cause this one-term resolution to apply only to Presidents elected after 1917. He said:

"I do not want him to die believing that he could have been elected President of the United States if he had not been prevented by a constitutional amendment. I want him to run again; I want him to run twice more if he wants to, and to be beaten both times, and then he will probably be satisfied. But when I fight men I fight them fairly. I would not take advantage of a man by making a provision retroactive so as to keep him from having a free field and a fair opportunity."

That Roosevelt was the object is sufficiently proved by the fact that all of the many amendments introduced by Senator Williams and many others, to exempt Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson, were lost.

The Michigan Senator

THE Hon. William Alden Smith has secured reelection from Michigan and will spend six more years in the United States Senate. A good many Michigan friends of this paper think it has been uncharitable to this Senator. It is true Senator Smith doesn't bribe with money and doesn't steal, and in these respects differs from some of the most undesirable Senators. But something more than such a negative virtue as this ought to be found in Michigan's contribution to the United States Senate. For the following characterization of Senator Smith the world is indebted to Mr. G. A. Murphy, editor of the Middletown (Ohio) "Journal." As a compact characterization it is worthy of Macaulay at his best:

". . . This all-around politician, who, seeing all sides of every political question, ardently supports them all, considerately tempering his attitude and utterances to times, occasions, and seasons." . . .

It is not for nothing that a man in his passage through the world should acquire such nicknames as "Saccharine Bill" and "Grand Old Flag Smith." On one subject only does Senator Smith's sweetness fail—say one word against the Payne-Aldrich tariff and his sinews stiffen.

A VALENTINE

Col. Geo. Washington to Mistress Martha Custis

1758

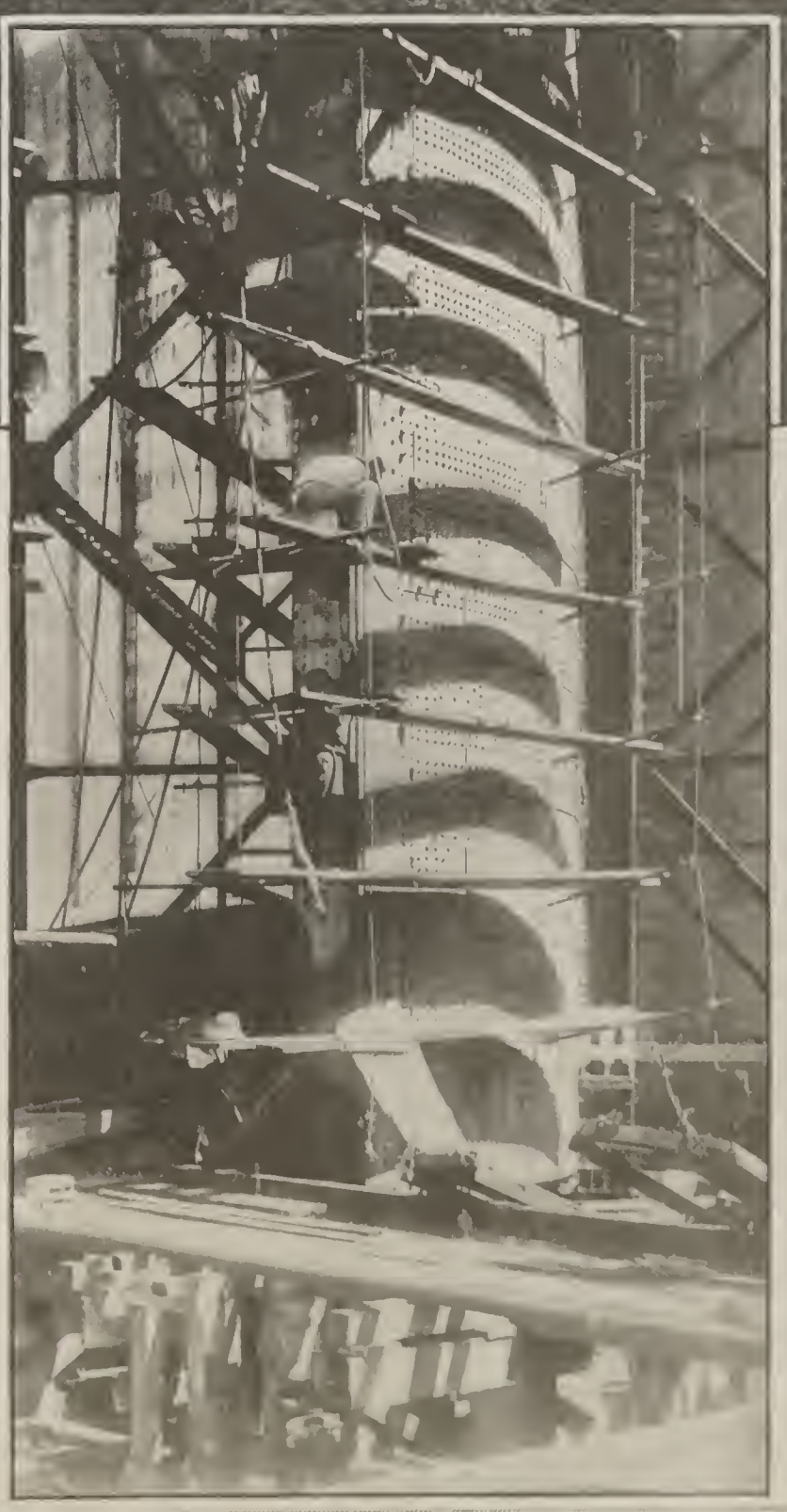
by

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

with drawings by

JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

FULL *oft the Indian's Shaft is*
vainly sped;
A friendly Tree may take the French-
man's Lead;
But Vulcan's self could never Shield
devise
To turn the Dart that's winged by
Patsey's Eyes.
What 'Vantage is it safely to have
passed
Thro' icy Streames & Wildernesses
vast
With naught but Drift below
and Storm above,
To lose one's Way in Labyrinths
of Love!
A Captive, I, that yet would
not be free:
Ah, Gentle Gaoler, ever hold
the Key,
But hear thy stricken Prisoner's
Appeal
That she who gave his Wound,
that Wound may heal!



Towers in the Jungles Assure Plain Sailing in Panama

PANAMA'S engineers boast that navigation of the canal will be so simple, even in the lakes and through the twists of the Chagres River, that a ten-year-old boy could safely guide a great liner from ocean to ocean. An elaborate system of concrete lighthouses —rarely shown in photographs because of the inaccessibility of many of the towers—makes this simplicity possible. No charts, no professional pilots, will be required. All the navigator need do is to keep straight ahead so long as two range lights are in line, changing his course when two more beckon.

Many of the light towers are well back into the Panama jungles; and the steel and concrete shafts, modern in every line, make an odd contrast with the tangled vegetation with its snakes and alligators. The accompanying photograph is of a guard to Gatun. The lights are electric.

Called a "Leaf" but it weighs 500 tons

THE lower picture is a portrait of a "leaf"—a leaf that weighs 500 tons. Two such leaves make a water gate at the end of a canal lock. This leaf of Pedro Miguel is 80 feet high, 65 feet wide, and 7 feet in thickness, but by no means Panama's pride. There are others, in fact, that outweigh it 100 tons. The gates are operated by electricity and swing as easily as if they were of cardboard. The edges are hand-ground, to make the joining of the two leaves waterproof.

A statue of Lincoln is to face the Memorial's main entrance

A Temple to the Memory of Lincoln

PRESIDENT TAFT'S first official act in February was to sign the Congressional resolution that provides for erecting in Potomac Park, in Washington, a $2,000,000 Greek temple to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. Many architects and editors have vigorously opposed the plan, contending that a huge, windowless, white marble temple would be "un-American" and in no sense appropriate to honor a character simple and homespun. Another proposal was to spend the money for a highway from the Capitol to the field of Gettysburg. A terrace beside the Potomac River near the Washington Monument is the site of the memorial. The colonnade is to be 118 by 188 feet, of thirty-six Doric columns, to represent the number of States in the Union when Lincoln was President. A large statue of Lincoln and several tablets are to be on exhibition inside. The statue will face the main entrance. Lincoln's Gettysburg address and his second inaugural speech will be carved on the side walls. Work is to begin this spring.

Washington Monument, as seen from the facade of the Memorial

The Pilgrim Sisters Start for Washington

IN TRUE Pilgrim costume, with staffs, hooded capes, and knapsacks, a band of suffrage marchers, led by the same women who walked from New York to Albany, start this week on a pilgrimage from New York City to Washington. Their easy victory in the State Legislature of New York a few weeks ago makes them hope, they say, for another in Congress when they appeal for a bill providing for a constitutional amendment enfranchising women. The accompanying photograph shows General Rosalie Jones in the Pilgrim uniform, with the new ninety-eight-cent hooded cape, and a forty-nine-cent bonnet.

The Kansas Idea of a "Booze Fight"

A BROOK of beer and stronger liquors sparkled and burbled and foamed in the gutters of Independence, Kans., for eight hours when the sheriff of Montgomery County held his recent annual ceremony of confiscation. Acting under provisions of the Kansas Prohibitory Liquor Law, he ordered that all the illegal drinkables captured in county raids in 1912 be piled in the street and publicly spilled. A dozen men with sledges worked all day to destroy $10,000 worth of bottled goods and barreled; then burned the staves in a "pyre." A correspondent sends the assurance that "a reminiscent odor hung about town for days afterward."

One of the big boats that suffered in a season of disaster; waves dashing against the Tripolitania, ashore off Penzance. Ten ships of more than 500 tons sank in the North Atlantic. Lower picture: Shooting a life line to a vessel in distress. Modern life-saving methods greatly reduced the number of fatalities

The smaller boats fared as badly as the larger. A type — the wreck of the Norwegian bark Ceres

A Fateful Season of Shipwrecks

HALF a dozen shipwrecks reported in January resulted less disastrously than had been feared, and some of the shipowners and marine insurance agents at last are taking hope that an unprecedented season of misfortune at sea is at an end. Statistics being compiled in London show that 1912 was the most disastrous year for shipping to be found in records kept for two and a half centuries, and only the efficiency of modern life-saving methods kept the totals from becoming considerably larger. To vessels of more than 500 tons displacement the losses that already have been determined amount to $35,000,000; and the addition of losses still unadjusted probably will bring the total to $40,000,000. Besides the huge *Titanic*, which cost $15,000,000 and 1,503 lives, nine other large ships were sunk in the North Atlantic. The smaller boats—less than 500 tons—fared as badly: 228 were lost and 36 posted at Lloyd's as "missing."

CODDLING THE EGO

By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

Illustrated by Peter Newell

At last you left with pounds of superfluous, unbecoming flesh

THE REASON we have to coddle the ego (at a fixed price per coddle) is that there is a limit to the amount of conversation which the self-centered world will allow us to emit about ourselves for nothing. People are not paid to listen and doctors are. Smith, with joyful eupeptic mien, comes strolling down the street, chuckling as he reads some political humors. He meets Jones.

"How are you, Jones?" he cries heartily.

All he means by his greeting is a good-humored toleration of the circumstance of Jones's existence, a recognition of the fact that Jones has the right, legally, to occupy a certain number of cubic feet on the surface of the earth. And, at bottom, Jones knows this, but he chooses to construe the remark as indicating Smith's tender interest in his body and soul.

"I make as good a bluff as I can," he says, holding tight to Smith's arm; "but the truth is, old man, that I'm all in. I can't eat, and I can't sleep, and I can't enjoy anything. There is a buzzing in my head all the time, and the soles of my feet feel as if they were blistering whenever they hit the pavement. Then I've an awful crick in my back, as if some one was trying to jerk my vertebræ apart. I've a terrible pain in my right side, and I shouldn't wonder if I am in the first stages of appendicitis. You have only to look at my face to see what a state my liver is in, and my breathing—"

"Awfully sorry," says Smith, jerking away, as Jones incautiously loosens his hold. "I advise you to see a doctor. Well, so long."

A WOMAN listens patiently to the symptoms of another woman, but it is largely for the sake of getting the right to tell what is the matter with her, or else what used to be the matter, or, if she is abnormally healthy, what misfortunes of the flesh have befallen her nearest relatives. But the full gratification of the ego can come only when a speaker may speak unremittingly, with no price to pay of listening; when he or she can plump down physical and mental woes upon doctors and nurses, rubbers, waitresses, and others, whose vocation it is to coddle the ego of people with cash enough to be sick.

What the ego desires is sympathy; the sicker you are the more sympathy you receive. The more sympathy you receive, the longer must you linger to absorb it; it's all quite logical. And human beings who have to listen to painfully similar egos, all talking in the same way about the same symptoms, while each is convinced that his symptoms are unique—any such human beings deserve all the recompense they can get. Something ought to be added, too, because of the ego's tacit assumption that his or her conversation is conferring a special pleasure on the helpless bond slave who must hear.

So the character of the sanatorium has been gradually changing. A few years ago such institutions were dedicated almost solely to the rest cure. You were run down, very well: that meant that you had been doing too much, and that therefore your digestion was wrong and your nerves were shattered; therefore you must have absolute quiet and forced feeding. You were taken to a sanatorium, which might be in the city or the country, but which was invariably hall-marked in the same way by doctors and attendants with firm, impervious faces, and a manner that suggested a haughty and immovable lighthouse, beaten upon by dashing futile waves and gusts. This was because they were so used to battling with patients who didn't want to stay in bed, and hiding the clothes of these wretches when they threatened to run away, and refusing them books to read when the poor things went half mad from the necessity of "resting." No wildest nightmare is so worthy of recall to a person of active temperament as the old-fashioned sanatorium, where they put the unsuspecting patient to bed with false soothing words, and kept him there with a masked devilish triumph, while all the world was amusing itself outside and eating what it pleased. You had to eat eggs and milk at appallingly brief intervals, and all the occupation your mind had was to compute the number of barnyard fowls which might have been thriving happily but for those eggs, and the number of baths Cleopatra, or whoever the lady sybarite was, might have had in that milk, assuming she was five feet six inches tall, and preferred the liquid to come up to her chin.

IF YOU were ingenious enough, you got away somehow; if you were spiritless, you fell into a sort of doddering acquiescence which passed in the institution for "resting." At last you left with a complexion like a child's and pounds of superfluous, unbecoming flesh, ruthlessly taken from embryo chickens and from cows.

Probably such institutions did not make money fast enough. Most of the patients who graduated from them praised them, but there were always a few men who broke into candid and blasphemous paragraphs when they were mentioned, and a few women who said with feeling:

"My dear, don't go. We women have enough to bear as it is. Husbands and children and the consequent ills we must take, for they are all in the day's work, and at the very worst they give us something to do. But these sanatoriums, where you have to lie still, and imagine your housekeeper doing everything wrong, and your husband being given his meat overdone, and the children falling into the open fire. If they would even let you do a bit of crochet! If they would even tell you definitely in a way you could believe when they would let you go home! If they didn't treat you exactly as they did every other patient! if they—my dear, don't go; I assure you, nerves themselves are a lesser evil than a sanatorium!"

But now, thanks to the need of more money, and, to do them justice, to the advance of science, the sanatoria are run on a wider and more varied plan. Any real invalid and all the varieties of hypochondriacs may receive treatment fitted to their actual or imaginary needs. You may have any one of thirty varieties of baths, from alkali sponge to electrothermal faradic; any one of a dozen varieties of rubs and packs, from salt to sheet. You may have orthopedic treatment or talking treatment. You may be baked for rheumatism or soothed for temper. You may eat raw food or cooked food or no food at all; you may rest or you may exercise; you may read or you may sit vacant minded. Your vanity is tickled and your exactions are satisfied by a subtly diffused atmosphere, indicating that the treatment intended to apply to cases of this type must be varied for you; you are a type all by yourself, and your schedule is not going to read like anyone else's schedule. In short, you may coddle your ego to its core. If you are a hypochondriac, you may, in some institutions, have your own way in practically every detail, and all the time you may be bolstered up with the fine moral feeling of one who is undergoing severe discipline. For are you not in a sanatorium, taking treatment, doing just as they tell you? Have you not made great sacrifices of time and business to come? Are you not doing your family and the world a favor to be here at all? Well, then!

BROWN sits on the veranda of a great building that looks like a country house. It is set in beautiful rolling grounds, landscaped and groomed like a British estate. Here and there on a knoll is a bungalow for which the resident pays something like a hundred and fifty dollars a week. You would never take the place for a sanatorium, except that, in the background, is a plain serious building called the "treatment" house, and another, a little more alluring looking, called the gymnasium, and except also for the presence of white-capped, gliding nurses. The more expensive the institution, it would seem, the more the nurses glide. Robinson comes from the dining room, and sits beside Brown. They drop into personal remarks, a convention which is perfectly good form in a sanatorium.

"You needn't tell me you are sick," growls Brown, who is suffering from dyspepsia; "look what you ate for dinner: clams, enough soup to launch a boat—why, my doctor would no[t] let me mix solids and liquids in my inside! I saw [you] take two portions of lobster à la Newburg, and wh[en], you were ordering sweetbreads, and the Lord [knows] what. You stayed a full hour after me. I w[on]der they let you eat all round the clock that way. I [should] put me on my beam ends."

With impressive forefinger wagging at Brown: "You see, Brown, I have got to respect my alimentary tract"

"That's just the way with you dyspeptics," says Robinson in an injured tone. "You think all the people have to have what you have or they're not sick. Now, the thing I like about this place is that they run it sensibly. The day is past when a man eats with doubt and drinks with a bad conscience in a sanatorium. Listen, and I'll read you what they say about cases like mine."

HE PICKS up the prospectus of the institution, and, turning to the page headed "diet," he reads, with impressive forefinger wagging at Brown:

"'Except when necessity demands it, the common plan of feeding invalids almost entirely on highly nutritious and easily assimilated foods is not followed. The continuance of this practice results often in an inactive condition of the alimentary tract, occasioned by too little functional exercise.' You see, Brown, I have got to respect my alimentary tract."

"My only objection to this place," complains Brown, "is that some of you fellows are spoiled."

"Spoiled! if you only knew what I suffer from nerves, Brown, you would be a little more sympathetic. Ever since my wife died I've been all in pieces."

Brown shuffles his feet uneasily. He can hardly pass from a mood of jealous dislike of Robinson, because he can eat what he pleases, to one of active sympathy.

"Yes," goes on Robinson, plaintively; "why last night I was so restless from insomnia that I had to call one of the nurses and get him to give me massage. Then when I was quieted a little, I talked to him and told him a lot about a business deal I am interested in. I used to wake my wife when I couldn't sleep and tell her what was on my mind, and I've sort of got in the habit of talking in the middle of the night. I talk my best then. I must say I wish they allowed us women nurses; they are so much more sympathetic. This chap I had sat there like so much clay, and yawned in my face. I asked him, sarcastically, if he was bored, and he said he supposed it was all part of his job."

It is an interesting experience to pass up and down the porch of a sanatorium listening to the talk. In some ways the place seems like a summer hotel. The difference is that in a sanatorium there are fewer young girls than in a hotel, and almost no young men. But there are plenty of middle-aged and elderly women, and

It is easy to get into conversation. You drop down beside a newcomer, and say: "Good morning. What is the matter with you?"

dlite men, rocking back and forth, the former embroidering, the latter smoking if they dare. They all suspend conversation to stare at the passer-by. It is easy to get into conversation. You drop down beside a newcomer, and say:

"Good morning. What is the matter with you?"

The newcomer reveals various troubles and then you tell yours.

If you know everybody, your way of opening conversation is to drop into a chair (you never stand, and you always drop heavily), and say:

"I had a dreadful night. How do you feel this morning?"

At intervals along the porches arise such dialogues as these.

Lady in Brown (rocking vigorously)—Did you have a pull last night?

Lady in Black—Yes, a gray one.

Lady in Brown (discontentedly, as if she has been robbed of something—perhaps a color)—Mine was only white.

A little further along an old habitue is patronizing a comparative newcomer.

The Habitué—Of course I would scarcely have heard of you, since last season was your first, and we were not here at the same time. They call me "The Old Guard."

Comparative Newcomer (who has heard of the exacting disposition of her companion, innocently)—Is that because you try to guard your rights?

The Habitué (sharply)—At least I don't intend to let anyone impose on me. Something is due those who have always been here. I was the first patient, and what they owe me for the free advertisement I have given this place I could not begin to tell you. I was here in the old doctor's time. Why, when I came, they had only twelve rooms, and no modern conveniences, and mail once a day if some one drove after it."

THE Old Guard speaks as if she had personally built the hundred rooms of the sanatorium and installed the bathrooms and the rural free delivery. There is always an Old Guard in a sanatorium. Also, in every sanatorium there is a person foreordained to boost that particular institution. It is nearly always a woman.

"I was just getting over an operation for a benign tumor,' she says to a drooping young thing beside her.

"What's a benign tumor?" asks the young thing, who is there to separate her from a persistent lover to whom her family objects. "I call it downright cheating to name anything that calls for a knife 'benign.' They ought to have appropriate names like 'weeping sinew.' It's just their sneaking way of trying to pretend that this is a nice world."

"A benign tumor is a kind that is not malignant. When they cut away a malignant tumor, the operation is always successful, but the patient generally dies. You don't die if it is benign, but you get just as badly hurt. As I was saying to you, I tried every doctor and every place, and at last I came here. I had been told about it a hundred times and never paid any attention. Doesn't that just show you what an accidental thing life is? Why, I wouldn't give up this place now any more than I would give up daily bread."

A thin lady says to a plump lady:

"I wonder what new disease they will have discovered this year? They seem to have been doing it ever since the grip came in twenty-five years ago. Last time I was in a sanatorium it was auto-intoxication. That was what made me so thin. Everyone had it. I'd like to know what disease is making me thin this year."

"It doesn't matter what they have, I won't get it," says the plump lady, "the doctors don't understand my case, whatever they may think. I know I've got heart disease, and they all tell me it's nothing but indigestion! I've known plenty of other patients, not only women but men, who were sure they had heart disease, but the doctors will call it indigestion. I think doctors often get preconceived ideas, don't you? No matter how dramatic you get with them over your palpitations, they simply tell you you've been overeating."

Sometimes you are fortunate enough to hear a conversation between two attendants. You listen as shamelessly in a sanatorium as you do in a theatre or a street car; it isn't listening then.

"Well, Lizzie," says the girl who gives the electric baths to the girl who gives the salt rubs, "and how are you making it?"

"Well, Carrie," says Lizzie with real fervor, "thank Gawd, I have one woman who is that run down she can't talk. I get such a rest with her that I am getting real fond of her, though I am scared she may be shy on the tipping. Maybe, though, she'll give it to me at the end, or maybe she's too sick to think of it."

A pink elephantine gentleman, bounding down the stairs, seeing sights and fighting with the same

"You're in luck to have anyone really sick," says Carrie; "when they're sick, they can't stand very much treatment, and that's a saving of energy as well as your eardrums. I get so sick of smiling and saying: 'Yes, madam.'"

"It's kinda interesting, though," says Lizzie, "when they tell you about their divorces, or maybe describe their mothers' last moments, or the awful accident they saw that made them break down. I like them stories, and you know as well as I do that I don't get much time to read the papers."

"AW, they're all alike in the end," generalizes Carrie, pessimistically; "maybe you have an interesting hour or two with each one, but you soon get sick of hearing their troubles. I have a woman that's as rich as she can be, and her husband feeds out of her hand they say, and she's got a pretty little girl, and all ails her is that her father died. That's all the trouble she's ever had, and she talks as if no one could feel as bad as she does. I wonder what she'd think if she'd lost not only her father and her mother, like me, but her husband and two kids, and had to work besides."

"I heard one of the doctors talking," remarks Lizzie, "and I heard him say to the bookkeeper that if he didn't have his tennis and rowing and a good baseball match to see now and then, these women would send him off his nut."

"Aw, the doctors are paid well enough for it," says Carrie, "and, besides, there is limits to what a woman will say to a doctor."

"Oh, is there?" asks Lizzie. "You got to remember my cousin is married to a doctor, and the things she's told me that he's told her would raise your hair. And if he tells her that much, just think how much more there is she'd get mad if he told her."

"Well it's all in the day's work," says Carrie with the vague moralizing common to women of the lower classes.

"Sure, but I sometimes wish," rejoins Lizzie, who possesses some imagination, "that I could get married to a good man with a steady job. And then do you know what I'd do? I'd go round to each of these women I have to work over and I'd tell her what I think of her. It would be worth the loss of the tips."

There is, however, something to be said on the other side.

"Cynthia," says the lady from Arizona lazily, [illegible] friend, "I love [illegible] salt rub."

"Oh," [illegible] gently, "[illegible] t—"

"It's not [illegible] from Arizona. [illegible] the little marble morgues they put you in, and to their skewer-like fingers which act, once they get into you, as if they had come to stay. It's the attendant I object to. I had my suspicions of this place, anyhow, from the moment I read a kind of symphony by Ralph Waldo Emerson hung on the walls. As if *he* knew! I got it by heart while I was waiting for my rub. This is what it was:

"'There is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well bred, to all rational mortals—namely, their distempers.' (As if we were horses, Cynthia!) 'If you have not slept or if you have slept, or if you have headache or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunder stroke, I beseech you, by all angels, to hold your peace and not pollute the morning, to which all the housemates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and groans.'"

"I don't believe I ever heard what kind of man Emerson was to live with," says Cynthia, reflectively.

"My head did ache," continues the lady from Arizona, "but after reading that warning I determined not to mention it. I decided I would be sprightly and interesting, for the sake of that attendant; that I wouldn't say anything bromidic that she had heard a thousand times, like 'Don't you get pretty tired doing this sort of thing?' or, 'My! I wish I were as strong as you!' I was not even going to comment on the women I met in the passages, bony or fat, draped in sheets and shuffling along, constantly losing those miserable sandals they put on your feet. I was going to talk to her about the Arizona climate or the clothes I got in Paris or something like that to put a ray of sunshine in her life. But for all the chance I got—"

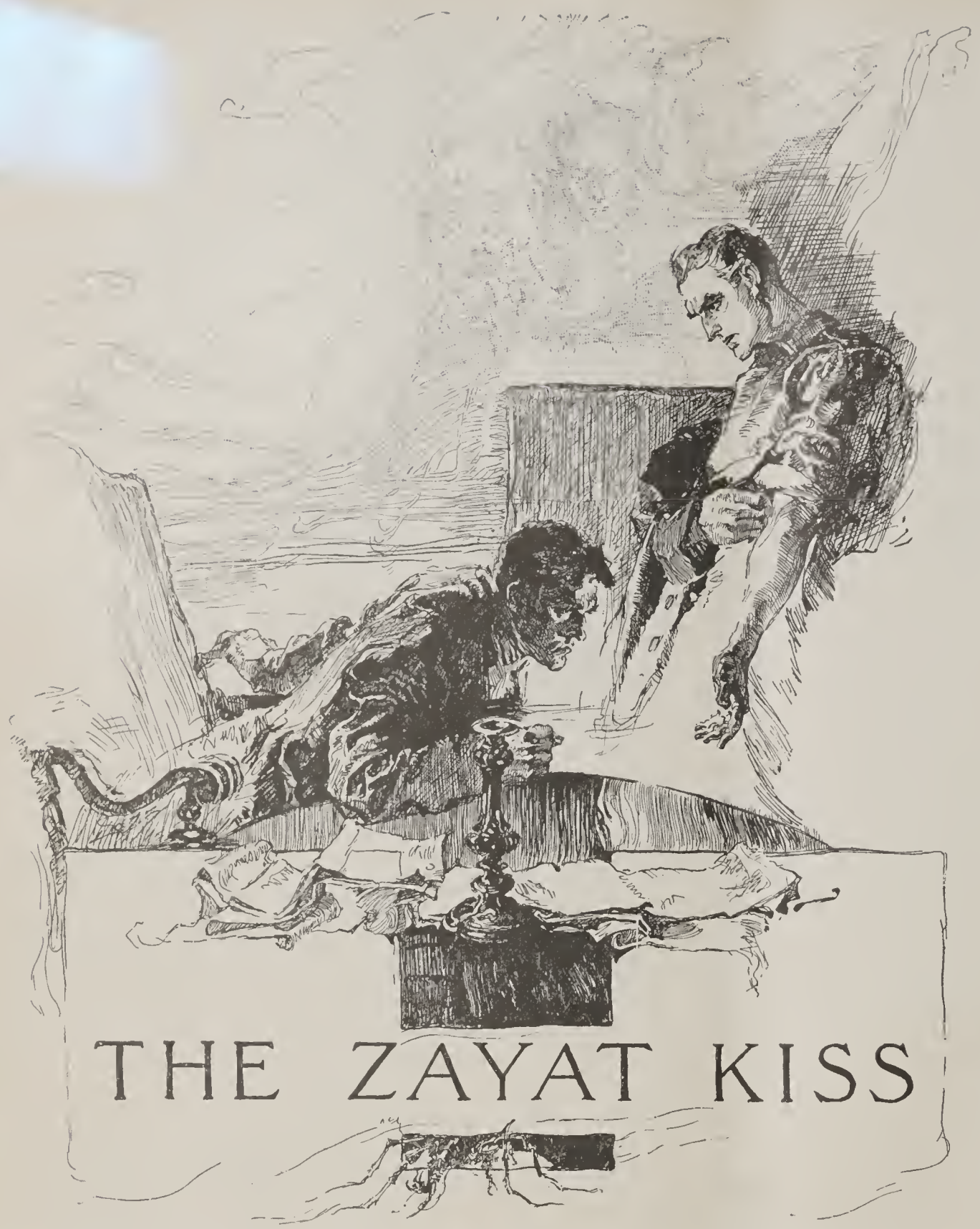
"Did she talk to you?"

"No, but she answered me in monosyllables, 'Yes,' 'No,' 'Indeed,' dropping them like bullets till I just had to keep quiet. It's pretty hard to be treated that way when all you want is to be pleasant."

There seems to be almost as much conversation in the modern sanatorium as there is in a reception. Every patient has a long list of cures or absence of cures to relate, or advice to give, and, next to giving advice, he likes to listen to it if only for the sake of criticizing it. Everyone boasts of the consultations held over him or her, and of the much-traveled germs which have invaded him for the sake of raising colonies; the patient takes pride in these germs, for at least they have shown discrimination. Patients are always full of the adventures they have encountered while gunning for that big game, health. When all other subjects are exhausted, they can fall back upon discussion of their schedules; the schedule is almost as interesting to the patient as it is to the sanatorium officials, in whom it is as the breath of life in their nostrils.

HOWEVER doleful talk à deux may be, one of the curious paradoxes of the sanatorium is that people are always cheerful when they are in groups or are assembled in the big reception room after supper. Rheumatic people who cannot stand up, anemic people with voices weakened to a whisper, talk as serenely and as gayly as if they were embarked on some pleasure excursion. Occasionally some incident occurs which helps toward a quicker cure. At one of these houses of health, rather a free and easy place, where patients are allowed to come and rest more or less on their own terms, a large pink gentleman arrived and said he wished to be left alone to sleep, and that when he wanted anything he'd send for it. He rang repeatedly, ordering only one kind of refreshment. At eight o'clock, when the other patients were peacefully chatting and wheeling about in the reception room or hobbling along, full of blasphemy and hope, there sounded a crash and a series of wild staccato yells. Then appeared a pink elephantine gentleman, bounding down the stairs with a chair over his head, seeing sights and fighting with the same. There was not a patient who did not leap from his seat, including those who had been crippled for weeks and had believed they would remain so for weeks to come. Those who did not run for the door hobbled. The unexpected tonic caused such an improvement in health that several of the sanatorium rooms were vacated before schedule time.

There is a certain type of women who have the sanatorium habit as definitely as they used to have the summer-hotel habit in the days before sanatoria were a part of fashionable equipment. A woman may claim



THE ZAYAT KISS

The First of the Great Struggles between Nayland Smith and the Sinister Fu-Manchu

By SAX ROHMER

Illustrated by J. C. Coll

"A GENTLEMAN to see you, doctor."

From across the common a clock sounded the half hour.

"Ten-thirty!" I said. "A late visitor. Show him up, if you please."

I pushed my writing aside and tilted the lamp shade as footsteps sounded on the landing. The next moment I had jumped to my feet, for a tall, lean man, with his square-cut, clean-shaven face sun baked to the hue of coffee, entered and extended both hands with a cry:

"Good old Petrie! Didn't expect me, I'll swear!"

It was Nayland Smith, whom I had thought to be in Burma!

"Smith," I said, and gripped his hands hard, "this is a delightful surprise! Whatever—however—"

"Excuse me, Petrie!" he broke in. "Don't put it down to the sun!" And he put out the lamp, plunging the room into darkness.

I was too surprised to speak.

"No doubt you will think me mad," he continued, and dimly I could see him at the window, peering out into the road, "but before you are many hours older you will know that I have good reason to be cautious. Ah, nothing suspicious! Perhaps I am first this time." And stepping back to the writing table, he relighted the lamp.

"Mysterious enough for you?" he laughed, and glanced at my unfinished MS. "A story, eh? From which I gather that the district is beastly healthy—what, Petrie? Well, I can put some material in your way that, if sheer uncanny mystery is a marketable commodity, ought to make you independent of influenza and broken legs and shattered nerves and all the rest."

I surveyed him doubtfully, but there was nothing in his appearance to justify me in supposing him to suffer from illusions. His eyes were too bright, certainly, and a hardness now had crept over his face. I got out the whisky and siphon, saying:

"You have taken your leave early?"

"I am not on leave," he replied, and slowly filled his pipe. "I am on duty."

"On duty!" I exclaimed. "What, are you moved to London, or something?"

"I have got a roving commission, Petrie, and it doesn't rest with me where I am to-day, nor where I shall be to-morrow."

There was something ominous in the words, and putting down my glass, I faced round and looked him squarely in the eyes.

"Out with it!" I said. "What is it all about?"

Smith suddenly stood up and stripped off his coat. Rolling back his left shirt sleeve he revealed a wicked-looking wound in the fleshy part of the forearm. It was quite healed, but curiously striated for an inch or so around.

"Ever seen one like it?" he asked.

"Not exactly," I confessed. "It appears to have been deeply cauterized."

"Right! Very deeply! A barb steeped in the venom of a hamadryad went in there!"

A SHUDDER I could not repress ran through me at mention of that [illegible] deadly of all the reptiles of the East.

"There's only one [illegible]," he continued, rolling his sleeve down again [illegible] that's with a sharp knife, a match, and a broken cartridge. I lay on my back raving for three days [illegible] in a forest that stank with malaria, but I should have been lying there now if I had hesitated. [illegible] the point. It was not an accident!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that it was a deliberate attempt on my life, and I am hard upon the tracks of the man who extracted that venom—patiently, drop by drop—from the poison glands of the snake, who prepared the arrow, and who caused it to be shot at me."

"What fiend is this?"

"A fiend who, unless my calculations are at fault, is now in London, and who regularly wars with pleasant weapons of that kind. Petrie, I have traveled from Burma not in the interests of the British Government merely, but in the interests of the entire white race, and I honestly believe—though I pray I may be wrong—that its survival depends largely upon the success of my mission."

TO SAY that I was perplexed conveys no idea of the mental chaos created by these extraordinary statements, for into my humdrum suburban life Nayland Smith had brought fantasy of the wildest. I did not know what to think, what to believe.

"I am wasting precious time!" he rapped decisively, and, draining his glass, he stood up. "I came straight to you because you are the only man I dare to trust. Except the big chief at headquarters, you are the only person in England, I hope, who knows that Nayland Smith has quitted Burma. I must have some one with me, Petrie, all the time—it's imperative! Can you put me up here, and spare a few days to the strangest business, I promise you, that ever was recorded in fact or fiction?"

I agreed readily enough, for, unfortunately, my professional duties were not onerous.

"Good man!" he cried, wringing my hand in his impetuous way. "We start now."

"What, to-night?"

"To-night! I had thought of turning in, I must admit. I have not dared to sleep for forty-eight hours, except in fifteen-minute stretches. But there is one move that must be made to-night and immediately. I must warn Sir Crichton Davey."

"Sir Crichton Davey—of the India—"

"Petrie, he is a doomed man! Unless he follows my instructions without question, without hesitation—before Heaven, nothing can save him! I do not know when the blow will fall, how it will fall, nor from whence, but I know that my first duty is to warn him. Let us walk down to the corner of the common and get a taxi."

"What's this?" muttered my friend hoarsely.

Constables were moving on a little crowd of curious idlers who pressed about the steps of Sir Crichton Davey's house and sought to peer in at the open door. Without waiting for the cab to draw up to the curb, Nayland Smith recklessly leaped out, and I followed closely at his heels.

"What has happened?" he demanded breathlessly of a constable.

The latter glanced at him doubtfully, but something in his voice and bearing commanded respect.

"Sir Crichton Davey has been killed, sir."

Smith lurched back as though he had received a physical blow, and clutched my shoulder convulsively. Beneath the heavy tan his face had blanched, and his eyes were set in a stare of horror.

"My God!" he whispered. "Just too late!"

With clenched fists he turned and, pressing through the group of loungers, bounded up the steps. In the hall a man who unmistakably was a Scotland Yard official stood talking to a footman. Other members of the household were moving about, more or less aimlessly, and the chilly hand of King Fear had touched one and all, for, as they came and went, they glanced ever over their shoulders, as if each shadow cloaked a menace, and listened, as it seemed, for some sound which they dreaded to hear.

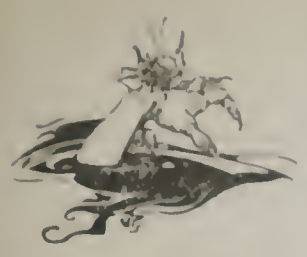
Smith strode up to the detective and showed him a card, upon glancing at which the Scotland Yard man said something in a low voice, and, nodding, touched his hat to Smith in a respectful manner.

A FEW brief questions and answers, and, in gloomy silence, we followed the detective up the heavily carpeted stair, along a corridor lined with pictures and busts, and into a large library. A group of people were in this room, and one, in whom I recognized Chalmers Cleeve of Harley Street, was bending over a motionless form stretched upon a couch. Another door communicated with a small study, and through the opening I could see a man on all fours examining the carpet. The uncomfortable sense of hush, the group about the physician, the bizarre figure crawling, beetlelike, across the inner room, and the grim hub, around which all this ominous activity turned, made up a scene that etched itself indelibly on my mind.

As we entered, Dr. Cleeve straightened himself, frowning thoughtfully.

"Frankly, I do not care to venture any opinion at present regarding the immediate cause of death," he said. "Sir Crichton was addicted to cocaine, but there are indications which are not in accordance with cocaine poisoning. I fear that only a [illegible]em can establish the [illegible]," he added, "we ever ar[illegible]em. A most mysterious c[illegible]

Smith ste[illegible]rward and engaging the [illegible]pathologist in



conversation, I seized the opportunity to examine Sir Crichton's body.

The dead man was in evening dress, but wore an old smoking jacket. He had been of spare but hardy build, with thin, aquiline features, which now were oddly puffy, as were his clenched hands. I pushed back his sleeve and saw the marks of the hypodermic syringe upon his left arm. Quite mechanically I turned my attention to the right arm. It was unscarred, but on the back of the hand was a faint red mark, not unlike the imprint of painted lips. I examined it closely, and even tried to rub it off, but it evidently was caused by some morbid process of local inflammation if it were not a birthmark.

TURNING to a pale young man whom I had understood to be Sir Crichton's private secretary, I drew his attention to this mark and inquired if it were constitutional.

"It is not, sir," answered Dr. Cleeve, overhearing my question. "I have already made that inquiry. Does it suggest anything to your mind? I must confess that it afforded me no assistance."

"Nothing," I replied. "It is most curious."

"Excuse me, Mr. Burboyne," said Smith, now turning to the secretary, "but Inspector Weymouth will tell you that I act with authority. I understand that Sir Crichton was—seized with illness in his study?"

"Yes, at half-past ten. I was working here in the library and he inside, as was our custom."

"The communicating door was kept closed?"

"Yes, always. It was open for a minute or less about ten-twenty-five, when a message came for Sir Crichton. I took it in to him, and he then seemed in his usual health."

"What was the message?"

"I could not say. It was brought by a district messenger, and he placed it beside him on the table. It is there now, no doubt."

"And at half-past ten?"

"Sir Crichton suddenly burst open the door and threw himself, with a scream, into the library. I ran to him, but he waved me back. His eyes were glaring horribly. I had just reached his side when he fell, writhing, upon the floor. He seemed past speech, but as I raised him and laid him upon the couch he gasped something that sounded like 'The red hand!' Before I could get to the bell or telephone he was dead!"

MR. BURBOYNE'S voice shook as he spoke the words, and Smith seemed to find this evidence confusing.

"You do not think he referred to the mark on his hand?"

"I think not. From the direction of his last glance I feel sure he referred to something in the study."

"What did you do?"

"Having summoned the servants, I ran into the study. But there was nothing unusual to be seen. The windows were closed and fastened. He worked with closed windows in the hottest weather. There is no other door, for the study occupies the end of a narrow wing, so that no one could possibly have gained access to it while I was in the library unseen by me. Had some one concealed himself in the study earlier in the evening—and I am convinced that it offers no hiding place—he could only have come out again by passing through here."

Nayland Smith tugged at the lobe of his left ear, as was his habit when meditating.

"You had been at work here in this way for some time?"

"Yes. Sir Crichton was preparing an important book."

"Had anything unusual occurred prior to this evening?"

"Yes," said Mr. Burboyne with evident perplexity, "though I attached no importance to it at the time. Three nights ago Sir Crichton came out to me and appeared very nervous; but at times his nerves—you know? Well, on this occasion he asked me to search the study. He had an idea that something was concealed there."

"Some*thing* or some one?"

"'Something' was the word he used. I searched, but fruitlessly, and he seemed quite satisfied and returned to his work."

"Thank you, Mr. Burboyne. My friend and I would like a few minutes' private investigation in the study."

SIR CRICHTON DAVEY'S study was a small one, and a glance sufficed to show that, as the secretary had said, it offered no hiding place. It was heavily carpeted, and overfull of Burmese and Chinese ornaments and curios, and upon the mantelpiece stood several framed photographs which showed this to be the sanctum of a wealthy bachelor who was no misogynist. A map of the Indian Empire occupied the larger part of one wall. The grate was empty, for the weather was extremely warm, and a green-shaded lamp on the littered writing table afforded the only light. The air was stale, for both windows were closed and fastened.

Smith immediately pounced upon a large, square envelope that lay beside the blotting pad. Sir Crichton had not even troubled to open it, but my friend did so. It contained a blank sheet of paper!

"Smell!" he directed, handing the letter to me.

I raised it to my nostrils. It was scented with some pungent perfume.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It is a rather rare essential oil," was the reply, "which I have met with before, though never in Europe. I begin to understand, Petrie."

He tilted the lamp shade and made a close examination of the scraps of paper, matches, and other debris that lay in the grate and on the hearth. I took up a copper vase from the mantelpiece, and was examining it curiously when he turned, a strange expression on his face.

"Put that back, old man," he said quietly.

Much surprised, I did as he directed.

"Don't touch anything in the room. It may be dangerous."

Something in the tone of his voice chilled me, and I hastily replaced the vase and stood by the door of the study, watching him search methodically every inch of the room—behind the books, in all the ornaments, in table drawers, in cupboards, on shelves.

"That will do," he said at last. "There is nothing here and I have no time to search further."

We returned to the library.

"Inspector Weymouth," said my friend, "I have a particular reason for asking that Sir Crichton's body be removed from this room at once and the library locked. Let no one be admitted on any pretense whatever until you hear from me."

IT SPOKE volumes for the mysterious credentials borne by my friend that the man from Scotland Yard accepted his orders without demur, and, after a brief chat with Mr. Burboyne, Smith passed briskly downstairs. In the hall a man who looked like a groom out of livery was waiting.

"Are you Wills?" asked Smith.

"Yes, sir."

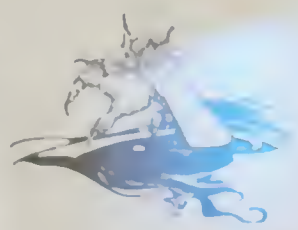
"It was you who heard a cry of some kind at the rear of the house about the time of Sir Crichton's death?"

"Yes, sir. I was locking the garage door, and, happening to look up at the window of Sir Crichton's study, I saw him jump out of his chair. Where he used to sit at his writing, sir, you could see his shadow on the blind. Next minute I heard a call out in the lane."

"What kind of call?"

The man whom the uncanny happening clearly had frightened seemed puzzled for a suitable description.

"A sort of wail, sir," he said at last. "I never heard anything like it before and don't want to again."



"Like this?" inquired Smith, and he uttered a low, wailing cry, impossible to describe.

"The same, sir, I think," Wills said, "but much fainter."

"That will do," said Smith, and I thought I detected a note of triumph in his voice. "But stay! Take us through to the back of the house."

THE man bowed and led the way, so that shortly we found ourselves in a small, paved courtyard. It was a perfect summer's night, and the deep blue vault above was jeweled with myriads of starry points.

"Up yonder are the study windows, sir. Over that wall on your left is the back lane from which the cry came, and beyond is Regent's Park."

"Are the study windows visible from there?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Who occupies the adjoining house?"

"Major General Platt Houston, sir, but the family is out of town."

"Those iron stairs are a means of communication between the domestic offices and the servants' quarters, I take it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then send some one to make my business known to the Major General's housekeeper; I want to examine those stairs."

Singular though my friend's proceedings appeared to me, I had ceased to wonder at anything. Since Nayland Smith's arrival at my rooms I seemed to have been moving through the fitful phases of a nightmare. My friend's account of how he came by the wound in his arm; the scene on our arrival at the house of Sir Crichton Davey; the secretary's story of the dying man's cry, "The red hand!"; the hidden perils of the study; the wail in the lane—all were fitter incidents of delirium than of sane reality. So, when a white-faced butler made us known to a nervous old lady who proved to be the housekeeper of the next-door residence, I was not surprised at Smith's saying: *(Continued on page 27)*

These things I realized in one breathless instant; in the next Smith brought down the golf club with one straight, true blow

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IF YOU are planning to install a hot water heating plant in your home—you should know all the advantages of the Honeywell System of Hot Water Heating.

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Please send illustrated catalog, free.

Name _____

Address _____

Still Inviting Nominations!

WE HAVE just been looking over the first batch of nominations for the "Everyday Heroes" series.

Thank you! They are very interesting. The shutters have been raised on some splendid men. But!

Some have nominated dead men. We want only the living.

Some have given us merely a name—perhaps of a man at the other end of the country—without mentioning his qualifications. Remember, you have to convince us that the man is worth investigating.

Some specifications are too general. Give us, in outline at least, the specific incidents in the man's career which you think make him worthy.

Some have criticized our title, "Everyday Heroes," objecting that the word hero is overworked. Very well, we told you we were not very strong for that. Help us select a better one, please. How would "Captains of Circumstance" do? Or "Real Ones"?

Finally, let us emphasize the qualifications of the eligibles by emphasizing one sentence from the first announcement:

The only conditions are that they shall have toiled unselfishly for the common good; shall have achieved things of real value for the people; and in the doing shall have woven life histories full of interest and inspiration.

For your convenience the whole of the first announcement is reprinted in small type, immediately following:

COLLIER'S, the other day, stumbled upon the life record of a man who has rendered notable and distinguished service to his fellow men. It was a life not without sacrifices, heroisms, and dramatic elements, a story which will be read everywhere because it is intensely and humanly interesting. The man's own community recognized the true worth of the man and his work. Some few in the nation at large knew that his achievements were of importance, and that his story would be accounted memorable, yet until this time no one had thought of writing it.

As this story was passed about in our office, the idea occurred that there must be many such men and women!—men who have really done great things, or done small things in a great way—men who, amid difficulties and perhaps dangers and mayhap in unlikely places, have resolutely wrought for the common good. We do not know where these men and women are, but our readers undoubtedly do.

Therefore we invite nominations from our readers of men or women believed to be eligible to a series to be called

"EVERYDAY HEROES"

or some better title. In fact, you might suggest a name for the series.

The individuals may be rich or poor, or from any walk of life. They may be lawyers, politicians, editors, writers, public servants, railway workers, seafarers, labor leaders, social missionaries, or what you will, but they must be live men and women. Don't aim too high. One of those we have in mind is a day laborer. The only conditions are that they shall have toiled unselfishly for the common good; shall have achieved things of real value for the people; and in the doing shall have woven life histories full of interest and inspiration. Let your letter of nomination specify tersely the nature of the nominee's achievements and character. From all of those that come, the staff of COLLIER'S will select a limited number for investigation.

The task of preparing these life stories for publication will be assigned to Mr. Peter Clark Macfarlane, who, after his work in COLLIER'S during the past year, needs no added praise to the readers of the Weekly.

We shall ask Mr. Macfarlane to make a careful study of each person in the series, to take all the time necessary, to delve deeply till he is sure that he has gripped the essentials of the man or the woman and his or her work, and to present the results in a succession of graphic portraits.

We anticipate one of the most vivid and fascinating series of personality sketches ever presented to our readers.

We shall not overidealize. We shall merely raise the shutter and show these men and women at their tasks in the service of the common good.

Send in your nomination address:

SUGGESTIONS FOR, COLLIER'S,

416 W. Thirteenth St., New York City.

The Evening Beverage

Welch's brings back the autumn days and makes the long winter evenings cheerful when you gather about the fireside or the reading table. It holds the perfect October richness and ripeness of the finest Concord grapes. It fits right in with popping corn, cracking nuts, making candy and all the other fun of the old and young folks.

Welch's

"The National Drink"

Welch's is not manufactured; Nature makes it—puts it in the skin of the Concord grape and we quickly transfer the juice to the new bottle.

We secure our pick of Chautauqua Concords by paying more than the highest market price for grapes that pass our inspection.

For the luncheon, dinner or reception in your home, or for the entertaining days of your club Welch's is a zestful and distinguishing feature.

Do more than ask for "Grape Juice" Say Welch's and GET IT

Order a case today and keep your home supplied. If unable to get Welch's of your dealer we will ship a trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha, for $3. Sample bottle, mailed, 10c. Write for our free booklet of recipes.

The Welch Grape Juice Company

Westfield, N. Y.

Welch's, the National Drink, is recommended in the Westfield (Mass.) Book of Pure Foods.

The Business of Arson

Continued from page 9

leave whole shelves full of highly inflammable mercantile stocks. It did!

Throughout 1912 the novelty trade was dead, with small fancy-goods stores and paper-box factories burning everywhere. The condition is expected to continue during 1913. And the trouble warnings are out for the Japanese and Oriental novelty stores in particular.

During the season of 1913 fires are to be looked for in all branches of the silk trade; **the hobble skirt has cut the consumption to one-half, and everywhere left unsold silk stocks that no "panniers" can use up.**

The return to long sleeves will burn short-sleeved shirt waists. Furniture stocks of the cheaper order, and upholstery in particular, are almost certain to report. "The cotton crop," says the insurance authority of the "Journal of Commerce," "although large, is bringing such a low price that the pinch is bound to be felt later." The "pinch" means fires.

INSURANCE OFFICIALS SPEAK

SO much for the evidence that is indirect and circumstantial. Before we go on to testimony which is direct and personal it will be necessary to understand exactly what moral hazard means. The moral hazard fire is the fire that is wanted. But not every man who wants a fire—perhaps not even the average man who wants a fire—deliberately prepares his store or stock with inflammable materials and sets the place afire. There is a half measure which is generally quite as effective. "When you want a baby to die," says an old fire marshal, "you don't have to do things to it. You have only to want hard enough and leave enough things *undone*. And it's that way with fires." If you want a fire in your factory you need only pay no particular attention when you get the smell of a heating "box" in fast-running machinery. Or you need only let oily waste accumulate about your dynamos, or permit the elevator shaft to gather grease and papers. Approaching open criminal methods a little more closely, you may throw the butt of your cigar behind you every night when you close up. Sooner or later it will land in the waste-paper basket. In the majority of businesses there are dozens of ways of doing the thing *accidentally*. But the accident takes place only because the accident is wanted. The owner of the property has his eye on his insurance money. And to say that "moral hazard" is anything else but that is quibbling and sophistry. We come now to the evidence of our insurance officials themselves. For reasons that will be apparent later, few wish to talk of "moral hazard" at all. But some have spoken in confidence, some in moments of inadvertence, and a few because, knowing how great the evil is, they honestly want it righted. Yet their testimony is the same—though always for the disagreeable word "arson" there is substituted that insurance euphemism, "moral hazard."

"At least one-half our fire loss is due to moral hazard," says Louis S. Amonson of the People's National of Philadelphia, an insurance president who for years has been fighting the battle for truth and decency almost alone. "Moral hazard is the most serious problem before us all," says another voice from Pennsylvania. "The really honest claimant for insurance indemnity now forms but a bare majority, if not a minority," says Theodore Stein, the president of the German-American of Indiana. "And," he adds, of European insurance authorities, "they know as well as we the cause of our appalling fire loss!" **"Moral hazard is the main thing in fire insurance," says Francis H. Ross of the Buffalo German and the Standard Fire of Trenton.** "Moral hazard is the all-important factor," says a Toronto company in its "Confidential Instructions to Agents." **"Eliminate moral hazard," says a New York general agent, "and our rates would drop to 25 per cent of what they are at present."** "Losses through the instigation of the devil treble those arriving from the act of God," says J. Campbell Haywood, a New York insurance adjuster. E. P. Heaton, the insurance manager of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, puts it in this way: "Abolish all fire insurance and our Canadian fire losses would fall to 25 per cent."

Other reliable insurance men in Canada and the Pacific Slope, upon being asked to estimate the percentage of crooked loss in their district, each put it at 60 per cent. A. G. Patton, general rating engineer of the New York Fire Insurance Exchange, estimates it at 67 per cent for his district. George W. Hoyt, deputy manager of the Liverpool and London and Globe, which does the largest city business in America, says that its moral hazard losses in America are 70 per cent. **"Since my connection with the company," says W. L. Reynolds, vice president of the Southern Fire and Casualty, "the proportion of its losses directly due to incendiarism amounts to 75 per cent."** On the same day the writer was able to obtain confidential estimates from an insurance lawyer of great experience, from a New Jersey loss adjuster of the widest knowledge, from a general agent who has worked practically everywhere throughout the country, and from a New York broker of high standing. Their estimates were, respectively, 60 per cent, 70, 75, and 80 per cent.

THE EVIDENCE OF THE FIREMAN

FOR the best of reasons no fireman wants to give out "crooked-loss estimates." Bad as it may be, he isn't going to advertise *his* particular home town or State as being any worse than the next. More than that, in the case of the individual crooked fire, there are libel laws to say that if the fireman talks about *it*, he has got to back his words, and that with "legal evidence." And he begins to learn about "legal evidence" in his first month of wearing the uniform.

But the fireman knows! He knows how the honest fire will take its natural course and how the dishonest. And he can recognize whole groups of crooked fires by the evidence of his eyes and nose and ears.

THE "BLOW-OUT" OR "EXPLOSION FIRE"

TAKE one of the more familiar classes. In June, 1912, Fire Captain Fleming of Albany had to fight his way out of a great barracks of a building which had been fairly festooned with bladders of gasoline; there were forty-five in all. A few weeks before that Captain Kochler and his company of New York were dragged out and sent to the hospital from a tenement cellar that had been almost as thoroughly "planted." About the same time Battalion Chief Helm of New York and a group of pipemen climbed to the fire-escape window of the clothing loft of a manufacturer of Mercer Street and found themselves looking at twelve great suit boxes swimming with one of "the regular mixtures," as they are known, all greenishly aflicker. Why did they not go off and kill every man where he stood? Sometimes they do. Ninety-nine times in the hundred, however, they go off long before the fireman is out of quarters. Only when the incendiary blunders is there legal evidence in what the fireman calls the "flash," the "blow-out," or "explosion fire."

In the other ninety-nine cases there is only the explosion itself. And the up-to-date arranger of fires can so blend his mixture that—though gasoline itself, when vaporized, has about seven times the explosive power of gunpowder—there need be no more than a great muffled puff. But even without a report, the explosion is one that no fireman of experience can mistake for that of gas or dynamite or back draft. "It has its smell to it," as firemen say. "Sometimes you'll get the smell before you're off the truck," says ex-Chief Croker. But there is no "legal evidence" in a smell. The most up-to-date mixtures do not even give a smell.

The *big* explosion fire is, in general, the most dangerous fire imaginable. Its whole purpose, as explained by the young man who bungled a recent trimming-company fire in New Jersey,[1] is "to get away with it before you have the firemen in on you." **Some professional incendiaries add to their "regular mixture" an ingredient that can be calculated upon to overpower the fireman even if he does get in.**

In the main, however, the *quantity* of the inflammable used will make anything else unnecessary. In one of the last of the Deichmann Brothers' fires, in New Jersey, two barrels were used. It was alleged that three barrels were used in 1911 in a big can factory fire in Chicago. From ten to fifteen gallons, well distributed, is common.

During the course of the fire minor explosions, or even very large ones, may take place. But there is no legal evidence in that. The stuff will flare on the top of the water thrown in by the streams, and "come at your water," as firemen put it. **Heavy woolen goods and manufactures of**

[1] It need not have been bungled had the owner of the factery not wished to arrange it so that the two old people, who acted as caretakers and slept on the floor above, might have some chance of getting out.

Western-Electric

Sturtevant

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Any quality, $1.00 a box.

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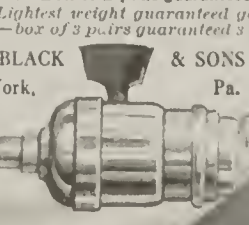


Electric light needed to bring out re-inforcing

All Acknowledge the Necessity of WEED CHAINS

In one of those friendly after-luncheon, get-together parties at a well known city club, eleven men drifted on to *the subject of the dangers of skidding.* With a single exception each of the eleven owned an automobile, and each had a *skidding experience* to relate, and each felt that *his particular predicament* was the most sensational and startling.

While nearly all had experimented with the various so-called anti-skid tires, and acknowledged their possible advantages when new—yet when it came right down to "Brass Tacks," there wasn't a single one in the crowd but admitted that for *sure results* for the **absolute elimination** of every possibility of skidding, **nothing even approximated Weed Chains,** and nothing took their place. Every one of the ten owners carried at least one pair of Weed Chains in his car.

Go where you will, put the question to any assembly of automobile owners you like and the verdict will always be the same—"*We can't get along without them.*"

Weed Chains are universally acknowledged to be the only anti-skid device that can be absolutely relied upon at all times and under all road conditions.

Weed ANTI-SKID Chains

Insure perfect control and safe, comfortable driving

Don't foolishly pride yourself on taking chances in order to prove your bravery, or to demonstrate your ability as a driver.

Weed Chains are an **absolute necessity** on both rear tires and to doubly guard yourself against accidents and to make steering comfortable and easy, put them *on the front wheels too.* They cannot injure tires because "they creep"—occupy very little space when not in use—applied in a moment without the use of a jack or other tool.

Take precaution now When you know the folly, the danger, the peril there is in driving your car over icy, slippery, snow covered roads and pavements, why not fully equip your car today with **Weed Chains** for your own protection and for the safety of other road users.

Recommended and sold by all reputable dealers

WEED CHAIN TIRE GRIP COMPANY, 28 Moore St., New York

Manufactured in Canada by
THE DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, Ltd.
Head Office: 4 Park Ave., Montreal, Can.

WEED CHAIN Wisdom Saves Time and Money

The Business of Arson

(*Continued from page 21*)

leather will burn like Greek fire itself, though that, too, is not legal evidence. Sometimes the floors have been so soaked by the fluid that it drips through the ceilings below, as was the case in the recent Dreifuss fire in Chicago. A big-city fire department will be out of quarters within fourteen seconds after an alarm rings in, which is about five minutes too late! By the time the first engine arrives the whole building is aroar with fire. Surrounding buildings may take care of themselves as best they can. A "three-alarm" will sometimes be raging before the corner box has been pulled.

"The fire broke out late Sunday night," reads the familiar newspaper account; "Patrolman White had passed the premises only a few moments before and noticed no signs of fire. . . . But the whole building seemed almost in a minute to become a mass of flames." What mysteries! No one can explain them but the fireman and the salvage man and the fire reporter and the insurance companies and Patrolman White himself and, often enough, the very children on the streets! "It's another touch-off! It's another touch-off!" the writer has heard them cry at one of New York's souvenir-post-card fires. Within half an hour firemen were being dragged out unconscious and others were slowly roasting on the roof!

"I'VE GOT MY WIFE AND KIDDIES, TOO!"

THESE fires, and vastly more, which, without either smell or explosions, are just as unmistakably criminal to every veteran smoke eater, are now so much a matter of the commonplace in our big cities that, in the case of certain districts, the firemen will comment upon it if it looks as if the fire were *honest!* Firemen are being killed in these fires all the time. Nearly every second blue shirt killed in New York has gone to his death with the very best idea of what he was going into.

Within a year, in one Middle-West American city, six firemen were killed, and in a Canadian city there was a death list of seven—firemen and civilians—in fires which the fire fighters themselves had every belief in the world were criminal.

But there was no legal evidence. After a 1912 clothing-factory fire, which "got" the nearest fireman, I asked one of his comrades who had followed the hearse what he thought about at such times? "God," he broke out, "what *would* I—what would *any* man be thinking about? I've got my wife and kiddies, too!"

In one great New York fire, which the firemen had been waiting for almost from night to night, it was only by a miracle that a whole fire company escaped being killed together. This may be called one final product of whispering about it, and covering it up, and pretending the thing is nonexistent.

And if the fireman is unwilling to make "crooked-loss estimates" with his name attached, the writer has been able to get many such estimates under the pledge of secrecy. Again throwing out all "loss-trifling fires," "50 per cent crooked" may be set down as the fireman's minimum. And there are central mercantile sections of our largest cities where the local deputy or battalion chief, after years of experience, will put the "crooked loss" at 80, 90, and 95 per cent!

THE COST IN MONEY

BUT for our fire policy of ostrichism and pretense we have still to bring in the bill. First, the cost in money. Certain figures must here be repeated from article one:

In 1911 the United States had a fire loss of $217,004,575, and Canada one of $17,332,675—in all, $234,337,250 of national and individual wealth irrevocably destroyed. But, as the experts of the Geological Survey showed clearly in 1910, our fire tax is vastly greater than our mere fire loss. When we include the cost of fire protection and insurance payments for which there is no return, every $100 becomes about $220. Therefore, if in 1911 the "crooked fire loss" was only half of that $234,337,250, what the honest man really paid for the support of the crook was not merely $117,000,000, say, but approximately 220 per cent of that, or $257,000,000, a sum approaching four-fifths of the total amount levied at the combined American and Canadian tariff barriers! Everybody paid, too. No man escaped because he paid no fire insurance directly. It was passed on down by landlord, butcher, baker, and grocer. Like all indirect taxes, indeed, the man at the bottom of the heap paid it many times over.

THE COST IN DEATHS

THE criminal fire means something more than money loss and increase in the cost of living. There is the annual bill in deaths.

The United States has never kept any record of its deaths in fires. Individual cities do. **During the last five years an average of 106 people have been taken dead from fires in New York alone.** But even our cities keep no record of the very much greater number who die afterward of their injuries. For example, in 1911, in London, where 23 died at the time, 92 more died later. Canada, through "The Monetary Times," keeps a record of immediate deaths. There has been a yearly increase that is equaled only by the increase in fires themselves. The total of deaths in 1911 numbered 317. **If the ratio to fire loss holds, the deaths in fires in the United States must have numbered at least 4,000.** As for the number who died afterward, one can only guess. How many died in "crooked fires"? Again, if the ratio holds, at least one-half.

"Inventory fires" and "settlement day," "trade fires" and "seasonal," one can write of it all so glibly that one can almost forget that the commodity we are dealing in is fires at all, and not cotton or coffee or bank stocks. Yet fires it is—fires set in the centers of cities and in the heart of densely populated tenement blocks. Terror and injury—the ruin of the innocent and defenseless, and lifelong misery! The man with the insurance torch wields potentialities of destruction, compared with which no other form of criminality is within measurable comparison.

THE COST IN CRIME

BUT there is one thing that is worse than death. That is the creation of criminals. What is our bill when we come to that?

Of fires that count, we have, as nearly as can be calculated, about 68 a year for every 100,000 of population, say 68,000 for both countries, in 1911. At least one-half of them—34,000—were criminal. And of the 34,000 criminals, at least 33,000 were not even questioned by an officer of the law. If you will look through the Canadian reports you will find that the majority of Canadian insurance companies paid all fire claims made upon them. In the United States only about two in every 3,000 insurance claims are "disputed and resisted." Who would not be a fire crook?

As a matter of fact, among numbers of people, arson has almost ceased to be thought of as a crime.

"Is that all they want father for?" asked the daughter of David Korshak of Chicago, a man with a fire record of nineteen years, when the officers called for him.

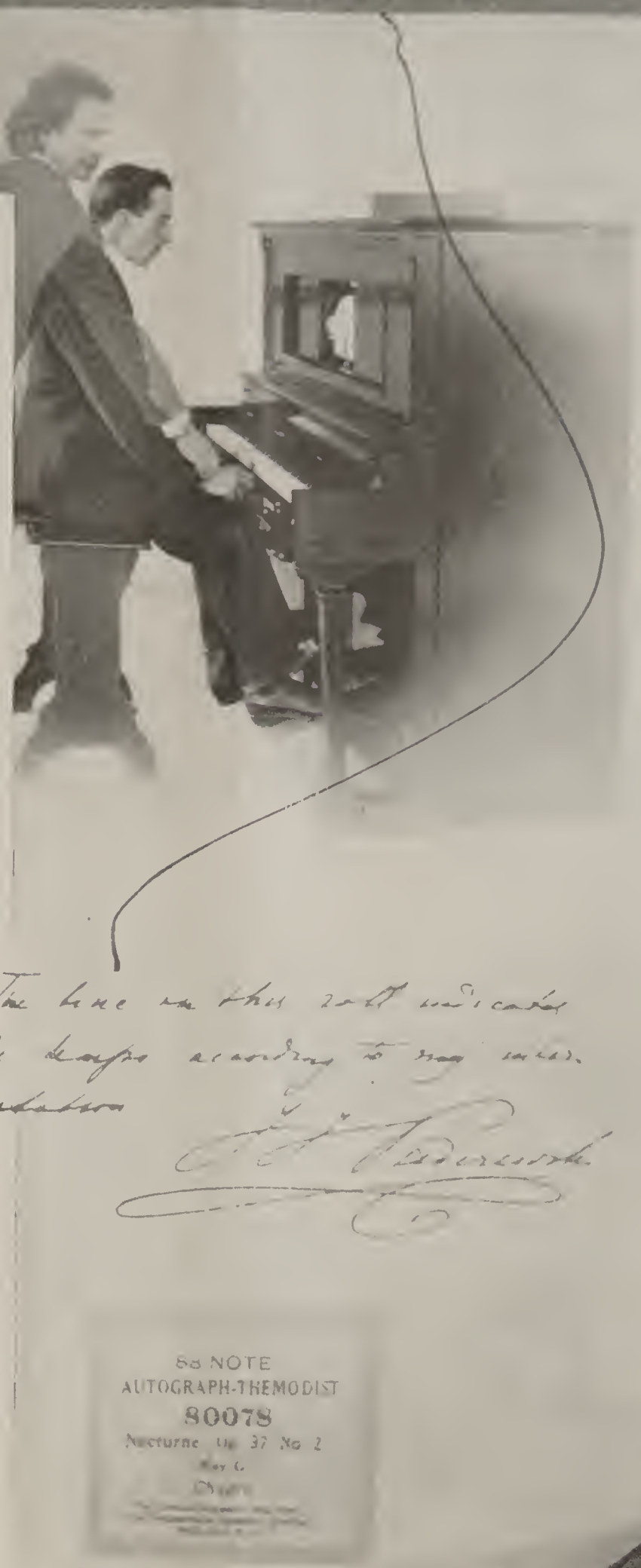
When Michael Boyancyck was convicted recently in Milwaukee he yelled in a fury: "Nobody was killed when my store burned down!" Yet they were sending him to prison!

"Why, how do you suppose the people in this neighborhood get money to live on when they are out of work?" asked little Sadie Waker of the New York East Side when haled before the insurance authorities for a clothing-closet fire. "*Everybody* does it!"

The truth is that, sheltered beneath our childish belief or simulation that all but a few of our fires are honest, arson has, as one insurance man, H. H. Glidden of Chicago, expresses it, "become a regular business." We find, in fire marshals' records, "professionals" with trails of seventeen, twenty-one, twenty-six fires in their own business establishments. Such professionals go from town to town, having fires; one a year means a good year's income. But the typical professional is not now a principal but an agent. He works in bands and arranges fires for others at schedule rates.

ARSON A HIGHLY ORGANIZED BUSINESS

PROFESSIONAL arson now has its "retailers" and "wholesalers," its "mortgage fixers" and "assignees," its bands who specialize on stores, on loft factories, on stables full of horses. A really up-to-date organization, as was shown recently in Chicago, does everything from procuring the insurance to collecting it. It will have its "outside man," who watches the credit and collection agencies for the names of those who may be needing fires, and get the proper friend to



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Waterproofings—Dampproofings—Technical Finishes

Join the Crusade Against the Public Roller Towel

THIS is a day of progress. The Public Drinking Cup is being banished—for it has been recognized as a source of infection.

It is agreed by the medical profession, that the Public Roller Towel—even more so than the Public Drinking Cup—is a carrier of disease germs.

Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland, St. Paul, Detroit, and other large cities have passed ordinance against the Public Roller Towel—Has your town?

Scot Tissue Towels

"Use like a blotter"

are used once, then thrown away—insurance against infection in public lavatories.

For the sake of your own health, and the health and safety of those near and dear to you, provide them and yourself with "Towel Insurance" against infection from the loathsome characters who leave their filth on public towels.

Carry a few "Scot-Tissue" towels in your grip. Have the womenfolk take them along when they travel or go shopping. Demand Scot-Tissue Towels in public lavatories. Write to the Board of Health and the newspapers, and have them arouse public interest in this Clean Towel Crusade.

150 Towels in a Roll, 35c.

(W. of Mississippi, and in Canada, 50c.)

Fixtures 25c to $1.00

Write for free booklet, "Paper in the Home."

The watermark "Scot-Tissue" identifies the *standard* absorbent-paper towel—snow-white, generous-sized, very absorbent. It is put on every towel to guard you against imitations that fall below this standard.

Scott Paper Company, 601 Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of "Scot-Tissue" in Table Covers, Towels, Toilet Paper and Babies' Dydees; "Sani-Tissue" and "5c Waldorf" Toilet Papers; "Sani-Kombs"; and other Hygienic Paper Specialties.

Scot Tissue Towels

Scot Tissue Towels

Arson

(Concluded from page 22)

make the introduction; in one case, however, circular letters were sent out. It will have its "inside man," who takes employment, oftenest as "night watchman," in the establishment to be burned, in order to study the general situation and the hours and habits of adjoining tenants. It will have its mechanic, a kind of arson plumber, who "fixes" the fire itself. This man is usually an expert. One cannot connect up a complicated series of rooms, put a sprinkler system out of business, and make a good "touch off" of a big, closely packed, noninflammable stock without some special knowledge.

"There are about ten gangs in Chicago altogether," says one professional who talks; "and more than 100 people are getting a living out of it altogether. **About 75 per cent of Chicago's fires are touch offs now."** Ordinarily, competition plays fair, and prices are fixed—pro rata on the amount of insurance—generally 10 per cent. But in one case a $250,000 job was offered, some one cut rates for it, and there was much ensuing bitterness. All who are in a position to know, say that conditions in New York are worse. **"There is every indication," says one insurance authority, "that New York has a regular fire exchange."**

TENEMENT SCHOOLS OF ARSON

BUT there is worse than that. In the tenements of New York and Chicago and Cleveland and Pittsburgh and Paterson arson is taught as in a school.

In twenty-one months of 1910 and 1911 fifteen blocks in New York's upper East Side gave 449 fires, most of them in clothes closets, which former Fire Marshall Beers more than intimated were almost wholly "for insurance."

Between January 1, 1909, and July 31, 1912, thirteen tenement houses in one row gave 56 fires. Another row gave its 53, another its 48. Individual houses had their 7, 9, 14! One can follow arson through the streets of our great cities as one can follow it by trades and seasons. One can follow it by families, as other forms of crime have been followed in the chronology of "The Jukes." In East New York there is a family known to insurance detectives as "the family with 100 fires." **Chicago has great tenement districts which, if the risk can be measured by the insurance rate, are now more dangerous than our powder mills.**

"It's the foreigner," says some one; "the kind of emigration we're getting now that's doing it!" The Jap and the Greek and the Syrian alone have *come* to us with fire records. And no foreign population—whencesoever its source—has ever been able to live in our tenements and *keep* its virtue. Every year great new masses pour into them; and in their turn they are corrupted.

The corruption is not brought to us, it is here! "And we're only getting the grown-ups now," says one city fire marshal. "In another ten years we'll be getting the children!" Fire detectives estimate that arson in America has doubled in fifteen years, and that it will double again in another ten.

Extraordinary and deep-rooted conditions can only arise from extraordinary and vital causes. The next article will tell in part what those causes are.

THE HOUSEKEEPER
which has been published by
COLLIER & NAST
(Incorporated)
will be issued hereafter by the McClure Publications Inc. under the title of "The Ladies' World and Housekeeper"

For each copy of The Housekeeper due on present subscriptions, the subscriber will receive three issues of the Ladies' World. This extension of credit will be made in every case and without any action on the part of the subscriber

Why You Could Not Get Van Camp's

Last October, when folks asked for Van Camp's, thousands of grocers pointed to an empty shelf.

There were weeks before the new crop arrived when no beans could be had that were fit for Van Camp's.

We offered any price. For some we paid $2.95 a bushel.

In one month we refused 17 carloads submitted, and shut our kitchens down.

That shut-down, we figure, cost us $50,000.

Just for Your Protection

For 50 years all Van Camp patrons have enjoyed unusual beans.

White, plump beans of equal size, picked out by hand from the choicest crops.

They've often cost us three times what lesser beans would cost.

You expect such beans. And when we cannot get them for you we shut down.

So With Tomatoes

You expect in Van Camp's a zestful sauce. It has made these kitchens famous.

We must use to make it, whole, solid tomatoes, ripened on the vines.

The average cost is five times the cost of common sauce.

But the million homes which buy Van Camp's always get that sauce.

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE **PORK AND BEANS**

"The National Dish"

You also get beans baked in steam-heated ovens. They come to you nut-like, mealy and whole.

You get the tomato sauce baked with the beans, so the flavor goes clear through.

Under our process the beans come to you with all their oven freshness.

Did you ever get beans half so good as these without the name Van Camp?

Three sizes:
10, 15, and 20 cents per can

Baked by

Van Camp Packing Co.

Established 1861

Indianapolis, Ind.

What's the Number of Your Watch?

If it's an

Ingersoll

it may be one

31 Million

They must go some!

Ingersoll watches come in five styles;

INGERSOLL DOLLAR WATCH —"The watch that made the dollar famous."

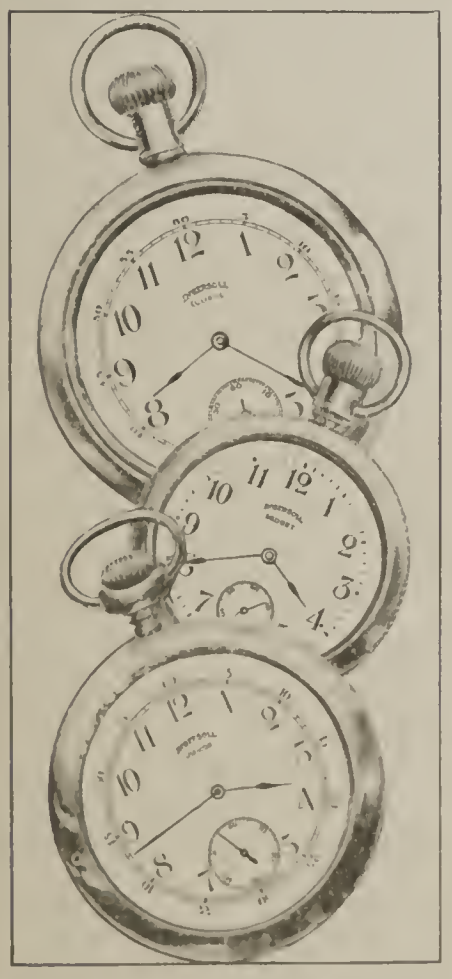
INGERSOLL ECLIPSE — thin model, in solid nickel case, $1.50.

INGERSOLL JUNIOR — thin medium size, in solid nickel case, $2.00.

INGERSOLL MIDGET — The watch for ladies, girls and small boys. Solid nickel case. $2.00.

INGERSOLL WRIST WATCH —For the man or woman who loves the great out-of-doors. Wrist band of pig or seal leather, $2.50.

Send for booklet "Pointers."



Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.

58 Ashland Building New York

Where Shall the Secretary of the Interior Come From?

RAPID CITY, S. DAK., Jan 10, 1913
EDITOR COLLIER'S.

IN THE issue of your magazine dated the 18th you suggest that Mr Wilson should retain a Secretary of the Interior who "gives confidence to the East, that the heritage of the people will be kept secure from thieves; at the same time his intelligent willingness to guide and help legitimate development makes him satisfactory to the West"

Will you permit a Western reader of your very able and patriotic journal to offer some reasons why the West desires a Western man at the head of the Department of the Interior?

It is unfortunate, if true, that there is mutual distrust between the East and the West upon the subject of conservation. The West believes that the people of the East, who ruthlessly destroyed their own forests for their own immediate advantage, would now go to the opposite extreme in dealing with the West, and utterly blight large areas of the mountain States by condemning them to remain wild, uninhabited wastes, called "National Forests"; indeed, that is what the National Government is actually doing. On the other hand, the East believes that the people of the West are eager to sacrifice their permanent resources for present gain, just as their Eastern forbears did in years past.

The writer hereof has lived nearly thirty years in the mountain States of the West, for the past seven years on the edge of the "Black Hills National Forest," and feels competent to speak of conditions existing here. The unanimous sentiment of Western people is hostile to the lumber exploiters who would (and actually do) *destroy* every acre of woodland that they can buy, cutting down mere poles as well as large trees, and working up everything that is big enough to make lath. But our people are also hostile to the narrow Eastern idea that the whole vast area of these "national forests" must necessarily be kept desolate, uninhabited, and unproductive wilds in order to preserve its natural forest areas. Our people also resent the contemptuous disregard of their rights and interests shown by those Eastern conservation "cranks" who would arrest the growth and development of communities in and about these "national forests" *by forbidding the development of all the resources of these vast areas* except timber and mines. We believe that in our own country, as well as in some countries of Europe, national forests could be effectively preserved *without preventing the tillage of such areas therein as are susceptible of cultivation*, adding vastly to the wealth of the State. The city in which the writer lives would be greatly benefited if the wilderness known as the "Black Hills National Forest" were inhabited and supplying the products of farm, orchard, garden, and dairy, for which much of this "wilderness" is admirably adapted.

FRANK EXLINE.

Portrait of an Angry Editor

COLLIER'S . . . is everywhere recognized as little more than a second-rate sewer for uncouth ebullitions of a jaundiced corps of writers. That it has any considerable circulation is due to a morbid instinct more or less latent in all humans. Nebuchadnezzar ate grass with the beasts of the field; Job sought solace at the dungheap; a few people here and there are able to stomach COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

. . . We have only to consider the source and remember that COLLIER'S has been accused of using methods closely akin to blackmail in its attempts to secure big advertising contracts. Perhaps it is even now seeking to force a subsidy from the commercial clubs of Oklahoma. If so, it will meet with no success. The fulminations of ignorance, while disgusting, are of no ultimate consequence.

In passing, it might not be amiss to remark that COLLIER'S is evidently edited by small-minded individuals, whose lack of ability is only accentuated by their lack of courage. From a sheltered retreat in New York they exude filth and direct it at this splendid citizenship. The skunk squirts his stink from behind a stump; the unknown writers of COLLIER'S from behind the stock bales of a big publishing corporation.

—Enid (Okla.) *Events.*

Franklin

A car you can afford to run

Franklin Little Six "30" $2900
A light, medium size, 5-passenger car

"Buy a light car" is the advice you hear from automobile owners everywhere. Heavy cars cost too much for tires and gasoline.

This FRANKLIN Little Six gives two to three times the gasoline mileage of a heavy car. The heavy car requires a big engine and excessive fuel consumption to move it.

The FRANKLIN direct air-cooled engine is naturally economical of fuel.

The world's gasoline economy records are held by the FRANKLIN. We have a book of facts about these records; it also tells why the FRANKLIN is easy on tires and why it uses so little gasoline and oil. Write for the Franklin Economy Book.

Light weight on large tires gives maximum tire service. Blowouts are avoided. 98% of FRANKLIN owners do not carry extra tires.

The FRANKLIN direct air-cooling system requires no attention; there is nothing to get out of order; no freezing in winter nor overheating in summer.

The Entz Electric starting and lighting system used on FRANKLIN cars does not add a single operating control. There are no pedals and buttons to work nor gears to mesh.

To start and stop the engine, throw the switch "on" and "off." The switch is left "on" while driving; therefore, when the engine would ordinarily stall, the starter keeps it running.

Ralph Hamlin, a Los Angeles business man, driving a FRANKLIN, won the Los Angeles-Phoenix Desert Race — the hardest and longest road race ever run; the hardest test for direct air-cooling.

Do you wonder why a man risks his life driving a race so hard and so dangerous? It is for the love of the sport and the glory of winning.

Mr. Hamlin's book, "Winning the Desert Race," while it says but little about any car, is an eye-opener on what really counts in automobile construction. We send the book on request.

Strength with light weight is the principle of FRANKLIN design. Materials are used scientifically. Weight and strength are in the right proportion.

The result is a car which stands up under the most severe service; a car with big ability and low operating and up-keep cost.

Our new catalogue is ready.
Please write for it.

Franklin Six "38," . . . $3600
Franklin "Little-Six" "30," $2900
Franklin Four "25," $2000
Franklin "18" Runabout, . . $1650

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
21 Franklin Square Syracuse N Y

It will pay you to place your next policy *in the* Postal Life Insurance Company

Assets $10,000,000 **1912 STATE DEPARTMENT AUDIT 1912** Insurance in force $50,000,000

The triennial audit, just concluded, was a most exhaustive inquiry, made possible because the Company eliminates all branch offices and agents, conducting its business *under one roof*—from a single headquarters, the Home Office in New York.

The inquiry was made thorough because it was the first examination since the Postal absorbed another, and a larger company, and also because the State Superintendent recognized that his official report would be a practical certification of the Company to other State Superintendents: the latter, mindful of the rigid New York requirements and of the strict supervision of its Insurance Department, have agreed that *a company measuring up to New York State standards would be accepted and accredited in other States.*

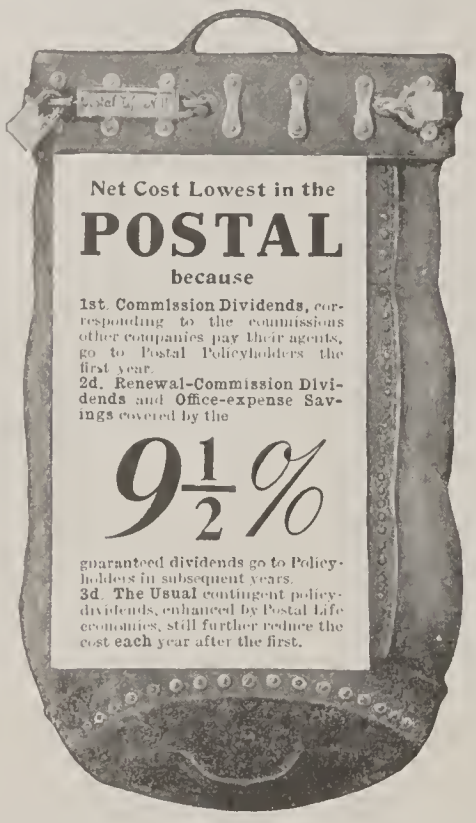
The outcome is therefore flattering to the Postal Life, and commends it to thoughtful insurers everywhere.

The Chief Examiner of life companies in his statement submitted to the Honorable William Temple Emmet, Superintendent of Insurance, refers to the *high order of the Postal's risks* secured by the non-agency method, and to the progress of the Company in bringing its organization to a *high standard of efficiency.*

He adds that the cost of securing business by advertising and correspondence *has not increased* pro rata, with the new business written. The business-getting expense will therefore, as contended by the Company, decrease from year to year.

He also adds that part of the cost of advertising should be charged to old business, as continued publicity has a tendency to keep up the confidence of policyholders and retain them.

The examination covers many pages of a printed document on file at the State Department.



Superintendent Emmet, in a memorandum filed with the Examiners' Report December 16th, 1912, calls special attention to the writing of insurance by mail as bringing the policyholders into communication with the home office. He states that the report shows a *general improvement in the condition of the Company.*

There is merit, he furthermore states, in the health-work of the Medical Department, not only to the Company and its policyholders but *to the general public as well.*

Particular reference is made to the absence of litigation arising from questions with POSTAL policyholders.

He speaks of the number of improvements made in the handling of its business, and points out that *gains have been made notwithstanding the considerable expenditure in 1912 for betterment of the Company's properties.*

Thus is the Company commended by the highest authorities to the public. The official endorsements, the conduct of its business through publicity channels, and its operations subject to the United States postal authorities, carry confidence to intending insurers, as well as to its own body of policyholders.

Total Assets and Liabilities

At the close of the examination the Company had over **$50,000,000** insurance in force; the policy and other liabilities were fully covered by statutory and departmental reserves amounting to **$10,029,510.10** with an excess or surplus to policyholders of **$226,874.55**

The company's reserves and other assets are in approved securities, including state, municipal and railroad bonds; bonds and mortgages, real estate, policy-loans, accrued interest, deferred net-premiums, cash in bank and various other items, aggregating **$10,256,384.65**

In writing the Company for particulars for yourself, please give: **First,** your *full name;* **Second,** your *occupation;* **Third,** the *exact date of your birth.* Also mention COLLIER'S of February 15.

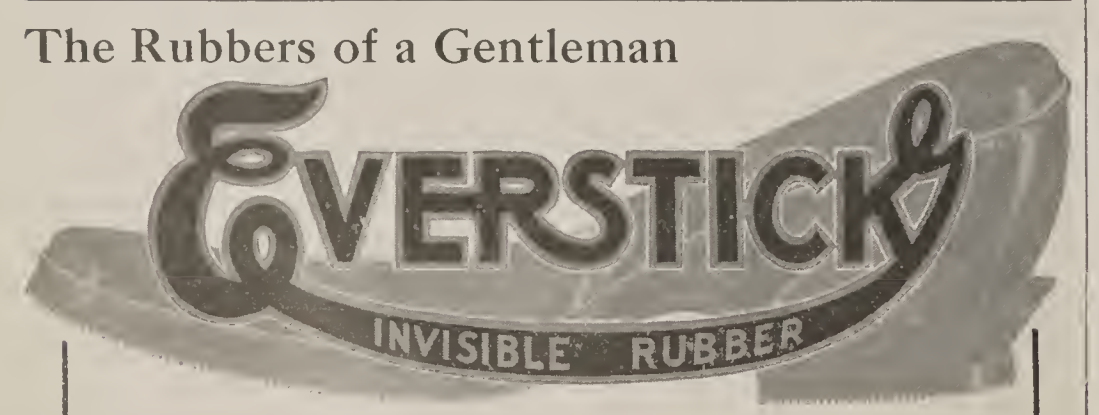
Bear in mind *no agent will be sent to visit you.* The POSTAL dispenses with agents, and pays to you *in cash* or credits you in equivalent dividends, or paid-up insurance, the *amount of agency commissions.*

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

The Only Non-Agency Company in America

Wm. R. MALONE, President Postal Life Building 35 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK

The Rubbers of a Gentleman



Worn by Men of Good Taste

everywhere because they are dressy, serviceable and comfortable. They keep the feet dry all the time in any kind of weather. Everstieks stay on when you need them most, but they're easy to put on and take off. They do not heat the feet.

At all Good Shoe Stores

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY, NEW YORK

Coddling the Ego

(*Continued from page 17*)

sophistication without having undergone an operation, but to pass muster she must know the simple life of the sanatorium. Also, for master sophistication, she must be an adept in sampling sanatoria.

"Of course I am in no sense an invalid," confides Mrs. A. to Mrs. B.; "my husband's people would begin publicly to pity me and privately to sympathize with him for having married me if I tried that. I am simply tired out by the demands of family and social life."

"Tired out by the demands of family and social life," agrees Mrs. B., echoing the well-known formula; "and the massage and baths and simple outdoor life are just what we need. It's so much better than a trip abroad, for in Europe you do have to look out for things, while in these sanatoriums you have no personal responsibility at all. Are you going to Hartridge's this time?"

"N-no," says Mrs. A. dubiously, "I think not."

"What's the matter?" asks Mrs. B. cagerly.

"I wouldn't say the place was running down, exactly," says Mrs. A. carefully; "but it is getting to be full of rich farmers' wives. Of course such people never really have anything the matter with their nerves; it's just imagination. What is there in the country to upset their nervous system? What I really mind is that these women never know anyone that you know, and they insist on telling you all about their Dorcas societies and the whole village history. It is picturesque for a while and then it becomes wearing. I suppose you will go again to Halcyon Hall?"

"Not at all," says Mrs. B.; "I didn't like the new doctor they got in. They have discharged him now, and I should think they would! He antagonized nearly everyone. His place was not a high-class sanatorium, but the free ward of a hospital. First of all, he'd come in with a breezy laugh in the morning. Now, my dear, if you were recovering from appendicitis, a breezy laugh might do very well—"

"But it seems to jar when you are suffering from overstrain," put in Mrs. A

"Exactly. After guffawing his way in, he'd sit down, a long distance off, and say, with an insufferably cheerful air: 'Now, don't you try to tell me how you are this morning; I'll tell you how you are; you're all right. You hear me? You're all right.'"

"How horrid," says Mrs. A.; "if you were a mother of six, who had to get back to the washtub, he might talk that way. I don't wonder they discharged him."

"But wait, that isn't the worst. He would go on to say things like this: 'You aren't sick, you are just lazy and selfish. If you hadn't worn yourself out with bridge and such futilities this winter, you would be home taking care of your husband and your boys, or you'd be off with them roughing it in some nice summer camp. Instead of which, here you are, as self-centered as St. Simeon Stylites (I never heard of him, did you?), when all that's the matter with you is a bad case of being spoiled.'"

"The brute!" cried Mrs. A. "I wonder he lasted the season."

"He didn't. They say they have a nice, sympathetic and intelligent doctor in his stead. But he spoiled the place for me, quite. I'm thinking of trying Arbuthnot House."

"I have heard that their doctors are all old and tiresome. I am considering the Lea. They say that very charming people go there. Mrs. Saunders and Louise went last year, and there was such a nice widow with plenty of money there, and her son came up often for the week ends; her husband left her all the money, and this son was very devoted. He fell in love with Louise. The widow liked Louise, too, and the match was made. They say the New York Four Hundred, or at least people that know the Four Hundred, are beginning to go. If we are condemned to those places, if we have to go for the sake of our dear ones, we might as well pick out places where we'll meet congenial people."

Ah, yes, indeed, if we have to suffer, let us do it amid fashionable surroundings, where the officials can tell by looking at our clothes how many extras we may be lured into demanding.

THE place in which the patient may be most efficiently and subtly coddled is in one of the up-to-date institutions, where they go in for advanced neuropathy. Some of them are called "schools of health." While they chiefly treat nerves, in order not to overlook any bets they will admit patients suffering from heart trouble, indigestion, or rheumatism.

The more fashionable the places are, the more rigorously they shut out patients who would disturb the harmony of the sanatorium—that is, patients who are sick from heavy depression or who are physical eyesores, disturbing to the convalescents who are so well able to pay for harmony.

This harmony is willing to embrace business and professional men and women worn out by work, students who have broken down, and particularly society women worn out by pleasure. Also, these places make an appeal to languid young women without definite aim in life. The authorities do or do not say that what chiefly ails these young women is the fact that they do not have to work for their living. Consequently, they are aimless and unhappy; they think that their parents misunderstand them, and they know that the ordinary round of life at home and in society is unsatisfactory, and that they don't seem to be getting anything they really want, or to be wanting anything they can really have. In fine, an up-to-date sanatorium offers a cure to all patients save those who are not a good business investment. Its advantages vary from a chance to play poker to something that looks like a course in dramatic art; at least, in some places, on the score of teaching a tense woman to relax, they show her how to sit and stand and breathe and use her voice, and speak attractively. It is very agreeable to go into an expensive sanatorium with the notion of being petted for pay, and come out such a poised, radiant creature that people go on petting you because you are so nice.

THE treatment is very flattering. In the first place, the assumption is that ordinary medical teaching and practice tend too often to limit the attention solely to the disease, instead of studying and treating the individual as a whole. Therefore, it is not sufficient to make a correct diagnosis of your present physical condition; it is also necessary to study thoroughly your physiological and psychological characteristics. An agreeable sympathetic doctor will sit with you by the hour (at so much per) with inscrutable face, and that air, gentle but superior, which they all wear. You, having skimmed over as quickly as possible the disagreeable phases which relate to your body, begin to talk fully and freely about your soul. You may say "I feel" to him nine times to the paragraph, and he will never show by the flicker of an eyelid that he has heard it all hundreds of times. You will tell him thoughts and feelings that you are quite sure no one has ever had before; if he is a good doctor he will wait till the ego poison is running freely from your system, like sap out of a maple tree, and then he will proceed to show you how many people have felt just that way, and that you are not unique at all. You are just self-centered (though not so much so as most patients), and when you are well you won't believe you were ever in such a state. And long before you wish to stop clinging to him he will put you on your own feet—that is, unless he is a doctor who wants to get rich quickly, in which case he will let you cling as long as your money holds out.

The reader who understands will take with a full grain of salt any light remarks made by anyone who has had no experience of real mental illness. A sick soul is as grave a misfortune as a sick body. The prosperous and the happy and the pachydermic do not realize this; those whom life has pretty well let off from grief cannot be expected to know what a sick soul means. Therefore, a good many of the unhappy prefer to make a joke of it, or if they cannot manage this, to be silent and get off in a corner where they need not depress happy people.

THE views on the sanatorium of a farmer's wife, a shrewd old woman, are perhaps worth while, since she had worked hard and observed keenly all her life.

"There's a lot of highfalutin' words," she said, "to cover up plain terms. They say 'Hydrotherapy, in its many methods of application, is most efficacious.' Well, I found all that meant was just hot and cold water put in you or on you in the various ways. Anybody would know

Coddling the Ego

(*Concluded from page 26*)

water is a good thing. Then they say 'Heliotherapy,' and that seems to mean sitting in the sun and air. They put some extra frills on by making you take your clothes off, so to speak, but all they mean is just plain light and air. They say 'Hygiene method,' and that just means these things I've been telling you of, and sensible food and exercise and rest. We all know how good those things are at home.

"But the trouble is, we wouldn't do it at home. If we tried to look after ourselves, we'd do it every once in a while as we nibble at a box of candy. We come here, and they give us a written program that tells us what we have to do and what has to be done to us, from the time we get up till they give us our final bath and massage at night. The advantage is that we don't have to do any of the thinking ourselves; we haven't got to plan for a minute of the time. If we had wills strong enough to control circumstances and control ourselves, if we could keep the neighbors on one side from using the grass cutter at 4 a. m., and on the other side from honking home in the motor at 2 a. m.; and if we had the mental stamina to prescribe our own diet and exercises, we wouldn't need to come here. But the fact is we pay to have the circumstances fixed for us, and the will exercised upon us instead of by us. It's really worth it, too. When you think of the senseless rushing way we Americans live, you can see that these sanatoriums are a cross between a hospital and the hereafter."

"Do you ever question the morality of them—because they do tend to cater to hypochondriacs?"

"When you stop to consider the poor families of such people," said the old lady, with a sly smile, "isn't it a good thing that there's some place where they can immune the hypochondriacs and get a good rest themselves at home?"

The Zayat Kiss

(*Continued from page 19*)

"Lounge up and down outside, Petrie. Everyone has cleared off now. It is getting late. Keep your eyes open and be on your guard. I thought I had the start, but *he* is here before me, and, what is worse, he probably knows by now that I am here, too."

With which he entered the house and left me out in the square, with leisure to think, to try to understand.

THE crowd which usually haunts the scene of a sensational crime had been cleared away, and it had been circulated that Sir Crichton had died from natural causes. The intense heat having driven most of the residents out of town, practically I had the square to myself, and I gave myself up to a brief consideration of the mystery in which I so suddenly had found myself involved.

By what agency had Sir Crichton met his death? Did Nayland Smith know? I rather suspected that he did. What was the hidden significance of the perfumed envelope? Who was that mysterious personage whom Smith so evidently dreaded, who had attempted his life, who presumably had murdered Sir Crichton? Sir Crichton Davey, during the time that he had held office in India and during his long term of service at home, had earned the good will of all, British and native alike. Who was his secret enemy?

Something touched me lightly on the shoulder.

I turned, with my heart fluttering like a child's. This night's work had imposed a severe strain even upon my callous nerves.

A girl wrapped in a hooded opera cloak stood at my elbow, and, as she glanced up at me, I thought that I never had seen a face so seductively lovely nor of so unusual a type. With the skin of a perfect blonde, she had eyes and lashes as black as a Creole's, which, together with her full red lips, told me that this beautiful stranger, whose touch had so startled me, was not a child of our northern shores.

"Forgive me," she said, speaking with an odd, pretty accent, and laying a slim hand with jeweled fingers confidingly upon my arm, "if I startled you. But—is it true that Sir Crichton Davey has been murdered?"

I LOOKED into her big, questioning eyes, a harsh suspicion laboring in my mind, but could read nothing in their mysterious depths—only I wondered anew at my questioner's beauty. The grotesque idea momentarily possessed me that, were the bloom of her red lips due to art and not to nature, their kiss would leave—though not indelibly—just such a mark as I had seen upon the dead man's hand. But I dismissed the fantastic notion as bred of the night's horrors, and worthy only of a medieval legend. No doubt she was some friend or acquaintance of Sir Crichton's who lived close by.

"I cannot say that he has been murdered," I replied, acting upon the latter supposition and seeking to tell her what she asked as gently as possible. "But he is—"

"Dead?"

I nodded.

She closed her eyes and uttered a low, moaning sound, swaying dizzily. Thinking she was about to swoon, I threw my arm round her shoulders to support her, but she smiled sadly and pushed me gently away.

"I am quite well, thank you," she said.

"You are certain? Let me walk with you until you feel quite sure of yourself."

She shook her head, flashed a rapid glance at me with her beautiful eyes, and looked away in a sort of sorrowful embarrassment, for which I was entirely at a loss to account. Suddenly she resumed:

"I cannot let my name be mentioned in this dreadful matter, but—I think I have some information—for the police. Will you give this to—whomever you think proper?"

She handed me a sealed envelope, again met my eyes with one of her dazzling glances, and hurried away. She had gone no more than ten or twelve yards, and I still was standing bewildered, watching her graceful, retreating figure, when she turned abruptly and came back. Without looking directly at me, but alternately glancing toward a distant corner of the square and toward the house of Major General Platt-Houston, she made the following extraordinary request:

"If you would do me a very great service, for which I always would be grateful"—she glanced at me with passionate intentness—"when you have given my message to the proper person, leave him and do not go near him any more to-night!"

BEFORE I could find words to reply she gathered up her cloak and ran. Before I could determine whether or not to follow her (for her words had aroused anew all my worst suspicions) she had disappeared! I heard the whirr of a restarted motor at no great distance, and in the instant that Nayland Smith came running down the steps I knew that I had nodded at my post.

"Smith!" I cried as he joined me, "tell me what we must do!"

And rapidly I acquainted him with the incident.

My friend looked very grave; then a grim smile crept round his lips.

"She was a big card to play," he said; "but he did not know that I held one to beat it."

"What! You know this girl? Who is she?"

"She is one of the finest weapons in the enemy's armory, Petrie. But a woman is a two-edged sword, and treacherous. To our great good fortune, she has formed a sudden predilection, characteristically Oriental, for yourself. Oh, you may smile, but it is evident. She was employed to get this letter placed in my hands. Give it to me."

I did so.

"She has succeeded. Smell."

HE held the envelope under my nose, and, with a sudden sense of nausea, I recognized the strange perfume.

"You know what this presaged in Sir Crichton's case? Can you doubt any longer? She did not want you to share my fate, Petrie."

"Smith," I said unsteadily, "I have followed your lead blindly in this horrible business and have not pressed for an explanation, but I must insist before I go

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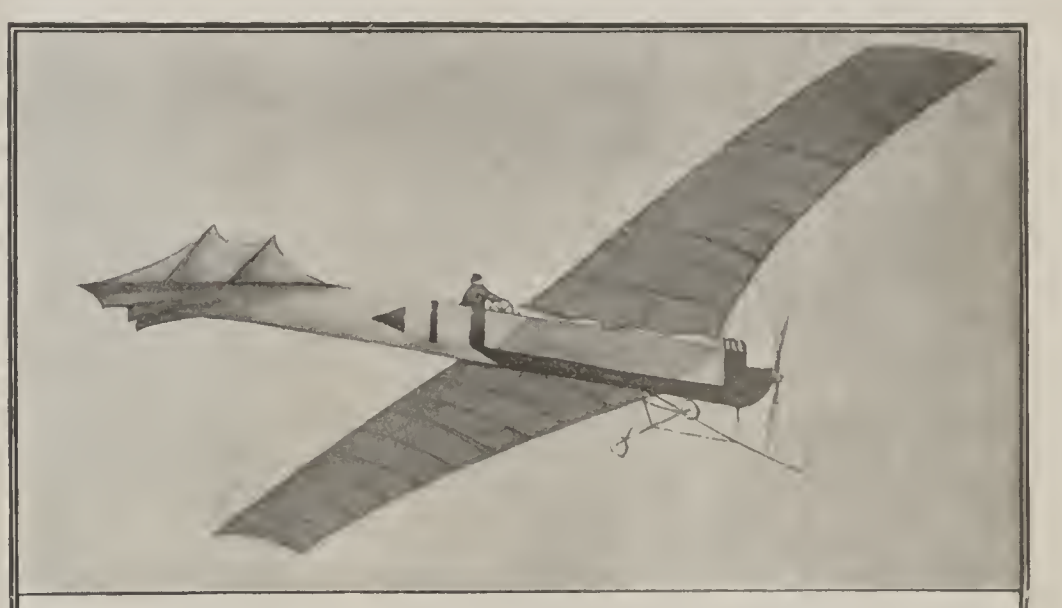

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Look for the Small Type on the Label

IF you don't believe that you are in daily danger from the manufacturers who are drugging, adulterating and debasing your foods, you can learn some very interesting truths by looking closely at the labels on a few bottles, cans or packages when next you visit your grocer, and particularly if you study the fine print to be found on some of them.

You will find many products which frankly confess to benzoate of soda, for example,—sometimes in large type, too. That means that the manufacturer knows his product will spoil in its container unless he embalms it.

There's no other reason for using that preservative. You'll find "strawberry" jams with labels showing that they are made of "apple-stock"; pickles and baking powder containing an admitted dose of alum; flavoring extracts made of ethers and colored water; catsups "artificially colored"—which means colored with coal-tar—and containing other concoctions still less appetizing, each actually labelled with its disgusting or dangerous ingredients! Try it and see for yourself.

But this experiment won't unmask the most dangerous class of food-frauds. For the law which instructs food-fakers to confess their sins on their labels does not punish convicted offenders except with absurdly trifling fines. (A man convicted of using wood-alcohol—which your druggist sells under the skull-and-bones label—was fined $10, two years after detection!) And so it is only the timid fraud who brands his product with its true contents. The others, who use the worst and filthiest adulterants, calmly lie about it as before and grin when they pay the tiny fines with which they are "punished" when caught.

You have been helpless against the clever food-fakers who have learned how to make base adulterants and drugged stock look and taste like the foods which their labels claim they are. But *now* you can protect yourself absolutely against these rascals, with almost no effort on your part, if you will simply send for and use

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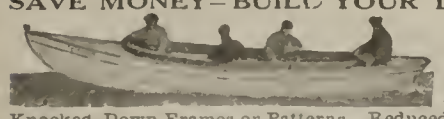

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The Zayat Kiss

(Continued from page 27)

one step farther upon knowing what it all means."

"Just a few steps farther," he rejoined. "As far as a cab. We are hardly safe here Oh, you need not fear shot or knives. The man whose servants are watching us now scorns to employ such clumsy, telltale weapons."

"PULL up the window on your side, Petrie, and look out behind. Good! We've started."

The cab moved off with a metallic jerk, and I turned and looked back through the little window in the rear.

"Some one has got into another cab. It is following ours, I think."

Nayland Smith lay back and laughed unmirthfully.

"Petrie," he said, "if I escape alive from this business I shall know that I bear a charmed life."

I made no reply as he pulled out the dilapidated pouch and filled his pipe.

"You have asked me to explain matters," he continued, "and I will do so to the best of my ability. You no doubt wonder why a servant of the British Government, lately stationed in Burma, suddenly appears in London in the character of a detective. I am here, Petrie—and I bear credentials from the very highest sources—because, quite by accident, I came upon a clue. Following it up in the ordinary course of routine, I obtained evidence of the existence and malignant activity of a certain man. At the present stage of the case I should not be justified in terming him the emissary of an Eastern power, but I may say that representations are shortly to be made to that power's ambassador in London."

HE paused and glanced back toward the pursuing cab.

"There is little to fear until we arrive home," he said calmly. "Afterward there is much. To continue: This man, whether a fanatic or a duly appointed agent, is, unquestionably, the most malign and formidable personality existing in the known world to-day. He is a linguist who speaks with almost equal facility in any of the civilized languages and in most of the barbaric. He is an adept in all the arts and sciences which a great university could teach him. He also is an adept in certain obscure arts and sciences which no university of to-day can teach. He has the brains of any three men of genius. Petrie, he is a mental giant."

"You amaze me!" I said.

"As to his mission among men. Why did M. Jules Furneaux fall dead in a Paris opera house? Because of heart failure? No! Because his last speech had shown that he held the key to the secret of Tongking. What became of the Grand Duke Stanislaus? Elopement? Suicide? Nothing of the kind. He alone was fully alive to Russia's growing peril. He alone knew the truth about Mongolia. Why was Sir Crichton Davey murdered? Because had the work he was engaged upon ever seen the light, it would have shown him to be the only living Englishman who understood the importance of the Tibetan frontiers. Is there a man who would arouse the West to a sense of the awakening of the East, that the millions only await their leader? He will die. And this is only one phase of the devilish campaign. The others I can merely surmise."

"But, Smith, this is almost incredible! What perverted genius controls this awful secret movement?"

"Imagine a person, tall, lean, and feline, high shouldered, with a brow like Shakespeare and a face like Satan, a close-shaven skull, and long, magnetic eyes of the true cat green. Invest him with all the cruel cunning of an entire Eastern race, accumulated in one giant intellect, with all the resources of science past and present. Imagine that awful being and you have a mental picture of Dr. Fu-Manchu, the yellow peril incarnate in one man."

I SANK into an armchair in my rooms and gulped down a strong peg of brandy.

"We have been followed here," I said. "Why did you make no attempt to throw the pursuers off the track, to have them intercepted?"

Smith laughed.

"Useless, in the first place. Wherever we went *he* would find us. And of what use to arrest his creatures? We could

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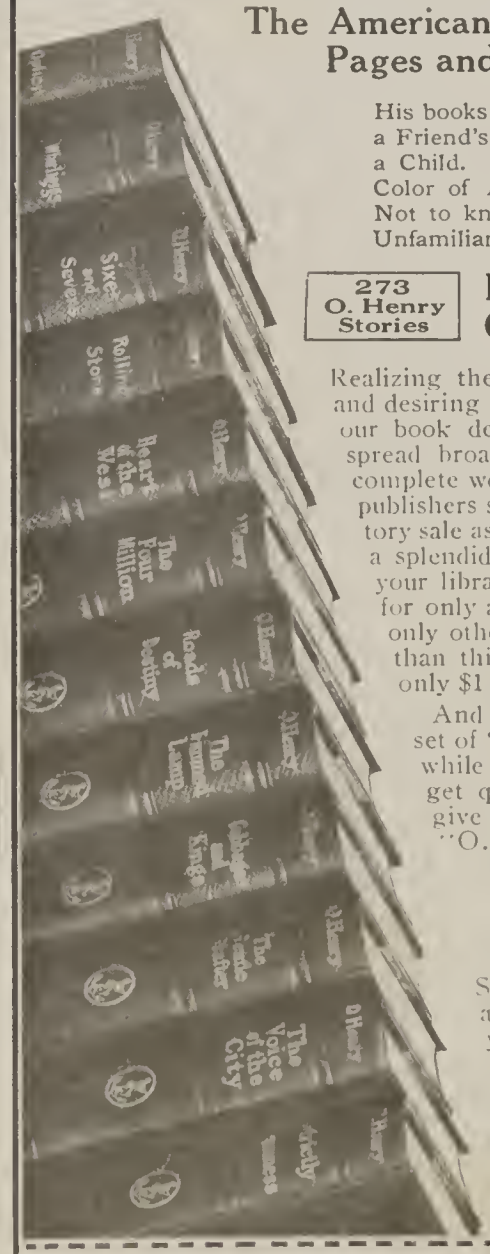

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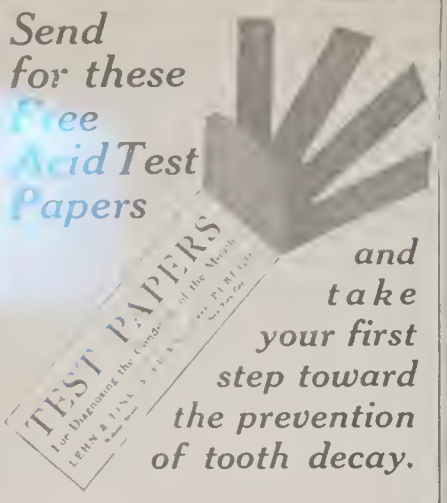

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The Zayat Kiss

(Continued from page 29)

prove nothing against them. Further, it is evident that an attempt is to be made upon my life to-night—and by the same means that proved so successful in the case of poor Sir Crichton."

His square jaw grew truculently prominent, and he leaped stormily to his feet, shaking his clenched fists toward the window.

"The villain!" he cried. "The fiendishly clever villain! I suspected that Sir Crichton was next, and I was right. But I came too late, Petrie! That hits me hard, old man. To think that I knew and yet failed to save him!"

He resumed his seat, smoking hard.

"Fu-Manchu has made the blunder common to all men of unusual genius," he said. "He has underrated his adversary. He has not given me credit for perceiving the meaning of the scented messages. He has thrown away one powerful weapon—to get such a message into my hands—and he thinks that, once safe within doors, I shall sleep, unsuspecting, and die as Sir Crichton died. But without the indiscretion of your charming friend I should have known what to expect when I received her 'information,' which, by the way, consists of a blank sheet of paper."

"Smith," I broke in, "who is she?"

"She is either Fu-Manchu's daughter, his wife, or his slave. I am inclined to believe the latter, for she has no will but his will, except"—with a quizzical glance—"in a certain instance."

"How can you jest with some awful thing—Heaven knows what—hanging over your head? What is the meaning of these perfumed envelopes? How did Sir Crichton die?"

"HE died of the Zayat Kiss. Ask me what that is and I reply 'I do not know.' The zayats are the Burmese caravansaries, or rest houses. Along a certain route—upon which I set eyes for the first and only time upon Dr. Fu-Manchu—travelers who use them sometimes die as Sir Crichton died, with nothing to show the cause of death but a little mark upon the neck, face, or limb, which has earned in those parts the title of the 'Zayat Kiss.' The rest houses along that route are shunned now. I have my theory, and I hope to prove it to-night if I live. This was my principal reason for not enlightening Dr. Cleeve. Even walls have ears where Fu-Manchu is concerned. I wanted an opportunity to study the Zayat Kiss in operation, and I shall have one."

"But the scented envelopes?"

"In the swampy forests of the district I have referred to a rare species of orchid, almost green and with a peculiar scent, is sometimes met with. I recognized the heavy perfume at once. I take it that the thing which kills the travelers is attracted by this orchid. You will notice that the perfume clings to whatever it touches. I doubt if it can be washed off in the ordinary way. After at least one unsuccessful attempt to kill Sir Crichton—you recall that he thought there was something concealed in his study on a previous occasion?—Fu-Manchu hit upon the perfumed envelopes. He may have a supply of these green orchids in his possession—possibly to feed the creature."

"What creature? How could any creature have got into Sir Crichton's room to-night?"

"You no doubt observed that I examined the grate of the study. I found a fair quantity of fallen soot. I at once assumed, since it appeared to be the only means of entrance, that something had been dropped down; and I took it for granted that the thing, whatever it was, must still be concealed either in the study or in the library. But when I had obtained the evidence of the groom, Wills, I perceived that the cry from the lane or from the park was a signal. I noted that the movements of anyone seated at the study table were visible, in shadow, on the blind, and that the study occupied the corner of a two-storied wing and, therefore, had a short chimney. What did the signal mean? That Sir Crichton had leaped up from his chair and either had received the Zayat Kiss or had seen the thing which some one on the roof lowered down the straight chimney. It was the signal to withdraw that deadly thing. By means of the iron stairway at the rear of Major General Platt-Horton's I quite easily gained access to the roof above Sir Crichton's study—and found this."

Out from his pocket Nayland Sm

X-Ray View of Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen

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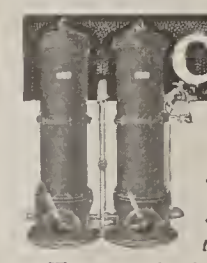

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The Zayat Kiss

Continued from page 30

drew a tangled piece of silk, mixed up with which were a brass ring and a number of unusually large-sized split shot, nipped on in the manner usual on a fishing line.

"My theory proven," he resumed. "Not anticipating a search on the roof, they had been careless. This was to weight the line and to prevent the creature's clinging to the walls of the chimney. Directly it had dropped in the grate, however, by means of this ring I assume that the weighted line was withdrawn, and the thing was only held by a slender thread, which sufficed, though, to draw it back again when it had done its work. It might have got tangled, of course, but they reckoned on its making straight up the carved leg of the writing table for the prepared envelope. From there to the hand of Sir Crichton—which, from having touched the envelope, would also be scented with the perfume—was a certain move."

"My God! How horrible!" I exclaimed, and glanced apprehensively into the dusky shadows of the room. "What is your theory respecting this creature—what shape, what color?"

"It is something that moves rapidly and silently. I have observed that the rear of this house is ivy covered right up to and above your bedroom. Let us make ostentatious preparations to retire, and I think we may rely upon Fu-Manchu's servants to attempt my removal, at any rate—if not yours."

"But, my dear fellow, it is a climb of thirty-five feet at the very least!"

"You remember the cry in the back lane? It suggested something to me, and I tested my idea—successfully. It was the cry of a dacoit. Oh, dacoity, though quiescent, is by no means extinct. Fu-Manchu has dacoits in his train, and probably it is one who operates the Zayat Kiss, since it was a dacoit who watched the window of the study this evening. To such a man an ivy-covered wall is a grand staircase."

THE clock across the common struck two.

Having removed all traces of the scent of the orchid from our hands with a solution of ammonia, Smith and I had followed the program laid down. It was an easy matter to reach the rear of the house, by simply climbing a fence, and we did not doubt that, seeing the light go out in the front, our unseen watcher would proceed to the back.

The room was a large one, and we had made up my camp bed at one end, stuffing odds and ends under the clothes to lend the appearance of a sleeper, which device we also had adopted in the case of the larger bed. The perfumed envelope lay upon a little coffee table in the center of the floor, and Smith, with an electric pocket lamp, a revolver, and a brassy beside him, sat on cushions in the shadow of the wardrobe. I occupied a post between the windows.

The distant clock struck a quarter-past two. A slight breeze stirred the ivy.

SOMETHING rose, inch by inch, above the sill of the westerly window. I could see only its shadow, but a sharp, sibilant breath from Smith told me that he, from his post, could see the cause of the shadow.

Every nerve in my body seemed to be strung tensely. I was icily cold, expectant, and prepared for whatever horror was upon us.

The shadow became stationary. The dacoit was studying the interior of the room.

Then it suddenly lengthened, and, craning my neck to the left, I saw a lithe, black-clad form, surmounted by a yellow face, sketchy in the moonlight, pressed against the window panes!

One thin, brown hand appeared over the edge of the lowered sash, which it grasped, and then another. The man made absolutely no sound whatever. The second hand disappeared—and reappeared. It held a small square box.

There was a very faint *click.*

The dacoit swung himself below the window with the agility of an ape as, with a dull, sickening thud, *something* dropped upon the carpet!

"Stand still, for your life!" came Smith's voice, high pitched.

A beam of white light leaped out across the room and played fully upon the coffee table in the center.

Prepared as I was for something hor-

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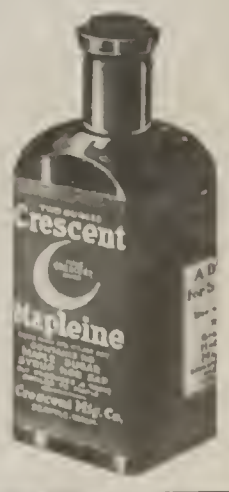

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Terms, $1 or more down (depending upon size and style), and a small amount each month. Prices, $15 up. Balls, cues, etc., free.

(This cut shows Table No. 73 – $50. Stand, $2.50 extra. $5 down, $5 per month.)

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Billiard and Pool Table

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Burrowes Tables are beautifully made, scientifically accurate, and adapted for the most expert play. Many experts use them for home practise. The most delicate shots can be executed with the utmost precision.

You need no special room. Burrowes Table can be mounted in a moment upon dining or library table or on its own legs or folding stand.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This assures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog giving prices, terms, etc.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 419 Center Street, Portland, Me.

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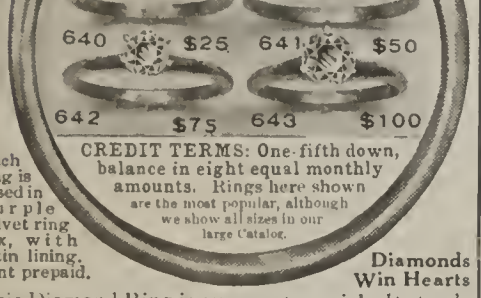
SPECIAL VALUES

LOFTIS PERFECTION DIAMOND RINGS



CREDIT TERMS: One-fifth down, balance in eight equal monthly amounts. Rings here shown are the most popular, although we show all sizes in our large Catalog.

Each ring is cased in purple velvet ring box, with satin lining. Sent prepaid.

Diamonds Win Hearts

This Diamond Ring is our great special. It stands alone as the most perfect Diamond Ring ever produced. Only the finest quality pure white diamonds, perfect in cut and full of fiery brilliancy, are used. Each diamond is skilfully mounted in our famous Loftis "Perfection" 14k solid gold 6-prong ring mounting. **Send for Free Catalog**, telling all about our Easy Credit Plan. Over 2,000 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, etc., at bargain prices. Select anything desired, have it sent to your home or express office, all charges prepaid. If entirely satisfactory, send one-fifth of purchase price and keep it, and divide balance into eight equal amounts, payable monthly. Bargains in Watches. *Write for Catalog today.*

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All makes and models, good as new ..... **$3 to $8**

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Tires, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, parts and repairs for all makes of bicycles *at half usual prices.* DO NOT BUY until you get our catalogs and offer. *Write now.*

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WARD FENCE CO., 201 Main St., Decatur, Ind.

The Zayat Kiss

(*Concluded from page 31*)

rible, I know that I paled at sight of the thing that was running round the edge of the envelope.

It was an insect, full six inches long, and of a vivid, venomous red color! It had something of the appearance of a great ant, with its long, quivering antennæ and its febrile, horrible vitality; but it was proportionately longer of body and smaller of head, and had numberless rapidly moving legs. In short, it was a giant centipede, apparently of the Scolopendra group, but of a form quite new to me. These things I realized in one breathless instant; in the next—Smith had dashed the thing's poisonous life out with one straight, true blow of the golf club!

I LEAPED to the window and threw it widely open, feeling a silk thread brush my hand as I did so. A black shape was dropping with incredible agility from branch to branch of the ivy, and without once offering a mark for a revolver shot, it merged into the shadows beneath the trees of the garden.

As I turned and switched on the light Nayland Smith dropped limply into a chair, leaning his head upon his hands. Even that grim courage had been tried sorely.

"Never mind the dacoit, Petrie," he said. "Nemesis will know where to find him. We know now what causes the mark of the Zayat Kiss. Therefore science is richer for our first brush with the enemy, and the enemy is poorer—unless he has any more unclassified centipedes. I understand now something that has been puzzling me since I heard of it—Sir Crichton's stifled cry. When we remember that he was almost past speech, it is reasonable to suppose that his cry was not 'The red hand!' but 'The red *ant!*' Petrie, to think that I failed by less than an hour to save him from such an end!"

"The body of a lascar, dressed in the manner usual on the P. & O. boats, was recovered from the Thames off Tilbury by the river police at 6 a. m. this morning. It is supposed that the man met with an accident in leaving his ship."

Nayland Smith passed me the evening paper and pointed to the above paragraph.

"For 'lascar' read 'dacoit,'" he said. "Our last night's visitor, fortunately for us, failed to follow his instructions. Also, he lost the centipede and left a clue behind him. Dr. Fu-Manchu does not overlook such lapses."

"THE CLUE OF THE PIGTAIL,"
The second of the surprising adventures of Nayland Smith and Fu-Manchu, will appear in an early number.

COLLIER'S
The National Weekly

VOLUME FIFTY, NUMBER 22 FEB. 15, 1913

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It Costs Less Than A Summer's Rent

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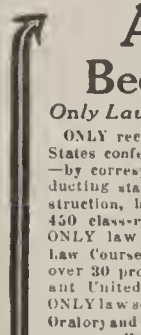

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F. E. Anderson, of Cornell, Wis., wrote: "Send me a machine C. O. D. I used one at Duluth, where I worked before coming here. Like to have machine before end of month to allow me using it in making out monthly reports."

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It is already at work saving money and time and worry for Mr. Anderson.

Mr. Anderson's was but one of a great swarm of orders that greeted that announcement—several came by telegraph, many by mail, but most by 'phone to our branches in many cities. Nearly all of those Demonstrating Samples are gone. A few, like the one pictured, are still available.

But the point is not that we can furnish a few Demonstrating Samples at \$250, but that we have a score of different styles of *new* machines at \$250 and *under*.

We have 9-column non-listing machines for \$150; 9-column machines that print and add, for as little as \$225, all *new* machines.

All Burroughs—new or Demonstrating Samples—are fully guaranteed and are backed by the Burroughs reputation and Burroughs Service.

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And the man who buys a low-priced Burroughs can always *exchange it* as part payment on a bigger, completer machine, as his requirements increase.

Write for a book—"A Better Day's Profits."
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Yours truly,
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Part of letter from ALADDIN Customer (name cheerfully furnished)

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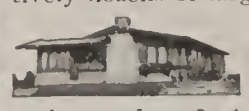
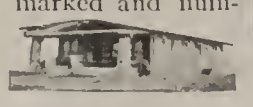
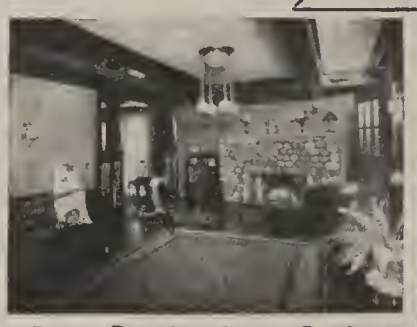




Some interiors of ALADDIN HOUSES

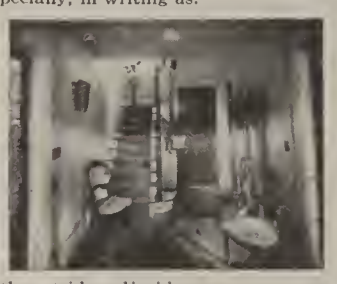
Charming views of Aladdin interiors are shown by many photographs received from our customers. Built-in furniture, beamed ceilings and odd door and window designs are pictured in the catalog.



Shipments from Michigan, Florida, Texas, Missouri, California and Oregon

Sun Rooms, Pergolas, Sleeping Porches, Trellises, Arbors, Etc.

A special Aladdin catalog is devoted to Summer Cottages, Garages, Sun Rooms, Sleeping Porches, Arbors, Trellises and Window Boxes. Many artistic designs are shown and at prices wonderfully low. If interested in these things, mention this catalog 99, especially, in writing us.



Aladdin houses are manufactured and shipped from the greatest lumber-producing sections of the country. High prices are thus eliminated and the material is purchased from the original producer. The price on each house includes material guaranteed to be sufficient for the completion of the house as follows: all framing lumber cut to fit; siding cut to fit; sheathing cut to fit; flooring cut to fit; all outside and inside finish cut to fit; windows, frames, casings, stairways, glass, hardware, locks, nails, paint and varnish for the outside and inside, shingles, plaster board for all rooms or lath and plaster, with complete instructions and illustrations for erection, eliminating the necessity of skilled labor. Eight years' success of Aladdin houses has proven their money-saving and time-saving advantages. Dwellings of from two rooms to twelve rooms are illustrated with prices from \$125.00 up.

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Mr. Lee's text is the spirit behind present day advertising which is making the printed word such a powerful force in our business and social world.

"And as ye would that men
should do to you do ye also
unto them in like manner."

No. 108

A. G. F. Hammesfahr.
Manager Advertising Department

COL

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Who is Responsible?

VOL. FIFTY NO. 23 NEWS-STAND EDITION FEBRUARY 22 1913

Spirit of Washington:

"There's One modern habit that's beneficial. I hear

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

is fine for teeth, breath, appetite or digestion!"

Only a few things we enjoy are good for us. This mint leaf flavored dainty is continuously beneficial. One stick costs a cent—gives a whole day's enjoyment, besides improving teeth, appetite and digestion.

And millions of men are purifying their breath of tobacco and other odors before talking business to others—before kissing their little ones at night.

This modern habit *is* a habit because it's an enjoyable *benefit.*

BUY IT BY THE BOX

It costs less—Of any dealer

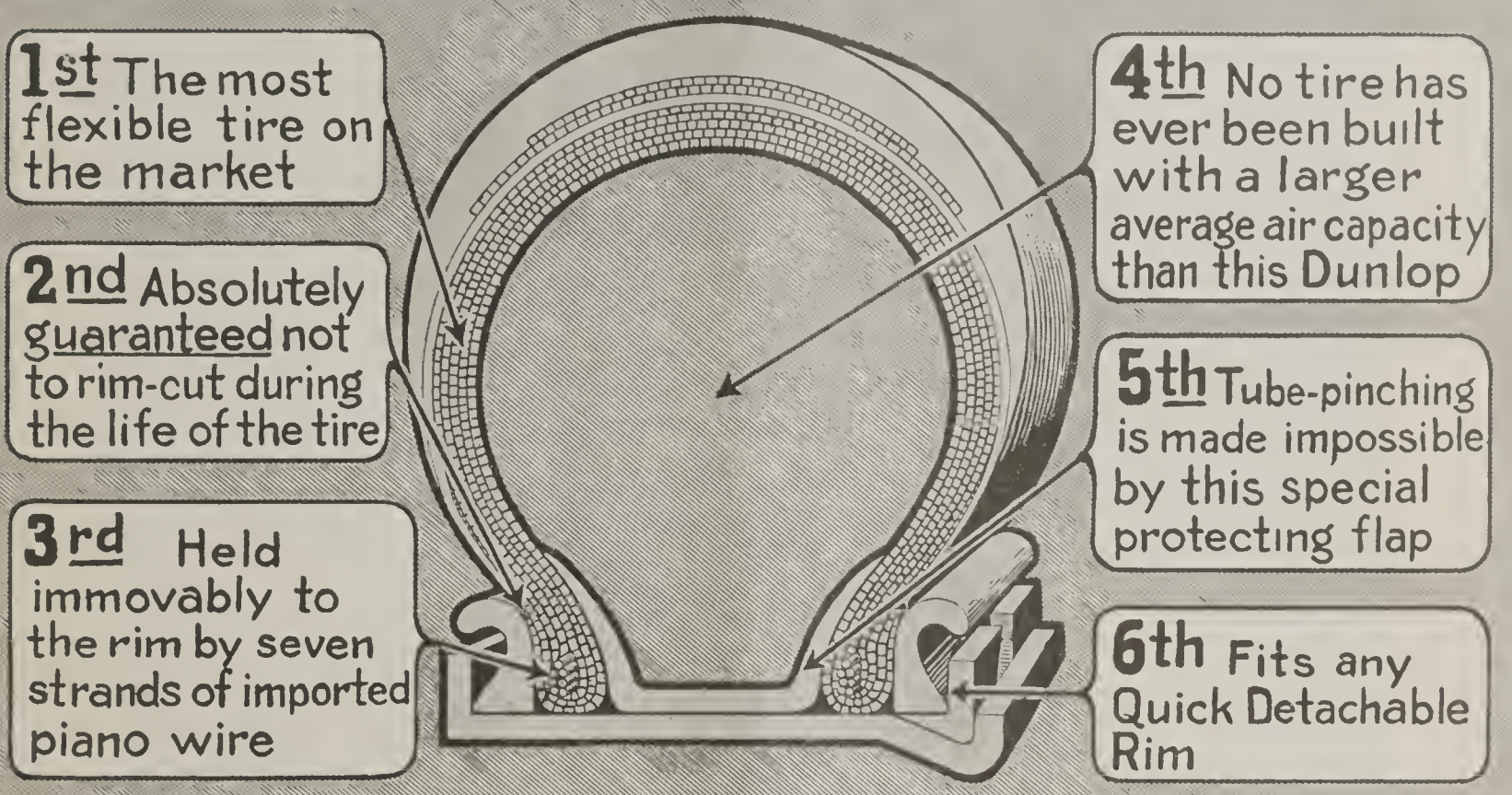
LOOK FOR THE SPEAR
Avoid Imitations

LOOK FOR THE SPEAR
Avoid Imitations

B. D'Emo, Adv., Chicago

The Genuine
DUNLOP
Straight-Side Tire
is destined to become the universal tire

6 Distinctive Points of Superiority



For ten years we have been making and selling this remarkable tire in practically the same form it now appears.

Notwithstanding the fact that it has never been advertised, our Dunlop sales during this time have shown a constant growth. Last year alone, this increase amounted to over 600%—an increase, mark you, that has never been forced, but has been due solely to the merits of the tire.

Tire experts have long foreseen that the day would come when the Genuine Dunlop would be universally recognized as the ideal type of motor car tire. Present sales indicate that this time has arrived.

The Dunlop Tire possesses every point of advantage to be found in any other tire ever used and in addition has exclusive advantages to be found in no other tire.

In ease of application, in protection against rim cutting, in strength and durability—the Dunlop is in a class by itself among tires.

As one prominent manufacturer put it, "The more you familiarize yourself with other tires, the more you will appreciate the Dunlop."

But remember, the Genuine Dunlop straight side Tire is made only by the

NOTE: As always the guarantee of the United States Tire Company attaches to its tires when filled with air at the recommended pressure only.

UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY

Makers of the famous Nobby and Chain Tread Tires (made in three styles, including the Dunlop)

The Style Book

Copyright, Hart Schaffner & Marx

New styles for Spring, 1913;
for men and young men

YOU'LL see illustrated in The Style Book the latest fashions for men; things business men want to know; new ideas for the young fellows who must have the smartest style. We have a special "young men's clothes" department.

The Style Book sets forth the merits of ready-made clothes as we make them. If you wear clothes made to measure, this book will point the way to a big money-saving. At any price under $60, better buy ready-made; you'll get more value for your money. As for the ordinary $20, $25, $30 made-to-measure clothes, they're not to be compared with ours, on any ground. You'll save time, as well as money, and get better style and fit.

If you already wear ready-made clothes, the same argument applies.

Young women who can wear the overcoats and Norfolks made for young men, will find some interesting pages in the book. Send six cents for a copy; ready March 1st.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago New York

Collier's

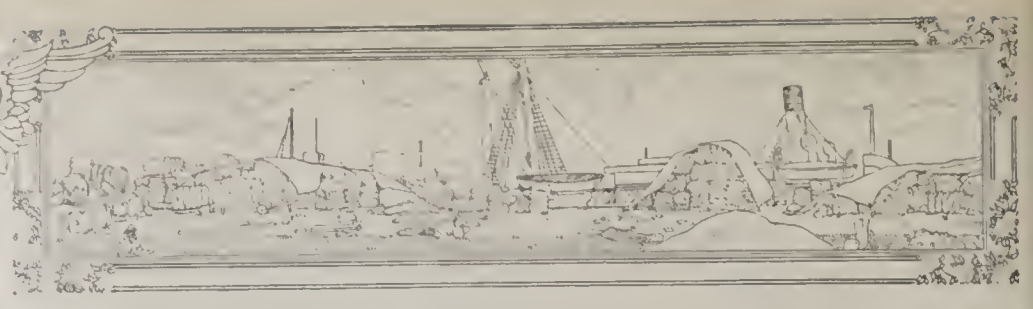
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR

Midday at Palm Beach



THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

PAPER BY PAPER, city by city, State by State, the country is rising in its democratic wrath and attacking the strongholds of special privilege. They have long used for private aggrandizement and wealth not only the necessities of the people but their weaknesses as well. With the unfortunate distribution of emphasis characteristic of much of our national thought, the thefts of *property* have been traced to their source, the man at the top, while the thefts of *human happiness* have been blamed on the hapless victim. But the independent press, backed up by an aroused public opinion, is at last making an attempt to put the blame where it belongs. From many points echoes reach us of doughty attacks on the brewer and the whisky maker and their ownership of vice, and the vicious inter-relation of their interests with municipal politics. Take this in the Detroit "Saturday Night":

The saloon . . . is the strongest political power in Detroit to-day. No other man, institution, or organization wields such influence with the common council.

The sodden weight of booze falls heavily on the whole spirit of municipal government. Ignorance and even illiteracy takes its place at the council table. Aldermanic action sells betimes at Friday bargain prices. Public improvements and social progress wait upon blurred vision.

It is the saloon that is branded as the most conspicuous source of graft in the report of the Grand Jury which has just completed a searching inquiry into the affairs of Wayne County.

Our Detroit contemporary sees not only the main fact but the corollary in that formula, the understanding of which is the first step in the solution of commercialized vice:

No matter what phase of the social evil we confront in Detroit, we find the saloon in the background.

From the St. Louis "Mirror" comes the following, showing with the clearness of casual reference the familiarity of politics with booze:

Mr. FRANCIS is now denouncing the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association for its supposed backing of Mr. NORVELL. He had no words of denunciation for that great institution when its officers and employees supported him for Mayor.

Finally, from a third city: The Nashville (Tenn.) "Banner" says:

What the "Saturday Night" says of Detroit is emphasized in Nashville and other Tennessee cities because the saloon in this State is an outlaw and its influence in public affairs is, for that reason, all the more reprehensible.

We don't mean to say that Nashville is worse than Detroit in especial respect to the Council, but in *the general influence exercised over municipal politics and the city government by the liquor interest*, and its defiance of State authority.

The Democratic party in Tennessee must dissolve all alliance with the lawless liquor interest if it hopes to regain the confidence of the people.

Here in three cities, far removed from each other, is the same situation: the entire machinery of the city government bent to what is, of course, the primary purpose of those who control it, the stimulation of the use of the two commodities which they sell, liquor and vice. The "sinner" is enticed by the prostitute. The prostitute is an adjunct of the saloon. The saloon is run by the saloon keeper. But from the door of the saloon keeper the trail goes higher. These figures are taken from the year book of one of the temperance organizations:

Sixty-five per cent of St. Louis saloons are owned by the *brewers*—although the statutes of Missouri make such ownership illegal.

In Toledo, Ohio, of the 660 saloons, taxes on 555 were paid on the last day allowed by law. The *Brewery Merger* paid taxes on 256 saloons, the *Buckeye Brewing Company* on 114, the *Brand Brewing Company* on 57, the *Home Brewing Company* on 31, and the *Schlitz Brewing Company* on 21.

The italics are ours. It is not drunkenness that is unforgivable, but the *encouragement of drunkenness;* not vice that is intolerable, but the *artificial stimulation of vice for profit.* The first step toward the elimination of sin is to get after the man who makes money out of it.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

FROM MISS JANE ADDAMS'S book, "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil":

A careful scientist has called alcohol the indispensable vehicle of the business transacted by the white-slave traders, and has asserted that without its use this trade could not long continue. . . . It is estimated that the liquor sold by such girls nets a profit to the trade of two hundred and fifty per cent over and above the girl's own commission. Chicago made at least one honest effort to divorce the sale of liquor from prostitution when the Superintendent of Police last year ruled that no liquor should be sold in any disreputable house. The difficulty of enforcing such an order is greatly increased because such houses, as well as the questionable dance halls, commonly obtain a special permit to sell liquor under a Federal license. . . . Another humanitarian movement from which assistance will doubtless come to the crusade against the social evil is the great movement against alcoholism with its recent revival in every civilized country of the world.

STATE RIGHTS AND SOCIAL WELFARE

THE WISH of the President-elect to confer with the social-welfare workers who have been identified with the Progressive party is encouraging. It is an earnest that he will take an active interest in those beneficent changes in political manners and aims which these people are giving their energies to further. But this cheer is counterbalanced when he makes the conference an occasion for emphasizing his allegiance to "the Democratic party's doctrine of State rights." A discussion of child labor was the occasion for this pronouncement. Home rule is unquestionably a valuable means to many good ends; it might be that measures against child labor would thereby be best furthered; and even so it would be unfortunate that he should take this occasion for discussing such a doctrine, cut and dried as it has been by dead generations. This country fought a four years' civil war to settle whether the Constitution should or should not be so strictly interpreted as to thwart the will of the nation. It is hardly necessary at this date to deny that the South had a strong constitutional case; the decision was against her. The exact meaning of this decision was and has continued to be partly obscured by smaller issues and policies; but its significance remains. JOHN MORLEY says of JOHN STUART MILL:

He was alive to the constant tendency of society . . . to relapse at some point from the standard of truth and right which had been reached by long previous effort.

This particular standard of right was reached by a long and bloody civil war, and the lapse from it is proportionately lamentable. Unjust privilege is concentrating its fight more and more on rehabilitating the doctrine of State rights, by means of which it counts on hamstringing three-fourths of its most dangerous foes. If vital ideas, not dead ones, are to govern the policies of men, it will be necessary for all friends of freedom to unite to eliminate State rights from practical politics. Let local self-government and home rule be limited to those measures alone which require greater elasticity in adapting means to ends than the large unit of Federal Government can furnish. It is thus that we can best use that ingenuity in government which MATTHEW ARNOLD calls our best political talent. But in matters of nation-wide concern, let the whole nation decide, untrammeled by outworn tradition.

THE DEATH OF SCOTT

WAR HAS HAD ITS HEROES and its victories. Slowly but very surely they are fading into the region of legend and of history. But the courage and strength, the nobility and gallantry that the race has evolved through centuries of struggle have been turned toward another goal more useful to mankind and no less soul inspiring. Those of the army of the thinkers and the inventors, the explorers and the scientists, are as truly the soldiers of their country, the heroes of humanity as ever marched on Lucknow or guarded Thermopylæ. Whether they carry the wires of civilization into the forests of the North or, bending over desks in city offices, transmute statistics and documents into new codes of life; whether they stand hour after hour over their test tubes in polished laboratories or face slow starvation in the bleak, blue uplands of the frozen South, they are the modern heroes, the leaders, and the warriors of to-day. They follow one ideal, serve one country; they all alike lay down their lives unquestioningly and gladly if that is the lot befalling them in their search for the grail of truth. Captain ROBERT FALCON SCOTT died of cold and hunger in his expedition to the South Pole. Although he perished within eleven miles of his base of supplies, he carried with him to the last thirty-five pounds of geological specimens and all his records. In his dying message to the world he said:

We took risks. We knew we took them. Things have come out against us and we have no cause for complaint.

He has gone to join the ranks of England's honored dead "like a brave man and an English gentleman." He died for his country and humanity, for he perished in the effort to plant the tattered banner of human knowledge one step farther across the far frontier, beyond which lie the clouds of mystery encircling our little corner of the universe.

AGAINST BURNING CHILDREN ALIVE

A BILL before the Connecticut Legislature makes effective provisions against fire in school buildings. If it passes and the law is enforced, Connecticut children will be as well safeguarded against being burned alive as are Ohio's, and Ohio is the one State that the Sage Survey gives what it calls a clear record; but Ohio bought this distinction dear; 165 of her children perished in one fire; it took the Collingwood fire to make

Ohio schools meet a very moderate standard in fire prevention, and the Collingwood children's martyrdom has not yet brought reform to any other State. Connecticut has some laws that look well till you happen to notice that there is nothing about fire escapes in them, and anyway they are purely ornamental, as the Sage Survey of Greenwich last year (the richest town in the United States, by the way) showed, demonstrated, and rubbed in; everything was ready in half a dozen places for a repetition of the Collingwood fire, often on an enlarged scale and a slighter opportunity. And there was nothing peculiar about Greenwich. All over the State the applicable laws are treated as a dead letter. The new bill provides that its laws can be enforced by the State police or by any chief of police or marshal or fire inspector or factory inspector, not to mention several other people. It is women who are chiefly agitating for the bill, and if they get it they have made sure they can enforce its provisions. There is only one argument to be made for taking chances as to burning school children alive, and that is that the chances are cheap. Even that is not sound; diminished fire risks mean diminished expense in the long run. For every dollar Montclair, N. J., spent for fire insurance on schoolhouses last year, Greenwich, Conn., spent twenty-two. But suppose it were cheaper to risk burning the children; most taxpayers have children or grandchildren in school; once the question is brought home to them, it is pretty sure they don't really want that kind of economy, and that legislators may safely vote for safety. A group of Connecticut women are making it their business to bring the question home, and women in other States should follow their example. Remember, in these United States at the present time one schoolhouse burns for every day of the school year.

SWAN SONGS

WE SEE BY THE PAPERS that this is a season of "swan songs." Also, we see in some of these same papers a great deal of comment on "swan songs"—little of which we take the trouble to read. Our notion of the way to handle swan singers as a class is to pay no attention to them until they show themselves fit to be runners-up in a contest against Senator BAILEY. Greatly did we relish reading the genial satire of the Denver "Republican's" poet concerning a certain "Swan Singer of Cactus Center":

> The man we sent from Cactus to the halls of Washington
> Was not a statesman wizard—we never called him one;
> He wasn't much on speakin'—his talks was shy of plot—
> But he sung the fiuest swan song of the hull dodblasted lot.
>
> That man that will succeed him is a statesman, you kin bet;
> He can pump a brace of six-guns till the things are overhet;
> But when it comes to quittin' he'll have to speed, by jings,
> To beat this corkin' swan song our prize swan singer sings!

"THOSE WHO DO NOT"

MR. WILSON has a sense of humor, the more delightful as it is so gentle. At a recent conference of social workers he remarked in opening his speech to them:

> It is seldom a man in my position hears from so many who know what they are talking about. I have the opportunity every day of hearing from those who do not.

Condolences, friend; so do we all.

A WINTER GAME

PLAYED IN A RINK with wooden walls against which the flat rubber "puck" caroms, the players accoutered as if for running races, and armed with sticks the size and depth of shovels, we watch the modern game of hockey in amazement and remember the games of our boyhood. At the foot of the hill stood the pond on which we played, an offshoot of the brook that wound through the meadows and through the woods. A famous pond it was, and it belonged to a thrifty lady who, when the ice was frozen to a proper degree of thickness, remorselessly cut it. With bleeding hearts we watched our playground sliced up, the pieces carted off. What games of shinny we enjoyed thereon. Fringing the pond was a row of willows, providing sticks for those who were not fortunate enough to possess the manufactured article. No dull, flat, slow-moving, modern puck sufficed for us. Rather a rubber ball that rolled with amazing caprice through crowded groups. Our sides were limited only by the number of gladiators eager for the fray. We knew naught of scientific passing, of rules there were none. One object only animated every breast: to hit the ball as hard and as often as possible. On those cold, crisp winter afternoons, with weapon raised on high, we sped as fast as our youthful legs could propel us to where the coveted ball slowly rolled. We saw our chance for goal and smote the ball with all our might. In that moment of triumph what mattered the sharp rap on our shins from a rival's stick, or what cared we if, overcome by our own impetus, we made our undignified exit among the willows on the bank?

ART IN EARNESTNESS

PERHAPS IT WOULD BE WISE if each social worker would pause six months after an investigation before shaping his notebooks into printer's galleys. With such a period of cloistral retreat and abstinence, the sociological author would not heap up half a dozen "cases" and then say: "These illustrative cases will enable the reader to draw his own conclusions." There should be dramatic, attractive anecdotes, culled from the 573 cases of woe which the author has so carefully recorded on card catalogues and analyzed so searchingly in her nine tables in Appendix B. It is conceivable that greed and selfishness will succumb less readily to the excellent annual reports of associated charities than to an appeal so just and artful as the photograph of the crippled boy, little JOE, who smiles his famous sunny smile from the wooden board on which he lies strapped. We need not fewer facts but more facts, till finally the one supremely telling fact is found. We would plead for not less thought but more, till the welter has taken on order. It became our duty recently to look up the matter of employment agencies. After plodding through the reports of commissions, we turned to the rereading of Miss KELLOR's "Out of Work." And what a relief it was to come upon those brisk human anecdotes, the quaint adventures of the investigator, the visualization of the employer and employee! Drama and fiction cannot be willed into being, and surely sociology's master word will not come for all our effort. But a competent middle style of clear prose description is attainable by introducing rhythm and structure into patient accretions of detail. We are justified in demanding much of social workers. Coming with their message of redemption, it is right that they should tell it skillfully. They go about a beautiful business. Let them reveal some of that beauty in their pages. That to which these patient labors seek to appeal is public opinion. Through the sane arousal of public opinion the needed legislation will come, or the change of the individual heart and the community. Many volumes on social work have quality in high degree. "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets," and the best of DEVINE's editorials, such as his "Summary of the Pittsburgh Survey," are probably fitted to survive many years, because of their possession of time's antiseptic.

WHEN THE HERO WANDERED FREE

WHAT IS ONE'S NOTION of a hero? Is it the patient and kindly Major DOBBIN and Colonel NEWCOME? These are men, like their author, THACKERAY, who have suffered so much that they have learned to be merciful, to forego harsh judgments, to deal out friendliness to all comers. Perhaps their supreme desire is to go through life causing as little pain as may be. More vivid to the eye are the big fellows of human impulse, who sin and laugh and breathe vitality, of the TOM JONES sort. In certain moods their very blunders seem more heartening, because of their love of life, than the saddened plodding of the meek and lowly. To many readers the gay blades of romance are surely heroes—D'ARTAGNAN and his group, fighters and lovers, too. DICKENS's ideal of a hero is revealed in the Cheeryble Brothers—men of round, rosy face, who go about doing good to everyone they meet. What has been done to the hero in the best of modern fiction? In this country no short story of recent years has had such consummate beauty as ETHAN FROME. But in that sad world wherein the three characters lived out their tortured lives no glimpse emerges of anyone victorious. Victory is of several kinds. It may be the gaining of a bank account, a reputation for smugness and respectability, a coming up from early obscurity. It may be winning the lady by bravery. It may be winning peace through failure and loss surmounted. But our most gifted and appealing novelists of to-day are no longer permitting a victory of any sort to any one of their troubled actors. Has the hero passed forever?

ROUTINE

ALL OUR WEARINESS of suffering is without avail to leave even a little memory among those for whom the work is done. All that is wrought in despair, all that is loveless and mechanical, falls to the ground. We live for even so much as a brief life only in that which carries the breath of our being, the love of our heart. It is not in ceaseless routine and grinding that we live, nor in what is small and anxious. Machines will continue the tale of that forever. No cog will ever be missed in that endless chain. But we shall not wholly die in the song we carry in our heart, the love with which we love the being of another, the smile we give another wayfarer at dusty noonday.

The Business of Arson

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

"As a business, fire insurance is conducted by companies with most satisfaction and with larger profits in the years when fires are plenty; a good number of fires means a good premium account"

III
Who Is Responsible?

The subjects of future articles will be:

4—The Rotten Risk
5—Feeding Our Fire Bugs
6—The Professional at Work
7—The Fire Repeaters
8—The Profits
9—The Partnership

WE HAVE *in the United States and Canada a fire loss which, for every thousand of population, is about eight times that of Europe. When we reckon in the excessive cost of fire insurance with the huge sums we pay for fire protection, the disparity is much greater. And while the fire loss of Europe is stationary or decreasing, ours is increasing almost four times as rapidly as our population.*

At the very lowest estimate, incendiarism, either active or passive, is responsible for one-half our fire loss. This was stated, with the supporting proofs, in the first two articles of this series. When we calculate everything that our fires cost us, we may set our arson loss at a quarter of a billion dollars a year. No lower estimate is possible.

The problem may now be stated in this way. The United States and Canada extend through almost exactly the same latitudes as western Europe. They have almost the same variations of climate. They have been settled almost wholly by the peoples of western Europe. Yet, race for race, we find that the Englishman and the Frenchman, the Italian, Pole, and Hun, have from five to twenty-one times as many criminal fires in America as they have at home.

WHY is this? There are records of recent emigrants with never a fire in their own country who, before they have had time to learn our language, have had three or four in America. Why? Human nature, as personified in twenty different races, is not changed so swiftly and extraordinarily without the best of underlying causes. If we have any national wisdom and honesty, the questions we must ask ourselves are these: How are we corrupting these people? What is giving their fire-crook teachers their opportunity? In what does the shameful "arson difference" between ourselves and Europe really lie?

And no questions could admit of clearer answers. They lie in the present condition of the fire insurance business in America, in our manner of settling fire losses, in our methods of investigating fires, in our arson laws.

First—We regard our fire insurance companies as our natural protectors from fires and fire crooks. The truth is that all our powerful stock fire insurance companies must and do gain by fires, and our present huge increase in fire losses.

Second—The real directors of the fire insurance business in America are the agents and brokers. Every dollar of fire loss, honest or criminal, is to *them* pure gain. And our fire insurance is, in general, though without intention, sold in a way that must inevitably create the criminal

These are the larger causes. However, there are certain secondary causes, arising, in part, from the larger ones:

Third—When the fire occurs it is made easy for the criminal, or the hitherto honest man, to make so profitable an adjustment of his loss that he will wish to have other and larger fires.

Fourth—We have made it easy, by the inadequate, incompetent, or negative investigation of fires, for the crime to remain undiscovered.

Fifth—We have made it easy, by the vile weakness of our arson laws, for the criminal, even when discovered, to escape punishment.

THE GAIN OF THE STOCK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES

TO TAKE up these causes in detail.

First—**All our powerful stock fire insurance companies must and do gain by fires.**

There are two kinds of insurance—*mutual* and *stock*

The mutual company is a group of individuals who are insuring themselves and each other. In such an arrangement there cannot possibly be any profits. When a fire loss comes, all must assess themselves to pay it. Therefore every mutual company is a natural protector from fires.

But nine-tenths of all fire insurance sold in America is sold by stock companies. About $45,000,000,000 a year is sold by them. And with them the case is far different.

Every stock fire insurance company is, in essence, a group of individuals who, as contributors of so many thousands of dollars apiece, have set up a kind of gambling bank.

So to describe it is neither fanciful nor gratuitously insulting. You will find substantially the same comparison in Hadley's "Economics," and in the monumental volumes of Schling and Schönberg, or Say and Berdez.

With $200,000 or $500,000 or $1,000,000 the organizers of a stock fire insurance company set up their "bank." And they announce themselves prepared to bet the owner of insurable property that within one year or two or three he will not have a fire. The presumption is that he is honest and will himself do all he can to prevent the fire; but, despite that, it may come. The company lays odds of 50 or 100 or 500 to 1 that it will not. And it makes the odds, or *rates*, so favorable to itself that even if one property owner in the 50 or 100 or 500 should have a fire, the wagers or *premiums* it has received from the other 49 or 99 or 499 will still leave it a profit.

But there is more than this. If the honest property owner does have a fire, in this species of gambling he is still the loser. There must, therefore, be something to induce or compel him and his 49 or 99 or 499 fellows to play in the first place. The only thing that can furnish the compulsion is fire, or the danger of fire itself. **And it is for this reason that all well-capitalized stock fire insurance companies must always want a certain number of fires to occur.**

Every business has its own private business secret. This is the private business secret of stock fire insurance. To the outsider it may seem an incredible paradox. But to the practical insurance man it is the veriest commonplace. And let us once more turn for our testimony to fire insurance itself.

Edward Milligan, the vice president of the Phœnix of Hartford, testified recently before the Illinois Insurance Commission: **"Speaking for the company, for the fire insurance companies," he said, "I should say that the reduction of the fire waste would not be a profitable thing. I think, Mr. Chairman, that as a business fire insurance is conducted by companies—like the one I represent—with most satisfaction and with larger profits in the years when fires are plenty; a good number of fires means a good premium account."**

In other words, the more fires the more insurers: the more *compulsion* to insure. As actuary of the last New York Legislative Committee, Professor Whitney showed that while in 1909 the profits of the six largest American companies had averaged 18 4-10 per cent, when in 1908 the fire loss had been greater by $35,500,000, the profits had averaged 26 2-10 per cent.

Again, with every increase of fires the insurance rate are increased proportionately. An American or Canadian town with a fire loss of $100,000 a year must pay roughly, $200,000 for its insurance. If its fire loss rises to $200,000, it will have to pay $400,000. And stock fire insurance, like any other business, would rather take its profits from a trade or a "premium account" of $400,000 than from one of $200,000. There are very scant pickings for insurance companies in towns like Spartanburg, S. C., and Winston Salem, N. C., full of good Moravian brothers, who have had practically no fires for half a century!

ADVERTISING THROUGH FIRES

BUT when a fire does come the company which gets its adjuster to work at once and pays the loss within two days gets some exceedingly valuable press notices in the local papers. **"A good fire is sometimes the best advertisement of the business,"** says John G. Wickser, the president of the Buffalo German Insurance Company. A story is told of a new local agent of a great Hartford company who was boasting to his district manager that he had not had a fire in years. "Yes, you —— fool," replied his manager; "and it's about time you were getting us a little advertising!"

A few years ago, as you may read on page 2089 of the report of the last New York Insurance Commission, a Mr. John A. McGahie of Brooklyn, a would-be fire preventionist, went with certain very sensible ideas to the gentleman who was then the spokesman and representative of the fire insurance business in New York and laid his ideas before him.

"He very nervously and very hastily said," reports Mr. McGahie, "'We want fires. If there are no fires people will not insure. The more fires the better for our business.'

"I would like to say," adds Mr. McGahie, "that a man like that who will sacrifice property and the lives of women and children to make money ought to be in States prison for life." Which private opinion may for the present be put aside.

WELCOMING FIRES

"WERE there no fires," says the general manager of the Scottish Union and National Insurance Company of Edinburgh, **"there would be no insurance business; and, on the other hand, the greater the fire damage, the greater the turnover out of which insurance companies make profit. . . .** Speaking to-night as manager of a fire insurance company, I say we cannot make profits for our shareholders without fires, and, further, that within certain well-defined limits we welcome fires."

By "well-defined limits" this is meant: The average

fire insurance company does not want large fires, or fires that spread, or great and sudden increases in the fire loss. It wants enough small fires to keep people insuring, and these fires as speedily as possible put out. It wants to be able accurately to gauge the fire danger of every building. It will gladly show any man how, by building rightly, to reduce his particular fire hazard by 100 per cent; and for so doing it will reduce his insurance rate by 35 or 40 per cent. There will always be plenty of fire-trap builders left.

Of wholesale conflagrations the majority of American and Canadian companies have long since had their fill. And—save to refuse insurance to the kind of people and buildings that *start* most of our conflagrations—they do all they can to prevent them.

EVEN CONFLAGRATIONS MAY BE WELCOMED

YET, since every conflagration gives a reason for a State or nation wide increase in insurance rates, to those companies with money enough to stand the temporary drain, even the greatest of conflagrations may in the end prove highly profitable. It is an open secret that the Baltimore fire of 1904 and the San Francisco fire of 1906 have by now both begun to pay compound interest.

For in every State in the Union, except Wisconsin, and in every Province in Canada the rates were raised at once; and the new rates have been standing ever since. Take the levy made upon California alone. In 1910 and 1911 California had fire losses of exactly $10,181,803. But she contributed exactly $31,458,114 for insurance. And since the total loss in the San Francisco conflagration, as paid by the insurance companies, was only about $134,000,000, the opinion of a great New York broker, Seelye Benedict, may here be offered in evidence:

"The companies have gone along pretty well with these conflagration hazards—Baltimore, San Francisco, and all. There have been a few of them failed. But when you come down to the general benefits which the companies have enjoyed, which they might not have otherwise, taking it all through, on an average, I think it has been a pretty good thing."

As for smaller town burnings, **"I don't care anything about a $2,500,000 or a $3,000,000 fire," testified Henry Evans, the president of the Continental of New York, before the last New York Insurance Commission. "Just as soon have it as not. It would put so much business on my books, and put rates so high I would make it up."**

All this is simply expressing business facts with business frankness. Must not every undertaker, as a business man, "welcome" epidemics?

COMPETITION THROUGH FIRES

PERHAPS this will be enough to show that our great insurance companies profit by fires. But there is still more: **they must, and do, profit by our present huge increase in fire losses.**

There are now supposed to be about three hundred stock fire insurance companies in America.

In the words of A. F. Dean, manager of the Springfield Fire and Marine, they "marshal their clans . . . in the strife of a competition that ranges from honorable industrial rivalry to bloodthirsty highbindery." That was written thirteen years ago. Since then that competition, in the *midst* of fires, has grown steadily less honorable and steadily more bloodthirsty until it is now a competition waged most largely *through* fires. And the great and powerful companies know well that if the present situation is allowed to continue they will in the end be able to crush out all small or weak competitors completely.

In this way:

In the average fire of any account a dozen companies will be involved, the weak along with the strong. And all must pay. No matter how criminally suspect that fire may be, the strong companies will, ninety-nine times in the hundred, pay at once. After that the small and weak companies must surely pay or be read out of the business as welshers.

Now our insurance rates are made, in general, to meet a fire loss that is stationary. If it steadily increases—or, as in hard-time periods, *terrifically* increases—then must come hard, lean years of famine, until the rates can again be raised. Only those companies which can go on and bear all intervening losses can hope to profit by the new rates. Intrenched in its millions of invested capital, and sure of its mortgage and security business, the great company can regard those intervening losses with an easy mind. It knows, indeed, that **in the end it will be the public which will pay the bill!** For that very increase of fire losses will be made to demonstrate the necessity of the new increase in insurance rates. If the great company has suffered a temporary loss of 5 per cent upon $500,000 or $1,000,000 or $2,000,000, it can look forward to a recouping profit of 10 per cent on twice as much!

And, meanwhile, just so many more weak and troublesome competitors have "burned out" failed. They are burning out now at the rate of twenty a year. In 1910 George D. Markham, the St. Louis authority, prophesied that by 1915 one-third of them would be gone.

Other new companies are, of course, constantly starting in business; but, on an average, they do not last four years. And then *their* business, often in bulk, goes in its turn to the great companies.

To crush out competition, an increase—and a country-wide increase—in fires is almost necessary. As will be shown later, there are other ways; but increase in fires is by far the most effective. Now all our bettering building construction, our bettering fire departments, our extension of city fire limits, make naturally for *decrease* in fire losses. *The criminal alone* increases them. In this competition through fires, in which the small and the weak companies are constantly going down, in this business "race of death," only the fire crook can set the needed pace.

And this is the one explanation of a fact which has puzzled students of American stock fire insurance for years:

Our great and powerful companies have shown that they can act together on "boards" and in "unions" for the establishment of rates and commissions, for the equipment of salvage corps and the adjustment of losses, for the making of laws and the maintenance of lobbies. But they have never even gone through the motions of uniting for the prevention of arson.

Take the question to the great central committee of our great stock fire insurance companies, the mighty *National Board of Fire Underwriters itself*. According to its president, it is engaged "in work almost entirely educational and of a public-service character." When it was organized, nearly fifty years ago, one of its ostensible purposes was "to repress incendiarism and arson by combining in suitable measure for the apprehension, conviction, and punishment of criminals guilty of that crime."

It is perfectly well known to every member of the National Board of Fire Underwriters that in the year 1913 one-half our fires of any account will be criminal. The companies represented by the National Board take in more than $250,000,000 a year in insurance premiums. Of the ten great committees of the National Board there are single committees which for ten years have spent their $70,000 per annum. The so-called Committee on Arson and Incendiarism now spends about $200! And it spends that only to save the face of American insurance. When hundreds of the shrewdest men in business pursue the same policy everywhere and for years, you need not imagine that they do it by chance or accident.

We regard our great fire insurance companies as our natural protectors from arson. And, for the best of business reasons, the majority of them have always shown themselves wholly willing to see it increase indefinitely.

So much for the companies themselves. We come now to the man who actually sells insurance in America—the agent or broker. Where does he stand? It is through him that the public is, in theory, protected. In this way:

HOW THE PUBLIC IS, IN THEORY, PROTECTED

NO COMPANY, however great, will normally welcome fires for itself. It will want its rivals to get them. Though all will profit by the effects of the fire, none will actually want to pay the immediate loss. Accordingly every fire insurance agent or broker will, in theory, be paid in a way to make it to his interest to guard the "risks" or insured property of his and every company from fires. The "risks" of all companies—which means the whole insurable property of the nation—will, therefore, thus be guarded. In the end the whole body of insurance agents will become a kind of special police force, protecting property against fires.

That is the theory. Again we come to the facts.

FIRE LOSS IS GAIN FOR AGENTS AND BROKERS

SECOND—**The real dictators of the fire insurance business in America are the agents and brokers. Every dollar of fire loss, honest or criminal, is to *them* pure gain.**

Almost all fire insurance sold in America is sold under a system which must inevitably make the agent or broker want fires much more than the greatest company.

WHY THE AGENT AND BROKER MUST WANT FIRES

THE agent, either alone or through *his* middleman, the broker, sells his insurance almost wholly "on flat commission." Of every $100 he can take in he is allowed to keep $10 or $15 or $25—in some cases as much as $45—for himself. Exactly as with the company, the more fires the more customers. "He knows full well," says John R. Waters of New York, a great insurance broker already quoted, "that when a serious fire happens in his bailiwick, it isn't many days until the premiums come tumbling in. . . . To be without fires is a sorry condition for a local agent."

Again, because the agent or broker is selling his insurance on commission, he will wish to sell as much of it as possible to each customer. That is, he will wish to "overinsure"—to do the thing which must inevitably lay temptation at the feet of the policy holder and in the end create the criminal.

Again, to overinsure with even a half-easy conscience, the agent or broker cannot inquire too much into the value of the property to be insured. That is, he will naturally wish to insure, as the phrase is, "without adequate inspection or appraisal."

Again, because the local agent or broker has to pay no losses, the more unsafe the "risk"—and consequently the higher the insurance rate the greater, pro rata, will be his commission. "If he follows his natural bent, as a greater or less number of agents will"—to quote James V. Barry, for long the dean of State insurance superintendents—"he will undertake to get the most hazardous risks he can get his company to take."

By every thinking insurance authority the flat commission system has been attacked from the beginning. It has never had a responsible defender. We took it because we found it in England. We adopted it without any of the restrictions of law and custom which there make it comparatively safe. The best reason why it is maintained is that the agent and broker believe they can make the most money on "flat commission."

The agent or broker may want fires; he may want to overinsure and to insure "without adequate inspection or appraisal," and to insure the unsafe "risk." But, you say, the company will not let him overinsure or insure without the proper safeguards; if a "risk" is unsafe, the company will also know it, and, being in control, it will protect itself, individually, by refusing to accept that risk.

We come now to the basic, vital, all-important fact in American—and Canadian—fire insurance: The company is not in control. It is the agent and broker—the middlemen of the business—who are in control.

THE CRIP OF THE "MULTIPLE AGENCY"

HOW the agent and broker gained their control is too complex a story to be told offhand. But the central point is this:

We have in America something that is either wholly forbidden or most carefully fenced about in every other civilized country in the world; call it the "multiple agency." One agent is permitted to sell insurance for two companies, for three, a dozen. As for the broker, he can divide his business among all the companies there are. Most of the business which the company handles can be got only through the agent or broker. They can give business to one company and take it away from the other. Long ago the average broker or agent decided that that company which was unwilling to conduct

(Continued on page 25)

"The reduction of the fire waste would not be a profitable thing."—"The greater the fire damage, the greater the turnover out of which insurance companies make profit"

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE Republican leader of the House is James R. Mann of Illinois. In the course of the debate on the bill to forbid interstate shipments of liquor into prohibition States, he said:

"Mr. Speaker, this is part of a flimflam game that is being played upon an unsuspecting public. [Laughter.] A bill only becomes a law when the bill passes both the House and the Senate. This bill is a House bill. It may pass the House this afternoon.

"It is within the knowledge of every member here that the Senate by unanimous consent has fixed for consideration on Monday next a Senate bill on the same subject. The House can pass the House bill, the Senate can pass the Senate bill, and *members of both bodies can go home and say: 'We voted for our bill'; the members of the House laying the blame on the Senate for not passing the House bill, and the members of the Senate laying the blame on the House for not passing the Senate bill.*" [Laughter.]

There is a frank declaration from the Republican leader. John J. Fitzgerald of Brooklyn is not the Democratic leader, but he is one of the most powerful men in the party. On the same occasion he said:

"No one expects this bill to become a law. Why not be frank about it? Nobody dreams it will be enacted into law at this session of Congress, but in order to give men an opportunity to mislead the country into the belief that we want it to become a law, the day is to be wasted."

These two men are not to be censured for what they said; rather they are to be praised for a frankness which embarrassed the crowd of less courageous members. *But the important thing about these two declarations is that they could be made at all, that the condition they express does exist, that Congressmen and Senators do use parliamentary devices and trickery to deceive their constituents.*

What Would Cure It

OF COURSE the very frankness of Mr. Mann and Mr. Fitzgerald will have the good result that publicity always has. The Senate and House will be less likely to take refuge in the time-honored subterfuge of "failure of the committee to agree in conference." If, after this, the Kenyon-Sheppard Bill fails to become a law, the individual responsibility can be placed by those who examine diligently, even under the present system of secret committee sessions. Under Senator La Follette's suggested plan of public committee sessions, this sort of thing, as well as many other evils, would become permanently impossible.

Very Discouraging

ON THE eighth of February, Congressman John Dalzell of Pennsylvania called attention to the state of business:

"If I have counted correctly, there are between this and the expiration of the session twenty-three days. Of those twenty-three days four are Sundays, and unless the House contemplates carrying on business on Sunday that reduces the working days to nineteen. There are two days mortgaged for special business in the intervening time, one of them Wednesday next for the counting of the electoral vote, by concurrent resolution of the House and Senate, and the following Saturday for the memorial services of the late Vice President Sherman. That reduces the working days to seventeen. There will be one intervening Monday which is mortgaged for unanimous consent and suspension of the rules business. That reduces the working days to sixteen. The last six days of the session are . . . mortgaged to the consideration of the Unanimous Consent Calendar as well as to suspension of the rules. Deducting those six days, you have ten days left—*ten working days of this session in which to complete the business of this House!*

"What is that business? In the first place, there is not a single, solitary conference report on any of the appropriation bills that has been passed upon by this House. . . . There is a public-building bill to be considered. . . . There are remaining to be considered by this House the following great appropriation bills: The Agricultural Bill, the Diplomatic Bill, the Military Academy Bill, the Naval Appropriation Bill, the Pension Bill, the Deficiency Bill, and the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill—all to be considered within the limit of ten days." . . .

It is not merely that important appropriation bills aggregating over half a billion dollars are crowded into a few days at the end of the session; it is rather worse that meritorious bills which were introduced, in some cases more than a year ago, have been held in committee, largely for political reasons, and are only brought out for action during the last few crowded days. Mr. Dalzell continued:

"There was introduced into this House on the 8th day of May, 1912, nine months ago, a bill that had been considered, deliberated upon, and passed by the Senate and which has been reported to this House, which is of most pressing importance to a great body of the people of this country, that is deserving, in my judgment, if not of more, at least of equal consideration by the membership of this House. I refer to what is known as the Workmen's Compensation Act. Yet the Committee on Rules has steadfastly refused to report any rule not only with respect to that bill but with respect to any bill to which its attention has been called during the last two weeks of this session."

All this is a severe indictment and goes far toward justifying the spirit of Mr. Dalzell's closing words:

"I submit that this is only another evidence of the fact that when history comes to record the story of this Congress, it will pronounce this the most incompetent and useless Congress that ever sat under the dome of the Capitol."

Here, of course, Mr. Dalzell was merely partisan; Republican Congresses have done the same thing. The remedy is not easy to point out, for the evil permeates the whole body of Congress. The one subject about which the individual member is alert and timely is pork for his constituents and his district — public buildings, pensions, post offices, harbor improvements. And the fault is more at the door of the people of the district than of the individual Congressman.

For Example

THE bill to prevent the interstate shipment of liquor into prohibition States was introduced in the House on *August 3, 1911,* and was sent to the Judiciary Committee. *It remained in the Judiciary Committee exactly one year, five months, and twenty-five days—until* February 5, 1913. On that day the committee reported it out. Two days later it was voted on in the House, with only three hours given for debate. There can be little doubt that the intention was to keep this bill in the Judiciary Committee forever, not to report it out at all until the public agitation made it necessary. Also, even those who did not favor the permanent suppression of the bill were perfectly willing to keep it in the Judiciary Committee until after the Presidential and Congressional elections of last November were out of the way, because they feared the result of the record vote, both on the fortunes of individual Congressmen and on the Democratic party.

The Constitution

THE bill to forbid interstate shipments of liquor into prohibition territory was passed in the House by a vote of 239 to 64. The Senate passed it without a roll call (a device to save individual Senators from the embarrassment of going on record), but the proportion in favor of the bill was about the same as in the House. These figures, it is fair to assume, represent about the same proportion of sentiment throughout the country. Yet many persons believe, and it is easily credible, that the Supreme Court will decide the bill unconstitutional. If this happens, here will be four out of five people wanting something which the Supreme Court says they can't have. A few more examples as conspicuous as this will undoubtedly bring one of two things, either Mr. Roosevelt's recall of constitutional judicial decisions or a national constitutional convention.

Why Not?

ONE amendment to the Constitution—the income-tax one—has been adopted by the thirty-sixth State within the last four weeks. Another, for the direct election of Senators, is on the rounds of the various State Legislatures. A third, to limit the Presidential term to six years, has been adopted by the Senate, and is just about to be sent out by the House. A fourth, to provide for the direct nomination of Presidents, is just about to be launched in the Senate. With all this clumsy use of the cumbersome machinery for constitutional amendment, a good many people are beginning to wonder whether it wouldn't be a good idea to call a constitutional convention and attend to a great many much needed things all at once.

Intervention

AT EVERY recurrence of trouble in Mexico there is renewed agitation for intervention by quiet jingoes whose presence is felt in Washington—rich Americans engaged in exploitation schemes in Mexico, and restless warriors who are tired of garrison duty or of sailing the seas bloodlessly and shooting holes in inanimate targets. The rest of the country is disposed to try to preserve a friendly attitude toward Mexico as long as possible; but it is typical of Washington that its atmosphere should be made by those who are jingoes for financial reasons. Mr. Wilson will need to resist the local atmosphere as deliberately as Mr. Taft has done in the matter of intervention.

An Election with Gun-Powder Ballots

General Bernardo Reyes

Street corner warfare

THE revolt of the Young Turks that overthrew the Government in Constantinople began with an encounter much like an old-fashioned Kentucky feud. The revolt in Mexico City began with action a little more dignified than a feud but not quite a battle. The Mexicans have had the experience of so much guerrilla combat in their frantic efforts to achieve democracy that they have developed street warfare into an art. At hand is a photograph by James H. Hare that might be labeled "The Revolt in Mexico," and be called representative of scores of Mexican battles and years of bitter conflict. A man with a rifle takes pot shots around a corner, and all the wall near where he rests his gun is chipped with bullets from hostile sharpshooters who return his fire.

Mexico City was more sophisticated than Constantinople, and eminently modern. Some of the old traditions of stage management were preserved, but not many. The dawn of a fine Sunday morning found a troop of cavalry cadets storming a prison, finally to succeed in liberating General Felix Diaz, a nephew of the aged dictator, and General Bernardo Reyes, who under the régime of Porfirio Diaz was Minister of War. This was to be a day of great glory for General Reyes. He dressed in one of his military uniforms, heavy with lace and braid. By 8.30 o'clock he had organized a little army of cadets and soldiers who disclaimed loyalty to President Madero, and was leading a march toward the Plaza.

Madero had been warned. He had taken shelter in so unromantic a refuge as a photographer's shop. Here many of his Cabinet and some loyal military men joined him. The civilians argued that he ought to keep himself in safety. The soldiers protested that his place was in the President's palace.

The Gray Horse and the Motor Cars

Madero has been described as a poet and a dreamer. He hates bloodshed. He is a mild-mannered scholar—a vegetarian. But when the time to face danger appeared he showed plenty of courage. With an odd regard for the dramatic proprieties for such occasions, he chose to ride to the palace square on a big gray horse instead of in an automobile. His guards speeded ahead in two honking motor cars.

The Plaza was like a battlefield by the time he arrived. A garrison of the loyal soldiers had been sweeping the approaches to the palace with rapid-fire guns. General Reyes himself lay dead in his gorgeous uniform. A bullet had pierced his skull.

Slaughtering Spectators

Madero rode through the square unharmed. The battle had not halted. Attracted by the firing, thousands of noncombatants had gathered to watch it. Among the 300 or more killed by bullets, nearly half of the victims were not engaged in the fighting. Two American women were on this death list of bystanders.

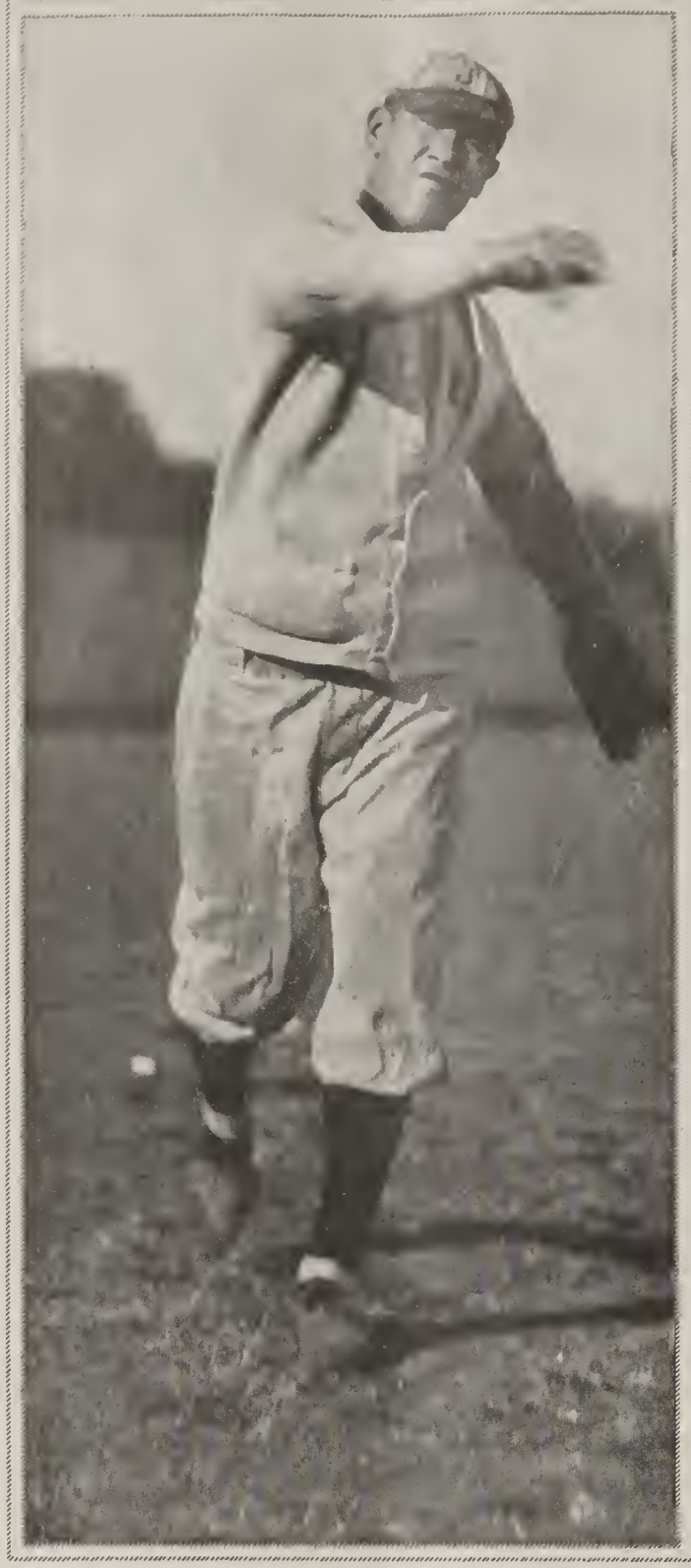
A majority of the citizens appeared to be more puzzled than frightened. They seemed puzzled to know how to cast their sympathies. A large section of the soldiery and of the police were in much the same frame of mind.

The correspondents, at this writing, continually speak of the "tide," and wonder which way it will "turn." The best informed among them cannot predict with any certainty about how the various military leaders will decide to enlist. It all resolves into a highly informal sort of election in which the only votes that are counted are the ballots of men who carry arms.

Four Champions

Mayor Munson

Esta Beaman



Miss Julia C. Lathrop

Julia Lathrop, Director

PHOTOGRAPHS of the chief of the Children's Bureau at Washington are extremely rare. The way for an editor to secure one is to convince Julia Lathrop that the illustration is for an article about the work of the bureau, not about Miss Lathrop. It's like this, you see:

Every year the infant mortality in the United States is at least two hundred thousand. To check it we should first know why and when and where these babies die. Unfortunately, in most of our cities worthless registration methods make the collection of these important data an almost impossible task. Furthermore, the absence of good legal records permits much violation of the school laws and the child-labor laws.

There you are—with no room left to sketch Miss Lathrop!

James Thorpe, Wrestler

TO ONE of the little squad of American athletes who led in a procession around the arena at Stockholm on the last day of the 1912 Olympic games, the King of Sweden said: "You, sir, are the most marvelous athlete in the world." James Thorpe had earned this distinction by winning both the Pentathlon (five varied events) and the Decathlon (ten).

Yet half a year later Thorpe entered a contest even harder than the Decathlon—a certain wrestling bout. By his own confession a few weeks ago he was discredited as an amateur because, in the summers of 1909 and 1910, he had played baseball in a now defunct "bush league," the Eastern Carolina. He confessed so promptly and manfully when he was questioned that the American press, making up its mind overnight, voted him more sympathy than censure. Pitied and forgiven, as widely and suddenly advertised as ever the poet Byron was, Thorpe discovered that his mere presence behind footlights had become worth $500 a week—at his finger tips a small fortune! . . .

Instead of snatching at it, he packed his suit case this week to start for Marlin Springs, Tex., to report for spring baseball practice with the New York "Giants," at a salary of about one-fifth as much as he could make in vaudeville. The Roman mob in the bleacher seats at the Polo Grounds is not expected to show much mercy if he proves himself a "dub"; and not many of the baseball experts are sanguine about his chances to make good in such fast company as the pennant-winning club of the National League. One manager even sneeringly remarks: "Anyone who signs him for a major league team will do so merely to carry him as a drawing card. If he amounted to anything as a ball player, you may depend upon it that one of a million scouts would have spotted him when he was playing in the bush league."

Rare courage is Thorpe's. His prompt confession, his contrition, his determination to attempt to climb the steepest hill rather than to coast down a smooth toboggan with bags of money under each arm, are triumphs preliminary to the champion athlete's latest and toughest contest—a wrestling match with Pride.

This by way of introduction to a portrait of Jim Thorpe in his baseball togs, ready for business.

Esta Beaman, Farmer

OKLAHOMA knows Esta Beaman as the girl who "licked" five hundred boys in a corn-growing contest. A prize of $200 offered by a newspaper for "the best acre of corn in Oklahoma" and an additional $180 obtained by selling ninety bushels of the seed corn at $2 a bushel repose in a savings bank pending the time Esta attains to "Miss Beaman" and enrolls for a course in the State Agricultural College.

This champion farmer produced ninety-five bushels and ten pounds of corn on rocky, stumpy upland, doing all the work herself.

Mayor Munson, Pioneer

WAY up in the country's northwest corner, only three miles from the jumping-off place, is the town of Warrentown, Ore., which prints at the head of its official stationery: "Clara Cynthia Munson, Mayor." Miss Munson's father, lighthouse keeper at Point Adams and Fort Canby for more than thirty years, is one of Oregon's pioneers; and the daughter maintains family traditions by becoming the State's first woman Mayor. The town has a population of about five hundred. Miss Munson won by a margin of sixteen votes.

The trail of the victor's skis. Captain Scott found that the pole already had been reached by Captain Amundsen

The Tragic End of a Handicap Race to the South Pole

WITH no touch of bitterness, Captain Robert Falcon Scott has written in his diary the account of one of the most tragic and thrilling races of modern times. The course was seven hundred miles across snow and glaciers and mountains from a base of supplies to the South Pole and return. The handicaps were too formidable. The man believed to be the strongest in the expedition, Seaman Edgar Evans, weakened and lagged, and at last died of a fall that caused concussion of the brain. Another, Captain L. E. G. Oates, frostbitten in his hands and feet, unburdened the others of the responsibility of caring for him by heroically walking into a blizzard alone to meet death. At last, only eleven miles from a relief depot, another blizzard halted the progress of the three survivors, Captain Scott, Dr. Edward A. Wilson, and Lieutenant H. A. Bowers, shutting them in camp with only two days' provisions left and fuel enough for only one hot meal. Exhausted and starved, they died eight days later.

This was on March 29, 1912. They had reached the South Pole ten weeks before, on January 18, 1912, barely five weeks later than Captain Roald Amundsen.

Captain Scott has listed the loss of his pony transport as the beginning of his misfortunes, since it meant both a later start than he had planned and that he must transport a limited amount of supplies. He blamed the final wreck upon severe weather; and in his last message declared that "not faulty organization but misfortune in all the risks which had to be overtaken" brought the expedition to its tragic climax.

The goal and the victor's flag above it. Reached by Captain Roald Amundsen, December 14, 1911. Reached by Captain Robert F. Scott, January 18, 1912

The day they sailed away to death. Captain Scott's ship, the Terra Nova, starting down the Thames, June 2, 1910

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"Lillian" by Robert Henri

"Portrait" by Howard G. Cushing

"Pauline" by Helen M. Turner

"Head of a Young Woman" by George de Forest Brush

"Lady in Blue" by Edmund C. Tarbell

American Women by American Painters

THE 1913 exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, now on view in Philadelphia, includes these seven canvases. Some of them are by painters of renown; two are by artists whose names do not appear in "Who's Who." None of the pictures here shown won a prize; nor do we reproduce them to point out a fancied "American type of womanly beauty," nor to prove a declaration that portrait painting in America is in its golden age. This simply is a page of pictures—American women by American painters—an untechnical selection representing a variety of schools.

The Philadelphia show is regarded as almost as important in the American art world as an official "salon." This is the Academy's one hundred and eighth annual exhibition. Frederick Carl Frieseke won this year's Temple gold medal for "the best picture without regard to subject" with his painting, "Youth." The Jennie Sesnan medal for the best landscape was awarded to George Bellows, Jr., for his "Men of the Docks." J. Alden Weir's canvas, "The Black Hat," won the Carol H. Beck gold medal for the best portrait. The Widener memorial medal for the best work in sculpture was awarded to Charles Grafly for his bust of the late Thomas P. Anshutz.

"Bittersweet" by Alice Ruggles

"Sun and Shadow" by Frank W. Benson

PURE FOOD

A DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY LEWIS B. ALLYN

Municipal Campaigns

"Even as a surgeon, minding off to cut
Some useless limb—before in
Use he put his violent engines
On the vicious member,
Bringeth his patient into a senseless slumber
And griefless there (guided by use and art)
To save the whole—saves off the infected part."

THAT is about the only way the food situation can be saved: "Saw off the infected part." After that has been severed we have no more use for it, and discussion of this relic can be of no particular benefit to anyone. For twenty years and more there have been food shows and food fairs and food sales. In many instances the term "pure" has been used as a kind of soporific prefix. It really didn't mean much, but it helped fill up space, tickled the fancy of the public, and acted as a salve to the conscience of food exhibitors. In certain instances these promoters needed no ointment, for, however short they may have fallen from purity of products, they sinned through ignorance and not from choice. The writer remembers visiting one of these shows in Boston a decade ago, where all sorts of lovely and unlovely things were exhibited to the public, and in many instances the foods sold were of very vicious character, running all the way from germ-infested catchup, through borated cheese, to candy confections for children, doped with the heart-depressing acetanilide. It was not until September, 1910, that the first pure-food show, rightly entitled to the name, was opened to the public. This was the pure-food exhibition given by the "National Food Magazine" in Madison Square Garden.

The Country Wants Pure-Food Information

THE management believed that the time was ripe to make a radical departure from prevailing methods, and instituted a food show which should not bring reproach on the fair name of purity. How the promoters of this show were harassed by the food adulterators, how they were ridiculed by officials high in the public service, how they struggled to secure worthy exhibits, is an interesting story, which, however, does not vitally concern us to-day. In twenty-eight months much has occurred to better food conditions. Since that time there have been half a score of food shows whose merit must be unquestioned. This is particularly true in New England, and now the widespread interest affecting the whole country demands information on the subject of municipal food campaigns.

The number of inquiries I receive is proof of this. Four recent inquiries follow:

The club women of Idaho are very much interested in the pure-food campaign, and the "Idaho Club Woman" will devote considerable space to the topic during the coming year.—MARTHA SPANGLER, Editor, Twin Falls, Idaho.

We need just such methods as yours here in Atlanta. It is really surprising to see displayed in nearly every grocery store in Atlanta products containing poisonous coloring and preservative substances.—R. N. S., Atlanta, Ga.

If you can give us any information which will help us in working out our pure-food problem, we shall very much appreciate it.—MANAGER KEOKUK INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION, Keokuk, Iowa.

I have called the attention of your great work to the head of our city Board of Health, who was much interested. I hope work on the same lines may be started here in Columbus, the capital city of Ohio. I am in great sympathy with the fight made by COLLIER'S.—CHARLES L. SCHNEIDER, Engineering Department, Columbus, Ohio.

Here is an abstract from a letter from Ottawa, Ont., which makes it reasonably easy to give a general answer to these inquiries:

Will you not kindly either furnish me with certain information, or let me know where I can get it, which will give me whatever I may need to lay before the authorities here, in order to get up any kind of a museum exhibit which will be beneficial to this country and incidentally to the world?

I take it that you are most likely to supply me with information leading toward an exhibit which will prevent our people from eating poisonous food and incline them toward eating pure food.

Of course, what we do will have to be absolutely impartial and truthful. We do not want to do anything involving politics, religion, or anything of the sort.

Can we make such an exhibit? What is the best way to do it? What should it contain? What will it cost? How can it be done without getting into legal trouble? Whom can we get to make the chemical tests?

The exhibit might be temporary or permanent, and a guidebook might or might not be published. Personally, I believe something can be done in this way which will be in advance of anything I have ever seen, and will be of great service to the people. The question is: How can we get it started? I will be deeply indebted to you for any information which will put me in a position to be able to lay the matter before the authorities to get any good exhibit that will be really useful.—H. T. SMITH, Geological Survey, Ottawa, Ont.

If we analyze this letter carefully, we shall find that it contains points of vital importance to any community wishing to undertake the commendable work of bettering its food supply. We begin to suspect that neighbor Smith knows more about these subjects than he would have us believe he knows. Let us first of all tabulate the questions, for they form an admirable foundation upon which to build:

Can we make such an exhibit?
What is the best way to do it?
What should it contain?
What will it cost?
How can it be done without getting into legal trouble?
Whom can we get to make the chemical tests?

There is reason to believe that nearly every community is interested in bettering its food supply. Cooperation must be secured. In every town there can be found at least one retail provision dealer who is interested in the subject of pure foods. Sometimes, too, local boards of health are interested, but this is not frequently the case. There is no more worthy object for a board of trade, merchants' association, women's club, Y. M. C. A., or any similar organization to take up and study. *Somebody must be interested enough to take the initiative.*

It has been found in many instances that if a dealer will make a display of pure-food products, and advertise the fact that he stands for such foods, he has at his disposal a financial asset which will make his brother dealers come to his standard.

Adopt This Voluntary Standard!

RIGHT at this point it may be well to emphasize again, as COLLIER'S has so often done in the past, that foods bearing the guarantee phrase as required by the Federal Food and Drugs Act of June 30, 1906, are not necessarily pure foods. There may be, and often are, legally adulterated foods—that is to say, the producer guarantees them to be as bad as he makes them. Hence the necessity of each community adopting a standard of its own. The community that says pure food shall be free from fillers, coal-tar dyes, and chemical antiseptics, shall be of good quality and honestly labeled, can easily conduct a food campaign. Adopt this standard:

WE WILL NEITHER SELL NOR PURCHASE FOODS WHICH CONTAIN ANY COAL TAR COLOR, ANY CHEMICAL ANTISEPTICS, ANY INERT FILLER, OR WHICH BEAR UPON THE LABELS EXTRAVAGANT CLAIMS OF VIRTUE OR EXCELLENCE.

There are two neighboring stores in the city of Springfield, Mass. The proprietor of the first store is proud of the fact that his shelves contain only goods which measure to this advanced standard of quality and purity. There is not an adulterated or misbranded article in the store. His sales and profits are steadily increasing. We would like to mention the fact that the health of his customers is also being conserved. His neighbor displays foods containing chemical antiseptics, coal-tar dyes, and other products guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act. It is interesting of a Saturday evening to watch the people of Springfield read the labels on the goods displayed in the second store and then see them patronize the first.

Can We Make a Pure-Food Exhibit?

YES, if you have the courage of your convictions and are not discouraged by a few kicks from people who do not think as you do. Since Froebel's time it has been a part of good pedagogy to appeal to the intellect through objective presentation, whether the pupils be children or adults. Hence the necessity of a pure-food museum. Secure some room easily accessible to the public, properly fitted with suitable shelves or display cases, and show the people what foods may be purchased that absolutely come up to the standard. Be sure to group these exhibits according to some simple classification, as baking powders, beef products, beverages, breakfast foods, candy, etc., instead of being placed in a heterogeneous mass.

What Is the Best Way to Do It?

CALL a meeting of the local food dealers. Take these men absolutely into your confidence, because without their cooperation your museum will be a punctured bladder. The success of the campaign is, after all, largely due to the fact that every dealer wants all of his high-grade goods on public exhibition, and in many instances these dealers refuse to sell any of the opposite type. This is an ideal worth working for, a task worthy of one's steel. Every manufacturer of products of purity and quality is only too glad to furnish through local dealers or in any other way which seems advisable to the museum committee his entire line of food products. It is well to introduce the following proviso and make every exhibitor live up to it: If a manufacturer is known to put out under a given brand any adulterated or low-grade article, the entire brand shall be considered to fall below the standard, and shall not be accorded space in the exhibit. Suppose, for example, BBB Canned Fruits are above suspicion, but the BBB Jam contains benzoate of soda or coal-tar dye. None of the BBB brand should be exhibited.

The local press can be of inestimable assistance. Be sure to secure its cooperation.

What Should It Contain?

THIS question has been partially answered. It should consist almost wholly of high-grade, unadulterated goods. Never show high-grade goods which are adulterated. "To save the whole, saw off the infected part." A series of mottoes should be hung about the walls calling attention to the various phases of the pure-food campaign which you wish to impress upon the public. (Pertinent ones will be published in a not far-distant issue of COLLIER'S.) If it is thought well to emphasize the pure products of the museum by introducing a case of poor branded and adulterated foods which are positively illegal, that can be done. In view of this, however, the committee may decide whether or no the term "pure-food museum" is a proper one to adopt. The various State boards of health are usually glad to furnish a few samples of what the names of such which are found to be adulterated within the meaning of State or Federal law. A collection of substances forming drugs and proprietary remedies

PALM BEACH *and the* PILGRIM FATHERS

Distinctly American Is This Florida Riviera—But Gorgeously Unpuritanic

By

CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS

Illustrated by W. Morgan

Flaunting their clothes and their jewels in the faces of other women who have come there with the same purpose

ALL trains, apparently, arrive at Palm Beach about breakfast time, or between nine and ten o'clock at night; and those who come in the morning have all the best of it. They are welcomed by golden sunlight, a house in order, and breakfast ready in the dining room. But it has always seemed unfortunate to me that anyone should be allowed to gain a first impression of this garden spot after twilight, because in this case, when the Tired Business Man, and the wife and the daughter of the Tired Business Man, from the Middle West, or the Southwest, or the Northwest, arrive for their winter outing, they find themselves in a strange land completely surrounded by entirely unfamiliar palm trees and cohorts of colored bell hops as dark and forbidding as the purple night that envelops them.

At a word from the colored general in command one cohort is allotted to each arriving party, and the march to the hotel begins. The cohorts are well trained and seldom overworked. If the hand luggage of a guest consists of a suit case, an overcoat, a cane, and an umbrella, the guest is allotted four boys so that the strength of any one bell hop is seldom taxed to its full limit. The march continues for some distance under a portico, and then through a dimly lighted hallway, which, the first time I met it, seemed about as long as one of the tunnels that connect Jersey City and New York. But at last one sees the blaze of lights of the main rotunda and the brilliant glow from the windows of the little shops at the far end of the hallway, which at this point is as brilliantly illuminated as Broadway and Forty-second Street. And then, just beyond the shops, there springs into view a fairy forest of potted palms and green and white wicker chairs. Hundreds of women are wandering around this forest in ball dresses and much jewelry, and are accompanied by old men and young men, who wear everything from white flannels to evening clothes. Somewhat bewildered, the Tired Business Man turns from the rotunda to the big, square office, leaving his womenfolk for the moment in the very midst of these gayly caparisoned male guests and the ladies with the brilliant plumage. As the new arrivals have but just left the train after a two or three days' journey, and are, in all probability, much disheveled and grimy with the dust and soot of Florida travel, it is in order for each individual lady of gay plumage to regard them through lorgnons, or the naked eye, with looks of ill-disguised scorn, and with much the same facial expression with which she would welcome a burglar who had broken into her bedroom at three o'clock in the morning. This is one of the most popular evening games at Palm Beach, and is another reason why I think it unfortunate that any trains are allowed to arrive at a time when the more seasoned guests present their most sleek and well-groomed appearance.

Their wives, bejeweled and overdressed, are playing bridge

At an extremely early hour the following morning the Tired Business Man awakes, finds his room filled with orange sunshine, and wonders, dozingly, why the alarm clock has failed in its duty, and why Maggie, the maid, has not summoned him to his breakfast. And then it slowly reaches his tired brain that he is no longer a slave and at home; that the office, or the factory, or the store has no part in this morning; that, at least for the moment, he is a gentleman of leisure, and that he is paying generously for the gorgeous sunshine and is entitled to it. Then, if he is wise, he turns over in his bed and dreams of his partner working overtime at home. But later he remembers that there are other things besides sunshine that go with the ten dollars a day.

First of all there is one of those hotel breakfasts with a menu at least a foot long from which he can order anything and everything he likes, and, with a happy sigh, he rejoices in the fact that he is no longer at the mercy of the whims of his cook and the petty economies of his wife.

BREAKFAST over, he wanders into the office, buys a cigar and his local newspaper, and then settles into a deep wicker chair to enjoy himself thoroughly. But he is not happy—he has a strong subconscious feeling that there is something wrong and that that something is due to himself and not to the beautiful, sunlit lounging room.

In the midst of these unhappy thoughts young George Croesus from his home town comes along, greets him pleasantly, and passes on. At last the cause of his secret trouble is out. At home, young Croesus is at all times a well-dressed, neat-appearing young man, but now there is something about his regalia that suggests the fairy prince in the pantomime or the children's storybooks. He is clad in a pure white flannel suit, white shoes, and a Panama hat set rakishly on the back of his head. His shirt, stock, socks, handkerchief, and bejeweled scarf are all of silk and of a light tint of lavender. The Tired Business Man gazes cautiously around the great room, and everywhere he looks he sees Panama hats, and white shoes, and silk shirts, and flannel trousers creased to a razor finish. Dolefully he stares at his own uncouth business suit, the trousers bagging at the knees, and the clumsy shoes, half soled and run down at the heels. With a sigh he pulls himself out of his comfortable chair.

He had told "the girls" that he was out for a pleasure jaunt and refused to bring even a dress suit, but now, reluctantly, he crosses the room to wire for all the store clothes he owns. As he reaches the telegraph office in the corner, a girl passes near him. She is hatless, and her hair is a marvel of the coiffeur's art; her shirt waist is of some wonderful filmy stuff, and heavily hand-worked; her short duck skirt fits her lithe figure faultlessly, and shows glimpses of dainty white shoes and silk stockings. There is a rope of pearls about her neck and a diamond horseshoe at her waist. Wondering of which of the great New York multimillionaire families the beautiful girl is a daughter, the Tired Business Man seeks information from the telegraph operator. With a casual glance the operator turns back to his duties.

"That skirt?" he says. "I don't know exactly, but she's one of the manicures or the bookkeepers for the hotel."

The Tired Business Man sends his message, and, in an anxious whisper, asks the direction to the nearest haberdasher. In an hour, he, too, appears accoutered in a Panama hat, white shoes, flannel trousers, and a belt. With these articles de luxe, he decides that the coat of the old business suit does well enough.

HOWEVER, this is not at all the story of his womenfolk. It is now some months since the conspiracy took place when the mother and the daughter decided to "set the old man back" this two weeks' visit to Palm Beach, and in the meantime they and the local dressmakers have not been idle. They have searched the fashion papers and visited all of the musical comedies that came to town with an eye to finding some new and startling hints in clothes. Therefore, when they finally reach the breakfast room, just before the doors close, Solomon at his best, compared to wife and daughter, would look like a Weehawken beggar girl. Indeed, there are moments during the late afternoon or evening, when the crowd is the greatest, and when the band is blaring its loudest, that the big rotunda of the Poinciana reminds one of nothing so much as a ballroom scene at the Winter Garden or at one of the Ziegfeld Follies. It is like nothing in this land or any other land that I have ever seen—a riot of screaming colors, a smeared rainbow, a mad chaos of the best and worst in clothes. Silks and satins, and laces and plumes, and wonderful jewels, that outshine the thousands of electric globes, and mixed with this a great deal of tinsel, and paste and gimcrack ornaments unworthy of a chorus girl in a cheap burlesque show. I know of no scene so well calculated to make a socialist see red or an anarchist throw his favorite bomb.

In days gone by every girl who lived in the South was entitled to her fortnight or month at one of the famous springs, and in many cases the family had to pinch and scrape along for the rest of the year as best they could to be able to afford the few simple frocks necessary to the undertaking. Now that custom is a tradition only, and in its place we have the daughters of the very rich and of the fairly rich from every part of our land flocking to Palm Beach, not to be courted and wooed by the young men, as they were in the old days at the springs, but to flaunt their clothes and their jewels in the faces of other women who have come there with the same purpose. That they can do this, and to their heart's content, there is no doubt whatever. The scene is set for them, and brilliantly lighted; there is excellent music and all the necessary accessories. The only question is whether or not it is a very sensible and elevating kind of drama in which our matrons and especially our young girls are allowed to play such important parts.

I remember a child that I used to see every morning, playing on the beach. He was a very pretty little boy with short, blond curls and fat legs, and he was always with his nurse. I never saw the mother. Like most children, this one was very fond of digging in the sand, and he had been properly provided with a bucket and shovel. But in order that her boy should be well within the picture, the mother had also provided him with a heavy pleated dress of thick, ribbed silk. It was about as yielding and comfortable as a zinc ash can, and, as a result, when my little friend stooped over to dig, he usually fell on his head. After I had watched him do this for several days, I suggested to the nurse that it was a pity he was not allowed a more simple dress for his morning outing on the sands. The nurse shook her head and smiled grimly.

"It *is* a pity," was all she said, but I was glad to know by the manner of her saying it that at least *she* understood.

WHATEVER else may be said of Palm Beach, it is certainly American, and American in its broadest sense, because it draws its clientele from every quarter of the United States. It is no more like Newport or Bar Harbor or Aiken than it is like any of the more exclusive summer and winter resorts on the Pacific Coast. Palm Beach is a national park, which for two months every winter is open to anyone who can afford to pay for its hot sunshine, its blue waters, its turquoise skies, its waving palms, and every comfort and luxury as yet devised by man. If there is an aristocracy, it is founded on wealth and clothes and jewels. So far as the social prestige of the individual at home is concerned, it profits not at all at Palm Beach. Socially speaking,

everyone starts from scratch. In the first place I must confess to my surprise at how small a part the more conspicuous men and women from New York played in the life there. By conspicuous I mean the class of people who have both great wealth and positions of power in business and in society—owners of names which are to be found most frequently in so called society journals, and, which I have always understood, are read with much more avidity outside of New York than they are in it. I very much doubt if these Metropolitan celebrities, the accounts of whose doings are spread broadcast throughout the land, could find any other spot in the United States where they would be so entirely ignored as they are at Palm Beach. There are headliners at this gayest of winter resorts, and some of them come from Manhattan, but they are not the headliners of New York or of Newport or of Aiken. The particular set of New Yorkers of whom I speak come in their private cars, play tennis and golf, enjoy their ocean baths, and spend the greater part of their time at the Beach Club, which is the only place that seems to cater particularly to their wants and give them preference over the other several thousand visitors. To them Palm Beach is just a part of the year's routine. They go there because the sunshine is warm, the air is wonderfully balmy, the cooking good, the tennis courts smooth, and the gambling the best to be found anywhere. Surely, of the thousands of visitors I saw there, they were the quietest and most unobtrusive in their clothes as well as in their manners. They were apparently regarded, when regarded at all, as merely spectators of the great show, and which, after all, is probably the way they would wish to be regarded.

Suggesting the fairy prince in the pantomime, clad in a pure white flannel suit, white shoes, and a Panama hat set rakishly on the back of his head

IT IS surprising when one first visits Palm Beach to find that it covers a very large area, and that in the two towns of Palm Beach, and West Palm Beach just across the lake, one may lead many kinds of lives, from the very gay variety to the rather dull and drab kind, and at all sorts of prices. But the small, unmarked zone that has made the place famous is very small indeed. Its center line is a road, scarcely half a mile in length, that runs between the two hotels, the Poinciana and the Breakers, and the rest of its territory lies within a few hundred feet of this broad and beautifully sheltered highway. This charmed space includes the golf course, the bathing grounds, the tea grove, and the Beach Club. To these and to the two big hotels the real life of Palm Beach is practically confined. The visitors who stop at West Palm Beach (although I never met anyone who voluntarily acknowledged the fact) and at Palm Beach, but not within this charmed circle, will probably disagree with this statement, and they may be right.

TO BE quite exact, there are several attractions more or less patronized by the real Palm Beachers not within the zone of which I have spoken. There is the house boat on Lake Worth, a good hour's ride in a fast-going launch, and there is the Jungle where one can ride in a roller chair for miles through forests of palms and visit the trained alligator. But these are more in the way of tourists' excursions, and can hardly be considered as part of the daily inner social life.

The first impression one gets of the crowds at Palm Beach is that of a great kaleidoscope formed of many hundreds of unknown faces, but in a remarkably short space of time the kaleidoscope dissolves and the atoms become individuals. The faces are no longer unfamiliar faces, and one finds oneself constantly looking for them in their accustomed places. Some are to be found always on the golf links, while others seem to spend the entire day on the tennis courts or dashing along the main roadway in wheel chairs. But the faces one sees most often, and those in whose daily life there is apparently the least variety, are of the women, young and old, who haunt the main corridors and the rotunda of the Poinciana. Hour after hour, day after day, one sees them sitting about in little groups or wandering to and fro, alone or in couples, in the latter case usually a mother and daughter. Palm Beach is not a very sociable place. It is too big, and the crowd is changing constantly. Therefore those visitors who do not find old friends must depend largely on themselves for entertainment. I have seen families who stayed there for weeks and who apparently spoke to no one outside the family circle. It is the loneliness of a great city which I think is the worst kind of loneliness, because there is so much going on about you and in which one has no part. I do not pretend to understand the psychology of a woman's mind, but it would be interesting to know what phase [illegible] these lonely people find, hour after hour [illegible] dent the big green and white rotunda, [illegible] other and at great intervals listening [illegible] ragtime.

And to return to the Tired Business Man—it would also be interesting to know just how much enjoyment he gets out of this particular phase of American life. The chances are that he neither plays golf nor tennis, and that he would rather do his ocean bathing at Atlantic City in August than at Palm Beach in February. He is far away from his office, which in itself is a great trial to most American business men, and he is spending a good deal of money. Women's dresses do not interest him at all, the chances are he knows no one well enough to introduce him at the Beach Club, and in all probability he wouldn't gamble if he could. He can and does go to the baseball games between teams of colored waiters from the two big hotels, and roars with delight at their antics and cheap comedy. For some reason it never seems to make any difference how much a man from the East or the West may despise and how badly he may treat a darkey at home, the moment he gets on Southern soil he apparently has a brotherly feeling for him, and treats him with much jocularity and as if he had been a slave of his great-grandfather. But the waiters do not play baseball every day, and so the Tired Business Man has really very little to entertain him. You can see him by the hundreds, sitting in long rows on the smart piazzas, chewing on a cigar and staring grimly into space. No doubt, however, he finds some consolation in the fact that if his wife and daughter had not dragged him to Florida they would have taken him abroad, and if he should get a hurry-home telegram from the office, he is only two days instead of two weeks from the seat of trouble. It is no doubt true that his womenfolk are getting a good deal more pleasure out of the place than he is.

AT LEAST, they probably take a certain amount of pleasure later on in telling their less fortunate friends at home that they have "just returned from Palm Beach," and then if their names should happen to be telegraphed on to a New York paper as "among those present," the item is copied in their home paper, and that in itself is an enormous satisfaction. Of course, this is pleasant enough for the womenfolk, but it brings but little joy to the head of the family. For a man to admit that his family has dragged him into the expense of a trip to Palm Beach is almost as humorous to his business friends as if he were to announce that his wife had become the mother of twins.

It is certainly not from any lack of things to do at Palm Beach that most of the guests, both men and women, apparently do nothing. As a matter of fact, there is a great deal to do; the natural and artificial beauty of the place alone is a constant delight to those who choose to look at it, and as a winter resort it surely compares favorably, in the variety of its attractions, with any similar place on the Riviera. On the other hand, there can be no question that the Tired Business Man and his wife and his daughter thoroughly enjoy a day spent in the grandeur of a green and white hotel rotunda or sitting in a large rocking-chair scowling at small nature, because they go back to it year after year.

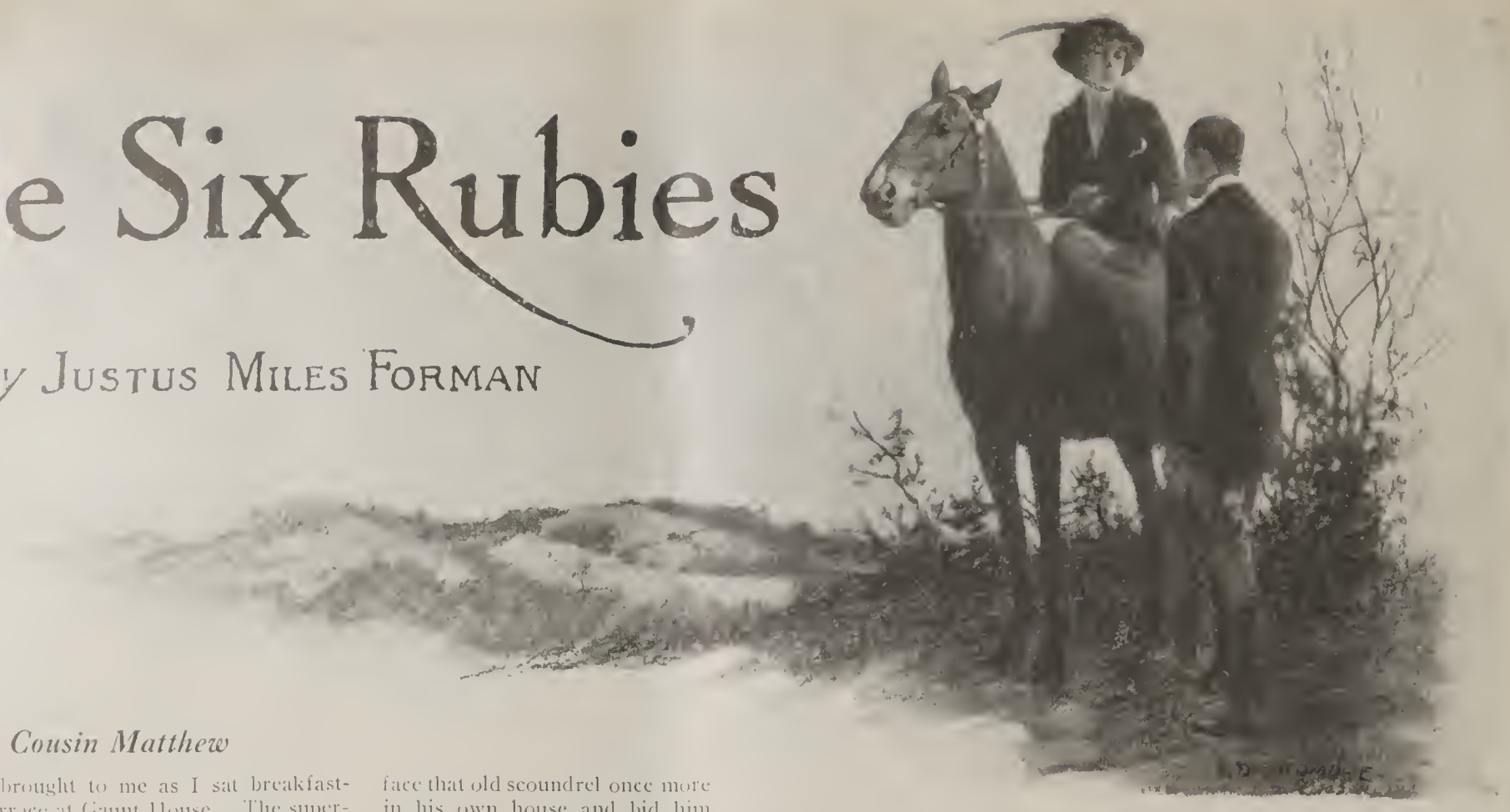
The Beach Club has for its home a very modest cottage just across the railroad tracks from the grounds of the Poinciana and its fame is due to the fact that it is one of the few clubs, certainly in the East, where men and women gamble without fear of police interference. Since

One of the most popular evening games at Palm Beach is to stare at the new arrivals, dishevelled and grimy with the dust and soot of Florida travel, with much the same expression with which one would welcome a burglar

(Continued on page 35)

The Six Rubies

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN



VI

The End of My Cousin Matthew

A LETTER was brought to me as I sat breakfasting on the terrace at Gaunt House. The superscription was in a hand I didn't know and the postmark, I observed, was of the village on the railway five miles distant. I opened it and it was brief and unsigned:

Be careful, Peter. He knows that you have five of them back and that there is but one left. He's desperate. He'll stop at nothing.

My Uncle Henry came out of the house and I gave him the sheet without comment. He read it, nodded, and passed it back.

"That's from a lady, Peter. And I think I can guess the lady's name." He gave a little kindly laugh of amusement, and I drew a long breath.

"I've seen her just once and that was nearly a year ago. Do you think she so much as remembers my existence?"

My uncle laughed again but very gently.

"What does the paper smell of?"

I held it to my face, and it had a faint and pleasing odor, but of what I couldn't say. I shook my head.

"These modern young men!" complained my Uncle Henry. "They don't know the good old-fashioned things. It's rosemary, Peter—'that's for remembrance.' . . . I'll tell you something. I've seen that beautiful girl. I saw her and talked with her a fortnight ago while you were away. She rides sometimes in the wood road west of the Three Hills, for she's still living at Eagle's Nest with old Matthew. We talked about several matters, but at last about you. She hasn't forgotten."

"Nor I!" I said. "Nor I!

"Uncle Henry, I've never known who she was. I've thought of her and dreamed of her face for eight very long months, but I've known no more about her than that her name was Diana. Can you tell me anything?"

"She's old Matthew Gaunt's stepdaughter," my uncle said. "He married a second wife about fifteen years ago, who lived only a short time afterward. She was a widow and had a little daughter of three. The girl's name is Diana Wayne. She has been away at school for years. That's why we never saw her nor heard about her until last autumn."

HE PICKED the letter up and read it once more.

"There's truth in this. She said something of the kind to me when we met. You won't get the last ruby back easily, Peter. Old Matthew is desperate. Solomon's death in England last spring was a shock to him. He hasn't got over it. It turned him very bitter."

"He surely," said I with some indignation, "isn't mad enough to hold me responsible for that. He knows exactly how it happened."

"Well," my uncle said, "he's an old man and a violent one, and he has centered all his hatred on you as he did on your father before you, and he's incapable of reason in the things that touch him closely. I dare say he has charged poor Solomon's end up against your account. I don't know. . . . Anyhow he'll make a great fight for the last ruby. You'll have to let me help you this time as you did the first."

"Do you know where the ruby is?" I asked and he said:

"It's at Eagle's Nest. Otho, the youngest son, has it. He lives properly in the West somewhere, but his father called him back here—within the breastworks, as it were—some weeks ago. It's virtually in Matthew's hands now."

I was glad. I should have been sorry not to face that old scoundrel once more in his own house and bid him defiance. I should have been sorry not to hold the last of the Gaunt rubies that he had stolen up before his wicked eye, and so turn my back upon him forever.

That was not perhaps an admirable nor a Christian sentiment, but I submit that it was very human.

We finished our breakfast presently, my uncle and I, and went back into the house. We turned our steps by some obscure common consent upward, and found ourselves in the big and rather gloomy bedroom that had been my father's and was now mine. Over the head of the bed the ancient black shield, repaired of its hurts, was fastened in its traditional place, and upon it had been reset five of the six great jewels—the six gouttes gules upon the field sable. One place only remained empty now.

I LOOKED up at that shamed and defaced ensign of my race and my mind was crowded suddenly with visions. I saw old Matthew sullen and fierce at bay behind a table in his own house; I saw Enoch cowering behind his false mirror; I saw Diana standing in a golden lamplight, her eyes upon me, her red hair hanging down her back in a great braid; I saw young John and Miss Dorothy Meredith; I saw Solomon in England and his awful death; I saw Cousin Michael and the man called Graives at Cadenabbia; I saw Christopher and Celia and Arthur Carling.

They had filled my life, these Gaunts of the other house, for eight months. One by one I had met them and one by one my stolen rubies had come back into my hand. There remained now Otho and the last jewel. I drew a long breath, for, this final adventure over and old Matthew brought to defeat, I should be free at last.

I have no conception of how long we sat there, close and whispering. Time had ceased for me. I remember I was quite content

AND Diana hadn't forgotten.

"It's almost over," said I, turning to my Uncle Henry. My uncle smiled and nodded and laid a hand on my shoulder. But he turned grave again.

"Almost, but not quite. Don't you go underrating Matthew. Take Miss Wayne's advice, Peter, and be careful! . . . You'll let me go with you, this time?" he asked a little anxiously, and I said:

"By all means! I should be a dog-in-the-manger to keep you out of it. Besides, you'll save my neck, most likely. . . . Where was it you said she rode sometimes? Near the Three Hills?"

My Uncle Henry laughed.

"In the wood road, beyond.

"She's very lovely, Peter. And I think she is as good as she is beautiful—in spite of all that red hair."

My uncle and I shook hands with some emotion.

That afternoon I rode out. I went in the direction of the Three Hills, but before I had reached these I had a little adventure. I met my Cousin Matthew Gaunt.

He was riding slowly but with his head up, and he seemed to have seen me almost as soon as I saw him, for he reined in and half wheeled his horse as if he were going to turn away, then changed his mind and sat still. I continued at a trot until I was alongside, and then stopped and nodded.

"Good day, Cousin Matthew!"

But it wasn't a good day for him. He looked as if he hadn't seen a good day for a long time. He looked old and thin and ill and as hollow eyed as a man in a fever. But his eyes burned in their hollows with as fierce a fire as ever, and they met mine straight.

He didn't answer my salutation, but sat his horse, bent a little at the shoulders, glowering. I shouldn't have taunted him. I am sorry for it now—I was indeed sorry a moment after—but the devil led me on.

I said: "I've not been idle since we last met. I have five of the rubies back."

His face flamed suddenly crimson.

"Try to take the last one!" said my Cousin Matthew in a hoarse voice. "Try it! We can do murder at Eagle's Nest, too."

HIS speech was thick—with rage perhaps— I could hardly make out the words, and for a moment I didn't in the least make out what he meant by doing murder "too." Then I saw that he had Solomon's death in his mind—a death for which I was no more responsible than he himself.

Well, you can't answer crazy accusations like that. The man was beside himself. I shook my head and made as if to ride on, but I saw that he had dropped his little whip. He was an old man and I a young one. I slipped to the ground and picked it up for him.

He tried to ride me down. Luckily his horse wouldn't obey him, but shied and plunged and at last reared straight up and nearly spilled its rider off into the dust. I tossed the whip into a hedge and remounted.

I said: "I remember my uncle remarking that the Gaunt blood had run thin in you, Matthew. He was right."

So I left him there with his plunging horse and rode away toward the Three Hills. I had little hope of encountering Diana on this day, for I reasoned that if she had ridden out from Eagle's Nest, she would have been in her stepfather's company. Nevertheless I went

on and came presently into the long and winding wood lane where the air was full of the scent of pine, and the sunlight came down in little shivering flecks of gold and the ground was soft and crisp with pine needles.

And at last I found her—not in the wood road, but sitting still upon her horse on the crest of a little knoll and looking across the broad sweep of country to the west.

My heart gave a leap that was like a fierce stab of pain.

I rode up the slope among the trees toward her. Her mare knew of my approach, but she herself didn't. She must have been daydreaming. I dismounted at a brief distance and went forward on foot.

I remember how straight she sat in the saddle. I remember that she had on a little brown serge jacket and a flat hat with a single stiff fiery feather in it. Her red hair was not down her back this time, but coiled close in braids about her head and ears.

I spoke to her from a little way off and she turned and saw me. I should have been disappointed if she had gone through the usual flourishes of surprise and greeting and comment upon the weather. She didn't. She looked at me straight, with the smallest of grave smiles.

"You haven't forgotten my name, then?" (I had called her Diana.)

"I have said it to myself a hundred times each day and night for eight months. I'm not likely to forget it." And at that she flushed a little, but not, I think, with anger. She held out her hands.

"I've remembered yours, too. Please take me down!"

I had always wondered what color her eyes were. In the lamplight that evening at Eagle's Nest I couldn't be sure. Now I saw that they were the color of brown sherry. And her mouth was like the mouths all Rossetti's ladies had.

"Eight months is a large part of eternity, Diana."

"Yes, I know."

"I wanted to come to you but I couldn't. You know why."

"I know," she said.

"Two days after that night at Eagle's Nest I met my Cousin Matthew in the road not many miles from here. I stopped him, and said that without meaning to I had deprived a lady in his house of a jewel that she prized very highly, and I asked if he would allow me to give her another in its place. I had in mind a pink pearl that used to be my mother's. He struck at me with his riding crop and rode away. Did he tell you?"

She said: "No, he didn't." And after a moment: "I didn't really want your ruby that Enoch had given me. I said what I said just to—to see what you'd do. And I'm glad I said it. I am so very glad! Still—will you give me the pink pearl, some day?"

"I'll give it to you now."

I PULLED it out of my pocket. It was a very beautiful pearl, pear-shaped, hung on a thin chain.

"You'll have to take your hat off," I told her. So she did, and her hair burned in a shaft of sunlight. I put the chain about her neck and she stood still for a little time holding the pearl between her hands.

"It's the most beautiful thing I ever saw, Peter, but what I love most about it is that your mother wore it. . . I shall have to keep it—inside. *He* mustn't know I have it. He shan't, I promise you. . . . Did you get my letter?"

"Yes, and thanked God for it. I can thank *you* now."

"Peter, couldn't you give it up—trying to recover the last of the rubies? I'm afraid. He's half mad, I think. He has hardly spoken, even to me, for the last two months, and when, the other day, he got a letter from Christopher Gaunt, the son who's a clergyman, saying that you had back the fifth one, he nearly went out of his head. I'm horribly afraid for you. Couldn't you give it up?"

"Have I got to refuse the first thing you've ever asked of me?"

She gave a little sigh.

"No. I unask it. Of course you'll go on. But be careful, Peter!"

She looked about her for a good place, and sat down on the turf, with her back against a tree. I sat at her feet.

"Let's not talk about unpleasant things!" she said. "Let's pretend there aren't any! Let's be just any two nice people who've met on a summer afternoon. I want to forget Eagle's Nest for an hour."

I think she did forget it. I forgot it. I forgot the world and all. I had an hour of enchantment—dreams come true. She was like no one I had ever known. She was sweetness and light and warmth. The words she spoke, the tones of her voice, the laughter that bubbled from her, the very motions of her head and hands were new and wonderful to me. It was as if human speech and low laughter were for the first time in my ears, the sight of a human being for the first time before my eyes. I luxuriated in her presence with a kind of quiet ecstasy.

IT SEEMS very odd to me now that I don't in the least remember what we talked about. Not so much as a word or a phrase comes back. But who has ever brought back words from fairyland or from a dream of White Magic?

I only know that after an indeterminable period Diana looked away over the hills and drew a little sigh and said:

"Peter, I must go. It's getting late."

A door opened and my Cousin Matthew came out from one of the near-by rooms carrying in his hand a branched candlestick with three lighted candles

"I'd forgotten that there was time," said I; and she laughed.

"So had I."

I put her up on her bay mare. An hour before the touch of her hands had set me trembling. But now it was not so. There had come in that meantime an odd sense of long and sweet and intimate habit. It was as if I had known her always and loved her from before the world was made.

But as I saw her sitting there above me, against the low sun, the reins gathered in her grasp, I had a moment's dreadful pang of fear—a feeling of awful certainty that I was never to see her again, that this was the end.

I don't know what she saw in my eyes, but she ungloved one hand and put it down to me, and I kissed it and she took it back.

I asked: "Diana, could you manage to make a visit of a week or so away from Eagle's Nest?"

At first she didn't understand, then gave a little cry.

"You mean—you're coming for the ruby? Oh, Peter! . . . No! I won't go. You shan't make me. After all, it's not I who am in danger. It's you." She looked at me an instant with troubled eyes.

"You shan't come to harm, Peter! You shan't! Oh, but be careful!"

She gave me a little anxious smile, bent her head, and rode away down the hill.

I HAD hoped for a black night, a night of wind and rain, and my Uncle Henry was all for waiting until there should be one. Indeed, he wanted to wait for other reasons, too. "The man's expecting you, Peter. He's on the lookout. He's all keyed up just now for fight. Give him a week of watching and waiting! Tire him out a bit!"

But I couldn't wait. I heard my uncle through and shook my head.

"I've got to do it now! I can't explain. I should go mad with waiting. I should cut my throat."

He looked at me, I remember, with a kindly sorrow, and nodded.

"I know. You've seen her. Well, have it your own way, lad!"

There was a rack of heavy driving cloud—gloom for a few moments, then white and brilliant moonlight. We left our horses outside the wall that surrounded Eagle's Nest at the top of the hill, waited until the moon was under, and slipped up close to the house. Everything was still and dark there, not a voice or sound or not a light in any of the windows. We [illegible] the front and took cover under the [illegible] entrance. There came a brief [illegible] we waited, then, when it was dark [illegible] the door.

It stood open an inch.

We turned our faces toward [illegible] gloom, and my Uncle Henry said in a whisper: "I don't like this, Peter."

I didn't like it either, but it seemed to me too late now to go back. I pushed the door open, and, with our pistols in our hands, we went in.

There was, after all, a dim light there—a pair of candles burning in a sconce at one side of the long broad hall that ran from front to back of the house. But the doors of the rooms to right and left stood open and dark, and there was still no sight or sound of life.

We whispered together, and it was agreed that my uncle should remain here below to cover our retreat, but should come to my aid if I called or if he heard a shot. Then I tiptoed down toward the stairs that mounted into darkness at the back of the house.

I make no excuse now for such insane folly. Everything about that house should have warned me of a trap—the dark windows, the open door, the absence of sound or life. To go on in the face of such evidences of preparation was the act of a madman. Well, let it pass as such. I *was* a little mad, I think.

They took me as easily as a trap takes a foolish rat. I had no sooner set foot in the dim upper hall than I was seized from behind and my pistol wrenched out of my hand. I called out my uncle's name: "Henry! Henry!" And at the same instant heard from below a sound of scuffling and of dragging feet. So they had taken my uncle also. I had a moment of bitter vain regret. I had got him into this against his instinct and against his will. Because I was impatient and thought I couldn't wait I had drawn him into a trap. They might, for all I knew, be killing my uncle down there in the lower hall.

A door opened and my Cousin Matthew came out from one of the near-by rooms carrying in his hand a branched candlestick with three lighted candles. He set it down upon a table, looked at me and laughed. Then he called back over his shoulder:

"Otho! Otho!" And a tall, fair-haired boy came out of the room after him, moving slowly and as if with reluctance. It was Matthew's youngest son.

"We've got him, Otho!" the old man said. He was shaking with a kind of wild silent laughter. "Look at him! Go and look at your cousin! There's the fellow who calls himself the head of the Gaunts. Go and slap him in the face, if you'd like to. *I'll* deal with him later." His voice was still oddly hoarse and thick, as it had been in the afternoon, so that one made out the words with great difficulty. I wondered what was the matter with him.

THE boy looked from his father to me and back again. His eyes were dilated in the candlelight and his forehead was wet. I saw it glisten. He fumbled with his hands, and he tried to laugh, but couldn't. I felt sorry for him.

Then old Matthew had an idea. "Here, give me the ruby!"

The boy pulled it out of his pocket and gave it to his father. Matthew came forward to where I stood, held from behind by two men, and dangled the last of the Gaunt rubies before my eyes.

"Look at it, murderer! Feast your eyes on it! It's the last you'll see in this world. Look, look!" He thrust the thing almost into my face, standing on his tiptoes, for despite his great lion's head, his legs were short and puny. And, after a moment, he began to laugh again, a veritable paroxysm of snuffling, coughing laughter that shook him all over.

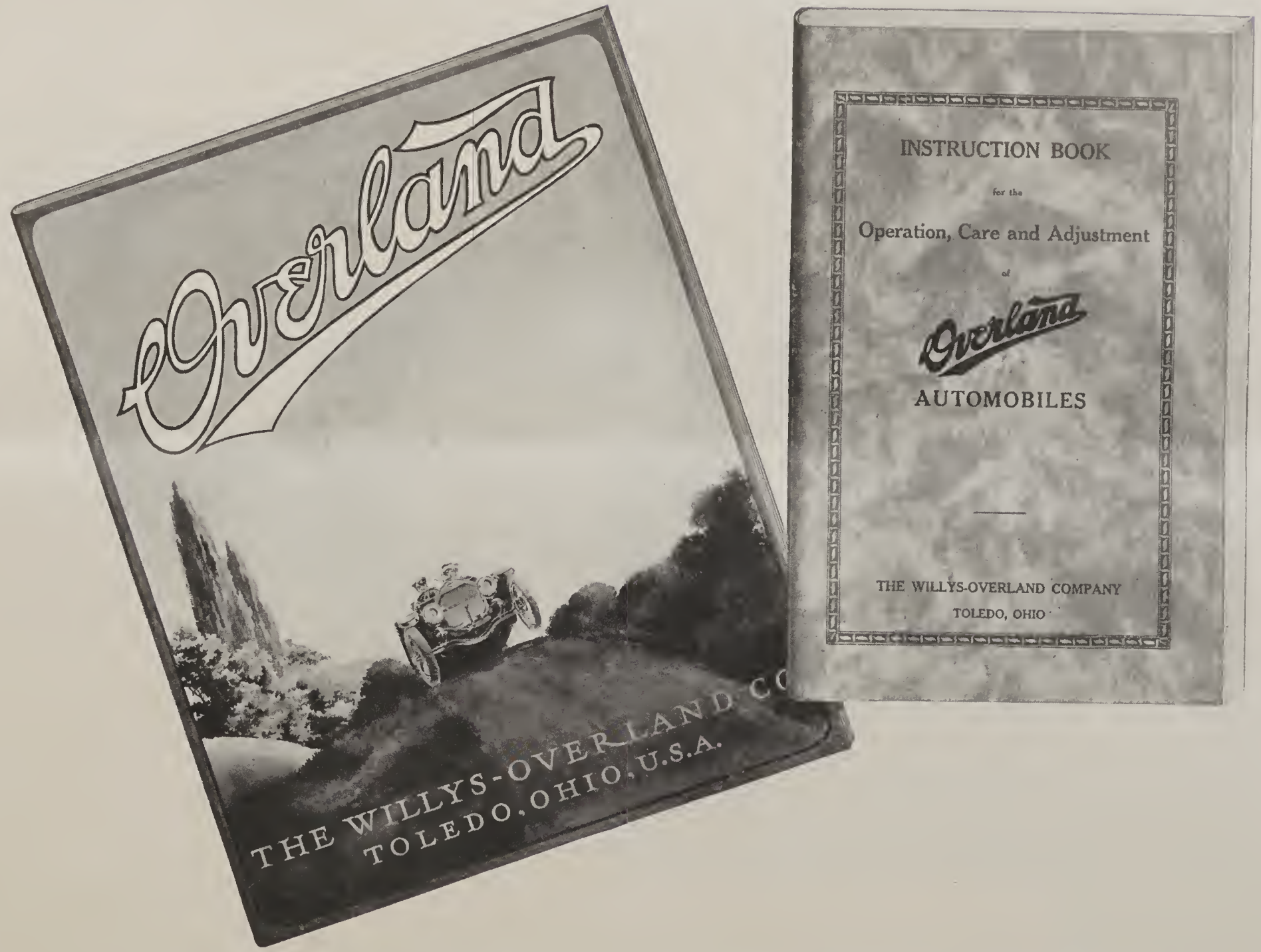
But when he had done he turned abruptly, gave the jewel back to his son, and said to the men who held me:

"Tie him up!"

I tried to make a fight for freedom then, but it was useless. They were two and had my arms twisted behind me. They laid me down none too gently, and tied first my arms with a rope round and round my body, then my ankles.

"Bring him here!" said my Cousin Matthew, and the two men half carried and half dragged me down the

Continued on page 28



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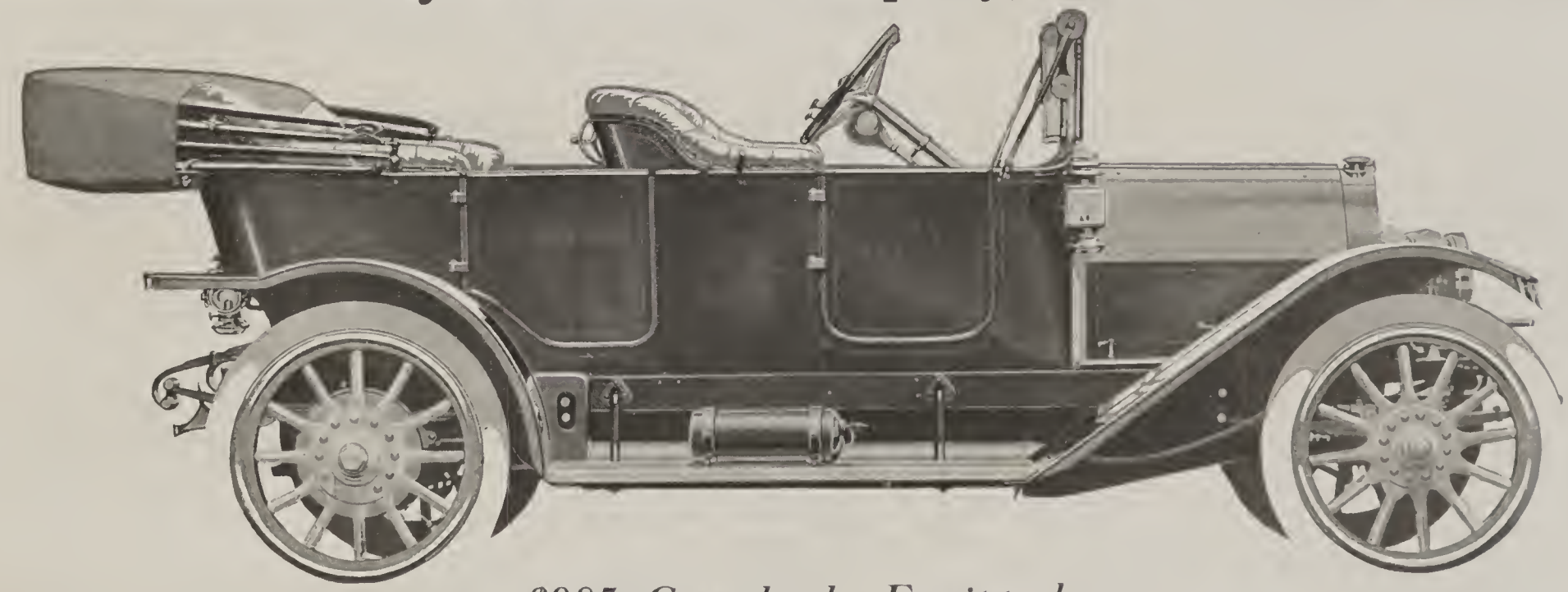

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WHY I WENT INTO POLITICS

Ten Governors and Recent Governors Take the Public into Their Confidence on This Interesting and Inspirational Point of Personal History

A Western newspaper man with a well-grown bump of curiosity, Waldemar de Bille of Spokane, wrote to the Governors the letters of inquiry which brought the replies to which Collier's cheerfully yields this page

Thomas R. Marshall

Former Governor of Indiana, Vice President Elect

EVER since I was eighteen years of age I have been in politics, for the reason that I believe that a people can have any sort of government they want, and if they do not have the kind they want they ought not to complain at the kind which is given to them. I therefore thought and still think that it is the duty of every man to take an intelligent interest in public affairs and try to ascertain what is right and do the very best thing which he can for his country.

My entry into it as a candidate for office was purely accidental so far as I can see from the human standpoint. I was boomed by my friends for Governor at a time when I was away from home. It was without my knowledge or consent, but you know the average man has a telephone at hand to listen to the call of his friends. I heard and heeded and was elected.

George W. Donaghey

Former Governor of Arkansas

I WAS a business man. Up to the time I was elected Governor I had never sought and had never been elected to any office in the State. At the time I entered politics the State had undertaken to construct a new capitol building. It had been ten years since the foundation was laid for the building, and only the skeleton of same was completed at this time. It had gotten in politics and had become involved in a public scandal. The contractors were charged with boodling in the Legislature and with putting in faulty construction work throughout the building. It was alleged that the work as being put in was not fireproof, and the reenforced concrete work and steel work that did not meet the specifications were making the building unsafe to human life.

I was a contractor and builder, and knew of my own knowledge a great deal about this work, and, without any thought of official preferment, told the people of the State about it in pamphlets which I issued. This finally terminated in a demand for me to make the race for Governor, the building of the capitol being one of the principal issues in the campaign. I was elected to take the matter out of politics, to tear out the faulty construction work, and to complete the building, which has been done.

During my four years' administration many other matters of great importance have been considered—equality in the assessment and collection of taxes, abolition of the convict lease system, establishing vocational schools and a better general system of education in the State, eliminating saloons from the State, establishing a tuberculosis sanatorium, etc.

Some of these measures have been adopted, while others have been retarded, but are yet live issues, and will, in my opinion, eventually succeed.

Albert W. Gilchrist

Former Governor of Florida

I RATHER think that my mother had more to do with my entering politics than any other person. My father died when I was a baby. He had been a member of the House and the Senate of the State of Florida and general in the militia. He had Gubernatorial aspirations. My mother impressed this fact upon me. I decided that I would become a member of the Legislature of Florida, Speaker, and then Governor. I was elected to the House four times, serving the last term in 1905 as Speaker. I made a success as Speaker, presiding over the House sixty days without using the gavel. At the end of the sixty days there was not a bill upon the calendar. I made good as a legislator and as Speaker.

I became a general in the militia. I resigned that position June 17, 1898, to become a private in Company C, Third United States Volunteer Infantry, at $15.60 per month, serving in Santiago Province as captain and acting major. I made good in the military. I have been trying to make good as Governor.

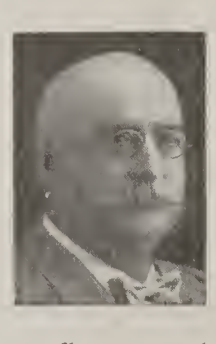
Political aspiration has been running in my relatives for some time, one of my ancestors, Colonel Joseph Ball of Virginia, being grandfather of George Washington; another, Colonel Edwin Conway of Virginia, being the grandfather of James Madison; another, Judge John Hunter, was United States Senator from South Carolina in 1796. I presume that most men would tell you that they entered politics on account of the great benefit they could do mankind.

My mother is a highly educated woman and a woman of great will power. I should think that she was largely the cause of my entering politics.

In the various public positions I have held I have always tried to do my duty to the best interest of the people and of the State—"Heart within and God o'erhead."

George W. P. Hunt

Governor of Arizona



AS I RECALL my first experience in politics, I am sure that the chief motive which impelled me to become a candidate for public office was a desire to do what I deemed my proper share toward remedying, as a legislator, such civil and industrial evils as existed in what was at that time the Territory of Arizona. I had a well-developed desire, such as is natural to the average man, to contribute effective effort toward benefiting conditions in which my fellow men had to live. While it would be too much to assume that the forces which impelled me to enter public life were wholly altruistic, yet, as I remember the events at that time, I do not think that personal ambition figured very largely in my desire to engage in a political life. In conclusion, I would be remiss if I failed to mention the wholehearted encouragement that I received from many sincere personal friends on my entrance to the field of politics some twenty-five years ago.

Joseph M. Carey

Governor of Wyoming

SO FAR as I am personally concerned, I have never striven to be in politics. I scarcely think I have ever been ambitious to be in politics, yet I have held important positions in my State. I "just naturally" got into politics. I believe it is the duty of every man to be interested in politics, for our system of government is a political one, and every man and woman should be enough interested to take part in public affairs if called upon to do so.

Judson Harmon

Former Governor of Ohio

I CAN only say that while I have always taken a deep interest in politics as a citizen, my connection with them as the holder of public office has not been due to any seeking on my part.

When I was a young lawyer, aged thirty, I was elected judge in the county of my birth and home, and twice reelected, but these positions were in the line of my profession, and, while I was glad to get them, they came of their own accord; the first, doubtless, because I had been somewhat active in behalf of friends who were candidates at other times.

My appointment as Attorney General in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet was as great a surprise to me as to anybody else.

My nomination for Governor in 1908 was not only unsought, but was made in spite of repeated published refusals to be a candidate. These were not due to any lack of appreciation of the proposed honor, but because I felt unwilling to make the sacrifice involved. My renomination followed as a matter of course, as did my being on the eligible list for the nomination at Baltimore.

I state these facts simply because they are facts, and not because I wish to discourage anyone from entering politics when they do so with a desire to be of service to the public, for our public affairs cannot be properly conducted unless men of the highest type are willing to go into the service of the State and nation.

William C. McDonald

Governor of New Mexico

"WHY I entered politics?" That is rather a difficult question for me to answer and might require considerable personal history. The fact is, I have always taken considerable interest in politics ever since I was a boy. It seemed to me that there were a great many things that could be improved, and that our Government ought to be better than it was. I have not changed my mind, and shall use my best endeavor to improve conditions here so far as I may be able.

The reason that I got actively into politics in New Mexico recently, was that I could not very well avoid it. I had no desire for office, but did desire to see our new State come in under better conditions than had existed here for some time. My nomination was not only unsolicited but undesired, and I only accepted under the belief that I might possibly be able to do some good for my adopted State.

It seems to me that politics is generally misunderstood, and that honorable and honest political work ought to be appreciated and upheld by the people, and I believe that in the future this will be done.

O. B. Colquitt

Governor of Texas

IN 1894 I was induced by friends, largely against my own judgment, to become a candidate for the State Senate from the Ninth Texas District, composed of the counties of Kaufman, Henderson, and Navarro. I had previously taken an active interest in politics for my friends and in advocating policies of government in which I believed.

My experience has been that when a man gets started on a political career it is difficult to stop. Conditions always arise which induce him to continue. It is often the case that a man would abandon politics, but will not do so on account of pride and the accusations of his enemies.

Charles S. Deneen

Former Governor of Illinois

MY FATHER, who was a volunteer soldier in the Civil War, was for many years professor of history in McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill. While my father was in no sense a politician, never having taken part in political management or acted as delegate to political conventions, yet from my earliest recollections politics were daily discussed in our home. In college political questions were much discussed in our debating societies. I began to participate in campaigns before I was old enough to vote.

My connection with political management grew out of these associations. I had no idea of becoming a candidate for office at any time, my ambitions being along the lines of my profession, and I refused the first nomination that was tendered me. My interest in political questions and my activity in campaigns have shaped my career, and in another way than I anticipated.

Lee Cruce

Governor of Oklahoma

SIX years ago I was an unassuming business man, quietly conducting a banking business in Ardmore, I. T. A bill had been passed in Congress authorizing the people of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory to frame a Constitution with a view to becoming admitted into the Union as a single State.

I had lived in Ardmore, I. T., since January, 1891. I saw the many perplexing difficulties that would be encountered in estab-

(Concluded on page 32

"Joseph and His Brethren"

The Old Testament Story of Jacob's Favorite Son Made into a Play

By ARTHUR RUHL

THE chance to see a familiar Bible story presented to the eye in a series of elaborate stage pictures draws to the theatre an audience rather different from that which laughs or yawns at the ordinary Broadway play. When, for instance, in the last act of "Joseph and His Brethren," Pharaoh calls the haggard and emaciated Joseph from his dungeon, and permits him to see his long-lost Asenath again, the woman behind me at once, and with evident sincerity, expressed her dismay. "Oh!" she whispered, "isn't it too bad she's got to see him like *that!*"

The action on the stage was evidently quite real to her, or real enough, at any rate, so that she sympathized deeply with the lovers and felt it a pity that the young man could not have been permitted a little time to "fix up" before Asenath's memory of him was put to the somewhat painful test of reality. In the long line waiting to buy tickets—itself suggesting that the magician's rod had touched some new responsive nerve in that mysterious body, "the public," for box-office lines are not so common as to have become uninteresting—there are doubtless many of a similar mind, little interested in what is called technique, viewing the action on the stage almost as if it were actual and they a part of it, and mainly concerned with seeing before their very eyes the story of Jacob's favorite son, who was cast into a pit and left for dead by his jealous brothers, taken therefrom by the Midianites and sold into Egypt unto Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's and captain of the guard.

The story of the young man who went down with the Midianite merchants a slave and ended, after splendid and soul-trying adventures, in being made ruler over all the land of Egypt; the love of Jacob for this child of his old age, and the final coming of him and his family, after the years of famine, down into Egypt to be nourished by the very son his brothers had betrayed and he had given up for dead—this whole story is so full of the beauty of patriarchal tradition and stern Old Testament romance that the desire to see as well as read it is not difficult to understand.

One may speculate on what Stephen Phillips or Maeterlinck might have done with such a theme. Mr. Louis W. Parker's version contains little that need detain the critical, either in the matter of literature or of dramatic art. It is, nevertheless, a capably constructed "pageant play," whose four acts, with the several scenes, present the main story in a manner satisfactory to the multitudes for whom it—as perhaps all plays—was intended. There is an innumerable company, including shepherds, soldiers, and dancing girls, in addition to a score or so of speaking parts, and there are real camels and a flock of real sheep. Potiphar's wife appears in Joseph's life a little sooner than she does in the Bible story, and she leaves it, after her lord has learned of her treachery to Joseph, in a spectacular moonlit scene by the Pyramids, in which Potiphar orders his soldiers to burn out the wicked lady's eyes. Asenath, whom Pharaoh gave to Joseph to wife after Joseph had interpreted the King's dreams, is also brought in earlier, and as one of the handmaids of Potiphar's wife becomes the victim of her mistress's jealousy and the means of introducing the conventional "love interest." Otherwise the story in Genesis is followed pretty closely.

AGREEABLE ACTING

MR. BRANDON TYNAN'S Joseph is agreeably youthful and unaffected, and in the later scenes, where Joseph's trust in a power above him is interposed against his misfortunes, fine and impressive. Similarly appropriate acting in the old-school manner is shown by Mr. James O'Neill as the white-bearded patriarch. Mr. Howard Kyle is forceful as the most treacherous of the brothers, and Miss Pauline Frederick amply able to present the coldly serpentine and alluring picture of Potiphar's wife. All in all, a spectacle well carried out and well worth seeing.

Brandon Tynan as Joseph, with his flock—Above is Zuleika (Pauline Frederick) casting dark Egyptian spells

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Karo is the favorite syrup in millions of American homes. It is the great spread for bread: delicious on griddle cakes, waffles and hot biscuit. It makes fine candy—taffy, fudge, fondant creams and chocolates. There are *two kinds* of Karo—Karo (Crystal White) *red label:* clear as strained honey: very delicate flavor—Karo, *blue label:* full rich flavor.

Ask your grocer for Karo today—and write for the *Corn Products Cook Book.* Address

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.

Dept. KK NEW YORK P. O. Box 161

The Voice of Our Readers

A Real Farmer Speaks

MEAD, NEB., January 28, 1913.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

IN your various articles and editorials in regard to farms and farming, an extreme view either way is taken. One is inclined to describe the farm at its best, the other at its worst. No one is inclined to take the middle view. No one describes the conditions under which a young man struggling to get a little ahead in order to purchase a farm and support a wife and family is obliged to labor.

We have a landlord system to deal with in this country, and the landlords are no better or worse than the landlords to be found in other countries. Everyone seems to be trying to increase the value of land, yet high-priced land is driving more people to the cities than all other causes combined. Land is advancing in value faster than the crops which are produced on it, and every increase makes it that much harder for those who have to buy. Everyone is trying to keep things as they are.

People are buying land in Canada, the Dakotas, Texas, and other places for purposes of speculation. Many are selling high-priced land and moving away to parts where land may be purchased cheaper where the skimming process may be continued.

Would it not be better for the country if speculation in land were discouraged and prices cheapened thereby? Of what value to the workingman will the minimum wage be if prices go up accordingly. People are advised in various magazines to get on the land, yet how is a poor man going to purchase high-priced land? It would be well for city people to remember that the price of land has nothing to do with the crop raised.

Personally I would suggest the adoption of the single-tax system or any other system that will cheapen land. In my opinion cheap land will go farther to solve our industrial troubles than a whole mass of complicated laws which will prove difficult to enforce. I do not wish to disapprove of reasonable wage laws and working hours, yet I do not think they will solve the workingman's troubles for all time.

There are many men in the cities who are familiar with farming, and who could, if there was good land to be had at reasonable prices, get out upon the land and relieve the pressure on those who have to live in the cities, as the farm is no place for one who has not had a farm training.

JOHN HANNAN.

A Foe of the Middleman

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I HAVE an idea that I have the solution of the problem of the high cost of living. Cut out the middleman, distribute stuff equally so that merchandise will not be shipped over the same road two or three times, involving freight charges for sending it to one place and then sending it back to practically where it started in smaller lots. Cause the prices to be fixed by supply and demand, and not by the Stock Exchange, as at present, so no one man or corporation can get control of any one of the different foodstuffs and run the price out of sight, and no two different concerns can try to run each other out of business by practically giving the stuff away, handling it on a commission and making the producer stand all losses, as the commission merchants are doing all over the country at present with fruits and vegetables.

Fix it so the stuff will be distributed where there is a shortage—just what that district can use—and not have it come in car after car until the market is glutted.

Have an organization in each State, controlled by the people in that State. Let the organization elect a manager, directors, and officers. Then district the State, and have a man in each town, city, or settlement whose duties will be to get data on everything raised in his district—how many acres of each thing raised, the probable yield per acre, how many people live in his district, the estimate of how much each one of these people will consume in a year of each thing—and have him report each month. Let him do all the buying and selling according to prices furnished by the manager of his State. A big warehouse will have to be secured for each district, and a salesroom. Have a weekly or monthly report to show freight, expenses of running the business, profits, etc. This organization could handle fresh and canned fruits, fresh and canned vegetables, flour, feed, eggs, poultry, everything in the canned line, and could be made to handle everything in time.

Sell direct to the consumer and buy direct from the producer, but educate the latter to buy in quantities at regular intervals—a case of this one week, a case of that the next, and a hundred pounds of something else the next, so that when they get a supply of everything one thing only will run out at a time. After each State is organized let the managers or directors meet and elect a president and a national board of directors. Then have each of the managers of the States send the president's office full reports of their States taken from the reports these managers get from the men in each district of their State. Have the national office give out estimates of what the surplus of various commodities is in each State, and what the shortage is going to be in same State. Everyone then will know just what is going on, and no one will have a chance to manipulate reports. E. W. CASEBEER.

Immigration and the Farm

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

MAY I suggest to COLLIER'S that now would be a good time for you to illustrate one point—a point upon which I, personally, have had each and every discussion since Dr. Wilson was elected.

At least a dozen acquaintances have voiced the sentiment that if the tariff is reduced all the manufacturers will be obliged to shut up shop.

Can it be explained to the American people of to-day that to protect the future of the country it is absolutely necessary that our production of foodstuffs—and by that I mean not only corn and oats but fruit and garden truck, poultry, eggs, and milk—increase proportionately with the increase in population.

That one reason for the high cost of foodstuffs is the underpopulation of our rural districts and the congested state of our urban population.

Stopping immigration will not accomplish anything toward a reduction in the cost of living; on the contrary, we should encourage immigration; *but* in encouraging it, why cannot provision be made by the Government that to gain admittance to America only a certain small proportion may take up a residence in towns, and provide for a large percentage to go to those parts of the country where they will become producers and not consumers?

Thank you, COLLIER'S, for hearing me out. Won't you try your very great influence on public opinion to frame some such laws? M. G. BLUM.

The Articles He Liked

PASSAIC, N. J., January 27, 1913.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

PERMIT me, as one of your many interested readers, to express appreciation of the value of a number of recent articles in your columns. For variety, vigor, and freshness, and for their possibilities of usefulness they are worthy of our enlightened age. "Sarah Knisley's Arm," by ex-President Roosevelt, would almost stir a dead man's blood. Your picture, "Death's Mowing Machine at Chatalja," with the explanation, leads one to go General Sherman one better, and to say by way of comment: "War is not only hell, but hell and damnation."

"The Little Gray Man" and the story of the Westfield wonders ought to appeal to everybody that lives to eat or eats to live. Your editorial treatment of the measure before Congress to prevent national murder of State prohibition was telling and timely.

The article on Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman was intensely interesting, so, too, that on the "Sky Pilot of the Lumberjacks."

(REV.) ROBERT M. OFFORD, LL. D.

The Business of Arson

(Continued from page 9)

the selling of fire insurance on his plan should get no business that he could keep away from it. And for years American—and Canadian—fire insurance has existed in a condition of treaty.

The agent or broker, if he controls good business of any account, is allowed to overinsure as he chooses. And overinsurance, gross and deliberate, is now creating more fire bugs in America than all other forces whatsoever.

The agent or broker, in the majority of cases, writes insurance without an adequate inspection and appraisal. Worse than that, he is allowed to issue the policy without so much as leaving his office to *look* at the thing he is insuring.

The agent or broker who can bring to the company a certain amount of good business, a certain number of "safe risks," is allowed to add a proportionate amount of risks known to be criminally bad and dangerous. Such "rotten risks," as they are known, though few in number when compared with the thousands of good and safe ones, now give us most of our criminal fire loss.

A powerful agent or broker can procure insurance for practically anyone or anything he wishes. And what the honest and decent agent or broker will not do, his semicriminal rival will. So the crook secures his insurance; so the proved fire bug, even while under the surveillance of our fire marshals, secures more insurance. Later I will give many records of "repeaters," as they are called, who have had seven, eight, ten fires, and who are still obtaining insurance.

The companies who, for the time, must pay the losses reimburse themselves in the only possible way by increasing or "readjusting" the insurance rates; the public, as represented by the honest insurers, must pay in the end.

And the companies protect themselves and conceal their part in this treaty from public knowledge by keeping secret their loss records on which all such increases or "readjustments" of rates are based.

TEMPTATIONS

NOW to the secondary causes for our criminal fire bill.

Third—**When the fire occurs, it is made easy for the criminal or the hitherto honest man, to make so profitable an adjustment of his loss that he will wish to have more and larger fires.**

All reputable fire insurance companies wish, above all else, to have the name of paying their losses promptly and without dispute. No matter how open to suspicion the fire may be, the company, in general, will make almost any settlement rather than go into court. The brokers and agents must likewise strongly desire to see the claims of their clients settled. An unpaid claim is the worst possible advertisement for both the company and the agent.

The knowledge of this has, in the last twenty-five years, bred in America a whole profession of men who live on fires, on the pressing of fire claims, and the bringing about of future fires, even as a century ago the world had a profession of wreckers who lived on wrecks and the bringing about of wrecks. **These "fire wreckers," as firemen call them, have taken the name of "public adjusters."** In its essence this is a perfectly honorable profession, and its rank and file includes men wholly above suspicion. But the great majority of adjusters, as a matter of fact, exist only to make fires profitable—both to the man who innocently or guiltily has the fire and to themselves. **And by intimidating the companies, by fraud, bribery, blackmail, and actual organized arson—of which, in general, they are the business managers—the worst among them do make fires profitable to the extent of millions a year.** Such so-called public adjusters now exist in almost all our large cities; and the type is rapidly spreading to the smaller ones.

How are they able to get their business? In the hands of the insurance broker is the recommendation or bestowal of almost all fires or losses, whether honest or dishonest. And the broker has become the partner of the public adjuster. From the broker, his partner, the public adjuster gets most of his cases, and they divide the profits.

When a fire occurs in New York the broker who sold the fire insurance—given that he is in partnership with an adjuster—gets from the fire itself ten to fifteen times more profit than he had from issuing the policies. This is one of the chief reasons why, in New York, the unethical broker wishes to insure the fire crook again and again. For the crook alone can be counted upon to produce fires with certainty. There are individual brokers in New York who make more than $30,000 a year, not from commission on premiums but from fires. And this "New York situation," as it is known, is spreading rapidly through the country. As will be shown in its own place, some of the most horrible, the most murderous fires we have had in the last ten years have returned the greatest profit to the fire insurance broker.

Now, to cope with such conditions, or, rather, merely to cope with arson itself, we still have the law. When a criminal fire occurs, you say the truth will be brought out by the investigation. Not at all.

HIDING THE CRIME

FOURTH—**We have made it easy, by negative, incompetent, and absurd investigation of fires, for the crime to remain undiscovered.**

Continental Europe investigates its fires precisely as it investigates its dynamite explosions—or its murders. Save in Manitoba, Canada may be said to have no fire investigations whatever. In the United States there are now fire marshals in twenty-nine States. But in both countries, whether the fire marshal exists or whether he does not exist, the "investigation" is, in general, a Dogberry-and-Verges joke. For one capable fire marshal—and the capacity of some of them will be proved in these articles—there are three political hacks. They could not investigate a fire if they desired.

And if they desired, they could not afford to. The average State grants for its whole fire marshal's office less than half the sum which the Federal Government spends for the apprehension of a single gang of counterfeiters. Every "insurance fire" of any account represents months—sometimes more than a year—of the most careful planning and "covering." The crime can be uncovered only by weeks of work on the part of a clever business detective, helped by an experienced accountant searching through the criminal's ledgers. And we have States where fires are "investigated" at twenty-five and fifty cents apiece!

In New York and Chicago and Philadelphia one deputy fire marshal, at about $3 a day, is expected to "investigate" anywhere from thirty-five to fifty fires a week!

Suppose, however, that the "investigation" has led to the capture of the criminal, and he has been brought to trial.

THE LAW'S WEAKNESS

FIFTH—**We have made it easy, by the weakness of our arson laws, for the criminal, even when discovered, to escape punishment.**

Our essential arson laws and our laws of evidence were enacted before any such thing as fire insurance existed. That a man should wish to burn his *own* property is not within their conception! In three different States cases have been recently admitted to appeal on the question whether the criminal has *not* the right to burn property which, if profoundly enough thought upon, *is* his own. If any man can sit through three arson trials and keep any respect for the law whatever, the writer envies him his philosophy! "To have any real chance of success," says an eminent insurance lawyer, "one must virtually see the incendiary light the fire, and then bring into court the match and candle!" Even by the testimony of its fire commissioner, who would not overstate the case, New York has at least 4,000 cases of arson a year. Between 1901 and 1911 there were less than two convictions a year. "In 90 per cent of our cases," testified former Fire Marshal Beers of New York in 1911, "we cannot even make an arrest."

OUR "COFFIN SHIPS OF THE LAND"

THESE are the conditions which produce our criminal insurance fires, and which, working together, are rapidly making our fire loss greater than all Europe's.

Forty years ago almost exactly the same conditions maintained in British marine law and marine insurance. The strong groups or associations of Lloyds, "within certain well-defined limits," welcomed

We Specialize on Style

WE can hardly make Holeproof Hose *wear* any better. We pay an average of 74 cents a pound for Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton Yarn. Common yarn sells for 32 cents. We send to Japan for silk. Common silk won't do for "Holeproof." Our processes are the latest and best. Ninety-five per cent of our output has outlasted the guarantee for the past thirteen years.

Therefore, most of our time and effort are now being concentrated on *style*.

The result is an ideal hose for occasions where formal evening dress is required—especially at dances and balls, where stylish, sheer hose *that will wear are a necessity*. Because of this double quality, a million people are wearing "Holeproof."

Six pairs of cotton hose must wear six months. Three pairs of silk hose must wear three months. That is guaranteed. And it means every stitch. If a *thread* breaks, we replace the hose free.

Holeproof Hosiery
Reg. U.S. Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Freschl

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Look for the signature, *Carl Freschl*
Stamped on every pair.

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. Dealers' names on request, or we'll ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

Men's cotton "Holeproof" cost $1.50 to $3.00 a box of six pairs; women's and children's, $2.00 to $3.00 a box; infants', $1.00 a box of four pairs. All above boxes guaranteed six months. Men's silk "Holeproof" cost $2.00 a box of three pairs; women's, $3.00 a box of three pairs. Silk hose guaranteed three months. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy." See how these wonderful hose are made.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Can.

Are Your Hose Insured?

(112)

YOU know that when it comes right down to the final perfection of motor car designing, the French lead the world. Other engineers have not worked out such a combination of strength with beauty of design; such perfect distribution of weight and wearing parts; such ease of operation.

Because the Mitchell car has been designed in our own plant by one of the leading automobile engineers of France, and built under the direction of our American engineer—to assure its being perfectly adapted to American road conditions and uses—it is called

The American Built French Car

The result of this combination of French and American ideas is the finest automobile offered to buyers this year at anywhere near the price. It is equipped with the most powerful and efficient motor yet developed—the new long stroke T-head type. It is operated by left drive with center control; it has electric lights and electric self-starter, each independent of the other; it has every 1913 improvement offered by other 1913 cars *at any price.*

Further: throughout the manufacture of every Mitchell automobile are found the same high standards of material and workmanship that have prevailed in Mitchell vehicle plants for the past 78 years.

All 1913 Mitchell cars have left drive and center control; Bosch ignition; Rayfield carburetor; Firestone demountable rims; rain-vision windshield; Jones speedometer; silk mohair top with dust cover; Turkish upholstered cushions; Timken front axle bearings; gauges on the dash to show air pressure and oil pressure; gauge in the gasoline tank showing amount of gasoline it contains; and a portable electric lamp which also illuminates the instruments on the dash.

All with T-head motor, electric self-starter, electric lighting system, and 36-inch wheels.

	MOTOR	Wheel Base	Prices F.O.B. Racine
7-passenger Six	60 H. P. 4¼x7 in	144-in. . .	$2,500
2 or 5-passenger Six	50 H. P. 4 x6 in.	132-in. . .	1,850
2 or 5-passenger Four	40 H. P. 4¼x7 in.	120-in. . .	1,500

For Canadian prices and name of nearest Canadian dealer, write to us.

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company

Racine, Wisconsin

Branches: New York Philadelphia Atlanta Dallas Kansas City London Paris

The Business of Arson

(*Concluded from page 25*)

wrecks. The marine broker was in control. His profits were greatest on the rotten ships. And he could insure and overinsure anything he chose. He had no wrecker as a partner to give him tenfold profits when the ship went down; we have added that.

The rotten marine risk—they used to call it the "coffin ship"—was sent out "freighted with insurance." It went to the bottom, as it was meant to. But in the official casualty reports, all was "accident," "cause unknown," the act of God.

In almost no case was there an investigation. It was held that the men at Lloyd's were the natural protectors from wrecks, and it was for them to investigate, notwithstanding that, "within certain well-defined limits," the more wrecks there were, the greater were the dividends at Lloyd's!

Forty years ago it seemed quite natural to Englishmen that unless a ship, when wrecked, was carrying passengers, there should be no question of investigating the accident at all. If there was an investigation, no one was ever convicted.

It seemed quite natural to Englishmen that from 1867 to 1873 the loss of sailors' lives in their merchant ships should average 2,700 a year—four times the loss of to-day and forty times, if we measure by tonnage. It seemed perfectly natural to Englishmen in 1873 that certain trades should have vastly more wrecks than others, that in certain hard-time years there should be sudden and terrific increases in wrecks, that threatened legislation should bring about terrific increases. But it was all the "act of God."

Now their marine situation in 1873, and our general situation in 1913, are alike both in cause and effect. For precisely the same reasons—human greed, human hypocrisy, human blindness—we have our coffin ships of the land.

But England reformed all this; in fact, there is no disease in our fire situation but has its tried and proved remedy. No decent men in fire insurance but would welcome the application of these remedies. First of all, however, there must be light and honesty.

The article to follow will be entitled "The Rotten Risk."

Pure Food

(*Concluded from page 15*)

containing them can also be shown. A collection of headache powders may also be of public interest. Quotations showing the effect of various adulterants are of educational value.

WHAT WOULD IT COST?

PRINCIPALLY the maintenance of a suitable room. The samples cost nothing, as they are loaned by manufacturers or by dealers.

HOW CAN IT BE DONE WITHOUT GETTING INTO LEGAL TROUBLE?

BY making it a *pure*-food museum—that is, by exhibiting articles of unquestioned purity and quality. If pure food only is exhibited, there can be no legal complication. By doing this your silence on the other type deals adulterated products a solar-plexus blow.

WHO WILL MAKE THE CHEMICAL TESTS?

IF one believes that products listed in "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods" are of the right type, there is abundant material with which to start, as practically all foods having national distribution are listed therein. Besides these, however, there is undoubtedly a vast number of worthy food products which are not in this book. The local chemist, the local board of health, the chemistry department of high school or college, reports of agricultural experiment stations, and the like should be able to afford needed information on these unlisted goods. COLLIER'S at all times stands ready to be of service to those who are interested in this particular phase of the subject. It is, of course, necessary that the public do its share in the work by schooling itself to carefully read the labels on all packages of food products and to return promptly to the dealer all those goods which are said to contain material not in accord with the local standard.

The Truth about Foods

A QUESTION *and answer department, conducted for the benefit of the consumer. Letters should be addressed: Lewis B. Allyn, care of* COLLIER'S, *416 W. 13th Street, New York City.*

Cooking Oils

What is cooking oil made from?—C. J. GIBSON, Kansas City, Mo.

Many substances adapt themselves to this purpose, prominent among which are olive oil, cottonseed oil, peanut oil, sesame oil, coconut oil, corn oil, and many compounds and mixtures of these substances.

How about Alkaline Cocoa?

Is cocoa, made by the use of lye or alkali, to make it strong and dark, healthy and commendable to the public?—C. A. HUNTER, Washington, Pa.

Judging from the number of inquiries, there is considerable interest on this subject. First of all, lye or alkalies are not added to make the cocoa strong and dark, but rather to prevent it from precipitating or settling unduly in the bottom of the cup after it is prepared for use. We quote from "Pure Foods," Olsen, page 110:

"By the Dutch process the cocoa is treated with hot water and alkalies, such as potassium, sodium, or magnesium carbonate. In the German process ammonia or ammonium carbonate is used. This results in the production of a purer cocoa, as in the subsequent roasting the ammonium compounds are entirely expelled, while the soda, potash, or magnesia introduced by the Dutch process remain in the finished cocoa. The presence of these constituents may be desirable for some people, while they could never be considered injurious."

Soluble Cocoa

I notice on a can of cocoa the term "soluble." Is not this a misstatement, as I cannot make it dissolve in hot water?—MRS. W. E. BEMIS, Baltimore, Md.

It is a misstatement. The word "soluble" as applied to cocoa is a misnomer. There is no such thing as soluble cocoa. Analysis shows that the amount of substance of the cocoa soluble in boiling water is about 23.5 per cent. This would leave over three-fourths of the cocoa insoluble. Manufacturers have various methods of preventing sedimentation of the particles. The two principal ones being, first, to divide the material so finely that the particles cannot readily fall, a condition similar to that seen when clay is mixed with water; second, by adding some foreign substance, such as starch of sugar, which shall increase the specific gravity of the liquid or thicken it so that the insoluble matter will not deposit.

Trouble with Molasses

All molasses I have seen in this town contains sulphur dioxide. Is that necessary? Is that ingredient harmful? Can I get molasses of good quality free from this chemical?—M. L., Helena, Mont.

After considerable correspondence with the makers, we are informed that sulphur, often in the form of calcium sulphite, is used in the clarifying process, hence the presence of this element in the finished product. Sulphur dioxide readily unites with water, forming a compound known as sulphurous acid. Practically all New Orleans and Porto Rico molasses contains this chemical, as do many of the so-called "Sultana" raisins, dried fruits, canned mushrooms, many gelatins, and jelly powders. It is one of the legal poisons.

"The administration of sulphurous acid in the food produces serious disturbances of the metabolic functions. It adds an immense burden to the kidneys, which cannot result in anything but injury. It impoverishes the blood in respect to the number of red and white corpuscles therein, and the administration of a substance which diminishes these important component particles of the blood is in every sense highly prejudicial to health." (See Circular No. 37, United States Department of Agriculture.)

And yet in the face of this compounds of sulphur are permitted by Federal law.

We have examined several samples of Barbados molasses, and found these to be practically free from sulphur dioxide.

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

A Story Ages Old

When one man does one thing better than anyone else, the world always finds him out.

That's all there is to the Goodyear story, now on a million tongues.

Make no mistake. One tire has not outsold all others without a reason for it.

And the hundreds of thousands who have come to this new type are not men to be deceived.

The Story Is This

Men sought a way to minimize the cost of tire upkeep.

Fourteen years ago the Goodyear people started out to find it.

The way was hard, the path unblazed, progress very slow. Five years after starting we made scarcely more than one per cent of the tires.

Three of our rivals at that time made 70 times as many.

Six years after starting our cost of replacement, under our warrant, ran 1.43 per cent. And that, in a most sensational way, broke all the records of Tiredom.

It was then—in 1906—that men began to recognize the worth of Goodyear tires.

Then Came Two Great Inventions

Then the Goodyear experts brought out a new way of building tires. It secured equal tension on every inch of the fabric. We control the patents on it.

They also brought out the No-Rim-Cut type, which is also controlled by our patents.

That ended rim-cutting, which destroys about 23 per cent of all old-type tires.

Then these tires were made 10 per cent oversize. And that, with the average car, added 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These features together gave No-Rim-Cut tires an advantage which proved irresistible.

Flood-Like Demand

From that time on Goodyear sales doubled every year.

Then they more than doubled. Last year's increase was 125 per cent, though orders for 400,000 tires had to go unfilled.

Long ago these tires outsold every other tire in existence. Now this year's output, in all probability, will exceed two million tires.

Nearly half of all the new cars this year will go to their buyers with Goodyear equipment.

Odometers Did It

The greatest jump in Goodyear sales came with the vogue of odometers.

Men used to buy tires by guesswork—by old-time reputation. They rarely made actual comparisons.

But most cars now have mileage recorders. Men buy their tires by records.

As a result, our output today is seven times larger than two years ago.

Heed What Users Say

Some hundreds of thousands of motor cars now are running on Goodyear tires.

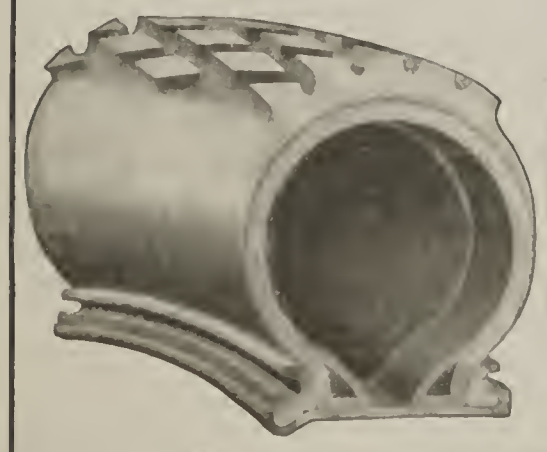
Wherever you look you will find men who know them—men who know their records. Ask some of those men to reveal their comparisons.

Common sense tells you that tires which can't rim-cut—oversize tires—must be better than others.

Common sense says that tires which **outsell** must **excel** in some ways.

Ask users if they do that. Then judge for yourself if it pays these people to insist on No-Rim-Cut tires.

Ask us for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all known ways to economize on tires.



GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

Here's a Winter Tread which experts consider the very last word in non-skids.

A double-thick tread, made of very tough rubber, immensely enduring.

Deep-cut, sharp-cut blocks countless edges and angles insuring a bulldog grip.

Blocks which meet at the base, so the strains are distributed just as with smooth-tread tires.

Have you ever seen another non-skid which meets these essentials?

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont. Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

The test of use has proved the economy and stability of **The Electric**

70% More Work Than Horses

In 5½ hours a 3½ ton truck of the Denver Gas & Electric Company traveled 24 miles to deliver 40,000 pounds of coke. This is one of 5 machines doing *70% more work* for this company than their former horse equipment.

Displaces 3 Wagons and 6 Mules

Every day a 5-ton Truck in the service of the American Tobacco Co. at Durham, N. C., is doing the work of three heavy wagons and six mules—doing it better, unfailingly and easily.

In Continuous Service for 7 Years

The Valley City Milling Co. of Grand Rapids, Mich., has used its hard-working 5-ton Electric Truck since 1905 as well as a 2-ton Truck of the same age. Both trucks are still in daily service and saving money for their owners.

Electrics Are Ready to Work for You

Right now you should be enjoying the satisfactory and economical service of electric trucks. You really cannot put off the investigation of their merits any longer. Upon request, we will gladly send you interesting literature about Electric Trucks gratis.

Public interest and private advantage both favor the Electric.

ELECTRIC VEHICLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

124 W. 42nd St.

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

I went in the direction of the Three Hills, but before I reached there I had a little adventure—I met my Cousin Matthew Gaunt

The Six Rubies

(*Continued from page 19*)

hall and thrust me into a square room which was dimly lighted by a single candle. They were about to drop me on the floor there like a bale of carpet, but old Matthew said:

"Wait! Hold him up!" So they held me, half erect, and my cousin came close and looked down at me, raising his hand. I saw what he meant to do.

"You're a brave man!" said I. "You drug people before you steal from them, you try to ride them down when they're doing you a courtesy, and you have your servants tie their hands and feet before you strike them. You're no Gaunt, you're a coward."

HE was quite mad, I think, but he seems to have had a little shame left. He uttered a kind of sobbing curse, turned and ran from the room. The two servants dropped me on the floor and followed him.

My head struck sharply as I fell, and I lay for a moment half stunned and dizzy, then I struggled to my knees, for I heard hurrying feet outside the door and voices raised; and one of the voices I should have known out of all the sounds in all the world.

I heard what sounded like a brief struggle, and my Cousin Matthew's tones loud and angry. I heard hands rattle the door knob, and at last Matthew's voice again:

"Burn with him then, you fool!"

The door opened, was slammed to again, and Diana came into the room where I was.

She ran and knelt beside me, held me with her arms.

"Are you hurt, Peter? Have they hurt you?"

I said: "No. I'm tied, hand and foot, but I'm not hurt. Leave me here, Diana! For God's sake go away! They'll do you harm. You're not safe here. Go away!"

She laughed and laid her face for an instant against my shoulder.

"I go when you go. Not before."

"Can you untie the rope that's round my arms?"

She fell upon it, pulling and straining. "They've drawn it so tight! The knots—they're so hard—oh, Peter, I can't! I can't! What shall I do?"

"Fetch the candle yonder!" I told her. "Burn one of the strands through!"

SHE said: "It will burn you too!" But I shook my head.

"No matter! Fetch it! There's no time to lose." And she brought the candle and I felt the heat of the flame against my back. Once it stung intolerably and I winced. Diana cried out, but I said:

"Go on! Go on! I can bear it. Be as quick as you can!" And presently the strand of rope gave way, she tore it from me, and my arms were free. I had my feet unbound in a moment and ran to the door.

There was no knob on the inside.

That stirred a memory in me and I looked round the room. At first it seemed both familiar and unfamiliar. Something was wanting to complete the picture in my mind. Then all at once I realized what the thing was. On the wall opposite the windows where the tall trick mirror had, eight months since, marked the secret passage there now hung a panel of tapestry. It was the very room where I had been trapped before.

I gave a shout of relief and rushed to one of the windows. I tore away curtain and blind. I felt for the fastenings of the outside shutter and my hand encountered iron.

The window was barred by a strong grating and the ends of the iron bars were set in stone.

"He has had bars put on all the windows of the house," Diana said. "It was done last winter." And I turned and looked at her with a sudden gravity. I began to see how complete my helplessness was.

"There's still the passage," said I, and went to the opposite wall and pulled aside the tapestry. The opening had been boarded up, but the planks looked none too strong to me—ordinary matched boards an inch thick.

I said: "Stand away a little, please!" I choose a chair, whirled it over my head and dashed it down upon the floor. At the second attempt it went to pieces and I took one of the legs and set to work at the edge of the planking.

IT came away without much trouble. Matthew had been careless there. I had the passage open in two or three minutes. Then I thought of something and turned to Diana.

"What did Matthew mean by saying to you: 'Burn with him, then!'"

She didn't answer me at once. She was looking at the bottom of the hall door. I went across to her and she pointed.

A little thin sheet of smoke was creeping lazily into the room.

"He's burning the house, Peter!" she whispered, and took my arm with her two hands. Her voice was steady and so were her hands on my arm.

I had a moment of frightful and hideous panic. I saw her aflame before me. I saw her die dreadfully—and all through my headstrong willful blindness. I think I must have tottered on my feet, for I remember that she laid her arms about me and seemed to be holding me up.

"Will it be so bad—you and I together?"

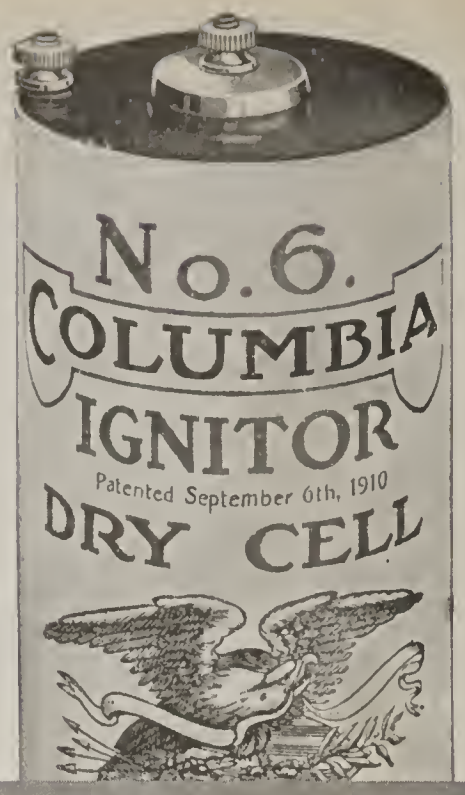
I didn't answer her. I couldn't. I caught her hand and dragged her across to where I had made a wreck of Matthew's boarding.

"There's still the passage. Come!" I took up the candle and went before her into the dark way between the walls. She followed me without a word. There was a faint smell of smoke in the passage, and at one point, as we ran, it was thicker, so that the flame of the candle looked like a light in a fog. There were rats, too. I heard them scurrying before us, and once Diana, who wasn't proof against the chief terror of her sex, screamed and caught at [illegible] one of them dashed by our feet.

J[illegible] over my shoulder:

[illegible] this lead anywhere except up to t[illegible]" and she told me that an arm [illegible]tended into an unused room of [illegible], but the exit from that room into [illegible] air was closed by an iron door [illegible] as always locked. So we ran

(*Continued on page 31*)



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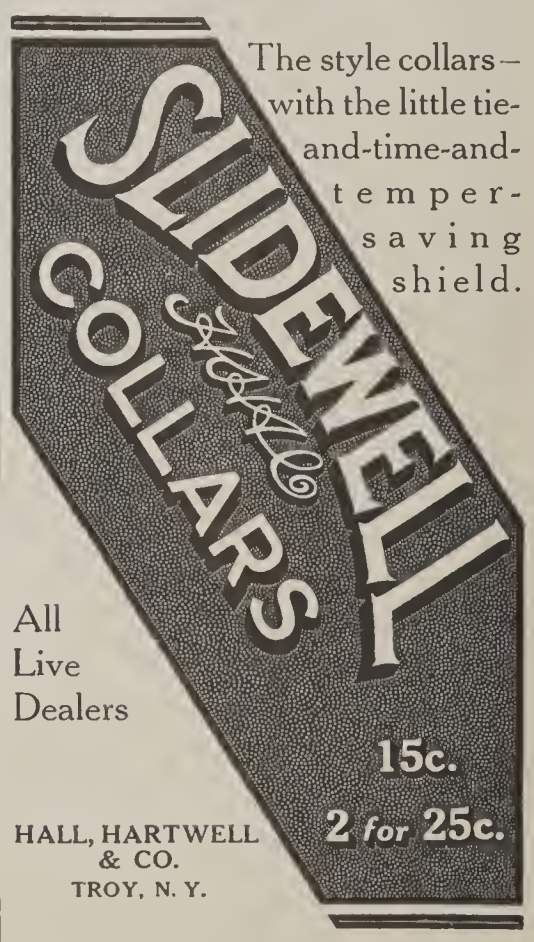

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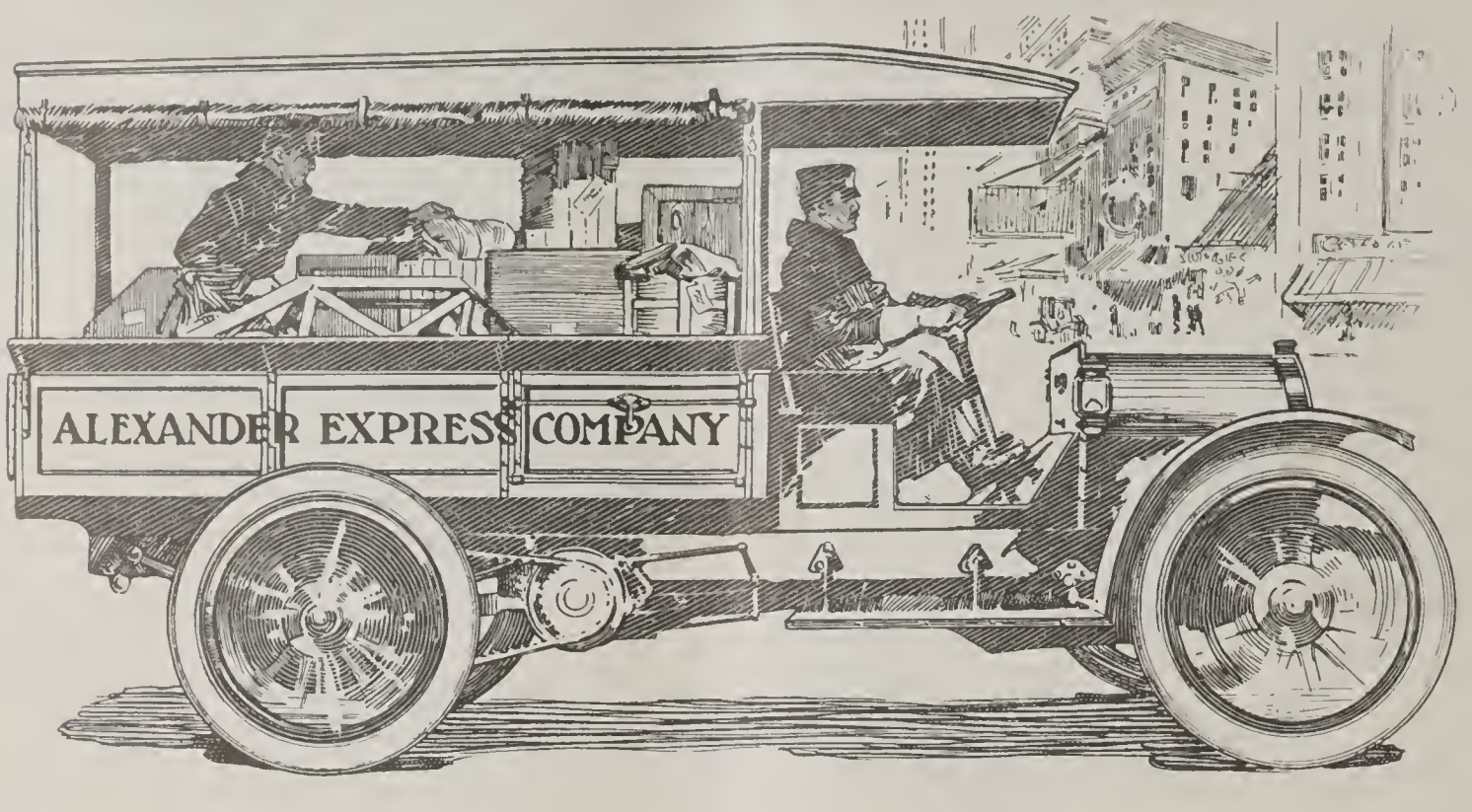

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JOHN N. WILLYS, President

The Six Rubies

Continued from page 28)

en, mounted the steep steps, up which I had once chased Enoch Gaunt and came out into the big raftered attic where piles of timber and packing boxes and disused furniture and barrels and old toys lay in an untidy litter.

THERE were no curtains nor shutters to the windows here, and the moonlight lay white and calm and peaceful across the floor. But it was like moonlight upon the floor of a prison cell, for it was crossed by black bars.

I ran to the mouth of the passage which led down within the walls of the opposite side of the house. I hadn't forgotten in eight months where it was. I pulled open the door and shut it again with a groan, for a cloud of smoke had burst out into my face and the cloud was shot with red.

Diana met me as I turned back.

"Are we—done for, Peter? Is this the end?"

I looked away but she gave a little laugh and laid her hands for an instant upon my breast.

"Will it be so bad—you and I together?" she asked me again.

"Diana! Diana!"

I went slowly across to one of the front windows and glanced out through the bars. The sky was almost clear of cloud rack. The moonlight lay across the hills and turned them silvery gray above the black of the valleys. I heard a train whistle very far away. I looked down close before the house. There was no one to be seen, but I thought I heard, from somewhere out of sight, faint voices and a confused shouting.

I THOUGHT of my Uncle Henry trapped somewhere below, bound, probably, as I had been bound—perhaps already burning.

"Murderer!" old mad Matthew had called me out in the road this morning. Well, so I was. So I was.

I sat down upon a low box in the barred moonlight, and Diana came and sat at my feet, and laid her head against me. There was no red in her hair in that silver radiance. I put my arms about her and held her close.

She said: "Don't grieve, Peter! Let's go gladly, since we have to go! Remember! I came to you of my own free will. I needn't have. I wanted to share whatever happened to you. Peter, I'd rather be here now than out there in the night. I would, truly. I mean it."

"I should think so!"

She had some magic about her—some spell—some sorcery. Perhaps all women have when they love. She charmed from me my grief and horror and bitterness. She made me forget the world and all that is in it. She made me forget death. I remember, as if it were a dream dreamed long ago, fragments of fond and foolish talk—questions— "How can you have cared so much after seeing me once for ten minutes? Has there been no one else? Did you think we should meet again?"—words like these, and broken phrases of wonder and of tenderness—vows and pledges: the things, I suppose, most lovers say. But we whispered them under the shadow of death and they took on dignity—a something eternal.

I remember that I was quite content, that I asked no more of this world. I was ready to die.

I have no conception of how long we sat there, close and whispering. Time had ceased for me. But I remember wondering at length, quite idly, why it was so little smoke came where we were, and I decided that it was because the lack of the house was burning the fiercest and that the wind blew that way.

The vast room in which we sat did not extend the whole length of the house. It covered perhaps somewhat more than half—the front half. Behind it was another room like itself, and between the two was a brick wall that rose, for some reason obscure to me, short by two or three feet of the roof. Over the top of this wall I could see a hot glow of crimson, and now and then a cloud of reddened smoke rolled out from it and billowed an instant among the rafters, but was sucked back.

I REMEMBER that my eyes rested with a kind of expectant apathy upon the top of that wall which must have seemed to me the dam over which sooner or later the fiery flood would pour and sweep us out of the concerns of this world. I remember staring at it and at the rafters above it for a long—an indeterminable time. And then very suddenly, Diana says that my body stiffened, that I rose to my knees, half pushing her away.

"Diana, is that a trapdoor in the roof—there, above the top of the wall?" I pointed and she rose and looked and said: "I think it is, Peter."

She says that I behaved then like a madman, running about the moonlit, firelit lumber room as if I were beside myself. For she had been with me in an enchanted land, and was still a little dazed by it, and didn't in the least understand what I was about.

I think my idea had been to collect and pile up enough boxes to reach the rafters, and mount upon the pile, but I did better: I found almost at once the ladder belonging to the hatchway. I raised it, leaned it against a rafter, and ran up it like a cat. There was smoke aloft and it was fiercely hot, but I felt for the fastenings of the hatch cover, and loosed them—strong steel hooks—one by one. Then I descended again.

DIANA asked me what it was I was searching for now and I told her rope.

"I must have a long piece of rope or several little ones knotted together. Help me!"

There was no rope and I was in despair, but Diana found in a packing case a number of linen bed sheets.

"We can tie the corners together,' she said, and I blessed her, and we ran once more to the ladder. I covered her head with my jacket against those rolling fiery clouds and we mounted, pushed up the trapdoor, and stepped out upon the roof. I let the hatch cover down again after us so that there should be no further draft for the fire.

As I had imagined, the back of the house was burning well: flames and a great volume of smoke were pouring from the upper windows. But there was a fresh wind and where we stood the air was clear, though it was very hot. We knotted the sheets together and I made one end fast and let the other down over the side of the house. It fell to within a foot or two of the ground. I pulled it up again and tied it round Diana's waist.

"Hold fast with your hands, above your head," I told her, "and keep yourself away from the wall with your knees!"

"I will, Peter," she said. "Never fear!" And smiled at me bravely in the firelight.

I lowered her down, inch by inch, thanking God for a strong back and arms. I couldn't see her as I paid out the rope of sheets, but when it was nearly at its end I heard her call and knew that she was safe. I went down after her, hand under hand.

She was waiting for me there in the dark and we stood together a moment looking into each other's faces.

"It's better to live than to die, Peter!" Diana said. And I had a swift vision of what life with her would be, and I held her up and kissed her and we laughed.

In front of the house we found a little group of people gathered—servants—a half-dozen men and three or four women. Some of the women were in their night clothes and one of them was sobbing and wailing. I suppose the two fellows who had seized and bound me were there among the lot, but if so, they made no effort to do me harm now.

I asked them: "Where's your master and where is my uncle, Mr. Gaunt?"

ONE of the men said: "The master's inside, sir." He came close to me, whispering: "He's gone mad, sir, the master has. Quite mad. He set fire to the house with coal oil and rags and matches. We tried to make him save himself, but he shouted and cursed and pointed at us with his pistol. We had to run."

"But where's my uncle?" I cried out. "Is he tied up in there?"

"I made so bold as to untie him, sir," the man said. "He was here a minute ago, asking after you. One of the women thought she'd seen you safe outside, and said so. The gentleman says: 'Thank God, for that!' And he waited a moment and then went in after the master."

I groaned.

My Uncle Henry trying to save that

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The Six Rubies

(*Concluded from page 31*)

armed maniac in a burning house! Diana was close beside me and I turned to her, spreading out my hands. She was very white, but she nodded and smiled.

"I won't stop you, Peter. Go! And God keep you!"

One of the servants had brought a foolish bucket of water and stood beside it as if waiting the proper moment to quench that vast mass of flame. I made him pour it over me, I looked once at Diana, and so ran under the porch and pulled open the front door.

Within, the hall was full of smoke, and of little wriggling flames, and of the roar and crackle of bigger ones. I stood and coughed and peered blindly before me, but presently the wind from the open door rolled the smoke back before it, like clouds or a bank of fog, and I could both see and breathe. Near where I stood, the walls and ceiling were burning—little casual snakelike fires—but, midway the length of the hall, a part of the ceiling and the floor above had fallen in a blazing heap of litter. Beyond, at the back, everything seemed to be flames, and, among them, reared upon the landing of the stairs some four or five feet above the floor, stood my Cousin Matthew, the wildest, the most awful, and the most fantastic figure I have ever seen, or, God willing, ever shall see.

GREAT blazing embers fell about him in a kind of hellish snowstorm: his clothes were on fire in a dozen places: his shaggy hair and his great beard gave off a red-lit smoke. He rocked back and forth as he stood there, screeching what may have been curses—they had a sound of hideous exultation—and he waved in his right hand a pistol, a big old-fashioned revolver. Indeed, as he first came into my view, he fired a shot from this down toward the mass of fallen blazing timber beneath him, and then I realized that sounds of explosion I had heard on entering had been shots and not the crackling of the fire.

I set up a shout and ran down the hall, leaping over the smoldering obstructions before me as I came to them. Old Matthew saw me and threw up his arms. I saw his eyes distend and stare in indescribable horror. I saw the whites of them through smoke and flame. I saw his mouth gape open. Not even poor Solomon's dead face had been more terrible.

He uttered a dreadful scream: "*You! You alive?* Haven't I killed you after all? Whom have I killed then? Who is that other down there?"

He screamed again—it was like weeping aloud—a horrid scream of anguish and despair and baffled fury. He raised the big pistol in his hand and hurled it at me but it went wide. He rocked back and forth, a flaming torch of a man. He cried out yet again, but a flat and gasping cry. I saw a sudden change come over his face. I saw once more the whites of his eyes, and he began to topple very slowly forward, down across the rail of the stair landing.

I reached his side almost as soon as he had struck the floor. He lay with his head twisted under him, and his neck was broken. I made certain of that, but I was as certain that the man had been dead before he fell. I had seen him die standing there on his feet among flames.

I TURNED from him and ran to the heap of charred and smoking timbers where he had fired his last shot. Then I understood what he had meant by that furious cry of rage and disappointment. For my Uncle Henry and I greatly resemble each other and it was my uncle who lay still, face down, among the ruins.

I dragged him up and turned his face to the firelight. He was scorched and blackened but alive. I looked hastily for bullet wounds, but could find none. So, gathering him up in my arms, I began to make my way toward the door.

It was a way through hell, for a back draft was swirling smoke and fiery embers about us, and more than once I seemed to myself to breathe flames and could see nothing before me, and stumbled and fell across my uncle's body. My clothes were on fire, I know, and so were my uncle's. I remember a dreadful sound of crashing and the fresh crackle of fire behind—that was a further portion of the floor and ceiling falling—and then I very dimly remember staggering out into the black night and falling prone for the last time.

I came to my senses, later on, with Diana bending close over me.

"You're not hurt, dear Peter," I heard her, "only scorched and half smothered. And your uncle isn't hurt either." She bent lower and laid her face to mine and I gave a feeble laugh, for some of the black came off on her cheek.

They must have been drenching me with water, for I found myself very wet.

Later still Diana said: "Otho is here. His father tried to make him stay in the house but he escaped. He has something for you."

THE boy came up. He was very much frightened and half hysterical. He pressed something into my hand.

"Take it! I don't want it. I never wanted it. He made me. Take it back before anything more happens!"

I looked down and the thing he had put into my hand was the last of the Gaunt rubies. I had quite forgotten about it.

Why I Went into Politics

(*Concluded from page 22*)

lishing a State government composed of two distinct Territories that had hitherto had so few things in common. I, too, saw that there was offered to the man who would be chosen as the first Governor of Oklahoma the greatest opportunity that had ever been afforded an American citizen to be of a service of incalculable value to the [illegible].

[illegible] than a million people were to be [illegible] into a State government. A [illegible] totaling hundreds of millions of [illegible] was involved in the transaction. [illegible] were to be established, roads built, [illegible] zens of other important matters [illegible] be dealt with affecting the permanent prosperity and happiness of the [illegible].

[illegible] this appealed to me with irresistible [illegible] I have always felt that that man's [illegible] crowned with greatest success who [illegible] achieved most in the interest of others. [illegible]elding to the temptation, I made the [illegible] for nomination on the Democratic [illegible]t for first Governor of Oklahoma. I [illegible] defeated by a small margin. Two [illegible]rs ago, when the time came to select [illegible]econd Governor, many of those who [illegible] supported me in my first race imported me to again offer myself for the Governorship. I saw that there yet were many opportunities to be of real service to the people, and again I surrendered to political temptation and became a candidate for Governor and was nominated and elected.

I am not a politician. I despise the self-seeking professional politician and believe that he is a menace to good government, and know that he is at war with popular government.

Whatever I have done in the political arena has been done in an honest effort to rid the people of the domination and control of the self-interested few and to see that the government is so administered that the humblest citizen in the State shall be as thoroughly protected in his rights and interests as the most influential man in Oklahoma.

If, during my administration, there can be brought to pass in this State a condition that will afford to the people efficient government economically administered, where each man's right is recognized and respected, and where the laws are made and administered so as to deal out exact justice to all, I will retire from the office into private life satisfied that my entrance into politics has not been in vain.

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The magnetic type was born about nine years ago—long after the centrifugal speedometer was on the market. Up to this time every speedometer made was built on the centrifugal principle. But the introduction of the magnetic type instantaneously marked the retrogradation of the centrifugal instrument. In this short period it revolutionized and reformed speed and mileage service all over the world. This statement is backed by the following facts and figures:

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Practically every automobile manufacturer in America has selected the magnetic and rejected the centrifugal.

And all this for the very simple reason that the magnetic speedometer both in principle, construction and operation gives the most practical, dependable and accurate speed and mileage indication.

The magnetic speedometer is the only instrument made that will give accurate speed measurement below 7 miles an hour. The centrifugal instrument by the very nature of its construction *cannot* begin to register until an automobile has reached the speed of, at least, 7 miles an hour.

The centrifugal type of instrument operates at a speed of 2500 revolutions as against 1000 in the magnetic type. This high speed means wear of bearing parts and loss of accuracy. Low speed means long service and permanent accuracy.

See that your car is equipped with the magnetic Stewart, and you'll be sure of life long speed and mileage accuracy.

Catalogue giving full information on request.

Car manufacturers select the Stewart because their patrons are assured of service. We are the only manufacturers of speedometers maintaining permanent service stations in all large cities.

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Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation

What the Club Women Can Do—*In Your Town*

A CLUB WOMAN in a little city in New Jersey arranged a pure-food lecture before the members. The lecturer told the story of Westfield, Mass.—how it had analyzed and listed in book form the pure-foods—how this directory was used by its citizens in their daily buying. The members present were quickly interested. They secured five hundred odd copies of the Book, supplied a copy to every member and saw that every good grocer in the town got one, too.

In one week that city went farther toward food purity than it had travelled in any ten years of its history. The effect of the united, simultaneous influence of several hundred of the most intelligent women in the town, the simplicity and directness of the Westfield plan, and the visible financial advantage of following it, convinced the grocers almost overnight.

They featured foods that are *really* pure, they kept the doubtful and the bad brands in the background or withdrew them altogether. And even the women who didn't care what they bought benefited along with those who brought all this about.

Here is a simple miracle that can happen in *your* town, if *you* will get *your* Club to take it up. Arrange for a lecture on pure foods in general and the Westfield plan in particular.* Get a few copies of The Westfield Book of Pure Foods and have them ready for the members who want them.

Have the Club communicate with your local grocers and ask their cooperation—you'll be astonished to find how readily they'll give it, and how interested they'll be in the Westfield Idea and the simple Westfield way of telling the difference between foods that *feed* and foods that poison.

Your Club can do this easily and well. Every member of it will benefit by it—and every outsider, too. But some one person always has to begin a movement of this sort.

Will *you* be that person for your Club and your town? Begin by sending for

*Collier's will gladly cooperate with any Club or club woman wishing to follow this plan, and full information can be obtained by addressing: Pure Food Department, Collier's, 416 W. 13th St., New York.

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods

It is simply a compact, handy, indexed and classified list of *a large number of absolutely pure brands* under 117 different classifications, sifted out of the many thousands analyzed during the last ten years by the competent food chemists of this Pure Food Town. It does *not* mention *all* the pure brands on the market—because not *all* foods have been analyzed, and many honest products are necessarily omitted from it. But it *does* name so many of the pure, wholesome products of national sale that at least one of the brands it approves under each important classification can be bought at almost any grocery.

You need only get a copy of The Westfield Book of Pure Foods and specify any one of the foods it mentions when you order, to be *absolutely* sure of securing provisions thoroughly fit for your use. So long as you leave the choice to the chance whim of the grocer's clerk, or ask for brands of which you know nothing, you are exposing yourself and your family to the practical certainty of drugged, debased, adulterated and misbranded goods.

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods was originally issued for the protection of Westfield people. But in answer to a general demand the Board has republished it for wider circulation and will mail a copy to any address on receipt of 10c in silver to cover the costs.

Get the Westfield Book and use it in your buying. But don't stop there. Try to interest the Women's Club in your town. United action will do for your city what it accomplished so swiftly and easily in other communities. A little effort on your part will set this force in motion.

But *begin* by filling out the coupon and mailing it today to the Board of Health, Westfield, Mass., for the Book which makes you *sure* your food is *pure*.

TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE

BOARD OF HEALTH,
WESTFIELD, MASS. 2-22-13

Enclosed find 10 cents in silver, for which send me "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

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Street .....

Post Office .....

My Grocer .....

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Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

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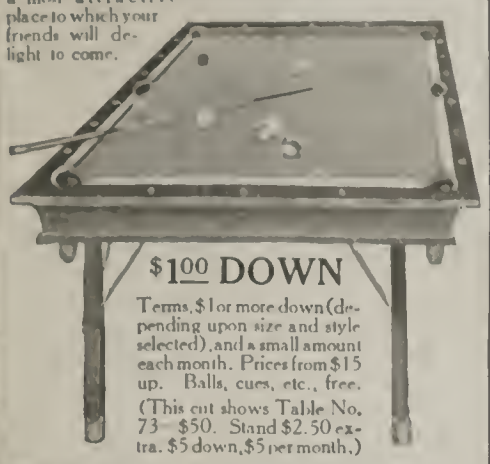

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Palm Beach

Continued from page 17

gambling was outlawed at Saratoga there has been nothing like it in this country, and, so far as my own experience goes, I have never seen a better conducted gambling club even on the Continent where such places are so common. If the Beach Club did not make Palm Beach famous, it has certainly done much to add to its popularity, and many men, and no doubt some women too, go there for the sole purpose of risking their money over the green tables. It is a proprietary club, run by two brothers who apparently know everything there is to know about running a gambling club, from getting a State charter to calculating to a nicety the difference in profits which accrue from a roulette wheel that has one zero and from the other kind that has two. I quote the following from the by-laws of the club, which was incorporated in 1899:

THE *object for which this club is organized is for social purposes, including (as set forth in the charter from the State) the privilege of conducting a private café, buffet, and such games of amusement as the management of the same and its members may from time to time agree upon.*

This club being organized under the laws of the State, all applicants for membership must be personally *indorsed by from one to three members, as the board may exact, and after due consideration, if such applicant is acceptable, the secretary will issue a membership card of admittance.*

No gentleman under the age of twenty-five years will be admitted as a member of this club or as a guest of a member, and even though an applicant may be twenty-five, if in the judgment of the board such applicant appears younger, his application may be rejected at the discretion of two members of the board.

Members are required to wear evening dress after 7 P. M.

All bills incurred must be settled within twenty-four hours.

Ladies will be admitted to clubroom only when accompanied by a member.

No person a resident of the State of Florida and no person even though a foreign resident but connected with any business within the State will be admitted to this club.

THE difficulties of becoming a member depend entirely on the character and standing of the applicant. If he is well known as a reputable citizen and has an adequate bank account, or has friends who are already members and will vouch for him, his admission is a mere matter of form. If he is unknown to any of the members or to the proprietors, I do not believe that if he established his financial responsibility by an exhibition of untold cash that he could possibly gain admission. Of course, it is only the strictest enforcement of this policy that has given to the place the atmosphere of an exclusive club which it unquestionably has. Indeed, the management varies from that of any other similar affair of which I know in that it seems to lend all its energies to keeping people out rather than drawing them in.

As an instance of this, I have heard that the club employs several detectives who live at the hotels and secretly investigate the standing and habits of various guests. The idea being to ascertain any reasons why these particular visitors should be refused admittance in case they made an effort to become members. Much trouble, however, is saved these sleuths by the fact that at least four-fifths of the guests at the big hotels would not voluntarily enter any club or restaurant, or whatever it chooses to call itself, where gambling is allowed.

IF the outside of the clubhouse is extremely modest in its appearance, and has all the exterior characteristics of an humble cottage, the interior is most attractive and is furnished with a lavish hand and in excellent taste. One enters on a large vestibule, where the secretary sits behind his desk and examines the credentials of anyone with whom he is not familiar. To the left there is a small cafe, which is used principally for late suppers. Back of the vestibule there is a broad hallway leading to the room devoted to gambling, and on the right of this hallway is the restaurant. When crowded to its utmost this room has space for only one hundred and twenty guests, so, during the season, it can readily be imagined how strenuous are the

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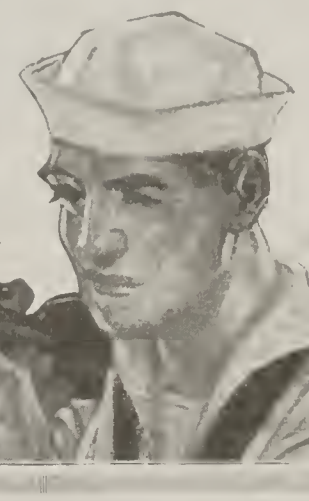

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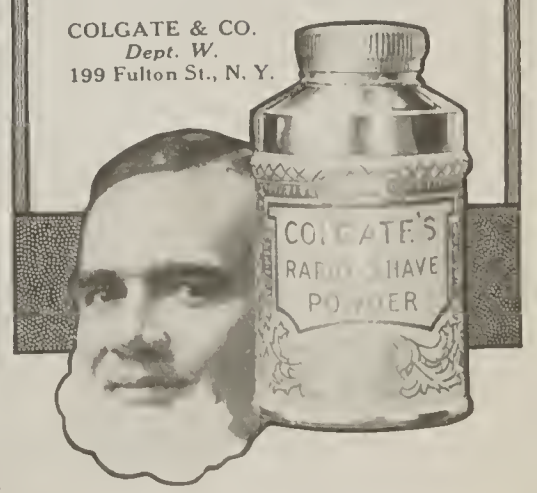

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STEEL ROW BOATS AND CEDAR CANOES

Palm Beach

(*Continued from page 35*)

efforts of the members to get a table in this much-coveted space.

THE clubroom or where "such games of amusement as the management of the same and its members may from time to time agree upon" take place is a fairly large, round room, brilliantly lighted, charmingly furnished, and is in all ways extremely well adapted to its purpose. There are half a dozen roulette tables and two devoted to hazard. During the afternoon a few people may drop in for a game after a lunch party in the club restaurant, but the place does not thoroughly wake up until about ten o'clock at night. The one hundred and twenty souls who were fortunate enough to have dined in the adjoining room straggle in, and those who have been to dinner parties at the Poinciana and the Breakers, and many of those who have not been to dinner parties, wander over to the club, and either tempt fortune themselves or stand about and watch others do it who are richer or more daring. A great many of the women who go to the club never play at all, but sit on the apple-green, silk lounges against the apple-green, brocaded walls, and chat with their friends, and, with their wonderful clothes and still more wonderful jewels, form a beautiful background to the general scene of action about the tables. During the month of February, when the season is at its best, this room, from ten o'clock until midnight, is crowded with smartly dressed men, the most beautiful women, and the women who wear the costliest dresses and jewels of which the country can boast. As a brilliant spectacle, as a display of tastefully if perhaps not well-spent millions, I know of nothing that compares with it in the way of a semipublic resort. It really seems as if all the wealth from the rock and soil of the United States had been turned into silks and laces and precious stones, and hung on the backs and about the necks of its most lovely women, and then the women had been gathered together in this one room. The scene is as unlike that of the rotunda of the Poinciana after dinner as a sunset is unlike an oil painting of a sunset in the barroom of a mining camp. But the greatest charm of the place, and what makes it unique in this country, is its informality. Women wander about the rooms or the halls in couples or alone; a young girl who has but just seen her first winter in society will "borrow" ten or twenty dollars from an indulgent father and run off to a table and, quite alone, try her own particular system at roulette or hazard. When she has lost, as she is pretty sure to do, still unaccompanied, she will search for her indulgent father in the dining room or the café until she has found him and borrowed some more. The whole manner of the place is that of a number of people who are having an extremely happy evening at a house party. Very unlike Monte Carlo, one never sees the drawn, anxious face of the inveterate man or woman gambler. At the Beach Club gambling has all the appearance of an amusing game played by people to whom it makes little difference whether they win or lose. Nothing could be less sordid or grim.

THE answer to this is, of course, very simple. No professional gambler could become a member of the club, and the men and women who play there, almost without exception, gamble for the sport and with no particular thought and less hope of increasing their bank accounts. As a game of chance the club has all the advantage. Like most of the roulette wheels used in America, those at Palm Beach have two zeros, which gives the bank a very large percentage—more than twice that at Monte Carlo, where they use only one zero, and where in the case of zero coming up all bets on the simple chances are put "in bank" and played for at the next spin. In the game of hazard the chances are a fraction more in favor of the player. At the Beach Club the low limit is fifty cents and the high limit would depend entirely on how well the management knew the player and his financial responsibility. I should imagine that at least nine-tenths of the players at the Beach Club use fifty-cent chips and, as a rule, play an extremely moderate game. I know of many men who during the season have dined every night for years at the club and have never made a bet. The average man player, I should won or lost from fifty to five hun-

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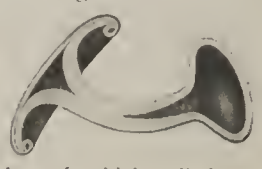

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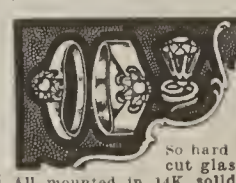

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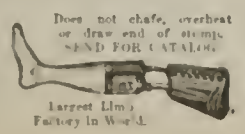

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Palm Beach

(*Continued from page 36*)

dred dollars a night, and the women but a small fraction of this. On my last visit there a man won about twenty-five thousand dollars one night and lost the same amount the evening following. The heaviest loser of the season was a young man who was reported to have lost between seventy and eighty thousand, but it took him nearly a month to get rid of it all, so he probably had a lot of thrills while he was about it. In all ways the Beach Club is a perfectly good restaurant and gambling establishment. As a spectacle it is marvelously beautiful; as a rendezvous for the young and old who are bent on a happy, joyous, sporting evening, it is unsurpassed in this country; and, above and beyond all, there is a charter from the State in the safe. Therefore, there is no danger whatever that a group of gentlemen in blue clothes and gold buttons will break in the door and carry you off in a black Maria to the police station.

IN one marked particular the Beach Club is as different from the gambling clubs on the Continent (as, for instance, the Villa des Fleurs at Aix-les-Bains) as the rest of Palm Beach is different from the Continental winter and summer resorts. The assets of the latter are women, cards, and wine, and, as attractions to lure the visitor, in all probability should be ranked in that order. Now, while "cards" may come first in the life of many of the visitors to Palm Beach, "women" have no place there at all. This may be accounted for by the high standard of morals of American men, or it may arise from the fact that Palm Beach is so exceedingly small a place that if one of these gay Birds of Paradise should go there she would be quite as conspicuous as a bronze stag on a commuter's lawn. The only instance of the kind I saw was one night last winter when, after dinner, three very beautiful and very wonderfully gowned ladies sauntered arm in arm into the hotel office. Both in their manner as well as in their looks they strongly suggested an early-morning party at a cabaret performance on upper Broadway. As their "girlish laughter" rang out through the big room, old men awoke from their after-dinner naps and peered over their newspapers; the cohorts of bell hops turned pale under their ebony skins; the hotel clerks exchanged hasty, horror-stricken glances, and then hung over the desk and fearfully watched the three graces trip merrily across the office and disappear through a door which led to the piazza and the purple night. From whence they came or where they went I do not know, but I do know that I never saw them or their charming, joyous like again. Perhaps they did not care for the hotel or perhaps it was just the other way about.

WHILE Palm Beach may be a very small place, it is important, out of all proportion to its size, not only on account of the many millions invested and the two or three millions spent there every winter, but because, to a very striking degree, it represents a certain phase of the life of this day. The hotels are the last word in all that is comfortable and luxurious. It is true that it costs a good deal of money to live at them, but it must be remembered that the season is absurdly short, two months at most. In addition to this, everything has to be brought from a great distance, and the cost of the organization must be enormous. The life of the two big hotels and the very limited territory that is generally known as Palm Beach may be viewed from several angles. Some I met who regarded it as refreshing as it was refined, while others looked down upon it as being as brazen as its own noonday sun and as vulgar as the smell of musk. There can be no gainsaying the wonderful beauty of its gardens and its groves and its avenues of palms any more than one can deny the loveliness of the dancing waters of its great lake. The innumerable artificial attractions which have been added by the tasteful use of many millions have certainly made it one of the great garden spots of the world and a splendid playground for those who wish to be idle and to live luxuriously. To many it seems purely exotic, and, surely, if Palm Beach had a floral emblem it would be the orchid and not the modest violet. Others believe, and truly, that its balmy air is a splendid tonic for tired nerves, and still others claim to love it for its out-of-door sports. But whatever else it is, Palm

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Comments and suggestions will be welcomed.

A. C. F. Hammesfahr.

Manager Advertising Department

Palm Beach

Concluded from page 37

Beach is American. It was reared by American capital and is fostered by American dollars. It is run by Americans and patronized almost exclusively by Americans who have made their money from the American soil. There is nothing hybrid about Palm Beach—it is as pure United States as is the Liberty Bell, and that, at least to me, is why it is interesting.

SURELY it is a long cry from the band of grim and uncompromising Pilgrim Fathers, huddled together on that cold, storm-swept rock in Plymouth Harbor, to the genial group of American captains of industry, prosperous, overfed, lolling in their rocking chairs and basking in the orange sunshine of the piazza of the Poinciana. Inside, their wives, bejeweled, overdressed, are probably playing bridge. The daughter of the family, if she is not of the elect of Palm Beach, is no doubt clinging to her mother's skirts and suffering terribly from ennui. If, however, she does belong to the elect and "runs with the crowd," her life is much more varied. At ten o'clock she is on the tennis courts; at twelve she takes her morning bath in the surf; at one she is sitting on the porch of the Breakers sipping her own cocktail or watching all the world of Palm Beach sip its cocktail or several of them. At two she lunches in the palm room and later on she is playing over the links or is cheering the colored waiters at the ball grounds. Eight o'clock finds her dining at the Beach Club. After dinner she tries her luck for an hour or two at roulette, and as a last dissipation she usually ends her evening at a supper at the club or the Poinciana. That is about the daily life of the young girl who is a social success at Palm Beach, and it is fair to presume that all fathers and mothers like to see their daughters social successes. The routine varies but little, and it makes no difference what the hour, the girl is always on view. The sun shines on her by day, thousands of electric globes blaze on her throughout the night, and, whether she is on the links or the tennis courts, or is lunching or dining or supping or gambling, there is always an audience. Palm Beach is like a splendid ballroom, but with no anteroom wherein a lady could take off or put on her wraps. It is all in the open, free for all the world to see, and every girl and every woman travels with her own spotlight. I do not know exactly how the daughters of the austere Pilgrim Fathers did live, but I have always imagined that it was in a manner quite different from that of the belles of Palm Beach.

SINCE those days, nearly three hundred years ago, we have surely made giant strides in electricity as well as in the stability of our airships and the interior decoration of our limousines. The advance in our knowledge of sauces and of surgery and of sanitary plumbing is enormous, and yet—

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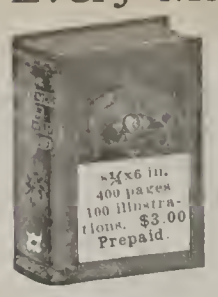

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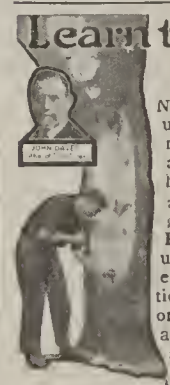

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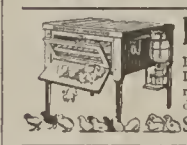

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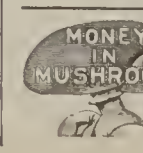

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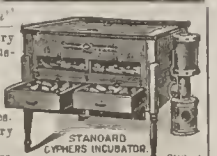

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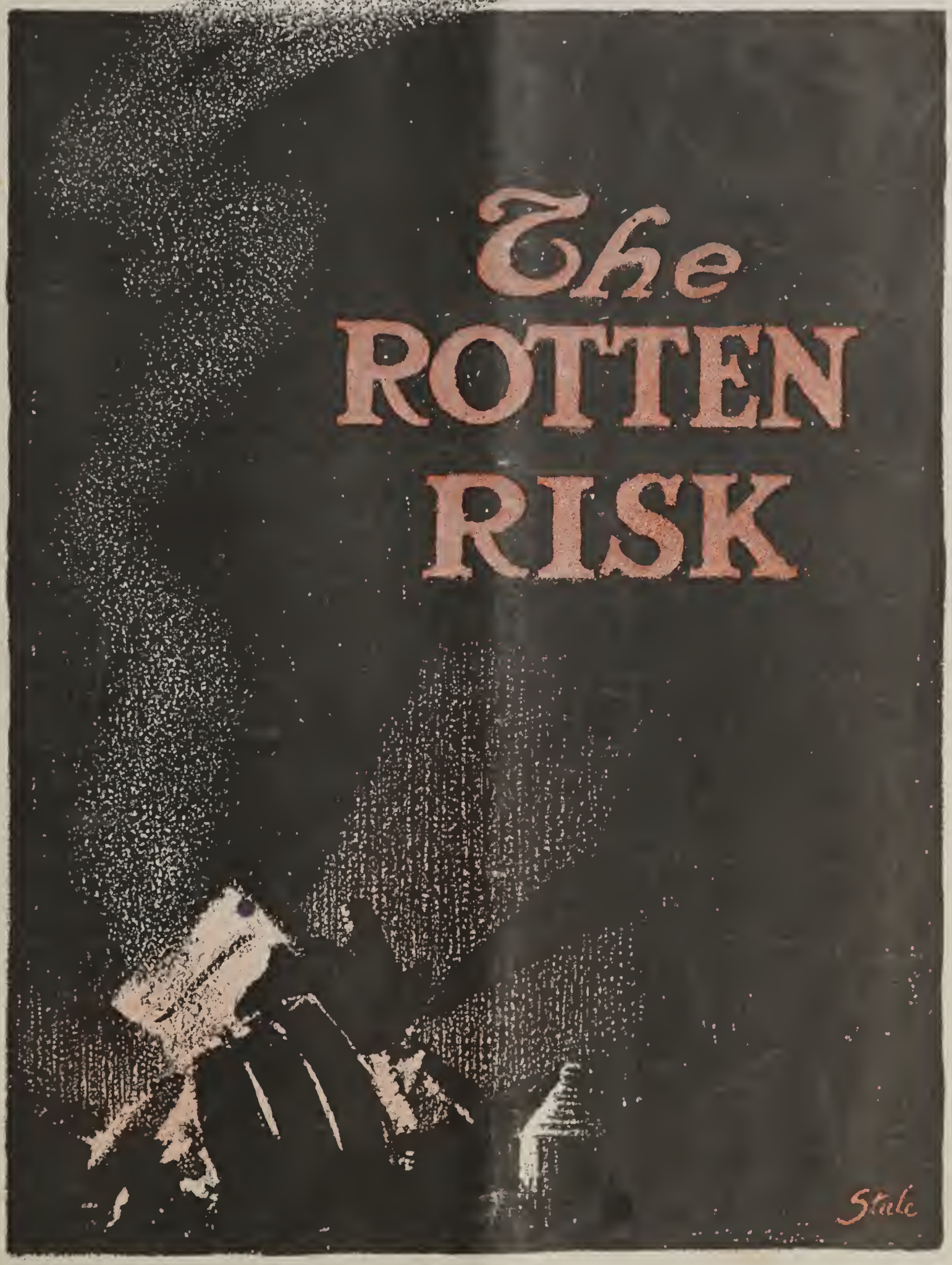

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VOL FIFTY NO 24

MARCH 1 1913

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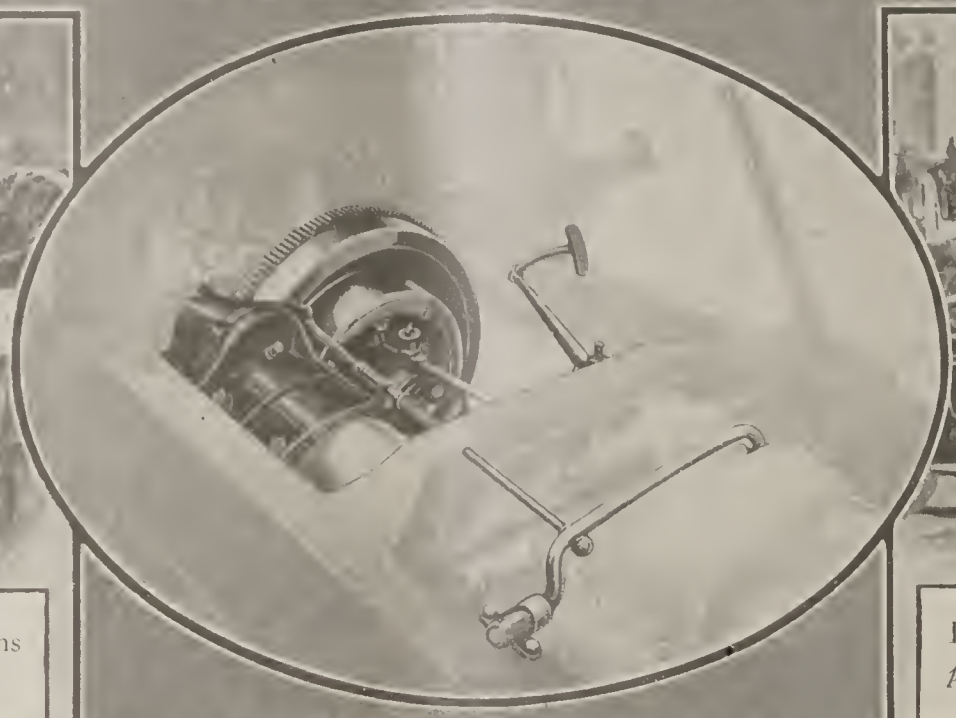

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THIRD—WE ARE READY to make similar arrangements with either Maxwell or Flanders dealers so that they may acquire these rights and privileges in connection with the complete line in many other important cities throughout the United States, wherever the United Motor Co. formerly operated Branch Houses.

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THESE DISTRICT SALES MANAGERS have been selected from the former Maxwell-Briscoe Motor organization and from the Flanders Motor organization.

To the Present Owners of Maxwell, Stoddard, Everitt and Brush Cars:

WE NOW ADDRESS OURSELVES to the more than one hundred thousand owners of Stoddard-Daytons, Brushes, Everitts, Columbias, Sampsons and Maxwells now in use. While not legally obligated, the Maxwell Motor Company does recognize the moral obligation to every owner of a car made by the above-mentioned concerns, all of whose plants we have acquired.

A COMPLETE FACTORY representing an investment of more than one million dollars in buildings, machinery, jigs, tools and fixtures, located in Newcastle, Indiana, the center of population of the United States and the center of ownership of these hundred thousand cars, has been set aside for the purpose of manufacturing and supplying the repair parts necessary to cater to owners.

IN ADDITION TO THIS central manufacturing repair parts, factory, service depots, all of which will carry a complete line of repair parts, have been established in the following cities: Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas, Omaha, Atlanta, New York, Philadelphia, Charlotte, N. C., Pittsburgh, Indianapolis, Memphis, Denver, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Oregon. These service depots will be operated under the supervision of the district sales managers of the foregoing cities.

REGULARLY APPOINTED DEALERS of the new Maxwell Motor Company will have the preference on the repair parts business of the earlier model Maxwell motor cars. The system will be comprehensive, the deliveries immediate, and any order can be filled. All dealers throughout the United States, therefore, can secure repair parts from these service stations or from Newcastle, Indiana, direct.

To the Prospective Buyers of Our New Models:

WITH A CAPACITY OF FIFTY THOUSAND CARS per annum, we are in a position to supply the buying public with the four types of motor cars now in general use:

MAXWELL SIX—Model 50 (Seven Passenger Touring Car, $2,350), (heretofore Flanders Model).

MAXWELL SIX—Model 40 (Five Passenger Touring Car, $1,550), (heretofore Flanders Model).

MAXWELL—Model 35 (Four Cylinder Five Passenger Touring Car, $1,085).

MAXWELL—Model 25 (Four Cylinder Five Passenger Touring Car. Price to be announced).

THIS QUARTET WILL ENABLE THE BUYER to select from a range of from five to seven passengers, and from four to six cylinders, and from 25 to 50 horsepower, completely equipped in each case with top, wind-shield, speedometers, lamps and horn. The sixes are electrically self-started and lighted.

IN RESPONSE TO PRESENT DEMANDS for the season of 1913 we are manufacturing the regular Maxwell Model 22 (a three-passenger roadster), the regular Maxwell Model 40 (a five-passenger touring car) and the popular Stoddard-Dayton Models 30, 38 and 48.

THE MODEL 48 STODDARD will be equipped with electric self-starter and electric lights, Gray and Davis System, for $200.00 extra.

DELIVERIES on all of these Maxwell and Stoddard Models, can be made at once.

The Question of Immediate Delivery:

IN THE PAST, CUSTOMERS HAVE SUFFERED from misrepresentation on the part of manufacturers as to delivery dates, and dealers have been put to endless inconvenience and financial embarrassment because of conditions beyond the control of manufacturers.

THEREFORE, WE STATE to the customer and dealer alike that deliveries cannot be made on the Models 35 (four cylinder) and Models 40 (six cylinder) until March, 1913, or Models 25 (four cylinder), June, 1913.

THIS IS DUE TO THE FACT that the big Dayton plant will not begin shipment on the first lot of five thousand cars until March 15th, and the plants at Detroit on the shipment of the first lot of five thousand Model 25, May 15th. Deliveries on Maxwell Model 50 (six cylinder) can be made at once, as the Flanders plant at Detroit is operating on full time.

Executive Officers

WALTER E. FLANDERS - President
W. F. McGUIRE - Vice President
CARL TUCKER - - Treasurer
W. B. ANTHONY - Comptroller
C. A. FORSTER - Commercial Manager

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THE MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY, General Executive Offices: Woodward Avenue, Corner Warren, Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

THE Panama Canal will shorten the water route 9111 miles between New York City and San Francisco, and will reduce the time for the average steamship 47 days

The Panama Canal and the National Cash Register—two great time and money savers.

Over one million merchants all over the world are saving time and money by the use of National Cash Registers.

There is a kind and size of National which will save time and money for you.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

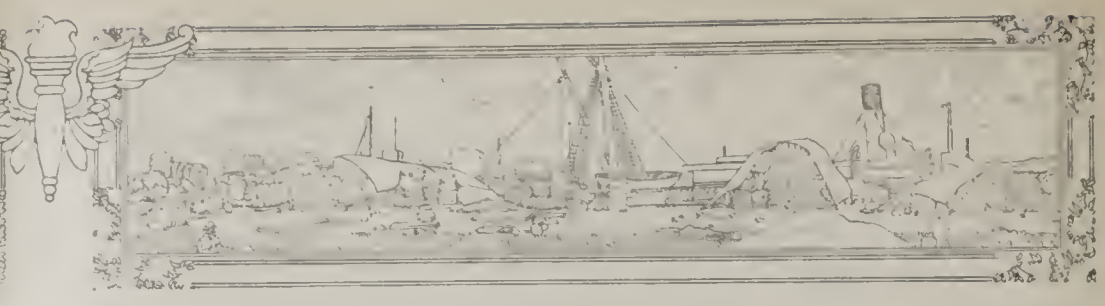
ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR

Representing America

In his simple house in Passy, the French court visited Benjamin Franklin, content in the greatness of the man. At the present day we see America represented only by rich men who surround themselves with pomp at their own expense. Our diplomats are not chosen because of those qualities that Franklin possessed, *but primarily because of their financial ability* to meet the pretentious requirements of the position. The system is wrong. We need *men* to *represent* America



HOW TO KEEP THE MONEY AT HOME

IT SEEMS EXTREMELY DOUBTFUL at the present writing if any very important legislation regarding the currency will be acted upon at the special session. Meanwhile the conditions which gave pith and moment to the proposals of the Monetary Commission may possibly make themselves acutely felt within the next year or two. By this we mean the undue control of the nation's banking by powerful interests, centered in New York, and the deposit of huge sums of country-bank capital in New York banks. So long as these conditions obtain will it be difficult for the country's banks and the country's business outside of New York to obtain in times of stress the accommodations they need. In the testimony submitted to the Pujo Committee there was a deadly parallel between the amounts of country-bank money on deposit or on loan in New York City and the loans of the New York City banks on Stock Exchange collateral. These sums and these loans on November 1 for each of the last five years showed as follows:

1908.....	$585,469,000	$585,752,000
1909.....	611,702,000	699,303,000
1910.....	580,892,000	620,191,000
1911.....	682,999,000	645,938,000
1912.....	723,853,000	766,795,000

These figures mean the money of Des Moines, Little Rock, and a thousand other towns and cities all shipped to New York to make stock speculation possible. Seven or eight hundred million dollars of country-bank money to keep alive stock gambling in New York City! The ostensible reason for sending these huge country-bank deposits to New York is the extremely liquid nature of the loans made therewith and the ease with which this money may be withdrawn. But experience has shown that in three times out of five of severe strain in the last forty years these loans were not liquid, and the money could not be withdrawn at all. The real reason for these huge deposits is that *speculation on the exchanges is so profitable that the men who conduct these gigantic gambles are able to pay a rate of interest for short-time money which is impossible to the average merchant.* The only way that these gambling operations can be profitable is by tremendous manipulation. And this manipulation is possible only by means of absolutely fraudulent "wash sales." Actually these fictitious transactions at times make up three-fourths or more of the "sales" on the exchanges. Commissions on these form the larger part of the expenses of the manipulators and "pools," although the average cost is not above $5 or $6 per 100 shares—less than one-sixteenth of one per cent. *A Federal tax of another one-sixteenth of one per cent would practically abolish this swindling business.* If it would not, a tax of one-eighth of one per cent surely would. No legitimate investor would for a moment object to such a tax—the transfer rate on the exchanges is already the lowest fee for the exchange of any kind of goods in the world. Such a tax would go far toward destroying the profits of speculators and, therefore, speculation itself. It would probably mean also the return of upward of half a billion dollars to Des Moines, Little Rock, and the others, to the channels of legitimate business. It would in no wise interfere with the free circulation of the nation's bank capital or the flow of money where it is needed. But it would put an end to an artificial market for that money in one small section of New York City, and likewise do much to eradicate an evil almost universally recognized and universally condemned.

GIVE US LIGHT

WHATEVER POSITION Mr. WILSON takes about State rights, he must be clear-cut and definite beyond the shadow of a misunderstanding. The one impossible situation is the existence of the present twilight zone where no one sees his responsibility, and private interests have a clear field for aggrandizement. Most of the opponents of the extension of the Federal power are not really for State rights—State rights would be equally menacing to their schemes, if the States exercised them. What they really want is the twilight zone, where there are no Government rights at all, but many private privileges.

BY HIS DEEDS

THIS LETTER was received from a lawyer in Washington, D. C., enclosing the clippings referred to. We print it entire:

As I should be very sorry to have a Scripps-McRae paper started in Washington, or to see such a paper added to the burdens of any other community that has so far been spared, I am impelled to protest against the editorial praise of those papers on page 6 of your issue for February 8, 1913. Their generally low tone, their coarseness and crudity, are faults that, with COLLIER'S, I could easily overlook, but it seems to me that their rank and persistent offenses against one standard that you have insisted upon ought to be an insurmountable obstacle to your commendation. I refer to the large volume of medical advertising which they carry.

Immediately after reading the editorial paragraph referred to I sought a copy of one of the Scripps-McRae papers. A Cleveland "Press" of February 6, 1913, was the only one I could readily procure. I enclose herewith thirty-one medical advertisements clipped from that issue. They include your old-time friend "Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey," "Bromo-Quinine," "Pape's Diapepsin," "Murax," "MacLaren's Mustard Cerate," "Vegets," "Carter's Little Liver Pills," "Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers," "Dr. Miles' Grand Dropsy Treatment," "Tonsiline," "Swissco," "Stuart's Calcium Wafers," "Father John's Medicine," and "Swamp-Root." Please note that no less than eight of the thirty-one are in such form as to conceal from the unsophisticated the fact that they are advertisements and not news matter.

You should be especially interested in the "clergyman" who wishes "to put those who need help on the right track," to "Father John's Medicine," and in the "Greatest Nerve Vitalizer Known," which is offered to cure "worry, cloudy brain, loss of ambition, loss of weight, effects of tobacco or drink, neuralgia, constipation, and loss of appetite."

In passing judgment upon the Scripps-McRae policy which admits these advertisements to the Cleveland "Press," it should be borne in mind that Cleveland is the largest city represented in its list of papers, and also that a few years ago the Cleveland "News" made a campaign against the more vicious forms of medical advertising that left a lasting local impression. As you state that you "are very familiar with his (Mr. SCRIPPS'S) works, in the shape of some thirty or forty newspapers throughout the Middle West and the Pacific Coast," I should be interested to learn whether, if each is "an outpost of progress," they are not also strongholds of patent-medicine knavery. With much less complete acquaintance with these papers than you profess, my own experience suggests that, though they may all be "incubators of insurgency," they all also foster, effectively and to their own considerable profit, at a later stage than that of incubation, a foul and numerous brood of nostrums. Medical and political quackery seem equally at home in their columns; perhaps because the readers to whom they cater are the natural prey of both.

The line between the demagogue and a real popular leader is one not always easily distinguished. When a man sets out to preach popular welfare, how are we to know whether or not he is sincere? The average man will be watching him to find some way of testing his genuineness. It particularly behooves the honest progressive to avoid the appearance of evil and not to give intelligent people any grounds for suspicion.

TWO PUBLIC SERVANTS

SUCH MEN as WHITMAN and FRANK MOSS, by courage and patience, are redeeming our country's good name. The office of district attorney in New York has risen to the dignity of a national benefactor. The grueling job it is performing will prove of service to every municipality on the continent. The foes it is fighting are ancient enemies, and their battle line extends from the metropolis to the least and most lonely village.

THE MAN WHO MADE MONEY OUT OF IT

IN NEW YORK last week a man murdered his twelve-year-old daughter and wounded his wife. We quote from his confession as printed in the "Evening Mail's" account of the tragedy:

I came home about midnight. **I had had several drinks before coming home.** I sat down by the side of my wife's bed. . . . Then my wife woke up. . . . She ran into the hall. As she did so I fired one shot at her. She fell in a heap in the hall. I thought I had killed her. Turning back into the bedroom, I saw a movement underneath the bedclothes. By this time I was in a terrible temper and I fired three shots into the bedclothes without looking to make sure who was there. . . .

We wish we could bring about a state where no newspaper or reporter, in a case like this, would consider his story complete until he had found out the brand of whisky that the murderer drank, and got the name and photograph of the maker of it. There are a good many sad things about our civilization, but few more discouraging than the fact that in Baltimore and Louisville, men who make whisky and use all the arts of trade to stimulate its consumption are able, by virtue of their money, to escape the odium which attaches to all others, like gamblers and panders, who stimulate crime and profit by exploiting human weakness.

GOVERNMENT MERCY

CITY BY CITY the Government is making a survey and census of the social evil in the United States. It has charted 250 cities, and will proceed to cover the nation as soon as the $200,000 separate appropriation for the suppression of the white-slave traffic is passed by the Appropriations Committee in the House of Representatives, of which Congressman FITZGERALD of Brooklyn is chairman. When its work is completed, we shall know the dimensions of the force with which we are contending. It has placed this work in charge of the Department of Justice and in the hands of STANLEY W. FINCH. He is about to launch a rescue work over and above the investigation, prosecution, and prevention work already under way. He believes that the surest way to save a girl is to set her to save other girls. Already he has employed in one of his offices certain girls who have been turned from the life. He will place others at work handling the data and literature of the social evil for a campaign of education. They mail this material to the various brothels to the individual girls. Further, he has them write

other girls in the life, their friends, and urge them to step out. As the Government proceeds with its work of enumeration, obtaining the addresses of disorderly houses, and the names and descriptions of inmates, it encounters many such girls ready to leave the life. The plan aims to keep the girl in line with honest work, giving her the same chance to reform that her partner in sin, the man, always has open to him. Of course such a plan will not reach the immense numbers of girls who are mentally defective and seriously diseased. In the case of the girls willing and able to reform, good women in the community will be urged to look out for particular individuals, giving them companionship and restraining them from returning to the old life.

PULLING TOGETHER

RECENTLY there was held in New York City a conference of the delegates appointed by the Governors of the Eastern and Middle States, and called by the New York Milk Committee, to consider improvement of State laws for the control of milk production and handling, and for the suppression of bovine tuberculosis. On the first day the following topics were scheduled for discussion:

1. Should the inspection of dairy farms be a function of State authorities rather than of city authorities?
2. If the inspection of dairy farms should be a function of State authorities, where should the State control be centralized?
3. What should be the scope of such State control?
4. How much of this work can the State Department of Health perform to advantage?
5. How much of this work can the State Department of Agriculture and Cattle Bureau perform to advantage?
6. Administrative functions and powers of State centralized control.
7. Shall State control extend over the manufacture and handling of milk products?
8. What should be the organization for carrying out centralized State milk control?
9. Should dairy herds be classified or graded?
10. Should dairy buildings, equipment, and methods be classified or graded?
11. Should milk as delivered on the market be classified and graded?
12. Should Federal authorities exercise supervision over dairies and stations making interstate shipment of milk?
13. What should be the duties of the municipal and town Boards of Health in the control of the milk supply?

These questions are important to all sections. With the problems of milk supply for cities becoming every year more complicated, such concerted action is of the highest importance. It only remains to follow it up with the proper legislation in individual States. In the recent campaign for woman suffrage in Ohio, one placard that was posted everywhere read:

> When it comes to the milk supply, the suffrage is not outside the home; it's inside the baby.

LUCK

RIGHT BELOW half a column of frantic jingoism about what our nation ought to hasten to do to Mexico, a recent issue of the New York "American" daringly places an editorial on "The False Prophet and His Fate." In squib number one Mr. HEARST screams for a chance to hear the "wholesome sound" of the "cannon's opening roar," rather than the "sound of revelry by night" from the President and the Cabinet. In the second he sighs, strikes an attitude, and exclaims: "How unfortunate that people cannot tell, in time, the difference between a real apostle and a false prophet!" Unfortunate for the people, but how fortunate for Mr. HEARST!

BLITHE BUT UNTECHNICAL

OUR NEWS EDITOR, with the impetuosity of his kind, rashly has declared that the water supply for Los Angeles will "siphon" itself across a hill 850 feet high. It now appears that this was a loose and untechnical use of a perfectly good word. A gentleman in Washington, D. C., writes sarcastically of our "blithe assumption of positive knowledge," and observes:

> It had always previously been supposed that the atmospheric pressure that causes water to rise in a siphon would not force a stream higher than something like thirty-two and a fraction feet (as I remember roughly).

A schoolmaster in Kalamazoo remembers it even more roughly—almost scathingly: "We have a right to expect the editors of such a national weekly to possess at least a common-school education." The oracle "Britannica" speaks more soothingly, but holds out no hope for a favorable decision if the case were to be carried to the higher courts:

> Pipes conveying the water of an aqueduct across a valley and following the contour of the sides are sometimes called siphons, though they do not depend on the principle of the above construction.

To settle the matter out of court, the news editor agrees to retract "siphon," pleading that all he longed to convey to the public was the startling fact that the Los Angeles aqueduct is a gravity system throughout, and that water is expected to flow, without pumping, through the huge pipe shown in the photograph and over the high hill, also shown in the photograph. And still blithely, still untechnically, he concludes: "Arguing with an expert about when a siphon is or isn't is surely one of the saddest ways to spend a lovely afternoon."

INSPIRATION

IS THERE A FINER TEST of greatness than that of Duty? It might be said of Captain SCOTT as TENNYSON wrote of another great Englishman, the Duke of Wellington:

> Not once or twice in our fair island story,
> The path of duty was the way to glory: . . .
> He, that ever following her commands,
> On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
> Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
> His path upward, and prevail'd,
> Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
> Are close upon the shining tablelands
> To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
>
> Such was he: his work is done,
> But while the races of mankind endure,
> Let his great example stand
> Colossal, seen of every land,
> And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;
> Till in all lands and thro' all human story
> The path of duty be the way to glory.

The explorer never attained the sort of rewards that come with medals and resolutions of commendation. But he reached the "shining tablelands." There can be no higher achievement than to inspire one's fellow men to face life bravely.

COMPARATIVE LITERATURE

A SORT OF STREET CAR which has gained steadily in use during recent years is that in which one pays the conductor a fare immediately upon getting on board. Such cars have an inscription upon the front to make clear the scheme. In New York this reads:

PAY AS YOU ENTER.

In Philadelphia it runs:

FARE READY, PLEASE.

In Boston the corner waiter is greeted by the announcement that the approaching conveyance is a

PREPAYMENT CAR.

ON A LATE TRAIN

THE LONG TRAIN OF CARS was steadily driving westward through a night of darkness. In the last seat of the last car, which was otherwise empty of people, sat a man and a woman. The light of the overhead cluster of gas jets was not so strong but the dark night poured in upon the two through the car window at the girl's right hand. Her profile was white against the heavy northern sky. They were young enough for that journey to have been the beginning of all good things. But they were silent as those who have reached the end of sweet experience together. Now and again she looked out into the night with its sudden brightness of station lamps and the returning darkness which was behind and around all the little flickering lights of the countryside. Again and again the brakeman wearily droned the name of some way station, where the train crunched and groaned on its brakes for an instant and then recovered its motion. The beat and rhythm of the wheels, the deserted car, and the all-surrounding presence of the night would have silenced travelers of more buoyant spirit. To those two it was but the setting for their inner mood, which no dance of lights could have quickened. More often than she turned and peered, unseeing, into the outer darkness, he turned toward her and looked intently at the sweetest face life had ever brought near to his. He had often been moved by that clear, firm profile, with the tender droop at the corner of the mouth, where the perfect curve of the lips began. He saw again those eyes of gentleness that had learned to live with sorrow till the liquid fullness of their gaze was wistful on the gladdest day. Once he touched her hand—that hand which had often lain soft and throbbing in his, like a captured bird with its beating heart. And at the touch her eyes were filled with tears. It had always been so with her that the lightest touch awakened her to swift responses, to ardor and suffusion of color through all her being. As quickly as he had reached out in his longing he withdrew his hand from the contact, which gave a pain more keen than a blow. Even so he was too late. But soon she returned to her silent brooding and wistfulness of waiting for the journey to be ended. Suddenly, to each of them, the train jerked itself to a halt, the brakeman aroused himself to his announcement, the man said good-by.

The Business of Arson

IV—The Rotten Risk

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

Every second time fire bursts out in the center of an American or Canadian city it is because some cowardly scoundrel wants his insurance money. By the admission of almost all fire insurance men in private, and by the plain evidence of their "experience tables," at least half the money they pay out is paid to fraud and crime. This money, on the surface, belongs to the companies. In reality, it is simply public money on deposit. The payment of this money to the fire crook is one of the chief reasons why insurance costs the honest man in America more than eight times what it costs the honest man in Europe. If our banks paid out a large part of their deposited money to forgers and green goods men, bank rates to the honest might also be eight times what they are. But were our banks so mulcted, even for one week, they would have it on the first page of every newspaper; they would see to it that they obtained due legal protection, or they would close their doors. Every year our insurance companies open their doors wider. Directly or indirectly, the honest man pays an ever-increasing insurance tax. The number of our fire crooks, and the millions they are making, have doubled in fifteen years. Yet our great insurance companies, far from raising any voice of united protest, have practically nothing to say about arson whatever! To judge, indeed, from all the official *reports and utterances of American fire insurance, the crime of arson is, in the year 1913, all but nonexistent! And why this should be so it is the purpose of this article to make plain*

IN EVERY city in the world there are certain "risks"—both buildings and individuals—which, for the safety of the public, should be denied all insuranee. The most distinctive feature of American fire insurance is that in America almost all sueh risks—in the trade vernacular they are known as "rotten risks"—obtain insurance and obtain it freely.

First of all, what is a "rotten risk"?

A building may be, *physically*, a "rotten risk." If there is in your town some old barracks or faetory so wretchedly constructed, or so dry and tumble-down from age, or so dangerous from the business carricd on in it that, to keep it safc from fire, its owner or tenant must watch it every minute, *it* is physically a "rotten risk." It is, in general, too, a "conflagration breeder": if it takes fire it may burn the town. And, normally, no company will want to insure it. To charge it five times the rate of the safe factory can help but little. For the insurance company well knows that every dollar of insurance it grants will mean that by so much will the watchfulness of the owner or tenant be relaxed. And, as a result, that town may have a holocaust, in which there may be eaten up all the premiums which that conflagration-breeding, fire-trap factory could pay in fifty years.

There is, second, the risk that is *morally* rotten. The New York sweater **may**, as an entire class, here serve for the type.

THE RISK THAT IS MORALLY ROTTEN

IF YOU are a New Yorker of sufficient means to own a brick or brownstone dwelling of your own, the probability that a fire will burn it out is, by insurance calculation, about 1,667 to 1. Your house is a gilt-edged "preferred risk." Every company will fight for the chance to insure it at 8⅓ cents a $100 per annum, or to insure its contents at 13⅓ cents. But, if your house is in a district that has gradually been engulfed by the demesne of the sweatshop, and you have had to abandon that house for another; if your former library and drawing room are filled with people working at machines which may not be paid for, making garments which may have to be sold at a loss, the new tenant in the selfsame house will have to pay from $4 to $7 for *his* insurance. And, normally, no insurance company will want him at that. The physical hazard is no greater; manufactured clothing is not more combustible than books and papers. It is the insurance which really makes the sweater's stock inflammable.

The sweater is a type of the risk that is *morally* rotten. **And class for class, from the tough hotel in the town that has gone dry to the planing mill in the town that has ceased to build, every town or city has its own morally rotten risk.** A standard "rotten risk" is the person who has had two, or four—or twenty—previous fires, none of which he could explain. He is known as a "repeater." And no company will, normally, want to insure *him*.

But the agent or broker will want intensely to insure the "rotten risk," and for good reasons. Here I must repeat in part from article three:

HOW THE ROTTEN RISK "GETS OVER"

THE higher the insurance rate, the larger is the agent's or broker's commission; and he has to pay no losses. If he has a $50 commission from the insurance of the safe factory, he may have $250 from the fire trap. At New York commission rates, the placing of $10,000 on a gilt-edged New York house will net the broker about $10. If he can place $10,000 on New York sweatshops, his commission will be anywhere from $150 to $360. And, for reasons that will be apparent later, the "repeater" may be the most profitable to him of all—if the agent or broker can have his way.

But can he? He can and he does.

The fire insurance *broker* is, in almost all American cities, absolutely a free lance. He can carry what business he can get or control to any company he chooses. And there are brokers who can bestow a gilt-edged "preferred" business worth, to the companies, $200,000, $300,000, $500,000 a year.

The fire insurance *agent* is, in America, still the certificated representative of the company. But, in America, one agent may represent ten, twenty, fifty companies. His loyalty is in like measure divided. At bottom, the position of broker and agent is almost the same. In New York they can hardly be distinguished. A great agent may also have his $300,000 or $500,000 in premiums to bestow. **Both agent and broker are absolutely at one in this: only through them can the companies get the business. And both alike must want to insure those risks which pay them the big commissions.**

Now, in every community there are the thousand safe or "preferred" risks—"those honest, careful, and law-respecting people"—to [illegible] president of the National Board of Fire [illegible] writers himself—"who do not have fires, and w[illegible] tute the great majority." Every company wants [illegible] re *them*. And there are also the five or ten o[illegible] dangerous, hazardous, or "rotten risks" which [illegible] or broker is hungering to insure. There is [illegible] that the sweater and the fire-trap factory are [illegible] burn; and all the "repeater's" previous fires may have been aceidents. The average agent or broker will want to think they were. The crooked agent or broker will not greatly care. **The broker and agent have the bestowal of good and evil together. Both alike hold it to be a first principle that that company which will not take its fair share of *their* sort of risks shall, in the main, whistle for the other sort. And the wise company does exactly as they want it to do.**

The company could with virtue say that it is under no compulsion. The agent could with virtue deny that he exerts any. This is all he does: when he sends in his list of "preferreds" he occasionally inserts a risk of the other sort. If the company throws it back on him, the company knows, and he knows, where he is *not* going to send his next "preferreds."

In a city like New York the broker's placing clerk goes "down the line" from one company to another. He, too, has his list of "preferreds."

"We want *them* all right!" says the company's "counterman"; "but that tough lad in the middle there—you'll have to drop that out."

"Oh, no!" says the placing clerk, and takes them all back together. If that company does not accept them, he knows that the next one will. And so the "tough one"—the "rotten risk"—gets over.

THE ROTTEN RISK FROM THE INSIDE

A WELL-KNOWN New York loss adjuster was recently speaking with a laugh of the last New York Insurance Investigating Committee. "I could have told them some things to ask," he said. Evidently some one *had* been telling them some things to ask. But always that line of inquiry stops at the beginning.

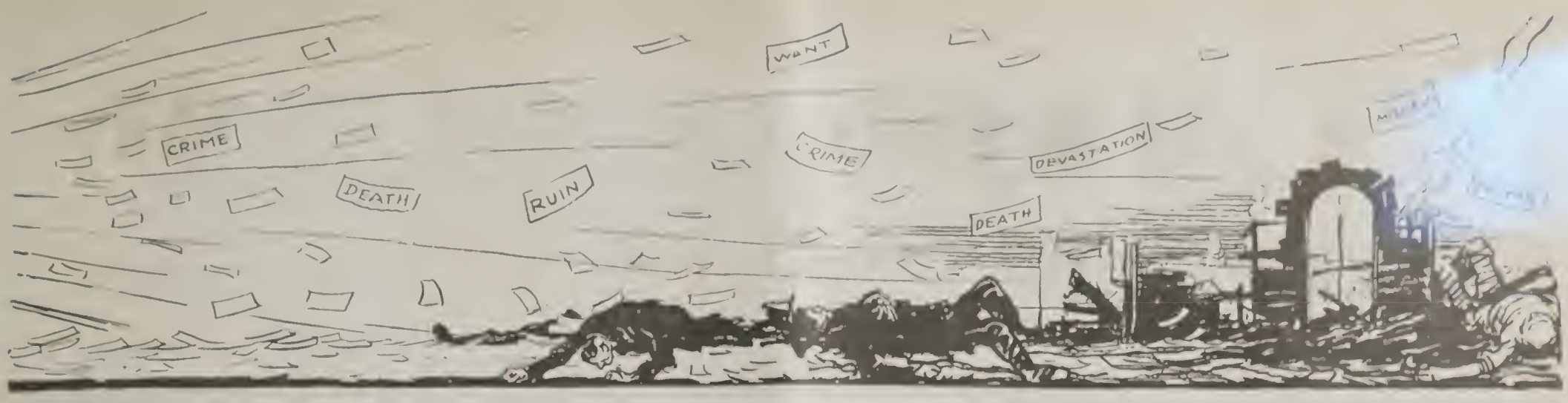
"And is it, as a practical matter, neecssary for every local agent that expects his company to take some hazardous risks that are in his locality?"—the question was put to Edgar J. Tapping of Milwaukee, ex-president of the National Association of Local Agents—"is it necessary that he secure that company a certain percentage of preferred business?"

The answer is direct and without evasions: "That is the rule." (Page 2860.)

The question was put to John G. Eckert, one of the most powerful of New York brokers: "There are some lines that the brokers bring in which the companies do not want, if it were left to their own motion?"

Again there was a plain answer: "That is true." (Page 2557.)

John A. Stoddart, the New York representative of the Hartford, the largest general insurance company in



America, was one of those who testified for the companies.

"As a matter of fact," he was asked, "they [the companies] do carry poor risks?" (Page 1442.)

A.—"Yes."

Q.—"And isn't it a fact that they do that for the reason that if they would not take that class of risks from the agents they would not get that preferred business?"

A.—"There is an element in that." And to add something from testimony given by Mr. Stoddart a few moments before (page 1441): "The objection of the company might not be very strong. And he [the broker or local agent] might be able to offset it in some way."

Alexander H. Wray, the president of the Commercial Union Fire and the manager of two great Anglo-American companies, the Palatine and the Commercial Union Assurance, was also put on the stand.

"If," he testified, "a certain class during a period of years shows profitable results, we note that, of course, and the reverse. **But if the reverse is true, and we lose money every year, we do not always decline to insure those properties."** This is the literal answer of a prominent business man, the president of one company and the manager of two more.

Q.—"But you get away from them if you can?"

A.—"Yes, we minimize our holdings, of course, on the unprofitable ones."

Q.—"And the reason you take what you do is largely because of the way the business is done through local agents?"

If the answer is an evasion, it is none the less an answer:

"We have to do the business as a whole, yes, through local agents." (Page 2098.)

NO ROTTEN, NO PREFERRED

"IT IS they who control the business," is the finding of the last New York Insurance Commission. **"It is in their power to make or ruin a company's business. . . . It is he (the agent) who virtually decides what risks the company shall take and what it shall refuse."**

It has been put academically by Professor Zartman of Yale ("Readings in Insurance," pages 210 and 211): "He pits one company against the other. . . . The company can take all or refuse all; for the local agent will not allow it to pick the good and refuse the bad." But the professor puts it on the basis of insufficient rates, which, with all respect to the academic, is plainly absurd, for it is the companies which make the rates. Any insurance man who will talk in confidence will tell you if it is a question of rates!

"There is not a manager of an insurance company in the United States to-day who could change it," says Captain Conway of the Cincinnati Underwriters' Salvage Corps. "He would like to if he could. He cannot say to his local agent as a general proposition: 'I won't take this risk you have written.' For if he did, the local agent would drop his company from his list. The companies are powerless." Precisely proportionate to the amount of business he commands is the control of the agent or broker. The big ones can insure anything they want.

Everyone in the fire insurance business in America knows that these are the conditions which rule. It has been proven a hundred times. But simply to make it a matter of public record, I put the thing once more to the test during the writing of this article.

In New York's upper East Side there is what is known to the insurance world as "The East 100th Street Fire-Bug Zone." The whole district is marked on the map books of the great majority of companies "K. O."—"Keep Off." In one block between First and Second Avenues there have been 122 fires since January, 1900. In the most notorious building in that block—a group of combined stores and tenement houses—there have been sixteen. It would seem to be a fair inference, then, that a company which would place any money on No. —— East 100th Street would place it anywhere. And for the time I took the above address as my own.

A TEST IN THE FIRE-BUG ZONE

IT WAS not necessary to have any property thereat, or to rent an empty room, or even to have a card above a letter box. I knew perfectly well that, as household insurance is written by the New York agent and broker, no one would send to see if any such tenant of No. —— East 100th Street existed. The sole point was that, since I lived at such an address, I was, for all that any seller of insurance could know, a fire bug in good caste myself. If I was not, I was at least entirely likely to be burned out by my fellow tenants; in fact, on the day when this was written a fire took place next door. In any case I was a risk which was rotten of the rotten. Was any further insurance at such an address obtainable?

The first tests were made among the small local sellers of insurance.

One—apparently reputable—was in doubt at once. He said he would do what he could. But no policy ever arrived.

A second, notoriously disreputable, was in doubt about the majority of companies, but guaranteed a $500 policy from a great English company. Again, however, the policy did not arrive—this time owing perhaps to the fact that within a week the broker in question was arrested and indicted for arson.

A third local insurance seller in his turn guaranteed a policy for $500 on the same English company. His agency was much larger than either of the first. And in due course the policy was delivered. But it was quite plain that among those smaller insurance sellers little more was to be expected.

THE BIG BROKER CRACKS THE WHIP

A SERIES of visits to the downtown head offices of the companies themselves seemed to promise even less. In the offices of Alexander H. Wray's companies, the Palatine and the Commercial Union, all insurance for "the East 100ths" was refused point-blank. In the office of the Phœnix of London, "No. —— East 100th" was an address which simply wasn't open to argument. The Home, as I had been informed months before by one of its high officials, touched absolutely nothing it couldn't be sure of. No avail to apply to it!

At least this would have been the inference had I not already begun to make my application in some of the offices of the real masters of American insurance, the great agencies and brokerages. From that of Joerns & French I obtained a $1,000 policy on the Home without the slightest difficulty. The young man at the counter of Joerns & French waxed facetious over "No. —— East 100th Street," but the policy was delivered.

From the brokerage of Samuels, Cornwall & Stevens I obtained a fire-bug policy for $500 on the Commercial Union. I had the broker's legal "binder" for it in my pocket when I was refused by the Commercial Union itself. And the broker's label bore the device: "*Be sure you have enough insurance.*"

From the great brokerage house of Benedict & Benedict—with more humorous remarks on the East 100th Street district—another $500 policy was obtained on the Liverpool and London and Globe. John A. Eckert & Co. supplied one for $500 on the Providence Washington. But for the fact that investigators from the New York Fire Department chose that particular week to issue a report on insurance and arson in New York, the test might have been carried on indefinitely. But nothing more could have been proved by carrying it further. The Commercial Union advertises itself to be the largest insurance company in the world. The Home does the largest purely fire insurance business in America. The Liverpool and London and Globe does the largest business in New York. Its American manager is the chairman of the New York Board of Fire Underwriters. **And when the big broker cracked the whip, though nothing was said, of course, of "rotten risks," all these great companies alike opened their part of the public's insurance treasury to a risk so rotten that it was an insurance joke!**

THE TREATY OF THE ROTTEN RISK

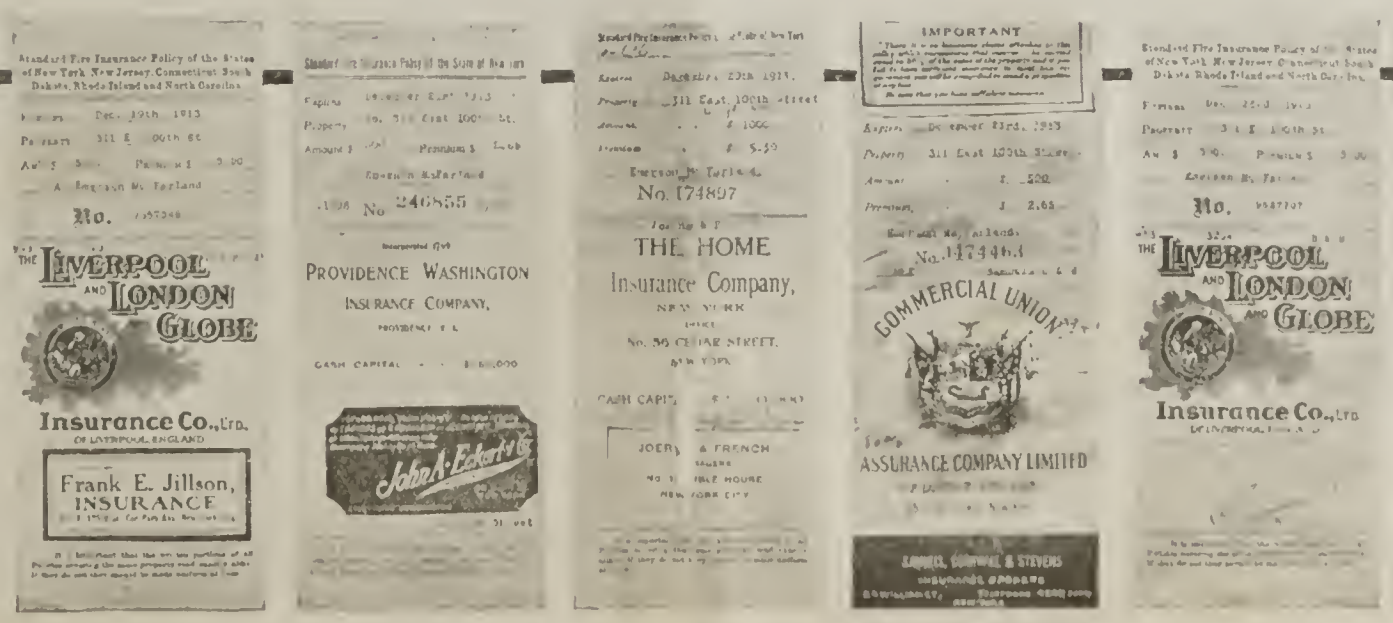
CAPTAIN CONWAY says that "the companies are powerless." If so, it is only because they are willing to be. If they chose to stand together, if even twenty of the largest would stand together, they could end the flat commission system, this control by the insurance middlemen, and the whole business of the rotten risk together. They are powerless only because they "have made terms with the situation." And in the great city, for the writing of the rotten risk, there are all the elaborate arrangements of a perfected business.

If the rotten risk is a big one, no company can be expected to take it all. It is spread around. Proportionate to the amount of "preferred" business the broker brings to them, the companies he favors allow him a $250, or a $500, or a $1,000 "accommodation line"; which means that at any time he can procure that amount of insurance from each of them without a question. And since in a city like New York or Chicago there are almost 200 companies, even the biggest rotten risk is in general soon provided. The broker who controls a gilt-edged business of $500,000 or more can demand "accommodation lines" of $2,000 and $3,000. He can and does "put over" all the little rotten risks he wants.

If one company, despite the spreading around, finds that it is too heavily loaded, part of its rotten business can be reinsured. The reinsurance company having to pay no 22 per cent for agency expenses—it has only its office and ledgers—can digest four times as much "rotten stuff" as the ordinary or "line" company. By the prostitution of our "surplus line" laws the rotten risk can also be sent out of the State or out of the country altogether. A great New York brokerage may send its worst business halfway around the world.

But the point is that there is a brokerage to handle it. "No risk is so dangerous," says the manager of the Springfield Fire and Marine, "or its owner so disreputable that some broker will not undertake to find a company that will insure it." And if he have the "preferred

Continued on page 21



These policies were issued on property which had no existence. It was supposed, however, to exist—in the worst building of the most notorious of New York's "fire-bug zones." I purposely selected the address, and, by going to the big New York agencies and brokerages, had no difficulty whatever in obtaining insurance. The companies chosen for the test are all among the greatest and strongest in the country

Comment on Congress

TO A FARSIGHTED observer the most important thing about the present session of Congress is that it has been the incubator of a grave constitutional dispute about an issue which is as old as the country itself—State rights versus Federal rights. This issue was just to the front during the closing days of the present session. It will recede into the background during the special session which will be called to consider the tariff only. But it will come to the front again just as soon as the next regular session begins. If Woodrow Wilson takes the State-rights side, that side will probably win, temporarily; but there will follow something that may approach the nature of a constitutional crisis, and most inevitably there will be a general revision of the Federal Constitution, and the first constitutional convention since 1789.

The Twilight Zone

THE quarrel is not really between the State right to regulate and Federal right to regulate; it is between some kind of regulation and no regulation at all. The trouble is neither with State rights nor with Federal rights; the trouble is with the twilight zone, where neither Government prevails, and special privilege has its refuge. When it is a question of the Federal Government's right to regulate the price of electricity developed on the Coosa River, special privilege is furiously on the side of State rights. When it is a question of the State of Georgia's right to regulate the liquor traffic within its own borders, then special privilege steps nimbly over on the side of Federal rights.

Antiquated

IT NEED not be surprising that a definition of "interstate commerce" and of State rights and of Federal rights, which was formulated at a time when there was no railroad, no telephone, no telegraph, and Franklin had only just discovered the first fundamental fact about electricity—that such a definition should be inadequate at a time when electric power can be developed on the Connecticut River in Massachusetts and be used to run mills in Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New York. The Constitution will have to catch up with invention.

For Example

SENATOR McLEAN of Connecticut introduced a bill to prevent or regulate the killing of migratory birds which pass in the course of a year from Louisiana to Maine and back again. He made an argument which commanded the friendly admiration of the Senate. At the end many excellent Senators admitted it is a case where, obviously, the States can't regulate effectively. But, these Senators said, there is nothing in the Constitution which gives the Federal Government any rights over migratory birds, and so the only thing to do about it is just nothing at all. Some venerable Senators may throw up their hands and be content; so may some judges.

By MARK SULLIVAN

But if the American people have one characteristic more marked than another, it is a devotion to effectiveness which will not long tolerate such supine helplessness in government.

The People of Colorado

GOVERNOR E. M. AMMONS of Colorado, in the course of a noisy telegram to William F. McCombs, National Democratic chairman, says:

> We think we have the right to know if President Wilson is considering the appointment of the most obnoxious Republican in the United States, Walter L. Fisher, as Secretary of the Interior.

There is in this an assumption that William F. McCombs is the custodian of Woodrow Wilson's mind, which is pretty strong, but let that pass.

> This appointment would be a *slap in the face of every Colorado citizen.*

"Every Colorado citizen" is a rather large term. We find the Delta (Colo.) County Stockmen's Association passing resolutions favoring conservation and the Federal control of forest reserves, and indorsing the National Conservation Association. We find similar resolutions passed by the Colorado Live Stock Association, and in the Colorado Springs "Gazette" for February 9 we find these sentences:

> Every Big Business interest in Colorado and throughout the West is secretly backing Governor Ammons and those other politicians of his ilk who are seeking the destruction of the National Conservation Service. . . .
>
> Big Business does not fear State conservation, but it has learned that Federal conservation has teeth. . . .
>
> *Colorado, as well as the entire nation, faces a very grave peril under the guise of State rights.* Big Business has already begun a well-planned attack on the service. . . .

Our own guess is that if the issue were submitted to the people of Colorado, they would vote in favor of the present system of conservation. There used to be a politician in Massachusetts known as "the Big Wind"; he is dead, and the title is vacant now, if anyone wants to bestow it on Governor Ammons.

A Hint to the Democrats

A GRADUATED tax on inheritances is more just, more easily collected, more remunerative, and more popular than an income tax.

He Said Nothing

THESE words occurred in the course of a letter from Congressman Edward T. Taylor of Colorado to Governor Ammons of the same State. The sentence is printed more for amusement than for value:

> At the interview of Senator Thomas and myself with Governor Wilson last Monday, I presented as forcibly as I could the injury the present policy (conservation) is inflicting upon Western development, but *he gave us no intimation whatever* of his approval or disapproval of existing conditions.

A good many D[illegible]tic politicians in Washington must [illegible]miled when they read this. The p[illegible] characteristic of Wilson that has been most discussed since his election is his capacity to keep his own counsel, do his own thinking, and come to his own conclusions. He is what the politicians call "a good listener."

Don't Do This

IN THE Denver (Colo.) "Post" not long ago appeared these headlines:

> COLORADO MEMBERS OF CONGRESS MUST PROTECT THEIR WARES; STATE REPRESENTATIVES UNANIMOUSLY ADOPT RESOLUTION AIMED PARTICULARLY AT SENATOR THOMAS, DECLARING TARIFF ON SUGAR, WOOL, LEAD, AND ZINC MUST NOT BE REDUCED.

The exact resolution of the Colorado Legislature, upon which the Denver "Post" based these sensational headlines, read thus:

> *Resolved*, By the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring, that the Nineteenth General Assembly of Colorado expresses itself as being in hearty sympathy and accord with tariff revision, but is opposed to any material reduction in the present schedules which shall protect the products of other States at the expense of those in Colorado; that we believe the reductions should be as fair and equitable and thorough as may be, that the interest of this or any other State should not be discriminated against.

There seems a good deal of disagreement here between headline and fact. Nevertheless, every friend of tariff revision and the Democratic party must wish that this resolution had never been passed. The Democratic party is about to begin the business of undoing an ancient graft; it is a difficult business, and those engaged in it should be as free as possible from disturbance by their home communities.

A Herring Across the Trail

THE agitation to get the Democratic party to take up the subject of freeing the Philippines is of mixed origin. It is composed of about one part sincere altruists who are gravely troubled about having a subject colony under the American flag, and three parts farseeing persons who would be glad to frustrate the Democratic program of tariff reduction, currency revision, trust regulation, and other domestic reforms. These shrewd persons would like to involve the Democratic party in a fatal row over the Philippines. This subject is full of danger; the future of the Philippines ought to wait until some very vital matters affecting our own future are disposed of. Inasmuch as knowledge of Philippine affairs is very limited, both in Congress and throughout the country, it might be well, before the Jones Bill is put upon its passage, to have an able, impartial commission go to the Philippines, report to Congress, and thus give a foundation for discussion of a question which was entirely overlooked in the last campaign.

Within Ten Years

REMEMBER this phrase: The Commission Form of Government for States. This combination of words expresses the idea only imperfectly; of the change it implies you will hear more soon. The American people have seen too much of efficiency in business to continue content with monstrous inefficiency in government.

Federal soldiers looking down from the eaves of the National Palace at the carnage in the Zocalo; a photograph taken only fifteen minutes after the week's first battle — the encounter in which General Reyes and 250 other soldiers and noncombatants were killed. From the Palace roof Federal troops swept the square with machine guns

President Madero risked his life by riding to the Palace while the bullets were whizzing. A guard was killed by assassins

Mexico's Capitol a Battlefield

IN GRAPHIC style, the photographer retells this week the story of the first day's battle in Mexico City. Following the attack upon the Palace, President Madero rode up San Francisco Street and through the Zocalo unharmed, though in an attempt to assassinate him one of his guards was killed. After being repulsed in their attack upon the Palace, the insurgents stormed the Arsenal and compelled its surrender within a few hours. With the Palace as one headquarters and the Arsenal as another, a bloody civil war has been waged in the center of a crowded city.

A strict censorship put upon dispatches has added to the difficulty of estimating the extent of the slaughter, but it is believed that in the first ten days of the fighting nearly 2,000 persons have been killed—a large proportion of them noncombatants. That some of these were Americans, and that in the conflict bullets and shells made the American consulate and the embassy house untenantable, were circumstances that caused President Taft and his Cabinet to hold midnight meetings to consider intervention and order warships, marines, and troops in readiness for possible summons. At this writing, Mr. Taft's official warning to Madero is that this country regards the turn of affairs in Mexico with "extreme pessimism."

Francisco de la Barra

One of the greatest disappointments to optimism was the hesitation of the combatants to accept the diplomat Francisco Léon de la Barra as a provisional President until a more peaceful choice of a Diaz or a Maderist executive could be made. He had served as provisional President before, in the crisis preceding Madero's election.

The roof walls of the Cindadela (Arsenal) also became parapets of a fortress, but the resistance here was feeble, and after a little exchange of hot lead and three extended parleys the garrison surrendered and enlisted against Madero. The Arsenal then became the citadel of the insurgents, and from here they began shelling the Palace

Curiosity Cost Them Their Lives

THE photograph reproduced above has been used as an argument for intervention, and as such probably has had more weight in some quarters than many columns of editorials counseling prudence. We reproduce it simply as a matter of news. It gives an idea of the ferocity of the first encounter, when the insurgents charged upon the Palace. The half-dazed spectators who were attracted to the Zoealo by the first shots of the battle found themselves in a hail of lead from rifles and rapid-fire guns. Posts, instead of being refuges, became like burial stones beside heaps of the slain. The huge cylinder shown in this picture is the base of one of the square's big lamp-posts, and beside it lie noncombatants whose curiosity cost them their lives.

In the Trenches Before Adrianople

THE news from Constantinople comes now jumbled and in flashes. One rumor is later discounted or denied; another is made more emphatic. A story that Enver Bey has been stabbed is followed by a contradiction; then comes a cable that he is dead, that his troops on the Sea of Marmora have been beaten back with terrible losses, and that the Turkish armies are as ready to fight one another as the enemy.

The chief source of satisfaction the Turks have found is the stanch defense of the garrison of Adrianople. The commander's boast that every man of his company will die before he will surrender appears to be solemnly believed. His troops, despite the approaching danger of starvation, sortie out of Adrianople and spiritedly attack the besiegers.

The photograph below shows how the Bulgarian soldiers outside of the city intrench themselves to meet these charges.

Last Week, a Squad; Next Week, an Army

THIS little squad is the American suffrage "army" as it appeared on the march along a country road ten miles out of Trenton, N. J. The pilgrim sisters cheerfully have faced a whole calendar full of assorted weather in the past two weeks; and now, as they draw near to the Capitol, the squad is rapidly being recruited into a regiment. By the time the head of the column moves down Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, on March 3, the regiment will have attained the numerical strength of an army. Suffrage leaders believe that the number in line will be at least 10,000.

The portrait photograph is of Miss Jeanette Rankin of Missoula, Mont., the army's official speaker.

Jailing the "Bashibazoukesses"

THE photograph in the circle at the right is of a suffragist whose call at her country's capital was not so heartily welcomed as the visits of sister suffragists in America have been. It is a characteristic portrait of "General" Mrs. Drummond, who, with thirty other London militants, determined to force Lloyd-George to receive them as a deputation in the House of Commons. All thirty have been spending fourteen days in jail as a result of their impetuosity.

The British public did not worry in advance for nothing—the Parliamentary action that the militants describe as "the great betrayal" has been followed by the most daring depredations of years. The newly coined word, "Bashibazoukesses," has appeared as if required to fit warriors even more reckless and resolute than "militants."

One English suffrage leader is quoted as advising her comrades to "make London unbearable!" This advice appears to have been taken as a slogan; and so many windows have been smashed that the glass factories might well begin to share their profits with the Cause.

Hostilities Renewed in West Virginia

THE correspondent who forwards this picture writes that "even grandmothers" are arming in the West Virginia coal-field war of miners and mine guards. It might be a posed photograph and yet represent truly enough the intensity of a struggle that has lasted longer than the Balkan War and has been as bitterly contested. Six companies of militia recently were called into the field following a day in which skirmishes at Wahcoma, Mucklow, and Ronda ended with sixteen combatants killed and forty seriously wounded. In the fight at Mucklow the mine guards tried to prevent the strikers from gaining a hillside position commanding the town. The deadly effectiveness of the guards' machine guns was matched against the miners' rifle sharpshooting, and after fighting all afternoon the guards had to retreat. As a result of the new outbreaks, nearly 150 arrests were made. The strikers object to the mine-guard system and to exploitation by company stores, and demand higher wages

A Marble Antique and a Municipal Skyscraper

NEW YORK is a city of unnumbered contrasts, but this grouping of its own municipal buildings in City Hall Park is the newest and one of the most startling. A marble hall of 1812, the foreground—a steel and granite monument to the skill and ingenuity of a new century, the background. The skyscraper is now so near completion that some of the city departments will be occupying offices in it early in May. In this larger picture the cupola of the old City Hall hides one of the most remarkable features of the skyscraper: a street tunnels squarely through the center of the new structure; and a second remarkable

Two Contrasts

contrast is furnished when through the archway of this most modern of municipal buildings emerges one of those relics of primitive transportation, a New York horse car.

A Basement on the Fourth Floor

THE plot upon which the skyscraper stands is a triangle with one corner sheared off and a street slicing through the middle. A year and a half and $1,500,000 were required to finish the foundations. Because a subway station and the loops of a street-car terminal required underground space in the building, it was necessary to assign the "basement" to the fourth level. The main building is twenty-five stories high; the tower brings the total to thirty-two; and the statue of Civic Fame will find herself six hundred feet above the street level. The building cost $12,000,000. The Mayor's office will remain in the old City Hall, but nearly all of the city departments will have headquarters in the new building.

Restoring a Beautiful Antique

MEANWHILE the venerable little hall that has the beauty of an old print is being patched and made fireproof in a process of restoration that has been going on for nearly four years and may not end until 1914. Huge timbers a hundred years old had rotted until there was danger that the whole building might collapse. Beautiful old carvings in marble had been covered with coats of paint, and clumsy alterations had ruined many of the building's early-day attractions. Mrs. Russell Sage supplied $65,000 and the city $15,000 to a fund to save the hall and restore it to its 1812 designs.

WHO WILL WIN THE PENNANT?

Some Facts Bearing on the Question That Is Uppermost in the Mind of Every Fan

By
BILLY EVANS
Umpire of the American League

An old league-winning manager in a new place and three ambitious new managers — Frank Chance of the Yankees, Miller Huggins of the St. Louis Nationals, Joe Tinker of the Cincinnati Reds, and Johnny Evers of the Chicago Cubs (left to right)

WHO will win the pennant? That question is now uppermost in the mind of every major league fan. Can the Boston Red Sox repeat in the American League? Will the New York Giants be able to win the National League honors for the third time in succession? I wish I knew the correct solutions of the above momentous questions. If I did I wouldn't have to umpire. Very shortly a lot of rash predictions concerning the outcome of the two races will be made. Some of the prophecies may pan out, but they will be largely a matter of guessing. It is hard to figure out the "dope" in baseball. Injuries, illness, and dissension keep many a team from running true to form.

Far be it from me to make predictions in this article. I may have decided opinions, but I am going to keep them to myself. I am simply going to make straight statements of facts. You can juggle and rejuggle the facts and then make your own selections. They will probably be every bit as good as any I might make.

It is my opinion that the coming campaigns will be thrillers. I look for a lot of surprises, more than the usual number of disappointments, and probably several more or less serious explosions.

Now is the time for some of the clubs to make a fine showing, for they may be making a very poor showing before the races are very old.

M'ALEER INTENDS TO REPEAT

DURING the Christmas holidays I spent several days at Youngstown, Ohio, visiting my mother. Jimmy McAleer, the president of the Boston American League team, had also dropped into the city for a visit of a few days with relatives and friends. I happened to bump into him at the Elks Club one evening. After we had exchanged greetings he remarked:

"Well, I see the critics claim my team is not strong enough to repeat."

"I've been reading such comment in the papers," I replied.

"What do you think about the club?"

"It is a mighty strong bunch of players," I answered.

"Strong enough to win?" inquired Jimmy with a grin.

"It won last year," I answered.

"Well, I know most people think Jake and his boys can't repeat, but I feel sure folks will be just as surprised next fall as they were last year. Where do you figure the team might be strengthened?" continued Jimmy.

"I guess Walter Johnson or Ed Walsh wouldn't weaken your team, Mac," I replied.

"If I had either one of those fellows I would start counting the world's series receipts right now. It would be a walk away. All I ask is that Jake will be lucky enough to have some twirler who didn't show so well last year pitch just about three-fourths as well as Johnson or Walsh, and we will win sure."

Thus it can be seen that President McAleer believes his boys can repeat, notwithstanding opinions to the contrary. That the Boston club will be a hard one to beat seems certain. The team is evenly balanced, and harmony reigned supreme last year. It is a club with enough batting strength to win a majority of the games with just fair pitching. With high-class twirling the team is a very formidable aggregation.

JOE WOOD'S BIG JOB

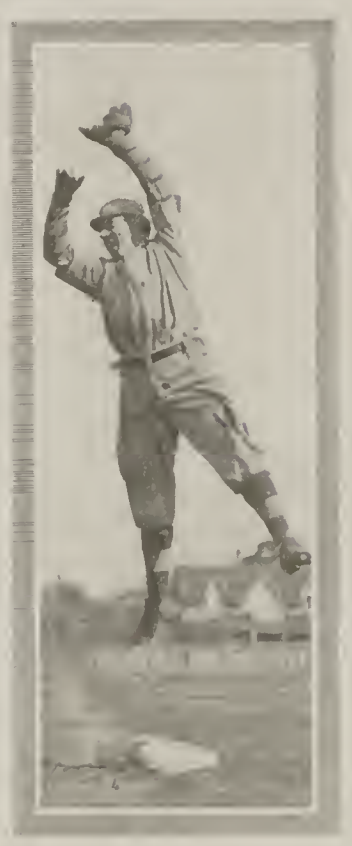
BEHIND the bat it is well fortified. In Carrigan, Cady, Nunamaker, and Thomas it has a quartet of receivers who are able to hold their own with any catching staff in the league. The infield, consisting of Stahl, Gardner, Wagner, and Yerkes, is an excellent one. An outfield, composed of Hooper, Speaker, and Lewis, would be hard to improve upon, and in Henrickson the club has a corking good extra outfielder.

The team could use a high-class utility infielder and another good pitcher. Two such players would make President McAleer and Manager Stahl feel considerably better. An injury to shortstop Wagner would work havoc with the chances of the team. Under the present conditions it would be well-nigh impossible to fill the breach. It would be the height of folly to expect Joe Wood to come through with as wonderful a performance in 1913 as he gave last year. He will undoubtedly be one of the winning pitchers of the Johnsonian organization this summer, but there is scarcely a chance that he will record as many victories for the Red Sox as he won last year. That means that some other pitcher must take up part of the burden. Charley Hall, the "Ready Rescuer," must also show to advantage again, and Ray Collins, the lone southpaw on the club, must come back with another good year. Possibly Buck O'Brien, of whom so much was expected last year, may be ripe for a good season. He was picked as a wonder last year, but proved a big disappointment. It is a well-known fact that he has the ability, but there was something lacking that was essential.

I look for Hugh Bedient to be a tower of strength to the Boston club this summer. I don't bank merely on Bedient's great work in the world's series, but rather on the excellent form he displayed during the entire summer of 1912. "Babe" Adams starred in the 1909 series as the sensational youngster, and "King" Cole came through with the best performance of any Cub pitcher in 1910, and then both of them faded. I do not look for any such performance by Hugh Bedient. The pitching of that youngster was not a mere flash. Time and again last year he showed me as much, if not more, "stuff" than he had on tap during the world's series.

DON'T OVERLOOK CONNIE MACK

THE critics constantly refer to Joe Wood as "Smoky Joe" because of his tremendous speed, and rightly so. Seldom is there much comment about Bedient's "swift," which is comedian Nick Altrock's synonym for speed, but he is practically as fast as the great Joe Wood. He does not look nearly as speedy as Wood because of his peculiar delivery, which, by the way, vastly increases his effectiveness. Just as he reaches the height of his pitching motion he seems to come almost to a dead stop, with his right arm extended high in the air. Then before the batter realizes it the motion is completed and the ball is almost on top of him. This peculiar half stop makes it all the more difficult to time Bedient's speed.



One day late last year when I was sitting on the bench in Philadelphia prior to the beginning of a game, discussing baseball in general with Connie Mack, he made the following remarks about his team and its chances: "What I must get if I want to be in the race next year is a couple of outfielders. Murphy's loss was a terrible blow to the chances of the Athletics; much greater than anyone thinks. It is surprising the number of games we lost simply through the absence of Dan's slugging. Physicians say his knee will probably never get strong again, so my crying need is outfielders."

It looks very much as if Mack secured the players needed to bolster up his team in Jimmy Walsh and Eddie Murphy of the Baltimore team in the International League. Both look like real major league ball players. There has been some doubt about their ability to hit, but I believe that both boys will come through with enough hitting strength to cinch their positions.

Chief Bender is still a wonderful pitcher, despite all reports to the contrary. If the Chief will just think up a prize, and he can use a good catcher. Don't think for a minute that the foxy Connie has a team that can not come back. The stuff is there.

That wonderful infield, composed of Baker, Barry, Collins, and McInnis, is enough to make any club feared.

Clarke Griffith has a herculean task ahead of him. Perhaps no manager in the history of baseball ever made such a wonderful showing as did the "Old Fox" with the lowly Nationals. He took a team that was never figured in the running, made a pennant contender of it, and finished a good second. I fear Griffith has done too much in too short a time to make his task for this summer anything but a difficult one.

CLARKE GRIFFITH HAS WALTER JOHNSON

THREE or four years ago, when seventh was a position of honor in Washington, I often heard fans tell how satisfied they would be if the team ever finished fifth, and how "nutty" they would be if it ever got into the first division. It got into the first division last summer, but the fans were not satisfied then with a first-division team. They wanted the pennant. Since Griffith finished second last year, he has nothing to shoot at now but the pennant. If he had finished fourth Washington fans probably would have been just as well satisfied, and they would not be expecting so much of him. A finish in the fourth position would have given him third, second, and first to aspire to. Now he must finish first to improve on his wonderful showing of last year.

In Walter Johnson, Griffith has one of the greatest pitchers that ever threw a ball, but one great pitcher cannot carry a team to a pennant. Bob Groome should be one of the best pitchers in the business, but not until last year did he meet with the success his ability deserved. The veteran Tom Hughes is still a wonderful twirler when his arm is right. In Cashion, Washington possesses a pitcher with as much stuff as any twirler living. However, he lacks control. To be in the running a team needs three pitchers that are going fine. Griffith could use another good pitcher. Cashion simply must deliver if Griffith is to realize his ambition, the winning of a pennant.

CLEVELAND WILL BE STRONGER

SECOND BASE is also worrying Griffith. Morgan is a clever fielder, but shy with the stick. Lajoie is a good sticker, but shy in the field. If Griffith could only combine the best in the two he would have a wonder. Eddie Foster must continue his phenomenal work as he was a big factor in the team's showing. If Shanks can increase his batting strength Griffith need not worry about his outfield. But the Nationals' manager certainly has his work cut out for him if he is to please the Washingtonians, who have now had a pennant-winning ball team.

Cleveland is sure to be stronger this year. Chapman looks like a grand shortstop, and [illegible]

The fans will soon be yelling at the sight of plays like these — the recruits already are sliding to bases, trying out their throwing arms, and hoping to make good in the Southern training camps

fill the bill at first. These two players are wonderfully fast, and have injected some speed into the club, a phase in which it has always been sadly lacking. Cleveland fans must not expect too much of Manager Birmingham and his Naps. The fact that the team won twenty-one out of the last twenty-seven games last fall is liable to bring about too high expectations. Cleveland's backstopping department is an uncertainty, and a couple of pitchers could be used to advantage. Gregg is a sure enough star, and Blanding gives great promise. In the outfield Jackson is the real thing. However, Manager Birmingham is a wise chap.

In a recent interview he said that the Naps would not finish worse than sixth; that he knew there were better and worse teams in the league.

WHITE SOX ALWAYS TROUBLESOME

THE Chicago White Sox are sure to be a troublesome team, especially when Walsh is on the mound. Bill Lang, White, Benz, and Scott are also hard men to beat when they are right. In Kuhn and Schalk, Comiskey has picked up two of the best young catchers that have broken into the American League in years. Borton seems to be the hard-hitting first baseman needed to round out the infield, and John Collins is sure to hit the ball harder and oftener if he is played in the outfield. The Sox will give every one of their opponents a battle.

Hughey Jennings will probably need a couple of years to reconstruct the Tigers. Some of his great old stars are fading fast, and youngsters to take their places cannot be developed overnight. Jennings appears to have picked up a very capable outfielder in Veach. But the Tigers are an attraction regardless of what position they hold. The sensational Bush at short, the clever Stanage behind the bat, the antics of Jennings on the coaching lines, and the swatting of those premier bingle artists, Crawford and Cobb, always attract the fans.

CHANCE WILL INSTILL FIGHTING SPIRIT

MANAGER CHANCE will surely revolutionize things in New York. It is foolish to expect anything very wonderful from him this season, considering his material, but one thing is sure—he will instill the fighting spirit into his team. That will make every game a real battle, no matter who wins. And that is what the New York fans want—a fighting team.

At St. Louis George Stovall is taking a long chance with the youngsters. He has allowed practically all the old members of the team to get away, with the exception of Bobby Wallace. Recently he disposed of Jimmy Stephens, the only veteran catcher he had. Unless Stovall puts over a deal that gives him a catcher from another major league club, his veteran receiver when the season opens will have been a big leaguer only two months.

Now let us consider the situation in the National League. There are a lot of things concerning the coming season for Manager McGraw of the Giants to wonder over. To enable the Giants to be at the top

Marquard must show much of the form he displayed last year, the veteran Mathewson must be able to come back for the "steenth" time, and the youthful Tesreau must duplicate his wonderful first-year record. Undoubtedly McGraw realizes that Pittsburgh is sure to give him sturdy opposition.

The Pittsburgh ball club is a great aggregation. Every National Leaguer I talked to last year had nothing but praise for the Pirates. All Manager Clarke needs is consistent work in the box. A big year by Marty O'Toole, who certainly has the stuff, would tend to enhance the chances of the Pirates wonderfully. In Cooper, secured from Columbus, they appear to have a star.

At the time of the world's series Billy Friel, who managed Columbus last year, said the young man was a big leaguer in every way.

Johnny Evers is liable to find the going in Chicago far from smooth. The combined brain work of Evers, Chance, and Tinker is sure to be missed. The Cubs' pitching staff is also liable to give Johnny a lot of thought.

TINKER IS IN A HARD SPOT

I SCARCELY think Tinker will be able to finish higher with the Reds than O'Day did, which was fourth. I really believe that the former umpire did well to land the Reds where he did. I have often heard O'Day say that the club lacked pitching strength; that many a time last year he did not have a single dependable pitcher on his staff.

All the other clubs have made every effort to strengthen themselves, but little can be learned relative to the new men until they have been thoroughly tried out.

If prior to the beginning of the season of 1912 I had been asked my opinion of the American League race, and I had been willing to commit myself, which of course I would not, I would have responded: "Why, the Athletics in a walk."

Possibly the Athletics would have won if Chief Bender, the hero of the 1911 world's series, had not suffered a complete reversal of form; if Cy Morgan had not paid more attention to his automobile than to the pitcher's box; if Danny Murphy had not received an injury to his knee in June that kept him out of the running for the rest of the year; if an injury to Jack Barry had not affected [illegible]ork in all departments; if illness had not put [illegible]n Rube Oldring and Ira Thomas; and if Ed[illegible]s had not had a batting slump during the sea[illegible]

If some one had su[illegible] Washington a year ago, it would have brought [illegible]nd the reply that Washington might possibly [illegible]venth, or that sixth place would be a wonderful showing for them to make. I thought possibly the Senators, with Griffith fighting for every point and Walter Johnson going good, might head the second division. I also contemplated what a hero Griffith would be if he came through with a team that finished fifth, but if anybody had had the audacity to even suggest a year ago that the Washington Club would finish in the first division, there would have been doubts about his sanity. If anyone had been reckless enough to say that they would finish second, he would have been allowed to write his own ticket for a bet of any amount. Yet that is just what they did.

A YEAR AGO IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

IN THE National League I had a decided liking for the chances of the Pittsburgh team to win the 1912 honors. While I got to see the National League clubs in action only every now and then during 1911, the Pirates looked like a mighty high-class aggregation to me. Early in the spring of 1912 I saw the Pittsburgh club play several times, and in each instance they played brilliant ball.

On the other hand, when I saw the Giants play, they did not do as well as the Pirates. I saw them win twice, and saw Pittsburgh defeated twice, yet the Pirates looked like the stronger team. The two New York victories were due largely to the superb pitching of Mathewson and Marquard, rather than to the general excellence of the club. A year ago I would have picked the Pirates to win and the Giants as the runner-up. Therefore, if I had really made any predictions last spring, my average at the close of the season would not have been a very imposing one. Instead of Philadelphia winning the pennant in the American League, it finished a good third. And while I picked the Pirates to win in the National and the Giants to finish second, the outcome was just the reverse.

Interest in both races is sure to be considerably increased by the number of new managers that take hold. In the National there will be four. Johnny Evers will rule at Chicago, Joe Tinker at Cincinnati, Miller Huggins at St. Louis, and George Stallings at Boston. In the American League, Joe Birmingham will lead Cleveland's hopes, and Frank Chance will look after the forlorn Yankees.

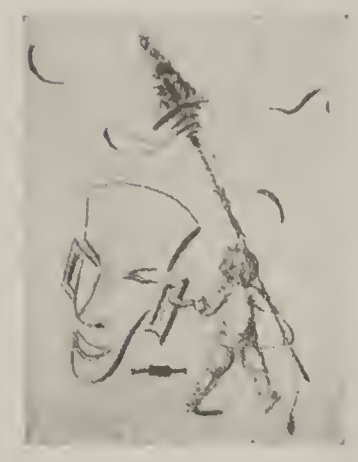
THE SCATTERED TRIO

THE work of Evers and Tinker will be watched very closely. While members of the Chicago Cubs, both of them were given credit for being the brainiest of players. It will be decidedly interesting to note what success they meet with as managers. It is a peculiar coincidence that three members of the famous Cub infield are now managers, and that Evers is the manager of the club on which he was once a "private," while Frank Chance, for whom he played, has shifted his affections to the American League. Baseball is chuck full of uncertainties. If you rely implicitly on the "dope," there is no telling what may happen to you.

The Poor Little Rich Girl

She Lost Her "Silver Spoon" and Rejoiced

By ARTHUR RUHL



MISS ELEANOR GATES, the author of "The Poor Little Rich Girl," which met with instantaneous success in New York, belongs to the California School of writers. She was in the same class at Stanford with the Brothers Irwin, and she wrote for several of the San Francisco papers before her novels appeared. Much of her girlhood was spent in a sod house on the prairie—she is the author of "The Plow Woman" and "The Biography of a Prairie Girl"—and it is not difficult to see where some of the real feeling came from which is found in the play.

This particular little rich girl was poor in all those things which come so easily to children who can get right down to the ground and eat that peck of dirt without which no free-born American child can ever grow up to be good and great. She lived in a little velvet-lined case, like something in a jeweler's shop, surrounded by servants and governesses and people who would never let her do anything for herself. Her mother had a society bee buzzing in her bonnet—in the next act, where we see everything as it is, we actually hear him buzz—and her father was too busy down in Wall Street making money to pay attention to anything else.

One evening, when her father and mother were having a dinner party, the ignorant and selfish nurse, who wanted to go downstairs and talk with the policeman or flirt with the footman or something, gave the little girl medicine to put her to sleep. It was the wrong medicine and it nearly finished her for good and all. As soon as she swallows it the stage goes dark, there is a wild squeaking and shrilling from the violins—vividly suggestive of the sensations of losing consciousness—and when the lights come on again we are in the fantastic land of the little girl's delirium, where she gets outdoors at last, and barefoot, too, and has somebody to play with, but where also she is fighting hard to get well and escape the ills and bothers which now, in visible shapes, pursue her.

The deceitful governess appears as the Snake in the Grass she really is, and the nurse actually has two faces, one on the back of the head and one where a face usually is, and when she "dances attendance" she actually does dance, jigging about most absurdly. The gossipy footman does have huge ears, and the level-headed policeman proves that his head is level by standing on it, quite easily, and, feeling that he ought to keep a sharp eye out for trouble, he picks a fine bright eye off the counter where such things are sold and marches off with it content. The little girl's mother tries to take her in her arms, but the social bee, buzzing away for dear life, pushes in between. Her father tries to reach her, but he is harnessed to his absurd money-making machine which he must grind all day.

There is a third act in which we see Gwendolen in her own bed, getting well, with Father and Mother, escaped now from the Bee and the Money-Making Machine, hovering about her and ready, as soon as she is strong enough, to take her off into the country.

Miss Gates has not only accomplished the delicate task of maintaining successfully the note of fantasy but has written a thoroughly delightful play.

The old organ grinder who "makes faces"

The policeman, "heels over ears," the two-faced nurse, the doctor, and the poor little rich girl

THE CLUE of the PIGTAIL

The Second Fu-Manchu Story

By SAX ROHMER

Illustrated by J. C. Gall

"The finest prizefighting lad at the yard," said Inspector Weymouth, and his usually gruff voice had a softer lilt strangely

Nayland Smith struck his right fist into the palm of his left hand and swore under his breath, striding up and down the neat little room. No one spoke for a moment, and in the silence I could hear the whispering of the Thames outside—of the Thames which had so many strange secrets to tell and now was burdened with another.

He lay prone upon the deal table—this latest of the river's dead—dressed in rough sailor garb, and, to all outward seeming, a seaman of nondescript nationality —such as is no stranger in Wapping and Shadwell. His dark, curly hair clung clammily about the brown forehead; his skin was stained, they told me. He wore a gold ring in one ear, and three fingers of the left hand were missing.

"It was almost the same with Mason." The River Police Inspector was speaking. "Three weeks ago, on a Wednesday, he went off in his own time on some funny business down St. George's way—and Thursday night the ten o'clock boat got the grapnel on him off Hanover Hole. His first two fingers on the right hand were clean gone and his left hand was mutilated frightfully."

He paused, and glanced at Smith.

"That lascar, too," he continued, "that you came down to see, sir—you remember his hands?"

Smith nodded.

"He was not a lascar," he said shortly. "He was a dacoit."

SILENCE fell again.

I turned to the array of objects lying on the table—those which had been found in the dead man's clothing. None of them were noteworthy, except that which had been found thrust into the loose neck of his shirt. This last it was which had led the police to send for Nayland Smith; for it constituted the first clue which had come to light pointing to the authors of these mysterious tragedies.

It was a Chinese pigtail. That alone was sufficiently remarkable; but it was rendered more so by the fact that the plaited queue was a false one, being attached to a most ingenious bald wig.

"You're sure it wasn't part of a Chinese make-up?" questioned Weymouth, his eye on the strange relic. "Poor Cadby was clever at disguise."

Smith snatched the wig from my hands, with a certain irritation, and tried to fit it on the dead detective.

"Too small by inches!" he jerked; "and look how it's padded in the crown. This thing was made for a most abnormal head."

He threw it down and fell to pacing the room again.

"Where did you find him—exactly?" he asked.

"Limehouse Reach—under Commercial Dock Pier—exactly an hour ago."

"And you last saw him at eight o'clock last night?" —to Weymouth.

"Eight to a quarter past."

"You think he has been dead nearly twenty four hours, Petrie?"

"Roughly—twenty-four hours," I replied.

"Then, we know that Cadby was on the track of the Fu-Manchu group; that he followed up some clue which led him to the neighborhood of old Ratcliffe Highway; and that he died the same night. You are sure that is where he was going?"

"Yes," said Weymouth. "He was jealous of giving anything away, poor chap; it meant a big lift for him if he pulled the case off; but he gave me to understand that he expected to spend last night in that district. He left the yard about eight, as I've said, to go to his rooms and dress for the job."

"Did he keep any record of his cases?"

"Of course! He was most particular. Cadby was a man with ambitions, sir! You'll want to see his book. Wait while I get his address. It's somewhere in Brixton."

He went to the telephone, and Inspector Ryman covered up the dead man's face.

Nayland Smith was palpably excited.

"He almost succeeded where we have failed, Petrie!" he said. "There is no doubt in my mind that he was hot on the track of Fu-Manchu! Poor Mason had probably blundered on the scent, too, and met with a similar fate. Without other evidence, the fact that they both died in the same way as the dacoit would be conclusive; for we know that Fu-Manchu killed the dacoit!"

"What is the meaning of the mutilated hands, Smith?"

"God knows! Cadby's death was from drowning, you say?"

"There are no other marks of violence."

"But he was a very strong swimmer, doctor!" interrupted Inspector Ryman. "Why, he pulled off the quarter-mile championship at the Crystal Palace, last year! Cadby wasn't a man easy to drown. And as for Mason, he was an R. N. R. and like a fish in the water!"

SMITH shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"Let us hope that one day we shall know how they died," he said, simply.

Weymouth returned from the telephone.

"The address is No.— Cold Harbor Lane," he reported. "I shall not be able to come along, but you can't miss it—it's down beside the Brixton Police Station. There's no family, fortunately: he was quite alone in the world. His case book isn't in the American desk, which you'll find in his sitting room; it's in the cupboard in the corner—top shelf. Here are his keys, all intact. I think this is the cupboard key."

Smith nodded.

"Come on, Petrie!" he said. "We haven't a second to waste!"

Our cab was waiting, and in a few seconds we were speeding along Wapping High Street. We had gone no more than a few hundred yards, I think, when Smith suddenly slapped his open hand down on his knee.

"That pigtail!" he cried. "I have left it behind! We must have it, Petrie! Stop! Stop!"

The cab was pulled up, and Smith alighted.

"Don't wait for me!" he directed hurriedly. "Here—take Weymouth's card. Remember where he said the book was? It's all we want. Come straight on to Scotland Yard and meet me there."

"But, Smith," I protested, "a few minutes can make no difference!"

"Can't it!" he snapped. "Do you suppose Fu-Manchu is going to leave evidence like that lying about? It's a thousand to one he has it already, but there is just a bare chance!"

OF MY drive that night I remember nothing, for so lost in thought was I that the cab was outside the house for which I was bound ere I realized that we had quitted the purliens of Wapping. Yet I had had leisure to review the whole troop of events which had crowded my life since the return of Nayland Smith from Burma. Mentally I had looked again upon the dead Sir Crichton Davey, and with Smith had waited in the dark for the dreadful thing that had killed him. Now, with those remorseless memories jostling in my mind, I was entering the house of Fu-Manchu's last victim; and the shadow of that giant evil seemed to lie upon it like a palpable cloud.

Cadby's old landlady greeted me with a queer mixture of fear and embarrassment in her manner.

"I am Dr. Petrie," I said, "and I regret that I bring bad news respecting Mr. Cadby."

"Oh! sir!" she cried "don't tell me that anything has happened to him!" [illegible]ining something of the mission on which I was [illegible]or such sad duty often falls to the lot of the [illegible] man: "Oh! the poor brave lad!" And again [illegible]he poor brave lad!"

Indeed, I respected [illegible] man's memory more than ever from that [illegible]nce the sorrow of the worthy old soul was [illegible]thetic, and spoke eloquently for the unhapp[illegible]of it.

"There was a terri[illegible]ng at the back of the house last night, docto[illegible] heard it again to-night a second before you [illegible] Poor lad! It was the same when his mothe[illegible]

At the moment I paid little attention to her words, for such beliefs are common, unfortunately; but when she was sufficiently composed I went on to explain what I thought necessary. And now the old lady's embarrassment took precedence of her sorrow, an presently the truth came out.

"There's a—young lady—in his rooms, sir!"

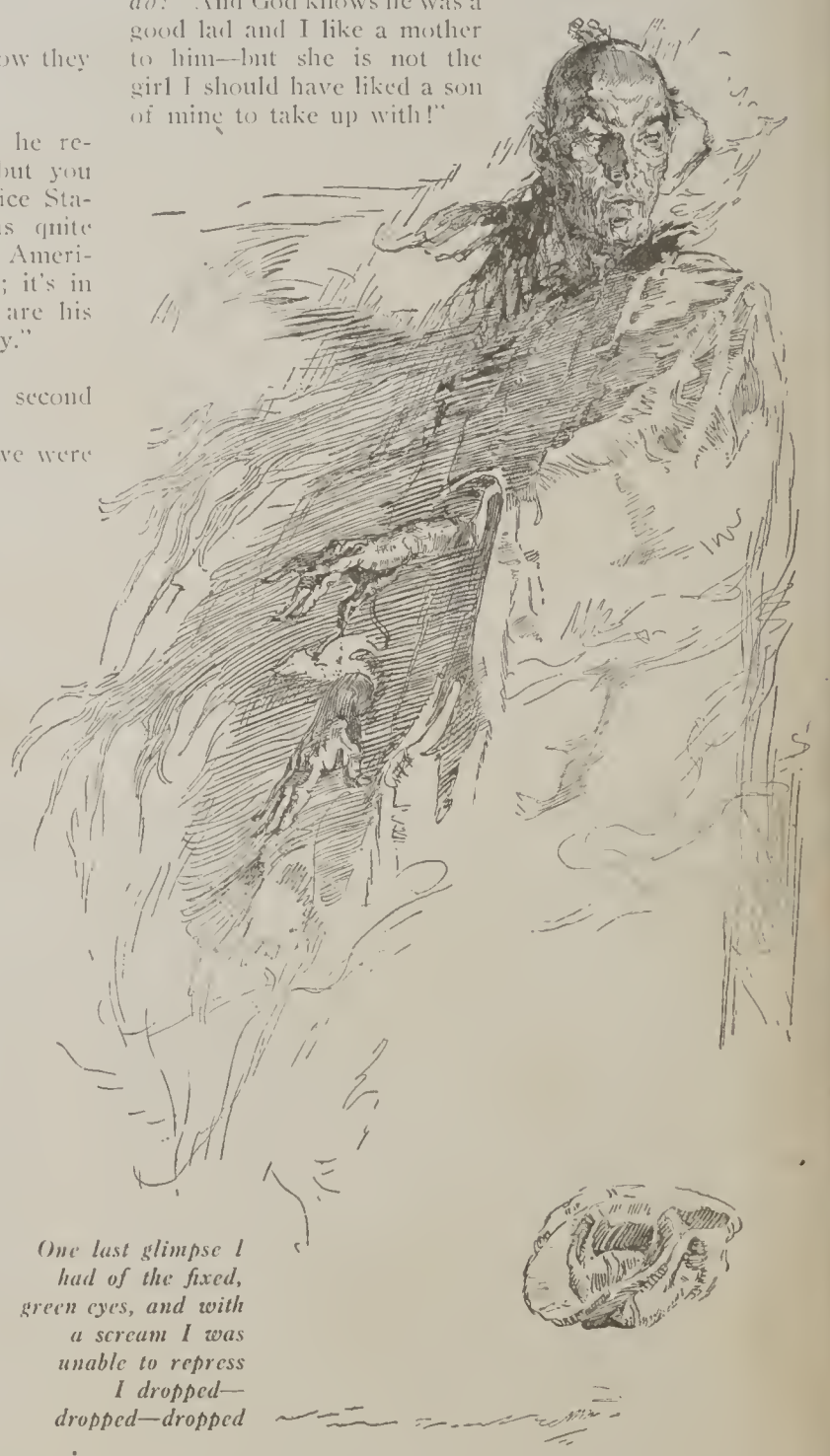
I started. This might mean little or might mean much.

"She came and waited for him last night, doctor—from ten until half past—and this morning again. She came the third time about an hour ago, and has been upstairs since!"

"Do you know her, Mrs. Dolan?"

Mrs. Dolan grew embarrassed again.

"Well, doctor," she said, wiping her eyes the while, "I *do!* And God knows he was a good lad and I like a mother to him—but she is not the girl I should have liked a son of mine to take up with!"



One last glimpse I had of the fixed, green eyes, and with a scream I was unable to repress I dropped—dropped—dropped

At any other time this would have been amusing; now, it might be serious. Mrs. Dolan's account of the wailing became suddenly significant—for perhaps it meant that one of Fu-Manchu's dacoit followers was watching the house, to give warning of any stranger's approach! It was unlikely that I should forget the dark eyes of another of Fu-Manchu's servants. Was that beautiful lure of men, even now in the house, completing her evil work?

"*I* should never have allowed her in his rooms—" began Mrs. Dolan again. Then there was an interruption.

A soft rustling reached my ears—intimately feminine. The girl was stealing down!

I leaped out into the hall; and she turned and fled blindly before me—back up the stairs! Taking three

steps at a time, I followed her, bounded into the room, shut at her heels, and stood with my back to the door.

She cowered against the desk by the window, a slim figure in a clinging silk gown, which alone explained Mrs. Dolan's distrust. The gaslight was turned very low and her hat shadowed her face, but could not hide its startling beauty; could not mar the brilliancy of the skin, nor dim the wonderful eyes of this modern Delilah. For it was she!

"So I came in time!" I said grimly, and turned the key in the lock.

"Oh!" she panted at that, and stood facing me, leaning back with her jewel-laden hands clutching the desk edge.

"Give me whatever you have removed from here," I said sternly, "and then prepare to accompany me."

She took a step forward, her eyes wide with fear, her lips parted.

"I have taken nothing!" she said. Her breast was heaving tumultuously. "Oh! let me go! please let me go!" and impulsively she threw herself forward, pressing clasped hands against my shoulder and looking up into my face with passionate pleading.

IT IS with some shame that I confess how her charm enveloped me like a magic cloud. Unfamiliar with the complex Oriental temperament, I had laughed at Nayland Smith when he had spoken of this girl's infatuation. "Love in the East," he had said, "is like the conjuror's mango tree; it is born, grows, and flowers at the touch of a hand." Now in her face I read confirmation of his words. Her clothes or her hair exhaled a faint perfume. Like all Fu-Manchu's servants, she was perfectly chosen for her peculiar duties. Her beauty was wholly intoxicating.

But I thrust her away.

"You have no claim to mercy!" I said. "Do not count upon any. What have you taken from here?"

She grasped the lapels of my coat. I felt how she trembled.

"I will tell you all I can—all I dare!" she panted, eagerly, fearfully. "I should know how to deal with your friend, but with you—I am lost! If you could only understand—you would not be so cruel!" Her slight accent added charm to the musical voice. "I am not free, as your English women are. What I do I must do, for it is the will of my master—and I am only a slave! Ah! you are not a man if you can give me to the police! You have no heart if you can forget that I tried to save you once!"

I had feared that plea; for, in her own Oriental fashion, she certainly had tried to save me from a deadly peril once—at the expense of my friend. But I had feared the plea—for I did not know how to meet it. How could I give her up, perhaps to stand her trial for murder? And now I fell silent, and she saw why I was silent.

"I may deserve no mercy—I may be even as bad as you think; but what have *you* to do with the police? It is not your work to hound a woman to death! Could you ever look another woman in the eyes—one that you loved, and know that she trusted you—if you had done such a thing? Ah! I have no friend in all the world, or I should not be here! Do not be my enemy, my judge, and make me worse than I am; be my friend, and save me—from *him!*" The beautiful face was close to mine; her breath fanned my cheek. "Have mercy on me!"

I managed to turn, to raise my throbbing head; and I saw the strangest sight which that night yet had offered

At that moment I honestly would have given half of my worldly possessions to have been spared the decision which I knew I must come to. After all, what proof had I that she was a willing accomplice of Dr. Fu-Manchu? Furthermore, she was an Oriental, and her code must necessarily be different from mine. Irreconcilable as the thing may be with Western ideas, Nayland Smith had really told me that he believed the girl to be a slave. Then there remained that other reason why I loathed the idea of becoming her captor. It was almost tantamount to betrayal! Must I soil my hands with such work now?

THUS—I suppose—her seductive beauty arguing against my sense of right. The jeweled fingers grasped my shoulders nervously, and her slim body quivered against mine as she watched me with all her soul in her eyes—in an abandonment of pleading despair. Then I remembered the fate of the man in whose room we stood.

"You lured Cadby to his death!" I said and shook her off.

"No! no!" she cried wildly, clutching at me. "No! I swear by the holy name I did not! I did not! I watched him—spied upon him—yes! But listen—it was because he would not be warned that he met his death! *I* could not save him! Ah! I am not so bad as that! I will tell you—I have taken his notebook and torn out the last pages and burned them! Look! in the grate! The book was too big to steal away. I came twice and could not find it! There! will you let me go?"

"If you will tell me where and how to seize Dr. Fu-Manchu—yes!"

Her hands dropped and she took a backward step. A new terror was upon her.

"I dare not! I dare not!"

"Then you would—if you dared?"

She was watching me intently.

"Not if *you* would go to find him!" she said.

And with all that I thought I knew to be [illegible] I could not help but admire that I would have had myself [illegible] her blood leap to my cheek at [illegible] emphasis. She grasped my arm.

"Could you hide me from him? [illegible] and told you all I know."

The authorities—

"Ah!" Her eyes flashed [illegible] on the rack it they chose. [illegible] would I speak! Never [illegible]"

She threw up her head [illegible] proud glance softened again.

"But I will speak for you!"

Closer she came and closer, until she could whisper in my ear.

"Hide me from your police—from *him*—from everybody, and I will no longer be thy slave!"

My heart was beating with painful rapidity. I had not counted on this warring with a woman; moreover, it was harder than I could have dreamed of. For some time I had been aware that by the charm of her personality and the art of her pleading she had brought me down from my judgment seat—had made it all but impossible for me to give her up to justice. Now, I was disarmed—but in a quandary. What should I do? What *could* I do? I turned away from her and walked to the hearth, in which some paper ash lay and yet emitted a faint smell.

Not more than ten seconds elapsed, I am confident, from the time that I stepped across the room until I glanced back. But she had gone!

As I leaped to the door, the key turned gently from the outside.

"*Ma 'alesh!*" came her soft whisper; "but I am afraid to trust you yet! Be comforted, for there is one near who would have killed you had I wished it! Remember—I will come to you whenever you will take me and hide me!"

Light footsteps pattered down the stairs. I heard a stifled cry from Mrs. Dolan as the mysterious visitor ran past her. The front door opened and closed.

"SHEN-YAN'S is a dope shop in one of the burrows off the old Ratcliffe Highway," said Inspector Weymouth. "Singapore Charlie's they call it. It's a center for some of the Chinese societies, I believe, but all sorts of opium smokers use it. There have never been any complaints that I know of. I don't understand this."

We stood in his room at New Scotland Yard, bending over a sheet of foolscap upon which were arranged some burned fragments from poor Cadby's grate; for so hurriedly had the girl done her work that combustion had not been complete.

"What do we make of this?" said Smith. "'. . . Hunchback . . . lascar went up . . . unlike . . . others . . . not return . . . till Shen-Yan' (there is no doubt about the name, I think) 'turned me . . . booming sound . . . lascar in . . . mortuary I could ident- . . . not for . . . days . . . or suspici- . . . Tuesday night in a different make- . . . snatch . . . pigtail. . . .'"

"The pigtail again!" rapped Weymouth.

"She evidently burned the torn-out pages all together," continued Smith. "They lay flat, and this was in the middle! I see the hand of retributive justice in that inspector! Now—we have a reference to a hunchback, and what follows amounts to this: A lascar (among several other persons) went up somewhere, presumably upstairs—at Shen-Yan's—and did not come down again. Cadby, who was there disguised, noted a booming sound. Later, he identified the lascar in some mortuary. We have no means of fixing the date of this visit to Shen-Yan's, but I feel inclined to put down the 'lascar' as the dacoit who was murdered by Fu-Manchu! It is sheer supposition, however. But that Cadby meant to pay another visit to the place in a different 'make-up' or disguise is evident, and that the Tuesday night proposed was last night is a reasonable deduction. The reference to a pigtail is principally interesting because of what was found on Cadby's body."

INSPECTOR WEYMOUTH nodded affirmatively, and Smith glanced at his watch.

"Exactly 10.23," he said. "I will trouble you, inspector, for the freedom of your fancy wardrobe. There is time to spend an hour in the company of Shen-Yan's opium fiends!"

Weymouth raised his eyebrows.

"It might be risky. What [illegible] official suit!"

Nayland Smith laughed.

"Worse than useless! By your own showing the place is open to inspection. No, quiet, honest John! We are dealing with a Chinaman with the [illegible] essence of Eastern subtlety, with the most [illegible]

"Indeed There Is a Difference!"

Leave it to the judgment of your guest—to your *own* sense of taste—and prove how *big* a difference there is between

Heinz Baked Beans

—which are *oven-baked*—and the ordinary canned beans which are merely boiled or steamed.

Truly, there's no comparison. The reason why Heinz Baked Beans are such prime favorites among the

57 Varieties

—why they are the choice in millions of homes today—is because Heinz Baked Beans are the very choicest selected beans, baked in the old-fashioned way till they're so tender and flavory that the palate can't resist them. They've far more nutriment, too. And Heinz Tomato Sauce, known the world over, adds a zest beyond description.

The United States Government forbids the use of the word "Baked" on the tins of beans that are not baked. Heinz Baked Beans are baked and labeled "Baked."

There are four kinds of Heinz Baked Beans:

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce.

Heinz Baked Pork and Beans without Tomato Sauce—(Boston Style).

Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Pork—(Vegetarian).

Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans.

Others of the 57 Varieties are:

Tomato Ketchup, India Relish, Euchred Pickle, Chili Sauce, Mince Meat, Peanut Butter, Grape Fruit Marmalade.

H. J. Heinz Co.

HEINZ

Over 50,000 Visitors Inspect the Heinz Model Pure Food Kitchens Every Year

The Problem of the "Semi-pro"

By WILL IRWIN

THE journalist has always in his pack a sheaf of stories which he cannot print for lack of visible and final proof. Some of them, indeed, are proved to his entire personal satisfaction; but the evidence would not stand the test of legal scrutiny. Some, again, are mere gossip; yet the experienced reporter is likely to believe them also in a general way. He knows that in nine cases out of ten there is a basis of truth for gossip. The truth gets twisted and exaggerated by much telling and retelling; it gathers picturesque detail as it goes along; but the kernel is there. "What everybody says must be true" is more nearly sound than most general statements.

I begin with this defense because I am putting forth a story which has no basis other than gossip—but the kind of gossip which the old reporter recognizes as standing on truth. It has to do with the Thorpe case—the return of the Olympic Committee of the prizes given to our greatest all-round athlete because he has confessed to playing two seasons of "bush-league" professional baseball.

I was with the American team at the Olympic games; and during our three weeks' stay in Stockholm I visited back and forth a great deal with the athletes and athletic followers of the twenty-six other nations who went to Sweden last summer. And if there is anything in gossip, not more than one Olympic winner in four, American or European, would stand the same close scrutiny which our committee has given to the record of Thorpe. To begin with Thorpe himself: that he had played a certain amount of "summer baseball" was known to many of the other athletes. They mentioned it quite as a matter of fact. None knew the details; none could name the team or the league; but all "had heard it." There was nothing startling in that, however, because we had much better gossip about others. We had with us, in fact, an element which the reporters, at least, mentioned commonly as the "semi-pros." Some of them, young men of less than moderate circumstances, have lived for years without any visible means of support. Yet they have managed, all this time, to keep themselves well-nourished enough to run or jump nearly every week—at outdoor games in summer and indoor games in winter. Just how? An experienced sporting reporter explained the simplest part of the process. "You see," he said, "when a committee wants one of them very badly, it can arrange to pay his expenses on a Vanderbilt and St. Regis scale—assume that he'll go to the best hotels, and eat the most expensive food. If he wants to go to a cheaper hotel, and eat plainly, he can save the difference. There's almost a salary in that!" Remember, I'm quoting only gossip.

COLLEGIANS THE REAL AMATEURS

THESE athletes were well known to us all; their position in the athletic world was clearly understood. It was a kind irony of fate, however, that they showed rather poorly at the games. Not one of them—for Thorpe was never included in this class—took a first place. In the nature of things, the school and university contingent is far less touched with professionalism than the other classes. Run along the summaries from the short distances to the long: Craig, just out of the University of Michigan and now an efficiency engineer, won the two sprints; Reidpath, an undergraduate of Syracuse University, won the four hundred meters; Meredith of Mercersburg Academy won the eight hundred and broke a record; Kelly of the University of Southern California won the hurdles; Richards of the Brigham Young University won the high jump; Gutterson of the University of Vermont won the broad jump. I don't say, either, that all these men were quite simon-pure; there is a suspicion that at least one of them has played with "expense money." At any rate, none of them belongs to the class of "recruited" athletes, so common in our colleges twenty years ago. So far as I could find, all had come to college at the expense of their parents, in order to prepare themselves for the world. Craig, in fact, had been doing so well in his profession since he left college that his contesting at Stockholm was a real sacrifice to patriotism and sport. This happy result, however, was a trick of fate. Those young men who have no visible means of support except athletics took as good records to Stockholm as did the college element.

All this sounds like good material for the British press. It would be, were not the other nations, including the British, in the same boat—if we go by gossip. I met an enthusiastic South African, and asked him about their team. "Simon-pure amateurs—oh, in a manner of speaking," he said frankly. "Of course, —— has run races in Johannesburg for money, and —— has had his bits from expenses. But still, they have regular occupations, you know." Then I looked over the French. That Gallic team was a source of continual amusement to the more intense Anglo-Saxons. On the way up from Berlin, with the meet only two days away, they were buying fruit and cigarettes from the windows of their special coach, and they all drank copiously of red wine at luncheon. As a consequence, a great many of them blew up mid-course of their events. And their amateur standing, it appears, they take in the same haphazard spirit. "You see," said an Anglo-Frenchman who should know, "they couldn't be out-and-out professionals if they wanted to. No one but a boxer, a fencer, or a wrestler could make a living from athletics in France. They run for fun. If the prize is a medal or a few louis, it's all the same to them. Run for money? Oh, certainly! Nearly every one of them at times! But they're amateur in spirit, just the same, because they're not living by it."

AMONG OTHER NATIONS

THEN there were the Finns. The plucky little Finnish team was the glory of that meet, even if we Americans were the victors in the essential events. Now athletics in Finland belongs to the people; the contestants were young carpenters, mechanics, blacksmiths, living small and tight. To such men an occasional twenty kroners comes very handy. And—going by gossip again—the Finnish team was tarred with the same stick as the French. I heard little gossip, of one kind or the other, about the German track athletes. But it seems next to certainty that many of the wrestlers from Austria-Hungary, from Russia, and perhaps from Belgium, have occasionally turned their abilities into a little money.

Proceeding then to the English: such university athletes as Jackson and Baker are undoubtedly gentlemen amateurs in the strictest definition of the term. The Oxford and Cambridge varsity man is perhaps the only person in the sporting world whose simon-pure standing we can take at face value. About the other Englishmen, however, I heard exactly the same gossip as I heard about our Americans. This man or that had no visible means of support except athletics. This man or that commonly extracted excess expense money out of athletic clubs. The gossip is not without substantial support, either. The London "Mirror," commenting upon the Thorpe incident, has acknowledged that the English sent to Stockholm several men whose pure amateur standing is in grave doubt.

Concerning our hosts, the Swedes—the winners on paper of the meet—there is less gossip to report. Sport in Sweden is very new. The craze began when Ernie Hjertberg returned from America, some five or six years ago. The Government has more or less taken the matter in hand, and has done all in its power to make the rank and file of young Swedes amateur athletes. Almost all movements toward the good are unco pure in the beginning. Yet will any of the Swedes assert that among their Olympic athletes there was none who never jumped on ski for a consideration? Will any of the Teutonic or Scandinavian authorities swear that no member of their gymnastic teams ever taught in a gymnasium for a salary?

I draw no morals from all this: I state but the facts. General athletics all the world over seem to tend toward semi-professionalism, and will, I suspect, so long as athletic meets draw gate money. It is easy to keep the rank and file of our mediocre boy athletes, who will never run a hundred under 11 nor jump higher than 5 feet 6, simon-pure amateurs. But when it comes to a champion with the capacity for a world's record in his legs and a money value as a drawing card, the job becomes infinitely harder.

The Business of Arson

(Continued from page 9)

risks" to barter and his company or companies he does!

These articles will not be worth the reading if they do not prove beyond question how small, how almost infinitely small, is the number of those who are giving us at least half our fires. In 1911, the last year of record, one-quarter of New York's fires of any note were given it by "repeaters." Many of them may have been—and some of them doubtless were—the most honest people in the world. But all had had at least one fire in the previous ten years, scores had had from four to nine and ten. More than one-quarter of New York's big fires were caused by less than six hundred people belonging to one class of "rotten risk" alone! The total cost to New York of its "repeaters" is now more than $11,000,000 a year. And New York's criminal fire tax is, per capita, much less than the average.

These articles will not be worth the reading if they do not show how well known—at any rate how thoroughly suspect—are a great proportion of our rotten risks. As this is written, in every insurance office in the United States and Canada there are men who could go out through their town or State and, by cutting off less than fifty policies in the thousand and halving the insurance on fifty more, lower our fire loss, with all its unreckoned miseries, by $100,000,000.

The fifty policies are not cut off. Far from it, every day and everywhere insurance is now being passed knowingly and shamelessly over the counters of a hundred agencies and brokerages that can only be likened to the deliberate supplying of the yegg with his nitroglycerin and the dynamiter with his bomb. America is the "land of fires" most largely because it is the land of the rotten risk; or rather—for every country has the rotten risk, if it were *insured*—because it is the land of the treaty which makes its insurance possible.

ASSESSING THEM FIRST AND BURNING THEM AFTERWARD

NOW plainly the rotten risk cannot pay its own losses. The broker and agent will not pay them. The company itself will not want to pay them. On what financial basis, then, can any treaty *be* possible?

On the unfettered power of the companies to make rates—herein is the full iniquity.

Your conflagration-breeding, fire-trap factory cannot pay *its* own losses. Yet—since the agent or broker insists on its insurance—its bill of costs can be, and is, assessed upon the whole community which its insurance puts in danger.

You have a "repeater" in your town who has had four fires, and the agents are still insuring him? (In the last arson case noted by the writer it came out incidentally that one local agent had carried the accused through five fires and another through six.) Be of easy mind. For in a doubled "base rate" your town has paid, or will pay for him, twice over.

The sweater of the tenements cannot pay *his* own losses? But his helpless neighbors can be made to help to pay them. Let a sweater move into the rooms or the building next door; he will get his insurance; and at the same time the New York Insurance Exchange, as will be shown by examples enough, will raise the price of insurance to all those wretched tenement dwellers who now have an added "exposure hazard"! Every year a certain number of people are burned to death in such "exposure hazards." You assess them first and burn them afterward. And, again, class for class, "rotten risk" for "rotten risk," this holds equally true for every town and city in the country.

NURSERIES OF ARSON

THE local agent knows his town. He knows the thousand "honest, careful, law-respecting people" and the ten or twenty or fifty who ought to be denied all insurance. And there are records of local agents who have never denied anyone insurance in all their lives. The local agent hears all the gossip of his town. If, after he has written a policy, something "queer" is learned as to that policy holder's previous record, the agent will hear of it. If it is known that the business of Jones, the butcher, is in a bad way, and he is "needing a fire," the agent will hear of it; and he can prevent the coming fire by canceling. As Lyman M. Drake, a great Chicago agent, has put it: "The local agent has more control over the fire loss of the country than any other person." It is plain and manifest that he has. And in a town of 12,000 people the writer has had an agent "who cancels" pointed out to him as a curiosity. If the agent cancels, he must give back his commission. And only those agents cancel who set the company's interest above their own. In one arson case now pending the agent involved had canceled exactly two policies in fifty years.

If the risk is not rotten in the beginning, it can be made so by overinsurance. And, as will later be shown at length, in America overinsurance has come to be the insurance seller's special privilege. From the windows of their skyscraper home offices the New York companies can look out over miles of tenements which by overinsurance averaging 500 per cent—and overinsurance urged with the knowledge and consent of the companies themselves, have been turned into the greatest nurseries of arson the world has ever known.

FIRES, ONE A MONTH

THE crook is insured and the fire-bug repeater is reinsured. When the local agent or broker goes into active, if silent, partnership with the fire crook—and, as every fire marshal and county prosecutor will tell you, arson can never become chronic save through such collusion—if the agent or broker is a "business getter" the company can afford to wink at a few fires; but he must let them come judiciously. A single metropolitan broker has given one branch insurance office eight of its fires in succession. But that sort of thing makes for awkwardness all around. If he had let them come, say, only one a month, and distributed them evenly among his companies, nothing need have been said. For example, here is the record of the fires given by a New Jersey agent merely to one of his smaller companies during the twelve months preceding the beginning of these articles:

1910—July 10, August 24, September 22, October 7, November 10, December 4.

1911—January 16, February 23, March 11, 18, April 12, May 1, 17, 22, June 29, July 29.

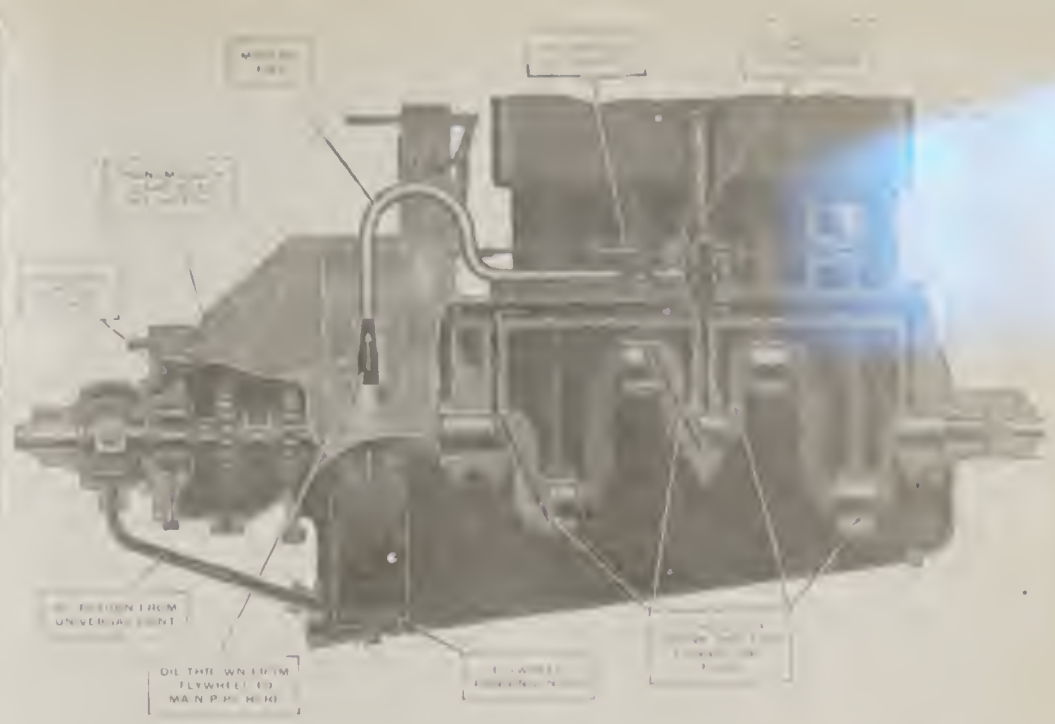
Admittedly, they bunch somewhat during March and May. But there are often circumstances over which the agent has no control. I am not able to bring the fire record of the agent in question down to date. Enough that at the time of writing, late in 1912, he was still issuing insurance actively and in good standing, not only for the above company but for several others.

If the agent is worth cultivating, the company that wants the cream of his "preferreds" must expect to *overpay* its losses; there is no advertisement that will bring in business quicker. For example, still taking the agent above, in one of his fires in the fall of 1912 a great New York company paid a loss of $6,400 on a house which, with a 100-foot lot, had just been bought at sheriff's sale for $3,500. And why not overpay? It's other people's money, at the worst.

If the fire is particularly "raw," the company which wants the criminal broker's or agent's favor must do its part to help in "getting it out of the way." Unless the fire is a very large one, it will pay up, so that the position of any other companies which possibly might fight the claim will be proportionately weakened. Or, when carrying the loss alone, it will pay simply because the agent or broker wants it paid; to have a loss unpaid makes him trouble every minute. Again, to go for our example only to the agent above, in August, 1912, he was able to get payments made even over the heads of those who were preparing one of his cases for criminal prosecution. For losses to be paid against the orders of the fire marshal is common. There are two such cases now pending in New Jersey. A particularly flagrant case was cited in the November bulletin issued by the fire marshal of Ohio. Sometimes the criminal is able to use his insurance money to hire the lawyer who defends his arson charge!

THE COMPANIES IN COLLUSION

SUCH agents and brokers must be the rarest exceptions? As soon as our companies are compelled to show their loss records you will know how highly exceptional they are. But leave the agent and broker out of it altogether. Take the



SURE -- SIMPLE -- SAVING
is this Unique Oiling System

Oil is cheaper than parts.

So the Hupmobile engineers have devised an ingenious system, illustrated in detail above, whereby oil is positively fed to every part and point where it is needed.

The Hupmobile system is force-feed, a system peculiar to this car and one that has distinct advantages over both the pump and splash systems.

It escapes the complication of the pump, because the motor flywheel itself supplies the pressure; and the uncertainty of the splash, because tubes and ducts of ample size carry the oil directly to bearings, gears and moving surfaces.

The flywheel, running in oil, throws the oil upward by centrifugal force into a copper tube, with sufficient pressure to carry it along to the regulator and distributing points.

Hupmobile

Referring to the illustration, you see that the oil is conducted to the main crankshaft bearing by three tubes; and by means of ducts drilled in the crankshaft itself, to the crank pin bearings.

The oil spray from these, as the shaft revolves, lubricates the camshaft, and the cylinders under ordinary conditions; but as an added precaution, separate leads are provided to conduct oil directly to the cylinders, forcing it into the hollow piston pins and into liberal grooves around the pistons.

So much for the efficiency of the motor oiling.

Now we come to the economy of this system.

The flywheel, as it revolves, casts some of the oil to the rear, into the transmission gear case; and the transmission gears, in turn splash it through a pocket and tube, to the universal joint.

Thus but one kind of lubricant, instead of three, is required for motor, transmission and universal.

The oil constantly returns to the crank case basin, to be circulated and used again; but the passage of sediment, dirt or grit is prevented by several filtering screens; and the flywheel is surrounded by a pan, with perforations at such height that sediment cannot be drawn up from the main oil basin.

A regulator connected with the throttle controls the oil fed to the motor, so that the proper quantity is automatically used at all motor speeds.

Engineering ingenuity has not devised a system of lubrication more simple or efficient or economical; yet this is the system of the $975 Hupmobile.

This oiling system is typical of the high class construction found throughout the Hupmobile. *It is another bit of design that justifies our belief that the Hupmobile is, in its class, the best car in the world.*

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Hupmobile "32" Touring Car, fully equipped, $975

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, mohair top with envelope, [illegible] detachable rims, rear shock absorber, gas headlights, Prest-o-lite tank, oil lamps [illegible] speeds forward and reverse, sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, [illegible] carburetor; wheelbase, 106 inches; 32 x 3½-inch tires. Standard color, [illegible]

"32" 6-pass. Touring Car, fully eq.,	$1175 f.o.b. Detroit
"32" Roadster, fully equipped,	$975 f.o.b. Detroit
"32" Delivery, fully equipped,	$1075 f.o.b. Detroit
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is as different from other cocoas as one coffee is different from another. It is Huyler's special blend of selected cocoa beans, grown in different countries, and the careful roasting of these beans that give to Huyler's Cocoa its unusually delightful flavor.

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Book Cabinets

Do Not Look Sectional-

But They Are

MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS

The Business of Arson

Continued from page 21

thing into the offices of the great companies which employ them—nine companies in all appear merely in the cases mentioned above—and which in public assembly deplore the inexplicable increase of fire losses in America!

There are companies which are said to destroy, and for good reason, all but the merest index of their loss records. A great Anglo-American company, perhaps the most shameless and cynical in the business, is alleged to be among the number. During the preparation of these articles I have crossed the paths of its rotten risks time out of mind. A few months ago what is known as the Brant-Braunstein band of fire bugs was broken up. It specialized on New York tenement fires. Most of its policies had been handled by one East Side broker in particular. Upon the arrest of Brant and Braunstein, indeed, he fled the country. And it was the great Anglo-American company above mentioned—it will be named in its own place—which had supplied him with the largest number of his policies. I went to that company with a mere rough estimate of his fire record. With it I offered data on two other "fire brokers," as firemen call them, of the same variety, and I requested, or rather challenged, the company in question to aid in their exposure and prosecution. "We cannot serve you in the way you propose," was the response, "because we do not think it a wise course to pursue."

To take the last forty years, in fact, there is only one case discoverable where a company has prosecuted an agent for collusion in arson, and none where there has been a prosecution of a broker. If, in the accomplishment of the perfect work of the rotten risk, the collusion of agent and broker is bad enough, theirs at least is not the worst.

THE RATES GIVE THE POWER

OVERINSURANCE, the absence of all attempt at appraisals, overpayments, criminal collusion, and losses settled in the very face of the law—must all this not merely give the fire crook every chance, but everywhere be doubling his numbers? That is exactly what has taken place. Arson experts, as has been said above, estimate that his numbers have doubled in the last fifteen years—or since 1898. Parallel with this there has run another phenomenon which may seem insignificant on the surface, but which, rightly understood, has its own tremendous significance. Since 1898 there has been no real insurance rate war. The great companies can write what rotten risks they like without fear that before the end of the year they may be losing principal and interest together through a sudden reduction of the rates even on their "preferred" business. Not only can they maintain rates, but they have found that they can raise them almost at will. In 1906, in what is known as "the San Francisco raise," the companies learned that they possessed the power when needed to increase insurance rates to the entire country with a single motion. And for the rotten risk the six years since then have seen its very apogee!

But in one way the thing can be followed not for merely six years or fifteen, but for nearly forty. When in any class of insurance you have created one fire bug in every two hundred or five hundred or one thousand insurers, you must, finally, put rates so high that a great proportion of the honest will no longer insure (the crook is always willing enough), and you can no longer profitably do business with that class. And whole great classes have begun to "go bad" already.

THE FARMER GOES BAD FIRST

THIRTY years ago to the insurance company the American farmer was the "preferred" of the "preferred." Today the average stock company can no longer write him. It is not that the farmer is less honest than the city man. He is probably more honest. But because of the ready fire department the city fire crook's loss will, in general, be only partial, while the farmer's will be total. *Therefore* the farmer had to be abandoned first.[1]

Insurance had its beginnings in *mercantile* insurance, the underwriting of merchandise, first in the holds of Phœnician galleys, then ashore, in store and warehouse. Mercantile insurance has come down through two thousand years and spread to every corner of the world. By the testimony of foreign insurance men, it is profitable enough with *them*. In 1911, the last year of record, mercantile insurance was pronounced to be unprofitable almost everywhere in America outside of New York City.[2]

THE CORRUPTION OF A CONTINENT

TEN years ago you would be told that if companies could not make money on anything else, they could make it on dwelling houses. But we now have States where dwelling-house insurance has "gone bad." "I should be very glad, indeed," testified John H. Stoddart of the Hartford before the New York Insurance Investigating Committee of 1911, "if somebody should come along and take every dwelling we have in the State of —— off our hands." The blank is left because there are half a dozen other States which might no less fairly have been named. But there will be profits in dwelling-house insurance for fifty years to come. And the modern American office and loft building is showing itself to be the most profitable risk in the world. That is, as one class is ruined and lost, another is found.

Then, you say, this is simply the story of the corrupting and debauching of a continent? That is exactly what the writer means it to be. And if the evidence of our own continent is not enough, there is still testimony to draw upon in London and Hamburg. Fifteen years ago a given proportion of American risks of all kinds could be sent across the Atlantic. If a big American company (by which is meant any company, native or foreign, registered and doing business in America) would act as a "warranty company," and cover ten per cent of the amount, the rest of the risk would be taken willingly by the various Lloyds groups of England and Germany. In 1913, where the Lloyds man will look at an American risk at all, he is content with no ten per cent "warranty." He feels safe only if he has his fifty or sixty. In other words, whatever rottenness the American risk contained in 1898, that rottenness has since then, in the accountancy estimate of the foreigner, been increased by fourfold, or it may be five.

But simply take the evidence of the last six years—the years since "the San Francisco raise" gave the rotten risk its perfect opportunity. These are also our years of "fire prevention"—fire prevention preached in every newspaper, taught in every second school, and put in practice, as anyone can see at the next street corner, in half our new building construction. If ever there was a time when our fire loss should have been held at least at evens, here it has been. And—where the loss for the six years ending in 1902 was $841,000,000—that since 1906 (with no great conflagration included) is $1,358,-

[1] The vast majority of our farmers have of course simply been taken over by mutual, or granger, insurance companies. Such companies appraise and inspect; and the one rotten risk in the two hundred or five hundred or a thousand is searched for and thrown out at the beginning.

[2] A large part—and by all odds the most hazardous part, *physically*—of mercantile insurance consists in the insurance of factories. Our great New England "Factory Mutual" Companies have for seventy-five years gradually been taking over this branch of insurance. Here, too, the first step is the absolute refusal to touch the *morally* dangerous. Such rotten risks being eliminated, the Factory Mutual then says: "You must also have a factory that is safe. If it is not so built and protected now, you must make it so. We touch no fire traps and conflagration breeders. Again, if we have no agents and brokers, we appraise and inspect. And we insist on the right to do this whenever we choose and at least four times a year. If you accept these conditions we will give you insurance for about one-fiftieth of what you paid before. If not you cannot have it at any price."

The various Factory Mutuals, beginning with cotton, worsted, and jute mills, now cover some $2,375,000,000 worth of mills, warehouses, machine shops, and factories even tenements.

They have had only one case of loss of life by fire. In the Paterson and Toronto conflagrations it was "Factory Mutual" buildings that did more than anything else to halt the fire. After Baltimore and San Francisco they stood up like monuments.

What effect such standards have upon fire losses can best be shown from statistics gathered for the New York Insurance Commission of 1910 by W. F. Westover, secretary of the General Electric Company of Schenectady. He took the five American *stock* fire insurance companies which, in 1909, had $1,000,000,000 or more at risk. Their losses ran from $3,074,000 to $7,673,000. The five largest "Mutuals," carrying risks of $1,012,000,000 among them, had losses of $160,200! Fire insurance can be either the greatest conceivable force for good building and protection of life and property, or it can be a business that lives by fires. America has had the world the best and the worst.

"KODAK"

Is our Registered and common-law Trade-Mark and cannot be rightfully applied except to goods of our manufacture.

If a dealer tries to sell you, under the Kodak name, a camera or films, or other goods not of our manufacture, you can be sure that he has an inferior article that he is trying to market on the Kodak reputation.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

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"Do more than ask for Grape Juice—say *WELCH'S* and *GET IT!*"

FROM a dozen bottles in 1869 the present grape juice industry has grown. The first grape juice offered for sale was "put up" by Dr. Welch, and was then called "unfermented wine."

The Welch ideals that were back of the original idea have proven practicable. Dr. C. E. Welch, who was associated with his father in those first days, shares with his sons the ownership and management of the business today.

As the pioneer work and advertising of WELCH'S brought results, others entered the field, and to many of the "others" grape juice is a side line. With us it is everything. We study, think and work to one end—the production of

Welch's

"The National Drink"

Our advertising had to be educational. We had to create the market. Because of this, and because the ideal of our business has been adhered to, "grape juice" and "*Welch's* Grape Juice" are synonymous to a large number of people.

The increasing popularity of grape juice for household use and as a beverage requires that you discriminate. We say: "Do more than ask for grape juice—say WELCH'S and GET IT!" We no longer say "Welch's Grape Juice, the National Drink," but "Welch's, the National Drink."

Perhaps, like many others, you have gone to a dealer, *thinking* "Welch's," but in *ordering* have said "grape juice," with disappointing results when you opened the package.

Your dealer, if he is worthy of confidence, will give you what you ask for. He may have some "grape juice" to "work off," or a larger profit may cause him to push "grape juice"—but if you *say* "WELCH'S" you ought to get it. It is hard to find a dependable dealer who does not have Welch's. So we say:

"Do more than ask for Grape Juice—say *WELCH'S* and *GET IT!*"

The Concords for Welch's must pass as particular a test as you would make in selecting them for table use. Our inspection begins with the vineyards, and we pay a bonus for grapes that meet our quality standard, rejecting all others. We wash our grapes and go to other extremes to secure cleanliness. No one could be more careful.

The Welch process is a development. By experience and by experiments in our laboratory we know that through improved methods (many of them exclusive with us) Welch's supplies the pure, fresh juice of the choicest Concords. From cluster to bottle the process is clean, quick and sanitary at every step.

Buy Welch's by the case and keep a supply in the house. Make it your first thought when you entertain.

If unable to get WELCH'S of your dealer, we will send a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid east of Omaha. 4-oz. bottle by mail, 10c. Booklet of recipes free.

The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.

Welch's, the National Drink, is recommended in the Westfield (Mass.) Book of Pure Foods.

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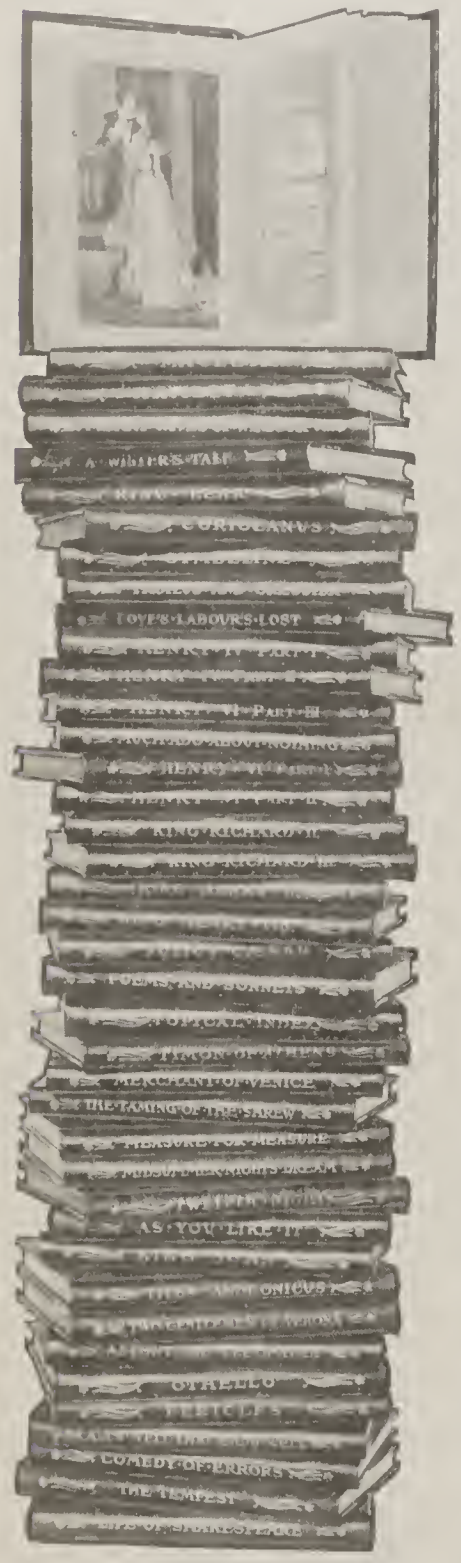

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The University Society
44-60 East 23d Street New York

The Business of Arson

(*Concluded from page 22*)

000,000, an increase of $500,000,000! An increase of fire loss of $500,000,000 also means, as nearly as it can be calculated, an increased death list in fires of about 8,000. And if ever a country lost $500,000,000 through risks that reeked with rottenness, you have the record here.

But—an increase of $500,000,000—no fire insurance companies on earth could stand up under that? The little companies and the weak companies cannot. In the words of the manager of one of the big ones: "You can count their bleaching skeletons along the trail!" They have gone down in dozens. As for the big ones, you may read their statement in the annual insurance review for 1911[1] of the New York "Journal of Commerce," where, writes its expert suavely: "In the fire insurance business the past five years have been a period of exceptional prosperity!" As for the local agent, in 1912 almost every local agent in the East was given a readjustment of commission which is expected to increase their incomes by 20 per cent.

Now, come back to the implied question with which this article began: Why do the great companies which give the law in our fire insurance world say practically nothing about arson whatever? Why have practically all the official utterances of American fire insurance been silent upon the subject?

The question answers itself. Let anyone talk arson—and he is talking "rotten risk." If he does that, it is not merely the responsibility of the fire crook that becomes apparent, but that of the agent and the broker and the companies—not all, but the great majority—who have here come together in this "treaty of the rotten risk."

COMPANY SILENCE

THE companies, through their great officials, have no choice but to be silent. And how far that silence can really go was proven during the sittings of the recent New York Insurance Investigating Committee.

The ten preceding years had seen the growth in New York of a condition probably the most scandalous ever known in the history of insurance. It has been alluded to already. In England's era of "the coffin ship" the broker who procured the rotten policy at least stopped short of exacting an additional profit when the ship went down. That is what the great majority of New York's brokers have been doing for a decade—they have carried the exploitation of the rotten risk to one degree further, and are sharing in the profits on its fires.

Not a man called on to give evidence before that State Investigating Committee but knew that all this was so. And the whisper was: "Is it going to come out? Is anybody going to talk? And what will be said if it does come out?" Man after man, the president and the vice president and the managers of great companies, all were given their opportunity, but—how make money if you offend the broker?—none of them said a word! It did not come out. After those most anxious of sittings were over, all could dryly lick their chops together in mutual congratulation. Perhaps there would be no more bad going now for another ten years. And Mr. A. W. Damon, then president of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, said in his annual address:

"There has been no other year in the history of fire insurance when it, as a profession, has been so subjected to the scrutiny of those who sought to criticize and condemn its operations, but, on the whole, it has been well for us that these investigations were made, for they brought forth unquestionable testimony of the cleanness of the conduct of the business and the value of it to the community." Let us now go out once more and raise the rates!

These are the men who in their united interests enjoy a practical charter of monopoly; who have been given a power of taxing almost equal to that of the nation itself; who are allowed to sell something that is dangerous even when sold under the most conscientious, the most careful of conditions; who have, virtually, been trusted with the protection of the lives and property of this country. I know well that there are agents and brokers who are conscientious, that there are companies which are careful. I have every reason of personal friendship for knowing it. But in the battle here to be fought, no individual consideration can be allowed to weigh. It is the whole great, iniquitous system that is wrong.

[1] That for 1912 is not yet to hand. But the showing would be much the same.

To allow for two special numbers, an Inauguration Number on March 8 and an Easter Number on March 15, the series on "The Business of Arson" will be interrupted until the issue of March 22, when the fifth article, "Feeding Our Fire Bugs," will appear.

The Effect of the Series

Praise from the "North American"

FOR years the excess of fire losses in this country, as compared with others, has been a national scandal; but it has been explained upon such plausible theories as "American carelessness," "poor building construction," "exceptional industrial activity," and even the singularities of the climate. Now comes an expert who has spent eighteen months in studying the grisly records, and he shows the falsity of every such excuse.

Arthur E. McFarlane has in the current number of COLLIER'S WEEKLY the first of a series of articles on "The Business of Arson," than which there has never been, we think, a more damning presentation of facts and figures.

—Editorial in Philadelphia (Pa.) *North American*, February 7.

Approval from an Insurance Company

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1913.

P. F. COLLIER & SON,

GENTLEMEN—(For attention of Mr. Arthur E. McFarlane.) I am in receipt of the first article on the subject of "Arson," and I am glad that you have finally got the subject whipped into shape. The total of the various series which you propose publishing would indicate that it will be an exceedingly interesting subject.

I appreciate the fact that it's difficult to describe the subject in a manner that is entertaining and will hold the reader's interest closely without some slight exaggeration in some instances.

Altogether we are so well pleased with the first article that we are disposed to help along the good which publicity must bring to the whole subject that we will be glad to have you request your Business Department to ship to the Glens Falls Insurance Company 3,000 copies of the issue containing this first article, "Burning Up Our Money," and to forward us a bill for the same, for which we will be pleased to remit. We will give the same circulation among our agents and in other directions where perhaps COLLIER'S may not reach.

If all your other articles are as good as your first one, you have made a very able presentation of an exceedingly deplorable condition, and we have no doubt that much good will come from your work in this line. E. W. WEST, *Secretary.*

Glad and Proud to Help

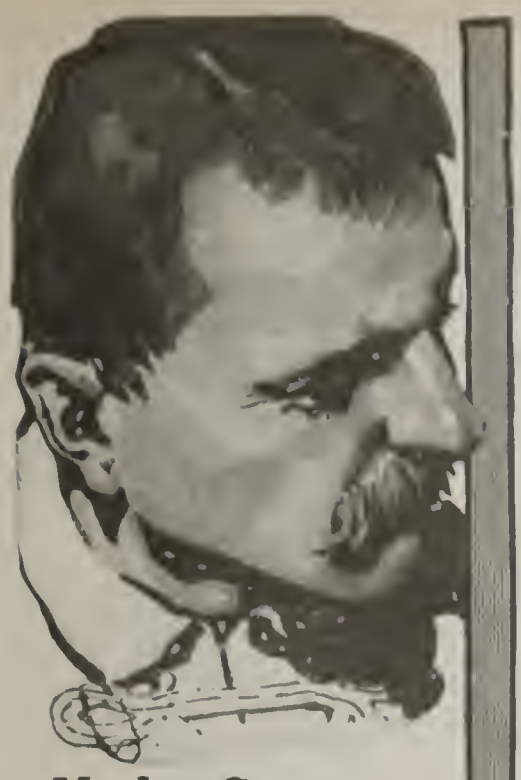
PEOPLE'S NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 6, 1913.

DEAR MR. MCFARLANE:

IF you will send me two thousand copies of your poster on the subject of the arson articles, I shall be very glad to send same, at my expense, to our 2,000 agents in all parts of the country. I strongly approve of your sending copies of these to the directors of our company, and I hope that all other companies have been favored in the same way.

I have already written to the "Western Underwriter" and the "Insurance Field" and one or two other insurance papers, advising them that your articles ought to be widely commented upon, and calling attention to the fact that, while necessarily, the companies must be criticized for their shortcomings, yet the spirit and purpose of the whole movement is to help



Night Courage

It isn't a question of whether or not you dare—the time will come when you have *got* to dare. There's something in you—some moral fibre bequeathed by generations of brave ancestors — which, in the crisis, makes you rise above fear and prove true to the final test of manhood.

The question is, will you face danger unarmed—a weakling, impotent—or will you face it doubly armed—armed with an efficient weapon and with the courage and steadiness which come from *knowing that you are armed?*

IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic REVOLVER

It is *Accident Proof*—you can "Hammer the Hammer." Equipped throughout with permanent-tension, unbreakable wire springs. Accurate, hard hitting and superbly finished.

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We now offer the Edwards "Steelcote" Garage (1913 Model), direct-from-factory, for $92.50. But to protect ourselves from advancing prices of steel, we set a time limit upon the offer. We guarantee this record price for 30 days only. Just now we can save you $35 or more.

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An artistic, fireproof steel structure for private use. Gives absolute protection from sneak thieves, joy riders, fire, lightning, accidents, carelessness, etc. Saves $20 to $30 monthly in garage rent. Saves *time, work, worry and trouble.* Comes ready to set up. All parts cut and fitted. Simple, complete directions furnished. Absolutely rust-proof. Joints and seams permanently tight. Practically indestructible. Locks securely. Ample room for largest car and all equipment. Made by one of the largest makers of *portable* fireproof buildings. Prompt, safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Postal sent today brings new 56 page Illustrated Garage Book *by return mail.*

THE EDWARDS MANUFACTURING CO.
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(90)

Effect of the Series

(Concluded from page 24)

the entire American people, the insurance men included, and, consequently, is deserving of friendly and helpful comment. Please let me know if there is anything I can do for you or for COLLIER'S to help the good work along. I do not believe that you yourself realize how splendidly you have summed up the situation and touched the sore spots, and I am certainly glad and proud if I have had a small share in helping you to a correct understanding of this situation, to which even underwriters themselves have been blind.

The many years' fight I have made for fire prevention, and especially a recognition of the moral-hazard feature of the enormous loss ratio, is at last bearing fruit in the older and more conservative insurance circles. You know I have been laughed at, scoffed at, and hammered for my crusade against the crime of fire, but many of "those who came to scoff remained to pray," and from various parts of the country I hear that the work we have undertaken on this moral-hazard question is going to be seriously recognized.

Sincerely yours,
LOUIS S. AMONSON (President).

Helpful to State Fire Marshal

STATE OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF STATE FIRE MARSHAL
ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 5, 1913.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

I HAVE read with a great deal of interest your articles in relation to the fire waste. I assure you they have been of great help to me in the discharge of my duties here which have to a large extent had to do with such matters. The articles have been intensely interesting, show great labor and care, and deserve the widest publicity. They should also be brought to the attention of State fire marshals throughout the Union.

GEORGE F. ROESCH,
Deputy State Fire Marshal.

Of Especial Chicago Interest

COLLIER'S WEEKLY for February 8 begins the publication of a series of articles by Arthur E. McFarlane on "The Business of Arson" which should prove instructive and which are of especial interest locally because of recent activities of States Attorney Hoyne. . . . There are to be eight more articles in the series, and from the promise of the first they will all be well worth reading by every honest business man and every thinking citizen. —Editorial in the "Inter Ocean," Chicago.

From Upton Sinclair

225 W. Sixty-ninth Street,
NEW YORK, Feb. 12, 1913.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

HERE is an interesting little personal fact to contribute to your campaign against *fires.* I have recently spent a month in Paris, and in that time I neither saw nor heard a fire engine. I spent two months in London, and in that time I neither saw nor heard a fire engine. In a total of ten months abroad I saw one fire. And now, spending two months in New York, I speak the literal truth that every other day, and often every day, I see or hear the fire engines going up the avenue. UPTON SINCLAIR.

An Architect's Opinion

422 Sixteenth Street,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 10, 1913.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

BULLY for COLLIER'S and for Mr. McFarlane! That "Business of Arson" is splendid and is bound to bear great fruit and to start the correction of a terrible evil. My hat is off to you, and, in course of time, the entire country will feel and acknowledge its indebtedness to you.

To anyone as familiar with fire as I've been, the facts were perfectly patent, and I have gone after the insurance people and our lax laws with a sharp stick, but never had the time—nor the means, nor the ability, for that matter—to get the details and produce the real goods and pin the guilty ones right down as Mr. McFarlane has done. More power to him with you back of him! Surely is COLLIER'S a National Journal. It starts things and accomplishes them. I believe it has more reforms to its credit than any other journal perhaps in the world.

Not only is my hat off, but, by jinks, my head is most reverently bowed.

T. W. FITZPATRICK, Consulting Architect.

You Are Judged By What You Read

as surely as by the company you keep. What you *read* makes itself manifest in what you *say.*

Be fair and just to *yourself.* You know that there is always more than one side to every question, and that unless you know *all sides* you are deceiving yourself and are apt to form unfair conclusions.

Most Americans want to be fair-minded toward public men and public affairs.

Their intelligence, therefore, should not be satisfied with half-truths that often lead to hasty and regrettable decisions. They can know *all the facts* in the world's news even though time and expense forbid the reading of innumerable publications. How? *By concentrating their reading.* Nearly 300,000 thoughtful persons are now concentrating on

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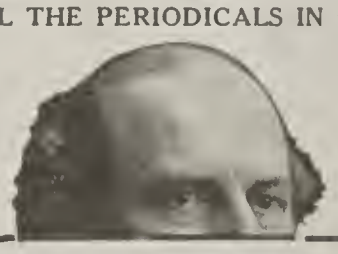

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All sides of the world's news without our views is the "Digest's" unique policy. You see things as they *are*—not as *we* think they *should* be. Nothing of interest to mankind is foreign to its readers.

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Send $1.00 to the publishers on or before March 27, 1913, for a six months' trial subscription, and you will also get free of charge the little cloth-bound book, "Better Say," brimful of suggestions for the correct use of the English Language. This offer is made to new subscribers only. The yearly price is $3.00 per year, and this one-third reduction (or $1.00 for six months instead of $1.50) is made to get you acquainted with The Literary Digest. All renewal subscriptions are for the full price, $3.00, and for the full period, one year.

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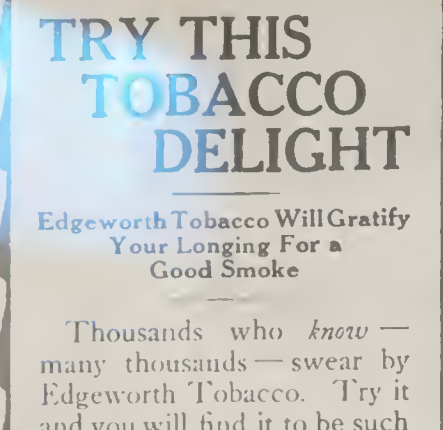

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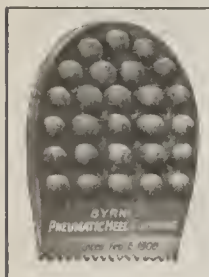

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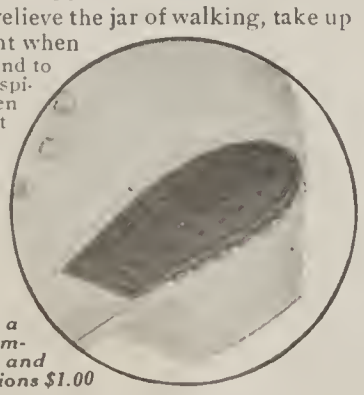
"Soft Spots" Combined Heel and Arch Cushions relieve the jar of walking, take up your weight when standing, tend to prevent perspiration, fallen insteps, flat feet, bunions, callouses, etc., and relieve your whole nervous system.



"Soft Spots" Heels, 25c a pair Combined Heel and Arch Cushions $1.00

State size of shoe.

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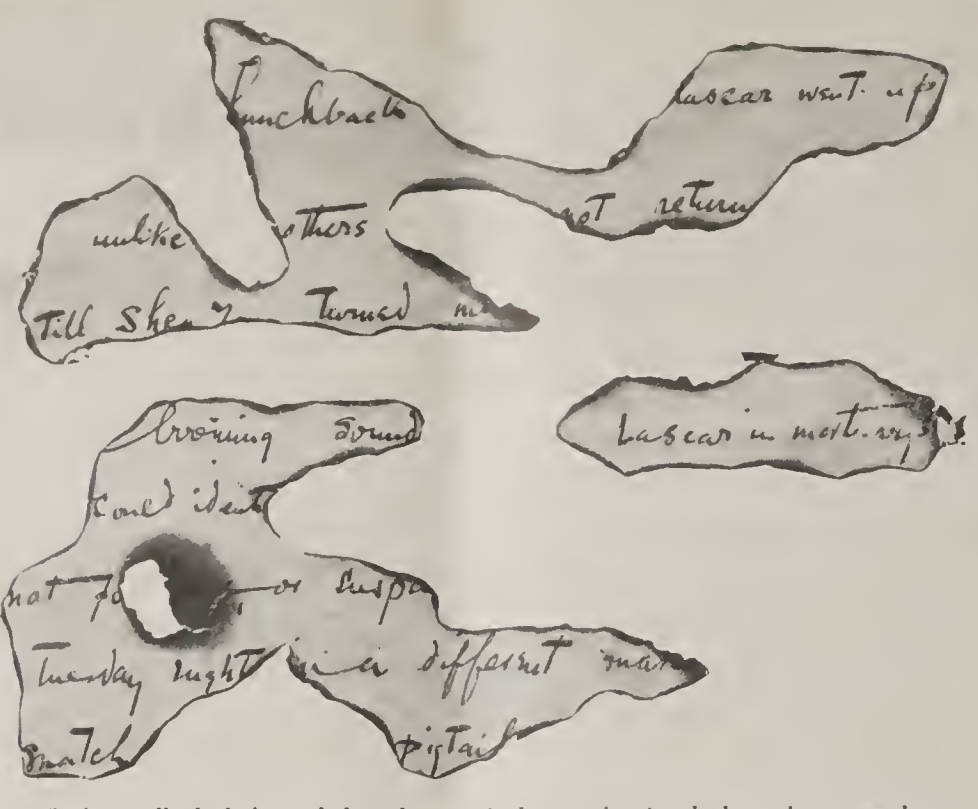

So hurriedly had the girl done her work that combustion had not been complete

The Clue of the Pigtail

(Continued from page 19)

genius that the modern Orient has produced!"

"I don't believe in disguises!" said Weymouth with a certain truculence. "It's mostly played out, that game, and generally leads to failure. Still, if you're determined, sir, there's an end of it! Foster will make your face up. What disguise do you propose to adopt?"

"A sort of Dago seaman, I think; something like poor Cadby. I can rely on my knowledge of the brutes, if I am sure of my disguise."

"You are forgetting me, Smith!" I said.

HE turned to me quickly.

"Petrie," he replied, "it is *my* business, unfortunately, but it is no sort of hobby!"

"You mean that you can no longer rely upon me?" I said angrily.

Smith grasped my hand and met my rather frigid stare with a look of real concern on his gaunt, bronzed face.

"My dear old chap!" he answered, "that was really unkind! You know that I meant something totally different!"

"It's all right, Smith!" I said, immediately ashamed of my choler, and wrung his hand heartily. "I can pretend to smoke opium as well as another. I shall be going, too, inspector!"

As a result of this little passage of words, some twenty minutes later two dangerous-looking seafaring ruffians entered a waiting cab, accompanied by Inspector Weymouth, and were driven off into the wilderness of London's night. In this theatrical business there was, to my mind, something ridiculous—almost childish: and I could have laughed heartily had it not been that grim tragedy lurked so near to farce.

The mere recollection that somewhere at our journey's end Fu-Manchu awaited us was sufficient to sober my reflections. Fu-Manchu, who, with all the powers represented by Nayland Smith pitted against him, pursued his dark schemes triumphantly and lurked in hiding within this very area which was so sedulously patrolled! Fu-Manchu, whom I had never seen but whose name stood for horrors indefinable! Perhaps I was destined to meet the terrible Chinese doctor to-night!

CEASED to pursue a train of thought which promised to lead to morbid depths, and directed my attention to what Smith was saying.

"We will drop down from Wapping and reconnoiter, as you say the place is close to the riverside. Then you can put us ashore somewhere below. Ryman can keep the launch close to the back of the premises and you fellows will be hanging about near the front—near enough to hear the whistle."

"Yes," assented Weymouth: "I've arranged for that. If you are suspected, you shall give the alarm?"

"I don't know," said Smith, thoughtfully. "Even in that event I might wait a while."

"Don't wait too long!" advised the inspector. "We shouldn't be much [illegible] if your next appearance was on the [illegible] of a grapnel, somewhere down G[illegible]

wich Reach!—with half your fingers missing!"

The cab pulled up outside the River Police Depot, and Smith and I entered without delay, four shabby-looking fellows who had been seated in the office springing up to salute the inspector, who followed us in. He nodded.

"Guthrie and Lisle," he said briskly, "get along and find a dark corner which commands the door of Singapore Charlie's off the old Highway. You look the dirtiest of the troupe, Guthrie; you might drop asleep on the pavement, and Lisle can argue with you about getting home. Don't move till you hear the whistle inside or have my orders, and note everybody that goes in and comes out. You other two belong to this division?"

The C. I. D. men having departed, the remaining pair saluted again.

"Well, you're on special duty to-night. You've been prompt, but don't stick your chests out so much! Do you know of a back way to Shen-Yan's?"

The men looked at one another and both shook their heads.

"There's an empty shop nearly opposite, sir!" replied one of them. "I know a broken window at the back where we could climb in. Then we could get through to the front and watch from there."

"Good!" cried the inspector. "See you are not spotted, though; and if you hear the whistle don't mind doing a bit of damage, but be inside Shen-Yan's like lightning! Otherwise, wait for orders."

INSPECTOR RYMAN came in, glancing at the clock.

"Launch is waiting," he said.

"Right!" replied Smith thoughtfully. "I am half afraid, though, that the recent alarms may have scared our quarry—your man, Mason, and then Cadby. Against which we have this, that, so far as he is likely to know, there has been no clue pointing to this opium den. Remember, he thinks Cadby's notes are destroyed."

"The whole business is an utter mystery to me!" confessed Ryman. "I'm told that there's some dangerous Chinese devil hiding somewhere in London, and that you expect to find him at Shen-Yan's. Supposing he uses that place, which is possible, how do you know he's there to-night?"

"I don't!" said Smith; "but it is the first clue we have had pointing to one of his haunts, and time means precious lives where Dr. Fu-Manchu is concerned!"

"Who is he, sir, exactly, this Dr. Fu-Manchu?"

"I have only the vaguest idea, inspector; but he is no ordinary criminal. He is the greatest genius which the powers of evil have put on earth for centuries! He has the backing of a political group whose wealth is enormous—and his mission in Europe is *to pave the way!* Do you follow me? He is the advance agent of a movement so epoch making that not one Britisher, and not one American, in fifty thousand has ever dreamed of it!"

Ryman stared, but made no reply; and

(Continued on page 29)

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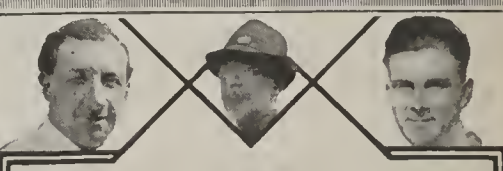

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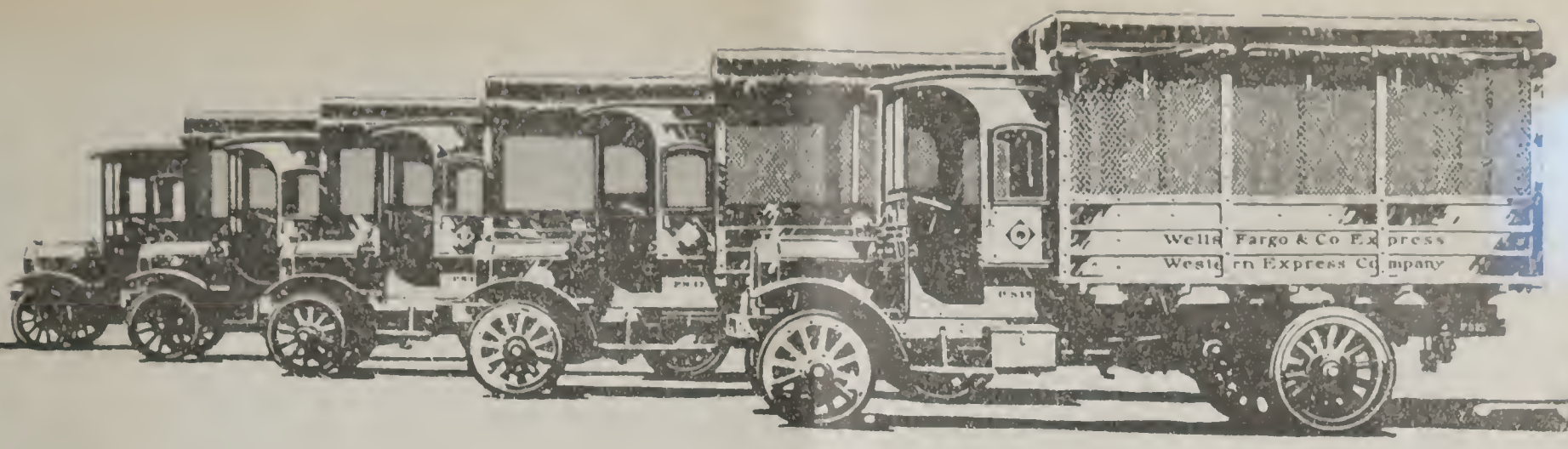

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Again we explain—

To correct possible misunderstanding and to answer the ever active critic

THERE are always a few to criticize any effort—to question any movement—and for this reason it seems worth while to repeat simple facts regarding the co-operative Westfield Pure Food Campaign which was carefully outlined in Collier's Weekly for November 23rd, 1912:—

First: The Board of Health of Westfield, Mass., of which Prof. Lewis B. Allyn serves as chemist, published in classified book form the names of food products analyzed in the Board's food laboratory and found high in purity and nutrition—products that are honestly branded and honestly packed.

This work has been carried on at Westfield for ten years but was not generally known until Collier's told of it editorially in the Fall of 1911.

This classified list of food products is known as The Westfield Book of Pure Foods and is open to any honest maker of any honest product. Foods that conform with the Westfield standards of purity and nutrition will be steadily added to new editions of the book as issued.

But money will not buy admittance for any unworthy product, nor will any fee of any nature be asked or accepted, and no fee ever has been accepted, for this listing.

Second: The manufacturers whose names appear below have joined with Collier's Weekly in contributing toward the expense of this series of educational food bulletins that began with Collier's last November and will continue through to the issue of November 15th, 1913.

The object of this campaign is the national distribution of The Westfield Book of Pure Foods. Competitors of the manufacturers whose money pays for this distribution are listed on an equal footing and share equally in the benefits of this effort without sharing in its financial burden.

The contributing manufacturers believe in purity as a business policy and are broad-minded enough to bear their proportion of the cost of this movement, because they believe that high food standards will benefit all honest makers of honest foods.

If the ultimate aim is selfish the method is obviously unselfish.

This is the whole truth about the Westfield movement. It is repeated because no such movement is without its detractors—sincere and otherwise.

Food frauds and food fakers naturally oppose it—above-board and below.

Doubting pessimists sneer instinctively and one or two sincere but slightly envious people who really stand for the principles which govern this effort, have tried to pick minor flaws, apparently because they have not taken pains to learn the facts or will not understand them.

The following firms are the only contributors to the expense of this campaign and are but a few of the manufacturers whose products are listed in The Westfield Book of Pure Foods which this campaign seeks to distribute:

American Sugar Refining Co., New York.
Baker Extract Co., Springfield, Mass.
Baker Importing Co., New York.
Beechnut Packing Co., Canajoharie, N. Y.
Belle Mead Sweets, Trenton, N. J.
Dr. E. F. Brush's Kumyss, Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Clicquot Club Co., Millis, Mass.
Corn Products Refining Co., New York.
John Duncan's Sons, New York.
The N. K. Fairbank Co., Chicago, Ill.
F. A. Ferris & Co., New York.
H. J. Heinz Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Jones Dairy Farm, Fort Atkinson, Wis.
Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Chas. B. Knox Co., Johnstown, N. Y.
Francis H. Leggett & Co., New York.
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co., Boston, Mass.
Minute Tapioca Co., Orange, Mass.
The Moxie Co., Boston, Mass.
National Onion Salt Co., Chicago, Ill.
Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.
Southern Cotton Oil Co., New York.
Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.
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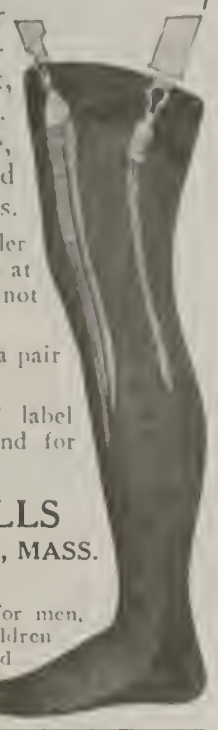

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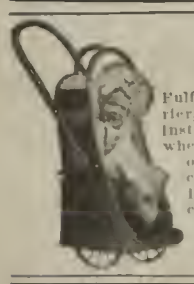

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The Pigtail

Continued from page 26

we went out, passing down to the breakwater and boarding the waiting launch. With her crew of three, the party numbered seven that swung out into the Pool, and clearing the pier, drew in again and hugged the murky shore.

The night had been clear enough hitherto, but now came scudding rain banks to curtain the crescent moon, and anon, to unveil her again and show the muddy swirls about us. The view was not extensive from the launch. Sometimes a deepening of the near shadows would tell of a moored barge, or lights high above our heads mark the deck of a large vessel. In the floods of moonlight gaunt shapes towered above; in the ensuing darkness only the oily glitter of the tide occupied the foreground of the night piece.

THE Surrey shore was a broken wall of blackness patched with lights about which moved hazy suggestions of human activity. The bank we were following offered a prospect even more gloomy: a dense, dark mass, amid which, sometimes, mysterious half tones told of a dock gate, or sudden high lights leaped flaring to the eye.

Then, out of the mystery ahead, a green light grew and crept down upon us. A giant shape loomed up and frowned crushingly upon the little craft. A blaze of light, the jangle of a bell, and it was past. We were dancing in the wash of one of the Scotch steamers, and the murk had fallen again.

Discords of remote activity rose above the more intimate throbbing of our screw, and we seemed a pygmy company floating past the workshops of Brobdingnagian toilers. The chill of the near water communicated itself to me, and I felt the protection of my shabby garments inadequate against it.

Far over on the Surrey shore a blue light—vaporous, mysterious—flicked translucent tongues against the night's curtain. It was a weird, elusive flame, leaping, wavering, changing from blue to a yellow violet—rising—falling.

"Only a gas works!" came Smith's voice, and I knew that he too had been watching those elfin fires; "but it always reminds me of a Mexican teocalli, and the altar of sacrifice!"

The simile was apt, but gruesome. I thought of Dr. Fu-Manchu and the severed fingers, and could not repress a shudder.

"On your left, past the wooden pier! Not where the lamp is—beyond that; next to the dark, square building—Shen-Yan's!"

It was Inspector Ryman speaking.

"Drop us somewhere handy, then," replied Smith, "and lie close in with your ears wide open. We may have to run for it, so don't go far away!"

From the tone of his voice I knew that the night mystery of the Thames had claimed at least one other victim.

"Dead slow!" came Ryman's order. "We'll put into the stone stairs."

A SEEMINGLY drunken voice was droning from a neighboring alleyway as Smith lurched in bulking fashion to the door of a little shop above which, crudely painted, were the words:

SHEN-YAN BARBER

I shuffled along behind him, and had time to note the box of studs, German shaving tackle, and rolls of twist which lay untidily in the window ere Smith kicked the door open, clattered down three wooden steps, and pulled himself up with a jerk, seizing my arm for support.

We stood in a bare and very dirty room, which could only claim kinship with a civilized shaving saloon by virtue of the greasy towel thrown across the back of the solitary chair. A Yiddish theatrical bill of some kind, illustrated, adorned one of the walls, and another bill, in what may have been Chinese, completed the decorations. From behind a curtain heavily brocaded with filth a little Chinaman appeared, dressed in a loose smock, black trousers and thick-soled slippers, and advancing, shook his head vigorously.

"No shavee—no shavee!" he chattered in simial fashion, squinting from one to the other of us with his twinkling eyes. "Too late! Shutlee shop!"

"Don't you come none of it wi' me!" roared Smith in a voice of amazing gruffness, and shook an artificially dirtied fist

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The Clue of the Pigtail

(*Continued from page 29*)

under the Chinaman's nose. "Get inside and gimme an' my mate a couple o' pipes! Smokee pipe, you yellow scum—savvy?"

My friend bent forward and glared into the other's eyes with a vindictiveness that amazed me, unfamiliar as I was with this form of gentle persuasion.

"Kop 'old o' that!" he said, and thrust a coin into the Chinaman's yellow paw. "Keep me waitin' an' I'll pull the dam' shop down, Charlie! You can lay to it!"

"No hab got pipee—" began the other.

Smith raised his fist, and Yan capitulated.

"Allee lightee!" he said. "Full up—no loom. You come see sec."

HE dived behind the dirty curtain, Smith and I following, and ran up a dark stair. The next moment I found myself in an atmosphere which fairly got me by the throat. It was all but unbreathable, being loaded with opium fumes. Never before had I experienced anything like it. Every breath was an agony. A tin oil lamp on a box in the middle of the floor dimly illuminated the horrible place, about the walls of which ten or twelve bunks were ranged and all of them occupied. Most of the occupants were lying motionless, but one or two were squatting in their bunks noisily sucking at the little metal pipes. These had not yet attained to the opium smoker's Nirvana.

"No loom—samee tella you," said Shen-Yan, complacently testing Smith's shilling with his yellow, decayed teeth.

Smith walked to a corner and dropped, cross-legged, on the floor, pulling me down with him.

"Two pipe quick!" he said. "Plenty room! Two piecee pipe—or plenty heap trouble!"

A dreary voice from one of the bunks came:

"Give 'im a pipe, Charlie, curse yer! an' stop 'is palaver!"

Yan performed a curious little shrug, rather of the back than of the shoulders, and shuffled to the box which bore the smoky lamp. Holding a needle in the flame, he dipped it, when red hot, into an old cocoa tin and withdrew it with a bead of opium adhering to the end. Slowly roasting this over the lamp, he dropped it into the bowl of the metal pipe which he held ready, where it burned with a spirituous, blue flame.

"Pass it over!" said Smith huskily, and rose on his knees with the assumed eagerness of a slave to the drug.

Yan handed him the pipe, which he promptly put to his lips, and prepared another for me.

"Whatever you do, don't inhale any!" came Smith's whispered injunction.

IT was with a sense of nausea greater even than that occasioned by the disgusting atmosphere of the den that I took the pipe and pretended to smoke it. Taking my cue from my friend, I allowed my head gradually to sink lower and lower, until, within a few minutes, I sprawled sideways on the floor, Smith lying close beside me.

"The ship's sinkin'," droned a voice from one of the bunks. "Look at the rats."

Yan had noiselessly withdrawn and I experienced a curious sense of isolation from my fellows—from the whole of the Western world. My throat was parched with the fumes; my head ached. The vicious atmosphere seemed contaminating.

I was as one dropped

somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst.

Smith began to whisper softly.

"We have carried it through successfully so far," he said. "I don't know if you have observed it, but there is a stair just behind you, half concealed by a ragged curtain. We are near that and well in the dark. I have seen nothing suspicious so far—or nothing much. But if there was anything going forward it would no doubt be delayed until we new arrivals were well doped. *Ssh!*"

He pressed my arm to emphasize the warning. Through my half-closed eyes I perceived a shadowy form near the curtain to which he had referred. I lay like a log, but my muscles were tensed nervously.

The shadow materialized as the figure moved forward into the room with a curiously lithe movement.

The smoky lamp in the middle of the place afforded scant illumination, serving only to indicate sprawling shapes—here an extended hand, brown or yellow—there a sketchy, corpselike face; while from all about rose obscene sighings and murmurings in far-away voices—an uncanny, animal chorus. It was like a glimpse of the Inferno seen by some Chinese Dante. But so close to us stood the newcomer that I was able to make out a ghastly, parchment face, with small oblique eyes, and a misshapen head crowned with a coiled pigtail, surmounting a slight, hunched body. There was something unnatural, inhuman, about that masklike face, and something repulsive in the bent shape and the long, yellow hands clasped one upon the other.

Fu-Manchu, from Smith's account, in no way resembled this crouching apparition with the death's head countenance and lithe movements; but an instinct of some kind told me that we were on the right scent—that this was one of the doctor's servants. How I came to that conclusion I cannot explain; but with no doubt in my mind that this was a member of the formidable murder group, I watched the yellow man creep nearer—nearer—silently—bent, and peering.

He was watching *us.*

Of another circumstance I became aware—and a disquieting circumstance. There were fewer murmurings and sighings from the surrounding bunks. The presence of the crouching figure had created a sudden semisilence in the den, which could only mean that some of the supposed opium smokers had merely feigned coma and the approach of coma.

Nayland Smith lay like a dead man, and, trusting to the darkness, I too lay prone and still, and watched the evil face bending lower and lower—until it came within a few inches of my own. I completely closed my eyes.

DELICATE fingers touched my right eyelid. Divining what was coming, I rolled my eyes up as the lid was adroitly lifted and lowered again. The man moved away.

I had saved the situation! And noting anew the hush about me—a hush in which I fancied many pairs of ears *listened*—I was glad. For just a moment I realized fully how, with the place watched back and front, we yet were cut off—were in the hands of Far Easterns, to some extent in the power of members of that most inscrutably mysterious race, the Chinese.

"Good!" whispered Smith at my side. "I don't think I could have done it! He took me on trust after that! My God! what an awful face! Petrie, it's the hunchback of Cadby's notes! Ah! I thought so! Do you see that!"

I turned my eyes round as far as was possible. A man had scrambled down from one of the bunks and was following the bent figure across the room!

They passed around us quietly, the little yellow man leading with his curious, lithe gait, and the other, an impassive Chinaman, following. The curtain was raised, and I heard their footsteps reeeding on the stairs.

"Don't stir!" whispered Petrie.

An intense excitement was clearly upon him, and he communicated it to me. Who was the occupant of the room above?

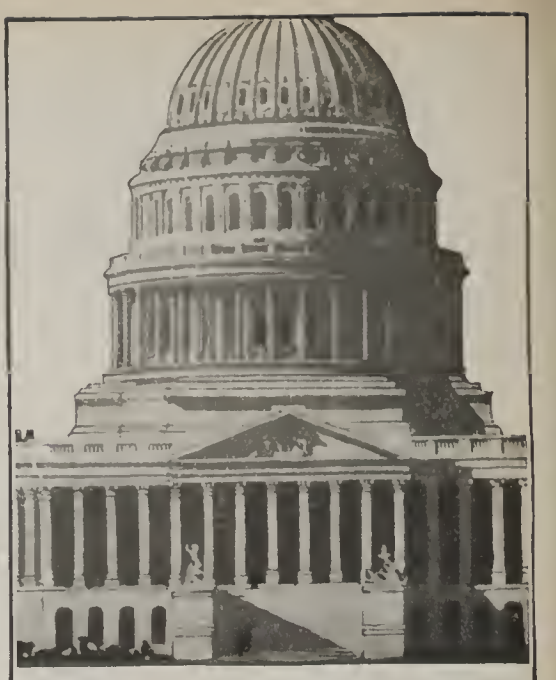
Footsteps on the stair, and the Chinaman reappeared, recrossed the floor and passed out. The little, bent man went over to another bunk—this time leading up the stair one who looked like a lascar.

"Did you see his right hand?" whispered Smith. "A dacoit! They come here to report and to take orders! Petrie! Dr. Fu-Manchu is up there!"

"What shall we do?"—softly.

"Wait. Then we must try to rush the stairs! It would be futile to bring in the police first. He is sure to have some other exit. I will give the word while the little yellow devil is down here. You are nearer and will have to go first, but if the hunchback follows I can then deal with him. I shall be directly at your elbow."

Our whispered colloquy was interrupted by the return of the dacoit, who recrossed the room as the Chinaman had done and immediately took his departure. A third man, whom Smith identified as a Malay, attended the mysterious stairs, descended, and went out; and a fourth, whose personality it was impossible to determine,



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The Pigtail

(*Continued from page* 30)

followed. Then, as the softly moving usher crossed to a bunk on the right of the outer door—

"Up you go, Petrie!" cried Smith—for further delay was dangerous and further dissimulation useless.

I leaped to my feet. Snatching my revolver from the pocket of the rough jacket I wore, I bounded to the stair and went blundering up in complete darkness. A chorus of brutish cries clamored from behind, with a muffled scream rising above them all; but Nayland Smith was close behind as I raced along a covered gangway, in purer air, and at my heels when I crashed open a door at the end and almost fell into the room beyond.

WHAT I saw was merely a dirty table, with some odds and ends upon it of which I was too excited to take note, an oil lamp swung by a brass chain above, and a man sitting behind the table. But from the moment that my gaze rested upon the one who sat there, I think if the place had been an Aladdin's palace I should have had no eyes for any of its wonders.

He wore a plain yellow robe, of a hue almost identical with that of his smooth, hairless countenance. His hands were large, long, and bony, and he held them knuckles upward and rested his pointed chin upon their thinness. He had a great, high brow, crowned with sparse, neutral-colored hair.

Of his face, as it looked out at me over the dirty table, I despair of writing convincingly. It was that of an archangel of evil; and it was wholly dominated by the most uncanny eyes that ever reflected a human soul; for they were narrow and long, very slightly oblique—and of a brilliant green! But their unique horror lay in a certain filminess (it made me think of the *membrana nictitans* in a bird) which, obscuring them as I threw wide the door, seemed to lift as I actually passed the threshold, revealing the eyes in all their brilliant viridescence.

I know that I stopped dead, one foot within the room, for the malignant force of the man was something surpassing my experience. He was surprised by this sudden intrusion—yes; but no trace of fear showed upon that wonderful face—only a sort of pitying contempt. And, as I paused, he rose slowly to his feet, never removing his gaze from mine.

"It's Fu-Manchu!" cried Smith, over my shoulder, in a voice that almost was a scream. *"It's Fu-Manchu!* Cover him! Shoot him dead if . . ."

The conclusion of that sentence I never heard.

Dr. Fu-Manchu reached down beside the table—and the floor slipped from under me!

One last glimpse I had of the fixed, green eyes, and with a scream I was unable to repress I dropped—dropped—dropped . . . and plunged into icy water, which closed over my head!

Vaguely, I had seen a spurt of flame—had heard another cry following upon my own—a booming sound (the trap)—the flat note of a police whistle. But when I rose to the surface, impenetrable darkness enveloped me, I was spitting filthy, oily liquid from my mouth, and fighting down the black terror that had me by the throat; terror of the darkness about me, of the unknown depths beneath me, of the pit into which I was cast amid stifling stenches and [illegible]lapping of tidal water.

"Smith!" I cried [illegible]elp! Help!"

My voice seemed [illegible]t back upon me, yet I was [illegible] cry out again, when, mustering [illegible]y presence of mind and all my [illegible]rage, I recognized that I had [illegible]mployment for my energies [illegible]n to swim straight ahead, [illegible] determined to face all the horrors of this place—to die hard if die[illegible]

[illegible] of liquid fire fell through the [illegible] and hissed into the water beside

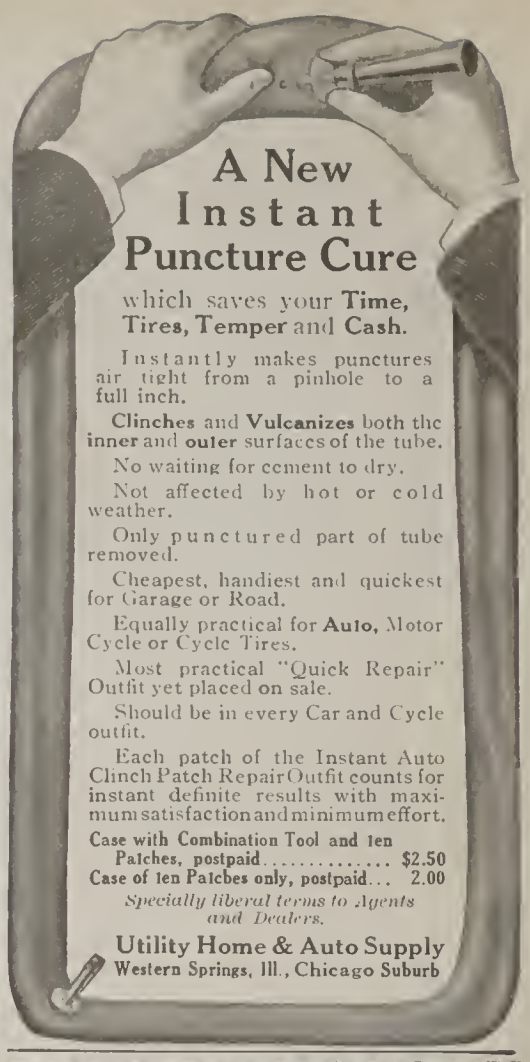
[illegible] that, despite my resolution, I [illegible] going mad.

[illegible]er fiery drop—and another!

[illegible]ched a rotting wooden post and [illegible]mbers. I had reached one bound watery prison. More fire fell above, and the scream of hysteria [illegible]ed, unuttered, in my throat.

[illegible]ping myself afloat with increasing [illegible]lty in my heavy garments, I threw [illegible]ead back and raised my eyes.

[illegible] more drops fell, and no more drops [illegible]d fall; but it was merely a question



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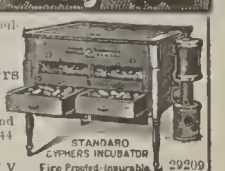

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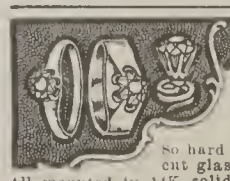

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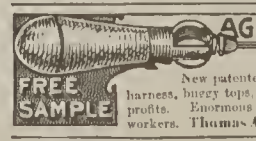

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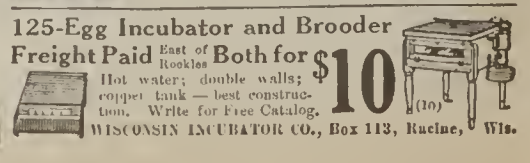

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The Pigtail

(Continued from page 32)

of time for the floor to collapse. For it was beginning to emit a dull, red glow.

The room above me was in flames!

It was drops of burning oil from the lamp, finding passage through the cracks in the crazy flooring, which had fallen about me—for the death trap had re-closed, I suppose mechanically.

MY saturated garments were dragging me down, and now I could hear the flames hungrily eating into the ancient rottenness overhead. Shortly that caldron would be loosed upon my head. The glow of the flames grew brighter . . . and showed me the half-rotten piles upholding the building, showed me the tidal mark upon the slime-coated walls—showed me that there was no escape!

By some subterranean duct the foul place was fed from the Thames. By that duct, with the outgoing tide, my body would pass, in the wake of Mason, Cadby, and many another victim!

Rusty iron rungs were affixed to one of the walls communicating with a trap—but the bottom three were missing!

Brighter and brighter grew the awesome light—the light of what should be my funeral pyre—reddening the oily water and adding a new dread to the whispering, clammy horror of the pit. But something it showed me . . . a projecting beam a few feet above the water . . . and directly below the iron ladder!

"Merciful Heaven!" I breathed. "Have I the strength?"

A desire for laughter claimed me with sudden, all but irresistible force. I knew what it portended and fought it down—grimly, sternly.

My garments weighed upon me like a suit of mail; with my chest aching dully, my veins throbbing to bursting, I forced tired muscles to work, and, every stroke an agony, approached the beam. Nearer I swam . . . nearer. Its shadow fell black upon the water, which now had all the seeming of a pool of blood. Confused sounds—a remote uproar—came to my ears. I was nearly spent . . . I was in the shadow of the beam! If I could throw up one arm. . . .

A shrill scream sounded far above me!

"Petrie! Petrie!" (That voice must be Smith's!) "Don't touch the beam! For God's sake *don't touch the beam!* Keep afloat another few seconds and I can get to you!"

Another few seconds! Was that possible?

I managed to turn, to raise my throbbing head; and I saw the strangest sight which that night yet had offered.

Nayland Smith stood upon the lowest iron rung . . . supported by the hideous, crook-backed Chinaman, who stood upon the rung above!

"I can't reach him!"

It was as Smith hissed the words despairingly that I looked up—and saw the Chinaman snatch at his coiled pigtail and pull it off! With it came the wig to which it was attached; and the ghastly yellow mask, deprived of its fastenings, fell from position!

"Here! Here! Be quick! Oh! be quick! You can lower this to him! Be quick! Be quick!"

A cloud of hair came falling about the slim shoulders as the speaker bent to pass this strange life line to Smith; and I think it was my wonder at knowing her for the girl whom that day I had surprised in Cadby's rooms which saved my life.

FOR I not only kept afloat, but kept my gaze upturned to that beautiful, flushed face, and my eyes fixed upon hers—which were wild with fear . . . for me!

Smith, by some contortion, got the false queue into my grasp, and I, with the strength of desperation, by that means seized hold upon the lowest rung. With my friend's arm around me, I realized that exhaustion was even nearer than I had supposed. My last distinct memory is of the bursting of the floor above and the big burning joist hissing into the pool beneath us. Its fiery passage, striated with light, disclosed two sword blades, riveted, edges up, along the top of the beam which I had striven to reach.

"The severed fingers—" I said; and swooned.

How Smith got me through the trap I do not know—nor how we made our way through the smoke and flames of the narrow passage it opened upon. My

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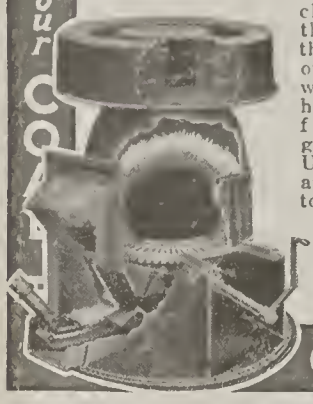

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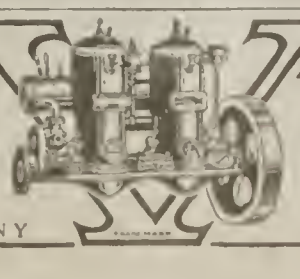

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The Pigtail

(*Concluded from page 33*)

next recollection is of sitting up, with my friend's arm supporting me and Inspector Ryman holding a glass to my lips.

A bright glare dazzled my eyes. A crowd surged about us, and a clangor and shouting drew momentarily nearer.

"It's the engines coming!" explained Smith, seeing my bewilderment. "Shen-Yan's is in flames! It was your shot, as you fell through the trap, that broke the oil lamp—"

"Is everybody out?"

"So far as we know."

"Fu-Manchu—"

Smith shrugged his shoulders.

"No one has seen him. There was some door at the back—"

"Do you think he may—"

"No," he said tensely. "Not until I see him lying dead before me shall I believe it!"

THEN memory resumed its sway. I struggled to my feet.

"Smith! where is she?" I cried. "Where is she?"

"I don't know!" he answered shortly.

"She's given us the slip, doctor!" said Inspector Weymouth—as a fire engine came swinging round the corner into the narrow lane. "So has Mr. Singapore Charlie—and, I'm afraid, somebody else! We've got six or eight all sorts, some awake and some asleep; but I suppose we shall have to let 'em go again. Mr. Smith tells me that the girl was disguised as a Chinaman. I expect that's why she managed to slip away."

I recalled how I had been dragged from the pit by the false queue—how the strange discovery which had brought death to poor Cadby had brought life to me; and I seemed to remember, too, that Smith had dropped it as he threw his arm about me on the ladder. Her mask the girl might have retained, but her wig I felt certain had been dropped into the water.

It was later that night, when the brigade still were playing upon the blackened shell of what had been Shen-Yan's opium shop, and Smith and I were speeding away in a cab from the scene of God alone knows how many crimes, that I had an idea.

"Smith," I said, "did you bring the pigtail with you that was found on Cadby?"

"Yes! I had hoped to meet the owner."

"Have you got it now?"

"No! I met the owner!"

I thrust my hands deep into the pockets of the big pea-jacket lent to me by Inspector Ryman, leaning back in my corner.

"We shall never really excel at this business," continued Nayland Smith. "We are far too sentimental! I knew what it meant to us, Petrie—what it meant to the world; but I hadn't the heart! I owed her your life . . . I had to square the account!"

COLLIER'S

The National Weekly

VOLUME FIFTY, NUMBER 24 MARCH 1, 1913

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Inauguration Number

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a Statement by the New President

VOL FIFTY NO 25

MARCH 8 1913

Give Yourself "A Square Deal"

Kellogg's is the "Square Deal" Food

This Means:

IF you could buy a case of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes at a greatly reduced price per package, you might be induced to do so; but before you could eat them all, the first blush of their glorious freshness would be gone. It would be a bad bargain for you. But the grocer won't tempt you to buy more Kellogg's than you need. That is how the Kellogg "Square Deal" benefits you.

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The Kellogg "Square Deal" is as hard to imitate as the Kellogg Flavor.

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The Original has This Signature

W. K. Kellogg

LOZIER

"BIG SIX"—$5000
"LIGHT SIX"—$3250

"The Choice of Men Who Know"

Illustrating the Lozier "LIGHT SIX," Six-Passenger Coronado Limousine $4450.

IN THIS, the sixth successful season of Lozier Sixes, even with Lozier production increased four-fold in its two great plants, there will not be enough Loziers to supply all those who want them. Every prediction made last fall has come true. Every forecast Lozier dealers made has worked out to the letter. Therefore, those who expect to get their Loziers this year will do well to place their bona fide orders now, just as more than fifteen hundred purchasers have already done.

To everyone who knows the automobile industry and the relative regard in which the several high-grade cars are held, there is nothing surprising about the sweeping success of Lozier this year.

For eight years the Lozier has been the only American-built car that has commanded and still commands a price of $5000.

For six years the Lozier has been the most talked-of six cylinder car in the world.

Up to the Fall of 1911 when, with the winning of the Vanderbilt Cup, Lozier withdrew from racing because it seemed that any further victories could add no higher honors and because the car had been brought to perfection by what racing had taught in years of grilling tests—up to that time every principal honor the American speedway could offer had come to Lozier.

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And the Lozier continues to lead all American cars with no other builders sufficiently endowed with ideals and experience to combat its leadership.

No wonder, then, that when the Lozier "LIGHT SIX"—a true Lozier for $3250—was added to the line this year, thousands wanted this car. Thousands who for years have wanted Loziers but did not feel they could afford to pay $5000 for one.

No wonder that dealers all over the country telegraphed or came to Detroit to secure the Lozier agency. No wonder that our branches in the principal cities received as many as fifty calls and letters in a single day asking them to arrange demonstrations.

The Lozier "LIGHT SIX" has simply swept everything before it in the high-grade field. No other car commonly reputed to maintain similar high-grade standards of construction and service offers a Six at anywhere near the Lozier "LIGHT SIX" price.

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Lozier leadership was never so firmly established as it is today.

LOZIER "LIGHT SIX"

Left-side drive, center control—streamline body design, Electric Starting and Lighting System. Touring and Runabout models $3250. Coupe $3850. Limousines $4450.

LOZIER "BIG SIX"

Left-side drive, center control—electric lighting. Smokeless oiling system, unequalled fuel economy. Touring models and Roadster $5000. Limousines and Landaulets $6500.

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HERE is a true illustration of real men as they really look in Kuppenheimer Clothes.

Down-to-the-day in style—fabrics of pure virgin wool—and you'll go far to find such skill in tailoring.

You'd better see all the new Kuppenheimer styles and fabrics, now being displayed by the better dealers everywhere. Our book, "Styles for Men," sent upon request.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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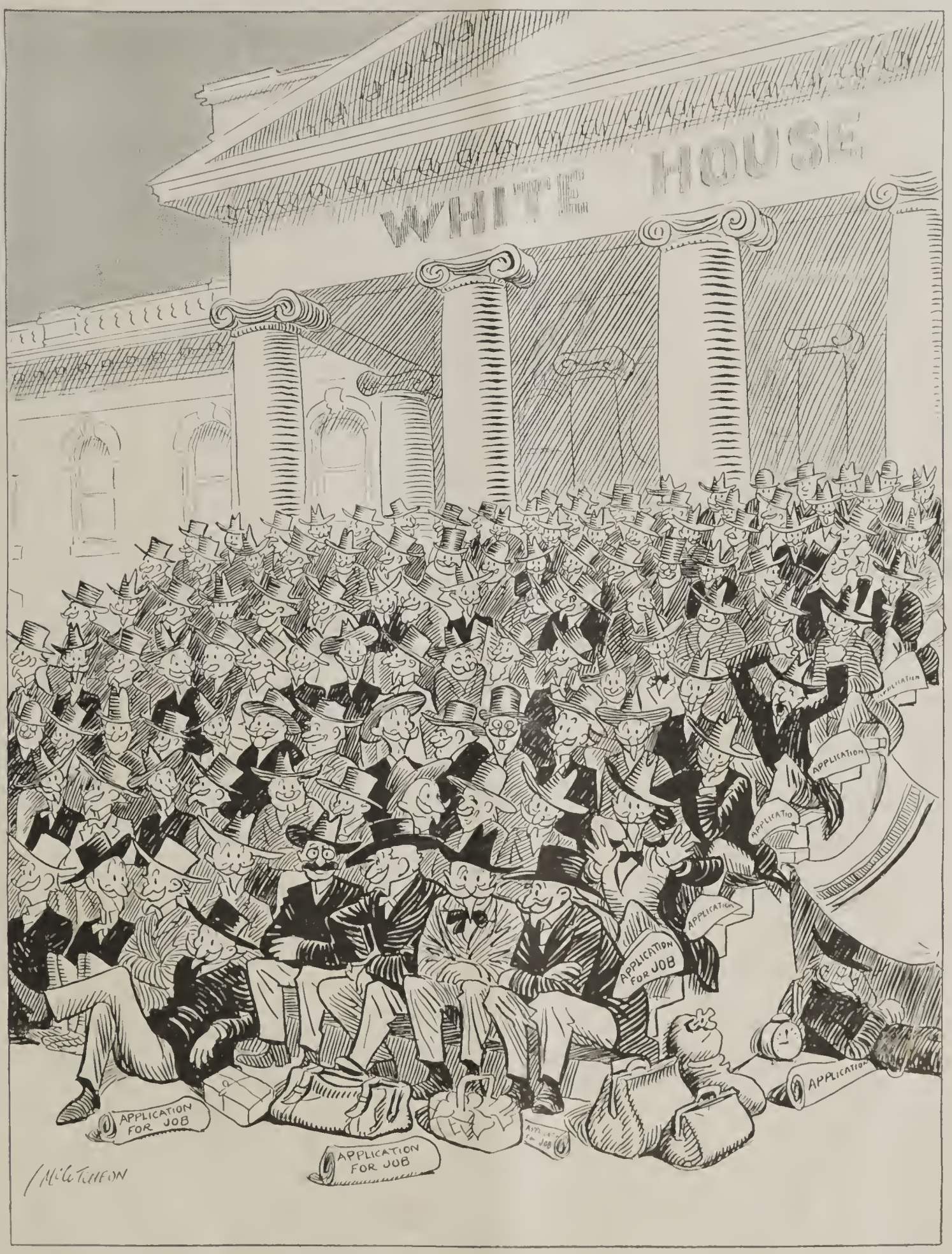

Waiting for Woodrow

The Near Future in the United States

IT MUST BE CLEAR to every man who has any perspective through history and any vision of the immediate future that the inauguration of a Democratic President, supported by a Democratic House and Senate, is much more than a change of political dynasties. Certain definite results will flow from the Democratic régime, notably the reversal of the country's dominating economic principle of protection and the undoing of much of that concentration into large units which has been the most important phenomenon of industrial America during the past twenty years. But much more is about to happen—events and tendencies which will mark Mr. WILSON's inauguration as both the beginning and the end of an era. Some of these phenomena of the near future are related to what is unique in Mr. WILSON's political dogma; but many of them are merely "in the womb of time"—they are bound to happen regardless of politics or party.

Why Immigration Will Cease to Trouble Us

PROFOUND AND FAR-REACHING EFFECTS are sure to follow one phenomenon whose imminence has generally been overlooked. Congress, within the past few weeks, got around to passing a bill restricting immigration just at the time when immigration, in the quantities in which we have been accustomed to it, is about to cease. There are several reasons for this: Most of the nations of western Europe, from which we have received the bulk of our immigration in the past, have ceased to be overflowing countries. We no longer receive immigrants in any quantity from England, Ireland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, France, or Spain. Germany is still a nation in which the birth rate exceeds the capacity of the country to absorb the surplus population; but Germany keeps a directing hand on its emigrants and no longer sends them to the United States—they go to German colonies in Africa or to points in South America where their racial solidarity is maintained. Italy, from which we have received more immigrants than from any other country during the past few years, is just about to cease to be available as a supply for new population for the United States. This is for two reasons: The emigration that has already taken place from Italy has so reduced its labor supply that wages for labor in the United States and Italy now approach parity, considering the difference in the cost of living. In the second place, Italy's recent aggrandizements in Africa have opened up territory into which the national spirit will want to direct, for colonization, whatever emigrants are available. The Slav remains; but there are good reasons why we shall receive fewer immigrants from southeastern Europe in the future. The cessation of Turkish rule in a large territory has opened up for development what is the equivalent of a new country. And there will happen in Macedonia and the other territory recently abandoned by Turkey just what happened in Bulgaria, Roumania, and Servia after the cessation of Turkish rule. In these countries the last thirty years have been like the last thirty years on our own Pacific Slope, a period of growth and development, with new towns, new cities, new railroads, and a very large absorption of population. Finally, in the event that Russia should happen to get an acceptable and reasonably democratic government, there will open up right at the doorsteps of what sources of immigration we have left a country much nearer, much more virgin, and, for many reasons, much more tempting to these emigrants. *The period of great immigration to the United States is over. There will continue to be, for some time at least, a fluid labor supply* which finds it easy, in the present era of fast ships, to go back and forth according as business in this country is active or depressed. *Apparently*, Ellis Island will continue to be busy; but substantially a picturesque and important epoch in American history has passed forever.

A Source of National Wealth Cut Off

THOSE WHO HAVE ADVOCATED the restriction of immigration, and are now about to see their wish fulfilled without restriction, might well have paused if they had thought deeply into the economic consequences of the drying up of our great fountain of new population. Consider the value of an immigrant who comes to this country at an age anywhere between ten and thirty: [illegible] expense of his birth and of nurture through the period of help[illegible] has been borne by another nation. He comes to us a productive laborer. If we appraise him as we would appraise cattle, or on the basis that slaves were appraised before the war, he is worth at least a thousand dollars. A million immigrants a year have been worth a thousand million dollars to the country. This is greater than the value of our biggest crop, more than our boasted annual corn crop or wheat crop. The immigrant crop has been the basis of our enrichment. With its cessation we must accustom ourselves to a slower and more tedious rate of increase in our national wealth. And for the labor that we need, the tens of millions of people we ought to have to reduce the Mississippi Delta to gardens, and elsewhere to bring the land to the maximum of economic production, we shall have to depend on our native birth rate. Happily, other factors about to come into operation will probably cause this native birth rate to be larger in the near future than it has been in the past.

"Back to the Land" at Last

THE MOST WHOLESOME of the impending economic changes in the United States will be the *reversal* of the drift of population from the country to the city. *The census of 1920 will be the first for more than a generation to show a diminishing rate of city growth and an increase of rural population.* The reason for our present condition has been, of course, that the protective tariff has made manufacturing excessively profitable. And, in order that the city factory owner might become rich, the country has been drained of its youth to work for him. Not only did they come as factory workers but to supply all those varied demands which the growth of the city brought—the extension of streets, the stimulation of the building trades, and the increase of transportation. *The reduction of the tariff will withdraw this premium from manufacturing. There will follow a real back-to-the-land movement of large proportions and most healthy significance.* "Back-to-the-farm," so long as it remains what it has been, merely a sentimental slogan, amounts to nothing. For the number of people who will leave the city and go on the farm because of sentiment, or because their intelligence tells them it is best for them, is small. The bulk of human nature is such that it will leave the city for the country only through severe economic pressure, only because they find it no longer easy to get food or shelter in the city. This change will hurt for the moment, but it will be incalculably valuable to the nation; and while the parents and adults who are transplanted in mature life may suffer inconvenience, their children will profit enormously in every physical and moral aspect.

The Cost of Living Will Come Down

THE RESULTS which will follow from this drift of population back to the land will be complex, but in the aggregate they will constitute probably the most beneficent phenomenon of a generation. Business generally—the ordinary lines of manufacture and commerce—will profit greatly, for there is no purchaser so satisfactory as the prosperous farmer. And his numbers will inevitably increase. Very soon, of course, there will be a *large increase in the production of farm commodities, and this will be the beginning of a long-awaited, much-needed tendency—the reduction of the high cost of living.* City property owners may very well suffer. (This refers only to those Eastern cities whose growth has been based on protected manufacturing, and not to the Western cities whose growth has been a wholesome and normal response to the living needs and rising prosperity of the people.) The property owner in the Eastern city has been profiting by increases in price which have been based on nothing more than the fatuous expectation that these cities would go on growing forever. There is a sound German proverb that "GOD never permits the tree to grow so tall as to scrape the sky." During the last ten years there has been a net reduction of London's population of 550,000 people, and its taxable value has fallen $1,500,000. MOMMSEN has figured out from the water-tax receipts that Rome in the time of HADRIAN had a population of 1,500,000. To-day it is under 500,000. What happened in Rome is what would have happened in the United States if our present tendency had gone on: the cost of living, including rent and taxation, increased to a point where the taxpayer abandoned his property and moved to the country.

THE DEATH OF MADERO

AND so it has come about that what is known as "being practical" is considered all-important; everybody will be "practical" and nobody so silly as to give his life for his country, for, after all, what is one's country? A myth; an immaterial, intangible thing, which produces nothing.

There is such a thing as faith, which can raise one to a realm to which mere reason cannot penetrate. This faith has always inspired great sacrifices, sublime abnegations—this faith which, piercing the cold facts, sees the higher destiny of a nation, the mysterious hand of Providence reaching out to guide a people.

Peace under the lash. Peace, turbulent, if you will, but full of vitality—the peace of a free people, not the sepulchral peace of the oppressed, whose inanimate tranquillity nothing can disturb.

These were the words of the man who has gone down to defeat and death in Mexico after a year's struggle against hopeless odds. There was almost

no chance for him from the first. He could please no one—neither the powerful, whose feudal grip his modern ideas would have broken could they have been carried into effect, nor the helpless brown mass, whose voice he became, and who fancied, once Don PANCHITO were President, they could pick silver pesos from the trees. He was no fighter, "the little sawed-off," as the pelados called him, no iron man, born to rule. Had he been that, indeed, the revolution he led might have been commonplace enough. He was just an ordinary man in a straw hat—a worried little man trying to help. A dreamer, no doubt, as people are fond of repeating, but it took more than invertebrate mooning to write the "Presidential Succession" and to rise against old Don PORFIRIO when the Diaz tradition still stood solid as a rock. The success of MADERO, the coming to the capital of that comfortable provincial family, so free from the polished inhumanity often found in Mexicans of the ruling class, seemed a definite step forward in the humanizing of that strange land of sunshine and dust and blood. And whatever MADERO's mistakes or inefficiencies, the crushing out of this experiment in democracy carries with it that sense of almost personal tragedy which is felt when, in any part of the world, the Napoleonic cynicism, that God is on the side of the heaviest battalions, seems for the moment true. A benevolent dictatorship is perhaps the only government for Mexico at the moment, but there is little promise of benevolence in the Diaz-Huerta pretorian guard. In the shelters to which FRANCISCO MADERO's family and followers may be driven there is at least this thing for them to remember: Visions like his may not always come true, but they are not forgotten. And it is "crazy dreamers," like "El Chapparito," to whom, generations after the "practical" men are dust, grateful peoples build monuments and of whom they sometimes make their saints.

THE HIGH COST OF DYING

FROM AN ADVERTISEMENT in a recent issue of the New York "Herald":

W. J. DARGEON, INC.

My First-Class Funeral With Grave, $115

Hearse, three coaches to any cemetery or depot within ten miles; service and attendance, including deed of grave for the interment of three adults, complete.

NEVER ONE DISSATISFIED PATRON

He has never been haunted!

THE OTHER MAN

IT IS BUT A FAIR DISTRIBUTION of felicitations to say that if THEODORE ROOSEVELT had never lived, or if chance had never made him President, WOODROW WILSON would spend this present 4th of March at Princeton University, still writing reactionary books. Mr. ROOSEVELT largely created and, from the high pulpit of the Presidency, gave resounding expression to that liberalism which finally became the dominating atmosphere of the nation, infected Mr. WILSON, and caused a complete about face in his attitude toward popular government. Moreover, it was largely Mr. ROOSEVELT's example and approval which gave vogue to the scholar in politics, and made it possible for some one other than the old-fashioned safe and sane business man to become Governor of New Jersey and President of the United States.

THE STRENGTH OF BREVITY

WHITE PAPER is costly, but the New York newspapers printed long reviews of "Joseph and His Brethren." Yet the most exhaustive criticism of it we overheard the other night. "How'd you like it?" he asked. "Well" she replied, "it seems to me like a great moving picture, spoiled by talking."

UNREST

THE CAUSES OF UNREST lie deeper than we sometimes guess. We know a Hebrew matron, wife of a painter and the mother of three boys, and she is one of the restless women. She turns to outside work as toward a solution for that in her which is unexpressed. Her excellent mind is worthy of hard labor in research day by day. The home alone cannot absorb her. She will enhance the home by leaving it for a few years through the working hours. But it is doubtful if in work she will come to the peace she is craving. For she is a Hebrew matron, and has inherited the traditions of her race, its desire for the one GOD. In her is a little of the same nature that could drive a nail through the head of a heathen, and sing the song of emancipation. But those ancestral women were stayed in the thought of GOD. In the tumultuous world of change they had found the unchangeable. To-day our modern woman is questing in many directions. Much of what she seeks she will find. Surely she will win her suffrage, her minimum living wage, her right to carry on her work in and through the home, or separate from the home. To her will be given the fuller life, for that way justice lies. But when she clears the tangle, once again she will face herself. Her unrest had come to the surface in rebellion at the silent years of dependence, the hidden injustices. But once she is free to think and feel in an environment which does not thwart or suppress, there will be the old sense of drifting, the absence of anchorage in a world of aimless motion. Again she must be about her ancient business of finding GOD. Again she must bring back to the consciousness of man that there is a process at work through suffering, that life is touched with mystery, that we are sharers of the secret of the central Worker. Her life will seem as aimless as the flight of autumn leaves till she is interpenetrated with that sense of kinship to the creative process.

SAVING THE HOME

ONCE THE HOME was threatened by danger without from hostile tribe and predatory male. To-day its foes are inside the household, subtler than the ancient enemies. The wife and mother of to-day is no longer in peril of her body. But she may be conquered by monotony: emptiness of days, one day tracking the other in unbroken monotony, with an ever-growing heaviness of spirit, a lessened zeal of attack. Many Americans in towns and cities are becoming standardized, are growing into a race of clerks. We know a family of folk who saw these creeping dangers that threaten the modern home. They saw how routine and security bounded their life. They saw the multitude of young and middle-aged men caught into the mesh of organization. They saw them as clerks in banks—sometimes forty of them, sometimes two hundred—huddled over desks, burning electricity by day, with the timid curve at the shoulders. As small librarians, as bookkeepers, as shop clerks, as secretaries, with tired, leveled-off spirit, with patience and sweetness and quenched hopes. The slightly saddened resignation with which they accepted their work, and continued in it, was reflected in their home life. The wife of the routine man was sometimes bathed in the same monotony. A subdued sense diffused itself through the household as if the dwellers had effectually deadened the illusion that life was anything of an adventure, a fine piece of daring, with creative touches in it and glimpses of unexpected things. So this household of our acquaintance learned to dread the tyranny of accustomed things, the settling down of habits, the getting rooted in one place so deeply that it would cause pain to shake loose. At intervals, through many years, they have flavored life with change. The woman of the family has been abroad three times in the last ten years and the man five times in the last eleven years. The woman went over twice in a cattle boat. The vessel had room for a handful of passengers, and the round trip cost $90. Her total expenditure, ocean voyage and all, for a period of four months and six days was $320. That yielded up York, Lincoln, Ely, Peterborough, Salisbury, and Stonehenge; a month in North Devon and seven weeks in London. She preferred living in a small country inn in a Devon village to postponing the English visit till there was gold enough for lodging in the large tourist hotels. Whenever the man could see liberty for two or three days he went out on a walking trip. It is necessary from time to time to tire to wander, to renew one's sense of the springtime of the earth and its amazing variety of peoples.

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Only Progressives

By WOODROW WILSON

IN LOOKING forward to the responsibilities I am about to assume, I feel, first, last, and all the time, that I am acting in a representative capacity. Some men have been slow to observe, but the majority of us have seen that the people of the United States have expressed a definite choice. I am one of the instruments through whom that choice is to be exercised, but I am for the time, and that choice is for the long future. The American people have turned their faces in a definite direction, and any party, any man, who does not go with them in that direction they will reject, and they ought to reject.

I am bidden to interpret as well as I can the purposes of the people of the United States, and to act, in so far as my purpose determines the action, through the instrumentality of persons who likewise represent that choice. I have no latitude in the matter. My sacred honor is involved, and nothing more could be at stake. Therefore I shall not be acting in a partisan spirit when I nominate progressives—and only progressives. I shall be acting as a representative of the people of this great country.

It is a supreme pleasure to me to find in every direction, as I turn from one group to another, that men's minds and men's consciences and men's purposes are yielding to that great impulse that now moves this nation as a whole. Therefore I do not anticipate any serious divisions of counsel in the Democratic party as a national body. Indeed, I find in it every evidence of solidarity. It is led by men who are absolutely free to do what they have promised to do, and who realize that the very life of the party depends on its living up to its pledges. Our party has been trusted by the voters of the country, and it is going to redeem this trust with performance.

The Democratic party now stands or falls as it redeems or does not redeem the pledges it has made to the voters of the United States. "We, the people," as the Constitution begins, are about to see whether or not we own our own Government, and if the men who have been put in office go back on the people now, I, for one, hope that they will be publicly execrated for the rest of history and held up to the contempt of mankind.

But I may reiterate what I have already said: that the business future of this country does not depend upon the Government of the United States. It depends upon the business men of the United States. This nation is full of honorable men who have carried on large commercial enterprises in a manner sanctioned both by their consciences and their interpretation of the laws. But they have had their eyes so close to their ledgers, they have had their energies so absorbed in the undertakings with which they were individually identified, that they have not raised their eyes from their books and papers, have not seen how the things they were doing stood related to the fortunes of mankind until the nation spoke in a loud voice. Now they are beginning to see these relationships. The hope of America is in the changing attitude of the business men toward the activities in which they are to engage in the future. The nation cannot move successfully onward and upward save by concert of purpose and of judgment. Progress made under the spur of the law is generally imperfect and seldom permanent.

As I have specified at other times, the problems of the immediate future consist of four sets of things that have to be done. First and foremost, we must husband and administer the common resources of this country for the common benefit. Reservation is not a rounded policy of conservation. But until the business men of America declare themselves willing to husband and to administer, as if for others' as well as for their own profit, the natural resources of the country, it will be immensely difficult to devise a process of general use.

Raw materials, in the second place, indigenous to this country must be at the disposal of everybody in the United States upon equal terms. By this I do not mean that the Government must determine the precise terms upon which they are to be available, but that there shall be no discrimination among those who are to have access to these resources.

Analogous to open ways to raw materials, and necessary thereto, is the third thing to be done. The credit of this country must be put at the disposal of everybody upon the same terms. Not only that, but credit must be made available with equal readiness to everybody. This must be seen to by the bankers and the men who have the credit of this country in their control. This they must do, not alone for the good of all but for their own advantage, because until it is done the banking interests cannot expect to enjoy the confidence of the country and to have the problems peculiar to their business settled in an unprejudiced temper.

Further, and as the fourth of our general purposes, we must see to it that the business of the United States is set absolutely free of every form of monopoly. There was a time—and it will come again—when this country was able to take care of itself. The United States will be abundantly able to take care of itself when its energies are fully realized, and no man is afraid of any other man; when one person has the same right and the same opportunity to conduct an independent business that every other individual has; when every man knows that the business community is open for him to enter and that he will be welcome. Then there will come a season of prosperity in this country never known or dreamed of—but not until then. I reiterate: you cannot have prosperity personally conducted.

Some people have the idea that I love a fight for the fun of it. A friend of mine told me that I reminded him of a Highlander's dog. The dog was looking very dejected one day, and his owner was asked what was the matter with him. He said: "He can nae jus' get eneuch o' fechten'." He was not able to find any dog that would give him satisfaction.

But, really, that is not in the least my temperament. I am by nature very tame, an amenable person, but I do love to feel in my blood the splendid thrill of fighting for something, something that is bigger than myself, and trying, for the time at least, to think I'm as big as the thing I am fighting for. There is in that solid satisfaction.

I believe that a majority of the American people are to-day saying something like this: "We have set forward on the journey that is ahead of us. We have found the old road, and we are going to follow it; and anybody is welcome to come along with us that wants to." Certainly that is my own attitude. If my advice is heeded, we are not going to recall whether a person tried to find other roads or not, provided he comes along. But we are not going to take his word for it; we are going to look around and see if he is keeping step. Because he must get there when we get there, and he must get there by the same road we get there, or else he is not of our company. It will not be military discipline, but the roll will have to be called occasionally, that we may see who is present or accounted for. There are some gentlemen who, I fear, think that I have entertained bitter feelings toward them. They are particularly those whom I would love to see and grasp hands with at the end of the journey.

This article was compiled from Mr. Wilson's former speeches, as was the case with everything printed from him since his election, but its publication is authorized by him and it expresses his views to-day. THE EDITORS

THE NEW DISPENSATION

By HENRY WATTERSON

A change of party in the National Administration has been so infrequent in the United States as to make the transition from one party to the other—two contesting parties only having divided the popular suffrage—a species of political cataclysm.

Between 1800 and 1860 the Opposition—that is, the Whigs—succeeded but twice in electing their President—in 1840 and 1848. Between 1860 and 1912 the Opposition—that is, the Democrats—succeeded but twice, in 1884 and 1892. They did actually carry the country in 1876, but were counted out of possession through a deadlock of the two Houses of Congress and a resultant Electoral Commission which placed in the White House a candidate very badly beaten at the polls.

In 1912, for the third time within fifty-two years, the Democrats elected a President. Between 1897, when they went out of office, and 1913, when they come in again, sixteen years have intervened; pregnant years, witnessing momentous events—the passing of the old order and the coming of the new, the nation a world power, the people clambering aboard the swift-moving vehicle we call the State, with a strange and almost untried chauffeur at the wheel. Whither shall they compel the driver to go, whither themselves to be driven, in what appears a peremptory demand for innovation, if not for revolution?

A Strong Man Wanted

MUCH—most perhaps—depends upon this man at the wheel. To forecast the future we must forecast him. To forecast him we must consider his origin, his antecedents, his mental peculiarities, and personal attitudes as he discloses them to us. Like a being of Destiny, he has sprung up in a night. But yesterday he was a schoolmaster. To-day he is Chief Magistrate. The rise of no one of the favorites of fortune, or the heroes of history or fiction, has been nearly so sudden. Masaniello ruled but for a day and was gone. The power of De Retz scarce survived the mob that created it. Perusing the program as we wait for the curtain to rise and the play to begin, let us study the character of the Unknown and try to judge from the little we know what the much that is to come may mean.

Obviously, the people want a strong man in the White House. Much of Theodore Roosevelt's popularity had this basis and was laid in the belief that he could be relied on to do first and to count the cost afterward. In Woodrow Wilson, according to his panegyrists, they have a more than Roosevelt—a man of the Roman type, knowing nothing but his duty to the State and his love for the people; a man having the courage to put his foot upon personal friendship and to crush private feeling beneath his heel as an eggshell; one as learned as Bacon; as astute as Talleyrand; the incarnation of self-confident will power and far-reaching ability.

Rude, though in many ways forceful, Grover Cleveland had some relenting. Woodrow Wilson, we are given to understand, has none. His admirers point to the turning down of Smith as proof of his superiority to the sense of personal obligation when it became needful to show his detestation of "Bossism" and his purpose to make a boss find and know his place. They point to his turning down of Harvey to show that when an example was required to prove his detestation of Wall Street and his freedom from its baleful influence, years of devotion on the part of Harvey stood not in the way.

Once we had a Governor in Kentucky who declared himself ready to sign the death warrant of his own son, convicted of murder. He was greatly applauded at the time. Yet did he offer greater sacrifice to the cause of probity and virtue, or give surer warrant of his fidelity to public trust?

Knowing these things, the Democratic party nominated Woodrow Wilson and the people elected him, and although in the vulgar scramble for office many of them will presently begin roundly to abuse him, the greater number shall have no reason to be surprised when he stands Doric, a wrought-iron image of their fancies, the very effigy of Duty and Truth set up by themselves, demanding to be respected and obeyed, nor caring to be loved.

Thought and Action

THE idealists among the unthinking—I confess myself to be of these—would apply to public affairs the sentimentalities which are supposed to give grace and zest to private life. They do not see that as Art takes no account of morals, Law is blind to feeling. The more discriminating and practical heed not the painter, but the painting; not the author, but his work. They see before Turner his picture; before Byron his poem. It is results affecting the mass and body of men, not individual detail, that distinguish the government of a country from its social and domestic fabric. The idolatrous see in their Hero some reflection of themselves. If they could speak from the grave, the Cæsars of Pagandom, the Cromwells of Christendom, could tell them differently and assure them that the stoic, not the pliant, is most puissant at the head of the State.

Thus, according to the picture of those who surround the new chieftain, we have at last at the helm a man uniting the blood-and-iron imperialism of Bismarck to the red-shirt democracy of Garibaldi. At least we have a man of very striking and exceptional character; nor yet unknowing some varying aspects of life and vicissitudes of fortune. At the outset of his career, this Man of Destiny was too much a man of thought to be very efficacious as a man of action, but he was man enough to arrive betimes at the head of a great American university. He was man enough so to impress himself upon the people of the vicinage that when the politicians for their selfish ends put him up for Governor he was easily elected, and, being Governor, he was still man enough to send those who thought to make him their cat's-paw about their business.

Save as a stepping-stone, the Governorship of New Jersey was rather a descent than an elevation from the presidency of Princeton. There was another Presidency in view and at stake. It was this which lured the ambitious thinker and scholar out from the seclusion of college shades.

Intellectually a giant, if we are to accept the verdict of his admirers, we know that nevertheless he has been a pedagogue. Here there is room for some divergence of opinion. It becomes a question whether the habits of a lifetime, the tyrannies of the schoolroom, and the dogmatisms of the platform, confirming him as a man apart, who makes not common cause with any, nor works to harness, are in a party leader foremost among the virtues. Thus the politicians who since his election have gone to Trenton and Princeton complain that he has not taken them into his confidence. He listens, they tell us, he absorbs, he coldly, but sometimes not inappreciatively, beams. He was but feeling his way to Washington; when he gets there, they will better know him, and also what is and what is not virtue in public life.

Progressives All

IN HIS utterances since the election the President-elect has disclosed in a very marked manner the academician if not the schoolmaster. He has given to each several occasion the air and tone rather of the platform lecture than the party program. This is not to say that he has betrayed a want of wisdom, or any lack of the sense of things practical and real. His political philosophy is wholly up to date, while he has shown as Governor of New Jersey that in the hurly-burly of personal and factional strife he is altogether a force to be reckoned with.

But Trenton is not Washington. Mr. Cleveland in his first Administration made the mistake of judging the Congress of the United States by the Legislature of the State of New York. He paid the price for his error and in time got bravely over it. Mr. Wilson, albeit new to the national capital, may know better. Even if he does not, he may find a less defying, more complying body of political associates in the two Houses at the other end of the avenue than Mr. Cleveland found, and, in any event, Mr. Wilson is so much stronger in mental caliber and training, both in intellectual attainment and reach, than Mr. Cleveland that he may be able to get his will and way where Cleveland failed—the law of compulsion, not of suasion, nevertheless the rule with both of them.

The absence of enthusiasm from the campaign, the surprising falling off in the Democratic vote, the cool reception given to some really fine outgivings of the President-elect, indicate that Mr. Wilson is not, and probably never will be, a very popular man. His infirmities are temperamental. All intellect himself, he fails to arouse sentiment in others. But that which is unattractive in the man may not prove a delinquency in the leader. After the period of disfavor and detraction inevitable to the dispensation of the patronage, the new President may emerge master of the situation, having secured the public confidence, with a clear road of reform ahead.

Assuredly he has the right pig by the ear.

Progressivism may be an indefinite term. It may convey differing meanings to different minds. It seems the merest fad, not rising to the dignity of an independent and permanent organism. But of the popular revolt against dark-closet methods in public life, by which graft and grafters get in their work, there cannot be two opinions. On every hand we hear the swelling voice of a universal demand for publicity, see on every hand the rising tide of a decisive reaction from years of close alliance, more or less corrupt, between politics and business.

The exposures of the last winter have hit vitally, and they have hit home. Putting the Wilson vote and the Roosevelt vote together as a joint protest against prevailing conditions and a kindred demand for a change not only of parties, but of systems, two-thirds of the electorate want what they think a thoroughgoing man at the helm, and are ready to follow him toward the extirpation, root and branch, of the syndication of Government which long ago became at once the source and resource, the buttress and the bell tower of old-line Republicanism.

"All of us are Republicans," said Jefferson in the glow of a great triumph, "all of us are Federalists." Truly, in that sense and spirit, all of us are Progressives. Yet, though given the death stroke in 1800, Federalism struggled on ineffectually through the next three Presidential elections, finally yielding up the ghost to an "era of good feeling" that did not amount to much nor last very long.

The Whigs followed in the footsteps of the Federals. The Republicans, after more than fifty years of scarce interrupted dominion, seem to have struck the same trail. It is, in point of fact, the sure highway to the historic boneyard awaiting that curious intermingling of sentimentality with opportunism, which always ends in partyism run mad and corruption rampant. Its momentum arrested, its morale debauched, its discipline broken, its policies obsolete, where shall it seek a shibboleth to recall, a shelter to cover, a point of vantage to marshal its scattered forces?

The reflection of its glory will not suffice to atone for its crimes. In Theodore Roosevelt it has at once an accuser and an executioner from whom there would seem to be no escape. It was in truth "a hoss in its day." But its day is over, its sin has found it out, and the writing on the wall reads: "Never again!"

We have heard a deal of late years about "paramount issues." The term has been much abused. The overthrow of corrupt bossism, involving everywhere a liaison between politics and business, is but an incident of the task set for Woodrow Wilson. All honest men may support him in that. But back of this, and overtopping it, his "paramount issue" will be the preservation of our representative form of government from the assaults of crude opportunism and maudlin sentiment seeking the impossible—that is, the regeneration of man by popular clamor and legislative enactment—and in lieu thereof the rehabilitation of the Democratic principle of concurrent liberty and order very nearly shipwrecked by the Republicans and seriously menaced by the Insurrectos and the Socialists.

The Rule of Numbers

THE armies of discontent, under the immediate leadership of Roosevelt, not forgetting Debs—the latter, it may be, destined to become more dangerous than the former—wander hither and thither aimlessly. Mr. Bryan, half a Populist, has rather confused than clarified democracy. In truth, the people have not fared any too well at the hands of the trio of idols—Cleveland, Bryan, and Roosevelt—they have set on pedestals and worshiped the last five-and-twenty years. Who shall grudge his approval, withhold his support from Woodrow Wilson if, steering the ship of state between the Scylla of Taftism and the Charybdis of Rooseveltism, he shall weather the reefs of Debsism, and bring her safely into port, under the walls and guns of the Constitution, the framework designed by the fathers of the Republic intact, the flag of freedom and law flying at her masthead?

There needs to be a new birth of political apprehension. That the country—the world indeed—is passing from the rule of force—force of prowess, force of arms, force of custom and convention—to the rule of numbers seems to be the trend of the time. Shall the coming majorities in the United States be educated in a knowledge of the heritage they received from their forefathers, and a sense of its transcendent value, or shall the fortress of their representative government be swept away by a flood of experimental innovation—by Socialism and Populism, taking no account of restraints or precedents in their eager pursuit of phantoms—leaving naught to mark the spot where institutional and individual liberty stood but a mass of [illegible]s readier to the use of despots than the [illegible]reemen? It may be that Woodrow Wilson,

(*Concluded on page* 28)

MARCH FOURTH IN MUSSELWHITE

By GEORGE ADE

Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon

HE MAY revise all the schedules, from arnica to zithers, unscramble the omelette soufflés of Wall Street, and compel the Money Trust to blubber like a child, but Woodrow Wilson will have no standing in Musselwhite, Ind., until we know about Mrs. Bagley.

Only one man in Musselwhite has seen the Panama Canal, and we wish that *he* had not taken the trip. The Court of St. James might as well be up a side street on the planet Mars. But the post office is right here at the corner of Main and Ivy, and the first duty of the new Executive, from where we are camping on this date, is to oust Mrs. Bagley.

We want some visible proof that democracy has come back. The honeyed phrase was all right last summer, but this spring we want the vouchers.

Is Mr. Woodrow Wilson going to muzzle the oxen that tread the grain? If so, he will run out of muzzles.

We have come to March 4. In fancy we have pictured the day as a columbined arch of triumph, dividing the barren highway from a field of red clover.

Our editor at the county seat told us that on March 4 we would troop into the Elysian pasture, sounding the hewgag and the timbrel.

It is now certain that when the early mail arrives by the Lake Erie and Western on the morning of March 5, Mrs. Bagley will still be peering out of the little window at the post office. What is more distressing, we don't know when there will be a Democratic face at the window.

The besiegers, having abandoned all other employment for the present, will be standing outside, waiting to hear from Washington.

THEY will read in the mail edition of the city daily that Indiana was signally honored at the inauguration. The Culver Cadets rode their black horses in the parade. Kirby Risk of Lafayette was a grand marshal. Our own Vice President has moved into a suite at the Shoreham, sitting first in one room and then in another while overcoming his dizziness.

What cheer can be wrung from such bulletins with Mrs. Bagley still intrenched at the corner of Main and Ivy?

When the editor at the county seat said that "we" hoped to realize on our exertions this 4th day of March, he spoke advisedly in using the plural. No less than eleven foremost Democrats of Scott Township are competing for Mrs. Bagley's rocking chair. Each of them has forwarded to Congressman Mooney a petition signed by all of the local Democrats, except those who have been circulating petitions on their own behalf. The refusal to sign a petition is commonly regarded in these parts as an act of perfidy. Several of the indorsements have been strung out by Bull Moosers purely in the interest of sport.

The prolonged silence of Congressman Mooney and the failure of Senator John Kern to send any real assurance to the waiting eleven have served to cloud up a situation which was already overcast.

HERE are the facts in the case. Every true Democrat reading them will join with our eleven in the hope that Mr. Wilson may be courageous and fair-minded in facing the crisis. If he backs up on the proposition, he might as well know, first as last, that his Administration will be a failure in Musselwhite.

A little over four years ago Postmaster Philo Bagley, a veteran of the real war and a firm believer in the criminality of all Democrats, was buried with military honors by the G. A. R. While Mr. Otto Finkel, the popular undertaker, was lining a coffin for Comrade Bagley, the Republican editor of the Musselwhite "Beacon," Mr. Colfax Trimble by name, was telegraphing his application for the job which has come to be regarded as a necessary adjunct to successful journalism.

For years Mr. Trimble had been rubbing salt into the Democratic wounds. His name was anathema to all of the ancient faith. Certain Republicans who had failed to secure much-needed nominations disliked the editor intensely. If he secured the post office, he might remain within it for years, wallowing in the hundred dollars a month.

MR. TAFT had just been elected by figures that looked almost unanimous. No Democratic horoscoper in all of Musselwhite could see through the opaque veil and forecast the jubilee of 1912. It looked as if Trimble might be booking himself for a life job. Who could blame Uncle Homer Sleeth, G. W. Cluf, Eldad Gruber, and other stanch Bryanites for joining with the sore and sentimental Republicans in the nonpartisan effort to secure the office for Mrs. Bagley, widow of the gallant soldier?

Please follow the ins and outs of these factional conflicts. The Musselwhite case is probably more complicated, in a way, than the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty.

The Bagley phalanx of four years ago carried the banner of chivalry, but the real purpose of all the letter writing and petition signing was to head off the editor.

It was Colfax Trimble versus the lone woman in black. With the Colonel prying into details, according to his usual practice, the widow had a walk-away.

In urging the appointment of Mrs. Bagley, many of our most useful Democrats made what is now regarded as a tactical blunder. They signed a statement, drawn up by the Hon. Jesse Whitfield while he was at perihelion. They certified that Mrs. Bagley was well qualified by temperament and training to sort out picture post cards and mail-order catalogues. She was keenly intelligent, a model of industry and the soul of integrity. Moreover, she was a widow. Fortissimo pedal on the widowhood. She was the relict of one who had spilled his blood on the encrimsoned battle fields in defense of the flag. All this, and more, was written out by the Hon. Jesse Whitfield, whom the late postmaster had denounced for forty years as a copperhead, butternut, and Knight of the Golden Circle.

Colfax Trimble and his associate checker players, known as the "courthouse ring," wrote to Washington that Mrs. Bagley, while fitted to adorn the home circle had no business capacity, and was further disqualified by reason of the fact that she never had led a voter up to an Australian booth.

When the nonpartisan and bipartisan rally in support of Mrs. Bagley routed the machine influences, and her name was sent to the Senate, the enemies of Trimble made public rejoicing.

Four upheaving years have passed, and now the tried and true Democrats who indorsed Mrs. Bagley find themselves (quoting Mr. Trimble's editorial in the "Beacon") "hoist by their own petard."

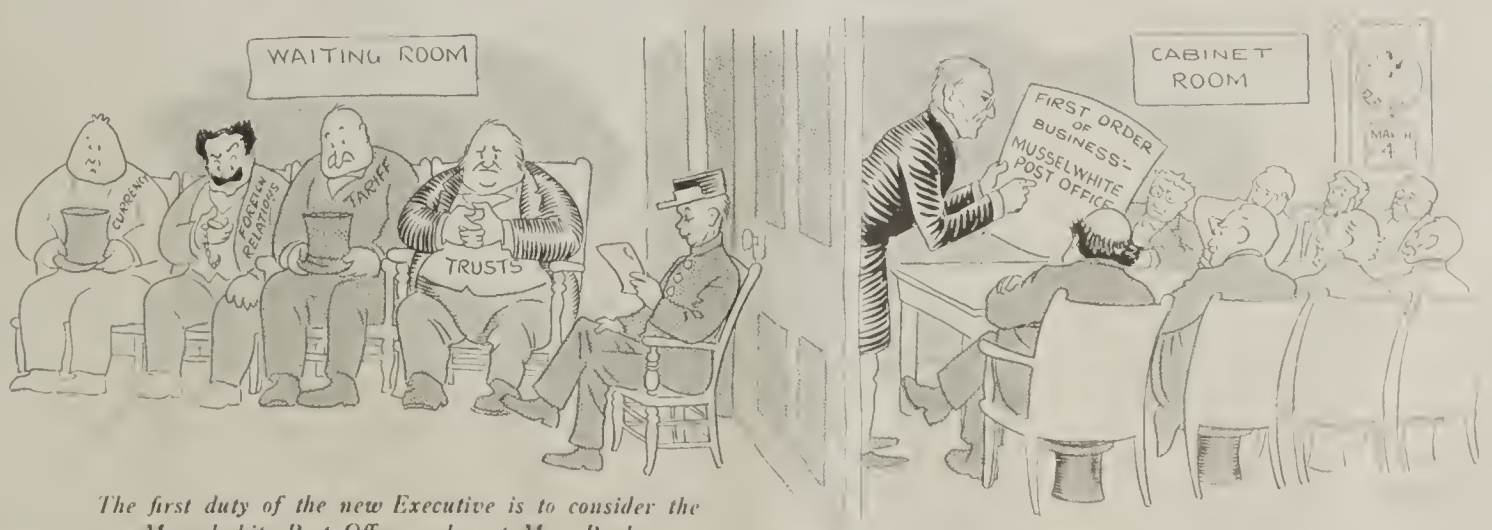
Mr. Taft was repudiated at the polls. The repudiation extended to all persons employed by the Government in November, 1912. This is our reading of the popular verdict. The Democratic organ at the county seat told Mr. Taft, just two weeks after election, that "he must bow to the will of the people." Instead of bowing, he appointed Mrs. Philo Bagley to be her own successor, and asked the Senate to confirm the appointment at once. In fact, he sent in a whole batch of Hoosier appointments, his malign purpose being, as nearly as we can divine it, to handicap and embarrass the incoming Administration by keeping Republicans on the pay roll.

The kindly feeling for Mr. Taft, which all Democrats had expressed during the campaign, was suddenly dispelled. The Democrats became almost as bitter as some of the Progressives. Even a rudimentary sense of the proprieties should have warned Mr. Taft that while he was packing up and getting ready to move out, his one duty to the sovereign people was to keep on packing up.

PANIC fell upon the Hendricks Club when the news came that Mrs. Bagley's name had gone to the Senate. For the first time in a week a full unity of sentiment developed among the eleven would-be's. They stopped circulating their petitions long enough to send night letters to our two Senators, entreating them to stand firm for the principles first enunciated by Thomas Jefferson and afterward simplified by Andrew Jackson.

At the same time Colfax Trimble, Jackson Spoldridge, Morton Wilgus, and other Standpat Republicans came out of their graves, shook off their funeral vestments, and began to organize a nonpartisan campaign in favor of Mrs. Bagley's confirmation.

Four years ago they tried to relegate her to the kitchen. Now they have learned that, according to every precedent of civil-service reform, she is the only person in Musselwhite clearly entitled to the fruits of Democratic victory. They have had the wretched taste to dig up and publish the rhetorical rhapsodies sung in her honor four years ago by Orville Snydacker, Alfred Bosh, G. W. Cluf, Eldad Gruber, Hiram Sodderfield, B. Sanford Winger, Wiley Holder, Vernon Tibbetts, George Murth, Uncle Homer Sleeth, and the Hon. Jesse Whitfield, these being the eleven who now stand expectant.



The first duty of the new Executive is to consider the Musselwhite Post Office and oust Mrs. Bagley

IN THEIR frantic efforts to save Musselwhite from the shame of tolerating a Democratic postmaster under a Democratic Administration, they have made peace overtures to the Bull Moosers. Only a few weeks ago both Wilbur Hammett and Enoch Bradder were being denounced as the composite reincarnations of Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold. It is now evident that a truly nonpartisan demand for the retention of Mrs. Bagley must include the names of at least a few renegades and outsiders. The ex-bosses of the ex-machine seem to think that our Democratic Senators might

(Continued on page 33)

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

The Romance of the House of Madero

IT IS the photographer that writes history these days: the journalist only labels the characters. A click of the camera's shutter and you see in tableau the principals in the romance of the rise and fall of the house of Madero. A week after COLLIER'S staff photographer had snapped this jubilant group and had filed it in his big album as "Insurrecto Headquarters, Azcona Speaking," the house of Madero began its military victories with the capture of Juarez. From there, with General Orozco in command, the Madero forces marched victorious from the Rio Grande to Mexico's Capitol; and before the end of May, 1911, had compelled the aged dictator, Porfirio Diaz, to resign.

"Azcona speaking"—Juan Sanchez Azcona, private secretary to Francisco Madero. A few days ago he was released from prison. That he was not assassinated was taken as evidence of the possibility that a new dictator, who is nominally "provisional President," has a grain of pity left for at least one Maderist.

And now, reading from left to right:

The man with the spectacles, Gustavo Madero. He was the first of the house to be slaughtered. The official report said he "tried to escape." What happened was: he was taken from the Palace in Mexico City to the Arsenal and pushed into the courtyard to become the target for the rifles of a score of sharpshooters. More than anyone else, he had made the rule of his brother Francisco odious. The common people hooted at Gustavo as "Ojo Parado" or "Fixed Eye." He was accused of bold grafting; and finally came to be described as "the most hated man in Mexico."

The man with the cane, José Pino Suarez, who through the President's stanch support became Vice President at thirty-three. He was a man of much the same tastes as his chief—had been a school-teacher, and had "dabbled in poetry." Perhaps his best epitaph would be that he shared Madero's martyrdom.

At his left, Abram Gonzales, deposed Governor of Chihuahua, under arrest at this writing, and believed to have few chances to escape being murdered. Experts on Mexican affairs say that he probably will be killed "while attempting to flee"—the barbarous pretext under which the two Maderos and Suarez were shot.

Francisco Madero himself is next—the dreamer who showed mercy to his enemies and received assassination in return.

Mexico City, voting with gunpowder ballots, recalled him to put a military despot in power again; and, following the announcement of "a rule of iron," the automobile in which Madero and Suarez were being taken from the National Palace to the penitentiary was "attacked" shortly before midnight, February 22, and in the "encounter" both prisoners were slain.

The smiling young woman with the black hat is Madero's sister, Mercedes. The other day, when she was barred from seeing the body of her brother, she screamed at the officers guarding the penitentiary that they were cowards and murderers who had plotted to shoot down a helpless man. Sharp in contrast with the mood of all the rest of the group is the glum face of Orozco, second from the right.

Marines sailing for Cuba; and 11,000 troops at Galveston are ready if President Wilson orders intervention

The Tact of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson

By FRANCES McGREGOR GORDON

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson

THOSE who know her best say that Mrs. Wilson, as mistress of the White House, brings to that high position the same qualities of simplicity, kindly courtesy, and tact that have marked some of her predecessors. Born in a Georgia manse, the daughter of a country minister of the Gospel, she was trained in that "plain living and high thinking" that characterize so many clergymen's homes.

Her maiden name was Ellen Louise Axson. She received her education in the South, where she developed a taste and enthusiasm for art that later brought her to the North to pursue her studies. Here she met Woodrow Wilson, who was taking a postgraduate course at Johns Hopkins, specializing in history and political economy. After their marriage he became a professor at Bryn Mawr, then at Princeton, and finally rose to be the president of Princeton University.

Mrs. Wilson has an extensive acquaintance with men and women of prominence. Yet it is from her close personal friends that one obtains the intimate glimpses of her delightful personality that foreshadow a White House régime in which the First Lady of the land cannot fail to win and hold the affections of the American people.

Among her friends many stories are told illustrating her quickness of perception and her fine tact in dealing with people. One of these relates to the first meeting of Governor Wilson and William Jennings Bryan.

At the great missionary conference held in Edinburgh, Scotland, in June, 1910, Mr. Bryan thrilled the immense audience with an address on the fundamentals of the Christian life, entitled "The Fruits of the Tree."

From all quarters of the globe men had gathered to this epoch-making convention. Among those who listened to Mr. Bryan was the Rev. Dr. Charles R. Erdman, professor of practical theology at Princeton Theological Seminary. Hearing this deeply religious address from the greatest American orator of the day, and being profoundly moved by it, Dr. Erdman sought an introduction to Mr. Bryan and invited him to speak to the students of Princeton Seminary, which is the oldest theological school of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Bryan accepted, and, with his acceptance to deliver a purely religious address, this story really begins. As a notable orator, Mr. Bryan had already spoken in every important university town in America—save one. That one exception was Princeton. Princeton University influences had been all against him, not only against his policies but against the man. Now Mr. Bryan was to go to Princeton, not as the guest of the university but as the guest of the Theological Seminary.

Mrs. Wilson and her daughters: Miss Margaret (at the left); Miss Eleanor (standing), and Miss Jessie

Because of the comity existing between the university and the seminary, and since the latter had no auditorium large enough to accommodate the throng which would undoubtedly gather to listen to the distinguished orator, Alexander Hall of the university was placed at the disposal of the seminary authorities. Public announcement was made and the date of the address was fixed for March 12, 1911.

When Mrs. Wilson heard of the arrangements for Mr. Bryan to appear in Princeton, in a spirit of gracious hospitality, she felt that a dinner invitation from the Democratic Governor of New Jersey to the man who had been thrice the Democratic standard bearer of the nation would be proper. But Governor Wilson was in Georgia. She at once communicated with her husband by telegraph, and an invitation was sent Mr. Bryan to dine with the Wilson family. Governor Wilson at once started home to meet his distinguished guest. It was a purely social affair—the simple exchange of hospitality. There was no discussion of politics. But the great newspapers of the country were alive to the possible significance in the meeting between the seasoned Democratic warrior and the latest and most promising Democratic knight. After the dinner the reporters pressed Governor Wilson for a statement, and he said: "When I learned that Mr. Bryan was to be here I welcomed the opportunity to meet him. It is the first time that such an opportunity has afforded itself, and I was glad to avail myself of it."

Before Mr. Bryan left that night some of his old New Jersey friends had secured from him a promise to return to the State and address a Jefferson Day banquet at Burlington on April 5, 1911. On this occasion Governor Wilson and Mr. Bryan appeared on the same public platform together for the first time.

Promises and Pork

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE Democratic national platform, adopted in the high hopefulness of that convention at Baltimore, contained this plank:

REPUBLICAN EXTRAVAGANCE: We denounce the profligate waste of money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation through the lavish appropriations of recent Republican Congresses which have kept taxes high and reduced the purchasing power of the people's toil. We demand a return to that simplicity and economy which befits a Democratic Government . .

This was one of many promises of economy made by the Democrats. In their successful campaign to control Congress in 1910, next to the tariff, economy was their most useful battle cry. As their first act after they assumed control of Congress they made much of a saving of $280,000 through the abolition of some useless offices. At that time COLLIER'S spoke of the new Democratic régime in these words:

The renunciation was not easy. . . . There is, therefore, all the more reason for thoughtful persons who understand and appreciate economy in government to give sympathy and practical support to the party that has accomplished it. . . . These voluntary sacrifices of power and patronage are creditable in the highest degree.

Indefensible Extravagance

BUT the Democrats were new to power then and not sure of their tenure. With increasing confidence in their grip they have forgotten their promises, and *the orgy of extravagance, in which the present Democratic Congress has exceeded any Republican Congress*, cannot better be described than in the words of one Democratic Congressman. Mr. Fitzgerald of Brooklyn, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, himself a hard-working advocate of economy, rebuked his fellow Democrats in these words:

Mr. Speaker, I am opposed to this bill. The less said about it the better for the bill or those who support it. It cannot be defended from any standpoint of public necessity. . . .

The sham economists who have been talking economy and advocating public-building bills, which fasten obligations upon the Treasury, should either quit talking economy or should attempt to stop the authorizations which make inevitable the expenditure unnecessarily of large sums of public money.

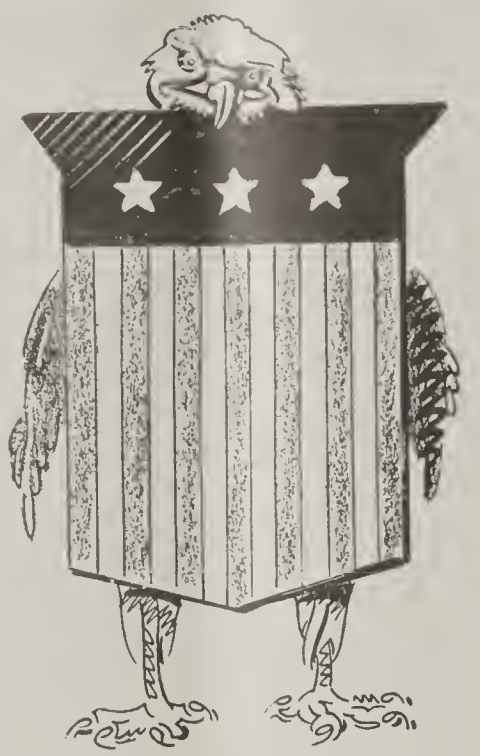
I denounce as indefensible this method of passing a public-building bill. It ties together everybody with an item in it, and makes impossible that scrutiny and close attention to the various items required in a bill coming from a committee appropriating public money.

As a matter of fact, it was pointed out there were 289 different projects for 289 different districts. That is to say, 289 members had pooled their interests, so to speak, with something in the barrel for each of them. That made 289 votes available, if necessary—it rendered success certain.

Congressman Fitzgerald then turned to a furtive quality with which the project was surrounded:

The report of the committee does not contain any information as to the population of the various places at which buildings are to be erected, the postal receipts of the various communities. . . .

All such information should be contained not only in the report but placed in the Record so that the country might be informed of the manner in which it is proposed to expend $25,000,000 for public buildings.



Then Mr. Fitzgerald began to point out some details:

In the brief time available I have noted some of the items in this bill to which I wish to call the attention of the House. One for the erection of a building at Jasper, Ala., with a population of 2,500 people, to cost $100,000. At Arkadelphia, Ark., a population of 2,745, the appropriation is to be $55,000. At Jellico, Tenn., the building is to cost $70,000. The post-office receipts at Jellico last year were $8,424.49.

A $70,000 building to do a gross business of $8,424.49.

At Maryville, Tenn., with a population of 2,381, the limit of cost is $60,000. The post-office receipts last year were $8,183.50.

At Buffalo, Wyo., a town of 1,368 people, the limit of cost is $62,500.

For a post office at Willow, Cal., with a population of 1,100, the limit of cost is $75,000 for the building. At Glenwood Springs, Colo., 2,000 population, there is to be appropriated $100,000 for a building.

Bellefourche, S. Dak., a town of 1,300 population, the cost is $75,000.

For a post office at Norton, Va., with a population of 1,800, $75,000. At Burlington, Wis., with a population of 3,200, $70,000.

Congressman Fitzgerald concluded with this warning:

I desire to say to this side of the House that you are placing burdens upon the Treasury for five or six years beyond the present time which will plague you in the future. These items cannot be defended. This side of the House will have to meet the record, and the charges that will be made after this bill passes.

"The Worst in History"

ANOTHER Democrat, Congressman Thomas Hardwick of Georgia, was equally candid in censure of his party:

Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, it is no easy matter to oppose a bill of this kind, when one's colleagues, who are his warm personal friends, are deeply interested in the measure. . . .

I believe honestly and candidly that this is the worst bill of its kind that was ever reported to an American House of Representatives. [Applause.] Gentlemen, I say that without intending to give offense, and yet with the utmost frankness. T[illegible] are things in this bill that no one can def[illegible]

But [illegible] destin[illegible] ass this House. It is so constructed. . . . [Laughter.] There are enough members on both sides and on all sides and in the middle and in the rear of this chamber who are well provided for in this bill to carry it. I impute no unworthy motives to them, but they are bound to see that this bill passes.

But, gentlemen, I submit to you that each one of you in your heart of hearts knows that this bill is not right; that instead of being in the interest of the public service and of the people of the United States, *it is in the interest of the political fortunes of individual members of Congress on both sides of this big aisle.*

Where the Blame Lies

IT IS all very well to sneer at Congress and the individual members of it, *but a good share of the fault goes back to the people.* This fact was well expressed in a letter (which will be quoted presently) sent by one Congressman back to some of his insistent constituents. Of course, if every member had the courage necessary to defy his constituents and refuse their requests for pork, then the question would settle itself. But it is not as fair to require this high quality of courage from a member as it is to require his constituents to refrain from making these demands on him. All this is well expressed in the letter. The Congressman who wrote it is John J. Whitacre. He lives at McKinley's home town, Canton, and represents the counties of Columbiana, Mahoning, Stark. In addition to courage, he has modesty, for his autobiography in the Congressional Directory consists of these two lines:

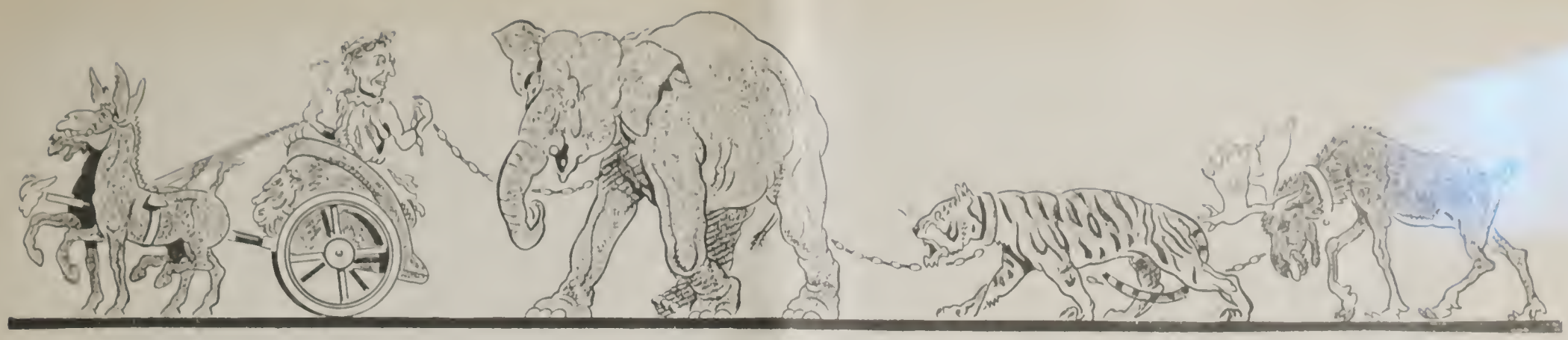
John J. Whitacre, Democrat of Canton, was born December 28, 1860. Is married, was elected to the Sixty-second Congress November 8, 1910.

Some of Mr. Whitacre's constituents represented by K. L. Coburn, president of the Salem Chamber of Commerce, sent him frantic telegrams that he secure a $90,000 appropriation for a new public building at Salem. Congressman Whitacre replied that he had been elected on a campaign of economy, that he had charged his Republican opponent and the Republican party generally with extravagance, that he had made a campaign issue of the fact that his Republican predecessor had secured out of the Federal treasury some $500,000 for Federal buildings. He concluded his letter with these words:

You ask me to join this raid on the Treasury and to prove to you and your Republican associates that I was a liar, a hypocrite, and a demagogue when I charged Mr. Kennedy with extravagance. You profess to be business men. Not one of you would do in your business what you demand that I do for the public business.

If the halls of Congress are filled with demagogues and hypocrites (if there are such), it is only because the woods back home are full of demagogues and hypocrites. This is plain talk, but it is the truth and you can make the most of it.

Evidently Congressman Whitacre is one of those who regard a platform as something to stand on after you get in, not merely, as in the street car, something to get in on. Our own guess is that other things being equal, Congressman Whitacre will earn more good Ohio votes by his rugged frankness than his fellow members will by their pulling and hauling and intriguing for patronage and pork.



Some Timid Suggestions for the Preservation of the Inaugural Ceremonies

By GEORGE FITCH

Illustrated by B. Baker

AT THIS triumphant moment when another President has just been installed in Washington and large numbers of citizens of our national capital have assured their incomes for the next four years by the renting of window space, it is time to sound a clarion note of warning.

It is entirely impossible to run this Government without a great number of clarion notes of warning, and, moreover, it is necessary to get these notes in circulation as early as possible. Unless we begin now to agitate, view with alarm, and deplore, the national features which have made the inauguration of a new President picturesque and profitable will soon disappear forever.

The destructive work has already begun. We have inaugurated President Wilson without an inaugural ball. It was a perilous experiment, but it proved successful. The Constitution, upon examination afterward, was found to be intact, and the Government still lives. Moreover, practical persons have discovered that a month's work in the Pension Building has been saved by chasing the dancers out of it—that $500 worth of Marine Band music has been preserved, that $50,000 worth of needless expense has been avoided, and that several thousand people have had their artistic taste safeguarded by being kept out of the Pension Building. We are a practical nation, and with these facts before us the knell of the inaugural ball has been sounded.

Let us accept this with resignation. On the whole, it is hardly worth while to waste a tear over a ball where it takes two hours of steady line bucking to get to the punch bowl, and where dancing is done almost exclusively upon the toes of total strangers. But the same danger which overtook the ball now awaits the inaugural parade. It was saved for this time, but just as surely as the American people do not begin preservative work upon the inaugural parade, it will go where the inaugural ball has gone.

THE parade is an essential part of the American temperament. We not only inaugurate by parade, but we rejoice, mourn, commemorate, protest, inspire, and argue by parades. Wherever two or three Americans are gathered together with a uniform within reach, they parade. The tariff question was fought out by torchlight processions. The demands of labor are presented each September in a hundred cities with bands and banners. The endurance contest of the Grand Army, in its annual parade, reenforces history and arouses each year more sentiment. The test of true brotherhood in any city is the willingness to parade in a white apron, a rooster feather hat, or a pair of baggy pink silk trousers. We still estimate the worth of good men by the lengths of their funeral processions, and it is the universal desire to so live that when the irrevocable summons comes we may go to the tomb behind a company of militia, a gun carriage, and a hundred-piece band.

The parades of America for one year, organized into one superincomprehensibly magnificent demonstration, would not be halfway past the well-known given point before next year's parades would be ready to march. Men, women and children, elephants, steam rollers, and automobiles parade. Minstrels, calliopes, fat cattle, revival converts, and baseball leagues parade. Battleships parade cataclysmically, single file, two by two, and four abreast. History parades on floats at centennial celebrations; Mythology parades at the Mardi Gras; Botany parades in Pasadena; Geography parades whenever fifty girls can be induced to perch upon a transfigured hayrack in emblematic clothes representing the States. In Council Bluffs, Iowa, a railroad came into town once and scared several hundred houses off of its prospective right of way. As they fled through the streets on wheels an enterprising house mover, with a number of contracts, got a dozen houses together and held a parade which lasted a week.

Speaking hastily and without much investigation, I might almost venture the statement that J. P. Morgan and the Statue of Liberty are the only two American individuals who have not at one time or another participated in a parade.

WITH this record, is it going to be possible to abandon the inaugural parade without removing a huge stone from beneath the constitutional fabric? At this minute, when women have just completed a 225-mile parade in the interests of woman suffrage, when aviators are learning to fly in line in perfect step, and when the processional art has been brought to such perfection that in a whole year hardly one member of a Governor's staff falls off his horse, are we to talk of inaugurating a President with nothing more inspiring than an office-seekers' riot on Pennsylvania Avenue? Several thousand times no!

The national capital, the method of electing presidents, the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, and the Constitution itself have all undergone radical changes since Washington was inaugurated. But the parade began with that inauguration, and nothing, not even Washington weather, has been able to kill it. Washington's inaugural parade started at Mount Vernon and journeyed clear to New York, surrounded at all times, historians tell us, by huzzas. John Adams's parade began at Boston and reached New York so successfully that New England citizens, now afflicted with modern railroad methods, think of it with wild envy. Thomas Jefferson is accused of having attempted to murder the inaugural parade, but he did nothing of the kind. He simply condensed it for practical reasons, the mud in the new-laid-out Washington being as yet uncharted and unsounded. With a kind regard for the army and navy and prominent citizens, he picked out a horse with long legs and paraded by himself.

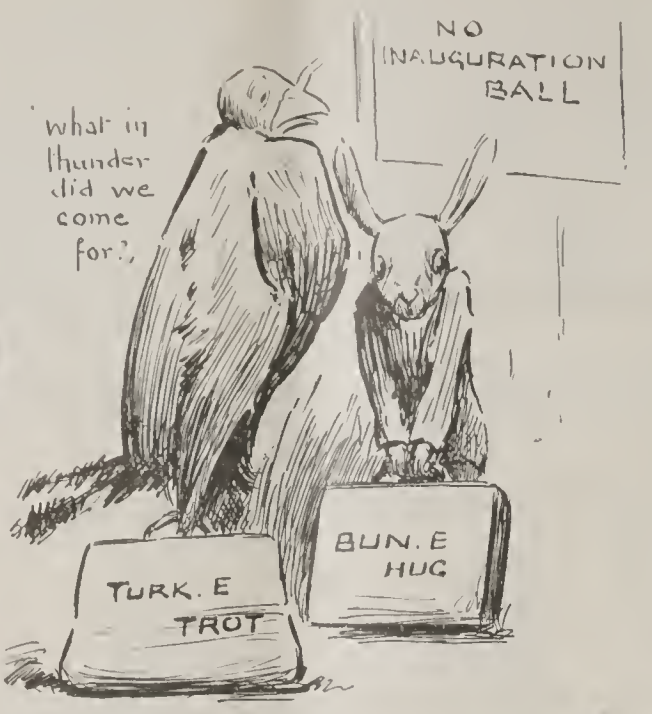
SO FAR these remarks have been standpattish to a regrettable degree. I have protested against the abolition of the inaugural parade simply because of its age and standing. Precedent demands it. This is an impregnable argument, used with great effect in many more important questions. It is true that the inaugural parade isn't worth two unimpassioned whoops to the country; that it does not increase the efficacy of the Administration or promote the enforcement of law; that it teaches no lesson except the extreme foolishness of going without rubbers in Washington in the spring; that it supports large numbers of property holders on Pennsylvania Avenue in idleness and crudeness by renting windows at $20 apiece, to maintain the ramshackle buildings which have made this twenty-nine per cent grand thoroughfare look like a society leader in a diamond necklace and a gunnysack.

All these things are true. But it is also true that we have always had an inaugural parade just as we have always had embalmed Vice Presidents. Both of these uselessnesses are backed by precedent, and if I were a true standpatter, equipped only with a brake and time lock, I would close this argument right here. But being progressive to a degree which makes a comet look reactionary, I argue for the conservation of the inaugural parade, not because of what it has been but because of what can be made of it.

The inaugural parade should be saved because it can be vastly improved and can be made a pageant of intense national interest. Very little improvement has been made in the parade in the last half century; in fact, no parade has equaled Washington's 200-mile progress to New York. Most of the parade impresarios have depended almost entirely upon the army, augmented by the Pennsylvania militia and scattering State troops. A mile of army, a mile of political marching clubs, and a mile of Governors and their staffs has been the average. This has been interesting, but not thrilling and instructive. To be sure, some novel features were worked into the Roosevelt inauguration parade. There were Indians, miners, Greek, Italian, and Polish marching clubs, and cowboys who whooped with vigor and lassoed a citizen who got disorderly during the proceedings. The Porto Ricans, Admiral Dewey, and the staff of Governor Yates, which assayed more gold braid per man than any Governor's staff in history, relieved the 1901 parade. In 1809 the Indians from Carlisle put on an industrial exhibit, and in 1885 the efforts of the parade to break through the 100,000 Democratic office seekers created some interest. But on the whole there has been a deadly monotony.

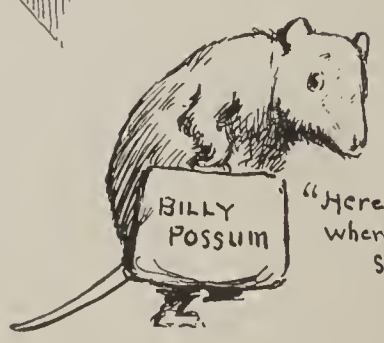
NO WONDER the interest is dwindling. Reporters now write their parade stories the day before and sleep soundly through the event in some warm corner. The moving-picture theatres are beginning to cut into the attendance frightfully. Practically the only chance of excitement now left is the weather. Betting on whether the new President will survive the weather has always been heavy. The inaugural parade has generally been an endurance test for the new Executive, to say nothing of the marchers themselves. General Grant reviewed his old troops in an army overcoat and a beard decorated with icicles. Garfield's parade moved under a hundred thousand bleeding flags, the color having been washed out of them the night before, and the wind that day was imported direct, in bulk, from Hudson Bay. Rivulets of rain ran down Benjamin Harrison's nose as he reviewed his old regiment, and at intervals he emptied his large plug hat, which became water-logged several times, while he bared his head. The parade of 1893 is remembered with terror by the survivors. The wet, driving snow piled up on Cleveland's shoulders, and Harrison's nose once more got into the Associated Press reports, it being a steely blue by the time the parade was over. The Cook County Democrats, wet to the knees and surmounted by snow-covered silk hats, succumbed in windrows, and rescue brigades with hot coffee did noble work.

Continued on page 20



"I really hate to have Woodrow leave me, but he did keep me in such a nervous state of mind"

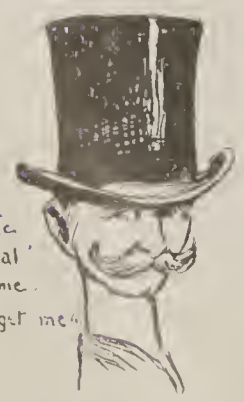
"So long boys."



"Here's where I Sneak."

The White House Two-step

"I'm not running the parade but I'm the Grand Marshal' just the same. Do you get me?"



Notes of the Day

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

"Oh no! I'm not Tammany, I'm the Princeton Tiger"

INAVGVRALIA

By
WALLACE IRWIN

A Timely Miracle Play

Time, March 4, 1913. Place:—A strip of Heaven just over Pennsylvania Avenue. The ANGEL OF HISTORY *is discovered sitting on a cloud, and in her lap a* NEW ADMINISTRATION, *poised as if for flight to earth. Lining the streets of Washington, below, are dense crowds of Patriots who wear the expression of those who hope they will see something before it rains*

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [*Fidgeting in* HISTORY'S *lap.*]

HO, Mother! Let me go!
Already down below
They come from Tampa and from Tammanee;
My four-year life impends.
Put me among my friends—
I think I hear my Woodrow calling me!
I yearn to do him honor something vicious—
Was e'er Administration more auspicious?

ANGEL OF HISTORY. [*Nervously.*]

That's what they *all* say, darling, at the start!
How many like you have I seen depart,
Hopefully fresh. But when they've lived years four
In Washington, back to my arms once more
They limp, exceeding sore.
Old have they waxed in lore,
Touching on cant and bluff.
Though tender buds before,
They've grown exceeding tough! [*Sighs.*]

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [*Impatiently.*]

Desist, dear Ma, from doleful ululation!
I'm not that sort of an Administration;
For I am born in Heaven,
Purity ninety-seven,
Rocked in a near-Progressive crib by Bryan
(Though Murphy helped, I own, and so did Ryan),
Destined to strangle corporate crimes besotting,
Spiflicate graft and frown down turkey trotting.
I wear my hat
Somewhat like Ted—
And more than that,
I'm Princeton bred.
This motto, too, I mark on all my signs:
"Be Modern—Yet Adhere to Party Lines."

ANGEL OF HISTORY. [*Wearily.*]

The Taft Administration, when 'twas young,
To even nobler sentiments gave tongue;
But now in Wisdom's seat
It sits with chilly feet—
Hell knows no fury like a country stung!
Yet Woodrow's spine is strong. Perhaps he'll keep
The Party Goats from butting out the Sheep.
Shame Satan's hosts who wag their cynic goat tails,
Or serve the Truth while Wall Street pulls his coat tails,
Or lead an army whose besetting fault
Is crying, "Forward march!" though meaning "Halt!"

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [*Optimistically.*]

O Ma! why grouch?
You heaven-born scold!
In Fortune's pouch
Fame holds her gold—

[*Points to earth.*]

Look! The Annapolis cadets in blue
Line up on Pennsylvania Avenue.
Oh, let me loose! Will I be quiet? Nixie!
O joy! O bliss! The band is playing "Dixie!"
Can any evil portent come on this
Glad hour to mar my Woodrow's future bliss?

[*As if to mock his question, a long line of fat, lawless* CHERUBS *scamper by across the clouds. A respectable* CORPORATION LAWYER *leads them.*]

CORPORATION LAWYER. [*Beckoning to* CHERUBS.]

This way, my pretty ones!

NEW ADMINISTRATION

Unclad innocents, where go you?
Your names? I do not know you.

SONG

CHERUBS. [*Joining hands and dancing prankishly around.*]

Despite administrative gusts
You see us fat and pursy,
A flock of little Unborn Trusts
Upon our way to Jersey
To take the place of Holding Co.'s
Which Woodrow's marked for slaughter.
To make us grow, turn on the hose,
For we grow fat on water.

Hoot! Toot! Night and morn—
When a Trust is killed two more are born
To collar the coal and hog the corn:
So we're off for the State of Jersey!

[CORPORATION LAWYER *whistles, and Unborn Trusts file after him toward Trenton.*]

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [*Showing irritation for the first time.*]

Ma, turn me loose! By all the Pluto Cats,
I'll teach some manners to these saucy brats!

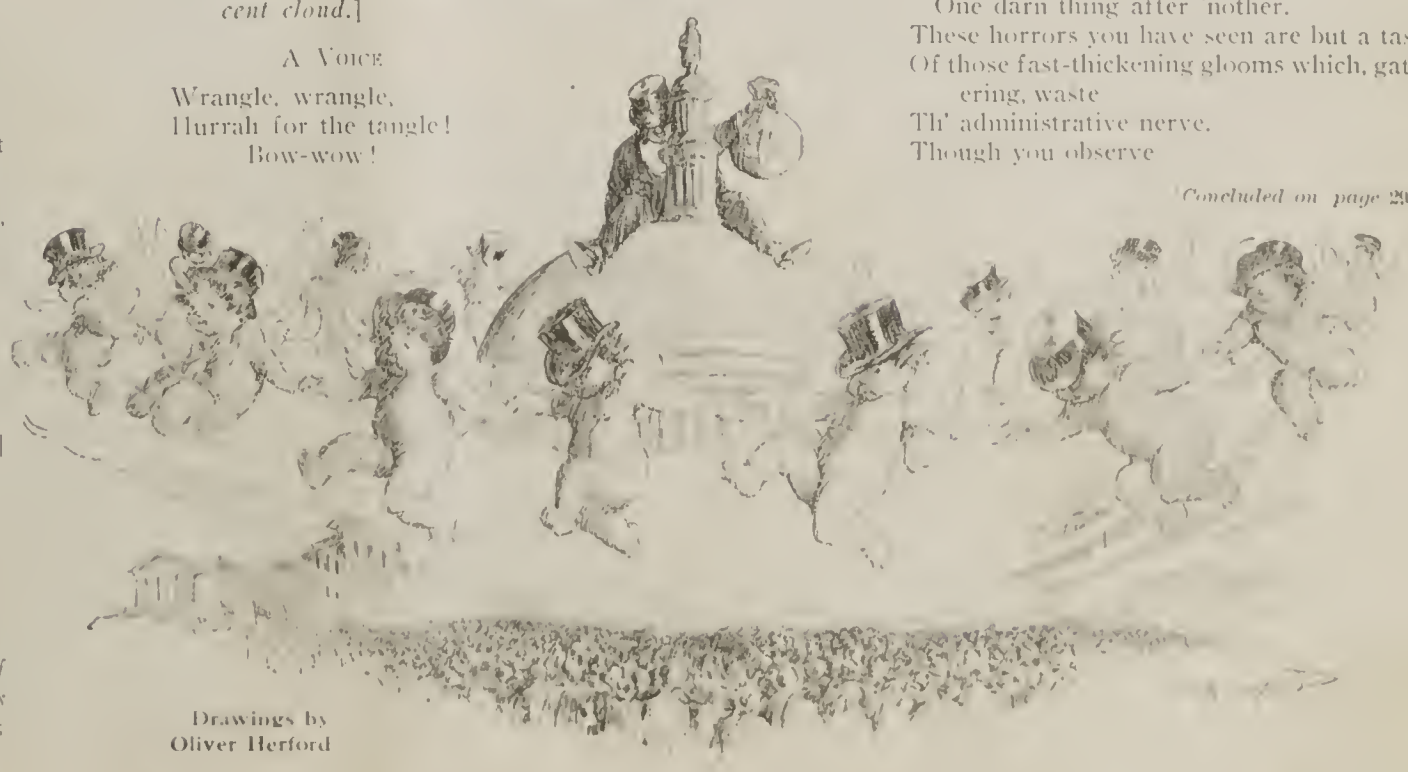
ANGEL OF HISTORY

Babe, what's the haste? You'll have four busy years
To catch these godless mousters by the ears—
And like as not
They'll get *you* by the throat.
They are a scaly lot.
And goodness, how they bloat!

[*Furious roaring heard from behind an adjacent cloud.*]

A VOICE

Wrangle, wrangle,
Hurrah for the tangle!
Bow-wow!



Drawings by
Oliver Herford

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [*Hiding behind mother's skirts.*]

What is this horrid prodigy I see?
Oh, shoo it off! It's coming after me!

[*A* MONSTER *in the form of a Sphinx appears.*]

THE MONSTER

Oh diddle-diddle!
Think, if you can, sir!
I am a Riddle—
What is the answer?

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [*Gasping.*]

Dead white will turn each hair of
Again I look on you. Are you The Tariff?

MONSTER

By Schedules K and Z, I am the same.
We'll meet again. I'm glad you know my name

NEW ADMINISTRATION

Visions of jag!
I fear you, nightmare hag!

MONSTER

A nightmare, yes! Four years I'll haunt your dreams,
With vexing puzzles messing all your schemes
The Taft Administration, now a wreck,
Tackled my Riddle—hence a broken neck.
And you'll be next, my lad, to try your skill;
Some Oscar-Underwoodrow-Wilson bill
You'll waggle at my riddles, one by one.
Believe me, little friend—it can't be done!

[*The* MONSTER *snorts crude petroleum and drops down on the Capitol Building.*]

[*The Parade now begins forming on Pennsylvania Avenue. On the lawn of the White House a horde of Wolfish Shapes circle about, eying the door hungrily.*]

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [*Utterly unnerved.*]

Much do I dread
Trouble ahead!
Alas and alack!
Who are this wolfish pack?
Whom do they seek with famished expectation?

ANGEL OF HISTORY

They're after *you*, my young Administration!

CHORUS OF OFFICE SEEKERS

We are sharp and eager speakers,
For we're hungry office seekers,
And we ain't been near the Barrel since the days of Grover C.
Now again our Party's in it,
Say! We will not waste a minute
Ere we nab the pork once swaggled by the G. O. P.

Postmasters, toastmasters,
Collectors of the port,
Doorkeepers, storekeepers,
Bailiffs of the court,
Stamp stickers, tramp kickers,
Hear our plaintive sobs:
We can frown and we can smirk—
No, we do not ask for work:
But we're simply daffy crazy after jobs, jobs, jobs!

[*The grim circle of* OFFICE SEEKERS *draws closer about the White House.*]

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [*Shuddering.*]

When I am in the White House, tell me, please.
Oh, must I, will I have to tackle these?

ANGEL OF HISTORY

Child of the gloomy phiz,
List to thy mother:
Life in the White House is
One darn thing after 'nother.
These horrors you have seen are but a taste
Of those fast-thickening glooms which, gathering, waste
Th' administrative nerve.
Though you observe

Concluded on page 20

A SON *of* HAGAR

By JANE ANDERSON

Illustrated by N. C. WYETH

LÉON, who was the smoothest worker of the lot, had told the gang to get together for the nightly reckoning at the turn of the old Gila road. They were waiting for him around a camp fire, which was hidden in the trough between two dunes—because it is well to be careful at all times, even in the middle of the night, and on a roadbed that is nothing but a tangle of cactus and mesquite.

There were five of them, and they were anything but amiable; the pickings, all told, were under a hundred pesos—and, besides, holding a gun under a man's nose with one hand and turning his pockets inside out with the other is a nerve-racking business. If one gets away with a profitable job it makes one hilarious or reckless, according to one's temperament; but a bad night has but one effect on all—sullenness and an evil feeling toward the world in general.

Then, too, Léon was late. This had never happened before. There were amber streaks in the sky beyond the foothills, and out on the rim of the desert the moon was half hidden under the wet, gray clouds that come just before the dawn.

"We've been in this hole a couple of hours," said the hobo, who was picking up some money on his way to Los Angeles. "An' it's a God-forsaken dump—gimme somepin' to smoke."

One of the cholos took a handful of cigarettes, with a clump of Mexican matches, from his serape, and tossed them across the camp fire.

"Ain't you got no makin's?" asked the hobo, coughing over the raw, sirupy tobacco.

The cholo muttered something under his breath.

"What's that?" demanded the hobo. He lit another cigarette, drew in two deep puffs of smoke, then pitched the handful of them, with the matches, into the fire.

He was not looking for a fight, but he didn't know anything about Arizona ways. In the West, if you are a Mexican, you give a man cigarettes instead of buying him drinks. The cholo got up slowly, pulling his dirty serape closer around his shoulders, and looking down at the scattered cigarettes, which were beginning to burn at the ends. He kicked the matches into the middle of the blaze, where they sputtered and threw off a strong sulphur smell.

"It is time that you leave us," he said, going over to the hobo and standing above him.

"I'm good and ready to git out. Gimme mine an' I'll be goin'."

"When Léon comes there will be pesos for all. But you will be leaving us now."

The hobo stood up.

"You gimme mine or I'll wipe up the place with you—"

But the cholo cut off the sentence midway. He took the hobo by the neck and began to bend him over backward toward the fire. He was cursing softly and rapidly in his own jargon, which includes the choicest oaths from three languages.

THE hobo did not understand any of it, but the back of his neck was close to the fire, and there was a hot, crawling sensation along the top of his scalp. He began to kick and squirm. He had had enough and was willing to say so, but he couldn't get his breath. The cholo knew all about this, so he stopped cursing and leaned over the hobo, smiling.

"Léon!" some one whispered. The cholo jerked the hobo to his feet, then let him go and felt around in his serape for a cigarette.

Léon stepped out from the shadow of the chaparral and stood looking at them. Over in the east the sky was brightening, and he stood out brown and straight against it.

"You are overcautious," he said, in his perfect English. "I was yet a quarter of a mile away when I heard you."

This was one of the reasons why Léon was a master of his work; he was eternally careful. Five days' journey out in the desert, he traveled along cat-footed, and stayed in the open places, so that no one could come up on him from behind.

The cholo explained that he had been insulted, which was more than he would have bothered to tell anyone but Léon, and the hobo said that he would like what was coming to him, because he wanted to get out. Léon laughed. He squatted down by the fire, Mexican fashion, resting on the balls of his feet and rocking a little backward and forward to keep his balance. When the others had brought out their earnings he threw a bag of money on the heap. Two of the men began to sort the stack into six equal portions, and the hobo stood by to see that it was well done. This was unnecessary; there would be no cheating.

"I was late," said Léon, sifting some tobacco into a cigarette paper. "It was the new sheriff—he was watching me."

The others said nothing. Like all of their kind, they never wasted time in worrying until it was too late to do anything else.

Léon bent down over the fire to get a light, and the coals threw a red glow over him. He was young, younger than any of them, with a slender, muscular body. His eyes were restless and dark—Mexican eyes; but his hair was not black, as it should have been. It was a reddish brown, bleached at the ends by sun and wind.

"The sheriff took his oath of office to-day," he said, straightening himself. "And things will be different with us now. He comes from a ranch up the county, they say. Also, he says he will clean up the town."

THE men looked up from their counting.

"You done?" asked the hobo, holding out his hand for his share. When they gave it to him he added it up, carefully and slowly, because he was not used to the gold pieces.

"It ain't much," he said.

"So you think you have been cheated?" said the cholo, who had pocketed his portion without looking at it.

The hobo gave a quick look at the others. Then he sidled up to the cholo. It was the chance he had been waiting for.

"What if I do?" he said, and struck out at the cholo, so that he fell on his face in the sand. Then the hobo whirled around toward the underbrush. But the cholo turned over and caught him by the legs and held him, although he was struggling and shouting.

LÉON reached out and caught the hobo by the collar. "*Madre de Dios!*" he said softly, "try and make more noise, so that the whole town will hear you. Now get out."

But the hobo did not have time to get out, although he tried. For the new sheriff and two of his men were riding along the old Gila levee, having followed Léon that far.

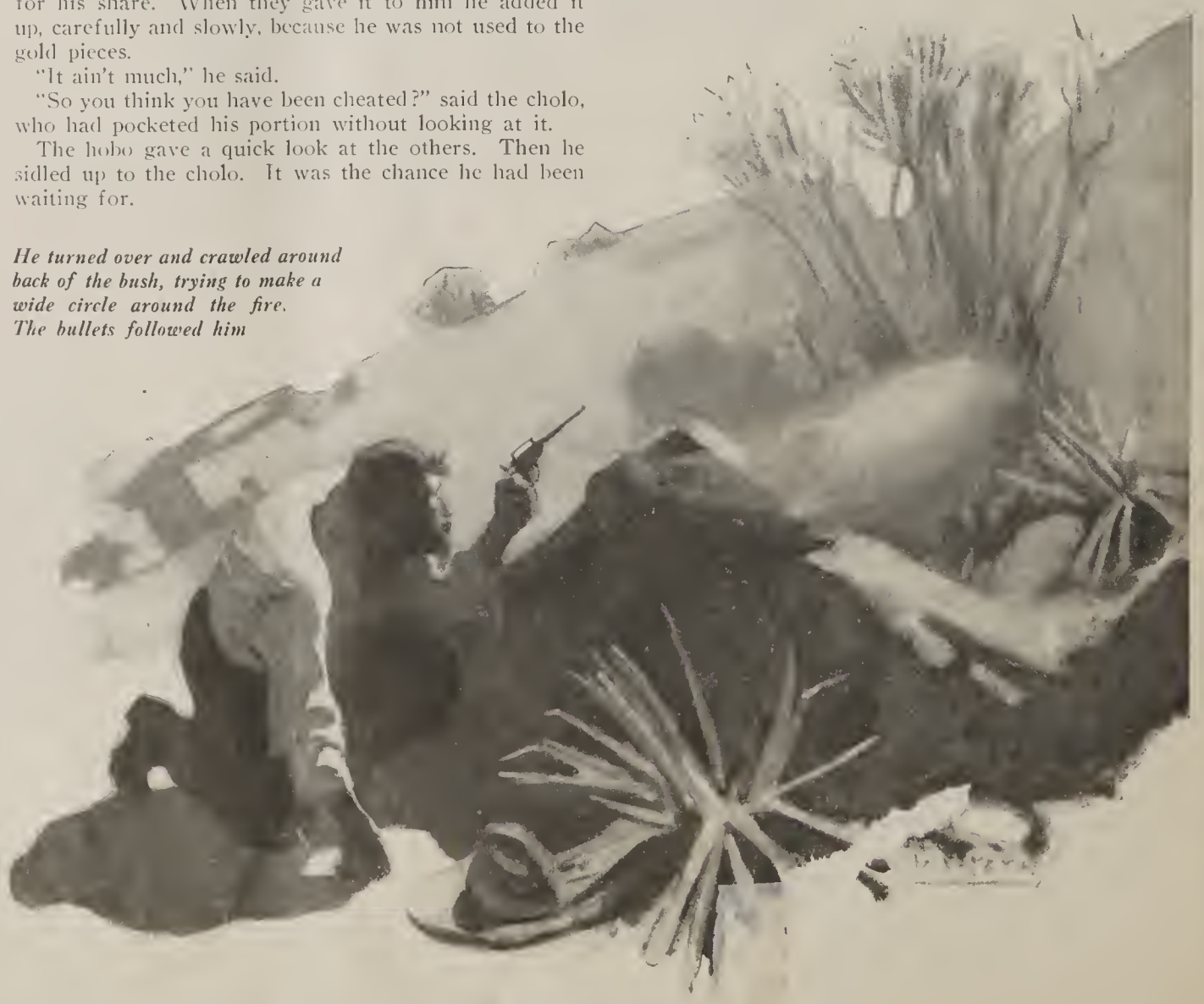
So, instead of turning back, as they had started to do, they got out of their saddles and crawled along toward the place where they had heard voices. When they saw the camp, and Léon stamping out the fire, they straightened up and got their six-shooters out of the holsters. Then they separated and ran down on the camp from three sides.

It was then that the hobo got away, crawling, lizard fashion, through the mesquite. The others stopped dead still where they were standing and made no attempt at a fight. They knew enough about six-shooters to understand exactly what it meant when three barrels were pointing down at them from a good shooting distance.

The sheriff came into Léon's cell the next day. He stood by the door with his back against the bars, for there was not room enough for two to sit down in the place. He held out a sack of tobacco and a book of papers.

"No, *gracias,*" said Léon, but his throat ached as he said it.

The sheriff dropped the tobacco into his pocket.



He turned over and crawled around back of the bush, trying to make a wide circle around the fire. The bullets followed him

"I'm afraid we've got the goods on you," he said finally.

"Si."

"You're about the youngest of this lot, aren't you?" the sheriff asked, striking a match and holding it over his pipe. The tobacco glowed and bubbled in the bowl, and Leon winced. They had taken his cigarettes when they had searched him, and, as he had been awake all night, he needed them.

"And I reckon, what's more, you and the cholo sorter ran the gang to suit yourselves. It's a bad business, because there's only one end to it. I don't like to see you at it—there's plenty of 'em not fit for anything else."

Leon waited, staring past him out into the dirty, crowded patio of the jail.

"How long have you been at it?"

"Since I was big enough."

"Good Lord," said the sheriff under his breath. "How did you happen into it, anyhow?"

Leon looked up at him. He looked at him a long time, at the yellowish hair and the long, bony line of the jaw. He tried to remember where he had seen the face before. Then he realized that the blue eyes above him were not only fixed on him intently, but with kindness. He looked down at the cell floor, and did not try to answer.

"I'd like to give you a chance, Leon."

Leon said nothing.

"I'm going to clean up this town—it needs it, and it's what I'm here for. I need a new deputy. I know all about you, and I've got to have a man who knows something about a gun."

"Si."

Leon was bewildered, and did not know what to say. He tried to find some reason back of the offer, and since it had been part of his business to be suspicious of everyone, he thought of all the bad motives first. He put them aside, one by one; he stared around at the foul furnishings of his cell and thought of what it would be to stay there for a long time, locked in, and alone. When he looked up at the sheriff he smiled, and the sheriff looked away because it hurt him to see it.

"Well, I'll talk to the judge, and we'll try it."

"And the others?" said Leon.

"They'll get five years or more—and there'll be some extra for that cholo. There's a record on all of 'em—they knew what they were about."

"There's nothing to do?"

"No."

"I will do whatever you tell me." There were some more things that he wanted to say, but, although he tried, he could not put them into words.

The sheriff went out, locking the cell door behind him. Leon sat on his cot and stared at the cracks in his adobe floor. He went over in his mind again and again what the sheriff had done. And, as his brain had worked too long in one groove, it tried, automatically, to find something evil behind the thing. He was distrustful of the law; he knew, by experience, that the wheels of justice turn in strange fashions, and are cruel, intent on crushing everything that runs contrary to them. But there were the sheriff's kindly eyes—and the tobacco he had remembered to bring with him.

The sheriff came for Leon that night and took him into his office, where he gave him his belongings—his cigarettes, some papers, and an old knife that had belonged to his father. This was his most valued possession. He had been afraid that they would throw it away, and he mumbled something about being grateful.

THE sheriff took two six-shooters and a cartridge belt from a table drawer.

"You get a badge that goes along with these," he said. "And as long as you haven't any dinero I'll advance you enough to carry you along for a bit."

Leon put the money and the badge into the pocket of his shirt.

"How do you know that I will do right at this?"

"I don't," said the sheriff. "Go down and look over the bunch in The Nugget. There's a gang of niggers in there from the dam."

So Leon went down to The Nugget, as he was told to do, and brought four drunken negroes up to the jail, one after another. For each of these he received a fee of two dollars and thirty cents. It was strange work for him to be doing, as he kept thinking to himself, and for a while he laughed every time he looked down at the silver star winking on the flap of his shirt pocket.

The men in town who knew him, or his reputation, thought that the whole thing was some sort of a joke, and they said that Joe Darling was a fool, with very little idea of what constituted a good sheriff.

Joe himself seemed well pleased with his bargain. Leon accomplished just as much on one side of the law as on the other. The county had never had an officer so well trained, so diligent, and so wise in the ways of crooks and all evildoers. When a thing defied reason he solved it by intuition, a faculty none the less valuable because it had been developed in questionable channels. If it had been to his advantage to study every manner and kind of thief while he had worked with them to their mutual profit, it was doubly to his advantage now, because it profited the sheriff. And to please him was the chief thing with Leon.

When the members of the gang were tried, he stood in the court room and heard them sentenced to five years at Florence. He had tried to do something for them—not that they had any right to expect it, nor that he owed it to any one of them, but because he felt that it was wrong for him to go loose while the others paid. When he heard the sentence he was sorry for them, because he knew what it meant.

UNTIL the morning when the sheriff came into his cell, Leon had never cared for anything or anyone in his life. He knew all of Joe's faults, his weaknesses, but whatever Joe ordered he obeyed absolutely. And every day he tried to do the little things that Joe would like. Not that Joe knew about it or wanted to know. When all was said and done Leon was a half breed, a greaser, and, in the West, greasers are the scum of the earth, and are treated as such. Leon knew what he was—he was never allowed to forget it; but he used to hope that the time would come when he might have a chance to do some magnificent thing which would startle the world and would please Joe. That was because nothing had been able to kill his essential boyishness; he looked like a boy in spite of his years, and, now that he had the chance, he was sometimes one in his heart.

One day Joe rode into the courthouse yard with the girl that he was going to marry. The girl had come out from the East, and she was a dainty little person, with small hands and feet. Her hair was thick and bronze colored, and she had the Irish eyes that have soft shadows under them. Leon was used to the half-breed women of his own caste, who are elemental and neither know nor care about exquisite things. When this girl talked to him she made quick, aimless gestures; and her hands were very white, with pointed fingers.

He felt that there were subtle, mysterious things about her that he could never understand—they were veiled in her eyes, which were blue like the blue desert flowers. There was a certain underlying coquetry about her dress. It was pale, and fell into new, pretty folds with every movement that she made; it was even of a color that he had never seen before. He sensed these things rather than knew them. There was no way that he could have known, for the half-breed women dressed themselves in bright, hot colors, and their hands were brown—like his own.

WHEN she rode away Leon went about his work and said nothing, but he thought about her, and remembered how she had looked, standing in the square of sunlight before the door. The line of her hair about her temples was fine and delicate, and the sun made a thousand golden lights in it.

When she came again to the office Leon was in the hallway.

"Where is Leon, Joe?" was the first thing that she said. But he did not go into the room to see her. Instead, he saddled up his horse and rode out into the desert, where he lived over again and again, the thrill that had gone through him at the sound of her voice, and tried to keep in his mind all the things that the sheriff had done for him.

It was late when he turned back, and he let his horse find his own way, with the reins dangling over the saddle horn. So he met her at the foothills as she was coming back from town, and he would have passed her had she not stopped him, smiling and holding out her hand.

"Come on back my way," she said, "because it's getting dark and it's lonesome along this old road."

He rode along beside her, not trying to talk, but looking at her whenever he could. When they came to the ranch she would not let him get down, but slipped out of her saddle and held up her hand to tell him good-by.

"It was nice of you to come along with me—and I'm much obliged. Sometimes I'm afraid, riding down here, because I'm none too good at it, anyway."

"At what?"

She laughed, looking up at him, her eyes darkened by their black lashes.

"At riding and knowing all about horses and roads and things. You keep forgetting that I'm from the East."

"I do not forget it," said Leon, and added, because he saw no need of concealing it: "You are too different from any other woman I have ever seen."

She looked down at the toes of her small, dusty boots.

"I'm just different because I don't know about the ways out here."

THAT was not what Leon had meant, and he knew that she chose to evade him. In some manner he did not understand she had made him feel at ease with her; in some intangible way she had brought him closer to her.

"If you are afraid," he said, "I ought not to let you ride alone."

"You're helping me out nicely, because I was just trying to think of some way to make you come along with me again. And you're such a shy sort of a person, I didn't know how to do it."

"It was not that—I was afraid," he said, boyishly. "But when?"

"To-morrow—at sundown. And we'll ride out on the desert a little ways, because it is nice there. And I've always wanted to but I couldn't alone."

She put up her hand [illegible] for a breathless second in his own.

"At sundown," he said and rode away, [illegible] feeling in his throat.

So they rode together every day [illegible] far beyond the ranch [illegible] shadows of the mesquite, made a [illegible] and the cactus were [illegible] the sky. Every morning [illegible] go; and he believed it [illegible] conspired against him; the memory of his reading and the memory of the unexpected things spoken in the girl's eyes. After a while his days became nothing but a series of unimportant things that led up to the hour of their meeting.

And the barriers of caste or race or breeding that

stood between them were broken down, one after another, until they were just a boy and girl together, hopelessly adrift and helpless in a tide they did not understand. For them the world was peopled with shadows and made up from happy dreams where there were no unpleasant things.

As they rode back one night she talked to him about Joe for the first time. Behind them the moon came up over the edge of the desert and rested there, round and gold in the purple sky. They could feel the night mist rising from the chaparral; and their ponies made velvet black shadows on the sand.

"When I came out West my aunt and all of them told me about Joe Darling," she said. "He wasn't like the other men—back there. And that's how it happened."

"Do you—" said Leon. But he did not try to finish it.

"He is brave and good, like his father. You know his father, old Mr. Darling—James Darling?"

"James—everybody out here knows him."

"He's Joe's father."

"I did not know that," said Leon.

"And that's how it all happened," she said again, twirling the ends of her reins around her saddle horn. When Leon did not answer she looked at him. All the color was gone from his face, and his eyes were black and sparkling.

"You are not sorry, Maisie?" he asked, stumbling over the words.

SHE hesitated. "No," she said quickly.

Leon said something under his breath, and he drew away, so that her riding skirt would not brush against his foot.

"He has done everything for me—do you know about it?"

"No," she said. "And don't tell me about it. I don't care about what you were before."

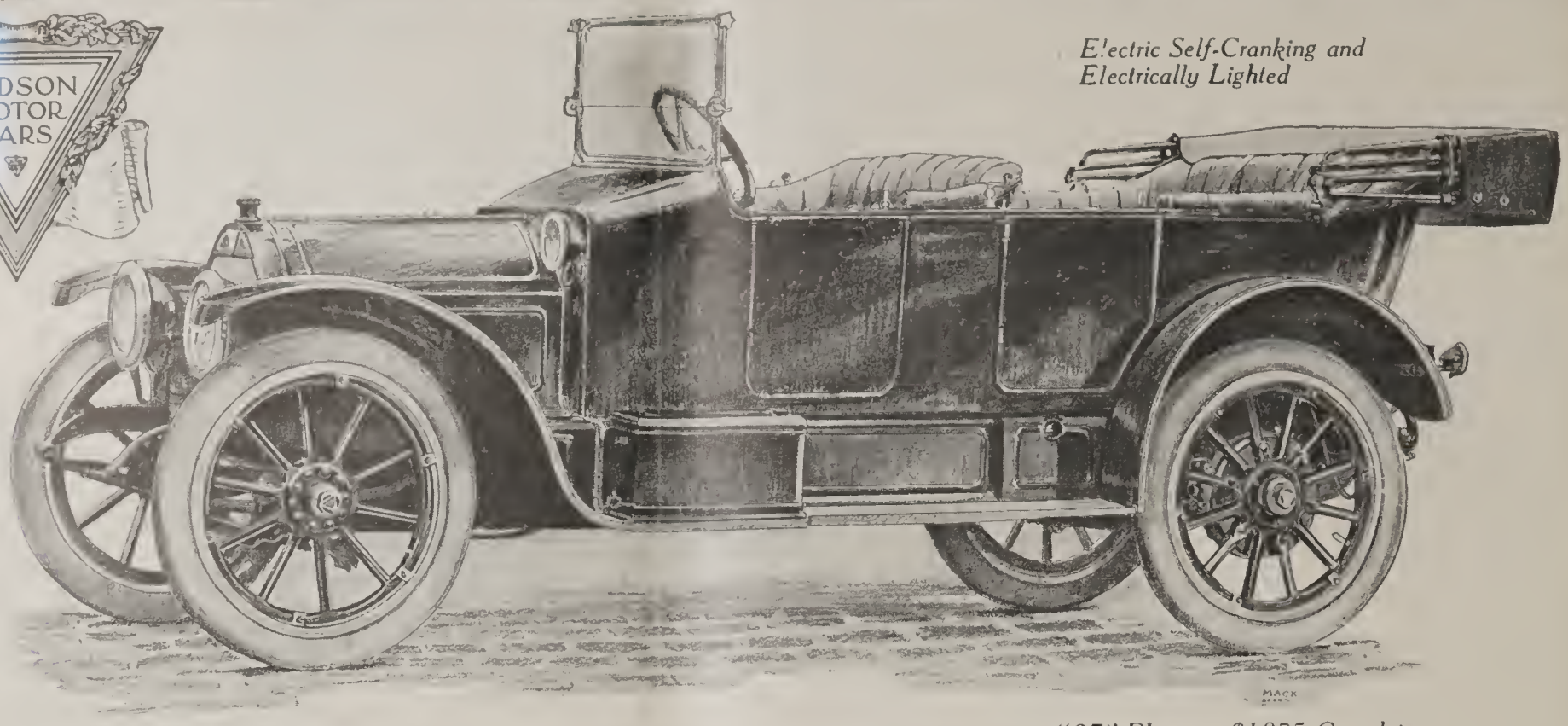
"I thought you knew. I was everything that was bad—I didn't know any different—nobody helped me. Joe gave me a chance. You don't know what it meant—he doesn't know. I would have kept right on. I don't know what would have happened."

"Don't try and tell me, Leon."

"I have to tell you—now. My mother was Mexican, but she married a white man. She died when I was [illegible] little to remember. My father went away—he did not want anything to do with me. I was just a half-breed—it didn't change it any because I was his son. You don't understand—you can't. There's no place for us—there are many like me out here. Half-breeds?" he said, and laughed.

"Don't," she whispered. "I can't stand for you to [illegible] like that."

(Continued on page 37)



Electric Self-Cranking and Electrically Lighted

"37" Phaeton, $1875 Complete

We Have But Two Competitors

In the medium-price class, there are but three cars that are spoken of as leaders.

One of the three mentioned, whenever values are discussed—is inevitably the HUDSON.

It is generally conceded by all that either of the three makes offers excellent values.

If you are at all interested in the motor car, either as an owner or as a prospective buyer, it is not necessary to mention the other two cars by name. You can prove that the trade considers only three cars as leaders if you ask any dealer of a medium-priced automobile to name the three cars which, next to the one he sells, are the best on the market. Nine times out of ten whatever automobile dealer you ask will, in reply to such a question, name the HUDSON.

Why These Three Cars are Leaders

If you will look closely into the subject, you will find certain definite reasons for such leadership.

And if you will let those reasons be your guide in your selection of a car, you will not likely be disappointed in your purchase.

Each of the three companies is well established. Each is successful and prosperous. Each builds a large quantity of cars. Combined, they build about 75% of all the cars of their class. They have highly efficient engineering organizations. Their factories are operated with extreme economy and smoothness. Each company is successful in marketing its product. Each has a large organization of dealers. In every locality, the dealers handling these three cars are the pick of the trade in their communities. They have built up their business by honest and progressive methods.

These things guarantee the service you will obtain with either of the two cars or with the HUDSON. For whatever car you choose, if you are to get as much service from it as you expect, it must be represented by a dealer who has more interest in you than the mere selling of the car.

These three cars all have an excellent reputation for maintenance of a fixed price. You can't place much reliance in a car that is sold to one buyer at one price and to another at a different price. If a dealer must trade with each customer on a different basis, or a manufacturer is unable to maintain a price, it proves that the quality is misrepresented, or the manufacturer or dealer is not making the profit which he must receive in order to give the service you should have.

You will find also that these three cars command by far a higher price as second-hand machines, proportionate to their original cost, than does any other.

A very small percentage of those who have ever owned either of the two other cars, or a HUDSON, when they come to buy a new car, purchase any other than one of these three makes.

Wherein the Three Differ

Even though from the above it would seem there is little to choose as between one car or another of these three, there is a greater distinction than you may think.

The choice of either is like the selection of friends.

You know many persons whose friendship is worth while. Any one of them is to be trusted. Any one would make a good companion. Each is true blue and yet you naturally find reasons, even with all their excellent qualities, for preferring one to others.

These three cars will very likely please you as they are pleasing thousands of owners. But there may be some distinctive reasons why you will find greater satisfaction in the ownership of one car than in the possession of either of the other two.

For instance, in the HUDSON there are such qualities of beauty and comfort as you will like. The simplicity of the car may make a striking impression upon you. Its design is so free from all extra contrivances in the way of rods, wires, etc., that you will like it for that reason. Its simplicity will appeal to you because of the accessibility of the car with its few parts to wear and get out of adjustment. With such simplicity and accessibility any repairs to any part of the car that may ever be needed are easy and inexpensive to make.

The electric self-starting and electric lighting features, you will of course like. They are conveniences and make automobiling more pleasant than ever before.

You may like the depth of the seats of the HUDSON, with their comfortable position and the 12-inch upholstery. The long sweeping lines of the body and the distinctive beauty of the general appearance of the car are qualities just as appealing as are the qualities which attract you to individuals.

The personality of the dealer, the policy of the company, are characteristics just as distinctive as are the attractions found in people.

The Three Makers Are About Sold Out

The past winter has been unusually favorable for motor car sales. November, January and February have been record breakers for business.

Normally, these are the months when manufacturers store up a stock to meet the big spring demand. However, every HUDSON has been taken just as fast as we could build them. There is no surplus stock of HUDSONS to meet the natural requirements of the next three months. We cannot begin to keep up with orders. That condition, to practically a similar degree, exists with the other two leading cars.

You naturally will prefer one of these three makes to any other. Therefore decide now. They are cars you can safely buy.

If you postpone ordering, it is not probable that you will get a car when you want it.

Decide now. In no other way will you be sure of getting the car you can afford to accept and have it delivered at the time you will want it.

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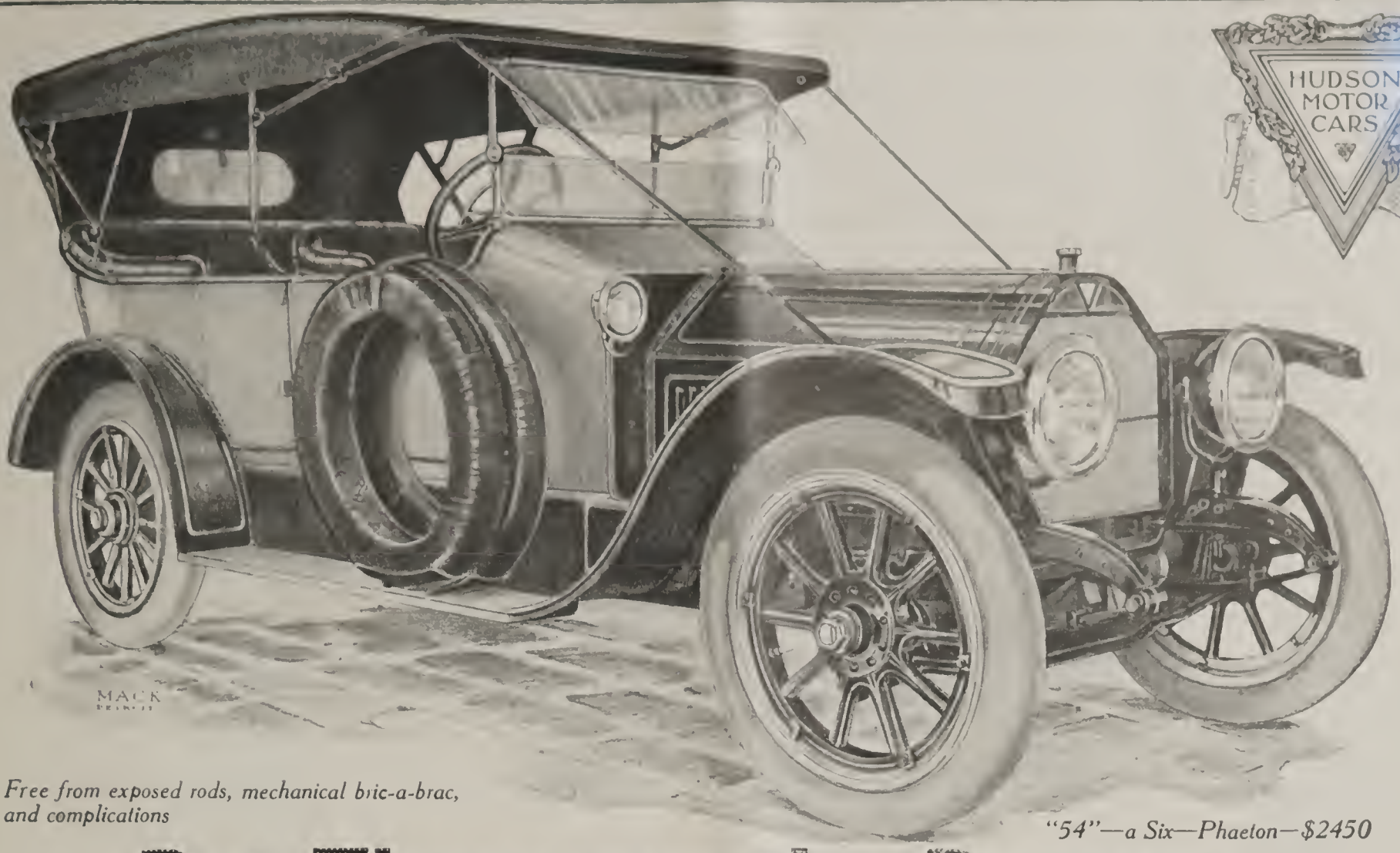
See the Triangle on the Radiator



Free from exposed rods, mechanical bric-a-brac, and complications

"54"—a Six—Phaeton—$2450

But These are the Reasons We Advance for the HUDSON

Generally speaking, all good cars are best known because of one distinctive feature.

One is spoken of as being well built. Another has a reputation for the beauty of its finish.

One maker has gained confidence because of the manner of treating customers.

Large volume is advanced by another as an explanation of quality at low price.

All these are sound reasons for consideration.

Each and all are essential in the policy of any company that succeeds.

But, if you look closely, you will find that while one lays greater emphasis upon one of these claims than upon others, all successful makers are in common in their position in such essentials.

All, to succeed, must build their cars well.

All must assure service to the owner.

All must combine luxurious finish with mechanical excellence.

Large volume is essential to any success, for without volume the value is not in keeping with the price that must be charged.

How 48 Engineers Made HUDSON Distinctive

As every successful car is referred to with reference to the one feature for which it is best known, the HUDSON is famous because of its advanced design.

HUDSON cars have always been known to be leaders as the most advanced type of engineering skill.

That means simplicity in design and operation. It indicates that essentials are less clumsily accomplished than in cars not so well designed. It assures accessibility.

Since the skill of designers is not confined to mechanical details, it also means more beautiful lines, a greater luxury, a richer appearance and an individuality as characteristic as artists put into their pictures or as architects work into their building.

The best engineering brains in the industry are responsible for the two new models of HUDSONS. The 48 experts, including Howard E. Coffin, who designed these cars have had wide experience.

Combined they represent about all of value that is known in the way of motor car building.

Each man has influenced the design of the car only so far as he has proved his leadership.

These men came from every automobile building country.

Most of them are regular employees of this Company. Some are associated as engineers with other institutions, and we used them merely in an advisory capacity. Some are consulted by other manufacturers.

We are constantly focusing the greatest skill and experience obtainable upon the design and production of HUDSON cars. If we cannot get all of the time of such experts, or if we have no need for their services beyond a certain detail, we use their abilities to the point where their value ceases to be an advantage.

Directing all these men is Howard E. Coffin, America's foremost engineer. Thus we have succeeded in producing cars that are distinctive and that have many features of advantage to the driver and owner not possessed by others, even though they give an almost perfect service.

There are Two New HUDSONS—the "37"—a Four and the "54"—a Six

Both are electric self-cranking, electrically lighted and are furnished completely equipped

THE FOUR

No man need be told that Howard E. Coffin leads all in building four-cylinder cars. No designer has been more successful.

In building the HUDSON "37" all his skill and experience contributed to its perfection. But in addition there was also worked into the car the skill and experience of his 47 expert associates.

Thus was produced a car such as no one man is capable of building. It is truly a composite masterpiece.

The "37" combines all that these experts know in the art of automobile building. Its details of comfort, beauty, distinctiveness and equipment, including the famous Delco, patented, *self-cranking* and *lighting* system is precisely the same as that furnished on the "Six."

The car has sufficient power for every requirement. It is quiet and free from the degree of vibration common to most automobiles.

It is a simple, accessible, durable car—the best these 48 engineers know how to build, therefore we unhesitatingly recommend it as the Master of any four-cylinder car, regardless of cost, power or make.

Models are Five-passenger Touring and Phaeton and Two-passenger Roadster at $1875 each; Limousine, $3250; Coupe, $2350; f. o. b. Detroit. Open bodies with Limousine and Coupe, extra. Canadian prices, either Touring, Phaeton or Roadster, $2425 duty paid, f. o. b. Detroit.

THE SIX

The "54" HUDSON supplies every demand made of any automobile, in speed, get-away, safety, power, luxurious equipment, distinctive appearance and comfort.

It is not merely a "Six" made so by the addition of two cylinders to a good four-cylinder car. It is capable of a speed far greater than you will ever care to call upon it to give. It will jump to a speed of 58 miles an hour in 30 seconds from a standing start. No grade is too steep for it.

Its equipment, complete in every detail, includes the most famous system of *electric self-cranking, electric lighting*—dynamo type—and ignition device to be had, known as the Delco, patented. There is also an illuminated dash and extension lamp, mohair top, curtain, rain-vision windshield, speedometer, clock, demountable rims, 36x4½-inch tires, 127-inch wheel base, etc.

The seat cushions are 12 inches deep. The finest materials are used throughout. No detail of finish or equipment is skimped or overlooked.

"54" HUDSON Models: Five-passenger Touring Car and Phaetons and Two-passenger Roadster, $2450 each, f. o. b. Detroit. Seven-passenger Touring Car, $150 additional. Limousine, Seven-passenger, $3750; Coupe Three-passenger, $2950. Open bodies furnished with Limousine and Coupe at extra charge. Canadian price, either Touring Car, Phaeton or Roadster, duty paid, $3200 f. o. b. Detroit.

Hudson Motor Car Company 7601 Jefferson Avenue Detroit, Mich.

PURE FOOD

A DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY LEWIS B. ALLYN

Bricks without Straw

"I WOULD never eat anything that contained glucose," said the pure-food lecturer, "because it contains glue and is used to adulterate hides, which are eventually made into cheap shoes." He might have added with the same brilliant logic that shoes are worn in all sorts of places by all sorts of people. One felt constrained to ask him who put the glue in glucose, for apparently he had never heard that the word glucose is of Greek origin, meaning sweet and not "sticky." The substance is free from glue or any other objectionable material, and is a food product of merit. As to its being an adulterant of hides, one fails to see the relevancy of that remark.

Cane sugar is used in shoe blacking; cornstarch to powder the hair; a dollar bill may contribute to the "grafter's fund," but none of these uses cast any discredit upon the article in question so far as its legitimate employment is concerned.

When asked to explain the relation between "hides" and healthfulness, he admitted that he made the statement to excite his audience. He has become greatly discredited because of the pyrotechnic discrepancies of his reasoning upon food subjects. It was Bill Nye who said:

> *The bigger the balloon is round about,*
> *The flatter is the bag when the gas comes out.*

Conservatism is a mighty good word to apply to all social questions, and in particular it should be used in discussing the food situation of the United States. The word really means watching over or guarding together. It is one of the easiest things in the world to make misstatements concerning our foods and to condemn not only the products themselves but also the manufacturers of these products and the retailers who deal in them. The evolution of the food liar is a logical sequence.

Harm Done by Exaggeration

A FEW of this class have developed because they have noted an instance where ptomaine poisoning followed the eating of cheese or canned fish. To them it is right and altogether proper to draw the conclusion that all cheese and all canned fish are poisonous, and that the maker or packer of the same put the poisonous substance in with premeditated malice.

Others of this class develop through a sheer love of the spectacular, dramatic, or grotesque.

It is the visible effects of food juggling that appeal most strongly to a certain type of mind from whence is evolved the food liar.

"Ship us out a box of adulterated samples," writes a correspondent, "for we want to startle the community." Here we have the pure-food liar de luxe. He does not want to help, but he wants to "startle" and cause a shudder of horror and a thrill of fear in trusting townsmen. It is a good thing to use a club once in a while when conditions become so intolerable as to demand it, but we are beginning to learn to-day that the most effective club is the cudgel of silence operating with a conservative display of quality and purity.

"There is greater pleasure," said Pestalozzi, "in reflecting on the images of crime than on the character of virtue." Greater pleasure perhaps, but how about the stifled, enfeebled conscience, perverted action, and a will enslaved by erroneous suggestions? So it is with the food situation. Beware the continued cry of "Wolf! wolf!" Remember there is a wolf, but the increasing multitude of the shepherd guardians of our foods, in the guise of high-grade, conscientious manufacturers, supported by an even larger company of clear-sighted dealers, are constantly pushing the beast of adulteration into the background, food liars notwithstanding.

If the evil stopped with the maker of these suggestions, very little damage would be done; but as they attain much publicity, hundreds and perhaps thousands of sincere, earnest people are duped and for a time come to believe that they are living in a veritable cesspool of iniquity when the opposite is more nearly in accord with the facts. Here follows, from a correspondent, a quotation which, in part perhaps, illustrates the point:

I would very much like to have a list of pure foods, so that I can use them, as I don't want to feed myself and my family on poisoned foods. I would like to stir up sentiment in my city, so as to compel our Board of Health to take up the fight for foods that are not poisoned, so that we will not be taking poisons into our stomachs unknowingly.

The next correspondent has been very much misled as to the true situation:

My wife is often sick for several days when she eats some of the goods put up in cans. I have come to the conclusion, from what I have heard, that it is some of the poisons put in the cans.

Briefly stated, there may be at least three different kinds of adulteration of food, irrespective, of course, of the subject of misbranding or making erroneous statements concerning any products.

The first consists in adding substances to foods which are distinctly toxic or deleterious in their effect upon health. Some of these substances are known to be positively injurious; concerning others, very grave doubts exist as to their healthfulness. The practice of embalming milk with the deadly formaldehyde, or treating ice-cream cones with boric acid; soft drinks, salad dressings, and the like with saccharin; greening vegetables, such as peas, spinach, and Brussels sprouts, with blue vitriol, otherwise known as sulphate of copper—these adulterants without question belong to the first class. Very few to-day will dispute the assertion that they ought not to be used in our foods. In the case of the questionable drugs—sulphurous acid, coal-tar dyes, alum, and benzoate of sodium—it would seem to many intelligent students of the food situation that the benefit of the doubt should in every instance be given to the consumer. The rights of the consumer should be paramount wherever the question of health is involved. There is no good reason why the American public should be subjected to a series of experiments by a certain class of manufacturers to prove or to disprove the fitness of any drug for use in the food supply. Happily for us, the great mass of foods on the American market to-day does not contain these substances, the progressive manufacturer has shown that their use is not necessary, and his conscience as well as his bank account profits by their omission.

The addition of drugs to foods constitutes what may be called injurious adulteration. It is the least common of all the tricky food practices, but it still exists, and the consumer rightfully fears it.

For years COLLIER'S has been trying to impress upon the public the necessity of reading the label, and if the presence of questionable material appears thereon to refuse to buy that particular brand of food. It is a safeguard which anyone may practice. It is a duty which one owes to the manufacturer of goods of quality.

A modified type of injurious adulteration consists in removing from foods some of their valuable or necessary constituents or ingredients—such as taking the cream from milk and selling the remainder as whole milk, removing part of the essential oils from spices and selling the woody fiber, which is essentially flavored sawdust, for the genuine article, or the practice of substituting one grade of spice for another. These tricks work no particular injury perhaps on the consumer, but the robbing of grains and cereals of a large part of their natural mineral and protcid constituents probably does. Hear what a prominent miller says in regard to this matter, then ask yourself who is to blame:

From your remarks we note that you regard our flour as too closely milled; also that it does not meet your ideas as to the amount of mineral matter present, which we presume is represented by the ash. You may be right in this contention, but we have found it impossible to induce the public to use this class of flour. This was thoroughly demonstrated in England about two years ago when agitation for an 80 per cent flour spread over the country, supported by some of the leading papers, resulting in a large demand which lasted some three or four months and then subsided, and while an 80 per cent flour differs to some extent from one with .5 per cent ash, the experiment was along similar lines, and we merely pass it along as an illustration that, while you may convince the consumer that flour of a certain type may be better for him to use from a health and nutritive standpoint, it seems to be that he, in time, tires of the bread made of this type of flour and returns to the use of the higher grades.

Pity the miller who wants to do right but is not supported by the consuming public! What would you do in his case?

For years dietists classified foods as nitrogenous or carbonaceous, making little account of or passing gently over the ash or mineral content. To-day we are beginning to learn that minerals, as they naturally occur in foods, are of tremendous importance.

Another type of adulteration is that affecting the pocketbook of the consumer and perhaps also the morals of the packer. We refer to coloring, polishing, bleaching, and dyeing of foodstuffs, for the express purpose of making them appear of greater value than they are; to make them appeal more strongly to the perverted taste of the consumer. It is becoming recognized that many people eat with their eyes instead of with their palates.

Here is a sausage containing about 8 per cent of cracker crumbs and rice flour or some other harmless cereal substance, and about 40 per cent of added water. It is a large, plump specimen, selling for 16 cents per pound. In reality the purchaser is paying nearly 35 cents per pound for the sausage meat which it contains, and we are not commenting on the character of the meat.

Here is a package of cocoa selling for 10 cents. It contains 25 per cent of added cornstarch, which makes the cocoa as such cost the consumer over 66 cents per pound.

Here is a can of baking powder with which the careful housewife has received a sled for her little boy, or a vase for the parlor shelf, or a part of a set of dishes for the table, little thinking that she is paying almost three times as much as would have been necessary to buy a box of high-grade, efficient baking powder. These are mere commercial frauds which only time and intelligent public sentiment will remedy.

Thus we have the three types of food sophistication—adding deleterious substances to, extracting necessary constituents from, and disguising with colors, fillers, bleaches, and the like. Of these types, the last two are by far the most prevalent. It is part of the COLLIER Educational Campaign to give the people simple truths concerning foods. There are thousands of burglaries and highway robberies, but the majority of the people are not burglars or thugs. There are thousands of adulterated foods, some of them injuriously adulterated, but the majority of foods are not adulterated.

THE TRUTH ABOUT FOODS

A Question and Answer Department Conducted for the Benefit of the Consumer

Head Rice

What is "head rice"? We are using it in our restaurant and I should like to know if it has a higher food value than the whole unpolished rice.—MRS. C. H. B., Boston, Mass.

One of the most prominent rice milling companies gives the following suggestion:

It is pretty hard to give an accurate definition of the term "head rice." In New England it generally means whole grain rice, either Carolina or Honduras, in contradistinction to Japan rice. When we mill Honduras or large grain rice, it is sifted or sorted according to the size of the grain after it is cleaned. "Fancy head rice" consists of the whole grains and a certain percentage of the half quarter grains. "Second head rice" is mostly quarter grains. The next smaller siftings are called "screenings." The smallest of all are called "brewers." The food value of all grades is identically the same. The only difference is in the cooking. The large grains stand out and give the cooked dish a more attractive appearance. For this reason "fancy heads" demand a higher price.

It will be seen from this that "head rice" is largely a commercial term, and refers principally to the size of the grain. It may be either polished or unpolished. If you are interested in serving a rice which has the highest possible food value common to that cereal, serve "natural brown rice" from which none of the natural organic mineral salts have been taken. This is practically rice as nature intended it to be eaten. A perverted public taste has forced the rice miller, in some instances against his will, to put on the market the white anemic rice common in the ordinary grocery store. This is sometimes coated with glucose, talc, or paraffin, in order to give it an unnatural smoothness and brilliancy.

Those who have eaten beautiful grain midway between cream color and light brown in hue have been enthusiastic over its flavor; and natural rice is winning its way into favor again in the United States.

Questionable Food Value

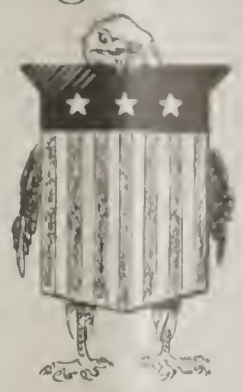
I have in possession the remnant of a bottle of —— Beef Extract that was prescribed by a physician in a case of typhoid fever as nourishment. The experiment was a failure. The patient grew worse, and I have

(Concluded on page 32)

Cleans Everywhere it Goes-

Many uses and full directions on large Sifter-Can 10¢

An Ode in Time of Inauguration



By FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

THINE aid, O Muse, I consciously beseech;
I crave thy succor, ask for thine assistance
That men may cry: "Some little ode! A peach!"
O Muse, grant me the strength to go the distance!
For odes, I learn, are dithyrambs, and long;
Exalted feeling, dignity of theme
And complicated structure guide the song.
(All this from Webster's book of high esteem.)

Let complicated structure not becloud
My lucid lines, nor weight with overloading.
To Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth and that crowd
I yield the bays for ground and lofty oding.
Mine but the task to trace a country's growth,
As evidenced by each inauguration
From Washington's to Wilson's primal oath -
In these U. S., the celebrated nation.

But stay! or ever that I start to sing,
Or e'er I loose my fine poetic forces,
I ought, I think, to do the decent thing,
To wit: give credit to my many sources;
Barnes's "Brief History of the U. S. A.,"
Bryce, Ridpath, Scudder, Fiske, J. B. McMaster,
A book of odes, a Webster, a Roget—
The bibliography of this poetaster.

Flow, flow, my pen, as gently as sweet Afton ever flowed!
An thou dost ill, shall this be still a poor thing, but mine ode.

G. W., initial prex,
Right down in Wall Street, New York City,
Took his first oath. Oh, multiplex
The whimsies quaint, the comments witty
One might evolve from that! I scorn
To mock the spot where he was sworn.

On next Inauguration Day
He took the avouchment sempiternal
Way down in Phil-a-delph-i-a,
Where rises now the "L. H. Journal."
His Farewell Speech in '96
Said: "'Ware the Trusts and all their tricks!"

John Adams fell on darksome days;
March Fourth was blustery and sleety;
The French behaved in horrid ways
Until John Jay drew up a treaty.
Came the Eleventh Amendment, too,
Providing that—but why tell *you?*

T. Jefferson, one history showed,
Held all display was vain and idle.
Alone, unpanoplied, he rode;
Alone he hitched his horse's bridle.
No ball that night, and no carouse,
But back to Conrad's boarding house

He tied that bridle to the fence
The morning of inauguration;
John Davis saw him do it; whence
Arose his "simple" reputation.
The White House, though, with Thomas J.
Had chefs and parties every day.

THE MUSE INTERRUPTS THE ODIST

If I were you I think I'd change my medium;
I weary of your meter and your style.
The sameness of it sickens me to tedium;
I'll quit unless you switch it for a while.

THE ODIST REPLIES

I bow to thee, my Muse, most eloquent of pleaders;
But why embarrass me in front of all these readers?

Madison's inauguration
Was a lovely celebration.
In a suit of wool domestic
Rode he, stately and majestic.
Making it be manifest
Clothes American are best.
This has thundered through the ages.
(See our advertising pages.)

Lightly I pass along, and so
Come to the terms of James Monroe
Who framed the doctrine far too well-
Known for an odist to retell.
His period of friendly dealing
Began The Era of Good Feeling.

John Quincy Adams followed him in
Eighteen Twenty-four;
Election was exciting—the details I shall ignore.
But his inauguration as our country's President
Was, take it from McMaster, some considerable event.
It was a brilliant function, and I think I ought to add
The Philadelphia "Ledger" said a gorgeous time was had.

Old Andrew Jackson's pair of terms were terribly exciting;
That stern, intrepid warrior had little else than fighting.
A time of strife and turbulence, of politics and flurry,
But deadly dull for poem themes, so, Mawruss, I should worry!

In Washington did Martin Van
A stately custom then decree:
Old Hickory, the veteran,
Must ride with him, the people's man,
For all the world to see.
A pleasant custom, in a way,
And yet I should have laughed
To see the Sage of Oyster Bay
On Tuesday ride with Taft
(Pardon me this
Parenthetical halt:
That sight you'll miss,
But it isn't my fault.)

William Henry Harrison came
Riding a horse of alabaster,
But the weather that day was a sin and a shame,
Take it from me and John McMaster.
Only a month—and Harrison died,
And V.-P. Tyler began preside.
A far from popular prex was he,
And the next one was Polk of Tennessee.
There were two inaugural balls for him,
But the rest of his record is rather dim.

Had I the pen of a Pope or a Thackeray,
Had I the wisdom of Hegel or Kant,
Then might I sing as I'd like to of Zachary,
Then might I sing a Taylorian chant.
Oh, for the lyrical art of a Tennyson!
Oh, for the skill of Macaulay or Burke!
None of these mine; so I give him my benison,
Turning reluctantly back to my work
O Millard Fillmore! when a man refers
To thee, what direful, awful thing occurs?
Though in itself thy name hath nought of wit,
Yet—and this doth confound me to admit
When I do hear it, I do smile; nay, more
I laugh, I scream, I cachinnate, I roar
As Wearied Business Men do shake with glee
At names that say "Dubuque" or "Kankakee"

In Washington or Pekin
"COLUMBIA"
The National Battery

You'll find it in the capitals of great nations and in the far-flung hamlets that everywhere dot the surface of the globe.

Its long life and uniform service are international in fame and universal in application to all dry battery needs.

Convenient Tabinet-lok spring-clip connection without extra charge.

Costs no more and lasts longer

"Holeproof" Go to All Parts of the World

TRAVELERS take them on long trips because six pairs are guaranteed to wear six months without darning, and they compete in style and appearance with the best of foreign hosiery.

The million people who *wear* "Holeproof" know these are facts. And new thousands daily are finding them out. Millions more, soon, *will* wear them.

The New Twenty-Five Cent "Holeproof"—Mercerized

At a cost of many thousands of dollars. We have lately imported from Switzerland machines with which to do our own mercerizing. This process produces a beautiful lustre and adds 22 per cent to the strength of the yarns.

"Holeproof" costing $1.50 for six pairs are now given this extra value.

Only the Costliest Yarn Is Used

Our cotton yarn costs us an average of 74 cents a pound, that is *one* reason why we can guarantee "Holeproof."

Common yarn sells for 32 cents. But the common is two-ply instead of three. It is heavy, cumbersome and coarse, not soft and fine, like ours.

Test Out Six Pairs

Buy six pairs today and try them. The genuine "Holeproof" bearing the signature, *Carl Freschl*, are sold in your town. Dealers' names on request. We'll ship direct where we have no dealer near you, charges prepaid on receipt of price.

Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Six pairs of cotton "Holeproof" for men cost $1.50 to $3 a box, Women's and Children's $2 to $3 per box of six pairs. Infants' $1 a box of four pairs.

All above boxes guaranteed six months.

Silk sox for men, three pairs guaranteed three months, $2 a box.

Silk stockings for women, three pairs in a box, guaranteed three months, $3.

Write for free book about "Holeproof." See what wonderful hose you are missing. Learn what the million "Holeproof" wearers know.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Freschl

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Can.

"Wear Holeproof Hose and End the Mend"

An Ode in Time of Inauguration

(*Concluded from page 23*)

As basement-brows that laugh at New Rochelle;
As lackwits laugh when actors mention Hell.
Perhaps—it may be so—I am not sure—
Perhaps it is that thou wast so obscure,
And that one seldom hears a single word of thee;
I know a lot of girls that never heard of thee.
Hence did I smile, perhaps. . . . How very near
The careless laughing to the thoughtful tear!
O Fillmore, let me sheathe my mocking pen.
God rest thee! I'll not laugh at thee again!

I have heard it remarked that to Pierce's election
There wasn't a soul had the slightest objection.
I have also been told, by some caustical wit,
That no one said nay when he wanted to quit.
Yet Franklin Pierce, forgotten man,
I celebrate your fame.
I'm doing just the best I can
To keep alive your name.
Though as a President, F. P.,
You didn't do as much for me.

Of James Buchanan things a score
I might recite. I'll say that he was
The only White House bachelor—
The only one, that's what J. B. was.
For he was a bachelor—
For he might have been a bigamist,
A Mormon, a polygamist,
And had thirty wives or more;
But this be his memorial:
He was ever unuxorial,
And remained a bachelor—
He re-mai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ai-ained a bachelor.

Lincoln! I falter, feeling it to be
As if all words of mine in praise of him
Were as the veriest dolt that saw the sun;
And God had spoken him and said to him:
"I bid you tell me what you think of it."
And he should answer: "Oh, the sun is nice."
So sadly fitted I to speak in praise
Of Lincoln.

Now during Andrew Johnson's term the currency grew stable;
We bought Alaska and we laid the great Atlantic cable;
And then there came eight years of Grant; thereafter four of Hayes;
And in his time the parties fell on fierce and parlous days;
And Garfield came, and Arthur too, and Congress shoes were worn,
And Brooklyn Bridge was built, and I, your gifted bard, was born.

Cleveland and Harrison came along then;
Followed an era of Cleveland again.
Came then McKinley and—light me a pipe—
Hey, there, composing room, get some new type!

I sing him now as I shall sing again;
I sing him now as I have sung before.
How fluently his name comes off my pen!
O Theodore!

Bless you and keep you, T. R.!
Energy tireless, eternal,
Fixed and particular star,
Theodore, Teddy, the Colonel.

Energy tireless, eternal;
Hater of grafters and crooks!
Theodore, Teddy, the Colonel,
Writer and lover of books.

Hater of grafters and crooks,
Forceful, adroit, and expressive,
Writer and lover of books,
Nevertheless a Progressive.

Forceful, adroit, and expressive,
Often asserting the trite;
Nevertheless a Progressive;
Errant, but generally right.

Often asserting the trite;
Stubborn, and no one can force you.
Errant, but generally right—
Yet, on the whole, I indorse you.

Stubborn, and no one can force you,
Fixed and particular star,
Yet, on the whole, I indorse you,
Bless you and keep you, T. R.!

It blew, it rained, it snowed, it stormed, it froze, it hailed, it sleeted
The day that William Howard Taft upon the chair was seated.
The four long years that followed—ah, that I should make a rime of it!
For Mr. Taft assures me that he had an awful time of it.
And yet meseems he did his best; and as we bid good-by
I'll add he did a better job than you'd have done—or I.

Welcome to thee! I shake thy hand,
New prexy of our well-known land.
May what we merit, and no less,
Descend to give us happiness!
May what we merit, and no more,
Descend on us in measured store!
Give us but peace when we shall earn
The right to such a rich return!
Give us but plenty when we show
That we deserve to have it so!

Mine ode is finished! Tut! It is a slight one,
But blame me not; I do as I am bid.
The editor of COLLIER'S said to write one—
And I did.

Inauguration Day

By WALT MASON

NOW Washington is swarming with men of sterling worth, all bent upon reforming the heaven and the earth; they come from far Savannah, they come from Texarkana, and points in Indiana, with loud yet seemly mirth. They've come from far Alaska, where snow is heaped on snow; they've journeyed from Nebraska where commoners do grow; the famed, the wise, the witty, the timid, and the gritty have come from Kansas City and also Broken Bow. Their battle shout is thrilling as they go marching by, and every man is willing at once to bleed and die; to guarantee this nation a fine Administration he'd take a situation or kill himself with pie. The editors of journals are marching in the throng; and old and war-worn colonels are teetering along; and friends of Andrew Jackson and Jefferson, now waxin' a trifle old, are taxin' their dusty throats with song. No wonder Woodrow Wilson, as this great crowd appears, his silken 'kerchief spills on some proud and grateful tears; the ranks of colonels face him—such loyalty must brace him, and from dejection chase him in future pregnant years. No office need go begging before this mighty host; he need not go a-legging for masters of the post; he has to do no pleading; they bring the help he's needing; of dying and of bleeding they make a modest boast. And so he views the strangers from Maryland and Maine, the tall, bewhiskered grangers who till the Western plain; the men from desks and foyers, the sheepmen and the sawyers, the lumberjacks and lawyers, all come to ease the strain; he views the dusty millers from Minnesota land; the shining social pillars from Boston's sacred strand; the men of hill and valley around his standard rally (and on the snaps keep tally), each with a helping hand. "My fears are in the distance," is Woodrow's grateful song; "what foe can make resistance against this mighty throng? So let us, lawyer, farmer, e[illegible]ute, and social charmer, gird on our snow-white armor, and paralyze each wrong

Brickbats & Bouquets

If Collier's readers would read and heed your editorials, overalls and jumpers would be in more demand than evening suits. J. R. Wilson, Bloomington, Tex.

✣

Every American boy—and his father—ought to read an editorial on "Chores" in a recent issue of Collier's. It is highly educational.

—Harrisburg (Pa.) *Telegraph.*

✣

Mark Sullivan, associate and pugnacity editor of Collier's, has issued another score card, showing the successive black eyes and bruises the Payne-Aldrich tariff has received at the hands of the American voters, beginning in a Massachusetts special Congressional election soon after the law's adoption, and ending with this year's campaign. Then Marcus sums up and marks down results and conclusions.

—Fort Worth (Tex.) *Star Telegram.*

✣

Even so radical a reform periodical as Collier's admits that recent Senatorial changes have not resulted in the improvement of Senatorial quality.

—St. Joseph (Mo.) *Gazette.*

✣

Collier's Weekly howls itself into a white heat over the graft in Oklahoma. . . . If the editor of Collier's Weekly had just a tithe of the common sense on this Indian question possessed by nearly every schoolboy in Oklahoma he would know that practical dishonesty has cost the Indian of Oklahoma only about one-fifth of one-tenth of what unpractical honesty has cost, and Secretary Fisher in his handling of Indian questions is, although honest and desirous to further the Indian's best interests, yet no shining exception.—Okmulgee (Okla.) *Democrat.*

✣

On occasion Collier's Weekly can be very disagreeable.

—Columbia (S. C.) *The State.*

✣

Collier's Weekly, which did far more than any other paper published to make Taft's Administration unpopular, now gives the President great and deserved credit for vetoing bills giving away water-power sites estimated to be worth $40,000,000. These bills were offered and backed by the most powerful Democrats in the Senate and House. Collier's has discovered, too, since it began its fight against the Water Power Trust, not only that Taft is the one who has blocked the attempted steal of water-power sites, but that Senator Burton has been the real leader in the Senate in the fight against this greedy and powerful combine. It is fortunate that in this controversy Taft, Burton, and Collier's are lined up on the same side, and Collier's is to be commended for the reason that now (the election being over) it is capable of telling and willing to tell the truth (or a little of it) about President Taft.

—Gallipolis (Ohio) *Journal.*

✣

Alameda, Cal.

The reason I take your rotten labor-union sheet out of the post office at all is because when I do so I know at least one copy is burned up that might otherwise fall into hands where it would be read and your gospel of terror thus get some misguided convert. Howard K. James.

✣

Collier's is making a strenuous fight against giving up all the water powers in the country to the Water Power Trust. The people should look after their own.

—Mankato (Minn.) *Free Press.*

✣

Richmond, Va.

I am glad to know that so popular and influential a journal as The National Weekly is brave enough to proclaim a potent truth which for a long time was too generally regarded as the imaginings of cranks and visionaries. Plainly, the awful crime to which you refer, committed by a drunken negro in the capital city of our great nation on the natal day of the Prince of Peace, was the result of a harmful traffic engaged in for money, and that traffic is decidedly a public menace. W. M. Bicken.

✣

Senator Warren's reelection in Wyoming is gall and wormwood to Collier's Weekly, which constitutes one of our chief reasons for feeling so happy over it.—Salt Lake City (Utah) *Republican.*

We just can't make our editorial scissors behave when Collier's enters our office once a week. Its editorial columns are just chuck full of good things, and old Mr. Shears hovers over the pages with the same uncertainty of decision as a child who stands with his five-cent piece clutched in his fist before a show window filled with various sweets.

—Chico (Cal.) *Enterprise.*

✣

Collier's heart is true to the Colonel, but it is becoming more and more reconciled to Dr. Wilson.

—Hartford (Conn.) *Courant.*

✣

We notice that the editor of the "Events" at Enid, in the issue of the 16th, shows a disposition to don his war paint and go after the scalp of Collier's Weekly because they make some pertinent comment on the matter of selecting an Oklahoma man for Secretary of State. Collier's does overstep the border line of veracity a little when they imply that an honest man to deal with Indian affairs would be lonely, but we must all admit that almost every town in the Indian Territory part of Oklahoma could produce a few candidates for the penitentiary if a proper investigation were made and the law executed without fear or favor. We have given outsiders some cause to look upon us with suspicion. It is very likely that the editor of the "Events" is righteously indignant, but there are some who better not invite that investigating paper to prove their position, as they have had their hand called before and "brought home the grapes."

—Henryetta (Okla.) *Standard.*

✣

Senator Warren of Wyoming having been reelected yesterday, there is nothing left for Collier's but tears and maybe hara-kiri.—Pittsburgh (Pa.) *Times.*

✣

Columbus, Ga.

I am having your editorial "Motto for a Home" framed to hang in my room. It is one of the things we come across every little while that has everything in it that we feel and realize ourselves. I wish to thank you for the thoughts. I would love to see you in my house.

Barschall Andrews.

✣

Canandaigua, N. Y.

The short stories in Collier's are remarkable—the most original, most unusual stories. Thank Heaven they haven't always got a "moral." More gray matter goes to the make-up of Collier's and "Life" than any other publication.

O. A. Williamson.

✣

We always have to smile, indulgently, when Collier's descends from its lofty plane (sometimes aeroplane) to discuss common things of general interest, but, be it confessed, this descent from the sublime is usually accomplished without reaching the ridiculous. In fact, the editor of Collier's talks baseball as well as ex-baseball player Billy Sunday preaches the gospel. Perhaps it is because "dope" for the "fans" looks so unaccustomed among the Collier editorials that we noticed it, or perhaps we noticed it there because we pay too little attention to the sporting page.—La Crosse (Wis.) *Tribune.*

✣

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Collier's Weekly, which to-day is doing more than any other magazine in the world to arouse a public conscientiousness.

P. P. Christensen.

✣

Anyway get the Westfield book—made famous by Collier's Weekly—and see for yourself what poor economy it is to buy adulterated products for your table.

—Portersville (Cal.) *Messenger.*

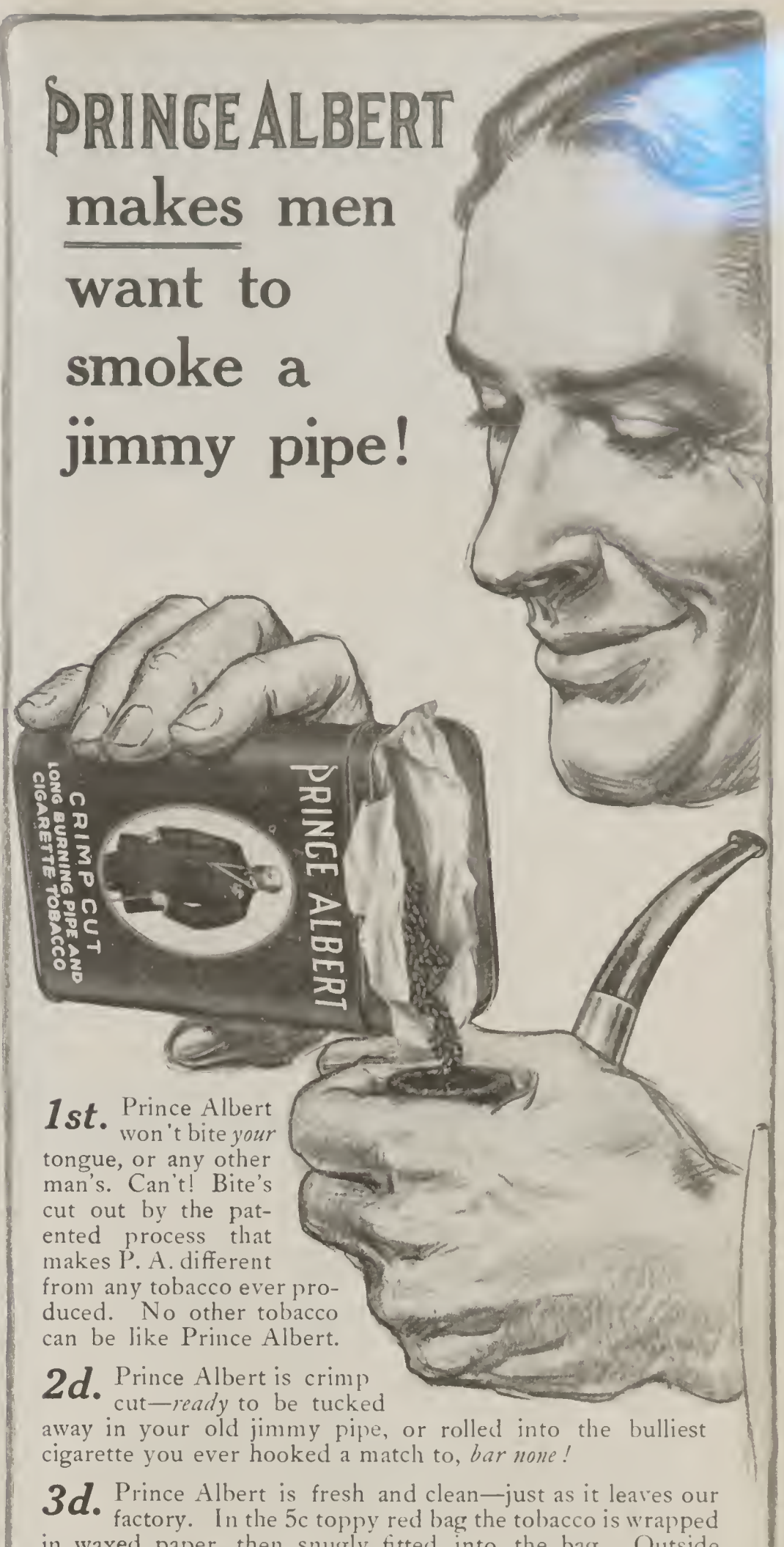
✣

To Inquirer—No, the eminent attorneys that Mr. Roosevelt castigated in Collier's for "Sarah Knisley's Arm" have not made any convincing reply—nor any other kind, either.—Los Angeles (Cal.) *Tribune.*

✣

Suppose every crime laid at the door of intoxication were traced out as Collier's suggests and laid at the door of the makers and sellers of booze, what would be the result? Does any intelligent person believe that the men who cultivate and exploit and drum up an evil traffic should not be held responsible for their part in the crime and suffering they cause?—Fairfield (Me.) *Times.*

PRINCE ALBERT
makes men
want to
smoke a
jimmy pipe!



1st. Prince Albert won't bite *your* tongue, or any other man's. Can't! Bite's cut out by the patented process that makes P. A. different from any tobacco ever produced. No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert.

2d. Prince Albert is crimp cut—*ready* to be tucked away in your old jimmy pipe, or rolled into the bulliest cigarette you ever hooked a match to, *bar none!*

3d. Prince Albert is fresh and clean—just as it leaves our factory. In the 5c toppy red bag the tobacco is wrapped in waxed paper, then snugly fitted into the bag. Outside there's still another transparent glassine paper jacket—to keep the good *within* and the soil *without.* In the 10c tidy red tin P. A. is wrapped in transparent glassine paper, then sealed. Dust-proof—weather-proof—and freshness and fragrance and sweetness assured! You *compare*

PRINCE ALBERT
"the national joy smoke"

P. A. in the toppy red bag 5c

with any other tobacco you ever smoked, *no matter what it cost!* The answer is: P. A.'s "the goods"—delicious from the first fire-up down to the sweetest "heel" you ever took a pull at!

Men, get alive to real pipe and cigarette joy! You certainly are not getting what is coming to you by smoking brands that never did and never can give you the absolute satisfaction that's yours via Prince Albert, fondly called "the national joy smoke" by its millions of friends.

Buy Prince Albert everywhere in the toppy red bag, 5c; in the tidy red tin, 10c; also in handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Coldwell Lawn Mowers

A Coldwell Motor Lawn Mower on the grounds of John D. Rockefeller's estate, Pocantico Hills, N. Y.

A "Coldwell" Lawn

A Coldwell Motor Mower means a big saving in the case of large lawns. It gives a fine, even cut and rolls the lawn thoroughly at the same time.

It does the work of three men and three horse mowers on a gallon of gasoline per hour. It is no expense when not in use.

Coldwell Lawn Mowers are made in 150 different styles and sizes; horse and hand mowers as well as motor. Whatever kind of lawn mower you want, a Coldwell will please you best.

Descriptive catalogue and an interesting, practical booklet on care of lawns mailed on request. Send postal today.

COLDWELL LAWN MOWER COMPANY

Philadelphia NEWBURGH, N. Y. Chicago

Clean Towels—and Safety Or the Public Roller Towel

How Do *You* Stand?

ON which side of the fight have you enlisted? You can't be neutral—your own safety and the health and safety of those near and dear to you are vitally concerned.

Medical science has demonstrated that disease thrives in surroundings of filth—Can you imagine a more filthy, a more dangerous habit, than the use of a public roller towel?

Scot Tissue Towels

"Use like a blotter"

are soft, snow-white towels of absorbent paper. They are used once, then thrown away—a fresh one for everyone at every wash.

Men afflicted with loathsome filth-diseases infest public lavatories, leaving the roller towel as an insidious menace to those who use it later.

Provide yourself and your family with Clean Towel Protection. Carry a few Scot-Tissue Towels in your grip. Have the women-folk take them along when they travel or go shopping.

Help put your town on the list of those which have legislated against this roller towel menace. Write to the Board of Health and the newspapers. Speak to your friends. Take a stand for *clean towels and safety*—lead in the fight!

150 Towels in a Roll, 35c

(W. of Mississippi, and in Canada, 50c)

Fixtures 25c to $1.00

Write for free booklet, "Paper in the Home."

Scott Paper Company, 601 Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of "Scot-Tissue" in Table Covers, Towels, Toilet Paper and Babies' Dydees; "Sani-Tissue" and 5c "Waldorf" Toilet Papers; "Sani-Kombs"; and other Hygienic Paper Products

Some Timid Suggestions

(*Continued from page 15*)

The parade of 1897 was pulled off in overcoat weather, and a heavy rain wet down the patriots of 1901. But it remained for the blizzard of 1909 to break all records. It was even more successful than Thomas Jefferson in editing the parade plans. The blizzard began the night before, and not only stopped the parade but the street cars and trains. Thirty thousand marchers took strategic positions beside steam radiators that day, and Peary's stroll to the Pole was a blissful experience compared with the sufferings of the political marching club members who hunted hotel rooms on that terrible night.

THUS the inaugural parades up to date have been about one-half weather and one-half parade, to the great damage of the latter. Washington residents want the inaugural date pushed on into May, when Washington weather is more discussable in polite print. But this is a wasteful and heartless plan, involving tremendous additional expense by office seekers and needless prolonging of agony for the President-elect. It would be far better to fit the parade to the weather. The ordinary fourth of March in Washington would furnish perfect atmospheric conditions for the following pageant:

Marine Band in hip boots and mufflers.
Army in limousines.
Navy under reduced speed.
Governors of States and staffs in gondolas.
Cook County Marching Club on ice skates.
Alaskan delegation on dog sledges.
Purple-nosed patriots from the South in steam coils.
Amalgamated Pathfinders in full regalia.
Tammany tribes in blankets.
Pennsylvania militia in reproduction of Valley Forge.
Thrilling and dangerous spectacle of Washingtonians crossing Delaware (Avenue) in galoshes.
Suffragettes carrying hot bricks.

Of course there are times when the weather would not fit this parade and the navy would run aground. But history proves that these times would be few and far between. Why not have the parade fit the weather almost all of the time rather than have the weather fail to fit the parade any of the time?

But even a weather-proof parade will not save the old custom. As a novelty it might work for a time or two, but it would only postpone the inevitable. The parade must be torn down and rebuilt from the ground up. It must be made educational, historical, inspirational, and statistical. "The Army and Navy Forever" is all right in song, but as an inaugural parade it is getting to be a chestnut. The new parade must reflect the present, the ever-shifting present. It must be more vivid, more intense, more surprising. It must move the populace more deeply, it must be designed with more care and science. The present parade has no individuality at all. It is composed of portions of a Presidential funeral procession, a campaign rally, and a minstrel parade stuck together in a haphazard fashion. It is not created, but collected. If it takes three hours to pass a given point, the promoters are pleased and proud, whether the point remains awake or not.

I am not a designer of parades by profession, and claim no skill in the art. The parade I am about to suggest may not be the best possible parade. Others may mix cheese, beer, and lobster, and under the influence of the result invent parades which will make mine appear amateurish and trivial. But I would go to see my parade, paying full fare from the bosom of the Middle West to do so, which is more than I have ever done to see the ancient fizzle which is now on its last legs.

IN the first place, my parade would be a hundred miles long and would last a week, thus giving everyone ample opportunity to see a few miles of it. And if it had been pulled off for the present inauguration, it would have formed about as follows:

DIVISION I

Band composed of musicians with a political parade mileage of 20,000 or more.
Outgoing Cabinet officers in carryall.
Incoming Cabinet officers (rumored) in brigades, company front.
Supreme justices in robes on float.
West Point and Annapolis cadets (ordinary).
Cadets addicted to hazing (in cages).

DIVISION II—ROMAN PAGEANT

Float Section

SECTION I—Incoming Representatives in chariots. Outgoing Representatives walking behind, in chains.
SEC. II—Gladiatorial tableau: State committeemen pursued by office seekers.
SEC. III—Vesuvius: portrayed by Colonel Watterson.
SEC. IV—Martyr in lion's den: new Congressman surrounded by hotel keepers.
SEC. V—Oracle's warning: "Beware the Ides of March," posed by Joseph W. Bailey.
SEC. VI—Coliseum scene: Senators turning thumbs down on lame-duck appointees.
SEC. VII—Roman galley slaves at work: posed by official stenographers, House of Representatives.
SEC. VIII—Cæsar at the banks of the Rubicon: Congressman Underwood contemplating the new tariff schedule.

DIVISION III

Democratic clubs with plug hats.

DIVISION IV

Plug Democratic clubs.

DIVISION V

$10,000 office seekers	$2,500 office seekers
6,000 office seekers	1,000 office seekers
4,000 office seekers	500 office seekers

Unclassified, indeterminate, indefinite, inveterate, implacable, and incurable office seekers.

DIVISION VI—ETHNOLOGICAL EXHIBIT

James Hamilton Lewis
Ben Tillman
Private John Allen
Governor Blease
Ollie James
Early Arkansas Senator
Richmond P. Hobson
Jim Dahlman

DIVISION VII

Grand calithumpian parade of bet losers in amusing costumes and feats.
Democrats who swore in 1896 not to shave until a Democratic President was elected.
The Republican party of Mississippi in taxicab.
Troupe of trained legislators led by Charles Murphy.

DIVISION VIII

William J. Bryan

DIVISION IX—HAPPY FAMILY

Harmon Democrats
Wilson Democrats
Jeffersonian Democrats
Free Silver Democrats
Cleveland Democrats
Bailey Democrats
Tillman Democrats
Blease Democrats
Hoke Smith Democrats
Hearst Democrats
Sullivan Democrats
Bryan Democrats
Dahlman Democrats
Folk Democrats
Reed Democrats
Carmack Democrats
Patterson Democrats
Bourbon Democrats
Scotch and Soda Democrats
Cold-water Democrats
(All under heavy guard)

DIVISION X

Original Wilson men in platoons.
Wilson classmates in squadrons.
Wilson's Virginia nurse in regiments

DIVISION XI

Veterans of former parades.
Survivors of Democratic conventions.
Refugees from Illinois Democracy.

DIVISION XII

Hound dogs not used in campaign.

DIVISION XIII

11,789 band wagons with standing-room sign up.

DIVISION XIV

Democrats who have been urged by friends to take consular positions.
Democrats who are willing to come to Washington when asked and talk things over.
Democrats who have worked unselfishly all their lives for the party without asking reward, but who are about through.
Democrats who do not want anything, but have been advised by their Congressmen to hang around a few weeks.

DIVISIONS XV TO XX

Democrats who have a good chance to be postmaster. (*Continued on page 28*)

THE wavy *Metrostyle* line on each music roll for the Pianola Player-Piano is your guide to the master's phrasing and expression. It is *the great dividing line* between mere player-pianos and the genuine

Pianola Player-Piano

This Metrostyle line is a master pianist's phrasing and interpretation of whatever composition you wish to play. Follow it with the Metrostyle pointer by moving the tempo lever to right or left. You have an absolute guide to the *master's* rendition of that composition—whether it be Paderewski, Grieg or Moszkowski.

You have had a *music lesson* from that particular master, as actually and *personally* as if he sat at your side.

Now you have a basis from which to develop *your own* interpretation. You have had the master's suggestion and the benefit of his knowledge of music. You love music—you appreciate music—you want music. That's why you want a player-piano—so that you can *produce* music. But you want to play *well*—you want to produce *real* music. And this means that you want the *genuine Pianola* Player-Piano with its Metrostyle to teach you how.

You will have to be *taught* to play any player-piano. Do you want *only* the instruction of the salesman who sells you your instrument? No!—you *also* want the instruction of the *master pianists* which the Metrostyle brings to you on every composition you play—on the genuine Pianola Player-Piano. The Metrostyle is an *exclusive* Pianola feature.

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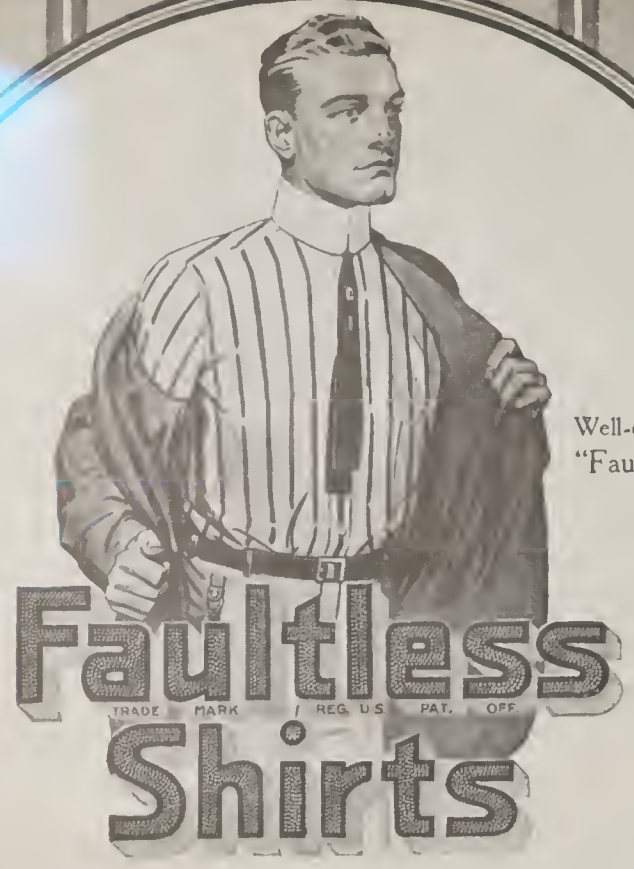

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Hundreds of patterns and all styles. All materials from percales to silks. $1.50, $2, $2.50 and up. Also our demonstration shirts, $1.

Any "Faultless" dealer will show you a varied assortment. If you don't know the nearest "Faultless" dealer, write us and we'll tell you his name, and send you "The Dayshirt Book".

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Makers of "Faultless" Pajamas and Night Shirts, noted for style and comfort.

Barrett Specification Roofs

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Architects John Calvin Stevens, John Howar Stevens.

Economical on Small Roofs, Too

WE have been advertising Barrett Specification Roofs with illustrations of enormous buildings and manufacturing plants where the roof areas run as high as a million square feet. In such cases, scientific estimates of the unit cost are made, that is, the cost per square foot per year of service. Such calculations simply compel the adoption of this type of roofing.

The owner of an ordinary building, like that illustrated above, with a roof area of a few thousand square feet, also saves money by adopting Barrett Specification Roofs.

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As manufacturers of coal tar pitch and felt, we are interested in the success of this type of roofing. We, therefore, have made the Barrett Specification standard in the trade in order to protect owners and architects against poor workmanship and materials and insure maximum service at minimum cost.

Copy of The Barrett Specification will be sent free on request.

Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired however the following is suggested:

ROOFING — Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

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TRADE B MARK

Timid Suggestions

(*Concluded from page* 26)

DIVISION XXI

Democrats who are going to see to it that President Wilson doesn't start any foolishness about carrying out the platform.

I do not, I repeat, claim that this is the best parade that could be devised. But it would be a vast improvement, and could be augmented and aggravated from year to year until in time Washington would extend, during the inaugural season, from Baltimore to Richmond, and its parades would thunder through history. I would start most of the parade from the Capitol and march it out in the country so far that there would be absolutely no object in charging $2 for a seat on Pennsylvania Avenue. But in the interests of all concerned I think the Twenty-first Division should parade by itself. I would have it form at Norfolk, Va., and march east.

New Dispensation

(*Concluded from page* 10)

with none of the captivating and illusory qualities of Cleveland, Bryan, and Roosevelt, has been chosen by God, as Washington was chosen to create and Lincoln to save the Republic, and if that be the meaning of his elevation to the Chief Magistracy, America, crying "Gloria in Excelsis!" shall have reason to call him blessed!

I do not look for the organized wealth of the period to so see it. Capital is equally blind and timid. Property often mistakes itself for prerogative, and prerogative always clings to its accretions, however wrongful and untenable, until, obstinately refusing reform the while, it is overwhelmed by revolution. Thus it was that the South clung to slavery. So with Big Business; clasping to their bosom the high protective tariff—parent of dishonest advantage—their capitalization of the industries of the people along with the public utilities of town and country, embodied by a centralized trust system and a system of exchanges reaching out in every direction from their lair in Wall Street—the money monarchs of the East, like the planters of the South before them, reck not the deluge. They will not, or they cannot, understand that what a Democratic Governor of New Jersey has effected in two years a Democratic President of the United States may effect in four. But patriotic, disinterested, thoughtful men do; and thus it is that they are eager to gather around the new President and, as he carries forward the good work, ready to follow his lead. All is yet, as it were, in the air. But not without hope of the man and his star. He has ridden for great stakes and won them. The task before him is greater still. Decidedly, to use the old frontier vernacular, he is "to make a spoon, or spoil a horn."

And so, while most Democrats, taking little thought of the morrow, are felicitating themselves over a party triumph and worshiping at the shrine of the rising sun, I, rather old-fashioned, seeking nothing for myself, and therefore less moved, standing perhaps steadier, but not without a certain buoyancy, venture to review the past and consider the present, aiming, if possible, to get some inkling of the future both of the country and of Democracy. These, therefore, are the merest guesses at truth, given for what they may be worth, nothing extenuating, setting naught in malice. Being a Democrat and believing the gospels of Democracy, I cannot, despite my doubts and fears of Woodrow Wilson—nay, I would not—disparage the glad expectancy of any or diminish my own rejoicing in a change of parties and policies so greatly needed and withheld so long.

Why Woodrow Wilson Is Woodrow

WHEN Woodrow Wilson was in college his classmates called him "Tommy." His full name was Thomas Woodrow Wilson. This is the story he tells of how he came to change it to its present form:

"My mother's maiden name was Woodrow, and after I left college she asked me to use the name Woodrow more prominently. So I called myself T. Woodrow Wilson.

"One day one of my chums said to me: 'Wilson, there's only one man who has any right to use his name like that?'

"'Who is that?' I asked.

"'A damn fool,' he replied.

"After that I dropped the T."

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They know this is true because they use the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner regularly.

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Compare this with the Duntley method. Every time you use a Duntley your furnishings are actually renovated. They look like new in their sparkling cleanliness. And there's no chance of injuring even the most delicate fabric.

The Duntley cleans and protects 35,000 of the finest homes in America; such homes as these—**August Belmont, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Mme. Nordica, C. K. G. Billings and Mrs. Harold McCormick.**

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Address Hoosier Stove Co., 218 State St., Marion, Ind.

Inauguralia

(*Concluded from page 17*)

The strictest probity, still will you feel
A thousand wires twitching wrist and heel—
And if that crosswise pull cramps not your style,
You'll be a Daisy equaling T. R.

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [*Beginning to weep.*]

I shall be up against it in a while—
But what's that racket rising from afar?

[*Cheers heard from below. The* NEW ADMINISTRATION, *in a more cheerful frame of mind, peeps toward earth.*]

Though evil fate be brewing,
Hurrah! There's something doing!

[*In spite of a slight drizzle of rain, the Inaugural Parade begins to move forward in a blaze of glory.* THE INFANT *catches the infection of it and bursts forth into ragtime, as follows:*]

Oh! Gee!
The way they are whooping it!
Look! See!
The cavalry trooping it,
Suffragettes, biddies,
G. A. R. widdies,
West Point Cadets and Annapolis middies!
Senators, looking like best men at marriages,
Gaudy ambassadors riding in carriages;
The best in the land stand
In every grand stand—
Blue and the Gray, warmly clasped, hand in hand, stand
While silver cornets send the challenge melodious,
"Hail to the Chief! Party strife is now odious!"
Bryanites,
Zionites,
Thomas F. Ryanites,
Loosen their throttles and holler like cally-opes,
Just as the crowd, like the waves round a galley, opes
Wide, and a carriage rolls through in its might—
Woodrow himself, bowing left and then right,
See how his eyeglasses flash! They deserve a
Place on the shield of scholastic Minerva.
Pipe his wan smile
As he raises his tile
To a bevy of college boys,
There-with-the-knowledge boys
Roaring "Nas-*sau!!*"
Woodrow tightens his jaw,
But his brow bears the look, somewhat nervous, half dreading
Like a bridegroom approaching the hour of his wedding.
Glorious wow!
Up-roar-i-ous row!
Say! Am I dreaming?
Lo! with bright gleaming
The Star-Spangled Banner is over him streaming.
My Country, of thee—
Oh, say! Can you see—
Come on, you big eagles! Get in on the screaming!

[*The* ANGEL *has difficulty in restraining her son from joining the Parade, which now turns in and permits the Incoming President to take the Oath of Office.*]

ANGEL OF HISTORY

Look!
His big book
The Chief Justice now broaches.
Soon 'twill be done.
Child, you must run—
The time fast approaches.

[*She holds him nervously as he poises for flight.*]

Now do you fear all the turmoil and strife
Soon to encompass?

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [*Kicking away from his mother's embrace.*]

Not on your life!
I'm all for the rumpus!

[*He takes a high dive into Washington and alights on the rostrum where the* CHIEF JUSTICE *is administering the oath of office to the Incoming President.*]

CHIEF JUSTICE. [*To Mr. Wilson.*]

Do you swear to serve Truth, though you brave thick and thin for it?

MR. WILSON

I solemnly swear it—

NEW ADMINISTRATION. [*Invisible at his elbow.*]

Well, Woodrow, we're in for it!

Bell Tailor's $20 SUIT made to order $13.50

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Our great Special is a beautiful tailored suit made to your individual order and measure for $13.50. Of course, the garment is worth twenty dollars, and it is only due to our system of direct selling that we are able to quote this low price. We guarantee to fit you perfectly from the measurements you send us. There is no speculation in buying from us. You are protected by the most liberal guarantee that could possibly be given. The guarantee says that the suit must live up to every claim we make, or you are under no obligation to keep it.

No matter in what size town you live, no matter how well you think you are pleased with your present clothier or tailor, send for our Style Book. It is free.

Do not let the fact that you never bought clothes by mail stop you from sending for it. Some of our most enthusiastic customers are men who never thought it possible to get such masterful style and such perfect fit as we guarantee.

Send today. You have nothing to lose and much to gain.

THE BELL TAILORS of New York
123-127 Walker Street, New York City

Abbott-Detroit

THE ONE PERFECT CAR

THE Abbott-Detroit easily maintains its position as leader of motordom. This leadership is shown in the instant incorporation of the newest and best ideas in automobile construction.

The Abbott-Detroit was the first car to adopt electric lighting as regular equipment — this four years ago. The single unit electric self-starter found on every 1913 model, cannot be duplicated for dependability and efficiency.

For service, elegance, comfort and all-around mechanical perfection, the Abbott-Detroit stands the incomparable and unapproachable car.

Hundreds of shrewd buyers declare that the Abbott-Detroit cannot be matched at any price. This is as true with those having owned $5,000 to $10,000 cars as those who paid much less. Unsolicited testimonials being received daily show that in scores of instances 1912 Abbott-Detroits have been driven from 10,000 to 20,000 miles through all sorts of weather and road conditions without a single cent being spent for repairs.

If as an owner you want a car that will give you the same consistent service year after year, you should buy an Abbott-Detroit. As a dealer you will hold your trade and insure future success by handling this perfect and reliable car.

Models and Prices

34-40 3-Pass. Roadster, 116-inch wheelbase -	$1700
34-40 5-Pass. Touring Car, 116-inch wheelbase -	$1700
34-40 3-Pass. Colonial Coupe, 116-inch wheelbase -	$2000
44-50 5-Pass. Demi-Tonneau, 121-inch wheelbase -	$1975
44-50 7-Pass. Touring Car, 121-inch wheelbase -	$2000
44-50 Battleship Roadster, 121-inch wheelbase -	$2150
44-50 7-Pass. Limousine, 121-inch wheelbase -	$3050

Top, Windshield and Speedometer, $100 Extra

ABBOTT MOTOR CO.

602 Waterloo Street
DETROIT - MICH.

A Blunder-Proof Signal Tower

A FOUR-STORY building, all of it below ground in a great white-walled pit, is the centerpiece of a group of marble and steel structures that make up the new Grand Central Railroad Terminal in New York City. The building in the pit is called a signal tower, but is no more like the old-time "switch tower" than the new Grand Central Station is like a country town "depot."

In this modern tower two men, with the aid of electric charts and electric messages flashed to a corps of signalmen, direct the movements of 800 trains a day over the terminal's thirty-two miles of track. In an emergency, the system under their control safely could handle a maximum of 200 incoming and outgoing trains an hour. The first floor of the tower, from which the switches and signals of the suburban level are operated, has 400 levers; the second floor, where the express train dispatchers work, has 362—one man to every forty levers.

Watching this chart, he dispatches 400 trains a day

Instead of looking out of windows at the tracks, the directors keep their eyes upon glass charts, where little electric lights that glow or die indicate the position of trains. It is impossible for an operator to signal a train into disaster by setting a switch the wrong way. The signal and the switch must agree or the levers automatically will balk.

This is only one of the remarkable mechanical features that make a $180,000,000 plant safe and of high effieiency. The architectural beauty of the terminal buildings and the high degree of ingenuity required to build the new station on the site of the old and deepen the pit without interruption of traffic are features so obvious that they have been praised at great length, while "honorable mention" of some of these operating methods has been overlooked. The ceiling of the main waiting room, with its signs of the zodiac and as skillful an imitation of sky and stars as a Belasco could devise, escapes no one's attention, while the signal tower in the pit, the fire-fighting system, the power house that stands over the yards on stilts with monster smokestacks that appear to be Egyptian pillars, are overlooked or forgotten.

In a space only 100 x 90 feet, the power house has 28 boilers and develops 17,400 horsepower. The stacks are inconspicuous, though they stand 200 feet high and are 17 feet in diameter. Two more shafts that look like Egyptian pillars hide a water tank with a eapacity of 30,000 gallons.

Pipes that carry hot and cold water, eompressed air, steam, and suction power for vacuum eleaners reach every eorner of the plant. The precautions against fire are as elaborate as those to secure safety in train dispatching: there are 125 fire-alarm boxes and nearly 300 connections for fire hose. Another costly protection against emergencies is a duplicate electric light supply. This care for safety is evident even in the way the traeks are laid. Creosoted yellow pine blocks, set in eoncrete, are the roadbed; and the rails are securely fastened with screw spikes.

Among the much-praised architectural features of the Grand Central Station, this main waiting room, with a Belasco-like ceiling of sky and stars, is notable

United States

NOBBY TREADS

and

CHAIN TREADS

are the most widely-used non-skid tires in the world because they deserve to be

They protect the car against the danger of skidding as no other tires have ever done before.

They give a generous amount of extra mileage due to the extra thickness of the treads. In fact, entirely aside from the skidding protection these tires are known to give, any motorist can well afford to use them for the sake of economy alone.

NOBBY TREAD

The motorist who wants the very highest type of tire from the standpoint of safety, appearance and economy will find it in large measure in these popular tires.

UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY

Nobby and Chain Tread Tires are made in three styles, including the GENUINE DUNLOP.

CHAIN TREAD

POMPEIIAN BRONZE SCREEN CLOTH

LASTS AS LONG AS YOUR HOUSE

UNIVERSALLY BEST

Where salt-laden sea mists forever drive—exposed to the smoky, corrosive fogs of the city or even in dank, fever-infested tropic swamps

POMPEIIAN BRONZE SCREEN CLOTH

remains unchanged and permanently efficient.

Drawn from billets of solid bronze, its bare wires resist all climatic conditions and, barring fire or accident, last a lifetime. Screens filled with Pompeiian Bronze Screen Cloth never need painting. Get the genuine by looking for removable red string woven into selvage. If your dealer won't supply you we will promptly.

Send to-day for Book

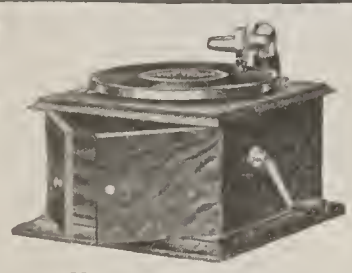
CLINTON WIRE CLOTH CO., Clinton, Mass.

First Power Loom Weavers in the World

65 STERLING STREET

Makers of Clinton Wire Lathing and Clinton Electrically Welded Fabric, for reinforcing concrete. Both recognized as standard by architects and engineers of both continents

What kind of music do you like best?



Victor-Victrola IV, $15
Oak

The Victor-Victrola will bring your kind of music right into your home.

Your kind of music—the kind *you* like best—sung and played as you have probably never heard it before.

Your kind of music perfectly rendered by the world's greatest artists whenever you wish to hear it.

You don't have to wait until you feel you can afford a $100 or $200 instrument—any Victrola you choose as the instrument for your home will play every record in the Victor catalog, and will give you almost as perfect music as the Victrola XVI, the instrument by which the value of all musical instruments is measured.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate the Victor-Victrola to you and play any music you wish to hear.

Victor-Victrola XVI, $200
Mahogany or quartered oak
Other styles $15 to $150

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal
Canadian Distributors

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.*

There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

Pure Food

(Continued from page 22)

thought that the article was not pure. Do you think it was adulterated?—Mrs. E. F. H., Kansas City, Mo.

We feel sure that the extract you mention was not adulterated. It has been our experience that there is little adulteration in these preparations. Sugar of milk, glucose, and glycerin are occasionally found, and, in the case of fluid extracts, preservatives are sometimes added. Perhaps Liebig's views on the value of meat extracts may throw some light on this matter:

Neither tea nor extract of meat gives nutriment in the ordinary sense; they possess a far higher importance by certain medicinal properties of a peculiar kind—taken in proper proportions they strengthen the internal resistance of the body to the most various external injurious influences. It is surely a grave offense against all the laws of physiology to compare tea, coffee, and extract of meat with the more common articles of food, and, because they are not that, to draw the inference that they are nothing at all.

Think This Over

I am very thin. A friend recommends Sanatogen. What do you know of it? Would you recommend it?—S. F., Worcester, Mass.

We do not recommend any proprietary remedy. Here are the facts; also some quotations from high authority. We trust they may be of interest to you. State Chemist Street of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station gives the analysis of Sanatogen, which, without going into minute details, is as follows:

The material is a mixture of casein and sodium glycerophosphate with a small amount of unidentified protein, equivalent to .23 per cent nitrogen, containing both phosphorus and sulphur, and a small amount of phosphorus, .11 per cent in inorganic combination.

Dr. Folin of Harvard Medical School says:

For myself or for anyone who would take my advice, I would prefer a glass of milk to Sanatogen when hungry, and plain glycerophosphate to Sanatogen when in need of a tonic. Medicated food used to be sold for horses. To me the "food tonic" combination represents one of the most unscrupulous fake ideas used by manufacturers of patented articles to fool the public.

Dr. Lusk of Cornell University, after condemning Sanatogen and stating that its nutritive material could be secured in one pint of milk, says:

That sodium glycerophosphate has any distinctly beneficial physiological action has never to my knowledge been shown.

To quote Chemist Street further:

In spite of these words of condemnation, Sanatogen is strongly indorsed by certain European scientists and literary men of more or less reputation. It is difficult, therefore, for a layman to venture an opinion as to its merits as a food and a tonic, other than to point out that its chief constituents, casein and organic phosphorus, may be obtained just as well in milk and eggs at a very much lower cost.

The Curse of the Fine-Print Label

My family was recently made quite ill through eating a simple arrowroot dessert flavored with an expensive and "guaranteed pure-food" raspberry extract. Printed on the bottle label in microscopic lettering is the following formula:

Butyric Acid
Acetate Amyl
Tinc. Orris Root.
Colored.

Are the above chemicals poisonous? The other ingredients of the dessert were as pure as food can possibly be, as they came from honest sources.—H. F. H., New York City.

This seems to be a fair type of the fake raspberry extract for whose existence there can be no excuse except commercial greed, as it is perfectly possible to manufacture true raspberry extract, an article which has lately become commercially possible. Barring the orris root, and possibly the color, we would not dare to use either of the other drugs in any domestic preparation. It pays to read the label.

Are your glasses a pleasure?

REMEMBER THE NAME

Shur-on

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

EYEGLASS & SPECTACLE MOUNTINGS

There's no slip to Shur-on Eyeglass Mountings fitted with H-7 Guards

¶ Touching the sides of nose at the right point, H-7 Guards keep Shur-ons in place with hardly noticeable spring pressure.

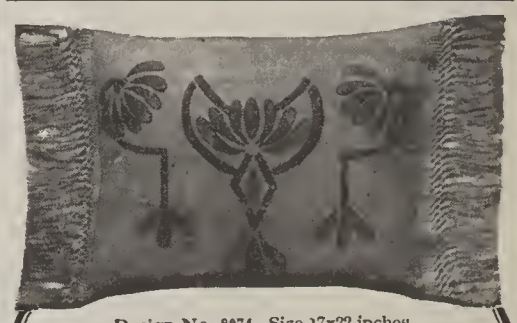
¶ New Shur-ons have many other improvements—soft pressure springs, neater lines, greater comfort, increased durability.

¶ Always best, 1912 improvements make Shur-ons better than ever—the result of 48 years acquired skill.

Write for "How to Buy Glasses Intelligently."

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO.
Third Ave.
Rochester, N. Y.
Established In 1864

LOOK FOR Shur-on THE NAME ON THE BRIDGE



Design No. 8074. Size 17x22 inches.
Tinted in shades of Yellow and Green and outlined with Black

Free

Conventional Pillow Outfit

This handsome conventional design pillow outfit given away absolutely free. Pillow top is made of Pure Linen Russian Crash stamped and hand tinted ready to be embroidered. Outfit includes:

1 Pillow Top.
1 Pillow Back.
1 Easy Diagram Lesson.
1 Premium Art Book (500 Premium Designs.)
6 SKEINS RICHARDSON'S GRAND PRIZE GRECIAN SILK FLOSS.

How to Get the Pillow Outfit

Just send us 30c in stamps or silver to cover the regular retail price of the silk and postage on outfit. Pillow Top, Diagram Lesson, Premium Art Book given to you free.

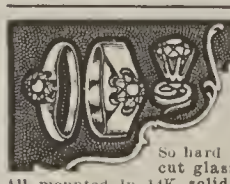
Send Today Do not delay. Just send us 30c in stamps or silver.

RICHARDSON SILK COMPANY
305-309 W. Adams St., Dept. 2373, Chicago, Ill.

"3-in-One" is a household oil, lubricating, cleaning, polishing and preventing rust—

Try for oiling sewing machines, clocks, locks, guns, bicycles, etc. Try for cleaning and polishing any furniture; fine pianos, old tables, etc. Try for preventing rust on any metal surface. Trial bottle sent free.

3-IN-ONE OIL CO., 42 A N W. Broadway, New York



WHITE VALLEY GEMS

See Them BEFORE Paying!

These gems are chemical white sapphires—LOOK like Diamonds. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliancy guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure.

WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., 734 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana

SQUAB BOOK FREE

How a Texas judge bred 8 to 164 in one year. How a Vermonter bred 25 Pairs of my squab pigeons to 800 pairs in two years. You can do the same. More money-making experiences. Write today for this big free book.

RICE, 325 Howard Street, Melrose, Massachusetts

PATENTS

to pay must fully protect. FREE booklet. Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Est. 52 years. 608 F St., Washington, D.C., and New York

Send for New Helpful Plan for Inventors

UTILITY Wall Board

is more than simply an artistic covering for walls and ceilings it is a protection against dampness, cracking, heat and cold that ordinary plaster walls are heir to.

Read this letter from a prominent Chicago business man

"HEPPES COMPANY

Gentlemen: My little bungalow in Kissimee Park, Florida, is coveted inside, walls and ceilings, with Utility Wall Board. We came north and left the house locked from the last of June to September. When our caretaker opened the house in the fall he was surprised to find everything as dry as a bone, and no sign of vermin anywhere. The books and shoes were not mouldy and the range was free from rust. The house was closed during the entire rainy season. It was the only dwelling in the park that was not damp and mouldy and in which there were no insects or vermin.

Our house is the warmest in cold weather, and the coolest in hot weather on the beach.

Very truly yours, ISAAC S. DEMENT."

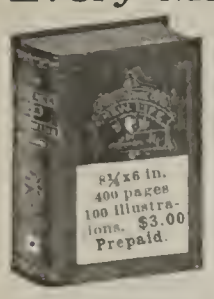
Utility Wall Board takes the place of both lath and plaster—it is more attractive—more durable—easier to put on—cheaper.

Don't fail to write for free sample.

THE HEPPES COMPANY
4509 Fillmore Street, Chicago, Ill.

Every Married Couple

and all who contemplate marriage



Should Own

this complete informative book

"The Science of a New Life"

By JOHN COWAN, M.D.

Endorsed and recommended by foremost medical and religious critics throughout the U. S. Unfolds the secrets of married happiness, so often revealed too late! No book like it to be had at the price. We can give only a few of the chapter subjects here as this book is not meant for children. (Agents wanted.):

Marriage and Its Advantages. Age at Which to Marry. Law of Choice. Love Analyzed. Qualities One Should Avoid in Choosing. Anatomy of Reproduction. Amativeness. Continence. Children. Genius.

Conception. Pregnancy. Confinement. Nursing. How a Happy Married Life is Secured.

Descriptive circular giving full and complete table of contents mailed FREE.

Special Offer
The regular price is $3.00. In order to introduce this work into as many neighborhoods as possible we will, for a limited time, send one copy only to any reader of this Magazine, postpaid, upon receipt of $2.00.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., 97 Rose Street New York City

When you can give him

AUSTIN'S DOG BREAD

scientifically made of clean, high-grade materials, the best food for dogs, why do you feed him kitchen scraps? Send postal for

FREE Sample

giving dealer's name, and whether Austin's Dog or Puppy Bread is desired.

Austin Dog Bread & Animal Food Co.
217 Marginal St. Chelsea, Mass

The Man Who Put the E E s in F E E T

Look for the Trade-Mark Picture on the Label when buying

ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE

Trade-Mark The Antiseptic Powder for Tender, Aching Feet. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

To Get This Job—Write Me

Would you take a steady job selling my quick moving, snappy line of soaps, perfumes and toilet preparations? No experience needed. I pay cash, no premiums. If you are looking for an unusual opportunity for making big money quick write me a postal saying, "*Mail full particulars.*" *Address* E. M. DAVIS, President
E. M. DAVIS CO., A162 Davis Block, Chicago

Motor-boatmen! Stop gambling with "smash-ups." Get a Baldridge Reverse Gear and control your boat as you would an automobile. The "Baldridge" is enclosed. Thousands in use. Send for free book.
The Baldridge Gear Co., 665 W. Gr. Blvd., Detroit, Mich

Convert Your Bicycle into a Motor-Cycle
using our Attachable Outfit. Fits any wheel. Also Marine and Stationary Motors and Castings. Stamp for circulars.
Steffey Mfg. Co., 2940 Girard Ave., Phila, Pa.

Story-Writing and JOURNALISM taught by mail, MSS. revised and sold on commission. Send for free booklet, "How to Write", tells how; give proof.
The National Press Association, 54 The Baldwin, Indianapolis

Musselwhite

Continued from page 11

cherish some feeling of gratitude to a Bull Mooser, or at least have some trace of fraternal regard for him. It is still being taught in the public schools here that the Progressives elected Wilson.

Now that Mr. Hammett and Mr. Bradden have the chance to join with their former associates in thwarting a despicable Democratic conspiracy, what do they do? They hold aloof. They suggest the possible futility, not to say inconsistency, of a Bull Mooser asking a Democrat to award prize money to a Republican.

It has been pointed out to Messrs. Bradden and Hammett that Mrs. Bagley is not a Republican. She is only a woman. Politically she is a vacuum, and in a crisis a vacuum is preferable to a Democrat.

But, the two argue, the Progressives propose to endow her with all the rights and responsibilities of citizenship. By 1915 she will be the same as a man, except as to outward appearances.

FURTHERMORE, after Beveridge is elected in 1916, it is possible that either Mr. Bradden or Mr. Hammett, or both of them, will be in line for the postmastership. Why should they complicate their destinies by indorsing a predecessor?

They say that their hopes of a Progressive triumph in 1916 are founded upon a belief that the democracy will prove inadequate, inefficient, disunited, and altogether bewildered by responsibility. They profess to believe that the fruition of their wishes can best be assured, locally, by the appointment of any one of the eleven now striving for the post office. Therefore, they are standing aside, calmly neutral and gazing into the future.

We have every reason to believe that when William Howard Taft exits and Woodrow Wilson enters, the appointment of Mrs. Philo Bagley will be hung up in the Senate, awaiting confirmation.

The question now being put at the harness shop is: "What will Mr. Wilson do?"

Not what will he do regarding currency reform, the Philippines, interstate commerce, or the conservation of water power, but what will he do for the men who put Scott Township into the Democratic column?

Will he have the manhood to rebuke Mr. Taft's trickery and recall the Indiana appointments, so that we may have a Democrat in the post office, say, not later than April 1?

Or will he shuffle and evade and pretend to be busy with something else while Mrs. Bagley draws a salary for sitting in her glass cage and doing fancywork?

WE know where Tom Marshall stands, but it seems that he will merely preside over the Senate and will have no power to veto or sidetrack these appointments now lying on his desk.

We don't know where Mr. Wilson stands on this or any other vital issue. It has been suggested that he may regard it as an act of courtesy (one college professor to another) to let these appointments slide through. We cannot believe that he will deliberately close the gate against those who have traveled such a long road to find the promised land.

We want to get in, and we don't want to be compelled to gnaw our way in or dig a tunnel.

Congressman Mooney is not acting to suit us. It will be his duty to go to the White House early on the morning of March 5, demand the recall of the Bagley appointment, and submit the name of a good Democrat as her successor.

How can he make a choice when each of the eleven applicants has the indorsement of the entire rank and file of the party?

IT is related that during the campaign Congressman Mooney met all of our neighborhood workers and assured them, singly and in a whisper, that he would not forget his friends after the campaign was over.

Each of the eleven regarded this confidential bromide as a virtual promise of the post office, and now he is trying to collect.

There is only one escape for Congressman Mooney. If the appointment of Mrs. Bagley is confirmed, he can join with the eleven disappointed applicants in denouncing a defunct Administration and a few moral cowards in the Senate.

On the other hand, if the appointment is rejected and he is compelled to name a postmaster for Musselwhite, he will have

Superb Power

Coupled with Unusual Ease of Control

THERE is a thrill of deep satisfaction in driving a car of unbounded reserve power, and there is no car made which combines this quality with ease of control so perfectly as the

Stock Champion **National** International Champion

Five Models Ranging in Price from $2750 to $3400. Electric started, electric lighted, left side drive, center control

As you sit at the wheel of the *National* you experience that complete confidence which comes only to the man who feels himself the perfect master of great power. No hill is too steep, no road too heavy, no emergency too sudden—for the *National*

In addition, the *National* represents the highest possible development of *luxury* in motor car manufacture. Every little detail which in any way can make for greater *comfort* has been cared for.

Truly, the *National* is a car of superb power, luxurious comfort and graceful beauty—sold at a remarkably moderate price. We have an intensely interesting book which tells the whole story. It is called "*National 40*", and is *free to you.*

SEND FOR THIS GREAT BOOK — TODAY

National Motor Vehicle Company
Indianapolis, Indiana Dept. 23

THE Detroit ELECTRIC

SOCIETY'S TOWN CAR

Men Who Have Owned Many Cars Are Now Buying The Detroit Electric

This Electric Roadster is always on the job—all you have to do is to step in and go, winter or summer. In congested traffic you can always make a quick "get-away" as five different speeds are instantly available without gear shifting.

Electric current is now the cheapest form of motive energy. Men who have owned many cars are now buying the Detroit Electric.

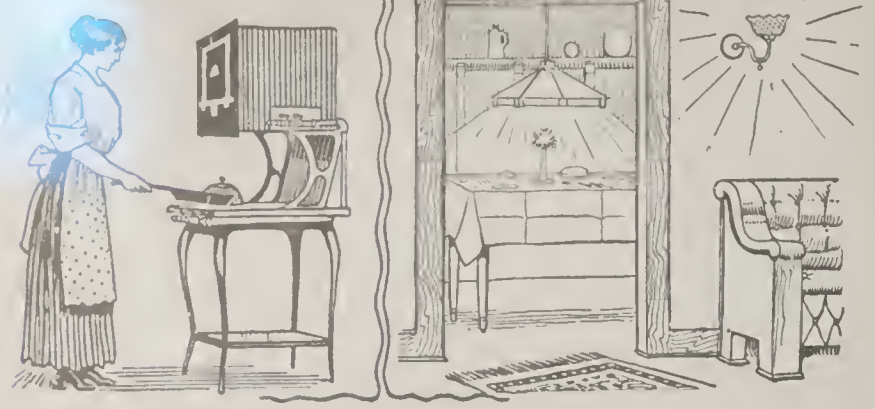
The Electric is destined in unmistakable terms to be the town car of the future. Electric power is the only logical one for city and suburban driving.

The Detroit Electric is built in the largest and most modern plant in the world, building electric automobiles exclusively. When you buy a Detroit Electric you get the benefit of big *production*, big *value* and big *service*.

Illustrated catalog showing eight different models, ranging in price from the $2300 Ladies' Victoria and the $3000 Clear Vision Brougham, to the $5000 Limousine.

Anderson Electric Car Co.
Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

For Country Homes



Cooking Fuel and Illuminating Gas
Made at Home with a Little Machine Like This

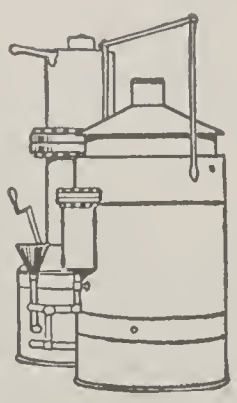
ABOUT once a month this machine must be refilled with gas-producing stone and wound up like a clock.

When obediently it stands idle until you start to cook or turn on the lights.

Then, with no attention whatever, it gets busy and makes gas automatically—just enough to keep your stove and your lights going.

The stone, known commercially as "UNION CARBIDE," gives up its gas when the machine drops a few lumps into plain water—a little at a time as the gas is wanted.

The gas is genuine Acetylene. Burned in handsome chandeliers it gives a flood of brilliant pure white light.



Burned in the kitchen range, it makes a hot blue fire that can be instantly turned up or down, on or off.

For both cooking and lighting it is used exactly as city gas is used by over twenty million city people.

As a fuel, it flows right into your stove without handling and burns without soot or ashes.

As a light, its white, sunlike beauty is unrivaled. Reflected from handsome globes suspended from brass or bronze chandeliers, it supplies the up-to-date city-like appearance of refinement and elegance which the average country home lacks.

Moreover, it is not poisonous to breathe, and the flame is so stiff the wind can't blow it out.

* * *

The UNION CARBIDE you dump in the machine once a month won't burn and can't explode.

In a nutshell, one of these gas machines installed in the cellar or an outbuilding of a country home solves the *lighting* and *cooking* problems for all time.

And they are so easy to install in any home without injuring walls or carpets that there are now over 200,000 Acetylene Gas Machines in actual use.

We manufacture and our agents arrange for installing thousands of them every month in all parts of the world.

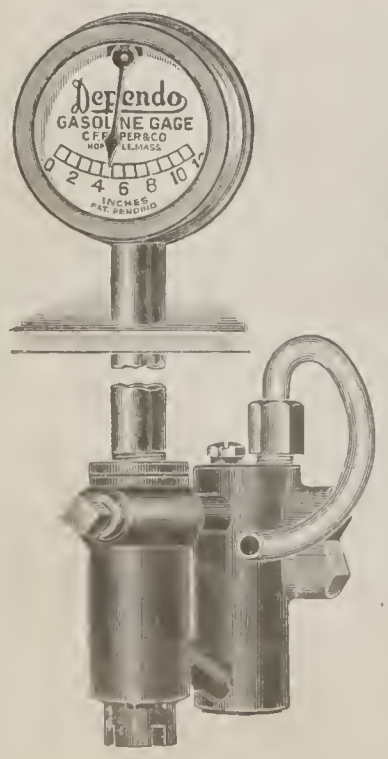
There are, of course, many crude imitations of our machine on the market, but the genuine is easily distinguished by its name and our trademark

"Pilot" Acetylene Generators

On the first return mail we will send you free literature telling how Cornell University has been growing plants by our light — why oculists recommend it for eye-strain — why the Insurance Engineers pronounced it much safer than kerosene — how the lights can be placed in barns and outbuildings — how they can be equipped to light up without matches — and how the gas range shortens kitchen hours and makes cooking a pleasure.

With these booklets telling all this wonder story, we will send figures showing how little a "PILOT" lighting and cooking equipment will cost in your case.

Just write us how many rooms and buildings you have to light and where you are located. Address THE OXWELD ACETYLENE CO.—3610 Jasper Place, Chicago, Ill.



AT LAST!!

A Gasoline Gauge for automobiles that is accurate and dependable—up hill, down hill, on side list, and on the hottest and coldest days. Shows at a glance the amount of gasoline in the tank.

The **Dependo** Gasoline Gauge (Attaches to the Dash) **$7.50** Brass or Nickel Finish

SOME OF ITS MANY ADVANTAGES

No more Dry Tanks miles from a Garage.
No more pulling up cushions to run measuring stick into tank.
Detects Leaky Tanks immediately.
Shows instantly amount of gasoline that goes into tank and amount being consumed per mile.

As dependable as your watch, and will not get out of order.
Full directions for installing sent with each gauge.

Supplied at present for the 1912 and 1913 **Ford, Overland, Buick, E M. F., and the 1913 Studebaker.**

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Catalog No 5 giving full particulars sent free.

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Musselwhite

(*Continued from page 33*)

ten lifelong enemies in Scott Township, and may lose our delegates in 1914.

No wonder that many who were most eager in his support last October now complain that his letters consist entirely of introduction and conclusion, and contain no substance upon which hope may be fed.

Of the eleven candidates, each has a large claim on party gratitude.

Uncle Homer Sleeth was a Democrat when they used to shoot at them. He had rifles stored in his barn at the time of the Morgan raid, and was ready to lead a local uprising as soon as Morgan appeared in Musselwhite. Now he feels that he should not be set down behind a parcel of upstarts.

Orville Snydacker once contributed a steer to a Shelbyville barbecue, and at Seymour, during an Elks' carnival, licked a man for insulting the memory of Daniel Voorhees.

Alfred Bosh spoke in every schoolhouse in the county last autumn. He was willing to go to Indianapolis and speak in Tomlinson Hall, but the campaign committee told him he was needed in the back townships. Also he sang either a high bass or a low tenor in the Wilson and Marshall Glee Club.

G. W. Cluf proved his utter loyalty to the party by voting for Bryan three times, although convinced on each occasion that the election of Bryan would greatly decrease the value of his lumber yard.

ELDAD GRUBER was an assistant sergeant at arms at the Kansas City Convention of 1900. He was in charge of a gallery door, and took care of more than two hundred Hoosiers who had failed to supply themselves with tickets.

Hiram Sodderfield has stood outside the polling place at every election since 1896 with a small pass book in his hand. The book contained an alphabetical list of the registered voters, and each name carried certain hieroglyphics, of no meaning unless you understood the cipher. Mr. Sodderfield holds the town record for challenging Republicans and swearing in Democrats.

B. Sanford Winger has a spare bedroom in which William Jennings Bryan once slept. It was his automobile that carried Mr. Bryan to the Chautauqua at Maple Grove. He now has a bill against the Hendricks Club for the rental of a room above his store. This bill will be receipted within an hour after he gets his commission as postmaster, otherwise he will try to collect it.

WILEY HOLDER acted as secretary of the Congressional Convention, and held Governor Ralston's overcoat during the delivery of a masterly address to the coal miners at Brazil. He has a penetrating voice, suitable for the reading of resolutions; is a graduate of a correspondence school, and has promised to give all of his time to the duties of the office if named as postmaster.

Vernon Tibbetts moved in from a farm six years ago, and since then has devoted most of his abundant leisure to a consideration of the problems confronting the American people. He is in sympathy with Mr. Wilson's tariff-revision program, and will be from time to time. In the recent campaign he donated two hickory saplings which were spliced into the flagpole raised at the ratification meeting. It would be convenient for him to assume the duties of the office he is seeking. For several years he has spent most of his time in and around the post office.

THE Hon. Jesse Whitfield has yielded to the importunities of his friends, all of whom have proved their friendship by extending financial credit to him. They have urged his appointment on the broad ground that practically the whole community will be benefited if he can get hold of some money. He is a gentleman of the old school, wearing boots and a low-cut vest, and is greatly admired even by those who hold his paper. His practice as a criminal lawyer has been wiped out by oppressive local-option laws. He is too dignified to solicit fire insurance, but he would be an ideal postmaster if he could find the right kind of deputy. He has always been a Democrat, except during the time that he was a Greenbacker.

George Murth feels that he has a prior claim because of certain strategies that he ...ected during the campaign. It is known

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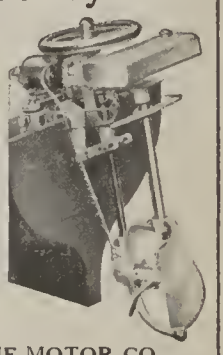

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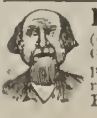

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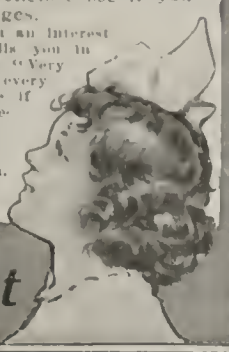

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Musselwhite

(*Concluded from page* 34)

that he was seen in conversation with Tom Taggart at the New Denison Hotel during the State Convention. Shortly before election he received at least one letter from Steve Fleming of Fort Wayne. Mr. Murth represents the organization, and is not to be ignored. He believes himself to be truly progressive, and will know for certain as soon as Mr. Wilson shows his hand.

Take any one of the eleven and you must admit that he has a right to ask and expect some reward at the hands of triumphant Democracy.

The day of days has come, but the sun is not shining in Musselwhite. The situation is what you might call tense. Our representatives at Washington are either inactive or helpless.

Now for the nub of the whole perplexing problem.

Suppose a low-down trade is made in the Senate and those eleventh-hour appointments are confirmed. Mrs. Bagley will remain in the post office until 1917, and any Democrat with a memory knows what may happen by that time.

IS there any Government regulation against matrimony? Mr. Mordecai Stofle walks home with Mrs. Bagley every evening after she closes the office. He is a widower of marrying habit. Also, he is the kind of Republican who keeps a picture of Uncle Joe Cannon in his room at the hotel.

It is believed that he will propose to Mrs. Bagley—if the appointment is confirmed. Between them, with the salary assurance, they could afford a red runabout costing six hundred dollars. The machine would be standing in front of the post office. This under a Democratic Administration!

What is Mr. Wilson going to do for Musselwhite?

A Day's End

BY ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

As held in place by two great stars,
one cloud
Keeps fire above the ocean's level
gray,
A fishing boat lies outlined spar and
shroud
Where last lights fade away
Along the pallid streak that was to-
day.

A Son of Hagar

(*Continued from page* 19)

"So I never did a decent thing in my life until Joe helped me. I would do anything—anything, Maisie, for him."

She did not answer. Everything was very still around them, so that their horses' feet made a soft, padding sound on the sand.

"Tell me," she said suddenly, "were your mother and your father happy?"

"Those things are never happy," he said, although he knew what she wanted him to answer. "They cannot be."

THE roof of his mouth was dry; Joe seemed to him like a man in a dream, and he was fading out, just as dream people do, leaving nothing but confusion and half-real memories in his mind. He felt dizzy, and nothing seemed real to him but the purring sound made by the blood at his temples.

"My father came back here," he said at last, "and he married again. A white woman. He has forgotten my mother . . . he would not know me if he saw me."

"Léon!" she said, and turned toward him, her hands outstretched.

"I—I cannot," he said. "And I must not come back again. It is all wrong—it is all wrong. You are to marry Joe, and I—I must be glad. I—"

"Léon," she said again. She rode close to him and put her hand on his arm.

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A CLEAN, pure wholesome food-product demands a clean, rightly arranged plant, clean honest materials, clean careful manufacture, and clean, healthy, skilful workers. Take away any of these essentials from a factory, and its product can't possibly measure up to the food-standards you want for yourself and your children.

But the people who manufacture food-products in foul, unsanitary dens, with slovenly processes, poor materials and unwashed employees, can make their nasty output look so much like the product of a clean, decent plant that your eyes and taste can't tell the difference.

And that fact makes it profitable—for people who want that sort of profits—to run food-factories so indecently disgusting that print can't describe them. If you won't believe photographs and evidence, make a round of the bakeries, candy-factories or packing-houses in your locality and see for yourself the difference between the good ones and bad.

So long as you are willing to buy blindly, so long as you take the products of the filthy plant as readily as those of the clean one, so long as you allow yourself to be fooled by good-looking labels, just so long will the man who operates one of these foul dens find it easy to make a profit out of your carelessness.

And the moment you begin to draw a sharp distinction between his goods and those of decent manufacturers, his power to cheat and harm you ends. This distinction is already drawn for you already waiting for you to make use of it. When you are tired of running needlessly the risk of being cheated into eating foul and filthy foods, you can protect yourself once and finally by simply sending for

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The Westfield Book removes all doubt from the purchase of food products. You need only specify any one of the brands it mentions, instead of accepting any brand offered to you, in order to be absolutely sure that you are buying clean, pure, honestly made and honestly branded goods.

This Book was originally published for the citizens of Westfield, but the Board of Health has reprinted it for general distribution, and will mail a copy to any address on receipt of 10c in silver, to cover the costs.

Stop running needless risks with your food-supply. Stop exposing yourself daily to the clever schemes of the wily food-fakers and frauds. Protect yourself and your household from the viciously adulterated, debased, drugged or filthy products which masquerade in the guise of decent foods.

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Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

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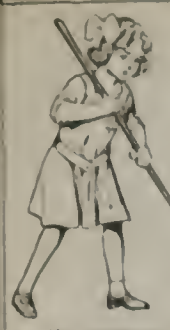

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A Son of Hagar

(Continued from page 5)

He looked down at her, bending over her so that he could see her eyes.

"*Carita*" he whispered. "Help me—help me to do what is right. Help me to think—"

She hid her face in her hands.

"It happens like this sometimes, Maisie—it is all wrong. There are too many things between us, things I cannot even tell you. But you cared for him before—it will be the same again, and you will marry him."

IT was not hard for him to remember Joe now; he could see his kindly blue eyes as plainly as if he were riding beside him.

"This is nothing, Maisie—just a little thing. It is the other that is right. I am going away. Joe will understand about it— Promise me, dear."

"I will."

"You mustn't cry, *carita*. And you will tell him about this—he has a right to know. Maisie—Maisie!" he whispered.

Then he drew in his breath sharply, like a man fighting for air.

"Now," he said, "you're going to race me to the ranch."

"I can't, Léon—"

"You have to—we can't stand this."

So she straightened her shoulders and swung forward in the saddle.

"Come on," she said, hysterically, "and watch me beat you!"

They raced to the ranch, the ponies neck to neck, and Maisie's loosened hair like a cloud around her shoulders. And she won by a full length.

She slid out of the saddle and stood for a moment looking up at him.

"Good-by, dear," she whispered.

"Good-by," he said, and waited while she walked up the white road that led to the house. The young cottonwoods met above her head in a lacework of black leaves, so that the moonlight made a tracery of gold on her hair.

Then Léon turned his horse back toward the town. When he rode into the yard of the courthouse he was trembling all over, and he had to wait before he could get down. But he wanted to see Joe. He went into the sheriff's office and stood with his back against the door.

"Joe!" he said.

The sheriff looked up from a gun that he was oiling.

"Joe—I—" But the words died on his lips.

"I was waiting for you, Léon. Read this."

Léon took the telegram, and the words danced before his eyes.

"That's Harper—wiring from Los Angeles. They must want the man bad. I've figured it out that he's up around the Gila somewhere. We're going out together."

Léon read the meager description on the yellow sheet.

"There's five thousand on his head," the sheriff said, giving Léon a box of cartridges, which he automatically emptied into his belt. "And I've been waiting for you five minutes. The horses are outside."

Léon followed him as he ran across the yard. They cut around the town and across the old levee at a run, and Léon remembered the night when the sheriff had trailed him, as they were trailing another man. Joe rode ahead, getting down sometimes to throw his flash along the ground.

"New tracks," he said at last. "It may be—"

SO they staked the horses in the mesquite and went ahead, sometimes walking and sometimes crawling, but keeping in the shadow of the levee. Gradually the sheriff dropped behind, and Leon found himself directing their every move.

"If he is here," he said, "he must know this country, and he will be in one of two places. I cannot keep up with the tracks." He struck out into the chaparral, the sheriff close behind him.

He crawled up one of the low dunes and lay with his ear against the sand, listening.

"Come on," he said, sliding down the dune and skirting around its base.

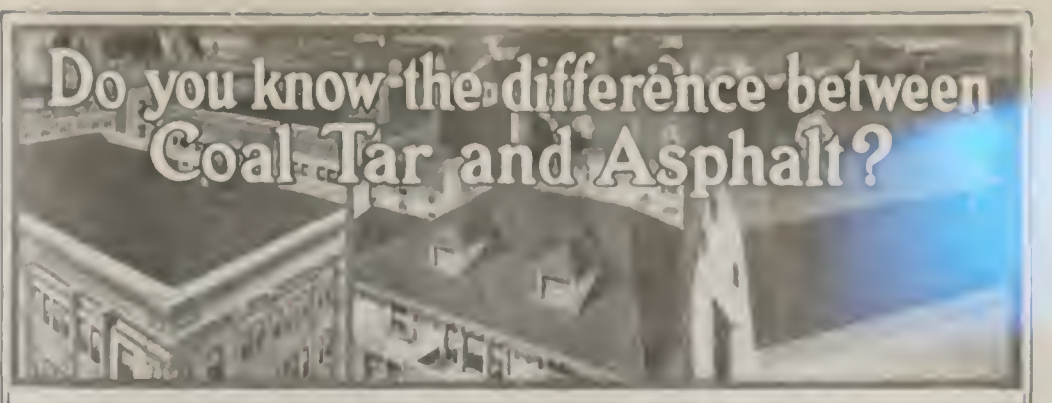
"Can you see him, Léon?"

"No—but he is there."

Léon stopped suddenly and crouched down behind a clump of mesquite.

"He has heard us."

The sheriff crept up behind him. "You stay here," he said, "and I'll get around on the other side of him."



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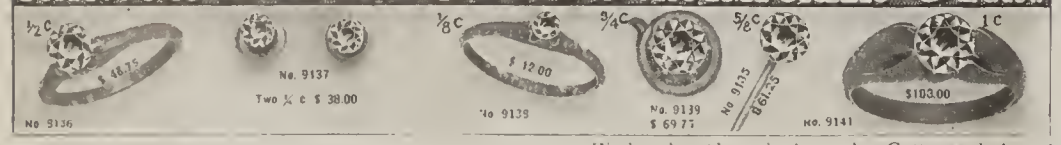

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A Son of Hagar

(Concluded from page 37)

"I will crawl around there."

"No."

Léon looked down at the shadowy body half hidden by a barricade of brush built just beyond the circle of firelight.

"He is no fool," he said. There was a singing sound, and a little whirl of sand eddied in front of Léon's face. Some broken twigs rattled down above him.

"Let me go, Joe. I know this place better than you."

He turned over and crawled around back of the bush, trying to make a wide circle around the fire. The bullets followed him. The brambles caught in his clothing, and when he tore it loose it made a little ripping sound that seemed as loud as a rifle report. Léon wasted no shots, for he had no time to reload.

The camp was well planned. There was a cleared space around it on three sides, and the barricade was built in a dugout at the foot of a dune. It was not a matter of strategy—it was a matter of luck. And Léon knew that luck was against him. He had wanted to do something for Joe; and the time had come. To get his man alive meant a great deal to Joe, and Léon's life meant very little to himself or to anyone else. He did not think about these things. He was tingling all over with a full appreciation of the excitement and the danger.

HE had to get the man, and he had to make him think that only one was after him. He wanted to get to the far side of the fire, where the cleared space was narrower. He moved the bushes above him purposely, and a bullet answered every movement. He was struck once in the shoulder, but he could use his arm, although his hand was sticky with blood.

He got to the other side of the fire and stood up unsteadily. He ran toward the barricade, emptying his six-shooter. He thought of Joe, of Maisie. He saw one quick spurt of flame after another, and behind them a white face—the face of the hobo who had been one of his old gang.

Then he pressed both hands to the pit of his stomach and pitched forward on his face.

The sheriff ran up on the hobo from behind as Léon had planned. He knocked the gun out of his hand and tied his arms behind him.

He ran to Léon and lifted him in his arms. Léon smiled up at him. He saw the mist over Joe's eyes, and he tried to say something, but he could not.

"Maisie—" he whispered.

The sheriff sat there, with Léon in his arms, for a long time, and the hobo watched him over the camp fire. Joe had forgotten about his prisoner. He was thinking how wrong it was he had not told Léon that James Darling had no need to be ashamed of his oldest son.

COLLIER'S

The National Weekly

VOLUME FIFTY, NUMBER 25 MARCH 8, 1913

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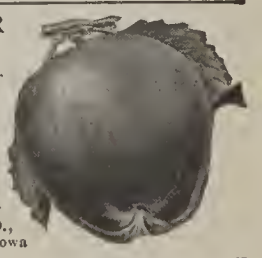

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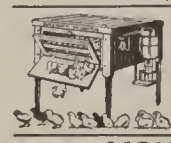

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VOL. FIFTY NO. 26

MARCH 15 1913

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By R. E. Olds, Designer

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Basic Worth

And a new car's performance is no criterion of value. Any modern car makes attractive demonstrations.

The real question is how that car will perform in five years from today. What will be the cost of upkeep and repairs? How will the car meet an overstrain? What troubles will it give me?

The answer to those things lies in the chassis. There is where you should look.

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In Reo the Fifth you'll find steel made to formula. Steel which we analyze twice before using to be utterly sure of its strength.

You'll find gears which were tested in a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity.

You'll find 2-inch, seven-leaf springs, made from just the center one-third of the finest steel ingots. Springs which we test for 100,000 vibrations.

A $75.00 magneto—

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A costly centrifugal pump.

You'll find in all driving parts big margins of safety—not less than 50 per cent. For all of these parts are tested to sustain a 45 h. p. engine.

Costly Items

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We use in this car 190 drop forgings, to avoid all risks of flaws. Steel castings cost one-half as much.

Each car must pass a thousand tests and inspections. Nothing is left to chance. Important parts are all fitted by hand—ground over and over to get utter exactness.

Each engine gets five long-continued tests, three of which are unusual. These tests require 48 hours. After certain tests we take each engine to pieces, and inspect every running part.

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As a result, every Reo the Fifth goes out a perfect car. There are no defects, no shortcomings, to bother the man who gets it.

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These are the things which are difficult and costly. They add, I figure, $200.00 to the necessary cost of each car.

It took years and years for me to learn their importance. And it takes the user years sometimes to find out all they mean.

It is easy to add attractions which all buyers see. But these hidden things take courage.

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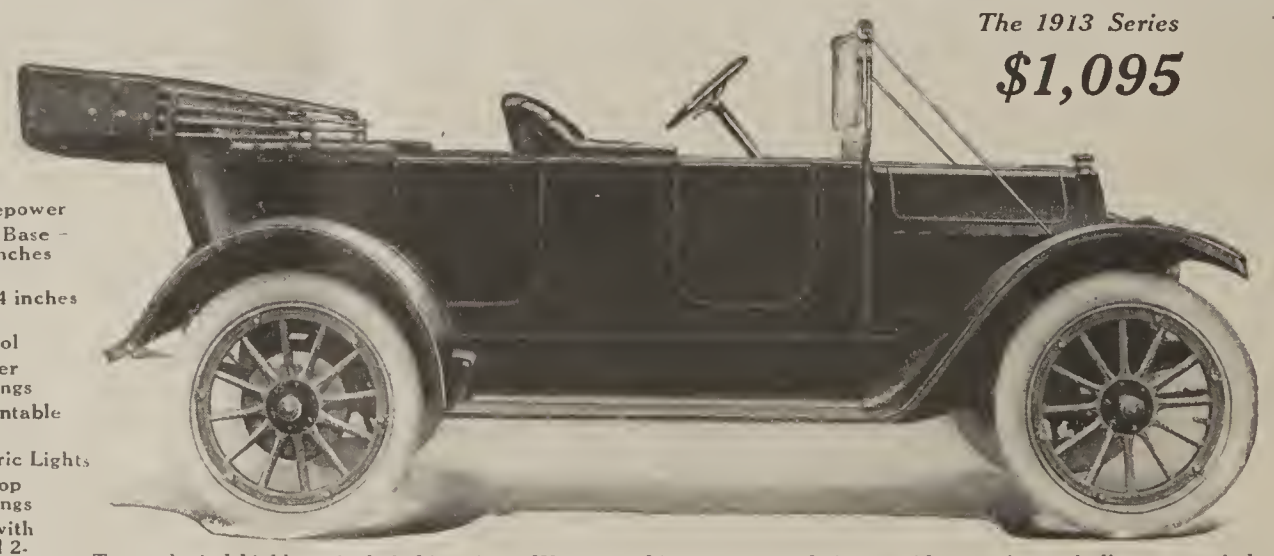

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You will want to see our special golf suit—Norfolk coat and "knickers"; it's in the illustration above. The girl is wearing one of our new Norfolk models; young women seem to like them. Ask for our goods; be sure the mark is in them—a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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The Oasis

Sometimes you will see a bleak, long, dreary tenement, and the rear of it is covered with a network of clotheslines, to remind you always of dirt and wearisome work. The bricks are bare and stale-looking and very cold in the winter; and in the summer they are just as ugly, but they suck up the heat all through the fierce hours while the sun is striking them, and then at night they pour out that heat into the rooms and fill the air with those fever throbs till the folks inside the rooms are almost ready to jump out of the windows to find some escape from that misery. And then, sometimes, in a building like that, where poverty and suffering are in command, and where human beings are living sadly, you will see a touch of color at a window—a cool green plant blooming as cheerily as if it were out in the good red earth under the sky, in a country spot far from skyscrapers and sick children. And a little girl will be watering it and keeping it everlastingly fresh, with all the pride and watchfulness which a happy mother spends upon her child. And you will know that here, too, the human spirit has found its escape, has refused to be crushed and stifled. Here, in the troubled city and amid the squalor, a human being is finding joy

PROGRESS TRIUMPHANT

THERE IS NOW IN CHARGE of the Government at Washington an organization that is progressive throughout. Mr. WILSON and his Cabinet are forcibly on the side of progress; in the Lower House of Congress the majority is overwhelmingly progressive; and the recent overturn of the reactionary MARTIN of Virginia as Senate leader marks the definite triumph of the more radical wing of the Democratic party in that body. This equipment will be a thoroughly effective machine for carrying out the two main purposes of the Administration: tariff revision and whatever of trust dissolution remains to be done after Attorney General WICKERSHAM's large and effective work. But when it comes to the humanitarian measures which are in the minds of the people as a fundamental part of the progressive program, the Democratic party is apt to limp, because of the historic State-rights conviction which permeates enough of the party to make its working majority ineffective. A good deal of the fate of the Democratic party in 1916 is bound up in exactly the same issue that was uppermost in 1789.

FOR EXAMPLE

MOST OF THE DEMOCRATS think that big business can best be regulated by the States, and Mr. WILSON has proved his faith by securing the passage, in New Jersey, of seven drastic laws which undo all that previously made that State the "mother of trusts." These regulatory laws have not been on the books a month, but already one large New Jersey holding corporation, feeling the pinch of them, has taken out a charter in Delaware. If Delaware should now become virtuous, there will then be a refuge in West Virginia, and after West Virginia forty-five other States. Is this puss-in-the-corner method really satisfactory? And is it probable that a steel mill in Pennsylvania can ever be compelled to adopt humanitarian measures so long as its competitor across the line in Ohio is not compelled and can, therefore, produce more cheaply? Efficiency of control seems pretty clearly on the side of Federal regulation. One thing that keeps the Southern Democrat friendly to State rights is the fear of Federal control of their elections. If there were general assent to the truth that much of reconstruction was a vindictive error, and that Southern elections are matters for Southern control, the South could look on Federal aggrandizement with less misgiving. The issue between the Democratic and Progressive parties in 1916 is likely to be much the same as between the Democrats and Federalists in 1789. More than a hundred years of invention in steam and electricity has strengthened the side of the Progressives.

FAITHFUL SERVANTS

THE OCCASION should not pass without reference to some members of Mr. TAFT's Cabinet. In an Administration whose prestige was steadily diminishing, the customary incentive and reward that goes by the name of glory was more or less lacking. There is, therefore, all the greater reason for intelligent appreciation. Mr. FISHER took up one of the hardest jobs in the world at a time when it had been made more difficult by the demoralization left by a discredited predecessor. He administered it with high efficiency, with an obvious integrity that silenced suspicion, and a unique intelligence which was able to adjust the huge department to a changed conception of public and private property. In the Department of War some of Secretary STIMSON's problems were similar, and his handling of them equally able. The vigor and effectiveness with which Mr. WICKERSHAM enforced the Sherman Act was a sharp contrast to the general easy-going, procrastinating mood of whatever Mr. TAFT handled.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS

FROM THE LETTER written by President CLEVELAND to WILLIAM L. WILSON, author of the Wilson Tariff Bill, after that bill had been emasculated through the treachery of Democratic Senators:

Tariff reform will not be settled until it is honestly and fairly settled in the interest and to the benefit of a long-suffering public.

THE NEAR FUTURE

IT IS AN AXIOM of social organization that whatever increases the distance between the poorest and the richest, the highest and the lowest, in a democracy makes it more difficult for the democracy to endure. The more homogeneous a democracy is, the more alike its members are in wealth and status, the more happy, satisfactory, and successful it is. All the economic phenomena of the near future will make for this homogeneity. The protective tariff was a perfectly devised means for increasing the distance between the extremes of society. The typical tariff-protected village consists of one big house at the top of the hill and a thousand hovels in the valley. The protective tariff tends to divide society into a small group of baronial factory owners and a large mass of feudal factory workers. The wiping out of protection will arrest and reverse this tendency, which has gone on with distressing results for nearly half a century. Other events of the near future will be directed intelligently at the same evil, for we are likely to have a graduated income tax and a graduated inheritance tax. Finally, the great fortunes which have been made out of perpetual public-service franchises and out of other forms of exploitation are forever a thing of the past in America. That part of capital which likes this sort of thing—large risks and large returns, lobbyists and government favors—will go to the newer countries in South America, countries at a stage of civilization where these things are a more or less normal incident of development. Nothing could mark more strikingly the ethical and economic milestones which America is just passing; ten to fifteen years ago the perpetual franchise—gas, electric, or transportation—was common. To-day it is safe to say that no perpetual franchise will ever again be granted in the United States. President WILSON enters not only upon a new Administration but a new epoch.

THE MUSHROOM BANK

NO OTHER NATION has such an extraordinary number of banks as we have; our total now runs over 25,000. Of these 15,000 have sprung into life in the last twelve years—more than two-thirds since our last great commercial crisis. This abnormal growth has been stimulated by the very great expansion of business and by examples of undue profits from speculative banking. Many of these mushroom creations are in wholly inexperienced hands; some are in the hands of those who cannot believe that financial history repeats in a slow cycle. How to stabilize and strengthen this far-spread line of loosely connected units is a problem quite on a par with the currency or even the Money Trust.

TO KEEP MONTANA WET

THE AGENTS OF EVIL are always busy. They toil upward (or downward) in the night. They can be counted upon to nose out unerringly the potential forces for righteousness and attack them before the just man has had time to decide to come to their support. The following is a letter written by the Montana Protective Association, made up of all branches of the liquor trade in that State, to a firm that manufactures a substance used to a considerable extent in barrooms:

> The State Legislature is now in session, and the first bill introduced into our Senate was one proposing the altering of our Constitution so as to permit the women of Montana to exercise the franchise. *If women are given the right to vote, there are several counties which, in our opinion, can be voted dry at once.* This will materially affect your trade here.
>
> There is also another bill which provides for the closing of saloons at eleven o'clock at night until six in the morning and all day Sunday. Notice has also been given of several other bills which, if not defeated, will practically annihilate the trade in Montana. *We are in the midst of a dangerous fight. We are doing all we possibly can to defeat this legislation,* and we respectfully submit that it is the duty of firms doing business within the State to assist us in this fight, which means to them the conservation of their business and the retaining of their existing accounts.
>
> **The local wholesalers and retailers are working unanimously to maintain for Montana the proud position of being the wettest State in the Union. This takes money.** Hence we again draw your attention to our communication of December 18 and respectfully ask you to kindly render us financial aid as indicated in said letter.

Many friends of woman suffrage, as well as its opponents, doubt whether the enfranchisement of women will have any appreciable effect on the liquor traffic and commercialized vice. The men whose money is involved in the liquor business have no doubt whatever. They are the most virulent foes that woman suffrage has. Incidentally, every decent person in Montana ought to be ashamed of this letter.

ONE WAY TO MAKE BEAUTY USEFUL

GENIUS CLIMBS THE HEIGHTS; it is one of the seven wonders that possibly the most beautiful structure in the new world is now its biggest and newest. This is the latest sky-filling monster, the Woolworth Building, on lower Broadway, New York. Save in the Old World cathedrals, as Amiens, there is nothing to compare with its splendid grace. Its delicate pinnacles seem literally to [illegible] into the blue above. Since STANFORD WHITE's miraculous transplanting of Antioch into Dr.

"You aren't. My musical devotions were addressed to the hotel in general."

"Then you don't know me?" I inquired, still suspicious.

"Not in the least. Yours chanced to be the first face to appear at a window. Now that I see it more plainly," he added with engaging frankness, "I regret it. Nevertheless emerge, O scion of the bleak and bitter north—thy speech bewrayeth thee—and observe the bright day dance jocund on the misty mountain tops."

Again he bowed, and his outer face fell off. It was a dark red face, and it disclosed a rather staring yellow one. Straightway he clamped the lost lineaments upon his left shoulder and raised his kazoo.

"Join me," he shouted, "or with this thund'rous horn I will so shatter the walls of your ten-dollar-a-day Jericho that not one item of the bill shall remain standing upon another."

NOW the previous evening having been devoted to Comus, I had enjoyed a long and tiresome sleep of about three hours. Nevertheless I couldn't allow a creature like the Unknown to go wandering about in loneliness of soul,

With pickaninnies whose round, appealing eyes were trustfully anticipative of the splendors in store for them

with his mouth full of Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and kazoo. When I joined him ten minutes later he was sitting on a doorstep crooning a melancholious ditty.

"Ode to a wasted life—mine," he explained, removing the kazoo and, therewith, his second set of features. Thus was revealed a curious and quaint countenance, streaked with occasional stripes of scarlet and white. By way of balance to his left shoulder, he fastened the second mask to his right, thereby giving himself the aspect of a lurid and ribald Cerberus

"You look sleepy," he observed.

I mentioned the brief hours given to recuperation.

"Take pattern by me," he advised. "Three nights ago I slept in a bed. Since then I have knit up the raveled sleeve of care with jif-fizzes."

"With *what?*"

"Seven cultured gentlemen in white aprons comprehended me perfectly throughout the evening whenever I said that word," he stated with severe dignity. "Will you confess to a lower plane of intelligence than a barkeeper? Jif-fizzes, I said; the kind that Mother does *not* make, but Ramos does."

Lengthwise and broadwise of the world the Ramos gin fizzes are famous. I signified my comprehension.

"'Tis well. And when the flesh grew weak and the spirits failed—bars have to close some time you know—I have soothed my soul with Lydian measures." Once more he raised his abominable pipe and sent a long raucous note echoing through the empty street. "Sleep and I are strangers. Sir, my family coat of arms is a harmonica in full blast, rampant above an eye with a cinder in it, the whole surrounded by the motto, 'Orpheus, non Morpheus.' Let us circulate."

"Where?"

"Where not? Follow, and I will show you that most wonderful of sights, a city waking and gathering to its pleasures."

Following my Cerberus I found myself presently in the quaint, narrow streets of the French quarter. Suddenly he whirled upon me.

"You think," he cried, "you and your kind who come down here to go to a few balls and enjoy the carefully adjusted and well-oiled mechanism of the week—you think that this is *your* show. And I and my kind, who make the wheels go 'round, we think that this is *our* show. Wrong; all wrong. We are going now to see the people for whom Mardi Gras is really given. Come along. *I'll* show you where is fancy bred."

We stopped in front of one of those old, simple French houses in a street which might have been lifted straight out of Rouen or Arles; a house ornamented with fairy traceries of hand-wrought ironwork railings; a house which withdrew in an impenetrable reserve behind its windows, tight-shuttered from the street. But the "little door" of the dwelling was open, showing within a flagged passage and a porch softly lighted by a red-shaded lamp and overhung with a tiny palm. Low voices and footsteps could be heard, and presently a rotund Frenchman materialized to peer up the street where a queer old carriage was bumping along the pavement. The man vanished, to return with a sleeping youngster under each arm, whom he deposited on the carriage seat, going back for more. Cerberus tiptoed over and blew a modulated blast on his kazoo. The smaller of the children opened one eye with a chirp like a drowsy bird. The wandering glance fell upon the three masks. The other eye opened and broadened. The face lighted up with a smile, and its owner reached over and shook the companion bundle of sleep by the shoulder.

"Voici, Marie! C'est le jour de la fête!"

Then back came the head of the family with the mother and three more children, packed his assortment expertly into the vehicle, gave a nod to Cerberus, climbed in, and was off.

"*That* is Mardi Gras," said Cerberus.

Far down on the fringe of the quarter a lanky schoolboy stood, tossing pebbles at a window. He was elaborately made up as a stage peddler, even to his tray of notions. Presently there was a muffled shout from within the window, and the summoner, satisfied, turned his attention to us, proffering his wares with extravagant pantomime.

"These are the ones that get the true flavor of carnival," said Cerberus. "Look at the perfection of detail. See how well he carries out the action.

"'Some mute, inglorious Warfield here may stand;
Some Weber, guiltless of his country's gags.'"

Upon the balcony above emerged a rush and whirl of skirts as a fat, blowsy, calico-clad Irishwoman came down, hand over hand, with an agility which betrayed the boy under the feminine garb. The twain linked arms and strode off for their day of glory.

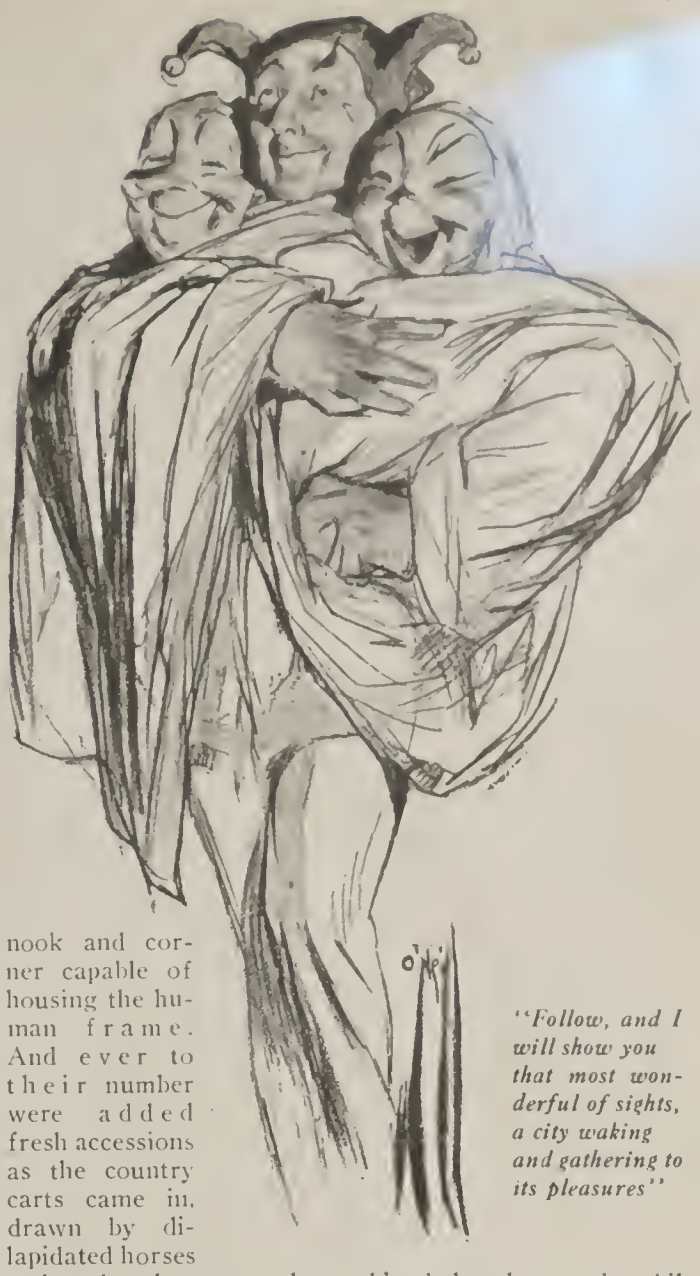
"*That* is Mardi Gras," said my cicerone.

Over to the river front we went next. The face of the waters was dotted with all manner of tiny craft: some floating down the current, some lustily propelled by heavy oars, some beating slowly up against the force of the stream under sail. Already one of the big, clumsy, tail-wheel excursion steamers was making its way in with a great troubled flapping, like a wounded duck. A small barge crept slowly along the bank, seeking a place to discharge its human freight. It was filled with young men and girls, dark-skinned, limpid-eyed creatures with an indefinable, elusive air of wild freedom about them. Some of them were singing in a barbarous dialect, but with lovely intonations, an old French boat song:

"Par derriére chez mon pé-ere;
Roule, ma boul', rou-ou-ou-le."

"'Cajuns from down the river," said Cerberus. "They may have got a tow up or they may have rowed all the way for their one day of delight. That is Mardi Gras for you."

Beside us stretched the long levees, crowded with black humanity. Cerberus led the way through the mass. Apparently the negroes had been sleeping everywhere through the warm, soft night. They turned questioning, lustrous good-humored faces up to us from among the bales, from behind barrels, inside packing cases, under wagons, in every nook and corner capable of housing the human frame. And ever to their number were added fresh accessions as the country carts came in, drawn by dilapidated horses or bored and weary mules, and loaded to the guards. All this part of the world seemed alight with the wondering eyes of the pickaninnies; great, round, eager, appealing eyes, trustfully anticipative of the splendors which the traditions of a long-drawn-out year had been storing up for them. They regarded Cerberus as the advance guard of joy, and several of them pattered along beside us, gazing up adoringly into his three faces.



"Follow, and I will show you that most wonderful of sights, a city waking and gathering to its pleasures"

"They know," said he. "They know that it is really their Mardi Gras; that the rest of us are only figures in their play world. And now I must go and take my little part on the stage, to which these are the audience. Remember, you who have come so far, 'for to admire and for to see,' this is the real. The rest is tinsel and pasteboard, the shadow of a dream."

ALL through that multicolored day his words went with me as I wandered and mingled with the happy crowds. So happy they were, so cheerful and patient and good-tempered and polite. Before the main parade the maskers were omnipresent and omnipotent. Milady had given them full run. Mostly young people and children they were, but with some admixture of grown-ups marching in solemn, uniformed phalanxes from nowhere to somewhere else. Everywhere there was the most open of fellowship. Strangers were, in particular, a mark for this, and one found oneself constantly held up by effusive greetings: effusive but never offensive. Not once during the day and night did I see any of that rasping "freshness" which, in a New York merry-making crowd, degenerates so often to sheer brutishness. The common people, whether from the city itself or from the surrounding country, seemed to assume a responsibility for the decency and good conduct of the celebration. One feature, very striking to a Northerner, was that there was no drunkenness.

Nothing about the costumes of the maskers was very distinctive. Indians, cowboys, nigger minstrels, torea-

(Continued on page 26)

He looked down at the sheen of the magnificent cloak covering the boy's shabby clothing. "At least there will be one magic awakening from the day of glory," he said

Waiting

PAINTED BY BALFOUR-KER

MEMORIES *of the* PLAYERS

By WILLIAM WINTER

Collier's is happy to be able to lay before its readers the wealth of William Winter's mind. Mr. Winter is not only the dean of the corps of American dramatic critics, but is a writer with rare gifts of grace and entertainment. He was the friend and confidant of those whom now he will summon to appear on memory's stage—Henry Irving, dear old Mrs. Gilbert, James Lewis, Edwin Booth, William Warren, and lastly Augustin Daly. He will write of pleasant happenings in which he as well as they had part. And now he lifts the curtain

I.—Henry Irving

"I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise"

ORIGINALITY and force of character, commanding intellect, probity, and steadfast will, constitute the basis of the success that attended Henry Irving as a man and as an actor. He was born and reared in obscurity and poverty. He did not, at the beginning, possess any social advantages, but he was conscious of the possession of innate powers; he formed, in boyhood, the resolve to make his way to a high position in the world of art, and that resolve he fulfilled—notwithstanding many obstacles—by virtue of his genius, inherent strength, and patient, resolute continuity of purpose. He would have succeeded in any intellectual vocation as well as he succeeded in the vocation of actor. His mind was many-sided, and it was animated by lofty, ceaseless aspiration. In choosing the theatre as the vehicle of his expression and the implement of his labor, he chose according to the bent of his genius, and his choice proved fortunate equally for society and himself. At first, and for a long time, he encountered an opposition which, in some instances, amounted to positive enmity, nor was there any period in the whole of his long career when the voice of detraction relative to his acting became entirely silent. His life was one of incessant toil and of almost incessant conflict; yet if it was perplexed by care and clouded by trouble it also was glorified by victory and irradiated by happiness. One day in 1885, when we were driving along by Hyde Park in London, he said to me: "I would rather have *ten years* of *life* than fifty years of mere existence." He *lived* all the days of his life, and I doubt whether, in all the long annals of the ministry of art, any man is named who more completely fulfilled his ambition and accomplished his fate.

Irving's family name was Brodribb; his Christian name was John. He was born in the village of Keinton-Mandeville, Somersetshire, England, on February 6, 1838. The name of Henry Irving was adopted by him when he went on the stage in 1856, and in 1870 he obtained from the British Parliament legal sanction for the use of it. In childhood Irving was left by his parents—who had found it necessary to seek their fortune in London—in the care of his mother's sister, Sarah Behenna, wife of Captain Isaac Penberthy, a miner, resident in Halseton, Cornwall, and there he lived for six years. The actor was not educated—in the generally accepted sense of that word. He attended school from 1849 to 1851 in London, but in the latter year he was taken from school and placed in a lawyer's office as a clerk and later in the counting room of a mercantile firm. Such training as he received for the stage—toward which he early evinced a strong natural propensity—was obtained from association with an "elocution club" and with theatrical performances by amateurs.

IRVING'S OWN VIEW OF HIS ACTING

HE LEFT the counting room in his eighteenth year, and he made his first appearance on the regular stage on September 18, 1856, at Sunderland, Durham, acting Gaston, Duke of Orleans, in the good old play of "Richelieu." From that day till the day of his death—a period of more than forty-nine years—he remained on the stage, and in the course of that time he played 671 parts of actual record; and when thoughtful consideration is given to the broad range of characters through which he passed, the opulent resources of imagination and invention that he displayed, his superlative faculty of *impersonation*, and the incomparable variety and versatility of his artistic method, the belief seems warranted that—in the fullness of his powers and at the summit of his career—he was the greatest actor of whom there is any record. He certainly swayed the stage throughout English-speaking countries as no other actor has ever swayed it. The scope of his professional achievement is indicated by the fact that he gave living, impressive, authoritative identity to such sharply contrasted characters as Hamlet and Corporal Brewster, Macbeth and Alfred Jingle, Iago and Jeremy Diddler, Dr. Primrose and Bill Sikes, Shylock and Don Quixote, Cardinal Wolsey and Robert Macaire, Richard III and Charles I, Malvolio and Benedick, Lesurques and Dubosc, Mathias and Becket, King Arthur and Louis XI, and

Irving as Vanderdecken in "The Flying Dutchman," after a pen-and-ink drawing by Robert Blum in 1880

Mephistopheles and Eugene Aram. The biographies of David Garrick record that he was equally true and supremely effective in King Lear and Abel Drugger. His range must have been great, but that of Irving manifestly was greater.

The parts in his repertory that Irving best loved were Hamlet and Becket. On one occasion, speaking to me of Fanny Kemble's reading of "Hamlet"—which he said was hard, cold, and metallic—he signified his feeling relative to the central character by the expressive designation "that sweet, gentle, *lovely* creature." The character of Becket he held in reverence. "Tennyson was inspired," he said, "when he wrote that part, and the inspiration descended on him straight from heaven"; and then, with tears in his eyes, he repeated the passage about the wild fowl sitting, dead, upon her stone-cold eggs and "the mother love" that runs through all the world. One line from Becket was often on his lips:

"Men are God's trees and women are God's flowers."

Irving's estimate of his acting was sincere, and, when occasion arose, was freely expressed. In conversation he would speak of his impersonations always frankly and with childlike simplicity. He highly and rightly esteemed his embodiment of Shylock. "My Shylock," he said to me, "is the best that has ever been given." His performance of Dr. Primrose, the Vicar of Wakefield—to my mind one of the most beautiful of dramatic achievements—he did not value as I did; he thought there was too much "waiting" in it, that it did not enlist his full powers and keep him sufficiently occupied. In speaking of his much-commended personation of Dubosc, he said: "It is easy; all the Bill Sikes parts are easy." He dissented in conversation with me from the estimate which I had expressed of his wonderful performance of Mephistopheles—a performance which, to me, seemed the inspired embodiment of heaven-defying audacity and wicked power. He valued it, but he valued other performances far more. After seeing many repetitions of his Mephistopheles and studying it with scrupulous care, I found no reason to alter my opinion. He disliked Corporal Brewster. "Old age is often dreadfully selfish," he said, "and this old man is utterly so"; but he knew the matchless excellence of his personation of the poor veteran of Waterloo, and he considered the pathos of that embodiment and the vivid, admonitive contrast of conditions which it affords full justification for its presentment.

HE THOUGHT HIS KING LEAR BEST

ONE of the few indecisions of Irving's professional life was shown in his treatment of the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar," a play which he several times resolved to produce and as often laid aside. "'Cymbeline,'" he told me, "except for Imogen, isn't worth a d—— for the stage—neither is 'Coriolanus.'" We often discussed those subjects and many others, and I always had occasion to observe the penetrative intellect that he had applied to them, the intensity with which he had thought, and the thoroughness with which he had studied. It was impossible to be in Henry Irving's company without being aware of a great stimulant to the mind. He could give a reason for every conclusion he had reached as to the art of acting and for everything he had done in the exercise of it, and his reasons always were strong and commanded respect. "The best thing I ever did," he said to me, "was my performance of King Lear. They would not have it," he added, "but it was my greatest work. All around that play there is an awful atmosphere of danger—mystery—omen—whispering in corners—plotting by night—something terrible impending. My performance was *psychological*, and I know it was right. I wish you had seen it." The "paradox of acting"—the possession and display of great strength by a broken old man—is apparent in King Lear. Irving played the part for the first time on November 10, 1892, at the London Lyceum, and it was generally accounted a failure. From all that he said to me, and from what I know of the play and the actor, I believe that if he were alive now to act King Lear his personation would receive public indorsement of his high estimate of it.

At the time of my first meeting with Irving he had entered on his fortieth year. I was then making my first visit to England. It was on a rainy night, after a performance at one of the London theatres, and I had repaired to a rendezvous of genial spirits. The room was brightly lighted, and when I entered it, from the dark street and the dusky little stairway, my eyes were momentarily dazzled, but I saw a long table, covered with a snow-white cloth, on which were gleaming dishes and glasses, and I was aware of the presence of many persons. One of them, a tall, slender, handsome man, dressed in a negligent, elegant garb, including a jacket made of gray velvet, rose, came forward, and extended a hand of welcome. "I am glad to see you," he said; "I found the letter of introduction that you left at my lodging. All here are your friends. I am Henry Irving."

In those words the great actor greeted me, at a midnight hour, in the spring of 1877, at a cozy little club in King William Street, near Toole's Theatre, and in that way our acquaintance began—an acquaintance which soon ripened into a friendship that never was broken, though it was interrupted twenty-eight years later by his death. The company was gay and various. Irving was attentive, gracious, and gentle. Ever afterward, in all my knowledge of that fine spirit (and later, as years rolled by, it was my privilege to be with him many times and in many places, and to possess his affection and confidence), I never found any change in the lovely refinement and grace of his manner. If ever a man was born a prince, Henry Irving was that man. Such was my first impression of his personality, and subsequent observation of him abundantly confirmed it.

HIS FIRST CHANCE

AT THE time of our first meeting, though his greatest popularity and power still lay before him, his professional distinction was already extraordinary. About seven years earlier it had been suggested to Edwin Booth by his brother-in-law, the comedian John S. Clarke, that he lease the London Lyceum and alternate between that house and Booth's Theatre in New York. That astute plan, after having been approved, was abruptly rejected by Booth on an impulse of momentary annoyance and a golden opportunity was lost. Not long afterward the Lyceum was leased by the American manager H. L. Bateman, who opened it on Septem-

On the left, as Cardinal Wolsey, a role to which he gave living and authoritative identity. On the right, as Hamlet—a photographic copy of the painting by Sir Edwin Long with the personal inscription: "To William Winter from Henry Irving: 'With all my Love I do commend me to you' & yours"

ber, 11, 1871, presenting his daughter, Isabella Bateman, as Fanchette in "Fanchon"—Henry Irving acting Landry Barbeau. Bateman had seen Irving in "The Two Roses," had taken a fancy to his acting, and had engaged him as a member of the company assembled to support his daughter. That engagement proved the turning point in Irving's career, and though his great success was, fundamentally, the consequence of what he was and what he did, it is a pleasant remembrance for Americans that it was an American who first practically recognized that actor's genius and gave him opportunity when opportunity was most essential to his advancement.

THE GREATEST SERVICE OF ALL

BATEMAN did not, at first, prosper in his management of the Lyceum. Several experiments were tried. George Belmore was starred. Scenes from "Pickwick" were offered, in which Irving acted Alfred Jingle. It was not until, yielding to Irving's repeated urgent persuasion, Bateman produced "The Bells"—an English version by Leopold Lewis, materially altered from the original French drama called "Le Juif Polonais"—that the tide of fortune turned in his favor. That production was effected on November 25, 1871. One of Irving's intimate and trusted friends, George Lowndes, told me that, on the previous night, at a late hour, he walked to and fro for a long time with the actor in the little street at the rear of the Lyceum Theatre, listening to his earnest talk of the manner in which he purposed to treat the part of Mathias in the forthcoming play, and trying to believe that the actor's sanguine expectations would be fulfilled. "I deeply sympathized with him," said that stanch friend, "but I had no faith in the play, and I was grieved for him, and as I parted from him I could only say: 'Well, Irving, I am sorry for you.'" Irving received no encouragement. Bateman, believing that Mathias, being "a burgomaster," must, necessarily, be a fat man, had laughed at the fancied image of the tall, slender, nervous Irving in such a part. A version of the French play, produced at the Alfred Theatre, November 13, under the name of "Paul Zegars," had failed. Nobody except the actor himself believed that success with "The Bells" was possible, but his faith was firm, and the manager, playing his company to miserable business, was willing to make the trial. The result was decisive. A prodigious triumph vindicated Irving's judgment. The play was acted 151 consecutive times in the season of 1871-72, and Irving's wonderful performance of Mathias—commingling character, imagination, intellectual power, passion, pathos, and beautiful art—materially advanced him toward leadership of the dramatic profession. From that time Bateman believed in Irving with all the flaming intensity of fanatical devotion.

The greatest service, because of its beneficent consequences, that Irving rendered to the theatre was his conscientious, incessant, insistent, effectual assertion of the importance of the actor's art and the dignity of the stage. In public and in private, everywhere and on all occasions, he maintained that acting is one of the learned professions, and that the actor is as much entitled to the respect of society as the clergyman, the doctor, the lawyer, the college professor, or any other

As Thomas à Becket, in "Becket." The parts that Irving loved best were Hamlet and Becket. "Tennyson was inspired," he said, "when he wrote the part of Becket"

which have ever since been emulated and followed. The members of the dramatic profession, whether in Great Britain or America, are indebted to Henry Irving more than to any other person of their profession for the esteem, whether practical or theoretical, in which their calling is held, because it was Henry Irving who made it understood that the actor is not a mountebank but a gentleman and a scholar, and that the theatre is one of the most potent agencies of civilization. That is an important fact, and one that should be kept in remembrance. If there were no solid basis for the theatre, if it possessed no title to public respect, inherent in its essentiality to the public welfare, it would at once sink to the level of a trade.

HE HID HIS TROUBLES

ON A DAY in the autumn of 1899 it chanced that Irving and I were driving in Central Park, New York, and in the course of that drive he related to me, in detail, certain trials through which he had passed after the accident which disabled him on the occasion of his second revival of "King Richard III," December 19, 1896, at the Lyceum. The underlying cause of his breakdown at that time was trouble in his private life—ingratitude and disappointment. The performance on the night of the revival of "King Richard III" had been successful, and after it ended, though wearied almost to death, he had entertained friends at supper—according to his hospitable custom on nights of signal endeavor. On reaching his lodging in Grafton Street he made a misstep on a crooked stairway, and falling, he sustained what proved to be a serious hurt. With much difficulty he contrived to drag himself to his bedroom, where, in extreme pain, he fell helpless on his bed. No persons were near. His reclusive habit in his home had banished the housekeeper and servants to remote quarters in the rear of the building. It was long before he could manage to reach a bell pull and ring for assistance. A doctor was then called, who found that the kneecap in his right leg had been injured. Measures for relief were promptly taken, but more than two months passed before Irving was able to resume acting, and within that time the Lyceum had lost much money. Then came two theatrical productions—"Peter the Great" and "The Medicine Man"—which failed, augmenting the loss, and those misfortunes were succeeded by a fire which consumed the valuable scenery, only partly insured, that he had accumulated for the setting of thirty-six plays.

HE SWALLOWED THE INSTRUMENT

MORE calamitous than all, in the autumn of 1898 he was taken ill with pneumonia, and from about the middle of October till about the middle of the following April was incapacitated for acting and compelled to stay in retirement. The illness came upon him in Glasgow, a city which in rainy weather is exceptionally dreary, and for many weeks of a stormy season he was obliged to remain there. Later he went to the milder clime of Bournemouth and there began preparation for reappearance in the new play of "Robespierre."

Irving, in his narration of the ordeal thus indicated, dwelt on many incidents. One of the worst trials came when he believed that his troubles were over. "When at last I had recovered," he said, "I thought I would make a final call on the doctor in London and make sure that all was right. He was a kind, good fellow and a good physician, but he was careless that day. He welcomed me and said he wished to take another look at my throat. He looked, and he remarked that a little spraying would do good. He put the instrument into my mouth and sprayed the throat for a few moments, and then started backward, turning very pale. I asked him what was the matter. 'The tip of the instrument—you have swallowed it!' he exclaimed. 'Well,' I said, 'what shall I do?' I had no painful sensation, but by his desire we called in another physician and stated the case. The two doctors retired for a consultation, after which I was informed that no present need existed for doing anything. I then returned to my lodging. The day was dark and wet. I felt that my shoes were damp, and, stooping to take them off, I was instantly aware of a sharp pain in the throat. The pain ceased when I stood up. I went back to the doctor, and found him nervous and frightened. He said he knew another doctor who could make use of the X-ray and proposed that we should visit him. We went. It was about two o'clock and we were told he was absent and would not be home till five. I went back to my room and sat there alone, thinking it over. Rather a dreary time, not knowing

(Continued on page 29)

Mexico Finds the Sword Mightier than the Pen

Upper picture: General Delgado inspecting lines of Federal troops in Mexico City. At the left: Just after a shell explosion in the street before the cable office

Battle and Butchery in the Capital

FOR a dispatch to flash across 2,000 miles of copper wire is a matter of seconds, but the photograph that ought to appear as its illustration may not arrive until a fortnight later. This is the editorial dilemma in handling news from Mexico. The mail bag brings pictures of field marshals in motor cars and of streets where shells are bursting, but the telegraph reports a later era in which there is more cold-blooded butchery than battle. Victoriano Huerta is ruling with the sword where Francisco Madero failed to rule with the pen; many more Madero supporters have been murdered; and Porfirio Diaz soon is to make his triumphant return from Europe—probably to witness the election of his nephew Felix as Mexico's next President. Huerta's way of handling revolts is to allow them to get a fair start without interference; then to "round up" and slaughter the ringleaders without troubling to bring any cases into court.

Rebellion in North Mexico

IN THE capital the machine guns of the Dictator are the voice of authority, but they are not so much respected in some of the unsubdued States of the north. Nor has the proximity of American troops in Texas made these Mexican border States less restless.

An example of how serious the damage to property in the Mexican capital has been is shown in this picture of the effects of the Federal guns upon Bucareli Street

Troops unloading a wagon train at Galveston, preparatory to marching to Fort Crockett and Texas City. The division comprises seven regiments of infantry and one of artillery. The 7,000 men in camp near Texas City complain that they are living on land that is little more than a swamp. Tent stakes pull out of the soft ground, and mosquitos prevent sleep

Suffrage Celebrates under Difficulties

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Dr. Anna Shaw, president of the National Woman Suffrage Association, in her scholar's cap and gown. She has degrees from three universities and she wore the "colors" of all of them

IN THIS day of "talking movies" it is necessary to chronicle what Mrs. Richard Burleson, marshal of the March 3 suffrage parade in Washington, is indignantly demanding of the commander of the police escort in the action picture printed at the head of this page: "Why do you allow wagons to keep breaking through our lines all the time we are parading?" The stupidity or indifference of the Washington police was so conspicuous that it attracted attention from a notable pageant of 5,000 women. The police allowed spectators to crowd into the streets until the way had to be cleared by volunteers from a cavalry troop; and many of the marchers were insulted by ruffians while patrolmen stood by and grinned. Congress is to investigate. The suffrage allegory played on the steps of the Treasury Building shared honors with the parade in the "Votes for Women" celebration and was not so rudely received. It was acted without a "barefoot dance."

Miss Inez Milholland, parade herald. The float advertises the purpose of the celebration: "We demand an amendment to the United States Constitution enfranchising the women of the country"

A group of voters-to-be waiting for the delayed parade

Representatives of countries where women have votes

Mr. Wilson ordered his military escort to allow the crowd to come closer, and the throng went forward at a run

Proclaiming a New President

TALL, thin, pale, shaken with the excitement of the most dramatic moment of his life, Woodrow Wilson raised his right hand to take the oath of office as President of the United States. The cheers of acres of spectators thronging before the east façade of the Capitol suddenly subsided. Chief Justice White held out an open Bible, Mr. Wilson was sworn in, and a new President was proclaimed with a roar of artillery and cheering. His predecessor—a picture for contrast—stood by, complacent and rosy, and, when the ceremony was ended, bowed farewell and smiled. Record crowds watched the ceremony and the long parade that followed it. An hour before Mr. Wilson's inauguration Thomas R. Marshall was sworn in as Vice President.

A "good morning" greeting at the White House while cameras clicked in salute

The Presidential coach leaving the White House grounds on the way to the inauguration, with Mr. Wilson and Mr. Taft guarded by cavalry and secret service men

A Temporary Law Mill

Missouri's Legislature is grinding out new laws this session in a mill house of wood and stucco. The temporary Capitol is to be torn down when the new Jefferson City State House is completed in 1917.

Remembering "Uncle Remus"

A memorial that has both a sentimental and a practical appeal is that which the Uncle Remus Association has dedicated to the late Joel Chandler Harris by opening to the public his Atlanta, Ga., cottage.

The Dunnes Entrain for Springfield

THIS is not an excursion. It is Edward F. Dunne, the new Governor of Illinois, with his wife and a few of their family, waving good-by to Chicago. When the entire family is gathered the count is twelve, so it is evident that in the excitement of departure somebody got shuffled into the background. Perhaps one of the eleven-year-old twins, Geraldine or Jeannette.

Dispatches relate that on arrival at the executive mansion most of an afternoon was required to assign the party to its rooms, and that particular satisfaction was expressed by some of the younger members of the family because the front yard was "big enough for football."

This is the largest family that ever has occupied the Illinois executive mansion; and its head is the first Democratic Governor the State has had in twenty years

A "Votes for Women" Pure Food Store

NOVELTY-LOVING Broadway has found one more new sensation. A new white store on New York's White Way is run by woman suffragists. It is described as a "pure-food shop," and everything it sells, even to the eggs, is labeled "Votes for Women!" A farmer's wife supplies country sausages and unsalted butter; a woman chef gives free instruction in cooking and advice upon how to reduce the cost of living. One of the special window attractions is "the most beautiful young suffragist in the district" demonstrating a washing machine. Thus far shopkeeping has seemed pretty much of a lark to all the force but the unfortunate young person who delivers orders with a conspicuously yellow "Votes for Women" pushcart.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE

A Dakota Aerosnowbile

THE disappointing performance of motor sleighs in the British Antarctic Expedition has not made inventors lose faith in the final success of the idea. Among recent experiments is that of a Grand Forks, N. Dak., youth with a combination boat and sled, driven by a four-cylinder gasoline motor and an aeroplane propeller. He has been able to skim over the snow at as high a speed as sixty miles an hour, and believes that on an unobstructed prairie the machine could attain nearly one hundred miles an hour. The boat is fourteen feet long, with room for three passengers. For lack of a better name, it is being described as an "aerosnowbile."

A Pastoral

by H. E. Len

IT WAS just twelve when the man pushed the hall bell-button of the third flat. He waited impatiently for the buzzer's note. When it came, he bounded up the stairs, in spite of his twoscore years, with the vim of a boy.

The woman who met him on the third-floor landing with outstretched hands was promptly gathered into his arms. She held up a warning finger to check his boylike ardor. Hers was the beauty of maturity. Her eyes were bright with health, and every movement of her body betokened the full vigor of womanhood.

She was dressed for walking—not along the smooth city pavements, but through the great out-of-doors. The skirt she wore was of a texture to defy the thorn and tangled underbrush, and a long black coat gave an added protection. She carried a small black bag, in which, in addition to powder and puff and hand glass and handkerchief, were some sandwiches. The man carried a camera.

THEY ran down the stairs holding hands like a boy and girl, out into the warm air of a perfect October day. They two had long planned for this day. On the previous evening they had anxiously scanned the newspapers to see what the weather would be on the morrow. They had talked about the woods they were to visit and the nuts they would gather just as if they were children instead of "grown-ups." Now they were really off. The day was perfect. "The gods are surely good to their people," said the man. The woman smiled up at him, and at once the world was brighter for him than it had been. There was a reek of gasoline in the air from the stream of passing motor cars, so they turned off on a side street and soon boarded an elevated train. Like children, they forgot to get transfers and laughed gleefully when they had to pay a second fare. Everyone about them seemed to be happy. The woman looked at a fat baby boy in his mother's arms in the seat opposite and he answered her smile at once. The man, glancing at her sidewise, thought he saw the glitter of tears in her eyes. He reached over and patted her hand, lying by his side. She knew what he meant, and closed her fingers over his as if they had been those of the baby boy on whom the unspoken thought of her mother heart had been fixed.

Then for a time they discussed learnedly a new problem in business psychology in which the man was interested. It pleased him to see how readily she grasped the half-spoken thought, incomplete even in his own mind, and how she carried it to its logical conclusion. Unconsciously his right arm stole over the back of her seat until it lay loosely about her shoulders. She repaid him with a smile, the meaning of which was for them alone.

AS THE houses became more and more scattered and the green fields came into view, they sat in silence, enraptured with the beauty of field and forest, clothed in the magnificence of early autumn. Most of the trees still held their leaves, but here and there many had fallen. Under the maples, particularly, the greensward was nearly hidden by a carpet of red and gold which the weavers of earth may imitate but never equal. The hickories had already given up their foliage and stood bare and scar amid the glowing colors of oak and of maple, of chestnut and of birch. The woods from the window of the rapidly moving car presented a mass of color too great and too rich to be analyzed by the retina of the human eye for individual tints. With each mile the gorgeousness of the coloring grew. The man and woman were silent now, but the pressure of his hand on her shoulder as a peculiarly brilliant bit of foliage came into view spoke louder than words.

Presently there was a new tang in the air. Off to the east lay the great lake, and its message of beauty was borne to them on the mist-laden air currents through the open car window. The train stopped at a small station. "Let's get out," said the woman. The man rose and stood aside to let her precede him down the aisle. She tripped down the car steps, her little heels beating an impatient tattoo on the metal sills, and sprang to the ground like a girl. The man followed. "The lake is just down there," said the motorman, who, too, seemed to understand without being told about their quest.

They were twenty miles from the flat house. They were a thousand miles from it in spirit. With utter abandon they plunged into the beauty and magnificence all about them. They were again boy and girl, with all of life's illusions secure, starting out together. They laughed at the littlest things—when she tripped over a stone and he sprang forward to save her from falling. Their hands touched and a score of years dropped from them. Behind the kindly screen of a huge pine he gathered her into his arms and held her closely as if to imprison forever the priceless moment that was theirs. She raised her face to him, and the kiss he gave her seemed to send a new thrill through their being. They wandered on with no thought of direction, caring for nothing except to prolong the happy moment. Spanish needles clung to the woman's skirt and some fastened themselves upon her silk-clad ankles. She raised her skirts with the abandon of childhood and extended her foot to the man, who sank to his knees and picked off the intruders with fingers that were tremblingly eager.

Then on and on through brush and bramble, past scrub and chestnut oak, birch and silver poplar, until at last the swish of breaking waves on the beach reached them. Running to the edge of the bluff, they saw, a hundred feet below, the great expanse of Lake Michigan stretching away for miles and miles until it merged with the mist laden sky in the distance. They stood entranced by its beauty. Behind them the sun, already low in the sky, shed a golden radiance over land and water, a radiance broken into myriads of diamond points by the restless wave feet stumbling on the shore, and falling shattered into millions of particles, each reflecting from a thousand facets the colors of the rainbow. Way out a white sail, like the wing of a gigantic gull, was outlined against a cloud bank. At their feet a boat tugged at its anchor as if it, too, would fain be off.

There was not a jarring note anywhere. It must have been a scene like this when the morning stars sang together at creation's dawn, and the man and the woman standing there on the bluff, their shadows stretching away hundreds of feet before them, might have been the primal pair, so far were they removed from the sordid city with its pent houses and small-souled folk content to dwell therein.

Presently the man remembered his camera. Touching his companion on her shoulder, he motioned for her to stand beside a pine tree whose branches overhung the cliff. She did. The man made a picture of her there with the almost level rays of the sinking sun on her face, with wisps of wind-blown hair making a halo for it, and with the wave-torn lake and the cloud-covered sky for a background. The picture might appropriately have been called "The Renaissance of Youth."

Then they stole away.

There They ate their Luncheon

NOW they were again in the woods. They laughed at a chattering squirrel, scolding because in his haste to get away from them he had dropped the nuts he was carrying to his winter's storehouse. They threw clubs at the bare branches of a young hickory to dislodge a solitary nut still remaining. They jumped over logs and ditches, and after a while, just a bit tired, though neither would admit it, they found a seat by a huge oak on the bank of a deep ravine. There they ate their luncheon. The richest delicacies never tasted half so good as the sandwiches and pickles they were now enjoying. Their finger bowls were pools filled with water clear as crystal by the brookside; for napery they had handfuls of fragrant leaves. Having refreshed their bodies they now feasted their souls on the riot of color spread by Nature's master hand on the wide canvas before them. The man told a tale of an artist friend who confessed to a maddening realization of human limitations whenever he beheld one of Nature's masterpieces such as this. The woman merely said "I understand."

As they sat thus, close together, then and not the

(Continued on page 25)

REDMOAT

The Third of the Fu-Manchu Stories

By SAX ROHMER

Illustrated by J. C. Coll

NIGHT fell on Redmoat. I glanced from the window at the nocturne in silver and green which lay beneath me. To the west of the shrubbery, with its broken canopy of elms and beyond the copper beech which marked the center of its mazes, a gap offered a glimpse of the Waverney, where it swept into a broad. Faint birdcalls floated over the water. These, with the whisper of leaves, alone claimed the ear.

Ideal rural peace, and the music of an English summer evening; but to my eyes, every shadow holding fantastic terrors; to my ears, every sound a signal of dread. For the deathful hand of Fu-Manchu was stretched over Redmoat, at any hour to loose strange Oriental horrors upon its inmates.

"Well," said Nayland Smith, joining me at the window, "we had dared to hope him dead, but we know now that he lives!"

The Rev. J. D. Eltham coughed nervously, and I turned, leaning my elbow upon the table, and studied the play of expression upon the refined, sensitive face of the clergyman.

"You think I acted rightly in sending for you, Mr. Smith?"

Nayland Smith smoked furiously.

"Mr. Eltham," he replied, "you see in me a man groping in the dark. I am to-day no nearer to the conclusion of my mission than upon that day when I left Mandalay. You offer me a clue. I am here! Your affair, I believe, stands thus: A series of attempted burglaries, or something of the kind, has alarmed your household. Yesterday, returning here from London with your daughter, you were both drugged in some way, and, occupying a compartment to yourselves, you both slept. Your daughter awoke, and saw some one else in the carriage—a yellow-faced man, who held a case of instruments in his hands."

"Yes. I was of course unable to enter into particulars over the telephone. The man was standing by one of the windows. Directly he observed that my daughter was awake, he stepped toward her—"

"What did he do with the case in his hands?"

"She did not notice—or did not mention having noticed. In fact, as was natural, she was so frightened that she recalls nothing more beyond the fact that she strove to arouse me, without succeeding, felt hands grasp her shoulders—and swooned."

"But some one used the emergency cord and stopped the train!"

"Greba has no recollection of having done so."

"Hm! Of course no yellow-faced man was on the train! When did you awake?"

"I was aroused by the guard, but only when he had repeatedly shaken me."

"Upon reaching Great Yarmouth you immediately called up Scotland Yard? You acted very wisely, sir. How long were you in China?"

Mr. Eltham's state of surprise was almost comical.

"It is perhaps not strange that you should be aware of my residence in China, Mr. Smith," he said; "but my not having mentioned it may seem so. The fact is"—his sensitive face flushed in palpable embarrassment—"I left China under what I may term an episcopal cloud! I have lived in retirement ever since. Unwittingly—I solemnly declare to you, Mr. Smith, unwittingly—I stirred up certain deep-seated prejudices in my endeavors to do my duty—my duty. I think you asked me how long I was in China? I was there from 1896 until 1900—four years."

"I recall the circumstances, Mr. Eltham," said Smith, with an odd note in his voice. "I have been endeavoring to think where I had come across the name, and a moment ago I remembered. I am happy to have met you, sir."

The clergyman blushed again like a girl, and slightly inclined his head, with its scanty fair hair.

"Has Redmoat, as its name implies, a moat round it? I was unable to see in the dusk."

"It remains. Redmoat—a corruption of round moat—was formerly a priory, disestablished by the eighth Henry in 1536." His pedantic manner was quaint at times. "But the moat is no longer flooded. In fact, we grow cabbages in part of it! If you refer to the strategic strength of the place"—he smiled, but his manner was embarrassed again—"it is considerable. I have barbed-wire fencing, and—other arrangements. You see, it is a lonely spot," he added apologetically. "And now, if you will excuse me, we will resume these gruesome inquiries after the more pleasant affairs of dinner."

HE left us.

"Who is our host?" I asked, as the door closed.

Smith smiled.

"You are wondering what caused the 'episcopal cloud'?" he suggested. "Well, the deep-seated prejudices which our reverend friend stirred up culminated in the Boxer Risings!"

"Good Heavens, Smith!" I said, for I could not reconcile the diffident personality of the clergyman with the memories which those words awakened.

"He evidently should be on our danger list," my friend continued quickly, "but he has so completely effaced himself of recent years that I think it probable that some one else has only just recalled his existence to mind! The Rev. J. D. Eltham, my dear Petrie, though he may be a poor hand at saving souls, at any rate has saved a score of Christian women from death—and worse!"

"J. D. Eltham—" I began.

"Is 'Parson Dan'!" rapped Smith—"the 'Fighting Missionary!' the man who with a garrison of a dozen cripples and a German doctor held the hospital at Nan-Yang against two hundred Boxers! That's who the Rev. J. D. Eltham is! But what he is up to now I have yet to find out. He is keeping something back—something which has made him an object of interest to young China!"

"Redmoat," said the Rev. J. D. Eltham, "has latterly become the theatre of strange doings."

He stood on the hearthrug in his library. A shaded lamp upon the big table and candles in ancient sconces upon the mantelpiece afforded dim illumination. Mr. Eltham's nephew, Vernon Denby, lolled smoking on the window seat and I sat near him. Nayland Smith paced restlessly up and down the room.

"Some months ago, almost a year," continued the clergyman, "a burglarious attempt was made upon the house. There was an arrest, and the man confessed that he had been tempted by my collection—" He waved his hand vaguely toward the several cabinets about the shadowed room.

"It was shortly afterward that I allowed my hobby for playing at forts to run away with me." He smiled an apology. "I virtually fortified Redmoat—against trespassers of any kind, I mean. You have seen that the house stands upon a kind of large mound. This is artificial, being the buried ruins of a Roman outwork, a portion of the ancient *castrum*." Again he waved indicatively, this time toward the window.

"When it was a priory it was completely isolated and defended by its environing moat. To-day it is completely surrounded by barbed-wire fencing! Below this fence, on the east, is a narrow stream, a tributary of the Waverney; on the north and west, the highroad, but nearly twenty feet below, and the banks are perpendicular. On the south is the remaining part of the moat—now my kitchen garden; but from there up to the level of the house is nearly twenty feet again, and the barbed wire must be counted with.

"The entrance, as you know, is by way of a kind of cutting. There is a gate at the foot of the steps (they are some of the original steps of the priory, Dr. Petrie) and another gate at the head."

He paused, and smiled around upon us boyishly.

"My secret defenses remain to be mentioned," he resumed; and opening a cupboard he pointed to a row of batteries, with a number of electric bells upon the wall behind. "The more vulnerable spots are connected at night with these bells," he said triumphantly. "Any attempt to scale the barbed wire or to force either gate would set two or more of these ringing! A stray cow raised one false alarm," he added, "and a careless rook threw us into a perfect panic on another occasion!"

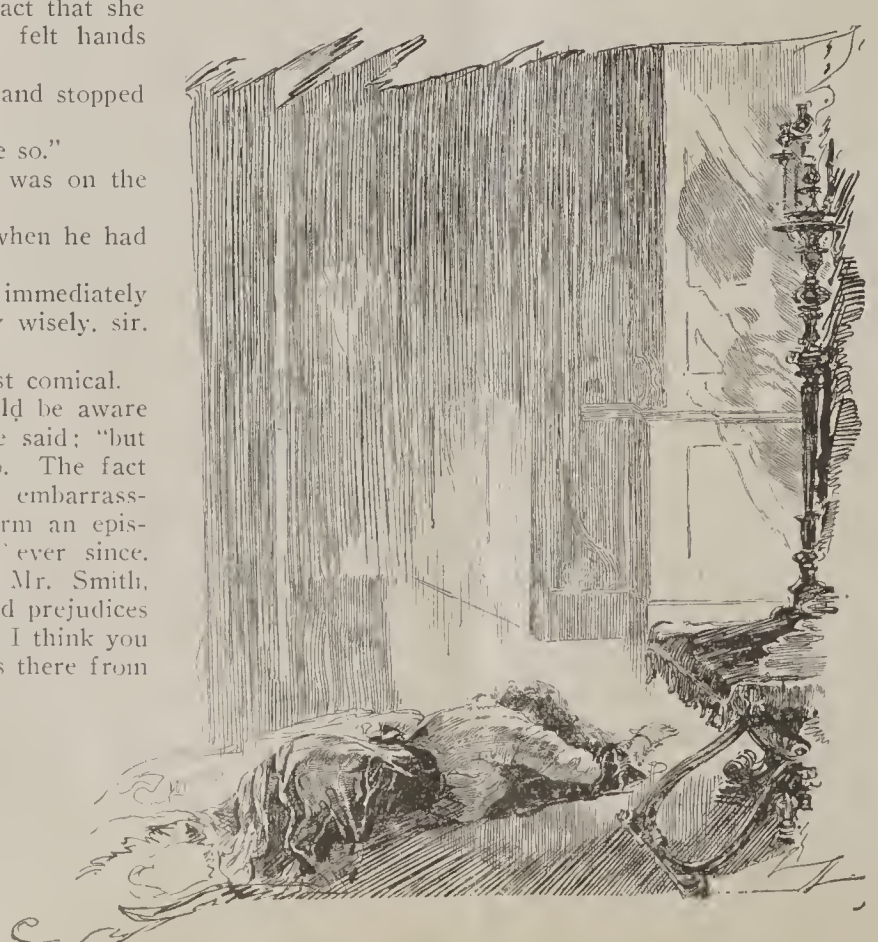
He was so boyish—so nervously brisk and acutely sensitive—that it was difficult to see in him the hero of the Nan-Yang hospital. I could only suppose that he had treated the Boxers' raid in the same spirit wherein he met would-be trespassers within the precincts of Redmoat. It had been an escapade of which he was afterward ashamed, as, faintly, he was ashamed of his "fortifications."

"But," rapped Smith, "it was not the visit of the burglar which prompted these elaborate precautions!"

Mr. Eltham coughed nervously.

"I am aware," he said, "that, having invoked official aid, I must be perfectly frank with you, Mr. Smith. It was the burglar who was responsible for my continuing the wire fence all round the grounds, but the electrical contrivance followed later as a result of several disturbed nights. My servants grew uneasy about some one who came, they said, after dusk. No one could describe this nocturnal visitor, but certainly we found traces. I must admit that.

"Then I received what I may term a warning. My position is a peculiar one—a peculiar one. My daughter, too, saw this prowling person over by the Roman *castrum*, and described him as a yellow man. It was the incident in the train, following closely upon this other, which led me to speak to the police, little as I desired to court publicity."



I saw Miss Eltham prone by the French windows — her hands outstretched

NAYLAND SMITH walked to a window and looked across the sloping lawn to where the shadows of the shrubbery lay. A dog was howling dismally somewhere.

"Your defenses are not impregnable after all, then?" he jerked. "On our way up this evening Mr. Denby was telling us about the death of his collie a few nights ago."

The clergyman's face clouded.

"That certainly was alarming," he confessed. "I had been in London for a few days, and during my absence Vernon came down, bringing the dog with him. On the night of his arrival it ran, barking, into the shrubbery yonder, and did not come out. He went to look for it with a lantern, and found it lying among the bushes, quite dead. The poor creature had been dreadfully beaten about the head."

"The gates were locked," Denby interrupted, "and no one could have

got out of the grounds without a ladder and some one to assist him. But there was no sign of a living thing about. Edwards and I searched every corner."

"How long has that other dog taken to howling?" inquired Smith.

"Only since Rex's death," said Denby quickly.

"It is my mastiff," explained the clergyman, "and he is confined in the yard. He is never allowed on this side of the house."

Nayland Smith wandered aimlessly about the library.

"I am sorry to have to press you, Mr. Eltham," he said, "but what was the nature of the warning to which you referred, and from whom did it come?"

Mr. Eltham hesitated for a long time.

"I have been so unfortunate," he said, at last, "in my previous efforts that I feel assured of your hostile criticism when I tell you that I am contemplating an immediate return to Ho-Nan!"

SMITH jumped round upon him as though moved by a spring.

"Then you are going back to Nan-Yang?" he cried. "Now I understand! Why have you not told me before? That is the key for which I have vainly been seeking. Your troubles date from the time of your decision to return?"

"Yes—I must admit it," confessed the clergyman, diffidently.

"And your warning came from China?"

"It did."

"From a Chinaman?"

"From the Mandarin Yen-Sun-Yat."

"Yen-Sun-Yat! My good sir! He warned you to abandon your visit? And you reject his advice! Listen to me!" Smith was intensely excited now, his eyes bright, his lean figure curiously strung up—alert. "The Mandarin Yen-Sun-Yat is one of the seven!"

"I do not follow you, Mr. Smith."

"No, sir! China to-day is not the China of '98. It is a huge secret machine, and Ho-Nan one of its most important wheels! But if, as I understand, this official is a friend of yours, believe me he has saved your life! You would be a dead man now if it were not for your friend in China! My dear sir, you must accept his counsel."

Then, for the first time since I had made his acquaintance, "Parson Dan" showed through the surface of the Rev. J. D. Eltham.

"No, sir!" replied the clergyman—and the change in his voice was startling—"I am called to Nan-Yang. Only One may deter my going!"

The admixture of deep spiritual reverence with intense truculence in his voice was dissimilar from anything I ever had heard.

"Then only One can protect you," cried Smith, "for, by Heaven, no *man* will be able to do so! Your presence in Ho-Nan can do no possible good at present. It must do harm. Your experience in 1900 should be fresh in your memory!"

"Hard words, Mr. Smith!"

"The class of missionary work which you favor, sir, is injurious to international peace. At the present moment, Ho-Nan is a barrel of gunpowder; you would be the lighted match. I do not willingly stand between any man and what he chooses to consider his duty—but I insist that you abandon your visit to the interior of China!"

"You insist, Mr. Smith?"

"As your guest I regret the necessity of reminding you that I hold authority to enforce it!"

DENBY fidgeted uneasily. The tone of the conversation was growing harsh and the atmosphere of the library portentous with brewing storms.

There was a short, silent interval.

"This is what I had feared, and expected," said the clergyman. "This was my reason for not seeking official protection."

"The phantom Yellow Peril," said Nayland Smith, "to-day materializes under the very eyes of the Western world!"

"The 'Yellow Peril'! My dear Mr. Smith!"

"You scoff, sir—and so do others! We take the proffered right hand of friendship nor inquire if the hidden left holds a knife! The peace of the world is at stake, Mr. Eltham. Unknowingly, you tamper with tremendous issues."

Mr. Eltham drew a deep breath, thrusting both hands in his pockets.

"You are painfully frank, Mr. Smith," he said, "but I like you for it! I will reconsider my position and talk this matter over again with you to-morrow."

Thus, then, the storm blew over. Yet I had never experienced such an overwhelming sense of imminent peril—of a sinister presence—as oppressed me at that moment. The very atmosphere of Redmoat was impregnated with Eastern duplicity; it loaded the air like some evil perfume. And then through the silence cut a bloodcurdling scream—the scream of a woman in direst fear.

"My God! It's Greba!" whispered Mr. Eltham.

IN WHAT order we dashed down to the drawing-room I cannot recall. But none was before me when I leaped over the threshold and saw Mrs. Eltham prone by the French windows.

These were closed and bolted, and she lay with hands outstretched in the alcove which the windows formed. I bent over her. Nayland Smith was at my elbow.

"Get my bag," I said. "She has swooned. It is nothing serious."

Her father, pale and wide-eyed, hovered about me, muttering incoherently, but I managed to reassure him, and his gratitude when, I having administered a simple restorative, the girl sighed shudderingly and opened her eyes, was quite pathetic.

I would permit no questioning at that time, and on her father's arm she retired to her own rooms.

It was some fifteen minutes later that her message was brought to me. I followed the maid to a quaint little octagonal apartment, and Greba Eltham stood before me, the candlelight caressing the soft curves of her face and gleaming in the meshes of her rich brown hair.

When she had answered my first question, she hesitated in pretty confusion.

"We are anxious to know what alarmed you, Miss Eltham."

She bit her lip, and glanced with apprehension toward the window.

"I am almost afraid to tell father," she began rapidly. "He will think me imaginative, but you have been so kind. It was two green eyes! Oh! Dr. Petrie! they looked up at me from the steps leading to the lawn! And they shone like the eyes of a cat!"

THE words thrilled me strangely.

"Are you sure it was not a cat, Miss Eltham?"

"The eyes were too large, Dr. Petrie. There was something dreadful—most dreadful in their appearance! I feel foolish and silly for having fainted twice in two days! But the suspense is telling upon me, I suppose. Father thinks"—she was becoming charmingly confidential, as a woman often will with a tactful physician—"that shut up here we are safe from whatever threatens us." I noted with concern a repetition of the nervous shudder. "But since our return some one else has been in Redmoat!"

"Whatever do you mean, Miss Eltham?"

"Oh! I don't quite know what I do mean, Dr. Petrie! What does it *all* mean? Vernon has been explaining to me that some awful Chinaman is seeking the life of Mr. Nayland Smith. But if the same man wants to kill my father, why has he not done so?"

"I am afraid you puzzle me!"

"Of course—I must do so. But—the man in the train. He could have killed us both quite easily! And last night some one was in father's room!"

"In his room!"

"I could not sleep, and I heard something moving. My room is the next one. I knocked on the wall and woke father. There was nothing, so I said it was the howling of the dog that had frightened me!"

"How could anyone get into his room?"

"I cannot imagine. But I am not sure it was a *man!*"

"Miss Eltham, you alarm me. What do you suspect?"

"You must think me hysterical and silly—but while father and I have been away from Redmoat perhaps the usual precautions have been neglected. Is there any creature—any large creature—which could climb

"We are fools! Loose the dog! If anything human lurks there, he will lead us to it"

"As father awoke, and called out to know why I knocked, I glanced from my window. The moonlight threw half the lawn into shadow, and just disappearing in this shadow was something—something of a brown color, marked with sections!"

"What size and shape?"

"It moved so quickly I could form no idea of its shape but I saw quite six feet of it flash across the grass!"

"Did you hear anything?"

"A swishing sound in the shrubbery—then nothing more."

SHE met my eyes expectantly. Her confidence in my powers of understanding any scientific [illegible] ing, though I knew that I had [illegible] of a father confessor.

"Have you any idea," I said, "[illegible] you awoke in the train yesterday and your father and not?"

"We had coffee at a refreshment room, and must have been drugged in some way. I scarcely [illegible]

The Great Awakening

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

When, after Winter's lonely hours,
And long, hushed days of dread and gloom,
There come the army of the flowers
And the wild rush of blade and bloom;

Expectant at Life's door we sit,
And to the ancient dream still cling,
And hearken to the exquisite
Mad pæan of the waking Spring.

O loveliness beyond all words!
Immortal magic on the hills,
The *Jubilate* of the birds—
How the old wonder leaps and thrills!

Green grow the leaves upon the boughs,
Each leaf a word on God's great scroll;
O let me wander through His house,
And feed my famished wintry soul!

Try this home-made candy. It is pure and good.

Crisco Chocolate Fudge

2 cupfuls sugar
½ cupful milk
Pinch of salt
2 oz. chocolate (2 squares)
2 teaspoonfuls Crisco
1 teaspoonful vanilla
(Use level measurements)

Boil sugar, milk, salt, chocolate and Crisco until there is a soft ball when tested in water. Remove from fire, let stand until lukewarm, add vanilla and beat until creamy. Pour on paper greased with Crisco and mark off in squares.

You will be surer of having pure, rich, harmless confections if, in all your recipes, you will follow the hint in this one:—Use Crisco.

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This Free Cook Book

besides showing you the best way to use Crisco throughout your cooking, gives a hundred tested recipes useful in every kitchen the year around. Write for a copy to The Procter & Gamble Company, Dept. 3, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"You and me," said the cat in all friendliness, "are the only ones here"

Ghosts

By WILL MacMAHON

LIVER-LIP SAM was big and exceedingly black, and as game a darky as ever shook a 'possum out of a persimmon tree. He was the only darky in the county who ventured into the woods at night with his hound dog and left the lantern and torch at home.

When Major Pursell offered five dollars to anyone willing to stand guard from dusk to dawn in a haunted house on his Bitter Swamp plantation, Sam promptly claimed the opportunity. The major nominated a starless night, and specified that the candidate must leave his dog behind, otherwise the reward might be wasted in encouraging an impromptu 'possum hunt in the near-by swamp.

Sam found a comfortable rocking chair in the dining room of the deserted mansion. As night came on he lighted an oil lamp and calmly took up his long vigil with a mind strictly to the benefits accruing from that easy five dollars.

When at length he judged that the hour must be nearly five of the morning, he opened a window and looked out for the expected graying of the sky. The night was still pitch dark. Then he heard afar off in the town the slow tolling of the midnight hour.

"Dat co'tehouse clock am mighty slow," mused Sam, "or else de sun done been delayed somewhahs."

He turned around, and there beside the lamp sat a huge white cat with red eyes. Its tail was wrapped about the chimney.

"You and me," said the cat in all friendliness, "are the only ones here."

"Yessah!" Sam agreed heartily; "an' as soon as Ah gets froo dis windah, yo'-all am gwine to be de on'y one heah!"

He leaped to the ground and started running toward town. Inside of a half mile he had to pass the graveyard. Here he met a man stumbling alongside the road. Sam thought him one of the white trash habitual drunkards from over back yonder in the foothill settlement.

The man carried his head under his arm. The head spoke admiringly.

"Nigger," it declared, "you sure are some runner."

"Mebbe so, mistah!" Sam conceded, pantingly, "but dat was a walk compa'ed to what Ah'm gwine show yo'-all now!"

He lit out on his tiptoes.

After about a mile of record breaking Sam sank down on a log to puff and fan himself with his hat. Looking over his shoulder he saw a figure sitting beside him. It, too, was puffing and fanning.

Sam noted with a start that he could see right through the stranger to a white birch sapling in the background, just as if his neighbor were made of glass.

(*Concluded on page 21*)

"Gangway!" yelled Sam as he leaped ahead; "dey ain't no cow in dis whole worl' what eain put a rockin' chair on her haid an' lead me when Ah'm in a hurry!"

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The character of Jones Instruments and Jones Service is indicated by the character of the several Jones Buildings. There are three factories making Jones instruments.

Speedometer Building, 76th and Broadway, New York

Illustration of Instrument about three-fourths actual size

Mr. Jones is a master of simplicity in mechanical device. And his new Speedometer is his finest example. Here is absolute accuracy in all temperatures, regardless of every outside condition. Guaranteed freedom from any effect due to cars that carry dynamos.

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The World's Final Authority

Jones Precision has gained for Jones Instruments a world-wide reputation. In a 2,000-mile test—lasting 30 days—of 15 different speedometers by the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, in which were American and foreign makes, the Jones won first prize on all points by wide margins. The Jones showed no variation and no wear, and was given the club's gold medal. And this club is known as the final authority in all questions of motor car efficiency.

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Tests at Columbia University, Armour Institute, and by the United States Bureau of Standards, on several rival speedometers, showed inaccuracies at varying temperature of from 20 to 35 per cent—or 13 to 17 miles per hour.

The Jones variation in the same tests was practically imperceptible. Write for the records. See what they show.

The result is that motorists—the thousands who know—as well as the Fire and Police Departments of nearly all cities here and abroad, now use the Jones as standard.

Used by 11 Foreign Rulers

These many tests have gained notable converts. The King of England, Emperor of Germany, Czar of Russia, the Kings of Spain, Belgium, Sweden, Denmark, Italy and Siam use the Jones Speedometer on their private motors. So do the Presidents of Switzerland and France. These men who can buy the best, and have every facility for seeking it out, and who usually test out all leading makes, choose the Jones at last. But thousands are buying without making tests because they know the facts. They take the word of other owners who have tested out the New Jones for them.

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Jones Durability results from simplicity—8-year-old Jones are as accurate now as the day they were sent from the factory. The New Jones will outlast any one of these instruments.

Men are using the original Jones they bought on their fifth and sixth cars today. One Jones, lately testified to by its owner, has traveled 120,000 miles without any adjustment and without any fault. He was putting this instrument on his new car. This Jones outlasted four automobiles. There are thousands of cases like it, but owners expect it and make nothing of it.

The New Jones Model 75
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Price, $125

Same, without clock and light. Price, **$75**

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Though Jones prices aren't low, motor car makers will equip with the New Jones if you state that you want no other. Some makers who do not equip with the Jones use the Jones on their private cars. These makers know the New Jones is a Quality-Instrument and helps gain the prestige they want for their product. We cannot make enough for all. But some of *the pick* of American cars include the New Jones as regular equipment.

The Jones Speedometer is sold under an absolute guarantee of satisfaction

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Broadway and 76th Street

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of Modern Construction, the Accuracy of which is Unaffected by Dynamos, Climate, Heat or Cold

The Gyroscope Principle

Not Affected by Dynamos

The New Jones, lacking everything magnetic, is entirely unaffected by dynamos, climate, cold or heat. The Gyroscope Principle brings the speed itself up into the speedometer where it is reproduced on a Gyroscope. The speed of the car is simply transferred to it. The indicating hand connects directly with the gyroscope, and moves as the gyroscope and the car move together.

The resistance of the road to your car is the force that moves both car and gyroscope. Exactly so does the gyroscope move the hand. The speed of the gyroscope is the speed of the car. The hand points to that speed.

Insert a hose in a tank, attach a pump to it and get the pump in action. Water comes up and flows through the spout.

The speed of your car comes up through the Jones cable and through the new Speedometer in almost precisely that manner. The actual speed "flows" through the Jones indicator almost as the water flows out of the spout.

That's all there is to the Gyroscope Principle; invented by Mr. Jones as applied to speed indication. The wonder of it is in its utter simplicity.

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There is no surer way to indicate speed than to reproduce it. And there's one way to do that accurately—the way it is done in the New Jones Speedometer. An invariable force is thus produced without any lapses, without any bridging, and without any outside forces affecting it. The rest merely means calibrating a dial, a question of simple mathematics.

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Jones Speedometers aren't built in a hurry. From the time parts are cut until the work is finished, six months of work has been put upon it. We put in our time in obtaining accuracy rather than in complicated construction. We imported 12 German machines at a cost of many thousands of dollars, simply to make one part. We finish Jones parts to the accuracy of one ten-thousandth part of an inch. There are thousands of inspections —and each New Jones, in 16 running tests, must agree with a master instrument. That is why the New Jones lasts and stays accurate. That is why it's preferred. Don't you think you prefer it, too?

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Get These Features

Gyroscope principle unaffected by dynamos, climate, heat or cold.

Large, steady pointer indicator, as easy to read in the dark as your watch.

Larger, easy-to-read speed and mileage figures. Most legible speed scale.

Unbreakable shaft with ball-bearing swivel joint.

Instant reset of trip odometer.

Registers forward through car backs.

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Illustration of Instrument about four-fifths actual size

The New Jones Model 60 70-mile-per-hour speed scale. Season mileage to 100,000 miles. Trip mileage to 100 miles. Instantaneous trip mileage reset.

Price..... $60

Same, with clock and electric light additional. Price, $100

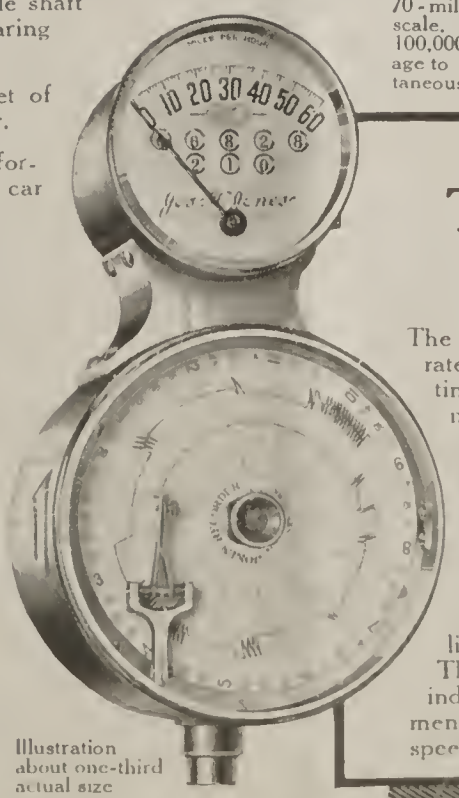

Illustration about one-third actual size

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The New Jones Model 125—the Last Word in Motor Car Equipment

The Jones "Gyroscope-Principle" Speedometer which keeps accurate record of every movement of the car, telling the speed, the time of day, the time the car stands idle, the time spent in motion, and the speed at which it ran while in motion. An interesting record for efficient chauffeurs and car owners. An accountant for operating expense that gives many suggestions for cutting down upkeep.

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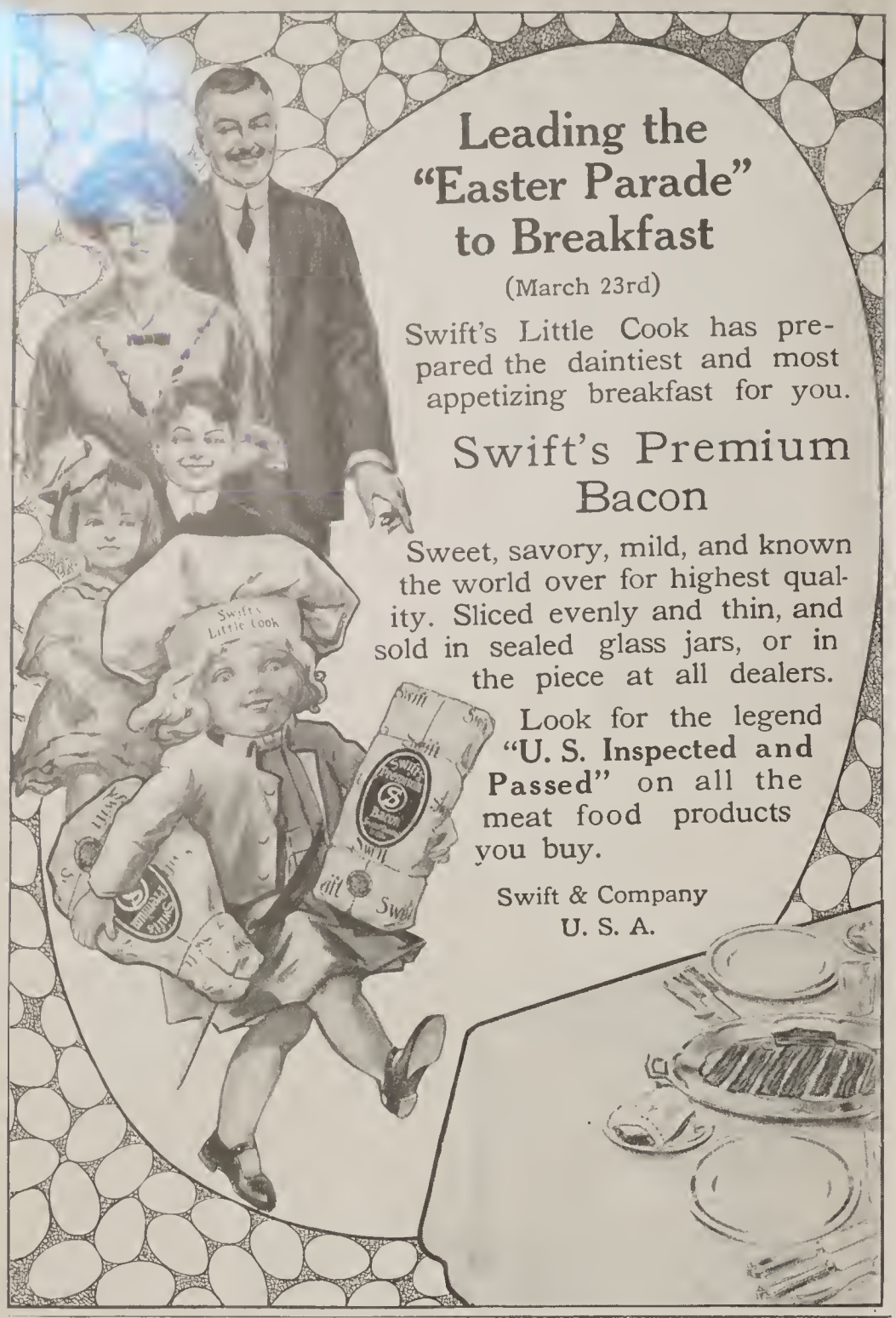

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Long stroke T-head motor—the best known development for power, speed and silence;

Electric self starter and electric lighting system;

Left drive with centre control—a great advance in the convenience of automobile operation.

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Ghosts

(*Concluded from page 21*)

"I reckon that was a fine race we had," remarked the transparent apparition.

"Yessah!" Sam rejoined; "dat wuz a nice li'l' contest, white folks, but nuffin' like de one we-all am gwine to hab right now!"

This time he sprinted away faster yet. In about two minutes he overtook an antlered Virginia white-tail deer going in the same direction and badly frightened.

Said the deer sympathetically: "I'll pace you, brother."

"Gangway!" yelled Sam as he leaped ahead; "dey ain't no cow in dis whole worl' what cain put a rockin' chair on her haid an' lead me when Ah'm in a hurry!"

Sam did not stop until he reached Major Pursell's town house. There he awakened his erstwhile employer, and the major came down to the door.

"Well, well, Liver-Lip!" he exclaimed testily. "I thought you were going to stay all night in the Bitter Swamp house. It's only ten minutes after twelve. Why, you're all out of breath! Did anything frighten you, coon?"

"Who, me, sah?" expostulated Sam indignantly. "No, sah, Ah'm not a-scared ob nuffin' nohow! But Ah earned dat money so easy up till midnight dat Ah thought it on'y fair to run right down heah, boss, an' save yo'-all two dollahs an' fifty cents! Yessah!"

Conservation from a Colorado Viewpoint

By a Critic of the Government

COLORADO was founded upon and has prospered through conservation—the conservation that affords and does not withdraw opportunity, hence the bitter resentment felt toward a Federal control of natural resources that acted without knowledge and upon a blind theory.

The Government holding of any property or the control of any industrial element is that of a trustee for distribution to those who comply with equal and impartial requirements. This general control must be modified and limited to fit it to the particular industry of the particular State affected. A vast public domain politically controlled is a constant menace to good government. Its constant distribution means constant advancement in development.

IN the distribution of waters, the Constitution declares that the water of every natural stream is the property of the public and dedicated to the use of the people of the State, also with a right of way over intervening lands to convey water from the stream to irrigate non-abutting lands. In Colorado the ownership of the waters is in the public, with the use to the man who applies them to a beneficial purpose. To attract pioneers, industrious men, but men without capital, Federal legislation enlarged, for a time, the rights upon public land—first, the homestead, to be acquired by a continuous residence of five years; the preemption claim, to be paid for at $2.50 per acre any time after six months' improvements; the tree claim, to be acquired after maintaining a certain growth of timber. This was narrowed in 1891 to the homestead only of 160 acres, but within three years it has been found advisable, upon the desert portions of the State, to enlarge the claim to 320 acres. Coal lands have invariably been sold to the settler (the surface being farmed) at $20 per acre within twenty miles of any completed railroad, and $10 per acre outside of that limit.

Under these conditions the distribution of the public domain passed, equitably, into the hands of the men who made homes and communities of desirable citizens. Speaking in terms of comparison, the land, or the naked opportunity, is but five per cent and the exploitation and full development expended by the locator is ninety-five per cent.

As to the forest area, scarcely any of it is over two hundred years of age, because it has been swept by fires at least three times in that period, hence it is safe to say that it is reforested once in every fifty years. Had the forests been withdrawn in 1859, they would have died out, at this date, from natural causes, and under a withdrawal policy would have served no purpose. The first growth supplied the pioneers with firewood and wood for domestic purposes, a passable lumber suited to crude buildings, making habitation possible. Had the forests been withdrawn until this day, the present comer would have received no benefit beyond beauty of the landscape, because he has with him his coal mines, his electric power, his internal combustion engines, and he is independent of the help and protection that the forests gave to the pioneer.

Under the withdrawal policy, coal lands have been arbitrarily raised in price from $10 per acre to $150 per acre by rulings of the Interior Department, actuated by the coal-owning railroads. When the Moffat road opened Routt County, the great stock, hay, and agricultural region of northwestern Colorado, of the thousands of people who went in on home-seekers' tickets to make locations, representing not only families, but communities desiring greater opportunity, less than one hundred got locations. The others were driven away under pretense of trespassing on forest reserves, and the coal lands were out of their reach. In other words, the Government, as exemplified by the Interior Department, demands that the annual herbage and emblements shall come and perish without use by anyone, with no basis in reason and against and in abuse of its governmental functions.

No legislation or policy can anticipate a perfect day when the best use can be made of the lands. That is a question of experiment and growth, and the late comer profits by the experience and faith of the pioneer. The lands settled on in 1866, the year of the Liberal Congressional Act, are now in the hands of the grandchildren, if they are still in the same family. They have supported two generations and are supporting the third, and the same area, under intensive cultivation, is supporting three families where it supported one. In the course of time, nature changes its landscapes and its opportunities, so that the only use and the best use is that of the man first on the ground who reduces them to his own benefit.

In Colorado the irrigation season runs from April to November. After that the waters run to the sea in the usual channels. Within twenty years, by reason of a liberal right of way over public lands, canal and reservoir companies have built reservoirs to conserve the water, and that which served no domestic or irrigating purpose from November until April is now used upon dry lands. The subjugation of land in Colorado to a profitable use requires at least the working life of one generation. If one man wastes his opportunities, the man who follows is equipped to turn the waste to an account. Take the properly designated "slashings" of Michigan and Maine, where the choice timber was cut and the land left a tangled, desolate wilderness. The lumber built cities, roads, bridges, induced a dense population. Now the late comer, with his stump puller and dynamite, reclaims again a virgin land and adds it to industrial use. Under the withdrawal policy, the forests of Maine and Michigan would still be standing; population would have veered to one side and taken less expensive lands. Oklahoma, under the withdrawal policy, would be to-day a wind-swept, scanty pasture land.

IN a night, so to speak, a forty-year policy with regard to Western lands was reversed and the injustice has become intolerable. It has made the people justly resentful, and it has visited its displeasure upon the party in power and the party that caused the injury. There was no discussion of the question; no consultation as to its advisability but a drastic action that has effectually checked population and growth in all the sections included.

Colorado and the West is peopled by the thrifty and upbuilding classes of the East, who have come here for a larger opportunity, and for the Government to ruthlessly step in and by an arbitrary ruling reverse its policy, is to check and eventually destroy a natural, even increase in blind obedience to an ill-founded theory.

The man on the ground knows. He is the product of his conditions, and he will not destroy the elements by which he lives and which serve as a prop to his house.

He in his turn distributes to his heirs. It is the law of industrial evolution, and any government that by ruthlessly obstructing the process, inaugurates a policy that is destructive, will be reversed.

A New Stage Irishman

Amusingly Presented by the Irish Players

By ARTHUR RUHL

THE "news interest" of Mr Lennox Robinson's play, "Patriots," which the Irish Players are presenting here for the first time, will enliven the American spectator almost as much as its racy flavor and thoroughly delightful comedy. Even those who have progressed from Chauncey Olcott to the stage Irishmen of Mr. Bernard Shaw will find something novel in the patriots depicted here.

The Nugent brothers are busy with the affairs of the "league" when the play opens. A league of fighters once, of passwords, hidden stores of arms, quick blows in the dark, it has become a sort of rural lyceum and lecture bureau. We hear James Nugent, a fussy old muffin who might be the editor of some desiccated literary review, or secretary of a suburban drama discussion society, chattering complacently of the league's progress. There is to be a lecture—very, *very* interesting—"With a Camera through the Apennines"—and another, rather daring but *most* significant, on the nationalization of the Irish railways. We see their sister Ann—wife of the league's old fighting leader, James O'Mahoney, in prison these eighteen years—and her crippled daughter. A very Joan of Arc, side by side with her husband in the old days, she never mentions him or them now without a strange coldness and hardness—but she has made their grocery the most successful in the district. The change that has come over things—the new prosperity and the disinclination foolishly to stir up trouble, the gradual wearing away of the old spirit of revolt under the constant drip of English concessions—"sops," O'Mahoney would have called them—all this is revealed with sympathy and penetrating satire. Then comes the thunderbolt. James has been released from prison and is coming back.

He comes unchanged, except in years, to this world grown away from him. To the ingratiating explanations of his brothers-in-law about the thriving condition of the league he interposes: "How many arms—how many rifles—have you got?" His wife, hardened and faded, if not broken, looks back almost with horror to the wild days when, fascinated by his passionate enthusiasm, she threw her whole youth and strength into the hopeless cause.

The change in everyone only spurs the old leader to new zeal—he had feared that he would not be needed, and now he finds that he is needed more than ever. So he calls a meeting at the village hall. Two young fellows of the new generation look with him. The mother interposes, and in the violent moment which follows reveals the secret which has stood between them during his prison years—the daughter was born a cripple, because of the shock to the mother when O'Mahoney, thinking only of escaping arrest, had fought his pursuers from the very room where she was

Miss Sara Allgood, who plays the disillusioned wife in "Patriots"

lying. This breaks O'Mahoney down at last. He has killed men, maimed his own child, spent the best of his life in prison, and what has he accomplished, after all? To build up a new life as best he may, he staggers out, leaning on his wife's arm, followed by the absurd brothers-in-law. The canny old janitor watches them depart, turns down the lights, looks at his watch. "It's only quarter after eight," says he. "There's time to see the movin' pictures yet!"

All through, the author is fair to both sides of the argument. The brothers-in-law are piffling and ridiculous, the wife hard, yet in their regard for peace, and hatred of the old hopeless revolt, they have all the common sense, and perhaps something more, on their side. The intransigent O'Mahoney is an archaic nuisance in the environment to which he returns, yet his bigness and nobility cannot be escaped. Here is a chance for satire—the interplay of these two types, both so fairly put, and at bottom so tragic—with some life and body to it. A play so simple and apparently artless, and yet at once so droll and searching, is not encountered every day.

None of the other plays of the long repertoire is more amusing than Mr. Shaw's "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," which had the honor to be suppressed in England. Really a sermon on the difficulty people have in being as bad as they sometimes set out to be, there was enough Shavian wit and seeming irreverence to catch the eagle eye of the British censor. As played here it is as harmless and taken about as seriously as any good "turn" in a music hall. The scene is in our own Far West, and the combination of conventional Bret Harte color with Mr. Shaw's intellectual fireworks is amusing enough, but, as interpreted with the rich brogue of the Irish Players, funnier still. In one of his characteristic arguments for the "wrong" side of a case, Mr. Shaw endeavors to prove that drunkenness is nature's kindly anesthetic to keep people out of mischief. As long as a man is busy he is safe, but as soon as he is idle, and sober, he is ready for trouble. And one of the characters suggests that the success of Americans is due to the fact that they are always either working as hard as they can or are incapacitated by drink.

Mr. Arthur Sinclair, who takes the part of a "tamed" Irishman in "Patriots"

in before he arrives, but, finding out what is on, languidly shake their heads and go to the moving-picture show. When O'Mahoney arrives there is no one to listen to him. The old war horse determines then to move on to Dublin, where some of the old spirit must still survive, and the crippled daughter declares she will go

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These machines are alike in quality and perfection of detail. Each is suited for a different purpose. **Model H Lightweight**—1 h.p., belt drive, imported magneto. Weight 160 pounds. A wonderful value, $165. **Model K—The Big Four** Big 4 h.p., belt drive, imported magneto, overhead valves, spring seat post, $200. **Model M** 5 h.p.—Chain drive. Bosch Magneto. Rear spring suspension, overhead valves, $215. **Model L—Twin**—Twin Cylinder, 7-8 h.p., chain drive. Bosch magneto, rear spring suspension, overhead valves, $250.

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Also makers of Pope Bicycles —Catalogues Free.

FOOT-STRONG SOCKS

If you're heavy on socks, try Bachelors' Friend Hosiery and you'll save a lot of money, for these socks wear like iron.

The strong reinforcing in Bachelors' Friend Hosiery extends from the beginning of the toe, along the sole to and including the heel and above the shoe line. Notwithstanding their great strength, these socks feel like silk to the skin. Also 100% comfortable.

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Reg. U. S. Patent Office and Canada.

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Any quality, $1.00 a box

Made in four grades, every pair guaranteed.

Special—lightest weight guaranteed gauze hose made —box of 3 pairs guaranteed 3 months.

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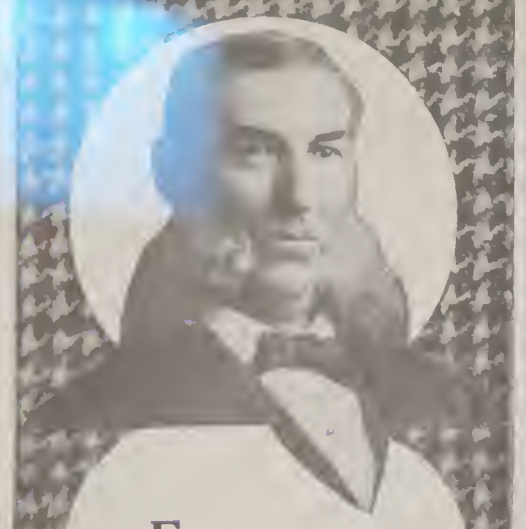

Economy

in dress consists in getting *real values* at a price that represents a saving in dollars and cents to you.

Styleplus Clothes $17 offer you *real values* which you were never able to obtain before for less than $20 to $25. This means

you save $3 to $8

and obtain clothes scientifically built from top to bottom, stylish and splendidly serviceable.

Styleplus Clothes $17

"The same price the world over"

Our plant for the scientific manufacture of medium priced clothes is the largest in the world. Our superior buying and manufacturing facilities enable us to sell for $17, suits which you cannot match under $20 to $25 and thus

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Call at a Styleplus clothier's and examine these clothes inside and out. All-wool fabrics; exclusive patterns and stylish, exclusive cuts, designed by our own artists; water shrunk canvas and tape; iron-strong linings; hand-tailored coats; hand-made button-holes. Try one of the suits on and see how well it "hangs"! Ask to see a complete assortment of Styleplus Norfolks, English and Scotchy cheviots, fancy English serges, cassimeres, and worsteds.

Henry Sonneborn & Co.
Founded 1849
Baltimore, Md.

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES are sold by one leading clothier in each town and city. If there is a Styleplus dealer in your town, he will likely be listed in your local telephone book under "Styleplus Clothes". If there is no dealer in your town, write us for the name of the nearest dealer.

Look for this label in the coat

Styleplus Clothes

Milady in Motley

Concluded from page 9

dors, Chinamen, Turks, princes in velvet, clowns, and mock policemen intermingled in a vast and schemeless phantasmagoria. For those who did not rise to the height of mask or domino there were the special hatbands, peddled on every corner, to lend luster to the occasion. These bore printed legends typifying that extreme and conventional banality of catchword which passes current as wit with a certain age: "I'll Get You Yet"; "Come and Catch Me, Girls"; "Wink, I'll Do the Rest"; "Kiss Me, Nothing Makes Me Sick"; "Got You, Steve," and so on. Sometimes the legends were homemade and waved aloft on standards or carried, pasted on a suit case or grip. It was all very innocent and naïve.

All the world belonged to the casual maskers until the parade arrived. Then they scattered and melted into the crowds, only to reappear as soon as the line of march had passed, to make the city their own again for the rest of the day and night. For their day of glory, twenty-five hours were none too many.

EACH parade, followed by its ball, is conducted by a carnival organization. Secrecy is the hall-mark and fetich of these societies. No one is supposed to know anything about the membership. In comparison, a college fraternity is as open and public as a political rally. A man's own family isn't aware (theoretically) to what group he belongs, or whether he belongs to any. If he disappears at stated intervals, they may guess; but they will do well to keep their surmises to themselves.

Men plot and pull wires quietly, and work connections to get into these groups, very much as is done for the senior societies in Yale, of which, by the way, they are amusingly reminiscent. And the cost is no small matter. Still, admittance is considered cheap at any price, and many a festive youth economizes on board and everyday clothes to go, once in the year, garmented like the gods. To paraphrase Mr. Belloc's lyric lay of the yak, it may be said of a membership in a fashionable carnival society that:

"It is better to have than a coach or a yacht.
If your fam'ly's exceedingly rich
They will purchase you one—or perhaps they will not;
I cannot be positive which!"

All expenses of the parade and the ball are defrayed by the members of the particular group giving it, be it Momus, Comus, or Proteus. All invitations come from them anonymously, and for visitors—an amusing touch—must be left in the care of "some well-known citizen." It might seem that their one night of glory is small return for the outlay for the year of planning and devising. But the true son of Milady doesn't think so. He is well repaid. The elfin spirit is in him. Then, too, he gratifies his instinct for hospitality, and finally, one may guess, experiences that stern joy which patriots feel in putting on a false nose and going out to caper in the highways for the honor of their native city.

CANDOR compels the admission that there is a palling similarity about all the carnival balls which no differentiation of scenic background or costuming can allay. They are held in the old French Opera House, an aged and picturesque barrack of a place, peculiarly ill-fitted for this kind of function. Disbanding from the parade, the maskers take their places on the stage around the throne on which the King reclines, the process being hidden from the massed guests in front by the curtain. After a long delay this rises, and then comes the really eye-filling phase of the spectacle.

In a wide, deep crescent traversing the whole width of the stage, the silken-clad mummers, bedizened in every hue of the rainbow, shining with fairy gold and silver, glistening with mock jewels, move, swaying and swinging rhythmically down, a joyous army, to claim their partners. I have seen many colorful spectacles in many corners of the world, but nothing with quite the same thrill in it as that leaping, dancing, color-crested wave of youth and revelry.

For more than an hour the masks hold the floor with their partners. Then is seen the pretty spectacle of Maidenhood fronting the Mystery; questing with vision aslant for the Man behind the mask. When the "black coats"—the male guests—come in, the stage is thronged. It is all very decorous. No turkey trots; not even the Boston; "conventional dances only," as the announcements put it. To me, looking on, the dancing seemed inexplicably poor and halting, until I had my turn and found myself on the worst floor that I have ever bumped and jostled over. Just why a carnival society should spend a year's labor of planning and thousands upon thousands of dollars to make a really superb pageant, and then crown it by a ball given on a floor about as smooth as a plowed field, somebody else must answer. I can't.

Early hours are the rule. Perhaps no one can stand that surface long. For whatever reason, the dances close at 1.30 or 2, although not under way until well after 10.30. Another rule is, I believe, peculiar to the city. Every member of each club binds himself strictly to abstain from all forms of alcoholic drink for the entire day and evening of his organization's fête. Whether there is ever any breaking over, I cannot say. But certainly not at any of the several balls which I attended was there the slightest evidence of infringement of the rule. Milady New Orleans, as I have said, is preeminently a well-bred old lady.

IT was all over. The last dance of the latest-reveling, noncarnival club had merged into "Home, Sweet Home." Dawn was beginning to tinge the skies again when I came out into the littered thoroughfare. Canal Street still glowed fitfully in patches. But a chill wind had swept it clear of maskers. On a corner I espied a familiar figure with three faces. The high shoulders drooped. Under the fierce hues of the paint ran haggard lines. Cerberus of the Encindered Eye was palpably aweary. But he still had his courtly bow to greet me with.

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit," he warbled. "Bird thou never wert. At least, owl thou never wert, or you wouldn't be exhibiting the instinct of the homing pigeon at this ripe hour."

A vagrant gust picked up a torn wreath of ruined flowers, and whisked it to his feet. He lifted it.

"The last leaf," he said. "The final and appropriate garland.

"'Dead; dead and done for! Swift from shine to shade
The roaring generations flit and fade.'

I, too, flit and fade," he added. "But first to find a brow worthy of this crown."

Glancing about him he discerned, in a shelter formed by the angle of one of the hastily constructed parade stands, an urchin of ten or eleven, huddled, fast asleep. The head had fallen back. Furrows of forgotten tears streaked the still face. Stepping softly, Cerberus set the dead blossoms at a fantastic angle above the brow. The boy stirred and shivered a little. A many-hued cloak was part of my unknown guide's costume. This he stripped off and gently tucked it about the dreaming waif; then drew back, nodding repeatedly, as one who approves a satisfactory completion, and misquoted from his ready, stumbling memory:

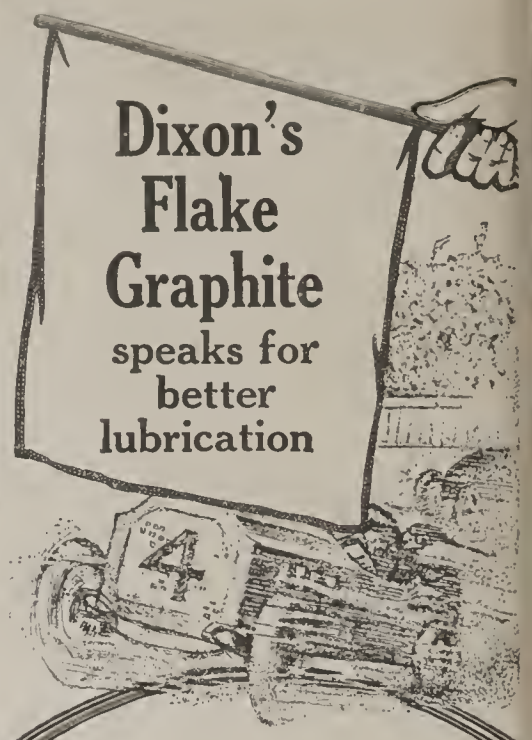
"Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with dead leaves he stands,
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold, immortal hands!"

He looked down at the sheen of the magnificent cloak covering the boy's shabby clothing. "At least there will be one magic awakening from the day of glory," he said.

Homeward Bound

There's a pine-built lodge in a craggy mountain glen
In the shag-breasted motherland that bore me;
And the west wind calls, and I'm turning home again
To the hills where my heart is gone before me.

Where a lake laughs blue when the dipping paddles gleam,
Where the wild geese are following their leader,
Where the trout leaps up from the silver of the stream
And the buck strikes his horn against the cedar. —ARTHUR GUITERMAN.



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Dixon's Flake Graphite removes the cause of friction—metallic contact. The soft, oily flakes cover the metal surfaces with a permanent, almost frictionless, veneer of graphite which, unlike plain oil or grease, cannot be squeezed out. It has been demonstrated beyond question that it prevents wear and saves repairs.

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are composed of pure Flake Graphite and best greases. The leading automobile drivers of America have given them their unqualified endorsement. This proves their high quality.

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Hughie Hughes writes: "I cannot speak too highly of Dixon's Automobile Lubricants. They not only reduce friction to a minimum, but their lasting qualities are remarkable."

More facts in our free booklet, "Lubricating the Motor." Send name and model of car with your request for this booklet No. 245.

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Established in 1827
Jersey City New Jersey

You - as a tire bill payer - now demand a vise-like rim grip - with no cutting or breaking above the rim - and here it is →

It's the *rim* as much as the *road* that wears out your tires.

So we said to our Engineers:

"You must build us a tire with perfect 3-point Rim Contact."

They did—and they also added the No-Pinch Safety Flap for inner tube protection in

Then we called in our Chemists and said:

"Tire buyers are demanding a tough, flint-like, but resilient tread—a tire made of lusty young rubber—a tire giving the utmost mileage at no additional expense."

And the answer is

Vitalized Rubber

Diamond {No Clinch} Tires

Perfect Three Point Rim Contact

Here is a No-Clinch tire that appeals to the hard-headed, shrewd tire buyer—the man who insists on easy riding comfort and a good liberal mileage.

Each point of rim contact in a tire is a point of support. Where the points of rim contact are not perfect, undue pressure is brought to bear at an unsupported point of the tire.

Then what happens?

The result is a terrific strain on the tire that results in rim troubles, breaking above the bead and separation of the tread from the carcass.

All this is overcome in the Diamond No-Clinch because the three points of rim contact are absolutely *mechanically perfect* — the annealed steel cable wire bead holds with a vise-like, rim-grip.

Add to this the No-Pinch Safety Flap, for inner tube protection, the Vitalized Rubber advantage, the famous Diamond Safety (Squeegee) Tread and you have bought rubber shod mileage that has no equal at any price.

So this time specify Diamond Vitalized Rubber Tires — you can get them at any of the

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He will give you, *free*, the following valuable helps to Home Beautifying—

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Johnson's Wood Dye

Made in 17 popular shades such as Mission Oak, Early English, Mahogany, Fumed Oak, etc. It penetrates deeply into the wood, bringing out the beauty of the grain without raising it.

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A perfect furniture polish and finish for all woodwork, floors and furniture, including pianos. Is beautifying and protecting.

If, *on application*, you find that your dealer cannot supply you, *we will*.

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"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

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1 25c Instruction Book.

2 10c bottles of Johnson's Wood Dye (desired shade). 1 10c can of Johnson's Prepared Wax.

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The Leisure Hours of Men

SAMOA, CAL., Feb. 1, 1913.

EDITOR COLLIER'S:

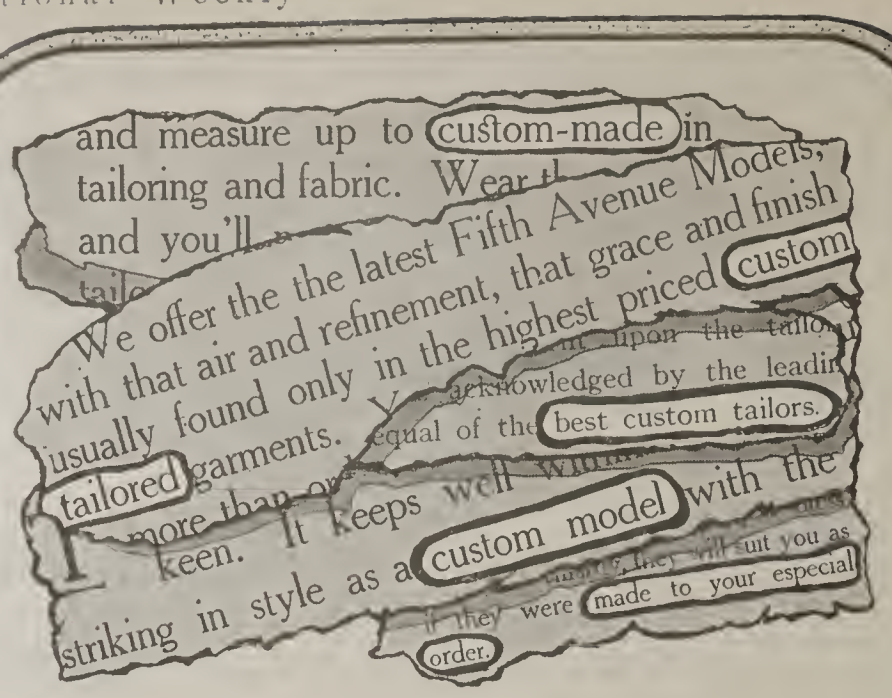
IN COLLIER'S of the 25th ultimo I read a letter from a Mr. Oscar Rustad, a saloon keeper of Moorehead, Minn. In part Mr. Rustad says: "But the point I want to get at, Mr. Editor, is: With what are you going to replace the American saloon? Where, oh where, is my friend 'Jock,' 'Bill,' 'Tony,' etc., going to spend his holidays or his lay off during a rainy spell? Where is he going to meet his friends and compare notes? Where is he going to get 'two bits' for a bed or one 'short bit' for a meal? Where will he go on cold winter nights to spend an evening?"

FOR the benefit of Mr. Rustad and a few more who look at the saloon question in the same light, I will give you the last fourteen years' history of the little sawmill town of Scotia, Humboldt County, Cal. Everything in Scotia excepting two churches and a school building is owned by the Pacific Lumber Company. About one thousand men are employed in the mills and other departments. Fourteen years ago the company was running the saloon "wide open." At night, on Sundays, and on lay off days the saloon, being the only place where the men could meet and "compare notes," was always crowded to standing room. Men were drinking, cursing, quarreling, and fighting. Fighting seemed to be the main amusement. There was always a certain number of men laying off, suffering from the effects of liquor. Four years ago Mr. C. W. Pennoyer of Michigan was elected president of the Pacific Lumber Company. Mr. Pennoyer at once cut the saloon hours to seven out of the twenty-four; closed the saloons on Sundays and all holidays; refused to sell liquor on credit; ordered that no one be permitted to "hang around" the saloon, and that anyone who used liquor while at work was to be discharged.

After all this, what do you suppose the men did? They did the very thing that will be done any other place under similar circumstances. A social club was organized, officers elected, and clubrooms secured. In a very short time the rooms were furnished with the best of chairs, tables, piano, phonographs, billiard and pool tables, a gymnasium, baths, and all kinds of legitimate reading matter—all for the small amount of fifty cents a month dues. Here the men spend the evenings, Sundays, and lay-off days. Singing and debating are encouraged, and there are special evenings for entertaining ladies.

IN the last few years four fraternal societies have been organized in Scotia—two for men and two for women, and all have a splendid membership. Two churches have been built; both have good attendance. Two banks are the latest additions—a postal and a First National—and both are doing a big business. I walked into Scotia on a Sunday morning fourteen years ago, and I could see men under the influence of liquor in all directions—some of them completely overcome by it. I again walked into Scotia on a Sunday morning six months ago, and I could see well-dressed men with respectful countenances, pleasant and cheerful, and I afterward learned that practically everyone had a bank account. I could see bright, neatly dressed children coming from Sunday school; men and women going to church or on their way to visit their neighbors. Now which is the best: The town with the saloon or the town without the saloon? I don't suppose that Mr. Pennoyer realizes the good he has done to the men and their families and to himself. To himself because he now has in his employ a far more competent class of men. I take my hat off to the employer who will work for the improvement of conditions in general for the people in his or her employ, thus bringing employer and employee closer together, working for each other's interest, in a friendly, harmonious way. And to you, Mr. Editor, I will say: I have been reading COLLIER'S for many years, and always find it striving for cleaner and purer things in politics and everything else. Many times you have succeeded; sometimes perhaps you have failed; nevertheless, it is the work of noble minds, often unrewarded, but always uplifting mankind. I am not exaggerating things; I never do. I am neither a prohibitionist nor a drunkard. I am a workingman, an American citizen, with the welfare of my country and of humanity foremost in my mind.

P. A. ROSSETTI.



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THE proudest of claims for "clothing" is that it's "up to *custom-made,*" or "equal to the best *custom* tailor's." It's the vainest of claims, too, for custom tailoring is planned and proportioned for a *particular person*---drafted and draped to his individual measurements---matched and mated to a specific type, a specific taste, a specific stature, a specific style.

Kahn-Tailored-Clothes

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are *custom-made*---merchant-tailored---to your individual measurements taken carefully and correctly by our Authorized Representative in your town. Being tailored *expressly for you,* not for a mythical "average man," these garments are as *personally yours* as the cast of your face or the color of your eyes.

Not only are Kahn-Tailored-Clothes *custom-made* in every part and process, but the woolens, too, are *custom fabrics,* many of them confined to us. Thus, your *individuality* is safeguarded alike in the cloth, in the cut, in the fashion, in the finish.

Go to our Authorized Representative in your town and be measured for your Kahn *custom-tailored* Spring Suit or Topcoat—*guaranteed* as though bond-backed. Look in his window for our seal, reproduced below. Watch your local newspaper for his advertising.

Kahn Tailoring Company
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Progressive merchants should write for our Tailoring Department Proposition.

The Kind of Clothes KAHN TAILORED CLOTHES Gentlemen Wear

Clean, safe, freshly-filtered Water

for *all* purposes—at less cost per year than bottled drinking water alone, if you use the

LOOMIS-MANNING FILTER

the only filter that perfectly cleanses itself

The standard filter of the finest country homes and most improved public buildings in America.
Write for catalog C, and list of satisfied users nearest you, to

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Bent Bones

Your Foot—

is it like a Crumpled Bird's Claw?

WHEN you bind your foot up fast in a narrow, unnatural shoe that bends and crumples the bones into a condition like this X-Ray photo shows, it has no voice to cry out loud for help.

But sooner or later it warns you by means of corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, callouses, fallen arch, etc., which impair your bodily peace and your mental efficiency.

Do you want a crumpled bird's claw, or do you want strong, healthy feet that never give you a twinge of discomfort all day long—standing, walking or sitting?

Put your feet into Educator Shoes and you forget corns, bunions, and all foot ills. They disappear whence they came. And your foot bones straighten out into their natural shape with just the space they need to flex and relax as you call them into play. No extra, ugly looseness — for the Educator is made scientifically to conform to the precise shape of the natural foot.

The Educator is handsome, with a "custom-made" look — in fact, good sense *plus good looks*. Always the same shape season after season. You never have to "break in" a new pair.

Put your child's feet into Educators and give him lifetime freedom from foot troubles, by letting his foot grow as it should.

Insist on genuine Educators — the name is branded on the sole. Prices from $1.35 for Infants' to $5.50 for men's specials.

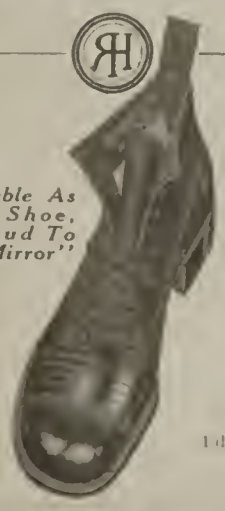
If you just "think about doing it" you won't get around to abolishing your foot troubles. So get a pair of Educators *today*.

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"LETS THE FOOT GROW AS IT SHOULD"



"Comfortable As An Old Shoe, But Proud To Pass A Mirror"

Men's Educator

RICE & HUTCHINS

World's Shoemakers To The Whole Family

16 High Street, Boston, Mass.

Makers of the Famous *All America* and *Signet* Shoes for Men, *Mayfair* and *Mayfair* Specials for Women.

A Pastoral

(*Concluded from page 17*)

man looked into his companion's face and saw in her eyes a look which made him long to lay his head on her breast and have her run her fingers through his hair — to have her "mother" him.

By now the sun was nearly down and they began to think of going back. Neither wanted to go; both knew they must. So they turned reluctant feet toward the west where there were trolley cars and steam heated flats. A ravine lay in their path. They decided to cross it instead of going round. Down, down they rushed, crashing through brush and undergrowth, until the turgid stream at the foot was reached. "We will cross the raging torrent on this fallen log," declared the man. The woman ran lightly across. He followed more slowly. In midstream the log gave way under his weight and one foot went into the water. He quickly extricated himself, however, and together they climbed the bank, reaching the top breathless and disheveled.

While the woman was rearranging her tousled hair, the man, at her direction, gathered a great armful of branches covered with beautifully tinted leaves. It was an unspoken effort to carry back into the sordid city some of the beauty and glory of the day that was now nearly done.

THE way of the car lay through a park closed for the season. At the exit they found locked gates. After some search they found a small gate, secured only by an iron bar. The man lifted this from its hasps and opened the gate wide enough to get through. As he closed it he said to his companion: "I'm not going to lock the gate on this beautiful day. We will want to reenter it many times again." And she replied: "Oh, yes, indeed we must."

An hour later the man and woman slowly ascended the stairs of the flat house. On the third landing the man laid his armful of branches on a small table, and, turning the woman's face toward it, he took her in his arms and kissed her once, twice, three times. "Dearest," he said, "remember the gate is not locked."

Then he ran down the stairs.

The woman stood quite still until she heard the hall door close. Then she sank into the chair by the table and buried her face in the cool leaves.

The day was done.

Memories

(*Continued from page 12*)

but the thing in my throat might shift and choke me to death at any moment. At five o'clock my doctor and I were with the fortunate possessor of the X-ray. He was much interested and asked several questions. While replying, the pain in my throat became severe. I almost strangled —a violent cough shook me—and out came the steel tip of the instrument and fell on the floor. It had been lodged in the larynx and had remained there. Both doctors agreed that the muscles had been so strengthened by long use in acting that they were able to hold the piece of steel, which, if it had entered the windpipe, would have caused my death." I asked Irving whether he had felt alarmed during all the time of this perilous experience. "No," he answered, "not in the least; I was merely annoyed."

HIS THOUGHTFULNESS

ONE morning in the old Plaza Hotel in New York, where Irving several times lodged, we had been talking of the relief of Mafeking and of the gallant defense of that place by Baden-Powell—his intrepid spirit and indomitable resolution. "He is a great man," said Irving; "he has done a great thing. I should like to send a message to him. I think it would please him; I *know* it would." Then, after a pause, he added: "I'll send a cable." Bram Stoker, Irving's expeditious business manager, while sympathetic with the feeling and the purpose thus signified, expressed doubt whether a dispatch could be sent through to Mafeking, and also mentioned the cost. "Never mind," said Irving, "we'll try it. He's a great man. He has done a wonderful thing." Then he dictated this cable: "Well done. Great Glamis! Worthy Cawdor!—Henry Irving, New York." Stoker remarked that the words "New York" at the end were not necessary and would increase the charge. Irving, however, insisted that

(*Continued on page 32*)

FEDERAL TIRES

Federal Tires are the tires of economy and extra service.

The Federal Rugged Tread has established a new standard in anti-skid tires. Its special construction overcomes all skidding difficulties, and reduces the danger of winter motoring. The rugged build and the extra thickness of the tread make it unusually enduring in service. Preferred by motorists everywhere.

All types for all standard rims

At your next purchase specify Federal Tires. They save you money and tire trouble.

Federal Rubber Manufacturing Co.
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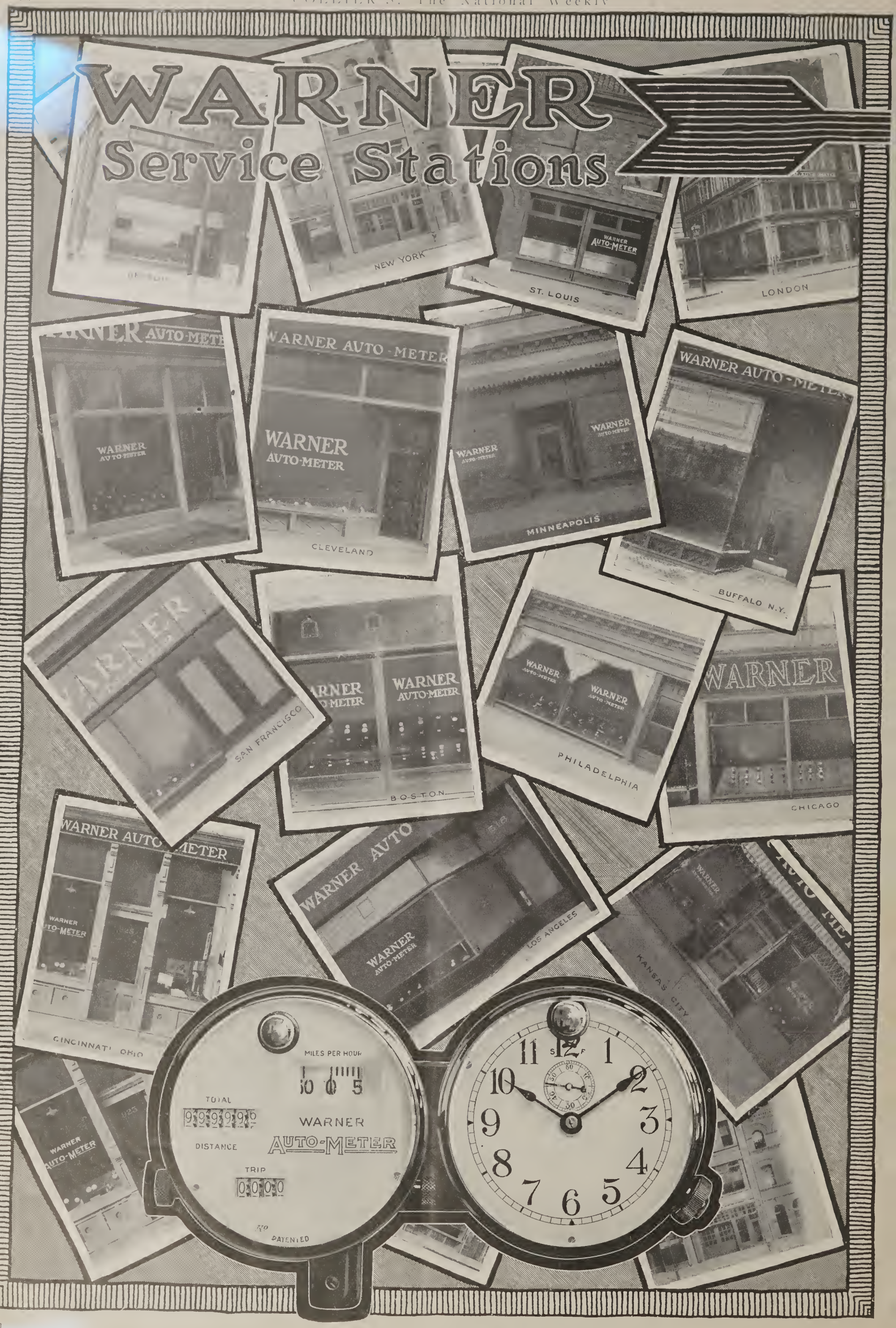
Branches and Agencies everywhere

You can't skid with this tread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We have a permanent service station in every important city in the world.

We maintain and operate the largest chain of speedometer service stations in the world.

We have more service stations than all the other speedometer manufacturers combined.

We can afford this expensive and extensive equipment because we make more speedometers than all the other manufacturers combined.

We travel the largest force of specially trained factory experts and pay more individual attention to manufacturers and owners than any other speedometer manufacturer in the business.

The expense is enormous. But our big production makes it practical. No smaller manufacturer could stand it.

Over 98% of all the high priced cars that are carrying standard equipment are equipped with Warners.

POSSIBLY the vital necessity and many advantages of speedometer service has never occurred to you—so listen: Suppose you were touring, we'll say, out west. Approaching Denver you had a slight accident, and disabled your speedometer shaft, or put your road wheel gear out of commission. The minute you got into Denver you would go straight to the Warner branch—have a fresh shaft put on—your Warner inspected, and tested by an expert—then you're off.

Or if you wanted your Warner transferred from one car to another; or if you wanted your odometer reset at the end of a season; or if you had larger tires put on your car which would necessitate changing your road wheel gear, all you have to do is to go to our service station in your city and have the adjustment properly made by a factory expert. Such local service as this no other speedometer manufacturer can give.

That's real convenience and prompt service—isn't it? No bother, worry or trouble. But, suppose the speedometer on your car had no service behind it. Suppose you had to send to the factory and wait days or weeks for the necessary part. All distance, speed, routes, mileage, and connections would be lost track of. And probably what is most important of all, you would lose your check on your tire service (most tire companies make these adjustments strictly on odometer readings). That would be mighty inconvenient and annoying, for there is nothing more aggravating than a dead speedometer.

All Over The World

Warner users are extended Warner service in every important city in America—in the world, for we maintain a permanent branch in every country—the world over. You will find Warner stations all over the United States, England, France, Germany, Australia, New Zealand, Africa, South America and India. Warner users are never inconvenienced. No matter where you are, you can find Warner service within your reach. On the opposite page we show a few of our numerous branches.

Each one of this great chain is maintained and run by our home office. Each service station is a direct factory branch; has a Warner manager (factory trained) under whom is a complete force of factory trained Warner men. Each service branch carries a complete stock of all parts, in addition to a full stock of complete instruments.

Field supervisors make regular monthly visits to each one of our service branches. This force of supervisors examine the daily report of each man of each department. Each individual tester and inspector must report on every test, inspection and adjustment in detail.

In addition to this we travel a special corps of men to inspect, assist, and superintend all factory installations. We protect every automobile manufacturer by assuring him of correct installation.

Besides this we travel a staff of engineers to visit all factory engineering departments.

A Tremendous Investment

We have hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in this service.

In fact we have more money invested in service stations than most speedometer manufacturers have in their entire business. These branches form the most thorough and comprehensive chain of speedometer service stations in existence.

The expense is enormous. No smaller manufacturer could stand it.

But our tremendous volume of business makes it possible.

Our service stations pay-roll, alone, is larger than the entire factory pay-roll of most speedometer manufacturers.

We are constantly opening and equipping new service stations.

We keep in touch with the growth of automobiles in every section of the country. We get special reports from the Secretaries of State showing all automobile registrations. As the number of cars increase, in given localities, we open new service stations.

Our Expert Organization

We employ the best men in the business. We have the best speedometer engineers—the best production men—the most skilled watch makers. Our whole organization is made up of young—live—speedometer experts who are eager to serve you as you would be served—quickly—courteously—and promptly.

Thus you have a faint idea of Warner service—what it is, and what it means to you as a car owner.

The car that is equipped with a magnetic Warner Auto-Meter is on a par with a Warner itself—which is acknowledged, by the majority of the world's leading automobile manufacturers, to be the best speedometer made—both in principle—operation and construction.

Handsome catalogue—gratis.

Be sure your car is equipped with a magnetic Warner—for Warner service is at your service in every part of the world.

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Miss C. H. Lippincott
Pioneer
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Send me 10 cents and the names and addresses of two of your friends who love choice flowers, and I will mail you 30 seeds of the fragrant and beautiful

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which blooms in four months from the time of sowing. I will also send you my bargain collection of **Spencer Sweet Peas, Giant Orchids,** flowering type, **Nasturtiums, Dwarf Chameleon,** mixed, **Royal Show Pansies, Asters,** finest mixed.

Seeds that succeed

Seeds carefully selected from the choicest of plants, chosen for their sturdy growth, are the kind that I sell and have sold for the past twenty years. This is why my list of customers increases each year and numbers thousands of enthusiastic flower and plant lovers all over the country.

With the seeds I'll mail you my book **"Floral Culture,"** which tells you HOW to successfully grow flowers from my seeds. It will enable you to have flower beds that will be your constant delight and envy of your neighbors. This book alone is worth many times the cost of ten cents to you. My 20th Annual Catalog will be sent with it.

Miss C. H. Lippincott

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Pioneer Seedswoman
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Memories

(*Continued from page 29*)

they should be used, saying: "It isn't the words, it's *the being remembered.* A man likes to be *remembered* when he's far away. A dispatch from New York will seem more than one from London." And so the message was immediately sent.

He remembered even the most casual remarks that were made in his hearing; he never forgot a face or a name, and his faculty of observation was as fine as his faculty of memory. Without seeming to see, he saw everything that was going on around him. Once, when he and I, in earnest conversation, were walking slowly along beside the Thames, not far from Hampton Court, he said: "We have been followed for some time by a man who is trying to overhear us; let us turn back." I had not been aware that anybody was near. Long afterward, in New York, I received a letter from a stranger, stating that he had followed us at that time and place, and had either taken or tried to take a Kodak picture of us. Irving's vigilant eyes had seen the man from the first, and he had taken the fortunate precaution of speaking in a low tone—fortunate because he had been telling me the sad story of a lovely girl, dear to him in his youth, who had been betrayed by a distinguished actor, who thus inflicted on Irving in early life an injury which he never forgave and a sorrowful loss which he never forgot.

"GENTLE, NOT TENDER"

IT has been said of Irving that he lacked feeling, that he was all mind and no heart. Speaking to me, Miss Ellen Terry said: "He is gentle, not tender." The late Henry Labouchere wrote of him that "he was *always acting.*" Greater errors could not have been made. Irving knew enough of human nature to know that it is frequently selfish and in many ways infirm, and he realized that "there is no art to find the mind's construction in the face"; but, essentially, he was one of the most loving and lovable of men—when and where he fully trusted. He was singularly sensitive to kindness, and any little token of remembrance that reached him from a friendly hand, if it were only a trifle—as inconsiderable as a cravat or a cigar case—was treasured by him with a gratitude almost pathetic. But he did not "wear his heart upon his sleeve," and he did not trust many persons. He had suffered much, and he was lonely to the last. He was one of the most intellectual persons that ever trod the stage, but those who knew him best could testify that his sympathy was as wide as the widest experience of mankind and as deep as the deepest feelings of compassion and tenderness that ever possessed the human heart.

HE WAS LONELY

IRVING'S views relative to religion were, like those of many other intellectual persons, variable. In talking with me he spoke freely on all kinds of subjects, and sometimes he spoke of religious beliefs and of death. He kept a picture of Christ in his bedroom where he could see it the moment he awoke, and of the spirit of Christ he spoke to me with profound reverence. I remember having heard him say, when addressing a young man and discriminating between the moral responsibility of youth and manhood as to sin: "God would forgive *you,* but he would not forgive *me.*" I chanced to be with him in his Grafton Street lodging, London, on a Sunday morning when a note from Bancroft was brought to him, telling him of the death of Edmund Yates, who had fallen in an aisle of one of the theatres on the previous evening immediately after the close of the performance, and expired of apoplexy. He handed the note to me, and after a moment, looking out of the window, he said: "Poor Edmund! I suppose that is the *end of everything* for him." Once, in company at a dinner, a lady, sitting next to Irving, seemed desirous of eliciting from him an expression of positive belief in a future life. "Do you not think," she asked, "that we should say of the departed that they have 'gone before'?" "No, madam," he answered, "I do not. I think we should say they are *dead:* it is much finer—much grander."

GRATEFUL TO AMERICA

HENRY IRVING'S feeling toward the American people was that of respect and gratitude, as it had much reason to be. He made eight professional tours of America—1883, 1884, 1887, 1893, 1895,

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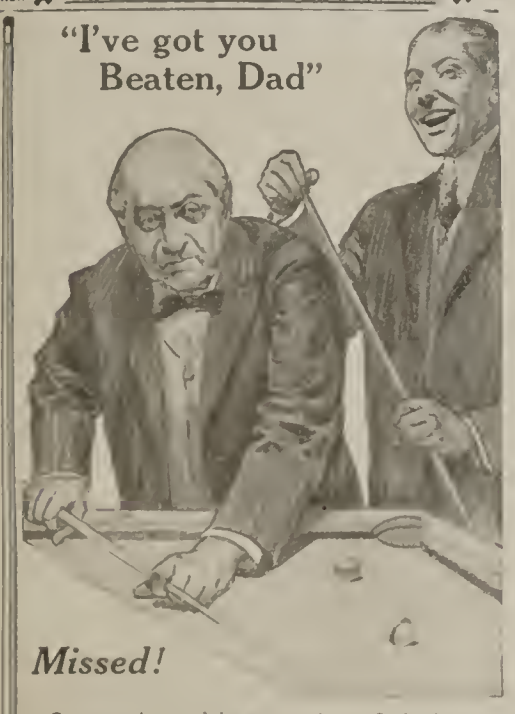

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Memories

(Continued from page 32)

1899, 1901, and 1903—passing most of the time within the United States, and his gross receipts in the course of those eight tours amounted to $3,500,000. On the occasion of one of his latest appearances on the American stage he delivered a speech before the curtain in which he earnestly declared that but for the bounteous, practical support he had continuously received from the American people he could not have maintained his enterprises, retrieved his losses, incident to illness and fire, and gone successfully on with the professional work that he had planned to accomplish. The last words ever publicly uttered by him in America were those uttered on the stage of the Harlem Opera House, March 25, 1904, in a speech which I had, at his request, revised for him, and they were heartfelt words of good will and gratitude:

"We are to sail away to-morrow, and in bidding you farewell, I can only tell you that our hearts are full of gratitude and affection. The wish is in my heart and on my lips—*God bless America!*"

GREATER THAN ANYTHING HE DID

IRVING was greater than anything he ever did. Even to think of him, for those who really knew and understood the man, is to think of a vibrant, unconquerable spirit and a ceaseless exemplar of beneficent purpose and noble endurance. He had great pride of intellect and at times a certain intellectual scorn of everything, including himself, yet that was only a vagary of feeling, for he believed in his time and passionately he believed in the good of humanity and in a triumphant destiny for the people. He knew the value of social favor and support, and, like a wise manager, he never neglected any worthy means of enlisting them; but his main dependence was on the great mass of his public, and his greatest pride was in the people's love and esteem. "We must not expect too much of our *friends*," he said—"our friends, who do not always pay for admission to the theatre. But the *people* will understand and approve when we do worthy things, and they will stand by us!" The world seems very lonely without him, and as I think of the little square of stone in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, under which lies the handful of ashes that once was Henry Irving, lines that I wrote long ago come back into my mind, and I murmur them in tribute to the memory of a noble gentleman:

While summer days are long and lonely,
While autumn sunshine seems to weep,
While midnight hours are bleak, and only
The stars and clouds their vigils keep,
All gentle things that live will moan thee,
All fond regrets forever wake;
For earth is happier having known thee,
And heaven is sweeter for thy sake!

Redmoat

(Continued from page 19)

flavor was so awful; but father is an old traveler and drank the whole of his cupful!"

Mr. Eltham's voice called from below.

"Dr. Petrie," said the girl quickly, "what do you think they want to do to him?"

"Ah!" I replied, "I wish I knew that!"

"Will you think over what I have told you? For I do assure you there is something here in Redmoat—something that comes and goes in spite of father's 'fortifications'! Cæsar knows there is! Listen to him! He drags at his chain so that I wonder he does not break it!"

As we passed downstairs, the howling of the mastiff and the *clank! clank!* of the tightening chain as he threw the weight of his big body upon it sounded eerily through the house.

I SAT in Smith's room that night for some time, he pacing the floor, smoking and talking.

"Eltham has influential Chinese friends," he said, "but they dare not have him in Nan-Yang at present. He knows the country as he knows Norfolk; he would see things!

"His precautions here have baffled the enemy, I think! The attempt in the train points to an anxiety to waste no opportunity. But while Eltham was absent (he was getting his outfit in London, by the way) they have been fixing some second string to their fiddle here. In case no

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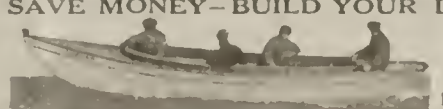

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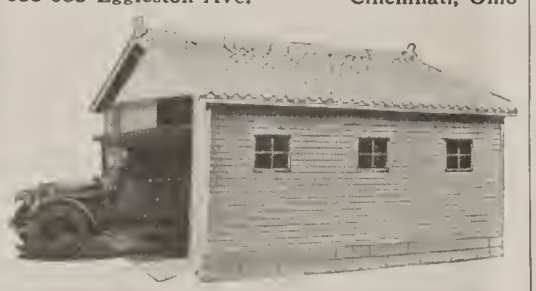

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Redmoat

(*Continued from page* 33)

opportunity offered before he returned, they provided for getting at him here."

"But how, Smith?"

"That's the mystery. But the dead dog in the shrubbery is significant!"

"Do you think some emissary of Fu-Manchu's is actually inside Redmoat?"

"It's impossible, Petrie! You are thinking of secret passages and so forth? There are none. Eltham has measured up every foot of the place. There isn't a rat hole left unaccounted for; and as for a tunnel under the moat—the house stands on a solid mass of Roman masonry, a former camp of Hadrian's time. I have seen a very old plan of the Round Moat Priory, as it was called. There is no entrance and no exit save by the steps. So how was the dog killed?"

I knocked out my pipe on a bar of the grate.

"We are in the thick of it here!" I said.

"We are always in the thick of it!" replied Smith. "Our danger is no greater in Norfolk than in London. But what do they want to do? That man in the train, with the case of instruments—*what* instruments? Then the apparition of the green eyes to-night. Can they have been the eyes of Fu-Manchu? Is some peculiarly unique outrage contemplated—something calling for the presence of the Master?"

"He may have to prevent Eltham's leaving England without killing him."

"Quite so. He probably has instructions to be merciful. But God help the victim of Chinese mercy!"

I went to my own room, then. But I did not even undress, refilling my pipe and seating myself at the open window. I had seen Fu-Manchu—once. But having looked upon the awful Chinese doctor, the memory of his face, with its filmed green eyes, could never leave me. The idea that he might be near, at that moment, was a poor narcotic.

THE howling and baying of the mastiff was almost continuous.

When all else in Redmoat was still, the dog's mournful note yet rose on the night, with something menacing in it. I sat looking out across the sloping turf to where the shrubbery showed as a black island in a green sea. The moon swam in a cloudless sky, and the air was warm and fragrant with country smells.

It was in the shrubbery that Denby's collie had met his mysterious death—that the thing seen by Miss Eltham had disappeared. What uncanny secret did it hold?

Cæsar became silent.

As the stopping of a clock will sometimes awaken a sleeper, the abrupt cessation of that distant howling, to which I had grown accustomed, now recalled me from a world of gloomy imaginings.

I glanced at my watch in the moonlight. It was twelve minutes past midnight.

As I replaced it, the dog suddenly burst out afresh, but now in a tone of sheer anger. He was alternately howling and snarling in a way that sounded new to me. The crashes, as he leaped to the end of his chain, shook the building in which he was confined. It was as I stood up to lean from the window and command a view of the corner of the house that he broke loose.

With a hoarse bay he took that decisive leap, and I heard his heavy body fall against the wooden wall. There followed a strange, guttural cry and the growling of the dog died away at the rear of the house. He was out! But that guttural note had not come from the throat of a dog. Of what was he in pursuit?

At which point his mysterious quarry entered the shrubbery I do not know. I only know that I saw absolutely nothing until Cæsar's lithe shape was streaked across the lawn, and the great creature went crashing into the undergrowth.

Then a faint sound above and to my right told me that I was not the only spectator of the scene. I leaned farther from the window.

"Is that you, Miss Eltham?" I asked.

"Oh! Dr. Petrie!" she said. "I am so glad you are awake! Can we do nothing to help? Cæsar will be killed!"

"Did you see what he went after?"

"No," she called back—and drew her breath sharply.

FOR a strange figure went racing across the grass. It was that of a man in a blue dressing gown, who held a lantern high before him and a revolver in his right hand. Coincident with my recognition of Mr. Eltham he leaped plunging into the shrubbery in the wake of the dog!

But the night held yet another surprise, for Nayland Smith's voice came:

"Come back! Come back, Eltham!"

I RAN out into the passage and downstairs. The front door was open. A terrible conflict waged in the shrubbery between the mastiff and something else. Passing round to the lawn, I met Smith fully dressed. He had just dropped from a first-floor window.

"The man is mad!" he snapped. "Can he know what lurks there? He should not have gone alone!"

Together we ran toward the dancing light of Eltham's lantern. The sounds of conflict ceased suddenly. Stumbling over stumps and lashed by low-sweeping branches, we struggled forward to where the clergyman knelt among the bushes. He glanced up with tears in his eyes, as was revealed by the dim light.

"Look!" he cried.

The body of the dog lay at his feet.

It was pitiable to think that the fearless brute should have met his death in such a fashion, and when I bent and examined him I was glad to find traces of life.

"Drag him out. He is not dead!" I said.

"And hurry!" rapped Smith, peering about him right and left.

So we three hurried from that haunted place, dragging the dog with us. We were not molested. No sound disturbed the now perfect stillness.

By the lawn edge we came upon Denby, half dressed, and almost immediately Edwards the gardener also appeared. The white faces of the house servants showed at one window and Miss Eltham called to me from her room:

"Is he dead?"

"No," I replied, "only stunned."

WE carried the dog round to the yard, and I examined his head. It had been struck by some heavy, blunt instrument, but the skull was not broken. It is hard to kill a mastiff.

"Will you attend to him, doctor?" asked Eltham. "We must see that the villain does not escape!"

His face was grim and set. This was a different man from the diffident clergyman we knew; this was "Parson Dan" again.

I accepted the care of the canine patient, and Eltham with the others went off for more lights to search the shrubbery. As I was washing a bad wound between the mastiff's ears, Miss Eltham joined me. It was the sound of her voice, I think, rather than my more scientific ministration, which recalled Cæsar to life. For, as she entered, his tail wagged feebly, and a moment later he struggled to his feet—one of which was injured.

Having provided for his immediate needs, I left him in charge of his young mistress and joined the search party. They had entered the shrubbery from four points, and drawn blank.

"There is absolutely nothing there, and no one can possibly have left the grounds!" said Eltham amazedly.

We stood on the lawn looking at one another, Nayland Smith, angry but thoughtful, tugging at the lobe of his left ear as was his habit in moments of perplexity.

WITH the first coming of light, Eltham, Smith, and I tested the electrical contrivances from every point. They were in perfect order. It became more and more incomprehensible how anyone could have entered and quitted Redmoat during the night. The barbed wire fencing was intact and bore no signs of having been tampered with.

Smith and I undertook an exhaustive examination of the shrubbery.

At the spot where we had found the dog, some five paces to the west of the copper beech, the grass and weeds were trampled and the surrounding laurels and rhododendrons bore evidence of a struggle—but no human footprint could be found.

"The ground is dry," said Smith. "We cannot expect much."

"In my opinion," I said, "some one tried to get at Cæsar; his presence is dangerous. And in his rage he broke loose."

"I think so too," agreed Smith. "But why did this person make for here? And how, having mastered the dog, get out of Redmoat? I am open to admit the possibility of some one's getting in during the day while the gates are open and hiding until dusk. But how in the name of all

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Redmoat

(*Continued from page 34*)

that's wonderful does he *get out?* He must possess the attributes of a bird!"

I thought of Greba Eltham's statements, reminding my friend of her description of the thing which she had seen passing into this strangely haunted shrubbery.

"That line of speculation soon takes us out of our depth, Petrie!" he said. "Let us stick to what we can understand, and that may help us to a clearer idea of what at present is incomprehensible. My view of the case to date stands thus:

"(1) Eltham, having rashly decided to return to the interior of China, is warned by an official whose friendship he has won in some way to stay in England.

"(2) I know this official for one of the yellow group represented in England by Dr. Fu-Manchu.

"(3) Several attempts, of which we know but little, to get at Eltham are frustrated, presumably by his curious 'defenses.' An attempt in a train fails owing to Miss Eltham's distaste for refreshment-room coffee. An attempt here fails owing to her insomnia.

"(4) During Eltham's absence from Redmoat certain preparations are made for his return. These lead to:

"(*a*) The death of Denby's collie.

"(*b*) The things heard and seen by Miss Eltham.

"(*c*) The things heard and seen by us all last night.

"So that the clearing up of my fourth point—*id est,* the discovery of the nature of these preparations—becomes our immediate concern. The prime object of these preparations, Petrie, was to enable some one to gain access to Eltham's room. The other events are incidental. The dogs *had* to be got rid of, for instance; and there is no doubt that Miss Eltham's wakefulness saved her father a second time."

"But from what? For Heaven's sake, from what?"

SMITH glanced about into the light-patched shadows.

"From a visit by some one—perhaps by Fu-Manchu himself!" he said in a hushed voice. "The object of that visit I hope we may never learn, for that would mean that it had been achieved!"

"Smith," I said, "I do not altogether understand you, but do you think he has some incredible creature hidden here somewhere? It would be like him!"

"I begin to suspect the most formidable creature in the known world to be hidden here. I believe Fu-Manchu is somewhere inside Redmoat!"

Our conversation was interrupted at this point by Denby, who came to report that he had examined the moat, the roadside, and the bank of the stream, but found no footprints or clue of any kind.

"No one left the grounds of Redmoat last night, I think!" he said. And his voice had awe in it.

That day dragged slowly on. A party of us scoured the neighborhood for traces of strangers, examining every foot of the Roman ruin hard by, but vainly.

"May not your presence here induce Fu-Manchu to abandon his plans?" I asked Smith.

"I think not," he replied. "You see, unless we can prevail upon him, Eltham sails in a fortnight. So the doctor has no time to waste. Furthermore, I have an idea that his arrangements are of such a character that they *must* go forward. He might turn aside, of course, to assassinate me, if opportunity arose! But we know, from experience, that he permits nothing to interfere with his schemes."

THE climax of that extraordinary business was reached very quickly, and there in that quiet Norfolk home we found ourselves at handgrips with one of the mysterious horrors which characterized the operations of Dr. Fu-Manchu. It was upon us before we realized it. There is no incidental music to the dramas of real life.

As we sat on the little terrace in the creeping twilight, I remember thinking how the peace of the scene gave the lie to my fears that we bordered upon tragic things. Then Cæsar, who had been a docile patient all day, began howling again, and I saw Greba Eltham shudder.

I caught Smith's eye and was about to propose our retirement indoors, when the party was broken up in a more turbulent fashion. I suppose it was the presence of the girl which prompted Denby to the rash act—a desire to personally distinguish

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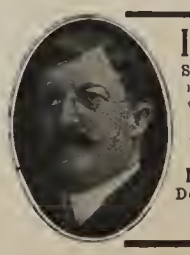

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Redmoat

Continued from page 36

himself. But, as I recalled afterward, his gaze had rarely left the shrubbery since dusk, save to seek her face, and now he leaped wildly to his feet, overturning his chair, and dashed across the grass to the trees!

"Did you see it?" he yelled. "Did you see it?"

HE evidently carried a revolver. For from the edge of the shrubbery a shot sounded, and in the flash we saw Denby with the weapon raised.

"Greba! go in and fasten the windows!" cried Eltham. "Mr. Smith! will you enter the bushes from the West! Dr. Petrie! East! Edwards! Edwards!"—and he was off across the lawn with the nervous activity of a cat.

As I made off in an opposite direction I heard the gardener's voice from the lower gate, and I saw Eltham's plan. It was to surround the shrubbery.

Two more shots and two flashes from the dense heart of greenwood. Then a loud cry—I thought, from Denby—and a second, muffled one.

Following—silence, only broken by the howling of the mastiff.

I sprinted through the rose garden, leaped heedlessly over a bed of geranium and heliotrope, and plunged in among the bushes and under the elms. Away on the left I heard Edwards shouting and Eltham's answering voice.

"Denby!" I cried, and yet louder, "Denby!"

But the silence fell again.

Dusk was upon Redmoat now, but, from sitting in the twilight, my eyes had grown accustomed to gloom and I could see fairly well what lay before me. Not daring to think what might lurk above, below, around me, I pressed on into the midst of the thicket.

"Vernon!" came Eltham's voice from one side.

"Bear more to the right, Edwards!" I heard Nayland Smith cry directly ahead of me.

With an eerie and indescribable sensation of impending disaster upon me, I thrust my way through to a gray patch which marked a break in the elm roof. At the foot of the copper beech I almost fell over Eltham. Then Smith plunged into view. Lastly, Edwards the gardener rounded a big rhododendron and completed the party.

WE stood quite still for a moment. A faint breeze whispered through the beech leaves.

"Where is he?"

I cannot remember who put it into words, I was too dazed with amazement to notice. Then Eltham began shouting.

"Vernon! Vernon! *Vernon!*"

His voice pitched higher upon each repetition. There was something horrible about that vain calling, under the whispering beech, with shrubs banked about us cloaking God alone could know what.

From the back of the house came Cæsar's faint reply.

"Quick! lights!" rapped Smith. "Every lamp you have!"

Off we went, dodging laurels and privets, and poured out onto the lawn a disordered company. Eltham's face was deathly pale and his jaw set hard. He met my eye.

"God forgive me!" he said. "I could do murder to-night!"

He was a man composed of strange perplexities.

It seemed an age before the lights were found. But at last we returned to the bushes, really after a very brief delay, and ten minutes sufficed us to explore the entire shrubbery, for it was not extensive. We found his revolver, but there was no one there—nothing.

When we all stood again on the lawn, I thought that I had never seen Smith so haggard.

"What in Heaven's name can we do?" he muttered. "What does it mean?"

HE expected no answer, for there was none to offer one.

"Search! Everywhere!" said Eltham hoarsely.

He ran off into the rose garden and began beating about among the flowers like a madman, muttering, "Vernon! Vernon!"

For close upon an hour we all searched. We searched every square yard, I think, within the wire fencing, and found no trace. Miss Eltham slipped out in the

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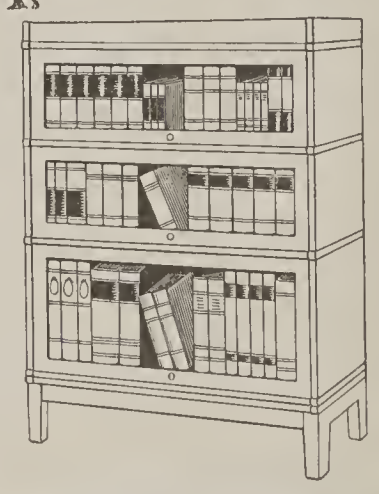

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NOBBY TREADS

Redmoat

(*Continued from page 37*)

confusion and joined with the rest of us in that frantic hunt. Some of the servants assisted, too.

It was a group terrified and awe-stricken which came together again on the terrace. One and then another would give up, until only Eltham and Smith were missing. Then they came back together from examining the steps to the lower gate. Eltham dropped onto a rustic seat and sank his head in his hands.

Nayland Smith paced up and down like a newly caged animal, snapping his teeth together and tugging at his ear.

Possessed by some sudden idea, or pressed to action by his tumultuous thoughts, he snatched up a lantern and strode silently off across the grass and to the shrubbery once more. I followed him. I think his idea was that he might surprise anyone who lurked there. He surprised himself, and all of us.

For right at the margin he tripped and fell flat. I ran to him.

He had fallen over the body of Denby, which lay there!

DENBY had not been there a few moments before, and how he came to be there now we dared not conjecture. Mr. Eltham joined us, uttered one short, dry sob, and dropped upon his knees. Then we were carrying Denby back to the house, with the mastiff howling a *marche funèbre*.

We laid him on the grass where it sloped down from the terrace. Nayland Smith's haggard face was terrible. But the stark horror of the thing inspired him to that which, conceived earlier, had saved Denby. Twisting suddenly to Eltham, he roared in a voice audible beyond the river:

"We are fools! *Loose the dog.*"

"But the dog—" I began.

Smith clapped his hand over my mouth.

"I know he's crippled!" he whispered. "But if anything human lurks there, the dog will lead us to it! If a *man* is there, he will fly! Why did we not think of it before? Fools! fools!" He raised his voice again. "Keep him on leash, Edwards! He will lead us!"

The scheme succeeded.

Edwards barely had started on his errand when bells began ringing inside the house!

"Wait!" snapped Eltham, and rushed indoors.

A moment later he was out again, his eyes gleaming madly.

"Above the moat!" he panted. And we were off *en masse* round the edge of the trees.

It was dark above the moat; but not so dark as to prevent our seeing a narrow ladder of thin bamboo joints and silken cord hanging by two hooks from the top of the twelve-foot wire fence. There was no sound.

"He's out!" screamed Eltham. "Down the steps!"

We all ran our best and swiftest. But Eltham outran us. Like a fury he tore at bolts and bars and like a fury sprang out into the road. Straight and white it showed to the acelivity by the Roman ruin. But no living thing moved upon it. The distant baying of the dog was borne to our ears.

"Curse it! he's crippled!" hissed Smith. "Without him, as well pursue a shadow!"

A FEW hours later the shrubbery yielded up its secret, a simple enough one. A big eask sunk in a pit, with a laurel shrub eunningly affixed to its movable lid, which was further disguised with tufts of grass. A slender bamboo-jointed rod lay near the fence. It had a hook on the top and was evidently used for attaehing the ladder.

"It was the end of this ladder which Miss Eltham saw," said Smith, "as he trailed it behind him into the shrubbery when she interrupted him in her father's room. He and whomever he had with him doubtless slipped in during the daytime while Eltham was absent in London, bringing the prepared eask and all necessary implements with them. They eoncealed themselves somewhere—probably in the shrubbery—and during the night made the *cache*. The excavated earth would be disposed of on the flower beds; the dummy bush they probably had ready. You see, the problem of getting *in* was never a big one. But owing to the 'defenses' it was impossible (while Eltham was in residence at any rate) to get *out* after dark! For Fu-Manehu's purposes, then, a working base *inside* Redmoat was es-

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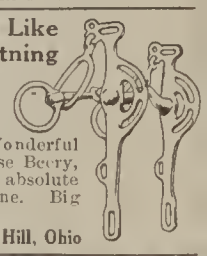

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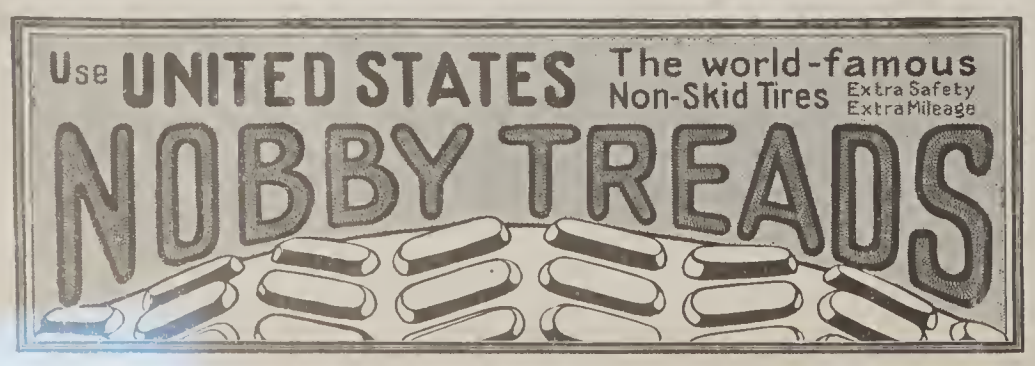

Redmoat

(Concluded from page 38)

sential. His servant—for he needed assistance—must have been in hiding somewhere outside; Heaven knows where! During the day, they could come or go by the gates, as we have already noted."

"You think it was the doctor himself?"

"It seems possible! Who else has eyes like the eyes Miss Eltham saw from the window last night?"

There remains to tell the nature of the outrage whereby Fu-Manchu had planned to prevent Eltham's leaving England for China. This we learned from Denby. For Denby was not dead!

IT was easy to divine that he had stumbled upon the fiendish visitor at the very entrance to his burrow; had been stunned (judging from the evidence, with a sandbag) and dragged down into the *cache*, to which he must have lain in such dangerous proximity as to render detection of the dummy bush possible in removing him. The quickest expedient, then, had been to drag him beneath. When the search of the shrubbery was concluded his body had been borne to the edge of the bushes and laid where we found it.

Why his life had been spared I cannot conjecture, but provision had been made against his recovering consciousness and revealing the secret of the shrubbery. The ruse of relcasing the mastiff alone had terminated the visit of the unbidden guest within Redmoat.

Denby made a very slow recovery, and even when convalescent, consciously added not one fact to those we already had collated, for the reason that his memory had completely left him! This, in my opinion, as in those of the several specialists consulted, was due, not to the blow on the head, but to the presence, slightly below and to the right of the first cervical curve of the spine, of a minute puncture—undoubtedly caused by a hypodermic syringe. Thus, unconsciously, poor Denby furnished the last link in the chain; for undoubtedly by means of this operation Fu-Manchu had designed to efface from Eltham's mind his plans of return to Ho-Nan.

The nature of the fluid which could produce such mental symptoms was a mystery—a mystery which defied Western science; one of the many strange secrets of Dr. Fu-Manchu.

HO-NAN—*Have abandoned visit.*
ELTHAM.

I UNDERLINED the above, which appeared in the personal column of a daily paper a few days after our sojourn in Norfolk, and laid the journal beside Smith's plate on the breakfast table.

"I am glad, for Eltham's sake—and for the girl's," was his comment. "But it marks another victory for Fu-Manchu! Just Heaven! why is retribution delayed!"

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Help Your Grocer to Serve You Better

IF you want your grocer to give you the kind of service you ought to have, be prepared to do your part by giving him the kind of support that honest service merits. The vast majority of grocers are honestly anxious to supply what their customers want, and if you find on the shelves at the store you patronize goods which ought not to be there, it is fairly safe to assume that it was popular demand which placed them there—probably you contributed to that demand yourself.

When you take part of your patronage away from a grocer who is doing his honest level best to supply you with pure foods of the sort you want and ought to have, you encourage him to meet the competition of less scrupulous rivals by putting in a stock of the kind of goods you ought *not* to have. When, for instance, you let yourself be tempted by the glittering promises of a cut-price store, you deliberately discourage your own honest grocer and make it easy for the next salesman from a food-counterfeiter to get an order from him.

The only way you can expect to enlist the full cooperation of your grocer is to do your own part willingly and steadily—is to make him thoroughly certain that if he brings his stock and his store up to your standards he can count on your patronage and your good word when opportunity offers. You cannot expect him to do it all alone.

If there were no definite basis on which to judge your grocer's stock, if there were no definite standard to apply to the goods he sells, it would be hard for you and him to agree as to what constitutes proper grocery service.

But that difficulty has disappeared. There is now one easy, safe, sure, definite way for you to judge your grocer and one easy, sure, safe, definite way for him to know which lines of goods he ought to sell.

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This is a list in handy, classified, indexed form, of food products of absolutely proven purity and wholesomeness, sifted out of the many thousands analyzed during the past ten years by the chemists of the Board of Health of Westfield, Mass., the pure-food town. It does not list all of the pure foods in existence, but it lists so many of them, gives you such a wide variety of choice, that your grocer ought to be able to supply you with at least one of the brands approved under each important classification.

And this establishes the standard on which to judge your grocer. If he can sell you one product approved by the Westfield Book under any food classification you select, he is giving you the kind of grocery service you want, he is living up to his side of the bargain and deserves your undivided patronage and support.

If he cannot sell you products "Westfield Pure" and is not willing to get them, there is something wrong with him and you had better change your grocer. But first give him a chance to reform by showing him the book and telling him that if he wants your patronage he will have to supply you with goods which it mentions.

The Westfield Book can be secured by sending the coupon below, with 10c in silver, to the Board of Health, Westfield, Mass. Do this today for your own sake; get the book and use it as your buying guide; insist on getting some one of the brands it approves every time you buy foods. But don't let your effort stop there. Take this advertisement and the book itself to your grocer and show him that if he will do his best to serve you you will do your best to make it profitable for him.

You'll find the *right* sort of grocer honestly eager to furnish you with the best, purest, healthiest foods in the market. He only needs the assurance that *you* will buy that class of goods. Give him this, and your grocery problem is solved.

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Here are shown some of the Westfield Pure Food Products

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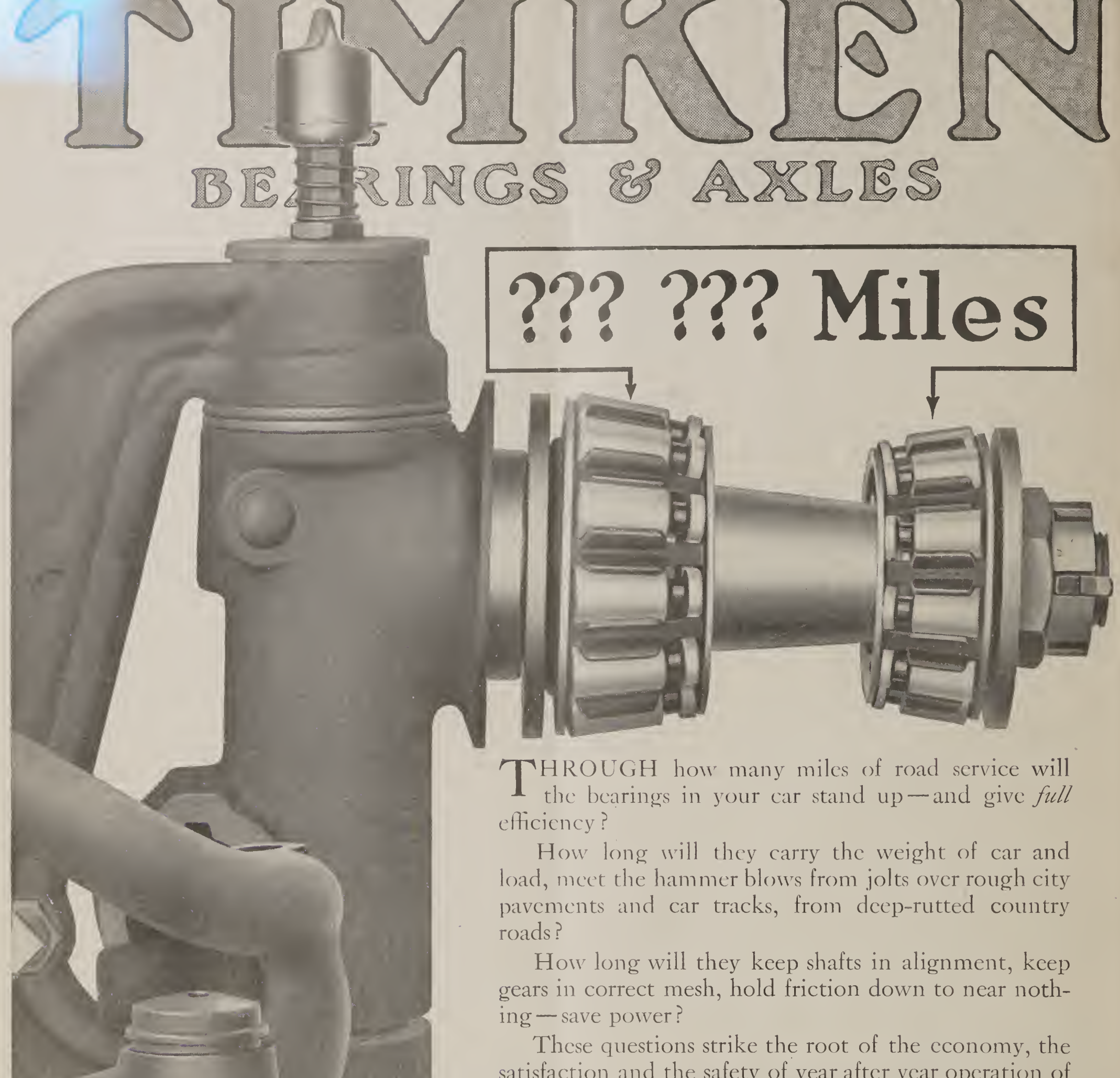

THROUGH how many miles of road service will the bearings in your car stand up—and give *full* efficiency?

How long will they carry the weight of car and load, meet the hammer blows from jolts over rough city pavements and car tracks, from deep-rutted country roads?

How long will they keep shafts in alignment, keep gears in correct mesh, hold friction down to near nothing—save power?

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